North Carolina Gazette.

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J. H. & G. G. MYROVER,
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THEY MET AND PARTED.

About twenty years ago a steamship sailed from a European port to this country. Among those on board were a French Huguenot gentleman and a young English lady. They had never met before; but no sooner did they see each other than an attachment sprang up between them, which soon ripened, upon acquaintance, into mutual esteem and enduring love. The vessel, when ten days out, struck upon Cape Race Rock, and became a total wreck.—Most of the passengers were saved, among them the two persons alluded to, and landed in small boats at Chance Cove, a few miles north of the cape. Here they remained for several days, living *a la* Robinson Crusoe, until they were observed by a coasting vessel, and taken off in small parties to St. John, Newfoundland. At this place the subjects of this story were united in marriage. The only means of getting away from St. John was either to wait for the relief steamer, for which the captain of the wrecked vessel had (by way of St. John, New Brunswick,) telegraphed to his port of destination in the U. States, or to take the fortnightly mail steamer to Halifax. As this latter course involved the payment of passage, and most of our shipwrecked people had lost their all on the sharp-pointed rocks of Cape Race, but few could avail themselves of it. On the other hand, to await the relief vessel involved a further detention at St. John of, it was believed, fully two months—not a very pleasant prospect in such a place. In this dilemma our hero resolved upon a *ruse*. He and his wife hid themselves in different places on board the Halifax steamer when she was ready to sail. Their plan was to remain concealed until she was out at sea, and then to discover themselves. The gentleman had friends at Halifax, and knew he could obtain funds when he arrived there. They were both young, giddy creatures, and hardly understood the foolish nature of their enterprise.

Well, the vessel put to sea, and after a few hours of seclusion, the French gentleman made his appearance. This was a signal for a volley of curses from the captain of the vessel, and a cruel order condemning the stow-away to the martyrdom of a coal bunker. But our hero cared nothing for either the heat of the furnace or the smut of the coal. He had gained his passage, and his misery would be over in two days. The only thing he cared about was his wife. So he went to work at stoking coal with a will, determined first to allow the captain's rage to blow over, and then to search out his hidden sweetheart.

Imagine his horror and despair when he heard shortly afterward, from a brother stoker, that his wife had been discovered before the vessel left port, and put ashore. In vain had she called upon her husband, who could not hear her; in vain had she asserted to the infuriated captain that her husband was stowed away on the vessel, and that she would not be parted from him. She was heard with derision, and treated as an unscrupulous and vicious person; so she was doubtless landed in St. John, not only *minus* a husband, but likewise *minus* a character for respectability. At least, this was the conclusion at which her unhappy husband arrived, as he looked over the trackless waters about the vessel, and cursed the repeated misfortunes they had visited upon him. However, there was no help for the situation until he could reach Halifax.

Next day, or the day after, he was kicked rather than put ashore, and found himself in the streets of Halifax in a guise so suspicious that, but for his obvious air of gentility, he would not have been received at the Arcadian hotel, where he had had the courage to apply for board.

To make the story short, he succeeded in telling his friends and having his drafts honored, a thing he could not accomplish in New Brunswick. Then he offered to pay for his stolen passage on the steamer, an offer which was imprudently refused by the agents. He finally took passage back in the same vessel for St. John, with the view of rescuing his wife from her uncomfortable and perilous position there.

But new troubles were in store for him. When he reached St. John he found that the relief vessel from the United States had arrived before she was expected, and that his wife had taken passage in her.—She had left a letter behind for him, stating that she had thought it best to pursue this course rather than lose the only opportunity that promised of leaving a place so odious, and where she had no friends; that she could not be certain of the success of his enterprise to Halifax; that she had written to him at Halifax, and to their common port of destination in the States, to the same effect; and that she would await his arrival at the last named place at the house of the friends with whom she was traveling.

As it subsequently turned out, it seems that this inexperienced creature made two very important mistakes. In the first place, the relief vessel did not go to the port to which the wrecked vessel was bound; in the second place, her friends did not live at the last named place, but somewhere else, supposed to be out west. So that when, after many detentions, our heart broken Frenchman found his way to the port of destination, he could discover no trace of his wife.

Among the requirements of the State laws upon immigration one demands of each alien passenger his name, vocation, place of destination, &c. After some weeks of knocking about at the seaport, our Frenchman heard of this requirement of the laws, and commenced to search the records of the State Bureau of Immigration, in the hope of finding his wife's name and place of destination. Although he expended a good deal of time and money in his search, the archives were so fragmentary and disordered that nothing came of it; neither did he obtain any intelligence through the post-office.

Ten years passed away. About this time a Federal Bureau of Immigration (now abolished) was established in the State Department. Well, one day, some years later, a card bearing a well known French Huguenot name was brought into my office. The bearer of the card was introduced. He was a young man of medium stature and of an intellectual appearance, and bore the traces of long suffering. His object in visiting me was to solicit permission to examine the list of immigrant passengers which he understood were filed in my bureau. I explained to him that, although the statistical returns of immigration were compiled and collated in my office, the list of passengers, if there were any such lists, were required by law to be deposited in the State department. Upon this he apologized for his intrusion, and withdrew.

About two hours afterward he came again—this time with a look of the deepest dejection, almost in tears. "Oh, sir;" said he, "for the love of God, help me to find my wife!" and he related to me the story I have just told. It seems that he had gone to the State Department, and, being accorded permission to search the archives, had found them in such utter confusion—letters, newspapers, returns, copies, books, maps, all higgledy-piggledy, without dates, order or arrangement—as to render it a physical impossibility to search them. Presuming on the interest which he thought his previous brief visit had awakened in me, he had come to ask my advice what to do.

I told him that, with regard to the archives of the State Department, it did not concern him, in respect of the matter in hand, what condition they were in; that his story placed the arrival of his wife in this country twelve years back, and that the Federal Bureau of Immigration had not been established over two years. It could not, therefore, possess any list of passengers upon which his wife's name as an immigrant was recorded. I advised him to advertise in the personal columns of the leading seaport and interior newspapers. He listened with what I fancied was an air of incredulity to my explanation about the State Department archives, evidently believing still that they must have his wife's name and destination on record there, and thanked me for my advice, which I saw very plainly was not to his liking. A few weeks afterward I read in the papers that he had committed suicide by shooting himself through the heart with a dueling pistol. Some lines were found in his pocket, addressed to "Julia."

It is true that this story turns not upon the bad condition of the Federal (but of the State) archives; nevertheless it incidentally even refers to the former, and shows that the archives of the Federal, State and Foreign Departments are, or at least were then, in as confused a state as those of the Treasury.

THE OLD STORY AGAIN.—The story of the frugal wife who trades her husband's old pantaloons for china, to find that he had left a well-filled pocket book in the pockets, is not a new one, but Hudson furnishes a case with an unusual ending. The wife of a well-known grocer there made such a sale in July last, and learned, when she informed her husband of her "bargain," that the pantaloons contained a wallet in which were notes to the amount of $1,500, and other valuable papers. No clew to the peddler was obtained until a few days ago, when a citizen who had heard the story recognized the second-hand vender in the street. He was taken to the grocer to whom he at once acknowledged that he had found a pocket book in his purchased clothing, upon arriving home, but was not aware of the value or ownership of the papers it contained. He said, however, that they were safe, and that he would return them if the owner would send a man with him to Albany, where he resided. This request was complied with, and the papers are again in the possession of their owner.

RUSSIAN LOVE.

Nicopolis is a small town in the southeast of Russia, where the Caucasian blood mixes with the Russian, and produces very many remarkably fine specimens of female beauty.

Among the most beautiful of the beauties of Nicopolis was Ulyana, the only daughter of a wealthy land-owner. Her father was in the habit, every year at harvest time, to add to his force by engaging "people from Russia," as they say, meaning people from the interior, who at this season of the year seek remunerative labor in the more cultivated and wealthier districts of the south.

One of those people, Filyatieff, a handsome, stalwart young fellow, attracted especial attention. He seemed perfectly indifferent with regard to his gains, and was always in the best of spirits. Ulyana soon became a willing listener when he was praised, and Filyatieff, who was not insensible to the charms of female beauty, soon evinced a marked partiality for her society. It was not long ere their liking for each other ripened into an affair of the heart, and became the subject of remark. Nor did the young lovers attempt to conceal what they felt for each other, and Filyatieff went boldly to the father of his lady-love, and asked his blessing. But the father peremptorily refused: he was not going to give his daughter to a strolling laborer, he said. And all Ulyana's tears and entreaties were of no avail; her father was inflexible, and in order to "put other things in her head," he compelled her to a betrothal with a wealthy townsman. The betrothal was celebrated with great pomp. All were merry but Ulyana; her thoughts were with Filyatieff, who gave her good cause of uneasiness. He had ceased to work, and now spent his time in either one pot-house or another. He drank to assuage his grief; but not long. He soon took an aversion to schnapps—a rare thing for a Russian to do—and then drink did not lessen his grief. He therefore forswore the pot-house, and determined to go far away, where, concealed and forgotten, he could end his unhappy life. In this romantic frame of mind he bethought himself of Siberia, and determined to take the necessary steps to get there as soon as possible. With this object in view, he, one evening soon after dark, went to the principal bazaar of the town and tried one door after another until he found one he could force. He entered the well filled shop, took what money he found in the till, and looked about to see if any one came. Then he made a bundle of some of the goods, and again looked around to see if no one came to arrest the burglar. As, however, he was still unobserved, he made a bright light in the shop. This was soon seen, and people came and seized the supposed robber. On his trial he simply declared that, owing to his disappointment in love, he wanted to be sent far away to Siberia; that this, and this only, was his object in breaking into the shop. The jurors were unanimous in rendering a verdict of acquittal, which was received by a loud acclamation on the part of the spectators.

The farmer was now compelled to relent. He broke off the engagement of his daughter with his wealthy neighbor, and consented to her union with the romantic Filyatieff.—*Appleton's Journal.*

TRUTHFUL WORDS.—There are hundreds of young men that should be married who are not married. To marry early is discreet and wise, and, when men and women are of a marriageable age, I think it is in general true that it is wholesome for them to be married. It is not necessary that they should remain single because they stand in poverty, for two can live cheaper than one if they live with discretion, if they live with co-operative zeal, if they live as they ought to live. If the young man is willing to seem poor when he is poor; if the young woman, being poor, is willing to live poorly; if they are willing to plant their lives together like two seeds and wait for their growth, and look for abundance by and by, when they have fairly earned it, then it is a good thing for them to come early into this partnership. For characters adapt themselves to each other in the early periods of life far more easily than they do afterwards. They who marry early are vines growing together and winding around and around each other; whereas multitudes of those who marry late in life stand side by side like two iron columns, which, separated at the beginning, never come any nearer to each other; There is, in our estimation, no school that God ever opened, which young people can so ill avoid as the school of care and responsibility and labor in the household; and a young man and young woman marrying, no matter from what source they come together, no matter how high their fathers have stood, one of the most wholesome things they can do, having married for love, and with discretion, is to be willing to begin at the bottom and bear the burdens of household life, so that they shall have its education.

Discontent is a sin that is its own punishment, and makes men torment themselves; it makes the spirit sad—the body sick—and enjoyments sour; it arises not from the condition, but the mind.

In France the ladies at the watering-places get up costumes for themselves of the home-spun stuff and fashion used by the women of the district.

In a jeweler's window in the Rue de la Paix, Paris, there is a breastpin made from a single diamond, and marked with the price of one hundred thousand dollars.

If a man does not make new acquaintances as he advances through life he will soon find himself left alone. A man should keep his friendship in constant repair.

HOW HE DECIDED.

A poor Turkish slater of Constantinople, being at work on the roof of a house, lost his footing, and fell into the narrow street upon a man who chanced to be passing at the time. The pedestrian was killed by the concussion, while the slater escaped without material injury.

A son of the deceased caused the slater to be arrested and brought before the Cadi, where he made his grave charge, and claimed redress.

The Cadi listened attentively, and in the end asked the slater what he had to say in his defense.

"Dispenser of Justice," answered the accused, in humble mood, "it is even as this man says; but God forbid that there should be evil in my heart. I am a poor man, and know not how I can make amends."

The son of the man who had been killed thereupon demanded that condign punishment be inflicted upon the accused.

The Cadi meditated a few moments, and finally said:

"It shall be so."

Then to the slater he said:—

"Thou shalt stand in the street where the father of this man stood when thou did'st fall upon him."

And to the accuser he added:

"And thou shalt, if it so please thee, go upon the roof, and fall upon the culprit, even as he did fall upon thy father. Allah is good!"

SUICIDE OF A MODEL.—The other day there was picked up out of the Seine, at Paris, a young woman of such surpassing beauty that crowds flocked to see her body at the Morgue, and the photographs of her were scattered broadcast over Paris. The lovely unknown proves to have been an Italian, by name Lucretia Balbi, who earned her living as a model. Among the painters for whom she had sat was Henry Regnault, and for him the poor girl conceived the most ardent passion. "She never told her love;" and he, although, day after day, he had displayed before his eyes such witching charms, unveiled, as would have enthralled most men, gazed upon her loveliness with only an artist's eye, and never suspected the love that burned so intensely in the fair girl's breast. But from the day of his death, two years ago, she began to pine away in the deepest melancholy. Her character was stainless, and her deep sense of religion caused her to hesitate long at suicide; but at length her mind seems to have given way. She left a letter, addressed to her brother, who is also a model. It is a very sad story, but there are no dark features in the case. What a wonderful thing love is, even in these prosaic days!

HAPPY HUSBANDS.—It is a man's own fault if he is unhappy with his wife, in nine cases out of ten. It is a very exceptional woman who will not be all she can to an attentive husband, and a more exceptional one, who will not be very disagreeable if she finds herself wilfully neglected. It would be very easy to hate a man who, having bound a woman to him, makes no effort to render her happy; hard not to love one who is constant and tender; and where a woman loves she always strives to please.

The great men in this world have often been wretched in their domestic relations, while common men have been exceedingly happy. The reason is very plain: absorbed in themselves, those who desire the world's applause are careless of their little world at home; while those who have none of this egotism strive to keep the hearts that are their own, and are happy in their tenderness.

No woman will love a man the better for being renowned and prominent. Though he be first among men, she will be only prouder, not fonder; and if she loses him through his renown, she will not even be proud. But give her love, appreciation and kindness, and there is no sacrifice she would not make for his happiness and comfort. The man who loves her well is her hero and king. No less a hero to her because he is not one to any other; no less a king because his only kingdom is her heart and home.

A STRANGE DREAM FULFILLED.—Rev. L. W. Lewis, in his "Reminiscences of the War," relates the following remarkable incident as literally true. The battle referred to was that of Prairie Grove, in Northwest Arkansas, fought December 7, 1862.

"A curious fulfilment of a dream occurred at the battle under my own eyes. A man by the name of Joe Williams had told a dream to many of his fellow soldiers, some of whom had related it to me months before the occurrence which I now narrate:

"He dreamed that we crossed a river, marched over a mountain, and camped near a church located in a wood, near to which a terrible battle ensued, and in a charge, just as we crossed the ravine, he was shot in the breast. On the ever memorable 7th of December, 1862, as we moved at double quick to take our place in the line of battle, then already hotly engaged, we passed Prairie Grove church, a small frame building, belonging to the Cumberland Presbyterians. I was riding in the flank of the command, and opposite to Williams, as we came in view of the house. 'That is the church, colonel, that I saw in my dream,' said he. I made no reply, and never thought of the matter again until in the evening. We had broken the enemy's line, and were in full pursuit, when we came upon a dry ravine in the wood, and Williams said: 'Just on the other side of the hollow I was shot in my dream, and I will stick my hat under my shirt.' Suiting the action to the word as he ran along, he doubled it up and crammed it in his bosom. Scarcely had he adjusted it before a minnie ball knocked him out of line; jumping up quickly, he pulled out his hat, waved it over his head, and shouted, 'I'm all right!' The ball raised a black spot about the size of a man's hand just over his heart, and dropped into his shoe."

THE WHITE HOUSE.—Ex-Senator Doolittle, in a late speech, referred to the expenses of the White House, and remarked that "whatever may said in criticism of Mr. Johnson's public course, all parties agree that the White House was never more gracefully kept and presided over than by his daughter, Mrs. Patterson—a perfect lady, and a model of a republican mistress of the White House. Let me tell you a fact which has never been before published, but which I had from the the lady's own lips. Just as she was about to leave, at the end, of Mr. Johnson's administration, the steward of the house took an inventory, and found that not one article of furniture was missing or broken; not a sheet, towel, or napkin was lost; and the house was in perfect order from top to bottom. She told me another fact, which I know the wives and daughters of the farmers of Wisconsin will be glad to hear. When she went into the White House she purchased two excellent cows. From the milk of these cows she made all the butter, used all the cream, and made all the ice-cream used in the President's family during the term. When she went home she shipped these cows to Tennessee. Is it any wonder, ladies, that Mrs. Patterson received the first premium on butter at their late fair last fall?"

There are three things in the world that know no kind of restraint, and are governed by no laws, but merely by passion and brutality—civil wars, family quarrels, and religious disputes.

If every man works at what nature has fitted him for, the cows will be well attended.

There are three things necessary to make up an adequate religion. First: A power equal to the needs of the human heart to deliver it from evil. I mean here moral evil, the opposition of the will of man to God. Second: A religion which shall be a guide and keeper. Third: A help to build character, the rounding out of the powers and capacities of man. And to this may be added a fourth, though the least important, a comfort and support in the hour of death; for if the life has been in God's keeping, and moulded by His will, death is but a step into His joy.—*Dr. Robinson.*

When is a wife like an overcoat? When her husband is wrapped up in her.

Correspondence.

FOR THE GAZETTE.

NOTES OF TRAVEL IN EUROPE.

NO. XIV.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—I will now take my leave of the Great City of London; and will say this much about it: that, although it is the wealthiest and largest city in the world, I was very much disappointed in its appearance. The streets and houses are not near as fine and showy as those of Philadelphia or New York; and the smoke and fog that prevail at all times, added to the solidity and plainness of its buildings, give it a sombre, dirty appearance that is anything but pretty or to be admired. Any one who has visited New York, has seen a much more pleasant and handsome city than London.

Before leaving London for France, I called on the American Secretary of Legation (Mr. Moran), who gave me a note to Col. Hoffman, Secretary in Paris; and this note was all the support I ever used in Europe. The examination of passports is now only a matter of form in France, and is abolished in Italy, Germany and nearly all the countries of Europe. An American can travel on his *card* almost anywhere. I say American because I believe Americans spend more money than any people that travel, and care very little about the governments of other countries, consequently they are not suspicioned or watched like foreigners are, but are rather encouraged to go where they please, and to spend their money freely, in order that other nations many get the benefit of their extravagance. Yet I would not advise any one to travel without a passport. It is very convenient for identifying yourself at banking-houses, and, in case of getting into any trouble, it would settle your nationality on the spot.

There are now several routes from London to Paris, but the shortest and most pleasant, is *via* Dover and Calais. The distance is 283 miles, and the time is only about ten or twelve hours; the fare is fifteen dollars in gold. Crossing the English Channel is the dread of all continental travelers; and, by this route, they are only an hour or two at sea. The distance across from England to France, at these points, is about 23 miles; and, in good weather, the steamers sometimes cross in an hour.

Leaving London, from Charing Cross station, by the Southeastern Railway, at 6:20 p. m., I arrived at Dover at 10:30. Here I found a steamer waiting to carry us across to the French side. These steamers all belong to English companies; they are very poor and uncomfortable, and are totally unfit for passenger steamers in rough weather. Considering the high price paid for passage and the amount of travel to the continent every year, it is a shame that the companies do not provide better steamers for the comfort of the passengers. It would be a blessing to travelers if a few of our American boats could be put on the line, and, leave the old "stubs" for the special comfort of the English.

I left Dover at 11 o'clock at night. It was a beautiful moonlight night, and the sea was as smooth as glass; a light breeze blew from the French coast—as soft and warm as from our own Southern climes. A more lovely moonlight scene I thought I never saw; and such a change from the raw, damp atmosphere of London! It was too pleasant to think of. Sleep and the excitement of approaching a foreign shore kept all the passengers out on deck while we were crossing. As the cliffs of Dover disappeared in our wake, the lights on the French coast came into view on our bow, and we ran into the beautiful harbor of Calais at 1 o'clock in the morning.

Now came the trouble and the first serious difficulty with travelers—the language. Our steamer was made fast to the pier, the bridge run out, and two French police officers took their station on each side. The passengers were all marched out in single file, and no one was allowed to carry ashore any baggage larger than a small bag or sachel: all the rest had to be sent to the custom house for examination. As each passenger passed from the bridge to the pier he was stopped by an officer, and asked his name; this was written in a book, and he was then allowed to pass to the rail-road station without any further questioning or interference. I, now being suddenly thrown, for the first time among a people where I could neither make myself understood or understand a word they said, was at first terribly awkward, and felt, for a while, as if I was lost; but all difficulties appear greater at a distance: after trying around awhile, I found an official at the station who spoke a little English and who informed me that the train would not leave for Paris until 7 o'clock that morning, so I employed the time in walking about the streets and looking at the queer old French buildings by moonlight, while the most of the passengers lay around in the waiting-rooms trying to sleep. With the dawn of daylight, the *cafes* commenced opening; and, going into one of them, I tried my *French* for a breakfast. I doubt if the man understood a word I said—but he understood what I *wanted*, and I got a very good meal for a franc (about 20 cents). By showing my ticket, I was put on the right train at the proper time, and I left on the through train for Paris at 7 a. m. The cars and all their arrangements are similar to those in England except the third-class cars, which are longer, and will seat from sixteen to twenty passengers. They travel much slower than on the English railways, and stop from ten to twenty minutes at every *buffet* for refreshments.

The country was perfectly level like a prairie, and was finely cultivated. But everything—food, fruits, vegetables—was enormously high—almost three times as much as the same articles are worth in London. I was now in a country where wine appeared to be more plentiful than water: every one drank it; nearly every man and woman in the cars had a bottle, and as often as they emptied it they'd have it filled again at the next station. It was Sunday morning, and I was astonished to see the farmers all out at work in the fields as we passed along. Some were ploughing, some hoeing and raking, while the women (with hats on) were driving the carts about over the fields. As we entered the different towns on the route, I found the stores all open and business going on just as on any other day. I saw men sawing blocks of stone and putting up buildings. The markets and streets were filled with people, trading, eating and drinking—everything giving evidence that France kept no Sabbath.

I was so fortunate as to get into a car containing an Englishman who had resided several years in France, and who was familiar with the language. To his assistance I was indebted for what I had to eat on the journey.

The cars were crowded; and such a fuss and chattering the French did make!—They could talk faster and make more gestures and grimaces—do more quarreling and less fighting—than any crowd I ever traveled with before. A little before 4 P. M. we entered the Paris station, passed through about the same examination we did at Calais, and, by giving my card and the address of a hotel to the driver of a cab, I was driven to one of the most pleasant houses in the Rue St. Honore, and was soon comfortably quartered in Paris.

TOURIST.

FOR THE GAZETTE.

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

NO. XLIII.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—As I promised in a former number to make some mention of the Church, I will devote this number, and perhaps another, to *what I saw* in various countries of Europe. I believe or hope that I can speak on this subject without giving offence to any one.

Well, on the northeast side of Saltzburg is a road that winds around a mountain peak, which stands in majestic attitude, as if in defense of the little city it appears to have in charge. This road then bears to the right, and passes on to another mountain, at least in this country it would be called a mountain, but there it is called a hill. At the foot of this hill, or mount, is a small house, near which is a group of wooden figures, of life-size (indeed, all the figures of which I shall speak are of life size, and some 1½ life-size). The group now in question is Jesus being delivered up to Pilate. Various figures are standing around. The great pity is that, while the conceptions are all very good and according to history, the execution of this, as well as other groups, is very poor; some of them are actually painted. The next group is, "And so Pilate, willing to content the people, released Barabbas unto them, and delivered Jesus;" the third is, "And they clothed him with purple, and plaited a crown of thorns and put it on his head;" the fourth, "And they smote him on the head with a rod;" the fifth, "And led him out to crucify him;" the sixth, "And he, bearing his cross, went forth into a place called the place of a skull;" the seventh, "And when they were come to the place which is called Calvary, there they crucified him;" the eighth, "And he took it down and wrapped it in linen, and laid it in a sepulchre that was hewn in stone, wherein never man before was lain." All these are on the right hand side of the path as you ascend the mountain, and each group is about twenty-five yards apart. The whole of it is very impressive, and that group where Jesus has placed upon his head the crown of thorns, and is bowed down under the weight of a heavy cross, and with a face expressive of just what he must have felt at those very moments, is enough to melt the most callous into tears. If I may be allowed to criticise, I think the most heart-rending part of our Savior's sufferings the artists failed to conceive, and it is that part where he came to Gethsemane, and where He said, "my soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death;" and where He "fell on his knees and prayed, saying, 'O, my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me." Well might our Savior, when He sought His disciples, and even found them asleep, say, "What, could ye not watch with me one hour?"—That part of our Savior's sufferings and death should have been illustrated.

In rather the eastern portion of the city, at the foot of a mountain, there is a garden, and in this garden there are holes in the ground where the heretics, or rather those persons who could not believe just as the Church wished them to believe, were put until they were disposed of. It is an awful thought, that the followers of the meek and lowly Jesus should ever have thought of taking the life of a person because that person could not believe as he was wished to do. My remarks are not intended for any particular denomination, for history tells us that religious persecution has been rife in all ages and in all countries, and found among Protestants as well as Catholics. I suppose it is the nature of man to wish people to believe as he does, for even now we see it illustrated in the followers of Mohammed.

Our good friend Kaiser went with us all through the country, and, as we passed over those fine, smooth roads in Austria, we occasionally passed large figures (perhaps twice life size) sculptured in wood, and intended for one of the saints. These figures are erected by those who wish to commemorate some wonderful escape from drowning, or some other very miraculous escape from death. The whole account is written on a sheet of foolscap. Sometimes there will be as much as three pages, giving an account of the whole affair, and placed in a glass case for every one to read. At the forks of roads and at cross-roads a cross is placed. Sometimes an image of our Savior is nailed to the cross, and often, and in fact almost always, near by is a shrine, in which is placed every imaginable trinket—even such things as little scraps of ribbon, and the reason for which each donation is given is related.—One man's wife was saved from being burned up in a house, another had like to have lost his sister by falling from a rock, and Jake Togle's weather horse ran away with him and stove him up against a tree, and through the intervention of the Virgin Mary he was saved. I remember that in some of the mountains of the Tyrolean Alps there are little stone houses or boxes built with glass doors and having three apartments. The centre one of these apartments is occupied by the Virgin Mary with the infant Jesus in her arms, both life size. In the two little side rooms are all sorts of little trinkets, which completely fill up the whole space of the two apartments. Sometimes one will come suddenly upon one of those rude little crosses bearing the image of our Savior on it.—This, perhaps, is on a mountain side, and on some very desolate spot; close by the cross is a post upon which is tacked a sheet of foolscap that informs the passer by that on this spot a person, named thereon, was killed. These spots are always very sacred, and no devout person passes by without kneeling and making a prayer. But those places most frequented by the devout are the ones whereon are erected a very high cross bearing the image of our Savior, and the two malefactors on each side; or where a great accident has occurred, on account of which a statue of the Virgin Mary and the infant Jesus has been erected there. At such places as these from early morning until late at night some one can be seen kneeling in devotion, even during the worst of weather. Those stalwart Tyroleans never pass any image, shrine, cross or church without taking off their hats, and sometimes, when one has a load on his back, he will take it off and bow. These things may seem trifles to mention, but I do it to show how very sincere they are in their professions, and how much such sincerity is to be admired. But sometimes this reverence is carried to such an excess that it is disagreeable, even to the strictest Catholics themselves. For instance, during the three last days of lent I have seen in the Basilica of Munich and other churches a short cross, four feet long, with Christ crucified, and red paint on his side for blood, and his feet and hands were pierced with nails. I have seen women and men come in and prostrate themselves on the floor before this little image, and when they think no one is looking they will rub some affected part of their hands or face on the painted part. After they leave others will enter and kiss the same places. These images are laid on the floor for that certain time—the last three days of lent.

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