North Carolina Gazette.

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North Carolina Gazette.

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

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A RIDE FOR LIFE.

Early one bright summer's morning, not many years ago, a young naval officer named Stratford rode out of the city of Montevideo on his way to Colonia. He was carrying dispatches to a ship-of-war at the latter place, and being thoroughly acquainted with the country, had been singled out for the service.

He had not ridden far on his journey before he met three gayly dressed *gauchos*, and being well known all over the *pampas* he was speedily recognized by them, and was glad of the services of one of them, Sanchez, as a companion on his journey. The intention was to push on to Welshford's *estancia* by way of San Jose and Santa Lucia, and there pass the night, pursuing the journey in the morning.

Nothing of particular interest occurred during the long ride, and at about the expected time Welshford's was reached, and the hospitalities of the *pampas* afforded them. Dinner was being eaten by Stratford and his host, when Sanchez, who had been wandering among the *peons*, came into the dining-room to inform them that there was to be a *tertulia*, or dance, at a *rancho* about three leagues away, and that if they would go there would be grand doings. Welshford excused himself on the ground of fatigue, he having been arduously employed for several days in superintending the shearing of his sheep; but he said to Stratford, "If you wish to go with your man, I will have fresh horses saddled for you at once."

The offer was immediately accepted, and soon the officer and *gaucho* were again scouring over the plains, and in a short time found themselves at the scene of festivities. The dancing was continued outside, and the gayly-dressed *gauchos* and the maidens formed a picturesque scene as they went into the intricacies of the *bolero*.

Stratford was introduced by Sanchez as Don Ricardo, and immediately became lionized by the ladies; and, as he, like most naval officers, had a keen eye for beauty, he was not long in picking out the best looking maiden in the assemblage, and she seemed to be immensely flattered at the attentions of the *caballero inglesa*.

She told him that she learned to waltz while at Buenos Byres, and asked him if he understood the accomplishment. Of course he did; and the two shaky old guitars, which gave forth a very doubtful kind of music, struck up a "tum, tum" to waltz time, and the English lieutenant and the *gaucho* girl went whirling in the mazes, the rest of the assemblage forming a circle round them, and madly applauding the performance, as the dance to most of them was a novelty.

Sanchez seemed to think that the performance of the lieutenant whom he had introduced to the company was such a success that it reflected great credit on him, and immediately after they had finished, rushed over and embraced him, after the fashion of his country.

Shortly after this little episode, Stratford was lighting a cigar, when he was approached by a handsome young *gaucho*, in a gay *poncho* and *cheripa*, and showing himself to be a first-class dandy by the profusion of silver ornaments and heavy silver spurs that he wore; and, tapping him on the arm, said: "One moment, Senor Inglesa; I have a word to say to you."

Stratford finished lighting his cigar, and followed him to a distance of about fifty yards from the party.

"May I ask what you want with me?" he said.

"Yes, senor; the young lady that you have been dancing so much with is my *novica* (sweetheart.) Are you aware of it?"

"I did not have that honor," said Stratford. "I am glad to hear it—she is a very pretty girl."

"I called you out, senor," said the *gaucho*, "to warn you that I do not allow any one to dance with Panchita. Now, do you understand?"

"I am very sorry," said the Englishman, "that you will have to make an exception in my favor, for I have already promised to dance the next dance with her."

"Then if you do, remember, senor, you do it at your peril—you understand?"

"Enough of this insolence, fellow," said Stratford, haughtily, "I shall dance with her as often as I please!"

"Then beware!" growled he between his teeth, as Stratford strode toward the dancers, and the next instant he saw the lieutenant with his arm around Panchita's waist, and whirling her in the dance.

Sanchez had been a witness of this scene and had overheard everything that had been said by the young *gaucho*, who received his particular attention during the rest of the night; but he never told Stratford that he was acquainted with the fact.

At length it became time for them to take their departure, and Stratford and Sanchez went to the corral to get their horses, that were already hitched and waiting for them.

Sanchez, had been, as we have said, closely watching the young *gaucho* after his threat, and was not slow in observing him, as he left the company, also leave, and steal round to the other side of the corral, and, in the shade of the wall, approach the officer and himself.

Stratford was just in the act of getting in the saddle, not knowing of the danger, when he heard immediately behind him a scuffle, a dull thud, and then a groan, as the form of a man fell within the shadow of the wall of the corral. He then heard Sanchez say, "Into the saddle, senor, quick! for your life!" and he dashed away across the plains, Stratford mechanically following him. As they rode at a gallop, Stratford said:

"For God's sake, Sanchez, what was the matter?"

"Never mind asking questions now, senor" said he. "If I had waited just now to ask questions, I should be riding home alone. I did it to save you."

"Who was it?" "That jackanapes who threatened you for dancing with Panchita. He won't threaten you any more."

"How did you know he threatened me?"

"I heard every word he said. I followed you when I saw the villain call you; even then I was ready to prevent him from putting his knife into you."

"How did the affair happen just now?"

"You were just then in the act of getting into the saddle, when he crept round the corral, and had his knife ready to strike you in the back, when I caught him by the throat, and buried mine in his heart. The sooner we are in Colonia the better. You will have all the blame, Don Ricardo. I know these people, and every one of his kinsmen will be abroad early to avenge the deed. We must go straight on."

"You push right on, Sanchez; I must go to Welshford's again for the dispatches. I left them in his charge."

"No, senor; I will stay with you," said Sanchez; "the body fell right in the shade of the corral, and may not be found until daylight. If that is the case, we will have time."

"Well, we must try it, my brave fellow," said Stratford; "with fresh horses, ten leagues is not far."

"Far! *Carrajo!* I should think not, but we must not let them catch us at Welshford's."

They arrived at Welshford's at about four o'clock, and, without delay, informed the host of the tragedy, and immediately got fresh horses, and were on the road as daylight broke over the plains.

The *estancia* was about thirty miles from Colonia, and the *rancho* where the *tertulia* had taken place on the eventful night before was about the same distance; and, as the reader knows, the *rancho* was three leagues, or nine miles, from Welshford's. As they rode they looked anxiously at the eastern horizon for traces of any pursuers; nor had they long to look, for the light revealed a body of horsemen pushing rapidly on for where they had just left.

"Here they come," said Sanchez, "but they don't see us yet."

He had hardly spoken, when the whole body, numbering eighteen or twenty, turned their horses' heads for Colonia.

"You spoke rather soon, Sanchez," said Stratford, "they see us only too well."

The pursuers were about two miles to the right of the pursued, and not more than three-quarters of a mile to their rear, and both were heading for the same point, so it became nothing more than a race.

At about half the journey the *gauchos* were about the same distance astern; but they had lessened that between them, so that they were now almost directly behind them.

Stratford had hopes that, when they came in sight of Colonia, some of the lancers would come to their assistance; and they did, but not until very close to the pursuers, in consequence of the horse of Sanchez having stumbled over an ant hill; but the nimble *gaucho* was quickly in the saddle, and returned the yells of his foes with a wave of defiance as he again overtook Stratford; but, unfortunately, his horse had got dead lame, and the situation was becoming very precarious, as the foremost of the horsemen was nearly close enough to shoot on poor Sanchez. When with his lasso he got the upper hand of the town, fortunately, about a dozen Uruguayan cavalry, who were quartered on the plains, saw them and came riding to their assistance. It was now nip and tuck whether Sanchez would be caught before the lancers got up; but that point was quickly set at rest, as a howl from the foremost individual told Stratford that he was in the toils. He immediately turned to his assistance, and rode on the *gaucho* who was hauling in on the lasso to knife the poor fellow.

A well-directed shot from the officer's revolver went crashing through his brain, and two or three more completely checked the impetuosity of the foremost of the pursuers.

Sanchez was soon free from the lasso, and, with the instincts of his class, immediately appropriated the horse of the dead *gaucho*, as the lancers dashed up and attacked and dispersed the desperadoes.

The ride for life was over, and a short time saw Stratford and Sanchez on board the English frigate, where the thrilling adventure was told by the officer.

Sanchez was greatly elated at the fact of the other *gaucho* being killed, as he found that he was the brother of the one who had received his quietus the night before; and he philosophically remarked that cousins did not follow up a feud but a little while, but the brother would have pursued him to death.

Three weeks again saw them at Welshford's, but that time they attended no *tertulia*.

ENCOURAGEMENT.—There are very few men, women or children who will not do better and be better for a little judicious encouragement. Indeed, it is absolutely necessary to their welfare. Every kind of worker, whether in the pulpit, class-room, desk or workshop (and that includes editors), will be more thrifty and skilful for a little lubrication by the way of sensible and timely expressions of appreciation, when his work is worthy of it.

We do not mean that fawning and flattering eulogies must be forever expressed, and people be treated like spoiled babies—who will cry most lustily if the sugar-pot is not in constant use. There is a wide difference between judicious praise and baby-talk. What we mean is: when a minister, teacher, or scholar is making proper efforts to do his duty, and is making anything like due progress, let him know in a quiet and subdued way that you notice it and appreciate it. Thousands of persons, both young and old, are languishing in their work for the want of a little encouragement.

A good many persons have the faculty of quickly discerning when a thing is done right or wrong. If it is done right, they have nothing to say. But if there is any flaw or shortcoming, they deem it an important duty to speak of it in depreciating tones and manner, and they feel that their conscience would be damaged if they failed to rebuke the fault. The consequence is they are regarded as scolds—a sort of human currycomb; and the sensitive object being curried, the more wincing, laying back of ears, and occasionally kicking, results from it. The best way to curry, it is said, is to use a brush. The currying process may be necessary, and therefore not to be dispensed with. It is the *manner of doing it* that makes it for the better or worse.

Every observer of human nature knows that the fault-finding, scolding style provokes a rebellious spirit in those who are the subjects of it, and especially when that style is the prevailing style. They may even know that they deserve it; but, after all, when their good work is passed by in silence, and their imperfections loudly condemned, it is not well received—indeed, it will discourage and drive away such persons.

Let imperfections be pointed out and duly corrected, by all means, and level up the account by giving due credit where credit is due. Sensible people are never hurt by a little timely encouragement, and it is about as good a plan as any to make the other kind sensible. Lubricate! Don't scold!

WHO WROTE SHAKSPEARE?—Hamlet overheard Julius Cæsar tell King Lear, on the Twelfth Night after the Tempest, that Antony and Cleopatra had told Coriolanus that Two Gentlemen of Verona were the authors of Shakspeare's plays.—Lear said: "You may take it As You Like It, but I don't believe it—for I heard Romeo and Juliet say Love's Labor was Lost when Troilus and Cressida stole the Comedy of Errors and sold it to the Merchant of Venice for forty bottles of old Bourbon and a package of poker checks. Timon of Athens and Cymbeline were parties to the theft; and, after drinking Measure for Measure with the Merry Wives of Windsor, told King John all about it." Richard III. (a competent critic) said Bacon could not write even a Winter's Tale, and Henry VIII. says that settles it. So, why make so Much Ado About Nothing? Othello was busy dealing a five-cent game of faro to the IV., V. and VI. Henrys; and the only remark made by them was an occasional "Prindle, don't turn! hold on!" and a few other forcible remarks of a cursory nature; and, as Richard II. was absent, Taming the Shrew, I could get no further evidence as to who wrote Shakspeare. But All's Well that Ends Well. Don't it?

NO GRUMBLING.—The late Elisha Robinson, who died last month at Parker's, Pa., bequeathed $1,000,000, to be divided between the different members of his household in a certain manner, and accompanied the legacies with a proviso that if any one of the children should "grumble" at this disposition of the property the portion of that one should be distributed in equal shares among the others. Not a "grumble" has been heard.

The sight of a former lover sitting in the church gallery during the performance of a marriage ceremony, frightened a Wissasin bride so that she fainted away. At the moment of her collapse, she had on her person jewelry that he had given her.

The Grace is not be a secret Christian.—Pride betrayeth ointment hid in the hand; it betrayeth sweetness of. If you truly feel the be constrained cross of Christ, you will confess Christ before men.

A STRANGE STORY.—Thirteen years ago, a young man wooed and won a young lady in a village not far from Davenport, Iowa. The parents of the girl objected, and there was a deal of trouble, but finally the couple were married at the home of the bride. Three months after, the bridegroom desired to move to California, but the family of his wife opposed her emigration, and the result was that the husband started for the Pacific coast without her. After the first six months, no tidings from the husband were received; and in less than a year, news came that he was dead. In 1863, the widow married a young man who had recently arrived from Germany; and her second husband was entirely ignorant of the fact that his bride was a widow. But "where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise." Shortly after the marriage, the husband purchased a farm in Scott county, and on that farm the couple have lived ever since, and several children have blessed their union.

Some weeks ago, the husband of this woman arrived in Davenport, and on making inquiries, learned the history of his wife's marriage. Then he rode out to see her. It was fortunate for her that her liege lord was away from home, for she was very much affected. She told him that she supposed him dead, and so married another, and chided him for neglecting her as he did. He had a long story to tell, the real gist of it being that he had determined never to return until he became rich. And here he was—*rich!* But his wife was miserable in his presence—and he was miserable too.

The end of the conference was, that the first husband returned to Davenport to consult a lawyer—and the end of the consultation was, that the husband went to the wife and had another long talk with her, and then the two separated, never to meet again, for the man determined to cross the ocean and spend the balance of his days in Germany.

The day that he left, the wife entered her suit for divorce on the grounds of desertion; the notice was forthwith served on the defendant, and he accepted service. At the next term of the Circuit Court, the defendant's name will be called and there will be no response. There will be default, and a decree of divorce granted. And maybe the wife will be married to the father of her children, and so remain contented in the delightful home in which she now lives in elegance and comfort.

HOW AN OPERATOR WAS WAKED UP.—The Troy *Whig* relates the following:

"We have heard much of the wonders of cable telegraphy in outrunning time and annihilating space, but an anecdote related to us the other evening by Mr. W. P. Phillips, assistant agent of the State Associated Press in New York, who was on a visit to this city, surpasses anything we have ever heard. A gentleman of the Western Union Telegraph office at No. 145 Broadway, New York, was sitting in the cable-room when a telegram from Philadelphia, destined for Paris, came over the wires. This message, like all others for France, was to go over the cable *via* Duxbury, Mass. The operator called Duxbury a few times, and then said: 'That fellow is asleep, evidently; but the cable men are always awake—I'll have to get one of them to go in and wake him up.' So he stepped to another desk, called Plaister Cove, in New Foundland, and sent the following message: "To Cable Operator, Duxbury—Please go in and wake up my own true love." This message Plaister Cove hastened to send across the ocean to Valencia, Ireland, who, in turn, 'rushed' it to London; thence it was hurried to Paris, and still onward to the European end of the French cable at St. Pierre; the operator there flashed it back to Duxbury. In less than two minutes, by the clock, the message had accomplished its journey of some 8,000 miles, by land and sea, as was evinced by the clicking of the instrument on the Duxbury desk which ticked out, in a manner a little more petulant: "That is a nice way to do; go ahead. Your own true love."

MATRIMONIAL NOTES.—The following selections from those skilled in the treatment of the matrimonial fever may not be considered entirely inappropriate:

It's hard to wive and thrive, both in the same year.

Never seek a wife till you know what to do with her.

Before you marry, be sure of a house wherein to tarry.

Hanging and wedding go by destiny.—*Shakspeare.*

A light wife doth make a heavy husband.—*Shakspeare.*

It's a sad house where the hen crows louder than the cock.

Few persons remain single from choice.—*Bayard Taylor.*

A young man married is a man that's marred.—*Shakspeare.*

Never marry but for love, but see thou lovest what is lovely.—*Penn.*

No man can either live piously or die righteously without a wife.—*Richter.*

Marriage is a feast where the grace is sometimes better than the dinner.—*Colton.*

A prudent marriage means precisely indifference, not rapture or despair.—*Bulwer.*

I chose my wife as she did her wedding gown—for qualities that would wear well.—*Goldsmith.*

In buying horses and taking a wife, shut your eyes and commend yourself to God.—*Italian Proverb.*

A CURIOUS KIND OF A FAILURE.—On the 30th of Dec. some evil-minded person started the report which became a city rumor that the old and eminent dry-goods firm of Lord & Taylor of New York, had failed. The next morning the firm not only published a denial of the report, but offered $10,000 for the originator of it.

SANDWICH ISLAND KINGS.

A reporter had an interview with Mr. Alexander McClure, a former trapeze performer, but now engaged in a dry goods establishment in Allegheny, Pa. Mr. M. has passed several years in the Hawaiian Islands, was for a long time in the Custom House there, and was well acquainted with King Kalakaua long before it was supposed that he would ever reach the throne. During the time that Mr. McClure was in Honolulu, "King Bill," the predecessor of the present monarch, was in power, and the description given of him was in some respects more interesting than his account of King David. In 1870, Mr. McClure went to Honolulu and performed about a month, when he was taken ill with the rheumatism, and when the troupe left for Australia he remained behind, liking the place so well that he concluded to go no further. The climate, he says, is delightful, not varying ten degrees in the entire year. The thermometer stands seventy or eighty degrees Fahrenheit, and the climate is one of the best in the world for people suffering from lung diseases. Speaking of King David, Mr. McClure said: "There was a coffee saloon in Honolulu, and it is customary for business men to go in during the day and play chess and billiards. I got acquainted with Kalakaua there long before he had any idea of being a king. He was a regular native, and would not have much to do with the white people, although I have played billiards with him very frequently. He was a thorough Hawaiian in all his ways and customs, and people generally did not seem to take much interest in him. David always contended that he ought to have been king instead of his predecessor "Bill." He is a very good billiard player, well educated, and conversant with both French and English literature, and withal something of a poet, having composed several songs which have been set to music. Just before I left Bill lived out three miles from the city, and was an irrecoverable drunkard. He took a great deal of interest in theatrical matters, and would come in nearly every day to the rehearsal, and "Woodman Spare that Tree," was the first thing he would order. One day, when we got ready for the performance, the first thing we discovered was "King Bill" dressed out in full stage costume, under the influence of liquor and ready to take a part. It was difficult to persuade him that he was out of place. The present king, when I left Honolulu, was very regular in his habits, and I never saw him under the influence of liquor but once; and that was at the firemen's celebration."

THE PARADISE OF THE UNHAPPILY MARRIED.—As the law now stands, a married woman residing in Illinois, can sue and be sued as though she were not complicated with a husband. Moreover, she can actually bring an action against her husband whenever she finds that such a process will relieve her mind, while he is debarred the privilege of suing her. She can manage any business, independent of her husband, and her earnings can be touched by neither him nor his creditors; though, of course, the brutal tyrant can be compelled to support her, however large may be her own income. She can buy, hold and sell real estate precisely as if she were single. If he is absent from the State a year, and does nothing towards supporting her, or if he is imprisoned in the penitentiary, she can obtain an order from a court of record, authorizing her to manage his property at her own pleasure!

In brief, the result of the recent changes in the law of Illinois is to give a married woman all the rights of a single woman, and to give her an extensive claim upon her husband's property besides. What more can the women of Illinois want? They are placed not merely on an equality with their husbands, but are made, in most respects, their recognized superiors. Marriage gives the Illinois woman a man to support her, and a third interest in his property, besides the right, in certain circumstances, to take possession of the whole of it. Marriage gives the Illinois husband, on the other hand, the privilege of supporting his wife, however rich she may be and however poor he may be.

THE COST OF A KISS.—Recently, in Fribourg, France, a young baker received a visit from two young girls, whose object was to settle a bread account. In square the account there was a soi short, and the baker laughingly proposed to liquidate this balance by kissing the elder of the two sisters, who was sixteen years of age, to which she acceded. This amused the younger girl, who, in her turn, also received a kiss. When they returned home they quite incidentally recounted the circumstance to their parents as a piece of pleasantry; but the father was by no means disposed to view the occurrence in that light. He immediately went off to consult the curé, who characterized the act as a scandal; the father forthwith went to the Syndic, and this functionary, without loss of time, mustered the whole Communist council, and the affair began to assume colossal proportions. A charge of attempt at corruption was launched against the baker, and judicial proceedings were commenced. But the father of the young baker heard of what was passing, and warned his son, who judged it prudent to leave his business and the town, and take refuge in Geneva; but justice was not to be defeated, and the authorities of Fribourg demanded the extradition of the youth from the government of Geneva. He was given up, seemingly without hesitation, and was incarcerated in the prison of Chatel for eighteen days before his case came on for hearing. The charge was eventually referred to the Chambre d'Accusation, who, however, declared it was unfounded. It is suggested as possible that the young fellow will obtain compensation for the loss sustained in his business.

TALE OF A SACK.—The London *Graphic* says: "Monte Christo's escape from the sack in which he was flung into the sea from Chateau d'If has been imitated by an ingenious Persian. Having incurred the displeasure of a high functionary at Shiraz, Mohammed Mirza was condemned to be fastened up in a sack with a viper, a cock and a cat, and after an hour's time, when this happy family had improved their acquaintance, the sack and its contents were to be thrown into the river. Fortunately for Mohammed Mirza, his executioners forgot to search his pocket, which contained a small knife. Directly the mouth of the sack was closed upon him and his companions he cut in half the viper, which was already encircling his leg; the cock and the cat were next despatched, and our Persian occupied the remainder of his time by simulating a violent fight of the three animals, and giving forth the most excruciating cries of agony. In due time sack and all were consigned to the water, and then Mohammed Mirza, speedily freeing himself from the prison, gained the other side of the river, and came post haste to Europe, for the future a voluntary exile from his fatherland."

TOOK THE PAPER.—A gentleman in Des Moines owns a very intelligent dog, which he has trained to bring him his morning paper from the front gate, where it is left by the carrier. The other day some one stole the paper directly after the carrier had left it, and Carlo was greatly mystified about the matter. Fearing his master's anger if he entered the breakfast-room without his accustomed burden, he scoured about in great distress. A happy idea struck him, however, as he espied a journal lying on the doorstep of the opposite neighbor; and galloping off in high glee he soon came into the house with ears pricked up and tail briskly wagging, with the stolen prize in his mouth.

NOVEL EXPEDIENT OF BESIEGED MEN.—A private letter from an officer at Fort Sill, Indian Territory, gives the following account of an ingenious expedient adopted to aid some soldiers in a strait:

Corporal John Smith, of the Fortieth Infantry, with four men, was employed on a detail some twenty-five miles from this post. While thus engaged, he was surprised by a body of some hundred or more mounted Indians, he thinks either Kiowas or Comanches, from this reservation. As their purpose was unmistakably hostile, he and his men lost no time in taking to the only available shelter, an old buffalo wallow, where, in a very uncomfortable, constrained position, they managed to protect their bodies and keep their enemies at a distance for the day and night. The next morning, however, their sufferings for want of food and water became rather serious, and something had to be done. Corporal Smith was equal to the occasion. Taking a piece of his own white shirt, the only substitute for paper to be had, he wrote a note describing their situation, secured it with care to the neck of a small, shaggy, mongrel dog which had followed them from the fort; then, battering up a canteen, he fastened it to the animal's tail and let him go. The dog, to quote the corporal's own expression, "just humped himself." The Indians, taking it to be a mere act of bravado, I presume, made no attempt to stop him, and within two hours from the time he started he reached the post. Succor was immediately sent, and the brave corporal and his comrades brought in, the Indians making off at the first sight of the rescue party, at the distance of several miles.

THE HUMAN RELICS OF POMPEII.—A writer says: In the museum at Pompeii are preserved the most horrible and pathetic witnesses of the last days of the ill-fated city. When the workmen were digging in 1873, they struck into a small cavity, the nature of which was, of course, a mystery to them. Without breaking further into it, they poured plaster of Paris down the crevices that were already opened, and as soon as the plaster had hardened, the crust of lava was carefully removed, and lo! the form of a human being in his death struggle perfectly preserved! Buried in the lava that hardened about him, his body had crumbled to dust and left this wonderful mould. Several bodies have thus been re-produced—one of them with the features perfectly preserved, so that there is still some expression in the face. Some parts of the skeleton are imbedded in the plaster; and two female bodies found lying near each other are called mother and daughter. There is nothing at Pompeii more touching than the despair depicted in the attitude of this group.

Correspondence.

FOR THE GAZETTE.

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

NO. XLVII.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—On the morning after the night spent in the house of the old man mentioned in my last, we all took early breakfast, and were soon all ready to start, except the Moldavians, who were obliged to see their friends before they could go on with us. After they had seen their friends they returned to us, and we all commenced our journey on foot. The weather was just such as we have during Indian summer; about noon we stopped at a house where we had for our dinner goat's milk, goat's cheese and black bread, for which the man of the house charged very little. About sundown we came to a house which had rather a genteel appearance, at which we concluded to spend the night, as we were afraid, if we should pass this house, we would not be able to stop at one where things would look quite so inviting; on inquiring if we could stay all night we were told "no." We made Kaiser our spokesman, and he plead so well that we were at length permitted to stay; but I really believe that the man and his wife family were afraid of us, more particularly when each party would talk in the own language together; at such times the old man's astonishment was so great that he at length said he believed there was no two of us who spoke the same language. We requested Mr. Kaiser to explain to the man the nature of our visit, and how it happened that we were all together, and where we were going, and if possible to make him feel easy. There was a great deal of *ja* and *ja wohl* exchanged, with nods of the head and shrugging of the shoulders, as though everything was understood; at any rate, he appeared more contented, and so were we. The table was arranged for dinner, and dinner was announced, when in stepped a young woman, who stood in the middle of the floor. We all knew what it meant, and rose to our feet, when she chanted a long grace most beautifully. We took our seats at the table, where I was most happy to renew the acquaintance of a person I had parted with at Salzburg, and had not seen since; he is very much liked by all the Germans, and is well known all through the United States and well liked by many Americans; his place of nativity is Germany. I found that the other gentlemen required no introduction, for he was as much their acquaintance as mine. After we had indulged in familiarity with this old acquaintance as long as was reasonable, the soup was brought in, and we all began to be excused, and had served us the meats. Considering the short time the family had to prepare dinner, it was most excellent. After dinner, at about 9 o'clock, I saw that the man of the house wanted to converse, but not any more so than I did, for I had about one hundred questions to ask, but it was of no use at all to attempt this, for he spoke the worst of *patois*, though he and his family appeared quite genteel. He, like the others, kept his eyes on myself and my Philadelphia friend, and in order to make Kaiser understand he spoke so plainly that I could understand, and I could hear him talking about alligators, wild varmints, murders and civilization. After we were worried with the man's *patois*, we concluded to retire. The night was very cold, and we were obliged to do the best we could, for the good people did all they could to make us comfortable. The next morning we rose very early, and had an early breakfast of good milk, butter, eggs, venison and other meats; in fact, we had a splendid breakfast, and left for the Salt Mines. We traveled on until 12 o'clock, when we came to the foot of somewhat of a mountain. Here I could not help observing how much the surface of the soil looked like our soil, and as we went up the mountain it looked more and more like it.

On our way up, we came to a house, where we got black bread and butter with mustard spread over it, and each one a glass of that old acquaintance we met with the night before. We felt quite refreshed, and resumed our tramp up the mountain; we saw a man, who directed us to go to a house that was some distance off. When we arrived at the house, we said to the man in attendance that we would be glad to see the salt mines; he said that they were close by, and that he wanted those who intended to go down to make up their minds firmly and not to abandon their resolutions when they arrived at the shaft. These remarks caused a great many questions to be asked. The man was very candid: he said that accidents had occurred; but, for those who would pay attention to the advice given, accidents would be prevented. I soon saw there would be several who would not go down; besides, he said, for every two men he would have to send with us a man with a lantern; and, again, he said it was attended with other troubles; but all the company acted like they were willing to go down. I could see, from the nature of the questions, that there would be some unwilling to risk it. At last he got a register and said here we must write our names in full and perfectly plain; Kaiser commenced—wrote his name, the village, the province and Austria; I wrote the town, county, State and the United States of America; my friend did the same; next the Swiss; one Frenchman and one Moldavian—making six, in all. The man in charge then brought out packages of clothes, and we were told to take off our clothes and put on these linen pants and blouse, and to leave with him any money or valuables we had on our persons. He made our clothes into a bundle and gave each one of us a card, on which we wrote exactly the same that we did in the register, except that we added what we had left in charge of the man, and these cards were fastened to each package. When the Moldavian heard all this rigamarole he would not go; this made the man in charge rather angry—so the Moldavian, rather than go, paid the sum which we all had to pay—about forty cents. Five was, therefore, the number left to go down, and, having decked ourselves off in our linen pants and blouse, and three men, with swinging lanterns, having been sent with us, we all walked on some distance, (though we lacked considerable of being on top of the mountain) when we came to a round hole, about six feet in diameter, with no guard of any kind around it. I was astonished, for it is seldom, or never, that one sees in Europe so little regard for the prevention of accidents; but this hole was so isolated, no one or anything appearing to come anywhere near it. It was a very desolate-looking spot—and, when the Frenchman looked down the shaft, he said he could not think of going down—especially in the way we had to descend.

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