North Carolina Gazette.

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North Carolina Gazette.

J. H. & G. G. MYROVER,
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Home Circle.

"Home is the Sacred Refuge of Our Life."

Dryden.

THREE PINT BOTTLES.

There's many a young man of twenty who would prefer an easy situation and good pay to laboring at his trade. Therefore, there are many who will say that the following advertisement would insure a dozen applicants wherever published:

"WANTED.—A gentleman of means, who intends making a trip to Europe next month, would like to engage the services of a smart young man, to go along and render himself useful in caring for the baggage, paying hotel bills, etc. Salary, $100 per month, and all expenses paid. Apply to Charles Sherman, Park avenue."

I was a type-setter in the office of the Boston *News*, a paper which went to the sheriff years ago, and when the above "ad" was laid on my case to be put in type, I read it over three or four times. I was working hard, and making seven dollars per week. Seven dollars per week was good wages in those old silver dollar times, when first-class board could be had at two and a half, and doeskin pants and French calf boots were only four or five dollars a pair. But here was a chance to make twenty-five dollars per week, clean thing, and the work was all travel and sight-seeing. Why, a man in my situation would have been little short of a block-head not to have looked at the matter just as I did.

It was 7 o'clock in the evening, and the advertisement would appear in the morning issue. I read it over once more, set up the word "wanted," and then put down my "stick" and washed up.

"What's up?" inquired the foreman, as he saw me washing my hands.

"Nothing particular—be back in half an hour," I replied, as I slipped on my overcoat and started down stairs.

Of course I had made up my mind to apply for the situation. I thought I might fill the bill, if he was not too exacting, and if he refused me I would be no worse off than before.

Park avenue was a long way out from the heart of the city, and I went by stage. I did not know Mr. Sherman, even by reputation, but the driver knew where he lived, and that was enough. It was a March night, with considerable snow, and my enthusiasm had cooled off considerably before the omnibus dropped me down in front of a large, fine brick mansion, standing back a few rods from the avenue. In going up the path I noticed that the lawn was ornamented with statuary, and could see at a glance that the gentleman was possessed of wealth and good taste.

There was no light below that I could discover, but a couple of pulls at the bell brought a woman, past the middle age, to the door, lamp in hand. To my query as to whether Mr. Sherman was in, she made no direct reply, but asked if my business was important. It was, I said; but she replied that I had better come again in the morning; Mr. Sherman was in, but was not well. I was turning away, when a gentleman came down the hall stairs, and said:

"Did the gentleman wish to see me, Jane?"

"I did, sir," I replied, and he immediately invited me into the parlor. The lamp was turned up, we took seats, and then I stated my errand.

"If you can pass the test, you shall have the place!" he exclaimed, slapping his hands together, and breaking me off as I was giving him references.

"Ask me any question you wish," I replied.

"But it is a test of a different character," he continued. "Come up to my room."

As we passed through the hall on our way up stairs, the woman, standing in the library door, laid her hand upon my arm, and whispered something which I did not catch. I thought it a great piece of impertinence on her part, and wondered if she was not half-drunk or a bit dazed. The room which we entered was about twenty feet square, without carpet, chairs, pictures, or any furniture, except a table and a row of shelves. There was a smell similar to that encountered at the photographers, and I saw a dozen glass jars and a number of bottles on the shelves. On the table was a galvanic battery, having two handles for one to take hold of, like some of the machines seen on the street corners of large cities.

"Beg pardon for bringing you into such a cheerless place," said the man, locking the door and pocketing the key, "but I could not demonstrate my ideas elsewhere."

I made reply that I was perfectly satisfied, and he put his ear to one of the panels of the door and listened, to learn if the woman had followed us up stairs.

"Do you know," he whispered, placing his hands on my shoulders, "that the old woman down stairs intends to poison me?"

"Impossible! she would not dare," I replied.

"O! you don't know her as well as I do," he continued, arching his eye-brows. "It's a mere question of time, or will be, if you can't aid me. She can't poison my food, nor my tea, wine, nor coffee, but she has another way."

"How—what?" I added, for the first time noticing something strange in his looks.

"You see, I don't live as other folks do," he whispered, "I am composed of cast-iron, and have to be very careful what I eat and drink. I drink a great deal of spring water, because that prevents me from rusting; if my inside should get rusty that would be the last of me!"

He was insane! I could detect it in every look, now that his words had betrayed the secret, and a chill crept up my back at the discovery. I felt for a moment as if my legs were going out from under me, but the man smiled and appeared so pleasant and gentle that my nerve soon came back.

"She will poison one of my bottles of spring water," he continued, reaching down three bottles from the shelf and placing them on the table. They were all nearly full of clear water, and all looked so exactly alike that one could not be told from the other.

"What poison do you suppose she would use?" he asked.

"Arsenic or strychnine, probably," I answered, feeling rather nervous.

"Perfectly correct; I think you will pass the test," he said. "Now, here are the two poisons, and I shall put one in this bottle and one in that!"

He reached down two ounce packages, one labeled "strychnine," and the other "arsenic." The name of the druggist was pasted on each paper, with a death's head and cross bones. He carefully emptied the contents into the different bottles, shook them up, and then asked me to go to the other end of the room. I heard him handling the bottles, but was not prepared for what followed. He came over to me after a few minutes, bringing the lamp and placing it on the floor.

"Now, the real test is for you to pick out the bottle which has not been poisoned!" he whispered, rubbing his hands together.

I went forward to the table, examined each bottle, but there was nothing by which my judgment could be guided. He had brushed them clean, and would not allow me to take the light so that I could look for sediment.

"I cannot tell," I said, going back to him.

"You are a liar!" he hissed, drawing a revolver from his bosom and cocking it. "I knew you the moment I saw you; you are old Jones' son, and you came here on purpose to poison me!"

I tried to soothe him and to reason with him, and he finally grew calm. I told him that I was a detective, come to arrest the old woman, and requested him to unlock the door so that I could seize her. He seemed about to comply when he changed his mind and whispered:

"Help me to detect the poison, and then we will go down and chop the old woman to pieces!"

"I cannot pick out the bottle!"

"You must."

He drew the revolver again, and I saw that he would shoot me if I did not comply. Thinking that he might be satisfied if I selected one of the three, I made a choice and handed it to him.

"There is no poison in this?" he asked.

"No—this is only pure water," I replied.

"I shall not believe you until you drink!" he said, after a sharp look at the bottle. "Let me see you taste!"

He had me there. One good swallow from one of the poisonous bottles would have been death. I put the bottle back, took another, put that back, and finally gave up in despair.

"I knew you!" he hissed—"you wanted to poison me, but I have trapped you! Now *you* drink from one of the bottles!"

I began trying to get his mind on something else, but it was a failure. He went to the door and listened, and then I saw him look at the galvanic battery and then at me.

"Take hold of those handles!" he ordered, flourishing the revolver.

I knew he would rack me severely, and so, after taking the handles, while he was making ready, I wrenched them off. He did not discover it, being on the other side of the table, and, when he found that he could not shock me, his eyes gleamed with new malice.

"You are a devil!" he hissed, coming around the table. "You must choose a bottle or I will kill you!"

I put him off in one way and another for about fifteen minutes, and then he forced me up to the table, presenting the muzzle of the revolver against my back. I shiver as I think of it now, for there was every chance that his carelessness would discharge the weapon.

"Choose! choose!" he fairly yelled, and finally I picked up one of the bottles.

"Now drink!" he hissed, holding the weapon not a foot from my face.

I could see by the gleam of his eyes and compressed lips that he was determined, and I uncorked the bottle. There was one chance in three if I drank—death was certain if I refused. Holding the bottle in my right hand, I suddenly resolved to strike him with it. I cannot tell how I did it, but I know that the bottle came down on his temple—that his revolver was discharged—and he fell on the floor.

I hunted around the room a dozen times to find the door, although the lamp was burning, and then I crouched down in a corner and was near crazy when a couple of men, whom the woman had sent for, came and burst the door in.

The truth was that Sherman had been gradually becoming insane for some months; he had no idea of going to Europe, and probably wrote the advertisement in order to get some one on whom to practice his wild trick. He was sadly injured by the blow, but recovered after a few months, and I heard, several years afterward, that the doctors had cured him of his malady.

The bottles were examined a day or two after the event, and the doctors found that I had taken the one with arsenic in it.

ROMANCE OF A GERMAN MEDICAL SCHOOL.—A few years ago an American lady, while studying medicine abroad, having been refused admittance to a course of medical lectures, in one of the most noted universities in Germany, determined to put on male costume and pass off for a young man. One day an American Consul was summoned to a hotel to see a lady from the United States. As there was no reception-room in the hotel, he was shown up to the room indicated in the note he had received, by the servant. He looked in vain for the lady, but saw, sitting on a trunk, what he supposed to be a young man. But he was soon undeceived: the "boy" said he was simply in disguise, and set forth at length the reasons for such extraordinary conduct. She said she was resolved to attend that course of lectures, and had called in the Consul, to give her real name and place of residence in the United States, so that, in case of trouble, she could appeal to him for protection. The position of the Consul was a trying one, but he finally consented to take the lady's statement, and promised to keep the secret inviolate unless she should be discovered. This did not happen. The disguise answered its purpose; the lady remained at the institution a year, passed through the course with honor, and is now, doubtless, applying the knowledge gained in her practice somewhere in the United States. We suppress all names of persons and places for obvious reasons, but give the facts in illustration of the indomitable perseverance of women ambitious of a professional career in pursuit of knowledge under difficulties.—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

A ROMANTIC AFFAIR.—No novelist ever imagined a marriage concluded under more eccentric circumstances than that of Comte de D——with Miss de V——. The future Comtesse, who is one of the best sportswomen of France, happened in the beginning of the summer season to be present with her father at the races of D——. Her attention was here attracted by a small pony, which she found to be remarkably beautiful, and which she asked her father to purchase. Mr. de V——is immensely rich, and he adores his daughter. Consequently he at once called with her on the owner of the pony, the Comte de D——, who received them in the most graceful manner, but firmly refused to sell his horse. However, as de V——was trying to change his resolution he added, looking at the beautiful Amazon, "I have sworn that my horse shall belong to none but my wife." Need I add that Miss de V——soon found out that the Comte was endowed with other qualities than of a remarkable sportsman, and that their marriage is to be celebrated very soon?—*American Register.*

A PARISIAN SCANDAL.—A grand scandal in high life has just terminated in a fashion that comes under the elastic cover of "mysterious dispensation," etc. The pretty Baroness R——, whom reporters never fail to mention in their list of *elegantes*, was coquettish and flirtish, (she may be yet,) and had two adorers, whose visits she managed so well that each was ignorant of the other's attentions, and the husband—Monsieur le Baron—ignorant of both. But finally the two men discovered that they were rivals, and a challenge for a duel ensued. Among the seconds for one party was a national deputy. The arms were chosen, the ground—the exact spot where Paul de Cassagnac fought his last duel—reached, when, lo! who should come riding up and spring from his carriage, waving his arms and showing signs of the intensest indignation, but the lady's husband. Before he could utter a word he fell dead on the ground from a stroke of apoplexy. It is needless to add that no duel took place. The Baron's body was carried back to Paris to the house of the "coquettish" wife.—*Paris letter to the daily Graphic.*

BEGINNING OF THE STRIKES IN ENGLAND.—A woman was at the bottom of the agricultural strike in England, says Kate Field, and this was the way of it: Mrs. Vincent, wife to the editor of the Leamington *Chronicle* (who, by the way, lived many years in Massachusetts, and got to be quite a Yankee), was running that paper in her husband's absence, one day in February, 1872, when a farm laborer walked into the office and said: "We're going to have a good meeting to-night, and we hope the *Chronicle* will send a reporter and make England hear us." "I don't see the necessity," exclaimed the assistant editor—a man. "I do," replied Mrs. Vincent. "There is nobody to send," argued the assistant editor. "Some one must be found," answered Mrs. Vincent. Some one was found, and the report did make England hear, and the revolution followed; Hodge for the first time called for his rights, and took a long step towards getting them. Kate, who grew a redder republican than ever in her English sojourn, thinks there are serious grounds for fearing that the "English revolution of 1895 may rival in atrocity as well as in beneficence that of the French a hundred years later."

A sympathetic newsboy in Lexington, Ky., seeing a convicted murderer on his way to prison for life, gave him a newspaper, saying: "I'm sorry for yer, boss—that's the best I can do." It was the first kindness shown to the prisoner, and he quite broke down with emotion, while the witnesses of the scene rewarded the boy with currency.

[From Scribner's Monthly.]

LEGEND OF THE IRON MASK.

During the seventeen years' confinement of this strange prisoner at Sainte Marguerite, St. Mars, who brought him to the fortress, was replaced by a Monsieur De Bonpart as Governor. The daughter of the latter, just emerging from childhood to womanhood, grew up with this mystery around her. She had seen the graceful figure of the masked prisoner promenading at night upon the terrace and at worship in the chapel, where he was forbidden to speak or uncover his face, the soldiers in attendance having their pieces always pointed toward him if he should attempt to do either. She discovered that her father always treated him with the greatest respect, serving him bareheaded and standing. His table-service was of massive silver, his dress of richest velvet: he wore the finest linen and the most costly lace. She had heard her father accidentally speak of him as a "Prince." No wonder that his sad fate occupied her thoughts by day and his noble figure haunted her dreams by night. She, too, was very young and beautiful, and their eyes occasionally met in chapel. He sang beautifully and was a very skilful performer on the guitar. It is said she climbed the rocks under the castle terrace, and sang sweet songs to the poor captive. Thus a romantic love sprang up between them, and as it gained strength the young girl dared to purloin the keys from her father, and so obtained access to the prisoner. When the Governor discovered his child's treachery he was struck with the greatest dismay. His oath was binding upon him to put immediately to death any one who had spoken to the prisoner. But she confessed her love for him, pleading piteously for her young life. The captive, also, to whom the Governor was much attached, joined his prayers to hers, and implored that they might be made man and wife, and then the secret would be safe. The Governor was not stern enough to immolate his child, and perhaps a gleam of ambition may have flashed across his mind, as, in the event of the death of Louis XIV., the prisoner would be acknowledged, and his daughter sit on the throne of France. However, their nuptials were performed by the priest of the castle in the dead of the night, and all were sworn to secrecy. From this union two children were born. A whisper of this reaching the Minister, the Marquis of Luvois, the prisoner was immediately removed to the Bastile for safe keeping; and the mother, the priest, and the Governor disappeared. The children were sent to Corsica to be brought up in obscurity under the name of their grandfather, Bonpart, which was corrupted into Bonnaparte. And thus, says the legend, Providence avenged the wrongs of the twin brother of Louis XIV., and restored the oldest branch of the Bourbon line to the throne of France.

A SPLENDID MARRIAGE.

The marriage of Maria, daughter of De Louza Cabral, the great diamond merchant of South America, to George Arthur Throckmorton, late of Kentucky, but now engaged in railroading in Rio Janeiro, throws the magnificence of the Newlands-Sharon nuptials into total eclipse. The father of the bride is the richest man in the world, his fortune being estimated at seven billions. Mr. Throckmorton himself is no beggar, for he counts his dollars by the millions and will some day be richer than his father-in-law. The wedding took place at Cabral's residence, near Rio Janeiro, and the number of guests exceeded ten thousand, the invitations being enclosed in boxes of sandalwood, costing $10,000 each. The rooms were decorated with camelias set with diamonds; one hundred music boxes, set with precious stones, played the wedding march, and a pavement from the railroad depot to the mansion, of more than a quarter of a mile, was spread with camel's hair shawls. The bride's dress is literally indescribable. It cost millions of dollars. The bride's gifts number 1,840—among them a dinner set of 280 dishes, given by the mother, each piece bearing the Cabral Throckmorton monogram in diamond, the whole costing $4,000,000; one thousand yards of point lace; 365 dresses; a title deed for a magnificent town and country house in every capital in the world; a steamship, with a full complement of sailors under contract for ten years' service; one dozen milk white Arabian steeds; a necklace of thirty of the largest and finest diamonds in the world, with a fantastic face cut upon each stone the necklace costing $16,980,000.75.—There were other wonderful presents in profusion.

A BRAVE DANDY.—A great dandy was the first Earl of Holland, well-known in history. He was in favor at the court of James I. and Charles I.; but when the civil war broke out, he at first sided with the Parliament against the King. In an unlucky hour he went over to the royalist side, took up arms against the commonwealth, was defeated, made prisoner, put to trial, and duly sentenced to lose his head. He appeared upon the scaffold in white satin vest and cap, trimmed with silver lace. His costly garments were the lawful perquisites of the executioner, to whom the Earl said as he approached the block: "Here, my friend, let my body and my clothes alone; there is ten pounds for thee; that is better than my clothes alone, I am sure. And when you take up my head, do not take off my cap." Then laying his neck upon the block he added: "Stay, until I give the sign." After a brief prayer he stretched out his hand, saying. "Now!" The word had hardly left his lips when the axe fell, and the head was severed from his body at a single stroke.

HOW A BREAK-DOWN RE-UNITED TWO OLD BUT LOVING HEARTS.

There was a somewhat venerable but happy couple in the city recently on their wedding trip, though the casual observer would hardly have suspected the latter fact. They left on the Lansing train at three o'clock for their home in Washtenaw county. The incidents which led to the union of the couple so late in life were somewhat extraordinary. It seems that the old gentleman, Deacon Joseph Place, who is now upward of seventy years of age, took it into his head last fall to go on a short visit to the home of his childhood in New Hampshire, to renew acquaintance with the friends of his youth, if perchance any one of them should be living. He had been for some years a widower, and his children having arrived at man's and woman's estate, and gone out from under his roof to seek their fortunes in the world, it is not unlikely that the loneliness of his surroundings had something to do with the suggestion that he should break into the monotony of his humdrum country life with a little pleasure trip. As fortune would have it, before he had quite reached the place of his destination a slight accident happened to the train by which it was delayed an hour or so. The deacon got out of the car and looked about and the hills and rocks, which had been strangers to his eyes for so many years, almost renewed his youth. As the train was liable to be detained for some time, he wandered to a house near by. Judge of the old man's surprise to find that the lady of the house was one whom he knew in early life. Indeed, when both were young, they had felt a regard for each other differing quite materially from the regard which they felt for other people. But the fates, and the fates often do this cruel work, separated them, and they had long since lost trace, and almost recollection, of each other. However, recognition was mutual; it is pretty certain that Deacon Place was glad to see the lady and that the lady was glad to see the deacon. Both had lost their consorts. What more natural than that they should talk over old times?—And speaking of these things, the scenes and incidents of early life arose vividly before them, and what more natural than that there should spring from this revival the old love, kindled anew, and that it should burn into a bright flame? Such was the case. All this did not transpire at the single visit, but the old man lingered in the neighborhood, and it soon became apparent that the lady was the strong attraction which drew him thither. The result was that before the deacon returned to his Michigan home they plighted their troth anew, and the old man came back happy as a lark, and thanking Providence for the railroad accident, which gave him a new lease of life and life's joys. After a few months he went back to claim his bride, and on Saturday the venerable couple passed through the city on their way home.—*Michigan Paper.*

A PRINCELY SWINDLER.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* says: "A swindler of a really high order of ability has lately brought a brilliant career to a close at Moscow in the person of an ex-prince, Demetrius Tschawtschawadze, who has been levying contributions at a dozen of the chief towns in Europe, London being especially mentioned, with continued success. The prince never changed his very unpronouncable name or his story, after the fashion of those more vulgar impostors who contradict themselves by the frequency and multiplicity of their invention. He was always a Russian prince, had always been robbed just before leaving Vienna by a young man he had unfortunately taken into his service as secretary, was always expecting large remittances from St. Petersburg, and was meanwhile on the closest relations of intimacy with the Russian ambassador. It followed that he was for the present unable to pay the bill, he ran up at the hotel which he had honored with his choice, and was further in want of a new secretary, to whom he could promise a fine future career and a large salary in immediate prospect. So plausible was this adventure, that at Berlin he not only left one of the chief hotels without suspicion before his remittances arrived, promising to send payment of his account, which included a number of petty tradesmen's bills, from London, but carried off with him to that metropolis his landlord's son, whose little purse of nearly £50 his new master borrowed freely from, leaving his victim just enough to go back to Berlin with, when he was presently ordered there to await the prince on his way to Russia. On the young man's departure the prince, who had been introduced to some Russians of means, borrowed £300 from one, according to the statements made in the Moscow court, and with this booty went off to Paris. Here, again, he borrowed from Russians on the strength of his alleged intimacy with their ambassador at Berlin, but disappeared on learning that inquiries were being made about him, owing to a warning sent from that capital. Having tried all the European courts out of his own country he appears to have sought refuge at Moscow, but here his career ended. He was arrested on suspicion, and was recently indentified with one Ennieff, a non-commissioned officer, who deserted some months before. For this desertion the *soi-disant* prince now lies awaiting trial, but his swindling is only mentioned incidentally.

DO MORE FOR MOTHER.—"Is there any vacant place in this bank that I can fill?" was the inquiry of a boy, as with glowing cheek he stood before the manager.

"There is none," was the reply. "Were you told you could obtain a situation here? Who recommended you?"

"No one recommended me," calmly replied the boy; "I only thought I would see."

There was a straightforwardness in the manner, an honest determination in the countenance of the lad, which pleased the man of business, and induced him to continue the conversation. He said:

"You must have friends who could aid you in obtaining a situation; have you told them?"

The quick flash of the deep blue eyes was lost in the overtaking wave of sadness, as he said, half musingly:

"My mother said it would be useless to try without friends;" then, recollecting himself, he apologized for the interruption and was about to withdraw, when the gentlemen detained him by asking why he did not remain at school for a year or two, and then enter the business world.

"I have no time," was the reply; "I study at home, and keep up with the other boys."

"Then you have a place already? Why do you leave it?"

"I have not left it."

"But you wish to leave it; what is the matter?"

For an instant the child hesitated; then he replied with half reluctant frankness:

"I must do more for mother!"

Brave words! Talisman of success any where, everywhere! They sank into the heart of the listener, recalling the radiant past. Grasping the hand of the astonished child, he said, with a quivering voice:

"My good boy, what is your name? You shall fill the first vacancy that occurs in the bank. If, meantime, you need a friend, come to me. But now give me your confidence. Why do you wish to do more for your mother? Have you no father?"

Tears filled the boy's eyes as he replied: "My father is dead, my brothers and sisters are dead, and my mother and I are left alone to help each other. But she is not strong; and I wish to take care of her. It will please her, sir, that you have been so kind; and I am much obliged to you."

So saying, the boy left, little dreaming that his own nobleness of character had been as a bright glance of sunshine into that busy world he had so tremblingly entered. A boy animated by the desire to help his mother will always find friends.

ALFONSO XII.—The Prince who has just been declared King of Spain is in his eighteenth year. His mother, the ex-Queen Isabella II., was compelled to quit Spain on the success of the revolution of 1868, and took up her residence at the chateau of Pau, placed at her disposal by the French Emperor. From there she issued a protest (Sept. 30, 1868,) against the new order of things in Spain, the Provisional Government having declared her forfeiture of the throne. On the 25th of June, 1870, she renounced all her claims to the Spanish crown in favor of her son, Alfonso. The royal exiles have resided alternately at Paris and Geneva since. In the election in the Cortes for a King, the Prince of Asturias received eight votes, ten other of his adherents casting their votes in blank. From Geneva, the ex-Queen issued a protest against the election of Amadeus to the throne. Don Alfonso meanwhile was receiving the usual education of a Bourbon Prince, under the supervision of priests and Spanish courtiers who still adhered to the fortunes of the exiles, until last October, when, by permission of the British Government, he was admitted to the Military School at Sanhurst, England, where he remained until he received the invitation to visit the Spanish army of the North, and acted upon it. On the 22d ult., an address of congratulation was sent to him by Spanish Grandees, to which he replied, assuring them that the monarchy alone could terminate the disorders and uncertainty which prevail in Spain, and that a majority of the people of Spain were agreed, and had declared, that he and he only is "the rightful representative of the Spanish monarchy."

Correspondence.

FOR THE GAZETTE.

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

NO. XLVIII.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—I had been down many shafts of gold mines and coal pits, but I had never heard of or seen such a unique contrivance for descending into a mine as the one in use in the salt mines of Austria. There were two very long poles about 18 inches apart, and placed securely both at the bottom and top. These poles were about four inches in diameter, but I do not know how long. [If I may be allowed, I will just here break into my narrative and explain why I cannot give the exact length of the poles, the number of gallons of water let into the mines, the length of the outlet to the mines, and the number of pounds of salt made each day: These memoranda I had in a memorandum book, and this book, with a book of autographs of great authors and other distinguished persons I met in Europe, all souvenirs, and many other things I cherished highly, besides several boxes of my sketches while in Europe, I put up in a very large trunk, and had the trunk boxed in Italy to ship to America. We had the acquaintance of a German who had lived in the United States, but he and his wife were at that time residing in Florence; he insisted on taking charge of and shipping the package. To make a long story short, he stole it; and, as I have before made the remark that I had lost certain memoranda, it was in this way that I lost them; but fortunately I retained many. The reason why I wished to ship this large trunk to the United States was that baggage costs more in traveling than one's own passage.] Well, a man with a lantern said he would get on the poles, and twist one leg around each pole. (These two poles extended about four feet above the ground.) He got on them, twisted his legs around them, and leaning back slid down far enough for me to get astride of his neck, which brought my feet and legs on his chest; then he slid down again far enough for my friend to get astride of my neck. The poles were polished until they were like ivory. He said that he would go down rapidly and that we must not take hold of the poles or lean forward, for if we did we would be thrown forward through the next shaft, an accident which had occurred before to persons who were killed. When he felt certain that he could depend on us he was at the bottom in a moment; then Kaiser and the Swiss went down; they did as we had done, and descended without any trouble. We walked forward some six feet, when there was another shaft of the same diameter, and so dark below that it looked black; here were two more greased and polished poles of the same length; we slid down as before, and then advanced six feet to another shaft, when we went down below in a moment of time; we then advanced again and went down a fourth. By this time it was as dark as Egypt; but still we advanced and went down the fifth and last. I was rather sorry that that was the last of it, for it was becoming exciting to me. At the top of the first shaft I upbraided the man for having a shaft so different from any other shaft in the world, and asked him why he did not have one great shaft with a windlass rope and basket. He made no reply whatever until we reached the bottom, when he said: "Now you see how much better this arrangement is than a great, long rope, let down a great shaft to such a vast depth by a windlass; it would take all day to draw you down and let you up, and here we are in a few minutes." Although I felt convinced that I was wrong, that did not relieve me of the anxiety of how we were to get out; for I knew that it would be a matter of impossibility to climb those greased poles. I felt anxious to ask, and just as I was about to do so, he took my attention by picking up some small lamps from the floor, (for such it was,) and handing one, together with some matches, to each one of us. He then strictly enjoined us all to keep with him, for if we should wander off we would most assuredly be lost. But in case we might get separated we might strike a match and light our lamp. He went in front, we followed, and the other man or guide followed us with his lantern. He commenced to take us through the various passages: there must be hundreds of them of great length; they branch out in every direction, often running into each other; the height of the most of them is about seven feet, but that of a few is as great as ten feet, while their width is from five to ten feet; they were all thus cut out in order to get the ore, or what may be called the crude salt, and are hewn in the form of an arch. The whole mountain seems to be a solid mass of salt. I found no part of this great passage supported by pillars, as it is solid enough to support itself. As I saw the crude article in the mine it is bright by the lamplight, and after I got out I found most beautiful, small images of white salt, having little baskets on their heads or their arms filled with this crude salt, the colors of which were dark green, light green, orange, red, deep blue, light blue and brown. The sides and the ceiling, as it were, of the mine are very rough and sharp. I could not distinguish any sand or clay. In digging, old passages have been opened, for this same mine was worked by the Romans long ago. Since they worked it all the passages have filled up, and in digging them out long wooden pipes, which must have been six inches in diameter, about an inch thick and quite smooth inside and out, were found, besides any number of long picks and various kinds of vessels, out of which the miners must have eaten and drunk, but they, like the wooden pipes, had been pressed together by the closing up of the passages until they were as flat as they could be. Here we were shown a small room which was circular, and in the center of which was a table, and chairs placed around the room. There were two pedestals, on one of which was a bust of the Emperor Francis Joseph and on the other a bust of the Empress. The guide told us that they both, a year previous, descended and took dinner on that table. I think I understood that she was the only female that had ever been below. She certainly had great courage.

There are thirty lakes or pools of various sizes; and again I am at a loss to give their circumference. One lake is much larger than the others—being, perhaps, six hundred feet in circumference.

These lakes, you understand, are in the heart of the mountain—the largest one in the centre and the others some distance off, surrounding it. The ore is dug out and conveyed, in wheelbarrows, to these twenty-nine lakes, after which water is let in through the side of the mountain by pipes, and is then conveyed through one large aqueduct (there being, besides, branch aqueducts to each lake). These lakes are filled with water, and, when the ore is melted, the salt water is conveyed through aqueducts from each lake to the great lake, which, as I have said, is situated in the centre. The roof of this great circular space is at least sixty feet high, and concave; on this lake are two boats, and around the lake is a walk about five feet wide, and as smooth as oilcloth pavement. This lake is very deep, and full to the margin, or was when we saw it.

VOYAGEUR.