North Carolina Gazette.

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Home Circle.

"Home is the Sacred Refuge of Our Life."
Dryden.

A TERRIBLE REVENGE.

A gentleman who has lately returned from a visit to Dallas, Texas, tell a story that is rather dramatic, and may be true. The story was told to him by an old hunter, who had become domesticated, and was lounging about one of the hotels in the town of Dallas.

"I could tell you a good many queer stories, stranger," said the old fellow, in conversation with the gentleman, "but I don't know of any that 'ud be more likely to kind o' strike you than an experience of Sam Long's, in Harrison county, years ago. Texas was a tough place then, you kin bet on that!"

And then the old fellow told the story, which can scarcely be as graphic in print as in his terse idiom:

Years ago Harrison county, Texas, was the haunt of about as desperate a gang of ruffians as ever infested any district west of the Mississippi. Their number was so great and their organization so complete that they set the only half-administered laws at defiance, carrying on a career of daring crime with impunity, and making that region an undesirable place of abode for all honest citizens. Ostensibly hunters or horse-traders, the desperadoes made stock-stealing their chief occupation, never hesitating to commit a murder when necessary for their safety or the execution of any plan.

The controlling spirit in this desperate organization was a giant named Dick Reddet, who, from his exceptional ferocity and daring, exercised almost despotic control over his followers. A very special pride of this man was his extraordinary skill in the use of the rifle, not one of the reckless band being able to compete with him in what was at that time considered the most valued accomplishment of a Western man.

It was a favorite practice of the band to congregate at some one of the few small stores scattered through the country, and there engage in shooting-matches; and it was upon one of these occasions that Sam Long, the hunter already mentioned, happened to be present. Long was a modest, quiet fellow, who lived with his wife and child in a small cabin in the neighborhood, and who made hunting his constant occupation. He never appeared at the store save to exchange skins and furs for ammunition or provisions, and was widely and favorably known for his sobriety and honesty.

Upon this occasion, when Long chanced to come up while the desperadoes were engaged in one of their shooting-matches, it was demanded that he should take part in the sport. The hunter hesitated at first, but finally, not wishing to incur the ill-will of the ruffians, consented. His skill with the rifle was known to be wonderful, and the desperadoes were not greatly surprised when he defeated them all save the leader of the band. This man had not engaged in the sport, but when Long had vanquished all the others, he came forward with the assurance of an easy victory. The shots were then made, and, to the surprise of all, Long gained the day. The rage of the leader of the ruffians knew no bounds at being thus beaten in the very presence of his followers; and, although refraining from any attempt at violence on the spot, he intimated darkly to the hunter that he would yet "get even with him." Long paid very little attention to any of his threats, and shortly afterwards he returned to his cabin.

At just dusk, some days later, Long, having come in from a hunt, was lying on the floor of his cabin, and playing with his child, while his wife was getting supper. The wife, busy with her cooking, asked her husband to take a pail and go to the spring and bring some water, a request with which he promptly complied, leaving his gun in the house—an unusual course with him

He had reached the spring, and was just stooping to fill the pail he carried, when he was borne down by an attack from behind, bound securely, and dragged some distance into the woods. When he recognized his assailants he knew what to expect: he had fallen into the hands of the Reddet gang, and the leader was about to "get even." Long was stripped and tied to a tree by order of the captain. A supply of hickory switches was obtained, and then the captain took one of them, and began the whipping, announcing with an oath that no man could beat him or his men at shooting, and stay in the country. The sufferings of the victim were terrible; the flesh was cut from his back in strips, and when the leader of the ruffians had gratified his rage, others of the band continued the punishment. But one man in the number showed any compassion, and his assertion that Long had been punished enough was received with derision. Finally the hunter fainted from the pain, and the villains, having satisfied their grudge, departed, leaving the object of their spite still bound to the tree. In this position he was found by his wife, who had become greatly alarmed for his safety, and who, in searching about, had been attracted to the spot by a faint moaning. She assisted him to reach the cabin, which he accomplished with very great difficulty, and then nursed him faithfully to recovery. It was several weeks before he was well enough to move about.

Scarcely had Long recovered from his wounds when his cabin was found deserted, and members of the Reddett band, thinking that he had fled the country, openly boasted of what they had done. At the same time they became bolder than ever in the commission of crime, always hunting or traveling together in a company of between twenty and thirty, and defying attack from any quarter.

One day, as they were engaged on a hunt, a member of the band became separated from the rest in the excitement of the chase. He was found lying dead, shot in the left eye. A few days later one of the ruffians, riding alone, was killed; again the bullet was found to have entered the left eye, but no trace of the slayer could be discovered. A week or two passed, and another of the desperadoes was shot, the same terrible accuracy being exhibited by a ball in the left eye, proving all the shots to be from the same hand. The robbers became alarmed, and kept together in all their raids, but there was no escaping the death which seemed always to be lurking near them. One after another fell, until ten men had died, each one pierced in the left eye. The terrified men scoured the woods in vain. On one occasion, when a member of the band was killed, the shot had been heard; and once a gaunt figure was seen running through the woods, but pursuit failed to overtake him. Used to face danger as the desperadoes were, and possessed of a brute courage, they trembled before this mysterious, undefined peril. It could not be faced, and could not be averted.

The result was that some of the band deserted and fled the region. There remained only the captain and four of the more resolute of his followers. These five hunted and made their raids together, and for some time escaped harm. It chanced that among the five was the man who had endeavored, at the time of the whipping, to save Long from so severe a torture. This man one morning ventured out in the woods without his comrades, and was walking slowly along, looking for game, when the brown barrel of a rifle, projecting from a bush beside him, checked his course. A tall, lank figure rose from the bush, and the startled man recognized Sam Long, the hunter. Long raised his rifle, then lowered it:

"You are the man," he cried, "who said a good word for me, and you may go; bad as you are, I won't take your wicked life. Go!"

The fellow needed no second invitation to go. He hurried to the camp and told the story; the captain and the other three men started in pursuit of Long, and only *two* men accompanied Dick Reddett when he returned! The other had fallen, shot in the eye, and no search of the underbrush revealed the hunter. The next day another man was killed in camp, and the hunter escaped. On the next the two remaining men, rendered desperate, fled the country, leaving the fierce Reddet alone. The leader of the desperadoes dared not remain where he was; he knew that he was the man whom Long sought above all others.

Concealing himself until night, he got on his horse, and fled for the nearest point on the Arkansas river where it would be possible to take passage on a steam-boat. Two days later he reached a small landing in the woods on the banks of the river, where the steamer stopped for passengers when there were any to take. He learned from the occupant of the only hut in the neighborhood that the steam-boat would be down in the afternoon; so, having put up a signal to secure the stoppage of the boat, he sat down on the bank and waited. He deemed himself safe enough from pursuit, and took no precautions. Throwing himself on the ground, he slept, until, late in the day, he was awakened by the sound of the boat in the distance. She would round the point in a minute or two, and he waited expectantly. As suddenly as though risen from the earth, a lank figure stood before him, and the muzzle of a rifle peered into his face. The terrified desperado had no difficulty in recognizing the man as the one he had injured. With the rifle still held steadily to the face of the startled Reddett, Long hissed forth:

"I've got you at last! You whipped me! Whipped me like a dog! I swore I would kill you before I called myself a man again, and I'm going to do it! I've cleaned out your band, and now it's your turn! Oh, I've got you! Thank God I've got you!"

The ruffian pleaded in abject fear for his life, groveling at the feet of the hunter. He clung to his words as a drowning man clings to straws. The boat was near; if she rounded the point in time he was saved—when the hunter pressed the trigger, the sharp report rang out, and the outlaw Reddett fell dead, shot through the left eye. Long slipped away through the woods, and when the boat stopped, a dead man was found, but no one else. Thus Sam Long was revenged, and Harrison county was freed of the worst gang of ruffians in the Southwest.

A PARISIAN ROMANCE.—The following incident in the life of Madame MacMahon is related: In the middle of the winter of 1838 a fire broke out in the female seminary at Limoges, France, and spread with such rapidity that it was feared all the inmates would perish. Suddenly there was a cry that one little girl had been left in her room. As the excited spectators were beginning to pray for the unfortunate child, a tall girl, with disheveled blonde hair and flowing night-gown, cut through the crowd, and, with a shriek of "I'll save her!" that rose above the sound of the crackling timbers and falling masonry, dashed into the doorway. A loud hurrah that was prolonged to the echo only to be repeated again attracted the attention of the devotees, and the pale-faced girl was seen skipping through the flames with the terrified child. A few days thereafter King Louis Philippe sent the heroine a gold medal for her bravery; and a captain of the French army, who had witnessed the girl's pluck, begged an introduction. The captain is now President of France and the brave girl Madame MacMahon.

A SOFT ANSWER.—The husband was of quick temper and often inconsiderate. They had not been married a year, when one day, in a fit of hasty wrath, he said to his wife:

'I want no correction from you. If you are not satisfied with my conduct, you can return to your home whence I took you, and find happiness with your kind.'

'If I leave you,' returned the unhappy wife, 'will you give me back that which I brought to you?'

'Every dollar. I covet not your wealth; you shall have it all back.'

'Ah,' she answered, 'I mean not the wealth of gold. I thought not of that. I mean my maiden heart—my first and only love—my bouyant hopes, and the promised blessings of my womanhood. Can you give these to me?'

A moment of thought—of revulsion—and then taking her to his arms:

'No, no, my wife, I cannot do that, but I will do more; I will keep them henceforth unsullied and unpained. I cherish your blessings as my own, and never again, God helping me, will I forget the pledge I gave at the holy altar when you gave your peace and happiness to my keeping.'

How true it is that a soft answer turneth away wrath; and how many, oh, how many of the bitter strifes of domestic life might be avoided by remembering and acting in accordance therewith.

"PERSONAL."—A New York correspondent of the St. Louis *Globe* has lately made some rich and racy developments in the domain of advertising. Inserting in a New York paper a "personal," requesting correspondence of ladies under forty, with a view to matrimony, he received something like a bushel of replies, which he had the effrontery and persistence to follow up until he ascertained the character of the applicants. One of these proved to be a widow of thirty nine, with an ample fortune, who really sought an honorable alliance; another was a charming brunette, who had rooms to let, where the boarders might have access to the lady's private apartments; a third proved to be a gushing Vassar studentess, about to graduate, whose father was a Western banker. Two others turned out to be bad altogether; the first being desirous of securing a "catch" with the "large fortune," which the correspondent advertised himself as possessing. The last one was a professional blackmailer, who enticed the correspondent to a secluded seat in a gallery of art, and was there confronted by the lady's reputed husband, who threatened an assault and a divulgement, and was finally induced to desist by a timely show of a seven-shooter. This illustrates the class of people who "do matrimony" by advertising, and also that the practice, though growing, is an exceedingly dangerous one.

A little boy held a sixpence near his eye and said: "O, mother! it is bigger than the room?" and when he drew it still nearer, he exclaimed: "Oh, mother! it is bigger than all outdoors!" And just in that way the worldling hides God, and Christ, and judgment, entirely from view, behind some paltry pleasure, some trifling joy, or some small possession which shall perish with the using, and pass away, with all earth's lusts and glory, in the approaching day of God Almighty.

THEIR DIAMONDS.—It is not generally known that the Mexican women of the wealthier classes use as ornaments, on extraordinary occasions, live fire-flies, which in the dark emit a bright phosphorescent light. They belong to the family of leaping or springing beetles, and are called by the Spanish *cucujo*. They are kept in elegant little cages, and feed on slices of sugarcane, and are bathed twice a day either by the ladies themselves or by their maids. In the evening they are put into little sacks, shaped like roses, and attached to the ladies' dresses. The light these little bugs emit surpasses in brilliancy the reflection of the purest diamonds.

CAUSED HIS DEATH.—M. T. Bowden, a school-teacher at St. James, La., filled a pocket with advertising imitations of greenbacks, and when somebody at the village store offered to bet on something, he drew out a handful, saying: "Make it $500, and I'll take you." The most of the bystanders saw the character of the supposed money, and laughed at the joke. Not so Karl Ahlberg, an ignorant Swede, who regarded the bills as genuine, and the amount as a fortune. Ahlberg enticed Bowden into the stable, murdered him with a shovel, secured the worthless roll of paper, buried the body, and fled.

THE STORY OF A PEARL.

Arsene Houssaye writes from Paris to the New York *Tribune:* Here is a pretty story which has been quietly told so long that I think it time to tell it to you aloud. A certain jeweler has a pink pearl which is the joy of all eyes, but never goes into the world. Why does it dwell in perpetuity in the showcase of the jeweler? There is in Paris a lady of shadowy fame who thinks herself a woman of the world because she is very pretty and has a court of suitors. Her means of existence are not known. She came out one fine day from Poland, saying that her husband was a prisoner in Siberia. She is still young, and bears his absence gaily. When a man is dead in love with her she does not say like a celebrated actress, "If you love me, jump out of the window," but she tells you, "If you love me so much, give me the only thing I want on earth. It is an incomparable pink pearl which I have seen at a jeweler's, for which I thirst like Cleopatra." She takes her lover to the jeweler. He is himself charmed with this wonder, which seems to have fallen from the breast of Venus, after having rested there a little longer than the other pearls. How could so beautiful a woman be denied a thing so beautiful? Especially as the pink pearl costs only ten thousand francs. No man dead in love could refuse it, especially as the jeweler accepts a check as readily as the cash. So the pearl is bought. A few days afterwards the ardent aspirant is astonished to miss it from the lady's neck. "Ah," she says to him, "I have written to India to order one like it, and then I shall have two pendants worthy of a queen. Please keep my secret till I have them both."

And while she is thus talking to one, she is saying in the strictest confidence to another, "My friend, if you really love me so much, do me a favor. There is a pink pearl at my jeweler's worth at least 100,000 francs, which he would give me for 10,000, but my dresses have cost so much that I've nothing on hand for jewels. Help me buy this, which is indispensable to my happiness." She leads him to the shop like a lamb to the slaughter. "Is it not of the loveliest Orient? Old Homer's Aurora never sprinkled finer ones among the roses which she scattered from her fingers." Naturally the second does as the first, captured by the poetry and the mirage of the thing. It is always the same with the third, the fourth, and the fifth. "Above all, keep my secret till the other comes from India." Giving a pearl like this to a woman is not like giving money. It is unhooking a star from the sky; it is cutting a rose from the caliph's garden. This whole little comedy is so well managed that each simpleton imagines his gift a privilege. Who would not be happy to give delight to those beautiful blue eyes, full of poetic dreams?

So that, in short, since she has been in Paris, how often do you imagine that the jeweler has sold his pink pearl? Twenty-one times. Total, 210,000 francs; which the noble Polander from the ancient Poland has levied on the love of her neighbor.

A SAD PICTURE.—Olive Logan writes from Long Branch to the *Baltimore American.* "Laugh while you may. Such a fit of the horrors as we've had this last week would freeze the fun out of Touchstone himself. One of our brightest belles—ugh! it gives one a shiver to write the words—has gone insane, and for three days she, who ten days ago was as much admired as any young woman here, has been making night hideous with her maniac howls, jumping out of windows, clutching passers-by by the throat, and refusing food in the fear of being poisoned. Unrequited love is said to be the cause, though in one of her sane moments the poor girl said: 'I think I must have eaten too much lobster salad one night last week.' Could anything be more indicative of the frightful extremes of tragedy and farce that are sometimes seen in the undivine comedy of life than an episode like this? And last evening, while the music was sounding and careless feet were dancing in the parlor, the wretched girl, barricaded in a remote room, where physicians were wrangling as to the propriety and possibility of bleeding her, was baying like a wolf against the moon. Her relatives were driven almost mad themselves with the excitement and horror of this fearful calamity, but the others danced on.

"For some must laugh and some must weep—
So runs the world away."

THE ARAB'S PROOF.—Some years ago a Frenchman, who like many of his countrymen, had won a high rank among men of science, yet who denied the God who is the Author of all science, was crossing the great Sahara in company with an Arab guide. He noticed, with a sneer, that at certain times his guide, whatever obstacles might arise, put them all aside, and, kneeling on the burning sands, called his God.

Day after day passed, and still the Arab never failed, till at last one evening the philosopher, when he rose from his knees, asked him, with a contemptuous smile: "How do you know there is a God?" The guide fixed his eyes on the scoffer for a moment, in wonder, and then said, solemnly: "How do I know there is a God? How do I know that a man and not a camel passed my hut last night in the darkness? Was it not by the print of his foot in the sand? Even so," and he pointed to the sun, whose last rays were flashing over the lone desert, "*that* footprint is not that of a man."

Sleep is death's young brother, and so like him, that I never dare trust him without my prayers.—*Sir. T. Brown.*

HOW ONE MAN DEFIED A MOB.

Some newspaper has lately unearthed a story of mob law in Henry county, in 1856, a story which will bear condensation and which should go down to posterity, describing an example to be imitated and a scene to be immortalized. In 1856 there resided in the county named, several brothers bearing the name of Henry, one of whom was charged with murder. He was acquitted upon trial, but the mob was dissatisfied with the verdict, and demanded that not only the man charged with the crime but all his brothers should leave the country. One of the brothers thus unjustly banned was slow to leave, and in consequence was assailed, being shot at and narrowly escaping with his life His wife and children were afterwards taken to him by a young man named Hunly. Then the mob demanded that Hunly should leave the region. Hunly went to his house, and told his aged parents of the situation. They decided not to obey the mob, and barricaded the house. On the next day the mob came, twenty masked men and numbers of respectable citizens who dared not resist. The mob rode up to the house and demanded the body of young Hunly. The old mother appeared at the window, and replied that her son had committed no offence; he had simply aided an innocent woman and her children; he would not be driven out of the country like a criminal; she and her husband were prepared to die with him.—Then she bowed and retired.

The mob crowded forward, but there was a man among the spectators to be heard. As the old mother ceased talking he came forward with tears on his face, and said: "Of all fortunes in life there is nothing like its fortunate ending. A man should be esteemed fortunate who finds an answer to the old Methodist prayer 'Lord give us a good time to get out of the world.' I may live a hundred years without finding another opportunity to so happily end my life. I am blessed! My prayer is answered! I will die with these people!" Then drawing his pistol, the man (his name was Pollard) placed his back to the door and his face to the mob. The effect was grand. Hesitating citizens, lacking but the nerve to oppose ruffianism, rushed to Pollard's support. The mob fled for their lives before the desperate resolve of the men before them, and Hunley and his family were saved.

Pollard's name is still a synonym for brave manhood in Henry county, and his glorious example has done not a little good. Could a grander speech be conceived than this brief one of six clean sentences? And is not the story one to become immortal?—*Texas Paper.*

MARRIAGE.—Young man, don't make a fool of yourself. Getting married is a serious thing. When you visit a young lady at night, and find in the parlor a kerosene lamp, with the chimney smoked up and dirty, and, after waiting half an hour, the lady makes her appearance, you may set it down in your mind that the said young lady is not fit for a wife. She may dance elegantly; but she will not keep your house decent. She may sing like a nightingale; but she will give you a dirty plate to eat out of. She will be almost certain not to know how to spell. A slovenly woman rarely has a tolerable education.

You may think as you please now about the matter of female education, and you may talk as you will against learned women; but it will not be pleasant to find out after marriage, that your wife can not write her mother tongue in tolerably decent style, and that, in her note to the grocer, she spells sugar with an h between the s and u. It is rarely safe to trust to appearances: but you may know that neatness and cultivation are commonly near or kin, and that dirt and bad spelling are apt to go together. Besides, those women who do not learn to be neat in their childhood, rarely learn in later life; and the girl, who, at sixteen years of age, spells balance with two ls, will probably never drop the superfluous letter.

A CHILD'S PRAYER.—She was hardly able to talk plainly, and a policeman had to give her his hand to assist her up the steps into the central station.

"Did you put my mother in jail?" she asked, as she pushed her pink sunbonnet back, and looked from one to another.

They had arrested a red-faced, tangled-haired woman, who fought the officers and made use of foul language. No one dreamed that the child was hers, but it was. The little thing was so innocent and pure that they didn't want her to even see the iron bars, but the mother heard her voice, called to her, and they opened the corridor door. The child grasped the iron door, looked into the cell, and cried out:

"Why, mother you are in jail!"

The mother crowded back, ashamed of herself, and the child knelt down on the stone floor, clung to the iron bars of the door, and prayed:

"Now I lay me down to sleep, and I hope my mother will be let out of jail!"

The men had tears in their eyes as they gently removed her, and when the woman came into the court the next morning to be tried, his honor whispered to her to go home, and for that child's sake to be a mother instead of a wretch.—*Detroit Free Press.*

In the judgment of God there is no more heinous sin than that of hearing with unconcern His messages of love and mercy. Doth not My Word do good to him that walketh uprightly? It always does. Yet Christians often go away from hearing the Word unaffected.

THE EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA.

A correspondent of the Philadelphia *Telegram* writes from Europe:

We are not after all to be permitted to catch a glimpse of the fair Empress of Austria, though she did pass through Paris a few days ago. About a thousand people went to the railway station to see her come in, but the lovely Elizabeth, at the last moment, changed her destination, and came into Paris by another direction, thus disappointing the eager crowd of sight-seers. She is well worth looking at, is this fairest of royal ladies, though she is thirty-eight years of age, and a possible grandmother besides. I saw her at Vienna ten years ago; she then looked about twenty, slender as a reed and graceful as a deer, with the loveliest dark eyes in the world, and such a profusion of dark, silky hair that it fell, coil upon coil, from under her coquettish little hat, only retained by the meshes of a fine silk hair net. Her style and elegance were unsurpassable, far exceeding, to my mind, the more artificial graces of the Empress Eugenie. She dresses very simply now, it is said, usually in black, gray, or lilac, never having worn gay colors since the death of her first daughter several years ago. Her manners are marvellously sweet and winning, and she is as popular as she is beautiful. Truth compels me to state that it is currently reported she henpecks her imperial spouse unmercifully, and that he, like a wise man, submits to her dominion.

When she first arrived at the imperial court, she gave immense offence to her haughty mother-in-law, the Archduchess Sophia, of evil memory, by insisting on going out walking, (think of profaning the sacred feet of the Empress of Austria by contact with the vulgar earth!) and by carrying an umbrella, which last, is, we believe, a fatal sin against royal etiquette. She inherits the simplicity of her manners from her father, the Archduke, Maximilian Luitpold, of Bavaria. This gentleman always travels very quietly, and with no more state or form than any ordinary private gentleman. He was recently on his way from Munich to Vienna to visit his daughter. In the same compartment in the train with himself was a talkative little Austrian tradesman, who soon got into conversation with his quiet looking companion. After talking over matters and things for some time, and getting ample information about his business, his family, nationality &c., he asked: "And pray, sir, where are you going?" "To Vienna." "On business?" "No; to visit my daughter, who is married to an Austrian." "Is your son-in-law in a good business?" "Well—tolerably good—but troublesome at times." "What is he?" "The Emperor!" At this answer the poor little man became covered with confusion, nor could all the laughing protestations of the good natured Archduke avail to reassure him, and he darted out of the carriage at the very next stopping place.

BYRON.—A correspondent of the New York *Evening Post*, who was introduced to Lord Byron by Richard Brinsley Sheridan in the green room of the old Drury Lane Theatre, thus describes the appearance of the distinguished poet:

"Lord Byron was standing against one of the pillars which supported a fantastic lantern. He was dressed in a dark blue dress coat, loose white pantaloons, and yellow vest. The pantaloons were very long and almost covered his feet. A natural defect rendered him very sensitive, regarding one foot, at least. He could not bear that it should be looked at. His shirt collar was ample, and turned down over the collar of his coat, so as to show his neck, of which he had reason to be vain. It was long and white, and supported a noble head, then covered with natural brown curls. I remarked that his hands, one of which supported his head against the pillar, were small and white.

Correspondence.

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

NUMBER LXXVII.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—You will remember that I promised to speak in this No. of a very extraordinary sight in the anatomical department of the Museum of Natural History at Florence. It was a case of cancer, and is known by physicians as the most wonderful one on record. The cancer was in the head (but in what part of the head it originated I neglected to ask) of the patient, who was a man. He was kept alive for 28 years, everything being done to see how long he could live in such a condition. The disease eat away his ears and nose, his eyes, his lips, his neck, most of the flesh off his jaws, until finally scarcely anything remained but the scalp of his head, with little patches of hair scattered here and there, and a few pieces of dried skin on the chin, and a little beard; his cheeks were there, which only served to make the rest look more ghastly. There were no signs of any tongue or palate, and before he died, he could neither see, hear, taste nor smell, for all his senses were gone. His life was sustained only by fluids, and he was fed through a silver tube, which was inserted in the throat below the chin, and through which the liquid passed. His head and neck were separated from the body just between the shoulders. It looked as if there could not have been much difficulty in preserving his flesh, for there was not much left to preserve.

Florence has the name of being a very cheap city, but I found it much dearer than Munich, Bavaria. Well, I rather unexpectedly found myself out of funds, and Mr. Hall, of the banking house spoken of in a former No., proffered to advance me money, but we took what valuables we had and got my preceptor to take them to a pawnbroker, and he returned with so much more money than we expected that we felt almost rich. We had been paying at the rate of $1 each every two weeks for permits to remain in this despotic Dukedom; but when they found out through our friend, the priest, that we would leave before we would submit to such a tax, they said they would grant us permits at $1 00 each. and at last they reduced it to $1 00 each for two months, and when they found we intended to leave, they sent us word that, as we had been such good citizens, they would allow us to remain without any further tax, which led me to believe that we had been most shockingly imposed upon by the officials, but not by the good priest, for he was a gentleman in every sense of the word. Incredible as it may seem, the pawn-brokers' establishments are, like those in Germany, whence the Grand Duke came, owned by the Government. I had often heard this, but now I was convinced of it, as the receipts showed it. What a blessing to mankind it is that all these little governments have been broken up, and the despots compelled to go to work. I have, all through these series, endeavored to keep all names concealed in cases like those of the late President Buchanan, ambassador to St. James, and Professor Newman and Baron d'Achthal. The last two at Munich, Bavaria, are exceptions, and here is another, which, I hope, if it should ever meet the notice of the gentleman, he will pardon. When our pawn-broker funds gave out, Mr. Hall said it would never do, and that I must allow him to advance me money. I still refused, but after I returned to my rooms, I remembered one of North Carolina's noble sons, who was then residing at Paris, and who, I am sorry to say, has found it necessary, like Benton, Jackson, and other brilliant men of this State, to adopt another mother. It is to be hoped that the day is not far off when our sister States will repay the Old North State with heavy interest. The gentleman to whom I refer was the Hon. Duncan K. McRae, late United States resident Consul, at Paris. I drew on him for a certain amount. The draft was honored, and I received from him one of the kindest of letters—just such an one as could only emanate from the pen of a man like him, and which I still keep in remembrance of him. The Postmaster at Florence did not understand my name, and would always say that there was nothing for me, until he finally wrote to the Postmaster in the city I was from, and in that way he found that letters and papers had been arriving for me for some time, and in these letters I found funds that relieved me.

If the Italians have been poor, persecuted and friendless, they are noted for their societies for the relief of misery and distress, and of the number I know of not one that is better known, not for what it *has done,* but for what it *is doing* all the time for the poor, the sick and the dead, than the Society called *Misericordio.*—The parent society is located at Florence, but it has parent branches all throughout Italy. I presume that it is one of the worthiest benevolent societies that ever was in Europe, and it has been in existence for many years. Its real estate and other property has always been respected by the governments that have ruled in Italy. Besides owning very valuable property all through the city, it owns the most valuable piece of property there is on the square of the Metropolitan Cathedral—the north-east corner—besides several other splendid buildings on the same square. This building on the corner has four stories splendidly furnished. One apartment is for women and another for men, and the fine house adjoining is for the dead. This society is composed of young men, married and single, and is one of the most aristocratic societies in Europe. When I resided at Florence the Grand Duke was a member. The city of Florence is, like all other cities, divided into wards, and when anyone, anywhere in the city, falls down sick or dead in the streets, or any accident occurs by which anyone is killed or wounded, the news is instantaneously communicated to the keeper of the great Cloister, which is situated on Palaz Vecchio, and in which is suspended the great bell of 17,000 lbs. This bell is never used except on the most extraordinary occasions. Yet if an accident occurs in any ward, say the 5th ward, for instance, the great bell strikes five times in quick succession, and it is immaterial what any member of the society may be doing at the time, it is incumbent on him to repair to ward 5, or, if the bell strikes nine times, to the 9th ward, and so on. Six men always run to the Club House for one of the litters. These litters have a fine bed, pillows and curtains, so that as soon as the person is on the litter he is *incog.,* and remains so. When the bell strikes, every member puts on a long, black frock reaching to the feet, and a black hood that reaches to the waist, and over this black hood is a very broad brimmed black hat. A cord passes around the waist twice, and attached to it is a rosary that extends below the left knee, and having at its end a crucifix about six inches in length. The person in the litter is taken to their rooms, and, if a woman, she is taken in charge by female attendants; if a man, he is well attended, until he recovers. If the patient dies, he lies in state, as it were, for three days. The room is dressed with evergreens and white flowers. The burial generally takes place at night, but occasionally in the day time. Perhaps those who were buried in the day were Protestant strangers, and they were taken to the little Protestant cemetery just outside the city wall. When a funeral takes place at night, a priest goes in front, followed by two men with large torch-lights, and then comes the litter, borne on the shoulders of six men, and last is the whole society, marching two abreast, and forming the procession.

VOYAGEUR.