North Carolina Gazette.

Published by J. H. & G. G. Myrover, Corner Anderson and Old Streets, Fayetteville, N. C.

VOL. 3--NO. 25.] THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1876. [WHOLE NO. 128.

North Carolina Gazette.

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

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"Home is the Sacred Refuge of Our Life."
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CHASED BY WOLVES.

It was late in the afternoon. Having nothing else on hand wherewith to busy our attention, we were strolling about one of the smaller towns of Germany, in quest of amusement or adventure, we did not care which.

Our guide, or rather handy-fellow, as the Germans say, was the keeper of the inn—which, to tell the plain truth, was not much larger than himself—a good-natured, genial old man; and very fond of relating stories. He had already, during our two days' stay in the place, told a number of these stories; and we, his listeners, had about arrived at the conclusion that he had wholly exhausted his stock in trade. In this opinion, however, we were mistaken, as you shall see.

We had come to the town hall, and were loitering to get a drink of water, when Herr Gabel, suddenly nudging my elbow, said:

"Do you see that man walking along the street yonder?"

"Yes."

"He is a Russian, and for many years lived in Livonia, a province which once belonged to Poland. You'll find it laid down on a recent map of the province of Riga."

"Never mind—tell the story."

"The man's name is Sholto, and I'll repeat the story as I've heard him tell it fifty times."

My friend shook the ashes from his long porcelain pipe, placed it away in his capacious pocket, and began very nearly as follows:

"One evening Sholto was returning from market, whither he went over a distance of twelve miles twice a week with his horse and sledge. The road which led to his house was a long, winding one, and on either side the snow lay fresh and deep. The road itself was, of course, snow-covered, but the wind sweeping down the valley had carried much of it away, so that it had the appearance of a path channeled through a drift.

"Night was coming on, and Sholto full well knew that his homeward journey was not entirely a safe one. Although he was much fatigued, he did not allow himself to sleep, but kept a close watch all the time on every side. His sole weapon of defense in case of danger was a hatchet, which he always carried whithersoever he went.

"The horse was making good speed, and the sledge was fast leaving distance behind it, when Sholto, looking back, saw two dark, hideous animals swiftly pursuing him. And soon one of them almost touched the sledge, and its hot, steaming breath rose up into Sholto's face. Though an effort to slay the animal might have been successful, he chose not to attempt it. He knew that it was the horse which was wanted, and that everything depended on the latter's courage and swiftness. If he could only keep the horse in the track, and prevent him from bounding off into the snow-drift, he was sure that he could ward off all danger. So, to preserve the courage of his good steed, Sholto leaned over, and caressed him with word and hand.

"It was a terrible moment, as Sholto kept his hand on the horse and his eye on the ferocious wolves that were menacing his flight. The number had increased, and one of them—younger, larger and longer-limbed than the others—managed to keep pace with the sledge. Sholto raised his hatchet to strike, but the wolf, evading the blow, turned aside, maintained its footing, and ran alongside the horse. The latter, espying his blood-thirsty pursuer, groaned in despair; and, as if impelled by terror, gave a leap forward and shot past the panting wolf, which by degrees fell back to the sledge. Sholto raised his hatchet again, but the animal dodged, stumbled, and was left some yards behind.

"Meanwhile the other wolves were giving hot chase. Sholto realized for the first time the dreadful peril to which he was exposed, and prepared to defend himself in a death struggle, if need be. He began to think of home and the dear young wife awaiting his return. A thousand thoughts crept into his mind, and poured over brain with the scorching heat of lava. He could not say die! He could not surrender without a contest his hopes, his life, his all. Something cheered him on, and bade him be bold.

"While thus meditating, an unlooked-for occurrence brought him to his senses. His horse, frightened by the sharp claws of one of the wolves, dashed forward in such a manner that the sledge became entangled in a stump of an old tree which projected above the surface of the snow. A collapse was the result: the affrighted horse went tearing off at a furious speed, and poor Sholto was left at the mercy of the wolves!

"In an instant one of them was upon him. He felt a heavy claw tearing the front of his sheepskin coat; he felt the blood slowly oozing down from a fresh wound. Rendered desperate but not in despair, he grappled with his assailant. During the encounter his weapon was jerked from him, and he had now only a pair of strong and sturdy arms as a means for his defense. Whilst wrestling with the wolf, his eye wandered off into the distance, and in the thickening shades of night he descried the light of a candle which shone through his cottage window. He imagined, also, that he saw his wife peering out at him, and heard her calling in a sad voice, "Sholto, where are you?"

"As to himself, it was a sorrowful moment. His strong hands played their part well, and as soon as he had wrestled with and strangled one assailant he was forced to face another in a similar manner. He did not know how many wolves there were, and, in truth, he had not the time to count them. Only, whilst defending himself against his foes, he thought of his poor horse, and wondered whether it had reached home safely, or was now lying a victim to the hungry demons. The snow under his feet was red with blood, and the shifting scene in the pale moonlight was terrible. In a luckless moment Sholto was overpowered, and fell to the ground. What would he not give to have his hatchet in hand?

"The warm breath of his horrible assailants almost burned his face. Now he felt one of them tearing at his throat; a moment more, and the game would be done! But no! God helps those who help themselves, and it matters little what the nature of the struggle is. Suddenly Sholto heard a deep bark—another—and a new comer, panting and maddened with rage, rushed in upon the scene, and savagely fixed his sharp white teeth into the neck of the wolf which had just overpowered Sholto.

"Yes, it was Arno, Sholto's faithful dog, which, noticing the return of the horse without his master, and as if scenting the imminent danger, had gone forth on a mision of rescue. Sholto, thus assisted, rose upon his feet, while the wolf and the brave dog were contending furiously for the mastery.

"Next Sholto saw something which lay glittering in the snow; he hurried towards it, recovered the weapon which had been wrested from him, and again threw himself into the contest. Although his clothing was soaked with blood, and his powers were utterly exhausted, he failed not in courage.

"With a sturdy blow he dispatched one wolf, whereupon its companion, mangled and bleeding, slowly crawled off. The largest and strongest was still grappling with Arno It was no easy task to rid the noble dog of his antagonist. To be sure, Sholto continued to deal heavy blows over the wolf's back and legs, and so managed to disable it by degrees. But the position of the dog—which lay directly under the wolf—prevented Sholto from taking the sure aim that he would have liked. At length Arno was put to terrible agony, and, stretching out his legs and loosing his hold, he let his head fall backward.

"The moment was ripe. The hatchet was raised, and was buried with all possible force deep in the wolf's skull. Without a groan the expiring animal rolled over in the ensanguined snow. This was the last of the contest. The thought that he was saved fairly overcame Sholto, and he was on the point of lying down to rest when the fate of his poor dog flashed upon his mind.

"The moon had gone behind a cloud, and darkness enshrouded the scene; Sholto groped about, and found Arno panting and gasping for breath. Perhaps he had received a mortal wound—but no! it was impossible, for a dog so true and noble must not die. He bent over him and raised his head; he was still caressing him tenderly, when a soft hand was laid on his shoulder, and a sweet, familiar voice sounded in his ear.

"Whose was it? Ah, Sholto could not mistake the voice of his young wife so easily, for she it was who had braved the terrors of the night in search of him. You know the rest: the candle guided them homeward; and there in that lowly cottage Sholto thanked God for his escape, and for having given him a wife so brave and so loving and a dog so noble and so true."

"A pretty good story, Herr Gabel; only a little romantic."

"Ah, sir, if you do not believe it go and ask Sholto. Even the dog Arno, which you just saw lagging behind his master's heels, will wag his tail in a rare fashion if questioned about the affair. The event took place five years since. After a while Sholto wearied of living in a country exposed to so many dangers, and moved himself and family down here. We think, though, he will return to Livonia some day, for he doesn't quite fancy our ways of living."

A French connoisseur lately entered a Paris "curiosity shop," and saw a beautiful Dresden vase. Asking the price, he was told £10; "and," said the dealer, "if I had the pair they would be worth £200." Mr. A. offered him £20, and went several successive days to renew the proposal, but in vain. One day a man came to Mr. A.'s apartment to show him some old china, and induced him to visit his shop, where, to his delight, he saw a vase exactly similar to the coveted Dresden; eagerly securing it for £48, he rushed off to the first dealer to buy the other vase. "Ah sir," said he, "you come too late; I regret to say that I sold it to a dealer yesterday." (The man from whom he had just bought it!)

A CURIOUS ROMANCE.

Norfolk Street, Strand, says the London *Court Journal*, has a curious commemorative monument. An observant spectator will notice that the first floor windows of a large house at the corner of Howard street present a peculiar appearance. The shutters are up, and they are covered thickly with dust, while though the chinks can be seen the blinds, also thick with dust and moldering away with age. Those shutters and blinds have been in exactly the same position, untouched, for about fifty years. During that time no human foot, it is believed, has entered that room. And the reason is this:

Fifty years ago a certain nobleman was engaged to be married, the day was fixed, the wedding morning arrived, and breakfast was laid out in that spacious and handsome room; the bridegroom was ready to proceed to the church, when it was discovered that the bride was missing; a note in her handwriting was found addressed to the bridegroom, briefly informing him that she had eloped that morning with his "best man," a gay and gallant captain of dragoons. The jilted bridegroom did not say much, but he went alone to the room in which the wedding breakfast was laid out, with his own hands put up the shutters and drew the blinds, locked the door and took the key. He gave orders that the door should be nailed up and barred with padlocked bars, and that no one should enter the room again. When the house was let it was stipulated that the room in question should remain untouched, and the sum of £200 per annum was paid to the tenant to compensate him for the deprivation of the use of the room. The nobleman has been dead some years, but it is believed the room has never been entered since he closed it, and there are the "wedding meats" mouldering silently away, and the ornaments crumbling to dust in funereal gloom.

A WONDERFUL CLOCK.—One of the most peculiar pieces of mechanism in Boston, if not in New England, is an eight day clock now in the possession of Dr. A. P. Pierce, 41 East Newton street. It was manufactured by A. J. Van Bergh, of Rotterdam, about a hundred years ago, and has upon its face some eighteen different movements, all governed by the ordinary clock machinery. The month is represented by appropriate devices: January, for instance, by a man skating; May by a clown, who can change as often as the weather; the autumnal months by pictorial reference to the crops, etc. The days of the week are shown by dial-plates bearing the time honored legends of the planets. A man fishes in a pool at the bottom of the dial, bringing up a fish every minute or two; two old-fashioned windmills work by the striking arrangements, while a clock in a miniature church tower keeps time corresponding to that manifested by the large dial itself. To crown all, there is a wonderful musical chime of silver bells, which can be set in operation at any time to play any one of six French, Prussian and Dutch tunes, one of which gives timely warning of the striking of every hour and half-hour. The clock also strikes the quarters with a distinctive knell. The clock was imported by Messrs. Doll & Richards, and set up by Mr. George H. Elson, of Beacon street.

A residence of Corbeill, in France, named R——, presented himself the other day at the house of M. Barthe, in Auteuil, who had formerly been a furniture dealer, and asked him if he remembered having bought at an auction sale in 1867 a desk of which R—— gave a particular description, adding that if the desk still remained in M. Barthe's possession he should like to buy it at any cost, as it once belonged to his father. M. Barthe answered that he still had the desk. "There it is," he said. "I do not care to know your motive, nor do I wish to make a profit out of your wish to have the desk. If you will replace it by another, you can have it taken away." Two hours later it was removed to Corbeill, and a new desk was placed in its stead. The old desk had a secret drawer, in which M. R—— found 10,000 francs in gold, wrapped up in paper. In looking over some old letters of his father's a few days before, M. R—— had first learned of the concealment of the gold, which he was so fortunate in recovering.

PECULIARITIES OF HENRY CLAY.—In his day it was the habit of the polite world of the capital, dressed in their gayest, to repair to the Senate Chamber to listen to him whenever he spoke. He was everybody's pet. No man has ever had such adulation since. No man has ever got habitually such splendid and brilliant audiences as he. Those were days of grand debate, when the press had not gained so much prestige—before oratory had given way in Congress to the reporters. There were no holes in the sky then, and you could not prick an orator, like a bubble, with a witty sarcasm. Clay never disappointed—he would not have dared. But he dared things that no other man then or now would dare. At the end of a brilliant passage he would pause deliberately, and walk six steps across the aisle to Robert J. Walker's snuff box, and take a pinch gracefully between his finger and thumb, return to his desk and put it with such ineffable distinction to his nostrils that the whole audience was ready to burst into applause. With any other man this would have been ridiculous. Clay made it sublime. It was the great king going to bed in the presence of his admiring courtiers.

AN ANGEL ON BOARD.

Two hours to wait at a junction on a midsummer day! That irrepressible boy came around. This time he had tempting fruit, and I begged him to find my husband. A lady at my side said:

"Excuse me; but do you carry a purse when you travel?"

"Never, when with my husband."

"Let me tell you a story."

"Thanks."

And this is what she told me, and I do not doubt its truth:

"My husband was thirty-five, and I a country girl of seventeen when we were married. Our bridal tour was to end on Christmas, at his father's house in Boston. We took boat from New York. The steamer was elegant, and, having shown me my stateroom, he stepped out. I went back to the cabin, read a little, watched my traveling companions a great deal, wondered what friend he had found on the boat, until supper-time came, and he did not. The cabin maid asked me if I was going to supper. 'When my husband comes for me.' She went to the office. Inquiry was made; there was no such man on the boat. Then came the captain's request that I would 'show my ticket.' I had none! 'Would I please pay my fare?' I had not one cent! Farther inquiry: there was no such man on the boat. I began to cry.

"'That won't do, my little girl.' (She was very small.) 'We have seen too much of that. Pay your fare, or I'll put you off.'

"I had a bright thought. 'My trunk is here.'

"'Show it to me, if you please.' And he went with me to the baggage. I pointed it out to him triumphantly. 'Your key, if you please.'

"'My husband locked it, and has the key!—but you may break the lock.'

"'The owner of the trunk may object.'

"'*It is mine!*'

"'Look here, little girl; you are not married. I shall put you ashore at the first landing. Go home, and behave yourself in future.'

"Every drop of blood in my veins boiled, and yet I must bear it, because I had not a five-dollar bill by me! I never before dreamed of the degradation of poverty. He turned away, and I sat down on my trunk. It was my own. It would tell of my innocence and truth, if he would but let it. So, too, would all the presents we had so carefully selected for the dear ones at home. I could have put my arms around it and kissed it. I only asked to be allowed to sit upon it all night. Wouldn't he 'just let me do *that?*'

"It was the worst question I could have asked. 'I presume you would like to be left here! Go straight to the ladies' cabin, and don't you leave it until I put you off the boat.'

"I rose proudly and walked to the cabin without a glance at him. I would not cry until I could get to my stateroom.—But when I came to the door it flashed upon me, '*I have no stateroom.*' I had no spot my own, no baggage, no friend, no character—even the black cabin maid was whispering about me—no husband:—where was he? Where *could* he be? He must have fallen overboard! I never should see him again! And I should be put off in the night, in a strange place, without a cent of money to buy a lodging—or even a sheet of paper and a three cent stamp? And Christmas morning, when all would be looking for the happy bridal party, where *would* we be? Where *was he*? I grew frantic. I believe, now, I was on the verge of insanity. I remember feeling sure he had fallen overboard, and was drowned, and that, if left on a wharf, I would go and spend Christmas with him. I often shudder, even now, when I think what I might have been driven to. I only know the dark fright and horror of that hour.

"One of those little ones, 'whose angels do always behold the face of the Father,' came and put her hand on mine, and asked 'why I cried so hard?' I told her. She said, 'He's dead, just as my mama is, and I'll tell papa.' And she went to him, and I could not doubt but that, softened by his own great sorrow and his child's soft pleadings, he would help me. But I saw him shake his worldly-wise head, and heard him say, 'She is crying too hard, too publicly;' and I rushed into the state-room—mine or not: I must hide the sobs I could not check.

"Then came a thought—ONE there was, even on that awful boat, who knew all; and I dropped on my knees, and simply said: 'Pity me, pity me, dear Savior! *Save, or I perish!*' I said these words over and over. The loving little girl had not been convinced, and made her father look, and then she came in and put her arms around my neck, and said:

"'Here is a five-dollar bill papa gave me for you, *because bad girls don't pray.*'

"When the steamer touched the wharf, my husband and his father rushed upon it. My husband had stepped back to see a friend on the wharf, and, but for their seizing him, would have tried to jump on board. He telegraphed to his father, took the night express, and was there before the boat arrived.

"He had an elegant picture painted of the little girl, and every Christmas we dress it with flowers, and call it—THE CHRISTMAS ANGEL."

QUEER CLAUSE IN A WILL.—Joseph Lippman, a wealthy citizen of Savannah, Ga., aged eighty-six years, died recently and left a will, in the fourth clause of which he states that, with the full knowledge that his earthly career is about closing, he can recollect of no act of his life to be atoned for or regretted by himself and family. The deceased probably wanted to anticipate Gabriel.

A STORY OF THE WAR.

A Dying Soldier's Message Delivered Twelve Years after He Fell at Gettysburg.

Capt. W. C. Harris, who served in the Confederate army in the war, and who was taken prisoner in the Gettysburg fight, is spending the winter with friends at Woodhaven, L. I. A few evenings ago, while the family were at supper, some one happened to mention the city of Oswego. The captain started as though shot. "That's the name of the place," said he; "yes, that is it." His friends asked an explanation, and he told them that while the Gettysburg fight was waging in its greatest fury he passed near a Union lieutenant who was wounded and dying, and who beckoned to him. The captain bent over the prostrate man and tried to catch his dying words. He could say very little, and that in a whisper; but he begged of the Confederate officer that he would communicate to his friends in Oswego that he died bravely, and in the hope of repentance. His name, he said, was Thorpe. The Confederate gave him brandy from his flask, and saw him die. The kindly office was the work of a moment only, and the captain again plunged into the battle. In a few moments he himself was wounded and taken prisoner. One of his legs was torn off by the fragment of a shell, and in the weeks of suffering and imprisonment that followed he thought nothing of the incident with the dying soldier boy. It was some years before he recalled the circumstance, and when he did the name of the place from which the dead man hailed was gone from the captain, and he was unable afterwards to recall it.

That evening Captain Harris addressed a letter to the mayor of the city of Oswego, relating the facts, and asking whether such a soldier had gone from those parts. Every one in Oswego knew brave Walter Thorpe. He had enlisted in the regular army when only fifteen years old, and was under Gen. Twigg in Texas. Gen. Twigg went over to the Confederates, and Walter was sent North when Twigg's men were sent back on parole. He served in the Eighty-first and subsequently re-enlisted in the One Hundred and Forty-seventh regiment, with which command he marched to the field of Gettysburg as a lieutenant. None of his friends saw him after the battle had begun, and nobody knew whether he was killed or languished in a Southern prison; and this letter, written twelve years afterward by the Confederate officer who ministered to him in his last moments, took his message and saw him die, was the first information that a faithful wife, a child, and aged mother had received from him they loved so well.—*N. Y. Sun.*

JOHN RANDOLPH AND THE ABBE.—The *Herald's* recent statement that the better class of Englishmen like Virginia reminds the Cincinnati *Times* of a story.

It says: When that distinguished French Abbe (can't for the life of us recall his name) was making us a visit in the early days of our national history, he happened to be dining with some Washington celebrities, of whom John Randolph, of Roanoke, was one, and the place of whose residence was not known to the foreigner. The question was put to the Abbe:

"And how were you pleased with the South?"

"Exceedingly; but I confess to having been a little disappointed—I had heard so much—in the Virginia gentlemen."

"Perhaps you were unfortunate in your circle," broke in Randolph, with a sneer. "You did not come to Roanoke, for instance."

"True," said the Abbe, covering his evident annoyance at the rude tone with his usual calm smile. "True; the next time I visit Virginia I shall certainly go to Roanoke."

"Gentlemen," answered Randolph, emphasizing the word, "do not come to Roanoke without they are invited."

It was a cruel thrust, but the Abbe took it in the same placid manner, and, lifting his gray head, paused for a moment to give due emphasis to his words, and then replied, looking inquiringly at the other guests:

"Said I not, Messieurs, that I was disappointed in Virginia gentlemen?"

CHINESE PROVERBS ABOUT WOMEN.—The proverbial philosophy of the Chinese with regard to women shows that they have bitter yet not overwise thoughts about the gentle sex. Here are a few illustrations: "Listen to your wife, but don't believe her." "To cultivate virtue is the science of man; to denounce science is the virtue of woman." "The happiest mother of daughters is she who has sons only." "If one is not deaf or stupid, what a position is that of a father-in-law! If, with a wife and daughter-in-law, one has also sisters and sister-in-laws, daughters and nieces, one ought to be a tiger to hold out." "The minds of women are of quicksilver, and their hearts of wax." "The most curious women willingly cast down their eyes to be looked at." "The tongues of women increase by all that they take from their feet." "When men are together, they listen to one another, but women and girls look at one another." "The most timid girl has courage to talk scandal."

STRANGE FANCY.—In Lincoln, Nebraska, resides a woman who believes that her mother, many years dead, comes back and indulges in an occasional feast. The good daughter sometimes puts a plate of pie and cake in the parlor, and always finds the plate empty in the morning. Last week she went suddenly into the room, and found that her oldest boy was a fully developed de-materializing medium.

Bull Run Russel writes up the Centennial for the London *Times*.

DEJAZET'S PETTICOAT.—Writing from Paris, Edward King tells the following anecdote: Once, before you or I were born, Mlle. Virginie Dejazet was playing in some obscure province, when a well which a peasant was at work in caved in such a manner as to leave him buried, and yet alive. All France was at once interested in the fate of this unfortunate workman, and the most extraordinary efforts were made to save him. At last it was announced as positive that he would be liberated from this horrible confinement on a certain day. When he was drawn out of the well, covered with bruises, there was a great crowd assembled to see him. The physician, finding him completely flayed by his contact with the sand and earth which had been pressing upon him, bandaged him. At last the linen and flannels gave out, and the doctor called for more. None were to be had, and the doctor was in despair, when Dejazet came forward, made a modest courtesy, explained that she was anxious of doing some good, loosed a string, dropped her petticoat at the doctor's feet, and said: "Tear that up and use it!" The fine ladies present were much annoyed that an actress should have dared to do such a thing in their presence, but there is no doubt that she did exactly the right thing. It made her famous.

MRS. TILTON'S CHRISTMAS.—Correspondence Chicago *Tribune*: Mrs. Tilton spent a sad New Year. Her husband returned a few days before from his successful Western tour, and found that his daughters, Florence and Alice, had not called upon their mother. Florence, the elder, now a dignified and self-reliant young woman, was quite disinclined to do so, but Mr. Tilton, it is said, urged that her mother would miss the calls and attentions she had been accustomed to receive, and the daughters at last started off in a carriage, with two bouquets for their mother. Arrived at the door, they sent up their names, bouquets, and an affectionate note, with the salutations of the new year, and asked to be admitted. The servant quickly brought back the bouquets and the note unopened, with the message that Mrs. Tilton did not wish to see them or receive anything at their hands! It seems almost incredible that a sane mother could repulse her children under such circumstances, and the question now arises, what influences surround Mrs. Tilton to produce such a result?

A poor man with an empty purse came one day to Michael Feneberg, the godly pastor of Seeg, in Bavaria, and begged for three crowns, that he might finish his journey. It was all the money Feneberg had, but as he besought him so earnestly for the sake of Jesus, in the name of Jesus he gave it. Immediately afterwards he found himself in great outward need, and, seeing no way of relief, he prayed, saying: "Lord, I lent thee three crowns; thou hast not yet returned them, and thou knowest how I need them. Lord, I pray thee give them back." The same day a messenger brought a letter, which Gossner, his assistant, handed over to Feneberg, saying: "Here, father, is what you expended." The letter contained two hundred thalers, (about $160) which the poor traveler had begged from a rich man for the poor vicar; and the child-like old man, in joyful amazement, cried out: "Ah, dear Lord, one dares to ask nothing of thee, for straightway thou makest one feel greatly ashamed."

MARRIED LIFE IN PERSIA.—There are two kinds of married life in Persia—one permanent, which restricts the poor husband to four wives only, and the other when the contract is made for a stated period, permitting an unlimited number of wives, who are generally women of an inferior class, and who act as servants for the permanent wives. But the children of both classes are equal in rights and status, and are ranked as legitimate. The great mass of men in Persia marry but one wife—silks and jewels are as expensive there as elsewhere—and such wives generally lead a contented and happy life.

Correspondence.

FOR THE GAZETTE.

REMINISCENCES OF EUROPEAN TRAVEL.

NUMBER XCIV.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—The next morning after we had gone all over the city in pursuit of the Emperor and Empress, we had quite a laugh over our stupidity, for we were to remain in Paris many years, and it was reasonable to suppose that we would see the Emperor and Empress hundreds of times, which we did. After we had eaten breakfast we went out with cards of all the first-class hotels in the city. The one which we concluded to look at first was Bade-Bade (pronounced in French Bad-Bad, and meaning Baden-Baden.) We had walked but a short distance, after entering the Boulevard des Capuchiens, before I was tapped on the shoulder by an acquaintance and, I believe, a friend, an intelligent and highly educated German Jew, and a perfect gentleman. He introduced us to his old uncle, an officer in the Austrian army, of whom I had often heard him speak when in Munich, Bavaria. He had been in the city two weeks, at Hotel Bade-Bade. In conversation he told us that the great number of military we saw passing he had been told were on their way to the late residence of Barenger, who was to be interred that forenoon at Strasbourg. We saw bulletins in the French papers that he was very ill, but did not think to look at the papers since our arrival in the city. We gave up all idea of looking for a hotel, and went in pursuit of the late residence of Barenger. The police showed us the way, and on our arrival we found an immense crowd, and it was impossible to get anywhere near the house. The military were in full force, the *gens d'armes* were numerous, and the police was quadrupled. Every Red Republican and Communist was making the most of himself. They pretended that there would be a *coup d'etat*, but Napoleon anticipated them. It was the largest turnout at a funeral I have ever seen in any country. Barenger was a great favorite with the Empress; she paid him much attention, and visited him during the time of his illness. All classes admired his productions. There are two things the French hold in higher estimation than everything else: one is their military, and the other is their *literati*. The mass of the people, just at that time, looked upon Barenger as second only to Voltaire. Barenger's death had the effect of reviving the affection that was dwelling within them. If you passed an apple-stand on the street you would hear the woman humming to herself one of his songs, and the same could be said of the man keeping the book stand near by; the cooks and domestics in the courts of the restaurants were chanting his lays. As much as six months after his death I was invited to a dinner party, where, after dinner, which was served at seven o'clock, the most of the company, as well as the gentleman of the house, (who was a superb vocalist), sang, accompanied by a piano and flutes, productions of Barenger until eleven o'clock.

When we had seen the great procession that accompanied the remains of Barenger to Pere la Chaise, where all that was mortal must part, we concluded to look after our baggage that we had shipped from Florence, Italy, so long ago. We went in and out, up and down first one street and then another, and at last we entered a court and then a large room. Looking through the iron bars at an official, I accosted him thus: "Good morning, Sir;" to which he replied, "Your servant, Sir." Such a salutation from an official was so unlike what I had been accustomed to that it was some time before I recovered from the agreeable shock. We found our baggage, arranged everything with the polite French official, and then went in search of Hotel Bade-Bade, on the Boulevard des Italiens. Here we saw our friend, but concluded to stop at Hotel des Italiens, as we expected some acquaintances there in a few days. This was a most splendid house, and we remained there until our acquaintances arrived, when we began to look for rooms, and were suited at the house of Madame Thomaine, Rue des Bernardins. This is close to the great Notre Dame, and near by, on the east, is situated the great Jardins des Plantes, a place in which I almost lived; and close by again was the city wine cellar, one of the wonders of Europe, but an account of which I will give hereafter. Those who are as well acquainted with Paris as I am will know that the Rue des Bernardins is not by any means a fashionable street, nor is it a fashionable part of the city, though we were with a very agreeable and genteel family. The reason why we chose this location was to remain in seclusion as much as possible, in order that we might have the advantage of associating with the French, and thus acquire the French language as it is spoken in Paris. Besides, in residing in some parts of Paris one's time is completely thrown away by having to entertain idlers who are roving about in order to find out and be with those who speak English, for they will neither study nor hire a *valet de place*. In Paris we had no trouble about passports or looking up police stations; no necessity for a little bit of paper in our pockets, granting us permission to remain in a city a week or two at a time, and for every new permit a new charge, thus getting more tax out of foreigners of a country than out of the natives themselves. There is no necessity in Paris for all this. In the Southern United States the negroes formerly carried a pass only at night, but in Germany a free white man is obliged to carry a pass day and night, and if caught without it he is arrested and put to much inconvenience, as I was in Saxony. I never have spoken fully on the passport system, but shall take occasion to do so now. Before you leave a country you must have the passport *visa* of that country, and you must have the *visa* from the resident consul in that country to the one you propose to visit; then, as soon as you arrive in that country, you give up your passport, and they give you a bit of paper in its place, on which it says how long you are to remain; and woe be unto you, if you lose that bit of paper! When you conclude to leave you must name the very day on which your passport having the *visa* was handed up, and if you do not leave that day you are liable to be arrested. And that is the way one is handed from kingdom to kingdom. I once saw a German on the Rhine who had resided eight years in the United States. When he got into the interior as far as Aix la Chapelle he was arrested on the belief that he was a man of the same name who had committed a crime. They examined his features, which did not answer their description exactly, but warranted his being detained a week. So one can see to what inconveniences a person is subjected.

But although this passport system is a source of great annoyance to visitors, there is one, and only one, advantage in it. For instance: if a friend wishes to see you and cannot find you, he can go to the passport office, and they can tell all about you. A circumstance of this kind happened to me when I was residing in Munich. A friend of mine, on his arrival in the city, tried in vain to find me, and as a last resort went to the passport office, whence he was conducted by a policeman to my boarding-house, and, as I was absent, from there to my place of business. VOYAGEUR.