

**WAYSIDE PENCILLINGS:
WITH GLIMPSES OF
SACRED SHRINES**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649537501

Wayside Pencillings: With Glimpses of Sacred Shrines by James J. Moriarty

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Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

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JAMES J. MORIARTY

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person

His Excellency
Governor Tilden

Compliments
of the author

WAYSIDE PENCILINGS,

WITH

Glimpses of Sacred Shrines,

BY THE

REV. JAMES J. MORIARTY, A.M.,

CHATHAM VILLAGE, N. Y.

ALBANY, N. Y.:

VAN BENTHUSEN PRINTING HOUSE.

1875.

S. C. J.



PENCILINGS BY THE WAYSIDE.

A. TRIP TO EUROPE.

THE contemplation of a voyage across the Atlantic is always suggestive of anxious thoughts, and sometimes of gloomy forebodings. There is always the terrible spectre of sea-sickness presenting itself to the uninitiated—to all, in fact, who are accustomed to feel the due sense of their own weight on *terra firma*. It would not be at all advisable for any one who is in the habit of walking about majestically upon the earth, who seems to be always impressed with feelings of his own superiority, and who, to make use of a common expression, always stands on his dignity, to ven-

ture on a sea voyage; for there is scarcely anything so humiliating to such individuals, so trying to their patience, so repugnant to their tastes, so opposed to their sense of dignity, and so utterly at variance with highly starched collars and unruffled linens, as the extremely annoying and disagreeable complaint familiarly called seasickness. At the same time, to see such an individual, as I have described, suffering under such untoward circumstances is not unfrequently, I know not by what perversity of human nature, relished by the best of men. As to the unhappy mortal whose system has to undergo such a fearful purification as is necessary for a healthy renovation, you may divide his sea voyage into three periods. In the first part of the trip he feels, and wishes to convince his fellow-passengers of the same, that he is certainly going to die, that there is no hope that he can possibly survive such a terrible attack, such a fearful upheaving of nature. A more pitiable object, a more forlorn, hopeless, dilapidated-looking being you can only

find on sea. He would certainly be willing to pay three times the fare to be once more on land, and be sure of his foothold on the earth (if not of his standing in the community), than ever to wander again far away from the comforts of home.

I remarked that in the first part of his voyage the unhappy sufferer is constantly afraid he is going to die; but, alas, in the second part of his trip, he is sadly lamenting that death did not come to his rescue. His sufferings he considers unbearable, and he consequently sinks into a sad and gloomy despondency, sorrowfully resigned to inexorable fate. In the third and last period, however, a faint hope begins to gleam on him that perhaps he may survive; the fearful phantoms begin to disappear; unpleasant reminiscences of a stomach at sea are expelled from the mind; the pale, emaciated, but now hopeful patient, humbly yet stealthily takes his allotted place at his first morning meal, and then begins to look about for the beauties of nature. It is wonder-

ful, then, how quickly his sentiments and habits change, how warmly he praises the invigorating sea-breeze, and dilates most enthusiastically on the glorious beauties of sunrise on the ocean; and he retires to his couch meditating on the calm serenity of the atmosphere and the glories of the firmament. When he happily reaches the land he plants his foot soldier-like on mother earth, as much as to say, none but women and children fear the sea!

LA BELLE FRANCE.

Arriving in France towards the end of May, one is surprised to find vegetation so far advanced, and a long voyage on sea renders the scenery all the more charming. After leaving Havre, a large, well-built seaport, *en route* for Paris, you are immediately impressed with the truthfulness of the name given to the country—*La Belle France*—for it is, indeed, most beautiful, with its smiling, verdant fields, its charming villages, its quaint old towns, its curiously tiled