V

The Weekly Kansas Chief.

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Choice Poetry.

THE LAST BANQUET.

(An Incident of the French Revolution, in 1793.)

BY EDWARD RENAUD.

Gitaut, the Norman Marquis, sat in his banquet hall,
When the shafts of Autumn sunshine gilded the castle wall;
While in through the open windows floated the sweet perfume,
Borne in from the stately garden, and filling the lofty room,
Yonder, over the poplars, lapped in the mellow haze,
Lay the roofs of the teeming city, red in the noonday blaze;
While ever, in muffled music, the tall cathedral towers
Told to the panting people the story of the hours.
His was a cruel temper; under his baneful sway,
Peasant, and maid, and matron fled from his headlong way,
When down from his rocky eyrie, spurring his foaming steed,
Galloped the haughty noble, ripe for some evil deed.
But when the surging thousands, bleeding at every pore,
Roused by the wrongs of ages, rose with a mighty roar—
Even the streets of cities rang with a voice long mute;—
Gibbet, and tree' and *lanterne* bearing their bleeding fruit.
Only one touch of feeling—hid from the world apart,
Locked with the key of silence—lived in that cruel heart;
For one he had loved and worshipped, dead in the days of yore,
Now slept in the lonely chapel, hard by the river shore.
High on a painted panel, set in a gilded shrine,
Shone her benignant features, lit with a smile divine;
Under the high, straight forehead, eyes of the brightest blue,
Framed in her hair's bright masses, rivaled the sapphire's hue.
"Why do you come, Breconi?" "Marquis, you did not call;
But Mignonne is waiting yonder, down by the castle wall."
"Bid her begone!" "But, master—poor child, *she loves you so!*
And, broken with bitter weeping she told me a tale of woe.
She says there is wild work yonder, there in the hated town,
Where the crowd of frenzied people are shooting the nobles down;
And to-night, ere the moon has risen, they come, with burning brand,
With the flame of the blazing castle to light the lurid land.
But you must spread the banquet—host for this crew abhorred—
Ere out from the topmost turret they fling my murdered lord.
Flee for thy life, Lord Marquis; flee from a frightful doom,
When the night has hid the postern safe in its friendly gloom.
"Tush! are you mad, Breconi? Spread them the banquet here,
With flowers, and fruits, and viands, silver and crystal clear;
Let not a touch be wanting—hasten those hands of thine!
Haste to the task, Breconi—and I will draw the wine!

* * * * * * *

Up from the rippling river sounded the tramp of feet,
That rose o'er t e solemn stillness laden with perfume sweet;
While high o'er the sleeping city, and over the garden gleam,
Towered the grim, black castle, still as the silent tomb.
Leaning over the casement, heark'ning the busy hum,
Smiling the haughty Marquis knew that his time was come;
And he turned to the paneled picture—that answered his look again,
And beamed with a sigh of welcome—humming a low refrain.
Under the echoing archway, and up o'er the stairs of stone,
Ever the human torrent shouted in strident tone—
Curses and gibes, and threat'nings, with snatches of ribald jest,
Stirring the blood to fury in many a brutal breast.
There, under the lighted tapers set in the banquet hall,
Smiling and calm, and steadfast, towered the Marquis tall.
Dressed in his richest costume, facing the gibing host,
He wore on his broad blue ribbon the star of "The Holy Ghost."
"Welcome, fair guests—be seated!" he cried to the motley crowd
That drew to the loaded table with curses long and loud;
Waving a graceful welcome, the gleaming lights reveal
The rings on his soft, white fingers, strung with their nerves of steel.
Turned to the panel picture, calm in his icy hate,
He stood, in his pride of lineage, cold as a marble Fate;
Smiling in hidden meaning—in his rich garments dressed—
As cold, and hard, and polished as the brilliants on his breast.
Pouring a brimming beaker, he cried: "Drink, friends, I pray!
Drink to the toast I give you! Pledge me my proudest day!
Here, under the hall of banquet—drink, drink to the festal news—
Stand twenty casks of powder, set with a lighted fuse!"
Frozen with sudden horror, they saw, like a fleecy mist,
As he quaffed the purple vintage, the ruffles at his wrist;
Turned to the smiling picture, clear as a silver bell,
Echoed his last fond greeting—"I drink to thee, *ma belle!*"
Down crashed the silver goblet, flung on the marble floor;
Back rushed the stricken revelers—back to the close-barred door;
Up through its yawning crater the mighty earthquake broke,
Dashing its spume of fire up through its waves of smoke!
Out through the deep'ning darkness a wild, despairing cry
Rang, as the riven castle lighted the midnight sky;
Then down o'er the lurid landscape, lit by those fires of hell—
Buttress, and roof, and rafter—the smoking ruin fell!

* * * * * * *

Over the Norman landscape the Summer sun looks down,
Gilding the gray cathedral, gilding the teeming town.
Still shines the rippling river, lapped in its banks of green;
Still hangs the scent of roses over the peaceful scene;
But high o'er the trembling poplars, blackened, and burned, and riven,
Those blasted towers and ramparts frown in the face of Heaven;
And still in the sultry August, I seem at times to feel
The smile of that cruel Marquis, keen as his rapier's steel!

Select Story.

JOHN AND I.

An Unhappy Misunderstanding in the Dream World.

I was sitting in dressing-gown and slippers in my study, some time ago, when suddenly, and unannounced even by a knock, John Chichester entered the room, and, stepping up to me, tweaked my nose most bitterly.

I am an editorial writer for the *Sentimental Lumberyard*, and consequently I was grievously annoyed by the affront thus put upon me by Chichester. A man in such an exalted position should never, I felt, be tweaked by the nose, and least of all should he thus be tweaked by a common salesman in a tailor's shop. I felt like getting up and breaking a placque over the man's head, and so serving him out for his impertinence, but I was restrained by the thought of Chichester's superior physical condition; so I merely gave him one of my looks, applied a cambrick handkerchief to my eyes and said, in a voice choked with tears:

"John Chichester, you forgot yourself!"

"Well, don't you do it again," was the reply, "for as sure as you do I'll knock your head off."

"Do what, John?" said I, sadly, for I was unconscious of having injured the man, even in thought.

"Oh, you're very innocent, you are, ain't you? All I want to say, however, is, don't you do it again unless you want your head broken. As sure as you do, I'll do something worse than pull your nose." And the horrid creature bounced out of the room.

Then, holding the cambric handkerchief to my still burning nose, I sat buried in thought for a long time. How had I injured John in such a way as to put him into so fierce a frame of mind? Had I written any editorial calculated to wound his feelings? This could not be, for in writing I have ever borne in mind the beautiful precept: "Among the pitfalls in our road the best of us walk blindly; so, man, be wary, watch and pray and judge your brother without animosity. Say nothing that will injure his feelings; do not wound his sensibilities or lacerate his heart." Besides, John had often told me that, in his lonely hours after work in the tailor's shop was done and he was sitting sad and despondent in his little room after tea, my editorials in the *Sentimental Lumberyard* had cheered and nerved him to act well his part, showing him how, with honesty for his beacon-light and perseverance for his helm, he might yet come to own a shop of his own, hold up his head like a man and walk the streets like a thing of life. Would one like this, tweak my nose without provocation of a very grave order? Then what had I done! Suddenly it flashed upon me that I had dreamed of him the night before and in my dream we had gone together to his employer's shop, where—and such a deed is wholly foreign to my nature—I had robbed the till and then accused John of the crime. His master, with gleaming eyes, was proceeding to wipe the floor with the young man's body, when suddenly I awoke in a cold perspiration, weeping as if my heart would break. Perhaps this had given John offense, but how? I had not spoken to him about my vision, and yet I have often been told that I am of a peculiarly sensitive and magnetic nature, and it might be that the fact of my dreaming so dreadful a dream had acted magnetically upon my friend's mind, and led him to accompany me in sleep and undergo all that I had undergone, and even more, for his employer's violence had been spent upon him, not me. I would immediately write to John and explain matters—nay, I would at once see him personally. So I dropped my half-finished editorial, and after arranging my nose before the mirror with the aid of a little lily-white, with which I touched my brow before going abroad, even on an unimportant mission—if any mission of a writer for the *Sentimental Lumberyard* may be looked upon as unimportant—I went round to John's place of business, and, peering through the large plate-glass window, saw him spreading some stuffs before a customer, and conversing in the most sprightly and affable way, just as if nothing had happened. I did not wish to enter the shop till after the customer had gone, but still I stood looking at John, for whose personal appearance I had always the greatest admiration. Suddenly he looked up and saw me. I smiled and nodded, but in return received such a hateful glare from his eyes, and perceived such a chilling look of hauteur upon his countenance, that really I could not make up my mind to run the risk of an encounter with John in his present mood, and hastened back to my study and my editorial. Then I dashed off two or three political paragraphs, and was free for the evening.

How I lived through the concert of the Hutchinson family, after tea, and how I ever wrote my notice of it for the paper, I scarcely know, for although the music was simply splendid, the thought that John was gravely displeased with me covered my soul with a hollow, bitter pall. However, I got through with it in some way, and before laying my head on the pillow that night, I had made the firm resolve that, come what would, I would have an explanation with John, and that another sun should not go down on his wrath.

My! what a night that was! I seemed to be in a desperate quarrel with John over a game of cards. I had been cheating him most shamefully, and he had detected me in my tricks. I tried to explain that I was only in fun, but not a word could I utter. Then presently we came to blows, and though John was much larger than I, I mastered him with the greatest of ease, knocking his head against the wall, banging his helpless legs against the chairs and tables, and in general ill-treating him in the most shocking manner. The demon which slumbers in us all, even in the best of us, seemed fully aroused within me, and, gaining voice in my dream, I upbraided John for breaking my nose, and proceeded to punch his nasal organ with absolutely frightful vehemence and velocity. It was a dreadful ordeal, and again I awoke in a cold perspiration.

About 8 o'clock next morning, the door of my room burst open, and John entered in an awful frame of mind. I essayed to offer a hurried and preventive explanation, but ere I could do so, John Chichester seized me by the moustache, and yelling, "So, you're up to it again, are you? What in thunder do you mean by taking advantage of me in that way, when you know I can't help myself? Oh, such a dose as you'll get now," proceeded to administer it, and truly, when he did get through with me, I was not fit to be seen, and had I gone abroad, I should infallibly have been asked if somebody hadn't tied my nose behind my back, so little conspicuous for distinguishment would that organ have appeared. It was shocking to be treated in this way, and I tried to expostulate with John upon his conduct, but he would not listen to me, so absorbed was he in his own personal anger and violence. It is terrible to see a man thus inflamed with self-assertion and unyielding pride and reckless of the welfare of others. One should rather be tender and affectionate, than rude and self-complacent, persistently forcing his opinions and even his whims upon persons who have no desire for them whatever. But John Chichester was in such a frame of mind now, and nothing that I said had any apparent effect upon him. What should I do? What should I do?

I was very sore, indeed, when he left me. There seemed to be hardly a whole bone in my body, and I felt that I should not be able to go to the office of the *Sentimental Lumberyard* for several days. Therefore, summoning my landlady, I requested her to write the following note to the editor:

Editor New York Sentimental Lumberyard:

"SIR:—Please excuse John Charles for his unvoidable absence during the next three days. I will see to it that he does his work at home. Yours, faithfully, MRS. E. G. GASCOYNE."

The note was sent, but yet I was ill at ease. I would not, I was determined, dream anything so offensive to John, as to cause him to do violence to his better nature, as I saw that he had done already twice within two days—but how was I to help myself? I was of a magnetic disposition, and therefore my dream-world was as real to anybody who could enter it with me, as was this outer world of sense. Indeed—I philosophized—all that the dream-world needs to make it real is the condition that two persons, A and B, dreamed simultaneously of each other with the same surroundings, and that A shall dream that he sees B do what B dreams that he does; that A shall hear B say what B thinks he says, and so on, vice versa. Surely this is within the range of possibility, and, indeed, I saw that in the case of John and myself it was real, but surely, it was hard that I, so gentle and inoffensive while awake, should bluster so in the other world while asleep; while John, who could twist my slender waist around his little finger while awake, was, when asleep, as helpless as a baby in my hands, and so came around every morning to make the account square between us. On the other hand, how could I blame him for working in the sphere in which he was most powerful when I muself gave him the provocation in my dreams, when he was weak and I was a giant in strength? And he would not, as circumstances had shown, listen to my explanation. It was a distressing dilema. What should I do? One obvious course was open to me. I might so arrange matters with the editor of the *Sentimental Lumberyard* that I could do all my work at home, and by sleeping during the day, avoid any further encounters with John in the other world, since he had to sleep at night, and thus the danger of collision would be obviated. Further reflection, however, showed me that if I could control my temper in my sleep and there speak gently to John, he would perforce have to listen to me, and I could instill into him a better spirit, so that he too in time might learn to become an editorial writer on the *Sentimental Lumberyard* instead of a tailor's clerk, and thus slightly better his pecuniary and intellectual condition.

Ere retiring to my couch, that evening, with my hands folded across my breast, and my one uninjured eye fixed upon his picture on the wall, I fell asleep, and presently met John Chichester, just as I had expected to. We seemed to be in a coffee and cake establishment, and I was endeavoring to steal his cakes. My nose began to tingle—therefore I suppose that I was not in profound slumber—and then came to me the reflection that if I should be guilty of the proposed theft, John would be sure, comparatively helpless though he was, to show fight, and then come around to my house in the morning, with the usual consequences. I should then be a perfectly loathsome spectacle, and unfit to appear at the office for several more days. Therefore I put a check upon my unhallowed greed, and not only did not steal John's cakes, but actually gave him one of mine, and paid the whole bill. A look of perfect happiness stole over his face, and in the morning he came to my room, fell on my neck, apologized for his hasty conduct to me, and asked me to become the real brother of his heart.

Since then sweet have been our communings. No more is there bickering between us, but all is peace and holy calm. No more am I banged about the room and tweaked by the nose, but instead, I listen to John's dear voice as he reads my editorials, and corrects them as only that tailor's clerk ever could correct them. My editor is proud of me, and in time will raise my salary. John has written some minor editorials, which have been well received, and he hopes soon to be regularly employed on the staff. Our home is pleasant, and John and I will shortly marry the landlady's twin and gifted daughters—the sweet one, Emily, with the blue eyes and golden hair is to be mine, and the queenly Bessie, she of the raven tresses and shapely nose, will be John's.

Let us be kind to each other;
Let us be kind while we may;
Gibe not then at thy brother,
Teach him that better way.

THE LATEST JOCKEYING TRICK.

Ingenious Manner of Making an Inferior Horse Win the Race.

A reporter met the jocky of Rutherford while dining at the Winter Palace in St. Petersburg a short time after that huge sporting wrangle, and in the course of a conversation on turf matters the astute prodder of horse flesh said, with a childlike and ingenious smile:

"Would you like to know the dead inside facts as to how that race was won?"

"Why, you rode the best horse, didn't you?" we asked.

"Not a bit of it," replied the jockey with a grin. "The fact was Rutherford was only about the fourth choice, and was not rated at more than eighth or ninth in the pools. True blue, Katy Pease and Thad Stevens all had the call over Ruthy. But it happened that my horse was a 'bolter,' and to steady him and prevent his flying the track I put blinders and goggles on him. You noticed them, I suppose."

"There were two horses rigged that way," we replied.

"Exactly; Stevens' was a nervous critter also, and, as soon as his trainer saw how the goggles steadied my horse, he put 'em on Thad too. The day before the race a big idea occurred to me. I got a couple pairs of magnifying lenses and quietly put 'em in place of the plain glasses in the goggles of both horses. Catch on to the idea?"

"Well, partly."

"The only difference was that in Stevens' bridles I fastened the glasses with the bulge inside, so as to make them diminishing glasses, don't you see?"

"Like looking through the wrong end of an opera-glass, eh?"

"Exactly. The result was that while Rutherford was encouraged all the way by the course seeming only 200 yards long, the quarter flags appeared ten miles apart to Stevens. You see a horse can be discouraged just as well as a man."

"Great scheme, that."

"Well, I should smile. Ruthy thought he was in for a little quarter race, and it kept up his heart, so that when he had nearly done the last mile and swung into the home-stretch, and I called on him to let out his last link, he thought the judges' stand was right under his nose, so he came home like an express train on a down grade; but Stevens, who thought he had about fifteen miles further to go on, went all to pieces, as you remember, and almost lay down on the track, he was so mentally caved in, as it were."

BISHOP ELDER at one time prohibited Catholic girls from banging their hair, on penalty of exclusion from certain church privileges. Now the Bishop of Three Rivers, Can., forbids the ladies of his diocese the wearing of curls. Some other bishop will presently prohibit the frizzing of the hair.

EVEN the commissioners to locate the sites of public buildings are unconditional Stalwarts. The line is being drawn very fine.—*Syracuse Journal.*

Miscellaneous.

TO RUSSIA.

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

"Where was thou when I laid the foundations of the earth?"—*Bible.*

Who tamed thy lawless Tartar blood?
  What David bearded in her den
  The Russian bear in ages when
You strode your black, unbridled steed,
A skin-clad savage of the steeps?
Why, one who now sits low and weeps,
Why, one who now wails out to you,
The Jew; the homeless, hated Jew.

Who girt the thews of your young prime?
  Why, who but Moses shaped your course,
  And bound your fierce, divided force,
United down the grooves of Time?
Your mighty millions, all to-day
The hated, homeless, Jews obey.
Who taught all histories to you?
The Jew, the hated, homeless Jew.

Who taught you tender Bible tales
  Of honey lands, of milk and wine?
  Of happy, peaceful Palestine?
Of Jordan's holy harvest vales?
Who gave the patient Christ? I say,
Who gave you Christian creed? Yes, yea,
Who gave your very god to you?
The Jew! The Jew! The hated Jew!

ON SOUTHERN FIELDS.

A Day of Sight-Seeking in and Around the the Harpeth Horseshoe—Hood's Battle Ground at Franklin—A Legend of the Town—At the Carter House—The Confederate Cemetery.

Special Correspondence Philadelphia Times.

FRANKLIN, TENN., August 16.

If the reader will crook his elbow just as he did the last time he had his arm around his girl's waist he may get a fair idea of the way the Harpeth river curves around the town of Franklin. The coat sleeve thus gallantly pressing the frock forms a sort of U, and so the river, with Franklin in the short bend, cuts out from the plain the huge horseshoe into which Hood, on the last day of November, 1864, threw his 40,000 men to crush Schofield's 17,000 therein entrenched. Moreover, if the reader will place his left wrist, with the fingers of that hand widely extended, at the crook of the elbow, he may complete the illustration, for five roads like the thumb and four fingers lead out from a spot called "Five Points," in the heart of the town, across the plain over which Hood advanced.

Climbing Roper's Knob, which, as a part of a bluff on the north side of the stream, stands in bold contrast with the level land to the south, I had a view of the whole pleasing picture—the Harpeth gleaming in the sunlight like a silver bow, the lovely town among trees in its embrace, and beyond a thousand fields threaded by the five white road beds as though by cords of silk. What was before me did not seem like a place of strife, but it was the famous Franklin field and upon it was fought the fiercest little battle of the war.

MEN MAD DOWN IN THEIR BOOTS.

The battle was terrific because the men on both sides were mad from crown to heel. On Hood's side there were hosts of Tennesseeans angry at dispoiled homes. Their feet were bruised on flinty roads and frozen fields. A trail of blood had marked the track of more than one barefooted regiment, and winter was sharply on with its first snow. In the knapsacks of the dead could be found bits of bark, roots and pone. Hood's hungry battalions had followed the fat trail of tha Yankee commissary through four States, and Schofield was in a trap in the Harpeth horseshoe, with a river at his back. But Schofield's men were mad, too. They had been driven from post to pillar, until they chafed at further retreat. Their line stretched along the skirts of the town from river to river and they are anxious as well as ready for the fight.

"Yes, sah; hit was right heah! hit was right heah, sah, dat ole Moss Hood bit off moah'n he cud chaw," said Si, the darkey driver, as we came down the Knob, crossed the Harpeth and trotted out the Columbia turnpike. And when I added: "And, having bitten off more than he could chew, he chocked to death in the act of deglutition," old Si settled me with: "'Deed, I spec so, boss; dunno bout de degluten bizness, but he died a swallorin'."

THE ONE LEGEND OF FRANKLIN.

As we approached the Federal line the driver pointed out a large brick house, shaded by locust trees, and, reining in his horses, began impressively: "You was inquirin' wedder dar ain't no one partickler story 'bout de battle dat holds on to de folks ob de town. Wat am dat ar 'spression you slung out wid reference to hit?"

"Legend."

"Dat's hit, legen'; yes, sah, an' de legen' is bout dat ar house, Colonel Carter's, up dar. Young Cappen Carter, dis presen' Colonel's brudder, was one ob de rebs, an' he hadn' been home to see his mah fur foah yeah. He was wid Moss Hood, an' so he got so neah home dat mo'nin dat he thought he'd kind o' slip ober home. Up he comes to de gate, an' sees his mah peekin out to de winder. 'O honey!' says his mah, nice a missis ez eber was. An' de Cappen he hists up de latch an' stans still a minnit. He seed de poorty yahd wid de locus' trees all roun', whare he use ter play w'd de bitties wen he was a teeny, tiny young 'un, an' den he 'gin to cry. Poah Cappen! he 'gin to cry, he did, an' ez he hists de latch ob de gate he says: 'Thank de good God in de sky, I'se home agin to my father's house!'"

"Well, go on, Si."

"What's de use talkin' any moah, boss. Cause he nebber got in de house. Hit hit 'im 'twixt de eyes, right heah. Yes, sah; Cappen Carter diden' keer furr dem bullets, kase he'd seed so many afore, but dat un killed 'im deadern a doah nail."

WHERE THE HOT FIGHTING WAS.

We hitched to the locust tree by the gate where Captain Carter, whose name is mentioned affectionally in the chronicles of his comrades, was said to have fallen, and walked around the house. The southern end shows many marks of Minie balls, and a frame structure adjoining seems to have been peppered with small shot. So, too, the outbuildings and the trees offer evidences for the conflict, for here the Federal center was boldly salient, the flanks resting on the river to the right and left. The present owner of the plantation, Colonel Carter, looked as warlike as his battered premises when we caught a glimpse of him, with a gun on his shoulder, striding in from a locust thicket, where he had been shooting birds. The gun was less talkative than the Colonel, however, and he not only forgave the intrusion, but kindly showed me that part of the field. From his yard he pointed out the hills whence emerged Hood's lines of battle and indicated all places to be famous in history.

A COMET'S TAIL OF COWARDS.

Neither through love nor by money could I have found so good a guide. This was the very ground of slaughter and Colonel Carter was not only a trained observer in the fury of the fight, but for eighteen long years he has trod with his heel and turned with his hoe the bloody soil. "At the time of the fight," he said, "I was home on parole. Generals Schofield and Cox had their headquarters in my father's house, where also many of our neighbors gathered." His chat was mainly of grim reminiscence, yet now and then a flash of humor would be observable. So hot was it once that he went into the cellar to calm the fears of the women and children, and happening to look out through the window bars he saw a sight that made him laugh in the midst of dying groans. Before his eyes stretched a comet's tail of men in blue, who had sought the lee of the house to escape the bullets and who swung too and fro as the battle surged around the building. These were the cowards whose claim to manhood was that they were bipeds—had each two legs to run with.

LONG LINES OF HEROES.

Looking from the opposite window on the other hand, he saw in the dusk a line of Confederates dash upon the earthworks with the fury of devils. Men jabbed with the bayonet at each other over hedge and fence and hundreds were slain in his sight. General Adams, riding with head bare and sword uplifted, spurred directly against the abattis. A sharp fence rail pierced the horse's belly, transfixing him dead in air, and Adams, veteran comrade of Scott at Vera Cruz, was himself lifted dead from his saddle by Federal bayonets. As darkness came on fresh battalions swept over the plain. The light they fought by was the red glare of artillery. Midnight saw no cessation, and when at last Hood sank aghast at the slaughter, with Generals Cleburne, Adams, Strahl, Gist and Granberry, a hundred line officers and many barefooted braves dead around him, Colonel Carter heard a familiar whirr overhead and then counted two tinkles upon the little clock. Between that hour and daybreak Schofield, unhurt, crossed the Harpeth with his trains, and left on the field a victor who had broken his own arm, his prestige and his heart in the frantic and fruitless blow.

WHEN THE WAVE HAD ROLLED BY.

After the battle the farm, like others adjoining, was in utter wreck. The house alone stood. All the fences was down. Mud was knee-deep in the yard. Dead men and horses were thick about. "Hood's first charge was made at 4 o'clock," said Col. Carter, "and it fell upon this point, as did all the heavy assaults. You see this locust thicket on our right? That thicket then covered five acres, but after the fight it was a forest of tooth-picks. In that vegetable patch to our left General Cleburne fell dead. There is nothing to indicate the exact spot, but it is within twenty yards of where we stand. The corn field to the left of the pike was filled with dead and dying, and the corn to the right of the pike was a counterpart of the other. In this yard and in that garden I could walk from fence to fence on dead bodies, mostly those of Confederates. In trying to clear up I scraped together a half bushel of brains right around the house and the whole place was dyed with blood.

Nothing in the shape of horse, mule, jack nor jenny was left in the neighborhood. In fact, I remember that it was not until Christmas, twenty-five days afterwards, that I was enabled to borrow a yoke of oxen, and I spent the whole of that Christmas day hauling seventeen dead horses from this yard."

There was a big rain storm not long after the battle, and as the earth was washed out of the trenches he saw a line of human hands sticking up—some with fingers shut tight, some pointing and all so ghastly that they were covered hurriedly. Before the bodies got to be bones, and it was not long, because this was among the last of the terrible battles, they were removed to the cemeteries. Now bones are un-common sights and the plowman is not startled as at some wilder grounds which I have visited.

CLEBURNE'S FACE FRAMED IN LEAD.

There are many minor objects on this Carter farm worthy in themselves of lengthy mention. A grain fan with just 125 bullets in it would be a curiosity in any museum, and there once was taken from the place a wooden post so heavy from its battle-breakfast of lead that it sank to the bottom when placed in a pond of water. Some time ago a soldier who had served under Cleburne addressed a letter "To any ex-Confederate in Franklin, Tenn.," requesting a billet of wood from some tree near where General Cleburne died to make a frame for a picture of his old commander. As that gallant Irishman, who rests under the cedars at Helena, Ark., fell in the open field, an oak plank was torn from an old gin-house a few feet away. In cutting the plank so that it could be placed in a box and sent by express the saw struck a dozen or more bullets. And by this time very likely Cleburne's picture is framed in rebel oak set with Yankee gems that cost him his life.

It was within ten yards of this historic spot that in the thick of the fray a rebel soldier, in trying to leap the Federal breastwork, fell wounded into the trench. A Union officer who visited Franklin a few weeks ago, and who was behind the breastwork at the time of the incident, saw the injured rebel beckoning to him and gave ear. "It's so hot," said the rebel, "I believe if you'll help me over I'll surrender." The smoke was blinding, the earth was shaken under artillery and the air whistled in the tracks of countless Minie balls, but in pity the wounded man was lifted over. It was found that one leg had been shot almost away.

"Yank," he said, "I'm obleeged to ye, but what I cum in furr was to larn who's 'lected."

"Elected! what do you mean?" asked the officer, astounded at such a question at such a moment, when trembling earth and lurid sky seemed merged into the hot quarters of hell itself.

"Who's 'lected President, Little Mac or old Abe Lincoln?"

"Mr. Lincoln."

"Old Abe still; then, by God, stranger, this demned wah is gwine to last foah years moah!"

EARTHWORKS AT HARD-BARGAIN.

Objects and incidents similar to the foregoing made the Carter house a place of such interest that the sun was slanting before we left the Columbia pike and returned to the heart of the town where the five roads meet. Then driving a few hundred yards out upon another of the roads, which ran along the Harpeth to the north of the town, we came to Hard-bargain, where rested the extreme Federal right, plumb against the river. Here for three hundred yards or so the Federal line of earthworks remains much as it was left. It extends along the crest of a low hill, a sort of a common covered with rocks, short herd grass, thistle and dandelion. If one were to start at this end of the horseshoe and move across lots to the Carter house and thence over fields to the other end of the horseshoe he probably could trace the whole Federal line, keeping the trail from trenches and the brownish hue of the upturned subsoil. But for that trudge we had no time, and returning to the "Five Points" we rode out the other three roads in turn, observing such things as scarred trees on the way. The last road along which Si whipped his horses was that which ran southwestward and led us to the Confederate burying ground. The Union dead were removed to Nashville and Columbia, where there are cemeteries, but 1,481 Confederates were put into the ground on the field of death.

A STRANGE PLANTATION PICTURE.

The cemetery is in the midst of a fine old plantation, parts of which look more like a delightful park than pasture fields for lazy sheep. Stretches of green meadows, with oaks centuries old, whitewashed fences, lovely patches of copse and the sun sinking in purple behind the mansion, made the scene such as a novelist might call baronial. Si waited at the graveyard gate while I walked down a long avenue of pines, hundreds of head-boards being on either side. Overgrowing the little mounds and concealing them in many places are carpets of blue grass, wild ivy adn wild sage, fragrant when bruised by the heel. I saw General Duncan's name on one head-board and other names, familiar in battle-story, came under my eye, which, however, was less watchful for epitaphs than the eyes of the blue-jays, robins and twittering garden canaries were of the intruder.

"Say, boss!" came from Si, at the other end of the avenue, "dese rebs, flat on dey're backs heah, was mitey hungry wen day cum inter Franklin. Da was after dat Yankee commissary." This remark did not seem to have a double meaning, and I was still stumping around when "Say, boss, Ise mos' hungry nuff to mobe on de ole woman's commissary. Doan ye hab no sundown suppers up Norf?" G. M.

THE ORIGINAL OF REBECCA IN "IVANHOE."

Rebecca Gratz, the original of Rebecca in "Ivanhoe," is the subject of a short article by Gratz Van Rensselaer, which, with a beautiful portrait of the lady, appears in the September *Century*.

We believe it is not generally known that the honor of having been the prototype and inspiration of the character of Rebecca the Jewess, in "Ivanhoe," belongs to an American lady, whose beauty and noble qualities were described to Scott by a friend. The friend was Washington Irving, and the lady Rebecca Gratz, of an honorable Jewish family of Philadelphia. * * *

Rebecca was born on the 4th of March, 1781, and in her younger days, and even beyond middle life, she possessed singular beauty. Her eyes were of exquisite shape, large, black and lustrous; her figure was graceful, and her carriage was marked by quiet dignity—attractions which were heightened by elegant and winning manners. * * *

It is said that, when a young lady, Rebecca won the regard of a gentleman of character, position and wealth, whose passion was devotedly returned. The difference in their religious faith, however—the one a conscientious Christian, the other devoted to the ancient creed of Israel—proved an inseparable barrier to their union. She was never married. * * *

One of her brother's most intimate friends was Washington Irving, then in the early freshness of his literary fame. When in Philadelphia he was a welcome guest at the mansion, and the "big room" was assigned him to "roost in," as he termed it. The beauty and character of Rebecca, together with the fact that she was a representative of a race whose history is full of romance, deeply impressed him, and the foundation was laid of a cordial friendship and admiration which lasted through life. * * *

Miss Gratz passed many of her younger days with the Hoffmans and other old families in New York, with whom she was on intimate terms. Among her friends at this time were the literary wits of Salmagundi. Matilda Hoffman, the object of Irving's first, last and only love, was her dearest friend. Miss Hoffman, who is described as lovely in person and mind, with engaging manners, delicate sensibilities, and playful humor, faded early and died in 1809, at the age of eighteen. Rebecca was her constant companion during her illness, sharing with the family the cares of her sick bed, and holding her in her arms when she died. Irving was then twenty-six years old, and for the half century of his later life he cherished faithfully the memory of his early love. He slept with her Bible and prayer-book under his pillow, and they were ever his inseparable companions. After his death a package was found containing some private memoranda, a miniature of great beauty, a braid of fair hair, and a slip of paper containing her name in his own handwriting. In his private note book he wrote: "She died in the beauty of her youth, and in my memory she will ever be young and beautiful. * * *

For many years, during which he studied law and was admitted to the bar, Irving's naturally gay temperament was overshadowed by his grief, and his frequent intervals of depression unfitted him for literary labor. Engaging in business with his brother at Liverpool, he passed much of his time abroad. His mercantile career, however, proved a failure, and he thenceforth devoted himself to literature. It was in the fall of the year 1817 that Scott and Irving met for the first time. With a letter of introduction from the poet Campbell, who was aware of Scott's high estimate of Irving's genius, the latter visited Abbotsford. He was most cordially received and welcomed by Scott himself, who came limping down to the gate, attended by his favorite stag-hound, and grasped his hand in a way that made Irving feel as if they were already old friends. * * *

To this friendship we owe the character of Rebecca in "Ivanhoe." During one of their many conversations, when personal and family affairs were the topics, Irving spoke of his own, and Miss Hoffman's cherished friend, Rebecca Gratz, of Philadelphia, described her wonderful beauty, related the story of her firm adherence to her religious faith under the most trying circumstances, and particularly illustrated her loveliness of character and zealous philanthropy. Scott was deeply interested and impressed, and conceived the plan of embodying the pure, moral sentiment, that like a thread of silver ran through the story. Although "Rob Roy" was then unfinished, he was already revolving in his mind the plot and characters of "Ivanhoe." He immediately determined to introduce a Jewish female character, and, on the strength of Irving's vivid description, he named his heroine Rebecca.

THE MODERN SCHOOL TEACHER.

'Twas Saturday night, and a teacher sat
  Alone, her task pursuing;
She averaged this, and she averaged that,
  Of all that her class was doing.
She reckoned per centage so many boys,
  And so many girls all counted,
And marked all the tardy and absentees,
  And to what all the absence amounted.

Names and residences wrote in full,
  Over many columns and pages;
Canadian, Teutonic, African, Celt,
  And averaged all their ages;
The date of admission of every one,
  And cases of flagellation;
And prepared a list of graduates
  For the County examination.

Her weary head sank low on her book,
  And her weary heart still lower;
For some of her pupils had little brain,
  And she could not furnish more.
She slept, she dreamed; it seemed she died,
  And her spirit went to Hades;
And they met her there with a question fair,
  "State what the per cent. of your grade is."

Ages had slowly rolled away,
  Leaving but partial traces;
And the teacher's spirit walked, one day,
  In the old familiar places.
A mound of fossilized school reports
  Attracted her observation,
As high as the State House dome, and as wide
  As Boston, since annexation.

She came to the spot where they buried her bones,
  And the ground was well built over;
But laborers digging, threw out a skull,
  Once planted beneath the clover.
A disciple of Galen, wandering by,
  Paused to look at the diggers;
And picking the skull up, look'd through the eye,
  And saw it was lined with figures.

"Just as I thought," said the young M. D.,
  "How easy it is to kill 'em!
Statistics ossified every fold
  Of cerebrum and cerebellum."
"It's a great curiosity, sure, said Pat;
  "By the bones you can tell the creature!"
"Oh, nothing strange," said the doctor; "that
  Was a nineteenth century teacher."

SUNDAY AT WATERLOO.

[Correspondence Cincinnati Commercial.]

At Brussels, we went to the Town Hall, and walked through the very ball-room where tradition and Byron declare there was a sound of revelry, the night before the battle of Waterloo. If I was to undertake to make a modest estimate—not an overgrown one, you know—I should say that "fair women and brave men," and "soft eyes looked love to eyes that spake again," were quoted one hundred times in ten minutes, an average of ten a minute, while we lingered in that historic ball-room. If there is anything we do particularly avoid, it is exaggeration.

Next day, as a fitting sequence, the Cookies went to the battle-ground. The great fight between Napoleon and the world took place Sunday, June 18, 1815. It was on another summer Sunday, fair and smiling as the sunrise, July 23, 1882, that we visited the spot where the fate of a continent was decided.

We took the afternoon train from Brussels to the little station of Braine l'Allend, half an hour's ride or so away. The cars were filled with working people, out for their Sunday afternoon pic-nic in the country. They carried great baskets of lunch, and had no end of babies with them. Brussels is gay and brilliant with happy people, on Sunday.

At the railway station, the tourists piled into omnibuses, inside and out, like bees about a hive, and were driven to the battle-ground. Here a little aside. It quite detracts from the solemn dignity of the occasion. It is wholly foreign to the stupendous theme in hand at this moment. But if ever you come to Waterloo, do not fail to ride upon the outside of an omnibus, to watch how a Belgian French driver propels his horses along. We stop the press to say it. The guide-books ought to put down this circus as one of the things the stranger can not afford to miss.

Jehu has a long whip; four or five feet of it is a wooden stock; the rest is a leather thong six feet long. There are four horses, so called, as you go up the hill. The two in front are attached to the vehicle by rope harness. It takes two people to start them. A boy stands at their heads and holds them as if they would fly off at any moment, the very incarnation of fiery, untamed equine wickedness. The driver clambers to his seat. He begins to look excited. The boy at the head tremblingly lets go.

"Ally!" says he.

"Whist! Hoop-la! Hud-up! Hop! Hop!" says the driver.

Nothing moves.

The driver grows red in the face. He cracks the long whip with the report of a cannon—a Fourth of July toy pistol, anyhow. He whistles, he prays, he swears. He calls on the Saints and Madonnas. Whisp!

"Whisp! Whisp! Whoop! Whoop! Bang!" The lead horse lifts his right hind leg.

"Wheep! Wheep! Wheep!" screeches that devoted driver. He throws his arms wildly above his head. He cracks the whip three times in succession, louder than ever. There is murder, fire and brimstone in his countenance.

The off horse winks his left ear. The near one rolls his eye around with a mild expression of horse sense, and asks the driver if he sees anything green there.

"Ally! Ally! Ally!" screams Jehu Sacre. "Whoy! whoy! hop! hop! hop! Ally gosh! Go on!" He winds up in good, flat-footed English. When the equines hear that, they know their time has come. The driver swells up and turns black in the face. Just as he is about to fall over in a fit we move off at a snail's pace. Ascending the hill, another fellow runs alongside, to encourage the driver, and catch him if he faints. Both shout out at the top of their voices throughout. The tortoise-like concern creeps on till the top of the hill is reached. The horses maintain a philosophical calm. We have been ten minutes making a distance decently educated horses would have done in five. The driver is panting and perspiring at every pore. He is as wilted as a cabbage leaf upon a hot plate. He is exhausted. He has labored twice as hard as any of the four-legged humbugs that have hauled us to the scene of former conflict. He has fought the battle of Waterloo o'er again.

"I must stop tree minute and get a glass beer," he says.

Driving an omnibus in Belgium is a serious business.

Waterloo battle-ground has been changed so much that Napoleon le Grand himself would never know it again, if his melancholy shade were permitted to hover for a brief space about the scene of his great defeat. Everybody knows, of course, how the field where the hottest part of the conflict was has been dug down, and the earth taken from it to build the Lion Mound, a great artificial hill with a bronze lion on top. No taste could well be worse than that which thus mutilated Waterloo battle-ground.

"Ze lion, he is in six pi-ace," says our guide. "Many a year ago, a soldier, who fought wiz ze Empereur Napoleon at Waterloo, he come out from Bruzelle. He climb up in ze night, mit a ladder, he break two, tree piece off ze lion's tail. He bring powder and put under him. He will blow all up, he so mad at ze English. But zey discover him."

If you come here, secure, if possible, the services of Martin Pirson as a guide. His certificate says that his father, a guide before him, helped carry off the wounded, and inter the dead, after the great battle. Very likely this is so. At any rate, we believed him. I know not how much of his story really happened, and how much of it came from his own and other persons' imagination I do not care. I have a suspicion that considerable of the tale is from Victor Hugo's superb description of the battle in "Les Miserables." What then? The story is one of the most dramatic and exciting that I ever heard, and Martin Pirson, in his line, is an actor equal to any alive to-day. No sing-song, stupid droning in his voice, no "himmin away loike a buzzard clock overhead" here. Martin Pirson has told his tale many hundred times. The battle of Waterloo was fought sixty-seven years ago last June. Few are now alive who witnessed the mighty drama. Yet this plain little peasant's eye flashes, his muscles quiver, he fires up as he goes on till you forget yourself and all around, and more than half believe the battle was fought yesterday, and you are wholly persuaded, along with Martin Pirson, that the French would have whipped, if there had only been good weather that day. He points out to you the fatal sunken road of Ohain, and tells you it was twenty-five feet deep, before the field beside it was cut down to build the Lion Mound—and you believe him. You come to the battle-ground from the station over an excellent highway, which is said to be this very road.

The guide points out the hamlet La Belle Alliance, Emperor Napoleon's "head-quart."

"Over there, beyond, was his post for obser-vasseong, later in the day. A paysan, in a blouse blue, like me, a working man, he guided the Emperor here to the field. It is the costume of the country. A cannon ball fly past the paysan, so, spat! and he duck his head so that he might not get hit. The great Napoleon, he laugh and say: 'Mon friend, the ball can hit you so good in the back as in the face; but to be hit in the back it is to the disgrace.'

"Over there, where you see the corn there, was the Forty-second Highland regiment, called the Black Watch. Down here were the brave Inniskillens—Irishmen—and the Scotch Grays, commanded by Sir William Ponsonby. The Emperor he see them; he say to his aide: 'C-h-a-r-g-e! Cut these battalion in the pi-ece!' The aide he say: 'Mon Empereur, you can not. You not know these men. They fight like devils!' But the Emperor he order to attack. He fear the Prussians come up under Blucher. He wish to whip the English first, and then the Prussians separate. Ze English do not attack; stay on ze defensive. When Sir William Ponsonby see ze French cavalry coming, he order his men forward. He wave his hand, and he cry: 'Scotland forevaire!'"

The effect is electric, as Martin Pirson, with glowing cheek and flashing eye, raises his voice with this battle-cry. He pauses a moment, moves a little to the right.

"In the middle of the field, down there, was a deep morass—swamp, what you call. The French fight, the Inniskillens fight, the Scotch and English fight. They stick fast in this morass; one falls dead; another climbs on top of him; he falls dead, too; another comes—French, Scotch, English, and Irish—they are all mixed up together, dead and dying, till you don't know one from another. In a little time, all is over. Hardly a French trooper is left alive!"

Half-shed tears peep out from more than one eye—manly eyes they are, too—as Martin Pirson passes quickly to the other side of the Lion Monument. He points off in this direction.

"There," said he, "the fight was very hot. The soldiers they come no more wiz bullets; not more wiz ze bayonets. Zay come wiz ze musket butt end, club so."

The little man's French accent is very marked in the exciting passages. He points out to us where Wellington stood. In accents of red-hot scorn he tells us how a German Colonel turned traitor to the great Emperor; how, too, a Holland Dutch regiment basely deserted him in the moment of peril, and went over to the enemy. He turned and pointed again.

"Down there," continued he, "you see the field of petate? Where that field of petate is, Cambronne he form the hollow square wiz ze Old Guard Napoleon. You see this road, down deep like a ditch? Over there by the road stood the English Zhenerai, and he say to his men, 'Hop, Guards, and hat them!'" Soon the road is full of dead and wounded. Over there is the villa Hougoumont. You have read, perhaps, Victor Hugo's description?"

"Indeed we have, and we will read it again, as soon as we go home."

How vividly both that and Byron's poem came back to us, as we stood there beside the granite pedestal of the Lion of Waterloo! Do not fail to read both before you visit this soil, which drank the blood of heroes.

I can not now remember the numbers of the regiments and their commanders, and have no book to refer to, but the guide knows all the important ones, and will tell you. The Lion Mound is said to be two hundred and twenty feet high. You will never know how hard it is to pin a measurement right down till you try. Human nature lies scandalously, when it comes to dimensions and population.

Our guide takes up the thread of his narrative:

"There was the orchard you read about. A high red brick wall was around it. The French see the wall through the trees. They think it is the red coats of the British soldiers, and they charge the solid wall. You see, all was misty and smoky that day. It is not strange that the French made this mistake.

"When all was lost to the French, the Empereur turned to flee to Paris. He was in his carriage. A member of his staff galloped up to him and said:

"'Mon Emperor, here is no time to lose. You must to horse.' So he jumped on a horse and ran away quick. He left his carriage behind. The Prussians captured it, next day, and it is now with Madame Tussaud's wax works, in London." Which it is. We saw it there in the Bonaparte room, with the Emperor's iron camp bedstad folded up and laid across the front. It is a great lumbering affair, heavy as a Cincinnati beer wagon. The Emperor could not have gone very far on the road to Paris with that.

Some one of the tourists happened to mention America. Martin Pirson looked up.

"You are from America?" said he. Presently an expression of ineffable contempt crossed the mobile countenance. "Your Zheneral Gr-rant was in Bruzelle, and he come not to Waterloo. What you think? But your Sherry-dan was here; I show him ze battle-ground."

He pauses thoughtfully and gazes far out over the wide plain. He points toward the famous orchard so hotly contested. His voice quivers with sympathy as he tells how here the brave French were subjected to a cross-fire from three directions, and how they fought like tigers, with their devoted ranks growing thinner and thinner, unwavering and unyielding, till all are lost.

"The French are good soldiers," says some one.

"Ah, *Mon Dieu*, yes!" exclaims Martin, clasping his hands, while his eyes glowed with enthusiasm. "That was a bad day for the French. It was the unlucky day. It was the worst weather. It had rained till all was swamp. The French cannon sank in the marass up into wheels, so, and they could not pull them out. They had to be left. The allies had many thousand more men than the Emperor. Everything was against France. But, madame, if it had only been a good day, the French would still have whipped."

Who knows?

Peacefully the great plain slumbered in the shimmering July sunshine. Tiny fields of grass and grain stripe the historic ground with green and gold. Soft waves of light run through them when the summer wind blows. The shadow of a cloud hovers a moment above, and flits noiselessly across, like the spirit of peace. The boom of the cannon, the roar of musketry, the neigh and tramp of cavalry horses are all silent as if they never had been. Graceful corn-flowers cluster in the wheat, and smile back at the sky whose own blue they have caught and hold fast in their dewy petals. If the dust of heroes feeds their roots—if the blood of heroes enriches the sap that flows upward through their veins, the peaceful blue corn-flowers give no sign. But all through the yellow wheat the wild poppies grow, fiery, dazzling red things, as if drops and stains of the blood which once spotted all this fair plain still lingered to remind mortals of the tragedy which once was enacted here.

If you visit the spot in summer time you will pluck from the yellow wheat a scarlet poppy, and carry it away as a memento of Waterloo.

E. A.

How a Colorado Man Kept from Freezing to Death.

There is an old story extant that if one will cover themselves entirely up with snow, they cannot freeze to death, but protected from the outer air, the warmth of the body will be sufficient to sustain the vital spark. There is also another superstition to the effect that if one were to meet a bear, and, looking the shaggy monster straight in the eye walk up to him, he will turn tail and run. Both experiments are of a somewhat dangerous as well as disagreeable character, a fact which doubtless accounts for their not being tried and tested by the general public. That there is at least sufficient latent heat in the snow to prevent death from freezing while entirely surrounded by it, Frank White of this city, who returned a day or two ago from a long trip into the Indian country, is willing to testify. In the course of his homeward journey Mr. White had an experience which all the mineral wealth of Leadville could not tempt him to repeat. It was on the Grand River, where the snow had recently fallen to a great depth. The weather was somewhat murky when he started to return, but he relied upon a tolerably good prairie and that unknown quality termed good luck to get back before the snow had fallen in any great quantities. In both of these he was greatly deceived, as the freezing flakes which began to fall on the second day out, soon obliterated everything save the most bold and readily recognized landsmarks. On the fourth day he was lost in the storm, and at last found shelter in a little clump of cottonwood trees, the thickness of whose branches, in a measure, protected the ground. The night had turned bitterly and intensely cold, and to his dismay he found that in his tramp his match-safe had fallen from his pocket and was not to be found. For an instant it seemed that nothing but a frozen death awaited him, for he knew well, to spend the night where he stood, or even to tarry there motionless any length of time, would surely be fatal.

Already the colored lights, that are a sure forerunner of death by freezing, began to flicker beyond his eyes, and he felt that he must take desperate chances for existence. It was then that it occurred to him that he had somewhere heard of the latent heat in snow, and the last resort of freezing men. He did not stop long for deliberation, but began, with benumbed fingers to burrow in the huge white bank ahead of him. In a few moments he had excavated a hole of considerable size, and drawing his blanket tightly around him, he crept in. After a time his body began to grow more comfortable and his hands regain their sense of feeling. Then he grew sleepy, but as yet dared not close his eyes, fearing that it was the stupor of freezing he felt. At last, without knowing, he fell asleep, and did not awaken until early next morning. He had passed as comportable a night as if he had had a roof over his head, and save for his frost-bitten finger tips, which had been exposed, he was uninjured by his night in the snow. He resumed the tramp early in the morning, and towards the close of the afternoon was much relieved to strike a camp of surveyors, by whom he was most hospitably treated, and given directions for completing his journey. He arrived here after two more days on the road, and tells the story with considerable satisfaction. He says, however, that in all his experience in the mountains he never knew of anything quite as dreadful as the few moments that he imagined he was freezing, but was really only falling into peaceful slumber. He says that all the sins and pecadilloes of his life passed in somber succession before his drowsy eyes, and he never before realized what a frightful sinner he had been. Since he has arrived in this city, it has been necessary to amputate the first joint of the index finger on his left hand, as it was quite dead from the effects of the frost-bite, and it was feared that trouble might extend to the rest of the hand. Otherwise, however, he is sound as the proverbial dollar.—*Leadville Chronicle.*

ACCORDING to answers given to Michigan candidates for school teachers' places, there had been twenty-five Presidents of the United States, the word "man" was a "maskaline noun," and the three divisions of the Federal Government were, "monarchial, aristocratical and democratic."

THE Boston *Journal* is authority for the statement that a Russian poet has presented a lady, of whom he is enamored, a set of his works bound in the skin of his own leg, which was amputated some months ago.

NUISANCES live long in the land. An Illinois parrot has just died, at the age of 72 years.

THE AZTEC CITY.

BY EUGENE F. WARE.

There is a clouded city that doth rest
Beyond the crest
Where Cordilleras mar the mystic west.

There suns unheeded rise and re-arise,
And in the skies
The harvest moon unnoticed lives and dies.

And yet this clouded city hath no night—
Volcanic light
Doth give eternal noon-tide redly bright.

A thousand wells whence cooling waters came,
No more the same,
Now send aloft a thousand trees of flame.

This clouded city is enchanting fair,
For rich and rare,
From sculptured frieze the gilded griffins stare.

With level look—with loving, hopeful face,
Fixed upon space,
Stand caryatides of unknown race.

And lofty colonnades are there of green,
Hard, serpantine,
Carved on whose shafts strange alphabets are seen.

And from triumphant arches, looking down
Upon the town,
In porphry, sad, unknown statesmen frown.

And there are lofty temples, rich and great,
And at the gate,
Carved in obsidian, the lions wait.

And there rre palace homes, and stately walls,
And open Halls,
Where fountains are with voiceless waterfalls.

The ruddy fires incessantly illume
Temple and tomb,
And in their blaze the stone-wrought blossoms bloom.

From clouds congealed the mercury distills
And forming rills,
Adown the streets in double streamlet trills.

As rain from clouds that Summer skies eclipse,
From turret tips
And spire and porch the mobile metal drips.

* * * * * * * *

No one that visited this fiery hive
Ever alive
Came out, but me—I, I alone survive.

WAITING FOR THE MILLENNIUM.

A Pennsylvania Town with an Interesting History—George Rapp and His Followers—The Religion and the Work of the Harmony Society—Millions of Money, and no Heirs.

[Correspondence Cincinnati Commercial.]

HARMONY, PA., August 1, 1882.

Wandering about this pleasant rural village, I came across an inclosure of about one-third of an acre, surrounded by a costly wall of dressed freestone. In front is a stone gateway, and over it, upon the graceful arch of marble, I read:

HIER RUHEN 100 MITGLIEDER DER HARMONIE GESELISCHAFT, GESTORBEN VON 1805 BIS 1815.

ICH WEISS DAS MEIN ERLOSER LEBT, UND ER WIRD MICH HERNACH AUS DER ERDE AUFERWECKEN—JOB XIX. 25.

This is followed by several other Scriptural passages, all in the German language, but printed in English text. The gateway marks the entrance to the graveyard of the Harmonists. Within the cemetery, nothing is to be seen, except a luxuriant growth of grass, and a few ornamental shade trees of evergreen, covering the smooth earth. "All are equal in the grave," and only one of the hundred here buried has his grave marked by a stone. This one tablet would scarcely be noticed by a casual visitor. It leans against the wall, and is nearly covered by the long grass. It is a rudely fashioned slab of sandstone, and it is with difficulty we make out the German inscription, telling us that the stone was erected to the memory of John Rapp, who died in 1812. An old resident says the stone was made by members of the Harmony Society, for the grave of John Rapp, George Rapp's son, but without the father's knowledge; but when he learned of it, he forbade them to place it at the head of the grave. For years, it lay face downward over the spot where rest the remains of young Rapp, until it was placed where it now lies.

Harmony has a picturesque situation amid the beautiful rural scenery along the Connequenessing Creek, in Butler County. The town has a romantic history. This the traveller, who reaches it upon the Pittsburg & Western Railroad, after a brief ride from Pittsburg, would scarcely conjecture, but he would not fail to note something odd in the make-up, so peculiar and unfamiliar as to make him wonder whether he could really be in an American village. All of the streets are narrow, and the public square is ridiculously small. The buildings, too, have an antique appearance which would seem to indicate that they belong to another age and another time. And so they do. The five or six hundred Pennsylvania Dutch residents of this little borough, are not the descendants of its founders. But let us begin at the beginning.

The Harmonists have been much written about, and much slandered. Even the satirist, Byron, has had a fling at them in one of his well-known poems:

"When Rapp, the Harmonist, embargoed marriage," &c.

But I can not learn that they have ever done any great wrong, unless it be wrong for people to become religious enthusiasts.

There was a peculiar state of religious feeling in Germany, in the latter part of the eighteenth century. Even the Established Church was impregnated with unorthodox tendencies. Rationalism pervaded all beliefs. The Pietists and the Separatists, both reformers, became widely separated in their faith. Hostility to the growing faithlessness of the age led many believers to make diligent studies of the Scriptures, in order that they might refute the arguments of their adversaries. Speculation ever begets theories, and theories make enthusiasts. One outgrowth of this era of investigation was the Millenarian doctrine. By a believer in this doctrine, the Harmony Society was formed, and by him the town of Harmony was founded. George Rapp, the son of a farmer, was born in Wurtemburg, in 1757. He received only such school training as is usual with people of his class. In 1783, he married a girl of his own rank in life, who became the mother of two children, a son and a daughter. At an early age, Rapp turned his attention to the study of the Bible. At the age of thirty, not finding in the religion of the Established Church the spiritual satisfaction he craved, he himself began preaching to small audiences of his friends. He at once encountered a foe in the clergy, but, despite their denunciation of him and his work, the number of his adherents steadily increased until, at the time of their emigration to America, they numbered about three hundred families. Though Rapp urged upon his followers the necessity of a strict obedience to all laws, both of Church and State, yet the clergy so incited the civil authorities against him, that at length those who were proven guilty of attending his meetings were either fined or imprisoned. There was even talk of procuring a decree of banishment. Therefore, to escape persecution, in 1803 Rapp and his band decided to seek an asylum in America. He came to the wilds of Western Pennsylvania, and purchased about five thousand acres of land for his colony.

In the spring of 1804, three hundred of his people embarked for America, and subsequently about the same number took passage on another vessel. Rapp met the first party in Baltimore, saw the people located for the winter in various parts of the country, and with a selected party of workmen, returned to his lands, to prepare homes. This was a new work to them, beginning in the primitive forest and building log houses. Humble as the work and the life of the pioneer may seem, yet there is an element of heroism in his toil. The winter was one of labor and hardship. But the following February (1805) the homes were ready.

The emigrants, before leaving Germany, had embraced some peculiar views, which they believed were taught in the New Testament. Most of them were disposed to organize upon the principle of community of goods, and accordingly, on the 15th of February, 1805, George Rapp and his associates, with as many of their scattered followers as could then be gathered together, proceeded to organize the Harmony Society. Up to this time, each family had held its own possessions, and paid its own expenses; now those who had wealth and those who had little added their property to the common fund. Now they aimed at equality in all things; a uniform style of dress was adopted, the houses were made as nearly alike as possible, and the Society had the religious freedom which it sought.

But one can not fancy that their stay here was a pleasant one. The few scattering settlers around looked with suspicion upon the peculiar people who had come among them. Stories got abroad to the injury of their credit. It was once rumored that on account of the withdrawal of several wealthy members, the Society was on the verge of bankruptcy. Pittsburg merchants refused to sell to the community on time. It was a period of trial for the Harmonists, but true German pluck, and the wise leadership of their "prophet, priest and king," Father Rapp, enabled them soon, not only to produce food and abundant supplies at home, but also to derive considerable revenue from their surplus products. Lucky for them that they did not sit down idly and wait for the millennium, which they believed to be near at hand!

Five years after their organization, the Harmonists numbered between seven and eight hundred persons; they have a church, a carding-mill, factories, distilleries, a grist-mill, tannery, &c., and two thousand acres of land under cultivation. Their smiths and artisans not only perform all necessary work for the community, but receive much comfort from the surrounding settlements. A writer who visited them in 1810, draws a rose-colored picture of the state of things in the Society. Says he:

"They have done more substantial good for this country in the short period of five years, than the same number of families scattered about the country have done in fifty. * * * They know no mercenary motive, no self-interest, except that which adds to the interest and happiness of the whole community. All are equally industrious, for an idler has no companion. * * * All attend the place of worship twice on each Sabbath. They also have sermons twice each week. The children are kept at school from six to fourteen, and then are put to such trades as they may choose. Sometime nearly the whole force of the Society, male and female, are put to one object—such as pulling flax, reaping, hoeing corn, &c.—so that the labor of a hundred-acre field is accomplished in a day or two. In fact, all seems to go on like clockwork, and all appeared to be contented and happy."

Four years after the above glowing account was written, the community decided to leave Harmony, thinking that their business interests would be bettered, if they could get nearer navigation. In 1815, they moved to the Wabash Valley, in Indiana, and there founded a town and called it New Harmony. Not being pleased with that climate or their neighbors, after ten years in Indiana, they again sold out, returned to Pennsylvania, built the town of Economy, on the Ohio River, where all that is left of the Society still exists.

Harmony, as left by the community in 1815, is described by old residents as consisting of fully as many houses as at present, but the cabins, of round logs with thatched roofs of straw, have given way to modern structures. The large barns and granaries have also disappeared. Nine or ten brick buildings, which were chiefly factories, workshops, or storehouses, are still standing in an excellent state of preservation. Some have been remodeled and modernized, but a few are unchanged externally. The buildings are of substantial masonry, with lofty, gabled roofs. Under two of them are cellars, with arches and vaults of elaborate construction, such as it would cost thousands to build. In the stone casing over the doorway of one of these old houses is a carved figure with wings—the "Angel of Peace."

The features of the angel are said to be those of George Rapp. The large brick church near the centre of the village, now belonging to the Reformed congregation, was also erected by the Harmonists. The town clock, in its belfry, was made by hand, and is of curious mechanism, with stone weights. It ran over sixty years, but has recently "stopped short." A very little repairing only is necessary to make it go again.

Just east of the village, across the creek, is a little hill, in whose rocky sides terraces have been dug, and walls built. On the sunny slope of this elevation was the vineyard of the community, and on top of the hill Father Rapp had his observatory. Here he sat, hours and hours, in a little summer-house, gazing up and down the valley, watching his thrifty farmers at their work, or listening to the hum of the varied industries of the village. It is said that he was firm, but kind. His people loved and trusted him; his word was law, and from his decisions there was no appeal. Though in his utterances from the pulpit he may not have hesitated

"To deal damnation round the land
On each he judged the foe,"

Among his followers he exercised his authority in a true paternal spirit. The millennium he awaited came not. Father Rapp lived until 1847, and died, being almost ninety. His work was, in some sense, a remarkable one. Had he been ambitious, doubtless he might have been distinguished as the founder of a new sect. But he seemed only to think and care for the little band that followed him from Germany.

In religion and in social life the Harmonists much resembled the Shakers, only with this difference—the Harmonists had more social pleasures. They were fond of music, and cultivated it assiduously. In church, their singing was conducted by the whole congregation, led by a skillful choir. The entire community was divided into classes. Each class met once a week for social intercourse and mutual improvement, and aimed, as far as possible, to settle small disputes and difficulties, among the members. Father Rapp met with the classes as often as possible, to instruct and to advise. They all fared alike, ate good food, and were no wise abstemious. Beer and wine were not forbidden articles, though tobacco was given up as a hindrance to holiness.

In 1807, under the influence of a strong religious revival, the members of the Society abjured matrimony, believing that in celibacy they could better attain that holiness and perfection which they desired, and be prepared for the higher spiritual life upon which they soon expected to enter, at the coming of the Lord. Thenceforth there was no more marrying, and those who were married no longer lived together as man and wife. The statement that Rapp killed his son John because he refused to be separated from his wife is one of the malicious slanders which have been circulated concerning these people. We have the testimony of those who are well informed in the matter, that John Rapp's death resulted from natural causes, five years after the community adopted celibacy.

In 1832, about one-third of the members of the Society withdrew themselves, and joined a certain self-styled Count De Leon, who formed the "New Philadelphia Society." There have been no births in the Society for many years, and death has been busy. Few in numbers, and every male member of the Society now past the allotted three score years and ten, the remnant of this people lingers at Economy. They own property valued at millions of dollars. Their temporal labors, at least, have been blest. But they have no heirs, and should the last one die ere the long-awaited millennial period comes, what is to become of this vast wealth? Unless those of the Society who now survive make provision for disposing of the property to some charitable organization, or devote it to some similar use, at their decease, all this great estate will become the property of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania. She, doubtless, can spend it.

ELIAKIM.

WHERE'S HITT?

Abraham Lincoln's Anxious Inquiry at his First Discussion With Douglas.

Wonder if Mr. Robert R. Hitt, who was nominated for Congress by the Convention at Freeport yesterday, ever recalls to mind an incident that occurred in that city twenty-four years ago, in which he was a somewhat conspicuous figure. If not we can refresh his memory, having been there and then present.

In that memorable series of joint public discussions, in 1858, between Abraham Lincoln and Stephen A. Douglas, which first brought the former out to the notice of the entire country, Mr. Hitt, who was then a mere boy, was Mr. Lincoln's short-hand reporter, taking down all his speeches verbatim for publication jointly with those of Mr. Douglas, who was also accompanied by a short-hand reporter in that grand tour of the State. The series of debates consisted of eight joint meetings at central localities in different portions of the State, and larger meetings than those were have never been witnessed in Illinois.

The first meeting at which the leading champions of Republicanism and Democracy discussed the great political questions which were at that time agitating the country was at Ottawa the second at Freeport. The city of Freeport was literally alive with people; the friends of the great disputants vying with each other to see which could turn out the larger number. The meeting was out of doors, in an open field, in the center of which a speaker's stand had been constructed. The day was piping hot. Mr. Lincoln was to make the opening speech at 2:30 o'clock, sharp. That hour arrived, the band ceased playing, both of the speakers were seated on the platform, surrounded by reporters and a score of prominent Illinois, Wisconsin and Iowa politicians. All eyes were turned toward Mr. Lincoln, who was momentarily expected to rise and begin. The writer of this was sitting near him and noticed that something was wrong. Mr. Lincoln sat uneasily in his chair, moving about nervously and looking eagerly around on the platform and those surrounding it, and then, instead of opening his speech, he called out: "Where's Hitt? Does anybody know where Hitt is?"

The spectacle excited laughter among those who did not know about Hitt, but Mr. Lincoln's immediate friends and the reporters, who understood how important a part of "the circus" Hitt was, appreciated Mr. Lincoln's perplexity. He did not wish to commence his speech until his short-hand reporter was on hand to take down his every word. Hitt was that short-hand reporter, but he was missing. After waiting anxiously for about five minutes, Mr. Lincoln was finally informed that "Hitt was coming," and the long, thin face of the Republican champion lost its look of anxiety. Hitt, out of breath, was hastily lifted to his place on the platform, and Mr. Lincoln, knowing that Hitt was there, proceeded to open the debate, making the most telling speech of the campaign.

The explanation was that young Bob Hitt, who had been at dinner at the house of a friend, came to the scene of operations a little late, much to his chagrin. Years subsequently, the newspaper correspondents and reporters who had accompanied "the circus," as that joint debate was called, whenever they met Bob, exclaimed, "Where's Hitt?" But Hitt was there, and he was there yesterday, too, and we predict that during the session of the next Congress the people of the Sixth District will never have occasion to ask, "Where's Hitt?" He will be there, sure, and will be found to be as faithful and intelligent a Representative as will occupy a seat in the House.

IT is not generally known, says the Philadelphia *Press*, that Mr. Joseph Sailer, who has recently retired from the financial editorship of the Philadelphia *Ledger*, was not only the oldest editor in that position in this country, but the first to write a regular money article for any daily paper, as the *Ledger* was the first in this country to print a money article.

A COLORED baby in Lee County, Georgia was found the other day with a large rattlesnake coiled around it. On being discovered the snake uncoiled itself and was immediately killed.