FATHER O'REILLY IN FLORENCE.

FLORENCE, Dec. 15.—Unwilling to leave Florence without taking a last, loving look at some of those spots especially interesting to American visitors, I went to peep into the Hospital of San Giovanni di Dio, with which has been incorporated the palace of the Vespucci family, the house in which was born that America who gave his name to our New World. It is in the Borgo Ognissanti, within a few doors of the United States Consulate. Having gone thither at an unfavorable hour, I strolled a little farther on to another establishment, which had for me a particular attraction—the Church and Convent of Ognissanti ("All Saints")—the first and chief house in Tuscany of the far-famed Umiliati.

No establishment in all central Italy is more deserving of remembrance than this spot, which was the cradle and nursery of Florentine industrial art, agriculture, and commerce. The readers of THE SUN will not, I hope, tire of me, while, in connection with this convent and with its magnificent off-spring, the world-renowned Or San Michele, I describe rapidly the trades of Florence in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, and compare with the free, industrial classes of that far-off time the stagnant industries of the present day. It is a most instructive story.

It was in the first years of the thirteenth century, just when free Florence thought she was at the beginning of a new and endless era of liberty and untrammelled development, that her magistrates besought the Umiliati of Milan to send to the banks of the Arno a colony of the powerful, active, and beneficent brotherhood which had filled Lombardy with its manufacturing hives, and covered its plains with the mulberry, while making of the island of Sicily a second Lombardy, cultivating with equal ardor and success the growth of the woollen and the silk trade, and sending their wares to all the markets of Europe.

To the new comers—half monks, half laymen—a farmstead was given by the side of the Arno and just outside the walls of the city, where a convent, a chapel, and a woollen manufactory sprang up with magical rapidity. Nearly two centuries of most successful experience had taught the monk weavers how to produce the most admirable woollen and silk fabrics known to the Europe of the middle ages. It was in reality a beehive which they created near the turbulent river, amid the vineyards and flower gardens of the Florentines, and the hive soon swarmed. Florence itself within the next half century became a beehive, in which the woollen industry (*Arte della lana*) acquired an extraordinary and preponderating importance, while the culture of the mulberry and the manufacture of silk were taken up with ardor and great success both in Sienna and in Lucca, not to mention other free cities of Tuscany.

Already in Florence, as indeed in all the mediæval cities enjoying a municipal franchise, industry was the very basis of civil life, and associated skilled labor had built up the commonwealth and watched over its independence. The order of the Umiliati was, in the opinion of all Italy, the solemn consecration given to labor, to associated labor especially, by religion. The monk was but a tradesman under the cowl and the gray-serge habit; all who entered the order of Umiliati—nobles, soldiers, prisoners of war, peasants, or serfs—became equal in becoming associates, and were all accounted craftsmen. Even so, to become citizens of any one of the free cities of Italy, nobles of every degree had to become members of some one of the trades into which all registered citizens and freemen were divided.

Now, it is to the Umiliati, whose origin dates from the first quarter of the eleventh century, that not only the trades of Milan, but those of all the other Italian communes, were indebted for the strong, systematic, and enduring organization which skilled labor received in the different branches, and which made of these, so long as they knew how to remain united, the ruling power in each city and its territory.

Go, even at this day, to the Piazza dei Mercanti in Milan, and, much as a succession of despotic Governments and the lapse of time may have destroyed or effaced, you can still have ocular evidence of how the proud liberty-loving city managed its own affairs before its ruin by Frederick Barbarossa in 1162, and its reconstruction in 1175 by the Lombard League and its own free tradesmen.

In a word, on the Piazza dei Mercanti, "Merchants' square," the central mart where all the trades exposed their wares for sale, and where were discussed all the interests of labor as well as of liberty, the people had erected a vast and magnificent edifice, four-sided, with two beautiful entrances, each one opening on one of the main city avenues. This was called the Broletto, "little orchard," because the site was given by the Arcadishop in his own garden. In the centre was the Palazzo della Ragione, an immense hall supported by a triple range of arcades, destined as a pleasant place of meeting and conversation for the citizens. From this spot and the adjoining cathedral streets led in various directions, bearing the names of the trades which had their workshops and abode in each respectively, "armorers" (*Armorari*), "sword makers" (*Spadari*), "spur makers" (*Speronari*), *Pennacchiari*, "plume makers;" *Borsinari*, "bag makers;" *Mercanti d'oro*, "gold merchants," and so forth.

These trades, initiated and sustained by the Umiliati—in particular, the powerful woollen weavers, who owed everything to these monks—were the soul of Milanese liberty during the terrible and tragic struggle with the Hohenstaufen Emperors. They brought with them, when the wretched Milanese were scattered around after the destruction of their city, they brought with them everywhere their habits of skilled labor, and taught even the rival cities which had helped to ruin Milan to respect and love the men whose industry was a teaching and a treasure. History has told how, when Milan rose from her ruins as if by enchantment, Umiliati and Cistercians led the peaceful armies of industry and agriculture, through the next half century.

So it was in Florence. She had her artificers and laborers long before the arrival of the colony of Umiliati. But around the hive of woollen weavers, amid the vineyards of Ognissanti, a populous suburb soon arose. A considerable population of skilled labor came to those at least, who were desirous of being such—sought instruction from the gentle, silent workers and ever-willing teachers. Later all through Florence acquired new and wonderful skill from such lessons and such examples.

Florence not only had a population of craftsmen—it now has trades!

Every species of labor had its own street or quarter, its officers, its banners, its patron saint, its special feast day, its solemn annual services, its processions, and its public banquets. Religion was the soul of all these trades, its banners, and allowed and shared its triumphs and its sorrows. The very street which leads from the Cathedral of Santa Maria del Fiore to the Piazza della Signoria—from the centre of the religious life of Florence to the centre of its former free political life—leads through the Via dei Calzaioli, the Hosiers' street, the quarter sacred to the woollen trade, the mighty industry created by the Umiliati. A few other names of the time-honored trades of Florence are still permitted to remain on the street signs, in spite of the illiberal and inhospitable enthusiasm which would blot out the very memory of mediæval times.

And about midway up this Hosiers' street you see the square mass of Or San Michele jutting in the face of it, but exquisitely beautiful marble shrine of every trade seeks. It was first called San Michele in Horto, St. Michael's in the Garden, because a little chapel dedicated to the Archangel existed there from a very early period. The corn market was held there in the beginning of the thirteenth century, and then it became the mart of the woollen trade. I have not to relate how the present structure was raised—the lower story, a church, and one of the architectural gems of Italy; the two upper stories, vast and, no less beautiful in their way, within the authority Florence of to-day, and appropriate uses. But in front of and around the principal entrance stand the venerable edifices where the Woollen Trade had its headquarters and its offices. Over the door you see the shield of this wealthy guild, the Lamb holding a cross. Nor, many as are the commercial and traditions which have died out in Florence, has this most beneficent one yet lost all its vitality and power. In spite of the deleterious influence of the present Governing Government, the Trade of Wool is still ably watched by the Florentines, like one of its ever-faithful sentinels, with two bronze angels holding out its many-colored wreaths in the tabernacle, supporting and adorning the dewy tree coeval with itself.

Never mind the fact that the neighboring palaces, with its venerable palaces, has long ceased to beat with the mighty pulsations of republicanism; that the Bargello is widowed of the Podesta, and the Palazzo Vecchio of the actual presence of a free people's chosen magistrates. Wealth drift along with the leisurely stream of modern life, the Hosiers' street and pause for contemplation beneath the square mass of Or San Michele. See, as around the outside wall of the first story, in the spaces between the exquisite windows, are placed niches with statues, the masterpieces of Florentine art, every one of them an ideal in the art to guild, while above are the shields of these same corporations. It is truly a most noble and beautiful monument of the dead past, of the creative and power of industry unbotten of the trammeled to liberty, now as illness as a in

Beginning with the façade on the western angle is Michelozzi's "St. Matthew," presented by the Stock Brokers' Guild. We need not stop to admire the niche itself, with its perfect tracery. Then follows Ghiberti's "St. Stephen," the gift of the woollen trade; Nanni di Banco's "St. Eligio," presented by the ironsmiths and goldsmiths; Donatello's St. Mark, an offering from the linen trade; St. James, given by the potters; the famous St. George, by Donatello, given by the armorers; St. John the Evangelist, in his old age, by the silk weavers; St. John the Baptist (Ghiberti), by the Arte di Calimala or foreign woollen trade; St. Thomas touching the Saviour's wounded side, by Andrea Verocchio, a gift of the Court of Commerce; St. Luke, presented by the kindred guilds of Judges and notaries; St. Peter, a gift of the butchers; St. Philip, a gift of the hosiers; the Quattro Incoronati, or four saints martyred under Diocletian, the united gift of the masons, carpenters, wood carvers, and sculptors; and inside the church is a statue of Our Lady by Simone da Fiesole, a gift of the physicians and druggists.

Remember that from 1282 to 1532 these trades or guilds governed the Florentine republic. For until Alessandro Medici destroyed in the last mentioned year, the republican form, the Priors of Trades, or the chosen representatives of the skilled labor of Florence, governed the State, residing in the Palazzo Vecchio, and constituting what was known as the Signoria.

Six of these priors, one for each of the six quarters of the city, formed the Signoria, who held office for two months only, and appointed the chief military or judicial officers. They never quitted the Palace of the Signoria during their two months of office, and were there maintained at the public expense.

We can therefore measure the progress which labor, trade, art, and liberty made, with equal steps and side by side, from the arrival of the Umiliati, in the beginning of the century, down to that memorable year 1282. In speaking of Florence during that most glorious period of her history, one must not forget that she was a commonwealth of artisans, laborers and merchants banded together under the guidance of religion, contending for the maintenance of their freedom and independence against all the might of the German Emperors, of the surrounding Ghibelline or imperialist cities in alliance with the Emperors; against the Ghibelline nobles of Florence, an ever-present and powerful imperialist force dwelling within their own walls; against the intrigues of the French masters of Naples and Sicily, who never ceased to try to subjugate every free city in Italy; nay, even against the Guelph nobles of Florence themselves, who submitted with the utmost impatience to the rule of rich burghers and plebeian tradesmen. Democracy, that terrible tyranny of the warlike and ambitious, was ever at a conqueror's feet for the masses who cultivated it, over the industrial and commercial classes who built up cities and made them populous, prosperous, and free, has never been properly understood. It has been the curse of Church and State in Italy, the bane of religion, the oppressor of industry, the implacable foe of all true freedom. Italy, even now, is the prey of feudalism; its cities and its broad lands the possession of a comparative few, who still hold in virtual serfdom the agricultural population; who have managed to disfranchise, for the benefit of themselves and their creatures, the immense majority of Italian manhood—the sons and daughters of toil.

This is a question but little studied and not at all understood in the United States. I felt it seriously in 1860—the election of statesmen, of churchmen, of political economists, of all to whom is dear the union which should ever exist be ween labor, liberty and religion. And now let us return to the Florence of 1282.

The brave little republic held in central Italy the same position at the head of the party of freedom which Milan so nobly maintained in the north. In 1198 Florence was the acknowledged leader of the free cities of Tuscany against Philip of Swabia. She thus aided powerfully the efforts of the Lombard League to resist the encroachments of a foreign imperialism, and to secure the growth of Italian self-government. The trades of Florence, moreover, like those of Bologna, had not been slow to adopt the military organization introduced into Milan by Eriberto da Intimiano, and improved so fatally by the Marquis. The Florentine trades had not only their able-bodied men armed and registered under the banners of the six captains of the city quarters, but they also had their sacred carroccio, or war car, draped in scarlet, drawn by white oxen, and bearing the sacred altar, with the crucifix and the standard of the republic. On the day of battle, though their Generals might be poor strategists, and their troops but ill-armed and half-disciplined tradesmen and farmers, these knew how to rally round the carroccio, to defend it with their swords, to make its presence over the battle field the certain path of victory. There was such an exuberance of healthful, lusty life in those days, when men were men, and free and toilful manhood found no extravagance too costly for its extraordinary generosity, and no designs too lofty or difficult that its hand could not execute it.

Only think of what Florence dared to undertake and carry out during this period of unceasing struggles with domestic factions and foreign foes! In 1297 the poor Franciscanis of Santa Croce—the Westminster Abbey of Italy—began the construction of their vast church edifice; and how beautiful, within and without, were both church and cloisters, white and civilized! Dante thought those courts the visible image of the heavenly paradise, and the walls, frescoed by Giotto and his scholars, worthy of containing the assembly of the elect! And meanwhile the trades, which were giving so generously to the sons of St. Francis, had been no less munificent to the Silvestrians of San Marco; had been even more so toward the Servites of the Annunziata, and toward the Dominicans of Santa Maria Novella. Tax reforming or destroying rage of the Renaissance has blotted out so much of the exquisite beauty of these monuments of Christian art! And yet each is still a something so marvellous that one can scarcely estimate its treasures.

But in 1298 Florence laid the foundations of her cathedral, the west front of which private generosity is to-day endeavoring to complete, after 600 years of united effort, marred by misfortune and neglect. The other half of Florence is, for the most part, the creation of the city guilds; a monument, therefore, to the inconceivable liberality of these mediæval Florentine tradespeople.

And yet one scarcely knows which to admire and praise most, their magnificent piety or their unstinting and splendid charities.

We need not leave this same sanctuary of Or San Michele without convincing ourselves of it. Within the church is an altar surrounded by the marble group of St. Ann and the Virgin, a votive memorial placed there by the Signoria in thanksgiving for the expulsion from Florence of the tyrannical Duke of Athens, Walter of Brienne, on the feast of St. Ann, July 26, 1343. Alongside of this altar, and almost touching it, is another, a unique monument of art, the Tabernacle of Orcagna, which is as eloquent of the tender charity of the Florentines as the other is of their love of liberty.

In 1348 the black plague swept over Florence, carrying away two-thirds of the population. There happened to be then a pious confraternity called the Compagnia di San Michele, whose members were wont to unite frequently around a statue of the Virgin and Child in the portico of this church, and sing the praises of the Lacrarnie Gesù. When the plague broke out these noble men and women performed prodigies of devotion and self-sacrifice. Of course many of them fell victims to their charitable zeal in caring for the sick and burying the abandoned dead. But many more, as it always happens to the brave of heart and great of soul, bore a charmed life, and survived the horrors of that period of death. So great, toward these heroes and heroines of mercy, was the gratitude of the Florentines, that the surplus of funds voluntarily contributed to their charity amounted, when the plague had ceased, to 300,000 florins. It was exacted that the entire sum should be devoted to the erection, in Or San Michele, of a monument surpassing all others in beauty and magnificence.

Such, in 1359, when Orcagna had given the last finish to his wonderful work, the Florentines judged this tabernacle, or "Altar and Canopy," to be.

I can again, perhaps, at the west of extravagance. Listen one moment before you condemn. The poor and sick of Florence in 1348, eight years before the plague, were most tenderly cared for. Learn he says that there were then 1,000 hospitals, and that Florence spoke gratefully to all comers and Villani says that in that year there were beds for more than 1,900 sick patients—not an inferred supply, you must acknowledge. They did not forget the needy, these sturdy tradesmen and wealthy burghers in the days of their power.

Besides the enormous sum bestowed on the Capitani of Or San Michele at the close of 1348, the single hospital of Santa Maria Nuova received at the same time and from the same source 50,000 florins! More than that, it was ordained that there should be no beggars in Florence and in all the cities of Tuscany the admirable confraternity of the Misericordia, composed of men of all ages and conditions, whom English and American visitors are forced to admire, as they see them, disguised beneath a white or black habit covering the entire person, accompanying the priest to the bedside of the sick or dying, waiting, if need be, on the most loathsome forms of disease in private houses, bearing rapidly but gently on their shoulders the wounded to the hospital, bearing the dead to Christian burial. You will see their shield nestling beneath the shadow of the cathedral; a few strokes of their bell suffice—at any hour of the night or day, in the most inclement weather as in the most favorable—to summon more members than are needed to take charge of the sick, the dying, or the dead. I have just seen six of them hurrying through the Via del Proconsolo toward the cathedral, vested in their sanctus disguise, and could distinguish the features of the priest by the side of the dusty boot of the patrician and the dusty rags of one of the workingmen—Brothers carrying to their last resting place the remains of some one of God's poor, who found worm and hospital brotherly love in his latest need.

I say nothing of the provision made for orphans and of foundlings under the direction of this same noble Brotherhood. Alas, as these are now only shadows of what they were in former times. Existing laws, the cold and unbelieving humanitarian spirit of what they miscall progress, deny to priest or layman the right to bestow charity. And so, in the name of fraternity, the sources of brotherly love are dried up.

No! I do not think that the Florence of 1882 can boast of truer men, of braver spirits, of larger minds, more skilled hands, or hearts of more unbounded generosity than the Florentine tradesfolk of 1282. BERNARD O'REILLY.

POEMS WORTH READING.

The Difference.

Only a few more notes,
Only a finer song,
And let the world bows down
Before the singer's throne.

Only the same old thoughts
Clothed with a sweeter sound;
And lo! a poet's brow
With laurel leaves is crowned.

Only a finer ear,
Only a swifter skill;
And lo! the artist plays
On human hearts at will.

Only a line, only a stanza see;
And lo! the world goes mad
Over a woman's face.

Yet though so slight the cause
For which men call so great,
This shade the more or less
May fix an earthly fate.

For few may world the power
Whose spells uplift or thrill,
The bar let fixed, yet free,
We may not pass at will.

GRACE E. WELLS.

Our Angels.

From the Chicago Tribune.

Oh! not with any sound they come, or sign,
Much lest by ear or eye can recognize;
Their presence is felt rather than seen or heard;
The world of their influence is divine.
Widely can permeate ordains across the line
The changeless law which bars
Our sight from theirs.

But they do come and go continually.
Our blessed angels, no less care than His;
The blessed angels whom we think we miss;
Whose empty graves we weep to name or see,
And which we, in our blindness, call dead.
Only, wearing watches in vain,
Where her last Christ had lain.

Whence we in some letter, grief we find,
All unknown as a deep mysterious sense
Of hidden comfort come, we know not whence;
Who suddenly we see where we were blind;
Where we had struggled, are content, resigned;
Are strong where we were weak—
And to more serve or seek—

Then we may know that from the far, glad skies,
To guide our feet, the way we could not find,
And for our instant help is ever kind and seek,
Our loved, our long angels, are in our midst.
And we know we need not to search for them
The path that will to lead,
The path of peace and rest.

Farewell to a Learned Lover.

From the Boston Transcript.

What, ho! I cannot doubt it? Although
The Fates have spun, and Death has mown
The scythe, and wished to make me so,
Then wise is preacher, my friend,
Are both far wrong. All this and I do say
And have the truth, but after great pain.

"I cannot think?" "Nor either feel?"
Peradventure you shall. My tears are low;
Nowward to your travel
Turn your face, and I, thitherward my soul.
Remember, it is a month of more
Since first you said this. Tears and fears are o'er.

"I cannot think?" Here, come to sit,
Give over the hope and the long pass.
Mark, I will tell you what I think
Before your feet and wall. Anon
I cannot to speak or ask, or help—and I
Next are a man like you, then pass all by.

"I cannot think?" Yes, you do! Yes
A—Yes, I'm great to do so now,
Although I'm little, I'm
Little to hand, yet I will follow.
Thought is a thing, and I will consider well consist
With full collection in space and that's missed.

"I cannot think I feel—some times,
Or have—sometimes, also—I think
I love sweet music, and sometimes
And flowers, dear, that everywhere
Thoughts, and I love, and I feel, and I heart,
And almost heat, it, however it smart.

Once, true, it seemed not quite time this
To be high me. It seemed enough
To love and work, the talk work and bliss,
To be compact of both and to be
As refers to a man from sickness or grief,
If sharing these would give you but relief.

I thought to be a world apart,
Outside your dull art tones, whereto,
A weary both to brain and heart
Would I give, and I give, and I do
Sometimes I thought to pluck in soch,
Dispel your doubts with woman's faith and truth!

Those dreams are past. I "cannot think"?
Go seek some high-browed queen—no queen
Art thou, but woman—and I will
And hear from in distant place be seen,
Discourse full strange of Hum for and hill,
You'll feel for simple loving sorrow—shut!

JOHNSTON A. CASS.

Bear Little Alice.

From Lippincott's Magazine.

Dear little Alice—my baby's darling—
Asleep one night, and near the mantelpiece
Rolled old Santa Claus, with pack and box,
Quite ready to fill the stockings
Dangling in rows in the firelight.
Dear little Alice, half in her dreams
Thought she felt the tender touch of a father's kiss,
Dreamed she saw the old man, and spoke
"Santa Claus! Dear Santa, I have wanted long
To talk with you! Why, I've waited long
To ask you, dear, to bring me—" Then she woke
"Nonsense," the sister of Christmas said, and smiled,
While a soft radiance fell on the child.
"Why, Santa Claus is—I'm ashamed to say—
Only a name, dear, to make children obey.
Speak to me, my child, and I will be your guest with me!"
Then, over the sleeper, the Christmas spirit
Dear Santa Claus, a little girl I met,
Ragged and homeless and with eyes so sad
I wished I could do for her, some way, glad.
Take them to her, dear Santa Claus, I pray,
All the rare things you brought for me today!
Take them to her, dear Santa Claus, I pray!
Give her these presents came from me and you."
Then some giddy overcame the little man;
He sat down, and, for her friend, Alice was laid.
Old Santa vanished, but an angel fair
Beat softly down and kissed her golden hair.

WILLIAM H. HOWELLS.

Well-Doing.

From the Independent.

Think the good,
And not the clever;
Thoughts are seeds
That grow forever.

Bearing sweet fruit in life,
Such seeds each make
The thinker
Strong to conquer in the strife.

Love the good,
And not the clever,
Noble in life
The world can never
Cease to praise the good they've done.
The world shall the true
Why rather
Harvests which in death have won.

Do the good,
And not the clever;
Fair by life
Is the true endeavor.
Strive to be the noblest man,
Not what others do,
But rather
Do the very best you can.

JAMES H. HOADLEY.

The Bird Charmer.

All night the snow had fallen,
But morning broke serene,
And in the sun the crystals
Were sparkling white and clean.

Our Amy called the snowbirds
"So sweet! so sweet! so sweet!
What do you in the snow there,
With nothing on your feet?"

She hastened out to meet them—
You should have seen the child,
So lithe and light and airy,
So angelic and mild.

She called them—oh, the wonder!
They knew the words she said;
And came until they covered
Her shoulders and her head.

Upon her mouth they kissed her,
As if it were a rose,
And in her golden ringlets
Tangled their little toes.

Her fingers clasped and held them,
But never gave them pain,
And when she loosed them, gladly
They flew to the grain.

We called her in, the darling,
And closed the outlaw door;
The snowbirds, pleased with petting,
Came after for more.

Scientists say they love her.
Those birds and bill-some things,
That they can make no pretense
With claws and whirling wings.

And carefully we watch her,
With woman, lest and devoid,
Lest from her snowy shoulders
Wings white and fair should sprout.

JOSEPHINE WILLITT.

Psalm xxiii.

[illegible]

My hands are weary,
Since first, my shepherd, leads
To rest where waters gently glide
Through verdant meads.

He makes my soul to draw
Health from their living rites;
And for His name sake His law
My course He guides.

Yea, though my steps draw near
Death's valley, dark and cold,
Thy presence shall my fears dispel
From fear of ill.

For thou art Shepherd Thy rod
To leave and point the way;
Thy staff on all the weary road
My feet shall stay.

My cup with wine overflows,
Thy oil anoints my head;
And in the presence of my foes
My feast is spread.

Surely Thy grace and love
Through life shall follow me,
And ever in Thy house above
My home shall be.

J. W. McCLELLAND Beaver County, Pennsylvania.

ANDREW JACKSON.

His Last Days, Death, and Funeral.

An Unpublished Letter Communicated to The Sun.

NASHVILLE, Wednesday, June 11, 1845.

MY DEAR SIR: I helped to perform the melancholy office yesterday of consigning to his last resting place here below our old friend, Gen. Jackson. He died on Sun day evening, the 8th. He had been sick unto death, with now and then slight amendments, for six or seven weeks, was swollen and in a dropsical state. But his mind was not only clear, but unclouded, and his memory perfect, not only of former events, but of recent ones. This was very much the consequence, I think, of his much newspaper reading, in which he amused himself half the time, or nearly so, there being sent him an immense number, so that he was most familiar with the politics of the day, and excited to thought in regard to them.

A month ago I first saw him since last November. He said to me he could not recover from his then affliction, as he had no frame left. I thought so, and said so to him, and there this matter ended. He then asked me to give him an account of the start our friend President Polk had made, saying I knew the inside of the troubles and workings of the political machinery. This I did for an hour, at which he laughed heartily, understanding to the letter the office-seeking horde, "each one for himself and God for us all," in Scotch phrase. He then went into English, Mexican, and Texas matters, compared men and things in Europe, Mexico, and the United States with a brevity, force, and clearness equal to his best days, and in the best temper; declared his opinions as to the re-acquisition of Texas had not changed in twenty-five years; that he foresaw and told Mr. Monroe, when it was parted with by the treaty of 1819, we must have it in the end, so as to command the Gulf of Mexico for the protection of New Orleans, and the security of the West. In this state of mind—the body falling off—he continued up to the day of his death. During Sun day he was too feeble to talk, save to give instructions. I am informed, not being there myself. He went out like a burned-down candle, those standing by not knowing when he ceased to breathe.

One thing may be safely said of Gen. Jackson, that he has written his name higher on the temple of Fame than any man since Washington, of those belonging to history in this country. And what is more remarkable in him than any American is, that he maintained his power from 70 to 80, when he had nothing to give. This he did by the force of will and courage backing his thorough out-and-out honesty of purpose. In this lay his strength always. His intuitive faculties were quick and strong, his instincts capitally good. The way in which a thing should be done struck him plainly, and he adopted the plan. If it was not the best, it would still answer the purpose if well executed. To the Executive, he brought a hardy industry and a sleepless vigilance few could equal. But this was not the best quality he brought to the task. He cared not a rush for anything behind: he looked ahead. His awful will stood alone, and was made the will of all he commanded, and command it would and did. If he had fallen from the clouds into a city on fire, he would have been at the head of the extinguishing host in an hour, and would have blown up a palace to stop the fire with as little misgiving as another would have torn down a board shed. In a moment he would have willed it proper, and in ten minutes the thing would have been done. Those who never worked before, who felt that his eye was upon them, would have rushed to the execution and applied the match. Hence it is that timid men and feeble women have rushed to or sought when he gave the command, fierce, fearless, and unwavering for the first time. Hence it is that for the years he has been feeble, fierce men of the times who then knew him and afterward by the broad land, as a matchless man, as one they were ready to follow wherever he led, who with them never was wrong, and who could sweep over all opposers abroad or at home, forgiving course as a practice, leaving nothing in a smoke or ashes behind.

Not even death could break the charm. The funeral yesterday was a great mass meeting of women, children, men, black, white, and colored of every grade, mixed up by the mere outside: there the chief, the Governor, the magistrate, refusing to do a civil act or a smile so far as I heard or saw. See him they would and did; nay, they would see the coffin cased in lead. It was just possible to have room for the soldiers, a rather strong company, and I was glad it was right to see the thing done. The vast crowd followed him to the tomb, a stone grave by the side of Mrs. Jackson's, laid there in 1828, covered with a copper-roofed canopy some ten feet high, resting on stone pillars. He was reverently put in, and the crowd dispersed, all so that it could look once more. It was a scene for a painter to see, the dense crowd at the particular spot, the slave women in an agony of grief laying their heads on the shoulders and backs of the lady friends of their old master, leaving faces wet with tears. Nor did the circumstance elicit a single remark so far as I heard. Death did not take a2 equal more completely than did this funeral. Being there to perform the office of seeing my friend's remains consigned to its final resting place, and thinking death a blessing in the particular case, and Jesus now especially promised him to aid in that duty, I was unmoved, and observant from necessity. In an hour all had departed, except a few intimates of the family, and this so noiselessly that one in the house would have passed it.

The funeral sermon and all took upward of three hours.

I sat down to write you a short note, and have run into a long scroll. Accept my sincere regards. J. CATRON.

HON. JAMES BUCHANAN.

A LADY TRAVELLER'S CURIOS.

Odd and Rare Things the Countess D'Aubigny has Collected in Many Foreign Lands.

The fine picture of Howard, the philanthropist, by Gainsborough, which is a conspicuous adornment of the rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association, and a striking portrait of Pope Pius IX. when a young man, painted by the Italian artist Gallardi—this latter now at Lawson's studio—belong to an old lady at present resident in New York, who possesses the right to sign herself Countess Isabella D'Aubigny. The latter picture has been very much admired, and some of its admirers, the Countess avers, have hinted that its proper place would be upon the wall of some one of the city churches, as a return for the gift to be made in prayers for the generous giver. "But," said the old lady, with a cackle, "I told them I did not want to be payed out of purgatory, as I considered atonement therefor my sins my best chance of getting to Heaven, and I would prefer the cash, if I sold the picture at all."

Possessed of ample means, both in her own right and by her marriage, and having a taste for art and travel, Miss D'Aubigny in her younger years spent almost all her time in foreign travel, and although she no longer goes beyond the seas of civilization, is still by habit and taste a confirmed wanderer. In the course of her travels in Russia, Turkey, Persia, India, and Arabia, she acquired a knowledge of Oriental languages and picked up rare and curious things, which now constitute a very interesting collection at her residence, 218 West Fortieth street. Among them are a number of bulls by the earlier Popes, including Hadrian IV., Eugene III., Lucius III., Innocent X., Clement X. and Pius V., genuine documents in Latin, upon parchment, and bearing the great leaden seals of the Pontiffs; also some edicts of Grand Masters of the Knights Templars and the Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem, quaintly well authenticated. Then there are curious scarabæi, some bearing the history of Esther and other matter in Hebrew characters, antedating the Christian era; Persian papyruses covered with an inflexible genius of hieroglyphic passages; a portrait of Shakespeare painted on parchment, made in the aged than beautiful bronze; Persian boxes and lamps, richly engraved with prayers, mottoes, and surprisingly good words generally, from the Persian point of view; pictures and pipes, plaster casts of them very rare, from Turkey and Russia, and a multitude of other curiosities.

In another department of the collection are a number of the rare and costly stuffs made in Delhi, the work of the industrial scions maintained there in the time of the Grand Moguls. These are all richly embroidered, and some of them are actually woven with the weights of solid gold thread employed in their ornamentation. It is said that the gold weave of them has an intrinsic value of $[illegible]. Strangely constructed and elaborately engraved pictures frames and crucifixes of mother-of-pearl, specimens of Russian art, some of them belonging to the [illegible] century; Oriental slippers encrusted with pearls, rubies, and gold—one simple pair of which the Countess sold to the Empress of Russia and another to Pierre Bedini, a Persian picture of the sacred cave of a shrewd for chief of the devotees, the pictures the wears when performing such little wonders as poking knives through himself and getting no wound therefrom, or bringing the dead to life; a rare Russian engraved portrait of the Czar Alexander when [illegible] years old; many curious and interesting autographs, and a rich variety of queer little things from all parts of out of the way and little known but much heard of places go to make up the rest of this interesting mass of curios.

QUEER PEOPLE IN OHIO.

A Respectable Young Lady Married Twice in One Day.

From the Cleveland Herald.

Yesterday morning Chauncey H. Wyant, a young man about 25 years old, the son of a respectable widow lady near Kansas station, this county, arrived here about 7 o'clock, and put up at the Lang House, securing one of the best rooms in the hotel, and explaining to the proprietor, Judge Lang, that he was to be married here to-day. Young Wyant was well dressed, and, although a stranger, carried in his face the evidences of an honest, upright, and respectable young gentleman, and everything was done to make the wedding an affair of respect and credit. Young Wyant went to the Probate Judge's office by 8 o'clock and procured a license to marry Melissa J. Remsburg, a young lady of his immediate neighborhood, near Kansas station, the daughter of a respectable farmer, and only child, who was bright and intelligent, and had on Christmas celebrated her eighteenth birthday.

For four years young Wyant had been the accepted suitor of Miss Remsburg, and for three years had they been betrothed, and the day when they two should be made one under the law was fixed to be immediately upon the removal of parental restraints by Melissa's celebrating her majority. Too watchful parents of Melissa had determined otherwise. They were resolved that Melissa should be the wife of another, a young man named Wesley M. Kline, a respectable farmer boy, who resided some five or six miles distant in another neighborhood over in Jackson township. Melissa treated Kline courteously, and entertained him as became an obedient child to please her parents, but declared her presence to be against her will.

Last Tuesday Melissa met Chauncey Wyant's brother on the highway and slyly handed him a sealed envelope addressed to "Chauncey J. Wyant, Kansas, Ohio," and requested the young gentleman to be particular and hand it to Chauncey. The letter was delivered as requested, and Chauncey was, as he believed and had reason to believe, the favored one. Although it should be said that he did not even suspect that Melissa was in any danger of becoming the wife of young Kline, he had believed the difficulty to be solely the opposition of the Remsburg parents. The note mentioned above read thus: "Dear Chauncey: Beat Tiffin on next Monday, or the next day after Christmas. Be at the Lang House. Remember the place. Get your license on Monday morning early, and if you would get the Kansas clergyman to be there, at Tiffin, it will be all right, for we want to get married at Tiffin as soon as you get your license. Have all arrangements right, and as soon as you get to town you get your license, and be at the Lang House. I intend to go to Bellevue and go up on the train on Monday morning, and you can have your license and the minister will be at the Lang House by 11 or 12 o'clock sure. I will be at the Lang House at 11 o'clock, and if you are not there by 12 o'clock I will give you up, for I cannot wait any longer. I will explain all when I see you."

Yesterday morning Wesley M. Kline and Melissa J. Remsburg, accompanied by two ladies, arrived in Tiffin on the train from Toledo, and took a carriage for Bellevue. They did not remain there a short time, and then sauntered out on the streets, the four together. No trace is had of them for the day.

At 5:30 o'clock Melissa appeared at the Lang House with a waterproof thrown over her head. The ladies stopped in the Bellevue House, who had been with the about-to-be-groom patiently since 2 P. M., was ready, and after the ladies at the hotel quickly arranged Melissa's toilet, Chauncey L. Wyant and Melissa J. Remsburg were declared by the Rev. D. D., in due form, husband and wife, and no one knew the matter with "Whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder." Melissa immediately put on her cloak, and said she had an errand; she must go down street. Her husband offered to go with her. She said: "No, I must go alone. You have here. I will be back in just precisely 6 o'clock," and at that she glided down the stairs and disappeared. Ten minutes later she appeared at the Probate Judge's office with young Kline, and Kline asked for a license for himself and Melissa J. Remsburg to marry. Judge Lang remarked: "Why, Kline, I gave a license once to-day for you to marry," addressing himself to Miss Remsburg.

"I guess not," said she. The Judge turned the record over to her and said, "See for yourself." She looked at it with some curiosity, and remarked: "Well, that is ahead of my time. He must either be crazy, or I am." "Do you know Mr. Wyant?" inquired the Judge of the girl, who seemed perfectly cool and calm. "Yes, he's a neighbor of mine; but I haven't consented to anything of the kind," was her answer, pointing to the record. "I never authorized him to get a license. I haven't seen Mr. Wyant, to speak to him, for five or six weeks." By this time Kline became somewhat nervous, and quizzed Melissa about the matter, but she simply replied that she had known anything about Wyant for several weeks, and could not understand why he should have procured a license. Kline said he had been in her company all day except for the past hour. The license was then issued to Wesley W. Kline and Melissa J. Remsburg, and Kline sent Commissioner Cochran, a magistrate, refusing to go to the jail and have him "Our brother, reach out and lend a hand of the church, come up here beside me, and be saved!" But the other said: "No, there is no danger of the wolves are shut up for good and all. I have time enough." Had door keepers, while he was yet speaking the preaching, commission him, and rushing him immediately, bound him even in the twinkling of an eye. Thus it is, O earthly and heedless sinners, that you to-night stand, &c. &c.

When the preacher concluded the services and was leaving the church, he was accosted by old man Parker (who has lived in Texas since '36), who said:

"Parson, the front end of your discourse was grand and glorious, and calculated to puff the unconverted sinner. You had a full hand, and might have taken all the pots in sight in this it but, Lord bless your soul, you played a blue spot when you chipped in with that old yoke yarn."

COYOTE CHARACTERISTICS.

They are Not Such as to Inspire Terror—But a Preacher Thought So for All That.

From Texas Siftings.

In the unsettled interior of America, on the great plains, is found the coyote. The coyote is about two-thirds the size of a yellow dog, and looks like a second-hand wolf in straitened circumstances. He bears about the same relation to the genuine wolf that the buzzard does to the eagle, or that a chicken thief does to a modern highwayman. He lives a perpetual air of being ashamed of himself, or of something he has done. As you catch a glimpse of him, trotting away from one mott of timber to another, looking back over his left, he looks as if he was aware that the police had a clue to his whereabouts, and were working up his case. No one ever saw a fat coyote. You may catch a young one, civilize him as much as you can, feed him on canned groceries, and put a brass collar on him, but his ribs will still be his most prominent feature, and at the first favorable opportunity he will voluntarily and ungratefully leave your hospitable roof, and from choice become a roving vagabond on the prairie, living on carrion and varying his meat with the lizard. These predatory shadows are not at all dangerous. There is no fight in them.

That a popular fallacy regarding the ferocity of the coyote exists, was illustrated not long since in the remarks made by a Northern preacher in a sermon he preached shortly after his arrival in the State. He said: "Dear friends, many times I see two men walking out on one of your beautiful prairies. They enjoy the perfume of the flowers, the songs of the innocent birds, and the calm, quiet beauty of your glorious Indian summer evenings. Conversing together, they walk along heedless of danger. The sun sinks to rest beyond the distant horizon; the curtain of night gradually descends and closes on the light of day; still the two men walk on, they walk along, feeling safe and secure. But hark! What is that in the distance? What blood-curdling howl makes them arrest their steps? It is, dear friends—it is the cry of the wolves on their track—the fierce and bloodthirsty coyotes in hot pursuit. And, dear friends, think not, do these two unfortunate men die? One of them, a young congregation, realizes his danger, and running to a tree, climbs up, by the aid of a convenient branch, out of the reach of the cruel fangs of the relentless beasts of prey. He calls unto the companion in need and says, saying: 'O my brother, reach out and lend a hand of the church, come up here beside me, and be saved!' But the other said: 'No, there is no dan