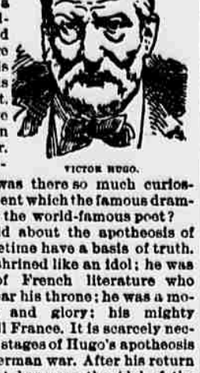
## BREAKING A GREAT IDOL.

### The French Turning Against Hugo—The French Academy Acquiesces—Alexandre Dumas Demolishes the Dead Poet.

PARIS, April 8.—The official reception of the poet Leconte de Lisle at the French Academy yesterday was one of the most remarkable ceremonies of the kind which have ever taken place since the Immortal Forty were constituted. For months and months the ceremony has been looked forward to; during the past ten days the newspapers have been publishing articles in anticipation of the event; this morning *Le Petit Journal* devotes more than three-fifths of its front page to an account and criticism of the reception. The fact that this wonderful little journal, whose 950,000 copies are distributed all over France from the Channel to the Pyrenees and from the Vosges to the ocean, should find it advisable to give so much space to a mere literary incident, is significant of the tastes of the French public, and an indication of the popular interest attached to the two names which figured, so to speak, on the programme—I mean those of Victor Hugo and of Alexandre Dumas, the younger, the latter passing judgment on the former, and even venturing to throw mud at the great idol. The rôle of Leconte de Lisle in this comedy was unimportant. An admirable technical workman and the chief of the school of "impassibles," who rigorously banish sensation, sentiment, and humanity from poetry, Leconte de Lisle was elected to succeed Hugo as a member of the Academy, and pronounced according to usage a panegyric of his predecessor, which is of no great interest, and with which we need not concern ourselves further. Let us come to Dumas's reply. Why was there so much curiosity about the judgment which the famous dramatist would pass on the world-famous poet?



VICTOR HUGO.

All the stories told about the apotheosis of Hugo during his lifetime have a basis of truth. He was literally enshrined like an idol; he was the grand Turk of French literature who brooked no rival near his throne; he was a monopolizer of fame and glory; his mighty shadow obscured all France. It is scarcely necessary to recall the stages of Hugo's apotheosis since the Franco-German war. After his return from exile the poet becomes the idol of the crowd. He is listened to like an oracle, acclaimed like a king, and fêted like a saint. He is called "Master" and "Father." The anniversary of his first play is celebrated at the theatre; his birthday is celebrated in the town. The schoolboys are granted holidays in his honor; in the prisons his intercession brings pardon. Those who admire Hugo fall on their knees; those who do not admire him hold their peace. There seems to be a tacit understanding that while he lives his name shall be sacred, and his person an acknowledged national glory. When death threatens him, the crowd in alarm fill the street where he lives. Hundreds and thousands of men and women pass the night before his door; the whole world is agog for news. His death is an occasion of public mourning. Business is suspended; study is interrupted; a black veil is thrown over the Arc de Triomphe; dragoons with streaming horse-tail helmets watch over the body, torch in hand; the immense murmur of a sleepless population replaces the prayers of priests; a saint is banished from the Pantheon so that the poet may be at ease in his tomb; more than a million men follow the modest hearse and the proud cortége of flower-laden chariots, whose burden is still rotting on the steps of the monument in whose vaults dwell the shades of Voltaire, Rousseau, Mirabeau, and Marat, while their ashes have been scattered to the four winds by the variations of popular caprice. As Alexandre Dumas said yesterday, never did Roman emperor enjoy such a triumph during his life; never did a destroyer of peoples or a benefactor of men enjoy such an apotheosis after his death. Victor Hugo, who at the age of 15 swore that he would be the greatest poet of his age and country, might have believed that he had realized his ambition; Victor Hugo, who later conceived the ambition of being the greatest man of all countries and of all ages, was able to live his last years and his last night with the conviction that he was such. Everything concurred, contributed, and conspired to convince him that he had realized his superb hope.

If Victor Hugo, in the glorious grave which his grateful country has awarded him in the crypt of the Pantheon, is still conscious of the rumors and agitations of contemporary Paris, he will be pained to learn that his dream of greatness was an illusion. A reaction has set in against this monopolizer of fame, and yesterday the French Academy and the brilliant company present gave counsel and authority to this reaction by listening to the depreciatory discourse of Alexandre Dumas and laughing approvingly at the malicious witticisms of the brilliant dramatist. The reaction against that which was excessive and exclusive in the admiration of Hugo, was begun by Emile Zola, apropos of the romantic drama. Among the young generation of French literary men this reaction has extended to Hugo, the philosopher and thinker; still more recently, within the present year, the question has been resumed by critics of the authority of Jules Lemaître of the *Journal des Débats*, Henri Fouquier and others whose opinions are shared *in petto* and in conversation by Alphonse Daudet and Goncourt, and by numbers of reflective and lettered Frenchmen. These facts explain the great public interest taken in the academic ceremony of yesterday. Dumas being essentially an independent whose mind is always open to novelty, and, above all, to the investigations of modern science, a man curious about moral truths and contemporary social problems. In two words, the mental habit of Dumas fitted him admirably to interpret the attitude of the younger generation of Frenchmen toward Hugo, who represents for them a prodigious artist in words, a poet whose intellect was a marvellous kaleidoscope, but who was cerebrally not a man of his own time, and not a contemporary of himself, if I may so express myself.

The witticisms of Dumas's discourse were sufficiently disrespectful and amusing. The point of view from which he surveyed and explained Hugo's career showed the poet from his early years an exclusive lover of glory; a would-be greatest poet and greatest man of his own country, of all countries, and of all ages; an implacable genius absorbed in himself and in his prodigious fecundity; a lyre even to the point of loving popularity and of never pardoning any one who did not recognize his own glory or dared to dispute it. Hugo loved liberty because he understood that liberty alone could give him glory such as he desired, and because he felt that a simple poet could aspire to be above everybody else only in a democratic society where conventional hierarchies and hereditary supremacies no longer exist. He repudiated monarchy and Catholicism because in these two social and religious forms of the State he would inevitably have always had some one above him. "He would have accepted monarchy," said Dumas, "had he been able to become King; he would have persevered in Catholicism if he could have become Pope, and combined in his person the Pope and the Emperor, those two halves of God, as he says in 'Hernani.'"

ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

In the preface of "Marion Delorme" Hugo wrote: "Why should there not come a poet who would be to Philippe-Auguste what Homer is to Charlemagne?" Henceforward Dumas shows us Hugo haunted by the figure of Napoleon, the incarnation of the greatest glory to which man can pretend. Hugo desires glory like the glory of that man who, greater than Cæsar and greater even than Rome, absorbs in his destiny the destiny of humanity, and is thus unable to blot out Napoleon from the memory of men. Hugo sings his fame, remembering that nowadays Homer is greater than Achilles. Finally, when he is exiled in his turn, he chooses the island of Guernsey, which will be his Elba or his Saint Helena, and where he will be alone, standing great and grandiose against the horizon. At Guernsey he writes his book on Shakespeare, abandons Napoleon, whom he henceforward calls Bonaparte, and imagines himself Moses on Sinai or St. John at Patmos, the grand bridge of the world, the only arbiter of consciences, the successor of the prophets of the infinite. "The poet is a priest," he says. "There is but one pontiff here below, and that pontiff is genius." And that genius, adds Dumas, is Victor Hugo. In the same book Victor Hugo enumerates the great minds of the world. The great Pelasgian is Homer; the great Hellene, Æschylus; the great Hebrew, Isaiah; the great Roman, Juvenal; the great Italian, Dante; the great Englishman, Shakespeare; the great German, Beethoven. "When Hugo made this catalogue," says Dumas, "there was, in his estimation, no great Frenchman. He left to the future the task of finding one." All these little hits greatly amused the audiences at the Academy, and doubtless they are very just and exact, but nevertheless they gave to Dumas's discourse the air of a literary manifesto, and struck many as a little beneath the dignity of an assembly of Immortals who are supposed generally to be free from literary passion and to soar above the quarrels and discussions of the passing hour.

There was, however, a more serious element in Dumas's speech, and that was his resuscitation of Alfred de Musset and Lamartine, and his attempt to allot to Hugo his definitive place in literature. The future, he thinks, will call Hugo the author of the "Légende des Siècles" as we call Dante the author of the "Divine Comedy," and Balzac the author of the "Comédie Humaine." Not that the single volume called the "Légende des Siècles" will alone survive, but that under this generic title Dumas would collect all the best works of the poet. Victor Hugo, he considers, never quitted the domain of legend. His personages are never in the real world of life nor in human proportions; they are always above or beyond humanity, or anti-human. This is due to the fact that nature presents to Hugo aspects such as no others see. His eye magnifies everything; he sees grass as high as trees and insects as big as eagles. For him the inanimate has a soul and the invisible has eyes. His work is a continual evocation, an incessant vibration, an endless orchestra of harps, clarions, and flutes, which the maestro directs from the heights of Tabor, and to which he seems to give the keynote with the trumpet of the last judgment. He has necessarily put in the great proportions of this scenery, and in the key of this symphony, and he leaves us Titans, phantoms, monsters, shadows, which move with their colossal silhouettes in a strange world, situated somewhere between the fairyland of Perrault's tales and the landscape of the visions of Ezekiel.

Dumas's discourse, coming after the ponderous apotheosis of Leconte de Lisle, produced on the audience the effect of a display of fireworks in the obscurity of night. Each point was brought into relief by the art of the speaker; each epigram was well aimed; the genius of Hugo was made to serve as a gorgeous target for the witty arrows of the dramatist. But in the end the target dazzled the marksman, and Dumas, finding no conclusion to his discourse, terminated lamely and feebly by suggesting that Hugo's name should be given to the next new star discovered by the astronomers. *Sic transit gloria.*

However, after the ceremony of yesterday, in which the idol Hugo was officially pulled down from his pedestal, we may now expect to see the reaction increase in intensity, and Hugo to sink more and more in the esteem of his former worshippers, until some twenty years hence a new Dumas will rescue him from oblivion and place him on his definitive pedestal beside Musset and Lamartine. TH. C.

## IDE JONES'S GREAT BEAR FIGHT.

### If Ide Were Living Now it Would Go Hard With the Pennsylvania Legislature.

HARRISBURG, Pa., April 14.—"I only wish th't Capt. Ide Jones was livin' jist now," said Uncle Abel Parmentere, from "way up the North Branch," and one of the oldest raftmen on the Susquehanna. "I'd jist like to see him turn hisself loose in the Pennsylvany Legislatur' for a spell. He wouldn't stan' the way they're runnin' things not two minutes. I think I'll go back to the woods an' turn up my toes myself. W'ats the use o' livin' w'en they've gone an' took the bounty offen wolfs an' cattymounts, an' then made a law that's gointer 'bolish taverns ez sure ez steel traps! Portectin' the varmints us ol' fellers has been sixty year a tryin' to clean out, an' then shuttin' off our rum! I'll bet ol' Gov'ner Wolf's an' Hick'ry Jackson's good ol' Dimmyeratic bones is rattlin' in their graves like all possessed!

"Yes, sir, if Ide Jones was livin' to-day I wouldn't be this Legislatur' for no money. He was the coolest raf'man that ever run the Siskyhanner River, an' he was the toughest hunter th't ever bored bullet holes in painters, an' done a big sheer to'ards depopulatin' the b'ar fam'ly. It's good for this Legislatur th't he's dead, fer if he wa'n't, tha hain't no doubt but what he'd come right here to Har'sburg an' clean it out. I'll tell ye a leetle b'ar story 'bout Ide, an' then ye kin jedge w'at sort of a chance this Legislatur'd stan' with him.

"Ide's big b'ar fight come off on Washin'ton's Birthday, 1826. Ide an' his dog Andy went out that day a purpose fer b'ar. Tha had been a big blow-down o' timber the fall afore in the neighborhood o' Riar's Creek, whar Ide lived, an' pooty much the hull o' the woods in the deestric' had ben tore up by the roots an' tossted about permisc'us. Ide and Andy struck in fer Riar's Creek, an' the fust thing they know'd they rammed slam-bang ag'in a big windfall. Tha wa'n't no way 'round it, an' so Ide says to Andy th't they'd whale right on through it; but the higher they got to t'other side the furdier they seemed to be away, the windfall was so onpossible big. Ide an' Andy hev seen thing ez humpin' it back over that windfall, and so Ide an' Andy shet their eyes an' pulled ahead for the open kentry. They had navigated through the smilin' garden o' prickers an' stickers for nigh onto a mile, w'en, to add to the pleasure o' the situation, a big snow began to git busy an' growl. Then Ide know'd th't tha was business to be did somewhar tharabouts, an' th't the business was b'ars, fer Andy never wasted no time in bristlin' up, nor spent his wind in' growlin', unless tha was the smell o' b'ar in the air, an' the smell o' b'ar never left Andy's nose around Andy's nose without him a-drawin' some out in it.

"Wall, b'ar it was, an' no mistake, fer jist ahead o' Ide an' Andy, an' not more'n six foot away, riz up one b'ar bigger'n a yearlin' calf, an' another un 'bout half ez big. Ide knowed by the way the big b'ar glared an' growled an' smashed his paws at Andy ez she come, an' that she had a family o' new cubs tucked away in a log or a hole in ground some'rs in adjacent parts, an' th't she had it in her head th't Ide an' Andy was plenickin' in that briar patch jist to steal them cubs, an' that she was thar to break up the picnic. Now, the matter o' havin' a big b'ar back onto a track fetch up an' knock down with a b'ar or two was a trifle th't Ide Jones was allus a hankerin' arter, but the havin' it mixed up with down timber, briar bushes, an' brambles was a leetle too much of a pleasant prospect, an' Ide wished he was back hum chawin' gingerbread an' swigin' cider. But thar he was. Tha had to be a fight or a foot race. The course wa'n't laid out fer much of a foot race, an' so Ide concluded to stay right thar an' tackle b'ar, briars, an' windfall, an' take the chances on some o' the boys runnin' onter his bones in the spring. Lookin' 'round with a tome-tinnover-the-an'-view-the-ground-whar-you-must-surely-lie sort of a look, he prepared to take his dose.

"'Twixt the time th't the b'ars first gladdened the eyes of Ide an' Andy an' the time th't the ol' she one busted through the thick briars at 'em wa'n't more'n ten seconds. Ide didn't git no chance to even git his gun, but w'en the ol' b'ar clapped her two paws on Ide's two shoulders he hauled off an' pasted her a good un plumb in the eye, an' the fight was in. Andy tackled the little b'ar an' kep' him from interferin' in the muss, an' gettin' him on the run, kep' him thar. Ide ripped out his huntin' knife, an' with a slashin' an' a gashin' a snarlin' an' a snappin', a chawin' an a clawin', an' a rollin' an' a plowin', while hair an' meat an' rags an' dirt an' stone flew in the air till the sun was hid, the b'ar an' Ide cavorted around in that rich bottom o' brambles an' logs for more'n fifteen minutes, first one on top o' the heap an' then t'other. Then Ide got mad. He found the top rib of ol' Mrs. B'ar an' sid his knife clean up to the handle 'long side of it, an' the b'ar turned the soles o' her feet to'ards the firmyment on high, an' her young uns was orphans.

"At 4 o'clock on the mornin' o' February, 1826, some o' ol' Jim Kinney's boys was goin' down Riar's Creek, 'long a path that wa'n't much travelled in them days, when suddintly he see sumpin settin' in the path ahead o' him th't skeert him crazy. The thing in the path had the 'pearance o' havin' ben a man wunst, but at that particular writin' it mowed ha' ben took fer a hunk o' meat jist escaped from the sassage cutter. Ez soon ez Kinney's boy got his breath he went howlin' back hum, an' said he'd seen the spook o' a chopped-up Injin. The boy's pap went down an found th't the spook was w'at was left o' Ide Jones.

"He was carried to Kinney's cabin, an' three hours arterw'd he come to. The spot whar he was found was two miles from whar he'd had the fight with the b'ar. He had drug hisself, his dog a-follerin' an' stayin' by him, all through that down timber an' cross the creek, to the path whar Kinney run ag'in him. He had ben nearly torn to bits by the fight, an' three hours o' the next day a-makin' the trip, owin' partly to the bad goin' and partly to the triflin' fact o' his left arm bein' broke, an' to his collar bone bein' snapped in two twice, an' to his jaw bein' broke, an' to two ribs on one side an' three on t'other bein' broke, an' to his nose bein' broke, an' to the flesh from his throat to the bottom o' his ribs bein' peeled down ez if it'd ben did with a knife, an' to thar not bein' a spot on him, from top to toe, th't hadn't ben stepped on or chawed by that onreason'ble b'ar.

"Ide got on his feet ag'in in course o' time, an' put the slugs into a good navy b'ar fore he went to stretchin' out of Tim's deadfall hisself, but he carried more scars to the square inch with him to the grave th'n any other man ever did, whether he was a b'ar hunter or a worker in a sawmill. Jist s'pose he was here now, an' sh'd come down to Har'sburg an' turned hisself loose in the Legislatur? But he hain't. Ide Jones was a b'ar fighter, an' a gun fighter, but he's ben empty fer many a year; ez empty ez this glass o' mine is, I reckin."

## DR. CHEEVER'S BUSY LIFE.

### The Eightieth Birthday of the Man who Attacked Amos Giles's Distillery.

The Rev. Dr. George B. Cheever, who has long been in retirement from the public ministry, is a resident of Englewood, N. J., and today is the eightieth anniversary of his birth. He has filled a large place in the history of this country as a theologian, as a moral and social reformer, and as a fearless advocate of universal freedom.

George Barrell Cheever was born in Hallowell, Me., April 17, 1807. His father was a printer and publisher, founder of the *American Advocate and General Advertiser*, and through the book store, to which he had free access, the son became an early devourer of books. His grandfather was Nathaniel Cheever of Salem, of whom it is recorded in a volume of the "Historical Transactions of Massachusetts" that his was the first blood shed in the Revolution, he being one of a party of provincials who resisted a company of British regulars sent from Boston by Gov. Thomas Gage to seize the Salem powder mill, just before hostilities began between the colonists and the mother country. At a certain bridge near Salem the resistance offered was so stout that Mr. Cheever received the thrust of a British bayonet.

George was educated at Hallowell Academy and at Bowdoin College, Brunswick, being of the class of 1825, to which also belonged the poet Longfellow, the author Nathaniel Hawthorne, Congressman Jonathan Cilley, the historian J. S. C. Abbott, United States Senator J. W. Bradbury, and other distinguished men. He studied for the ministry at Andover. While in college and the Theological Seminary he made frequent contributions to the *United States Literary Gazette* and the *American Monthly Magazine*. He compiled the popular "American Commonplace Books of Prose and Poetry." He also edited the "Select Works of Archbishop Leighton," with a much admired critique on his life, writings, and character, and "Studies in English Poetry for the Schools." Articles from his pen appeared in the *North American Review*. On leaving the seminary he preached as substitute for absent pastors at Newburyport and the Essex Street Church, Boston, and he was finally settled over the Howard Street Church, Salem, in 1833. His fervent and impressive ministry there is remembered with deepest interest by some who still survive. The writer has frequently heard his discourses referred to by men now in the vale of years as having made a powerful mark upon their minds. Single sermons on the texts: "Be sure your sin will find you out," "Surely God is in this place and I knew it not," "Whither shall I go from Thy Spirit?" had immediate and lasting results. Conscience and Christ and the exceeding sinfulness of sin were his recurring themes, and his appeals to innate ideas and intuitions with reasonings from the nature of things "made his hearers solemn and thoughtful over themselves."

Settled in a city where the Unitarian creed was predominant, Mr. Cheever early engaged with enthusiasm in defence of orthodoxy, beginning with an address at the religious celebration of the Fourth of July in Salem, entitled "Worldly Principles and Christian as they Appear in the Light of Divine Truth." A copy of this remarkable, wide-reaching address, with its copious notes, is before the writer, and it is an interesting point in psychology to observe how the great seed thoughts and principles of many subsequent discourses on the temperance, anti-slavery, and anti-Popery, Sabbath, social, and political reforms all had their basis here. The sharp criticism and controversy evoked by this extraordinary production led to a series of spirited articles in the public press.

Early in his career Mr. Cheever entered the lists as a champion of the temperance reform, arming at the root of the evil and striking powerfully at distilleries, of which there were no less than four in Salem and vicinity that produced 600,000 gallons of New England rum annually. He wrote an imaginative article for the *Salem Landmark* under the guise of a publication was immediately followed by a night attack upon the *Landmark* office, and by a personal savage assault on the author at midday, in the public street, by the foreman of a Salem distillery. This was succeeded by the indictment of the author of the dream for libel upon the owner of the said distillery, and his speedy trial, conviction, and sentence to thirty days in Salem jail, notwithstanding the support of very able counsel and the absence of proof that the article was written without any malicious or injurious intention whatsoever." He was then confined in the cell next to that occupied by one of the murderers of Captain Wiggins, in whose trial Daniel Webster made his celebrated plea. This whole affair, together with his exhaustive defence before Chief Justice Shaw in abatement of judgment for his having shown up the pernicious business of distilling and a similar arraignment of the business of selling rum, "The Drunkard's Warning," a Story of Deacon Jones's Brewery," gave great notoriety to the author and made an era in the work of temperance reform.

Soon after serving his time in prison he had leave of absence from his people for a voyage to Europe, and spent a year in Spain and the Orient. On his return he was invited to a pastorate of the Allen Street Presbyterian Church, New York, where he delivered the celebrated "Lectures on Pilgrim's Progress" and "Hierarchical Despotism," defending the principles of the Puritans—"A Church Without a Bishop, and a State Without a King." He also wrote "The Hall Sermon" in public debate on the subject of "Capital Punishment" for several successive evenings in the old Broadway Tabernacle, proving its right, obligation, and expediency from Scripture, reason, the nature of things, and the history of mankind.

His health becoming impaired by exhaustive labors in the pulpit, on the platform, and through the press, he revisited Europe for recuperation in 1844, and gave the result of his travels to the public in volumes entitled "Wanderings of a Pilgrim under the Shadow of Mont Blanc" and "The Pilgrim in the Shadow of the Jungfrau Alp," issuing subsequent editions in this country and Great Britain. Returning, after an absence of two years, he became associated for a season in the editorship of the *New York Evangelist*. At the same time he yielded to the overtures of personal friends and coadjutors, and united in the formation of the Church of the Puritans, being its pastor. Concurring events and the stern fidelity of pastor and people made that church an impregnable fortress of freedom in the times that tried men's souls, not long after its walls were reared in Union square, in 1854. Soon after this he was engaged on the *New York Independent* as a contributor, along with the Rev. Dr. Leonard Bacon, the Rev. Dr. R. S. Storrs, the Rev. Dr. Joseph P. Thompson, and Joshua Leavitt. Over their several initials they gave it the richest results of their independent thinking. This period was one of great fertility and productiveness. Besides numerous literary lectures, special discourses, and the exactions of pulpit and parish, Dr. Cheever carried through the press his "Powers of the World to Come," "The Hill of Difficulty and Other Allegories," "Windings of the River of the Water of Life," "Voices of Nature to her Foster Child, the Soul of Man," "Voyage to the Celestial Country," "The Journal of the Pilgrims," "Lectures on Cowper," "The Right of the Bible in Common Schools," "God Against Slavery and the Duty of the Pulpit to Rebuke It."

Then the repeal of the Missouri Compromise by Congress came, the Fugitive Slave law, the Kansas-Nebraska bill, the Dred Scott decision of the United States Supreme Court denying the right of Congress to prohibit slaveholding in the Territories of the Union and proclaiming it as the sense of our Revolutionary fathers "that the negro had no rights which white men were bound to respect." Then, from the pulpit of the Church of the Puritans was let loose and its protracted roar reverberated through the political and social heavens. All over the land its voice was heard, through the Monday metropolitan press reporting its burning words, as from one of the old Hebrew prophets risen out of the dead. The arraignment of the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, through the Scriptures, in the name of Jehovah, was terrific and unanswerable. It was whispered, and printed even in a certain religious weekly, that the preacher at Union Square Church is gone mad, and that his proper place was the lunatic asylum.

Not all the Church, however, could bear the stand taken by their pastor in defence of John Brown, and in the hospitality given to the Church Anti-Slavery Society, whose anniversaries were held in the Church of the Puritans. This caused the withdrawal of some of the pew holders, a position which Dr. Cheever adopted and advocated. Aided by outside forces, a portion of the church membership made an effort to dislodge and silence the preacher by cutting off supplies, and failing in this, a number of the dissatisfied ones withdrew from the church. Under these circumstances, in the spring of 1860, Dr. Cheever went to Great Britain with a commission from his church to represent its position to British Christians in regard to emancipation in America, and to procure cooperation and assistance in holding its place. During his absence an *ex parte* council, held in May, 1861, after hearing the statement of certain disaffected and suspended members of the Church of the Puritans, recommended that the fellowship of Congregational churches be withdrawn from said church. This was followed by a recommendation at the annual meeting of the Church Anti-Slavery Society in Boston, May 29, 1861, "to all Congregational pastors and churches to disregard the advice of said *ex parte* council, to regard the Church of the Puritans as a sister church in affliction, and to regard the action of said council as erroneous, dangerous and unscriptural."

In the summer of 1861 Dr. Cheever returned home and resumed the moral war with slavery and to apply his interpretations of God's will and word under the circumstances and stern events of actual war. On several occasions he preached in the United States Senate Chamber and in the hall of the House of Representatives, Washington, on "The Rights of the Colored Race to Citizenship and Representation," and, with the Rev. William Goodell and Nathan Brown, visited President Lincoln just prior to his issuing the ever-memorable edict of Emancipation. The President received these delegates cheerfully, and asked them to be seated, as "prime ministers of the Almighty." Up to the year 1867, when he closed his pastorate, sermon after sermon was preached and pamphlet after pamphlet was issued on different phases of public affairs bearing upon the rights of the freedmen and the duty of the nation to its wards.

Since 1867 Dr. Cheever, having retired from the active ministry and settled in Englewood, N. J., has frequently availed himself of the opportunities to send out forcible applications of divine truth to passing events and errors of the day. His power to the last shining of his ministry has been in his personal and devout grasp of the Bible and the strong individuality with which he has asserted its truths and lessons, and its right of reign in the State, the school, the family, and the soul of man. If we add to this a life-long familiarity with English literature of the age of Pericles, Queen Anne, we have touched the secret of his strength. It was his classmate, Longfellow, who said that the secret studies of an author were the sunken piers upon which was to rest the bridge of his fame, spanning the dark waters of oblivion. They were out of sight, but without them no superstructure could stand secure.

As a hymnologist Dr. Cheever has contributed to devout literature some of the sweetest subjective hymns in our English tongue. He has lived to have it frankly said to him by brethren with hoary heads, who differed widely with him upon the question of slavery and how to dispose of it: "You were right, while we were wrong. It was you that were sane; we were the insane." Dr. Cheever would seem to be the man, above all others, to have written the history of the conflict with American slavery from the orthodox point of view.

## OLD-TIME CORN SHUCKING.

### Scenes in Georgia in Slavery Days Before the War of the Rebellion.

*From the Atlanta Constitution.*

Day after day for a whole week the loaded wagons had been driven to the lot, each depositing its load on the semicircular pile, that had grown higher and higher, until Charley Green, the driver, himself could not see over the top of it. Then came the night of nights, the corn shucking.

The hands on the plantations, far and near, had assembled to join in the work that was more than half frolic. Blowing merry tunes on their quills, stopping every now and then for a "pat and dance" in the sandy road, they came singly, in pairs, and in crowds, singing snatches of wild plantation melodies, or "whooping" in that peculiar way of theirs which was like the rich tones of a bugle sounding far away. Rapidly the crowd gathered; the dusky light of an October evening had settled down into a perfect night, a night with never a cloud to obscure the light of the faintest star, and no coquettish moon to dim the lustre of rival planets. Across the fields hung shreds of silvery mist, and far away beyond the gently undulating surface of the cotton fields rose, gaunt and grim, the dark line of swamp that lay along the river. Ten thousand dewdrops sparkled on the grass, as that the face of the earth seemed but a dim reflection of the arch of the glowing heavens.

"Who gwine to be de leader?"

"Chally; let Chally be de leader," cried a chorus of voices; and Charley, mounting the sloping semicircle of corn and seizing a large ear for his baton, would begin:

O, dey'a one thing 'er po' man
Seldom evah do
Frow out de ole co'n
To put in de baa
All 'roun' de co'n pile,
Hoe jolly ho!
All 'roun' de co'n pile,
Hoe jolly ho.

This was the signal for laughing, and the dusky forms seated themselves, knelt in a convenient attitude, and the gleaming ears flew thick and fast through the air:

O! big Joe, little Joe, you bettah go;
Jennie bake 'er hoecake slow, too slow,
All 'roun' de co'n pile,
Hoe jolly ho!
All 'roun' de co'n pile,
Hoe jolly ho.

And the entire crowd joined in the refrain that, bursting out upon the cool night air, was wafted on the winds and echoes and reechoed from the river swamp to the pine-covered ridge. The rustling of the husks and the spirited patter of the clean ears as they fell in the open space in front was like the soft tripping of fairy feet as an accompaniment to the merry music, up and down the levelled walk, keeping time with the music.

By and by there was a short pressation, and an old brown jug was passed from mouth to mouth around the circle. It contained the fiery spirit of the corn, and as each lusty laborer gulped his dram he smacked his lips, and, with a "T'ank'ee, boss," resumed his labors. Then the drum-major struck up a new tune:

From Sat'd'y night 'twell Sunday
De gals is in my min',
But e' Monday mo'nin' I sight am seen,
De w'ite man got me agwine.
O! git erlong down de road,
O! git erlong down de road,
Come, git erlong down de road,
My love,
Come, git erlong down de road.

While I lives in de country
My gal lives in de town;
Sometime I have a notion, love,
To jump in de river an' do de blessin',
O! git erlong down de road,
O! git erlong down de road,
Come, git erlong down de road,
My love,
Come, git erlong down de road.

Higher and higher mounted the stars, and brighter glowed the frosted silver band of the milky way, as it hung suspended midway the blue black vault of the far away heavens. And still the work, if one might class it as work, went on. Charley changed his song, and after he had sung each stanza, with the aid of a few voices, the crowd would join in the refrain, and it sounded as if one voice, so true was the harmony and natural unison.

Jay bird died wid de whoopin' cough,
Sparrer died wid de colic,
'Long come er frog wid a fiddle on 'is back
Quiring de way to de frolic.

Then came the refrain:

O, can't git erlong wid her hog eye,
Can't git erlong wid er hog eye,
Can't git erlong wid her hog eye gal,
An' I can't git erlong wid er hog eye.

Ca'led Miss Sue to de ball las' night,
Sot 'er down to suppah,
She fainted 'n' ovah de table fell
An' stuck 'er nose in de buttah.
O, can't git erlong wid er hog eye,
Can't git erlong wid er hog eye,
Can't git erlong wid her hog eye,
Can't git erlong wid er hog eye gal,
An' I can't git erlong wid er hog eye.

Sent fo' de docteh to fotch er to,
An' he wus sump'n tatah,
She stuck er tu' key bein 'n' er eye,
N' got choke to deaf on er tatah.
Can't git erlong wid er hog eye,
Can't git erlong wid er hog eye,
Can't git erlong wid her hog eye gal,
An' I can't git erlong wid er hog eye.

As the hill grew smaller the exertions were redoubled. Boys too small to shuck corn were busied with baskets carrying the shucks to the tall rail pens, and many were the wrestling matches they would have among the yielding shucks as they trampled them down in the pens. The master of the house, and generally the ladies and some of the neighboring planters, would assemble at a little distance and enjoy the corn shucking and the wild songs quite as much as the negroes. At length the pile would grow so small that the laborers would strike up their "supper song:"

O, forty weight er Johnny cake,
An' fifty weight er cheese,
An' er big pot er hominy,
Ner little pot er pease.
O, Jenny, ain't yo' ash cake done, my da'lin'?
Jenny, ain't yo' ash cake done, my deah?

An' I went to de rivah,
An' I couldn't git across,
An' I give five dollaghs fo' 'n oles blins hoss.
O, Jenny, ain't yo' ash cake done, my da'lin'?
Jenny, ain't yo' ash cake done, my deah?

Big ole buzza'd er flyin by;
sezee, "Ole man, yo' hoss 'll die,"
An' ef 'e dies I'll tan 'is skin,
N' if he lives I'll ride 'im ergin.
O, Jenny, ain't yo' ash cake done, my da'lin'?
Jenny, ain't yo' ash cake done, my deah?

Sol' my hoss in Tennessee,
N he jawbone come back to me,
An' de jawbone popped an' de marrer flew
High 'a my head, an' higher too.
O, Jenny, ain't yo' ash cake done, my da'lin'?
Jenny, ain't yo' ash cake done, my deah?

There would be a scramble for the last ear, and when it was stripped of its husk and tossed on the pile they would make a rush for the master, and, lifting him with willing captives, to their shoulders, they would carry him all around the corn pile, singing, yelling, dancing, and laughing until they were tired out.

"Treat, boss, treat," would then be the cry, and the old brown jug would be passed, and long and deep were the draughts they made.

Under the shadow of the great honey locust trees long tables were set, and heaped and piled in prodigal hospitality were the homely viands of the plantations, with a generous share of the "knickknacks" and goodies of the white folks' table.

"Ca'line, ketch de chickens, an' de blessin', Popper Joe," and then the venerable supernumerary would take his place at the head of the table.

"Good Lo'd mek us tankfu' fo' wot we 'bout to receive, an' bress de missis an' de massa an' all yo' chillen, fo' Christ sake, amen."

Then there were such a clatter of knives and forks and such a rattle of plates and laughter that one unacquainted with the state of affairs could never have dreamed that they were slaves. Supper over, the darkies would assemble in the front yard, and after a few songs and dances they would disperse, and their mellow voices could be heard for a long distance as they tramped homeward through the woods.

Such was an old-time corn shucking, now grown almost obsolete in the South.

## GOOD STORIES OF THE PRESENT DAY.

### The Treasure Hunter's Rich Discovery in the North Carolina Mountains.

I met in Richmond the other day the old man who known in western North Carolina and western Virginia as the Treasure Hunter, and when I urged a strong desire to know how he came by his title, he expressed his willingness to sit down for a talk.

"To begin with," he said, "I am a single man, and have no relatives in America. I came from England in 1872, and intended to buy land and settle down at Greensboro, North Carolina. At Petersburg, Virginia, while en route, I was taken sick and robbed of my money, some $6,000, and when I reached Greensboro I had only about $75 left. I was naturally broken up and discouraged, and after a little time I drifted into the mountain range to the west of Statesville, found a comfortable cave in which to live, and became a hunter-hermit. For the first three months I saw only two human faces. I became accustomed to this wild and solitary life, and entered the towns only when driven to do so by want of provisions or ammunition.

"It was one day in 1873 that I encountered a hunter in the mountains who told me that I was regarded by the outside world as a treasure hunter, and that there was much curiosity concerning my movements. It had been reported that I had found a box of gold in a cave, and a score of men were searching the ranges in the hopes of meeting with luck. This was the first time the idea of treasure had crossed my mind. In my rough jaunts I had discovered several caves, but had not stopped to explore any of them, as I had no thought that they had ever been occupied by man. When I separated from the hunter, who appeared to be a very honest man, I sat down to wonder if it were possible for luck to come back to me through some rich find, and though I smiled at the thought when it first came up, I soon became deeply interested, and that night I scarcely slept for speculating on what might turn up.

"Bright and early next morning I was off up the range to the northwest, intending as my objective point a cave which I had discovered months before in the Iron Mountains, southwest of Morgantown. It took me a day and a half to reach it, for it was in summer, and the mountains were covered with plants, roots, and vines to obstruct travel. The mouth of the cave was under an overhanging ledge, where I had crept for shelter from a fierce rain storm, and before leaving the neighborhood I entered it far enough to see that it was a very roomy place, and that fires had been built there at some time by the hands of man. It seemed to me as I pursued my journey that this cave would be more likely than any other to contain something, but the nearer I came to it the more ridiculous seemed the idea of treasure. Refugees and deserters from the Confederate army no doubt sought the mountains for hiding places, and after the war they were infested by outlaws and moonshiners. I might possibly find a rusty gun or knife, but I could hope for nothing more.

"I came to the spot about noon of the second day, and to tell you the truth I was quite disgusted with myself for being carried away as I had been. I built a fire, cooked a partridge I had shot, and made no move toward entering the cave for a couple of hours. Then I forced myself against my better judgment to prepare three or four torches and light one and enter the place. The opening was about as large as a hogshead, but soon grew larger. I went far then the cave became a chamber. There was a pretty strong draught coming out of it, proving that it had another opening, and the floor and sides were as dry as a bone. It was a good place for snakes and varmints, and I proceeded very cautiously on that account. The firebrands I had previously discovered had been undistarbed. The fire had been built just at the entrance of a circular chamber which must have been twenty-five feet across, and the draught would take all the smoke out of the mouth of the cave and scatter it among the thick pines. I found not only a large heap of ashes and charred wood, but a pile of fagots which had been laid aside and never burned. Near by were a mouldy old haversack, a heap of mould representing a woollen blanket, an army belt, a rusty revolver, a bayonet, a lot of bones of birds and animals, and a pair of boots which had become useless to the wearer when he threw them away.

"It was plain enough that outlaws, deserters, or refugees had made this cave their hiding place, and I began to look for further relics. I started to the right, and circled the chamber just half, and then came to a narrow passageway leading into a second chamber. I went back and circled to the left, but found nothing until I again reached this passage. Leaving a torch burning in the outer chamber, I lighted a second, and passed into the next. The rift or passageway was about ten feet long, and there was almost enough draught here to extinguish my torch. The temperature of the cave stood at about 50°, while that of the summer day outside was fully 85.

"I found the second chamber to be an almost square room, measuring, I should think, 16x24. The floor was not so even as that of the other, nor was the roof as high. The draught came out of a rift or fissure in the roof, but I could not locate the exact spot. I had scarcely entered the place before I knew that an important discovery was on the tapis. There was a bundle of clothes against the rocky side, and two guns, which I afterward found to be shotguns of ancient make, leaned against the side. A pocketed heap of stuff and bones began tearing it to pieces with my foot. The articles were better preserved than in the other room, probably because the room was drier, and because they were directly in the draught of pure air. One of the first things I kicked aside was a small leather trunk, provided with hundred lines of straps, and used as a valise. It was of English make, and while it must have been many years old before it saw the cave, and had probably been there for several years, the leather was still in good condition and the lock all right. There were in addition to the satchel two iron kettles, some tin and crockery, a few knives, cutlery, two or three blankets and bedquilts