The Anderson Intelligencer.

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Sept 25, 1884 11 ly

IN FOREIGN LANDS.

Correspondence of the Intelligencer.

The observing tourist will find much to admire in the French people. In spite of their faults and follies, in spite of their fickleness and frivolity, they are industrious and frugal, clean and neat in their personal habits, courteous and obliging to one another and to strangers, as well as patriotic to the last degree, and possessing unbounded faith in "la belle France."

We left Geneva in the evening, and going by way of Lausanne and Pontarlier, we passed over the mountains of the Jura range and before daylight were far on our way to Paris, which we reached at about 8:00 o'clock in the morning. The region through which we pass before reaching the city is evidently one of the most fertile and best cultivated sections of country which can be found in any land. The neat farm houses, the well trimmed hedges, the fine growing crops, the thriving villages, all give evidence of a thrifty, prosperous and happy people.

"Paris is France," says the proverb, but although this may be true to a certain extent, it is also true that the Frenchman of the provinces possesses the national virtues in a far greater degree than does the Parisian, while the national vices crop out more prominently in the dwellers in the national metropolis. The contrast between the cities of London and Paris are very great, and in not one point, not even on the score of visible wickedness, is the comparison unfavorable to the continental city.

The French Metropolis is located on both sides of the river Seine, and on the islands of the City and St. Louis, by far the larger portion being upon the Northern bank. Its population is about two and a quarter millions, and its walls are twenty-two miles in extent, and have 65 gates. The annual receipts of the municipal government are about $25,000,000. The central point of the city is the Place Royal, along which passes the great thoroughfare of the city, from Southeast to Northwest. This grand avenue, from the Place de la Nation, on the Southeast margin of the city, to the Place de la Bastile, is known as the Rue de Faubourg St. Antoine; from the Place de la Bastile to the Hotel de Ville, it is called Rue St. Antoine; from the Hotel de Ville past the Louvre to Place de la Concorde it is the Rue de Rivoli; from the Place de la Concorde to the Arc de Triomphe, the Avenue des Champs Elysees, and beyond the arch, the Avenue de la Grande Armee; all North of the Seine. To the North as well as on the South beyond the river, the original boulevards, broad avenues constructed on the old fortifications, approximate to a semi-circle in form.

Among the numerous points of interest in the city, it is somewhat difficult to decide what should be seen first; but the Place de la Concorde, on the North bank of the Seine, is not surpassed in interest by anything either within or beyond the walls. It is one of the most historic localities in France and is the most magnificent "Place," or public square in the world. In the centre stands the obelisk of Luxor, one of the most perfect and beautiful monoliths ever designed. It was presented to Louis Philippe by Mehemet Ali, and was brought from Egypt in 1836. Its inscriptions refer to the time of Sesostris, nearly 3,400 years ago. On either side of the obelisk is a fine bronze fountain and surrounding the Place are statues representing eight of the principal cities of France. To the East are the gardens and palace of the Tuileries, with the Louvre beyond; to the West the Champs Elysees with the Arc de Triomphe in the distance; on the South is the Seine, with the Pont de la Concorde connecting with the buildings of the Corps Legislatif on the other bank, and on the North are the offices of the Marine Department, and at the end of Rue Royal, the Mamalaine. This square has had a bloody history. Here at the marriage of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette in 1770 a panic resulted in the death of more than one thousand persons. Here in 1793 the guillotine was set up and numbered among its thousands of victims, the King Louis XVI, Charlotte Corday, Marie Antoinette, Danton, Robespierre and others. Here also occurred one of the most desperate struggles of the Commune in 1871. Three times have foreign armies encamped here. The Russians in 1814, the English in 1815 and the Prussians in 1871; and yet to see the Place de la Concorde of to-day, filled with the life, the beauty, the fashion of this gay capitol, one would never dream of the sanguinary scenes it has witnessed in the past.

East of the Place de la Concorde, beyond the gardens, is the palace of the Tuileries, which was destroyed by the Communists of 1871. The place is now occupied by temporary structures used by the Post Office department until the completion of their new building. Beyond this is the palace of the Louvre, also partially destroyed by the Commune, but since rebuilt. It is an immense pile of buildings, with a frontage of nearly half a mile on the Rue de Rivoli, and lying between that avenue and the river. The Eastern portion of the palace was occupied in 1572 by Catherine de Medici and her son, Charles IX, and here that weak and bigoted monarch consented to the horrible massacre of St. Bartholomew, the great bell of the church of St. Germaine L'Auxerrois, just opposite, tolling forth the dread signal throughout that awful night. The Louvre is a vast store-house of both ancient and modern art. Its galleries of sculpture contain an immense collection of the best work of the Grecian masters, including the Venus de Milo, the Borghese Gladiator, the Apollo Sauroktonos and many others, as well as a large number of the best works of more modern artists; while the acres of canvas in the picture galleries include Murillo's Immaculate Conception, purchased in 1852 for $123,000, Paul Veronese's Marriage at Cana, with many other masterpieces and an innumerable and invaluable collection of the works of the best artists of all nations and all schools.

About a half a mile East of the Louvre is the new Hotel de Ville, or City Hall, built on the site of the old structure which was destroyed in 1871. The new Hall is said to fully equal if not surpass its predecessor in point of magnificence and architectural beauty. Still farther on we see the tall "Column of July" rising to a height of 154 feet in the Place de la Bastile, famous as the location of that ancient prison, destroyed in the first revolution, the outline of whose foundations is marked in white stone in the pavement of the square. The column was erected in 1840 in memory of the "July heroes," and bears the names of 615 victims who fell during the Revolution.

On the South side of the river, and nearly South of the Louvre, is the palace of the Luxembourg, with its extensive gardens and its fine collection of modern paintings and statuary. Farther West, the great gilded dome of the Hotel des Invalides attracts our attention. This cathedral-looking structure was built in 1680, but was prepared as a tomb for the first of the Bonapartes by Louis Philippe in 1840, the remains being brought from St. Helena and deposited here in December of that year. The tomb is an open, circular crypt, 36 feet in diameter, directly beneath the dome. The sarcophagus is of red Finland granite, is 14 feet high, 13 feet in length and weighs 67 tons. All around are battle flags and statues of victory and in the floor is a laurel wreath wrought in costly mosaic. Above the door of the crypt is the following inscription, taken from the will of Napoleon: "I desire that my ashes may repose upon the banks of the Seine, in the midst of the French people, whom I have ever loved." Within the same building are also buried Duroc and Bertrand, and Joseph and Jerome Bonaparte. Standing by the side of this solemn crypt, with the gorgeous light from the stained glass windows shedding an almost supernatural glory over the scene, and gazing down upon the massive sarcophagus which contains all the mortal remains of this mighty conqueror, his wondrous history comes back to us, and while the folly of human ambition is made more evident, our admiration for the genius and ability of this remarkable man increases. We see him, a subaltern from Corsica, rising by his own ability, until, crowned by his own hand, he is seated on the throne of France. We see him in Egypt, electrifying his army with these words: "Soldiers! from the summit of the pyramids forty centuries are looking down upon you." We see him at the bridge of Lodi, leading at the head of his troops the desperate charge. All over Europe his eagles were borne and the echoes of his cannon were heard; until, crushed by the strength of a continent, this interloper, this man of the people, fell. His rise and fall, and the subsequent history of France contains lessons for the nations.

A short distance from the Hotel des Invalides, which, by the way, was founded by Louis XIV, as a home for old soldiers and contains accommodations for about 5,000 pensioners, is the Military School, facing on the Northwest the Champs de Mars, a broad open field now used as a parade ground, but where the Exposition of 1878 was held. Just across the Seine is the Palace of the Trocadero, the only permanent building erected for the exhibition. It is in the form of a semi-circle, facing the river, and is occupied by various art museums, ethnological collections, etc. Nearly North of the Trocadero is the Arc de Triomphe, at the Northwest end of the Champs Elysees. This massive arch, 160 feet high, the finest of its kind in the world, was dedicated by Napoleon 1st to the glory of the French army; but was completed in 1836 by Louis Philippe. Its location is one of the most commanding in Paris, and from its summit a fine view is obtained. From its base radiate twelve great avenues or boulevards, broad and roomy, with rows of trees on either side. A half mile to the West, beyond the fortifications, is the famous Bois de Boulogne, a forest of 2,500 acres, which has several times been cut down, the last time in 1871; but the kind hand of Nature is rapidly restoring the wood to its former beauty.

The Avenue des Champs Elysees is a little more than a mile in length from the great arch to the Place de la Concorde, and with its surroundings is unequalled as a pleasure resort. On either side are promenades, shaded walks, flower gardens, fountains, merry-go-rounds for the children, cafes chantants or open air concerts, and every imaginable form of amusement, which, with the crowd of gay equipages, riders and pedestrians make it on summer afternoons and evenings the pleasure resort of the world, and gives to the tourist an opportunity of studying to good advantage the peculiar features of Parisian out-door life.

Of the churches of Paris the Cathedral of Notre Dame, located on an island in the river, is entitled to the first mention. It was founded in 1163 on the site of a temple to Jupiter and is a little over 400 feet in length with a nave 110 feet high. The exterior is especially pleasing, the three stories of the facade, with richly sculptured portals below, the statues of the French kings above, surmounted by a gallery of pointed arches and the twin towers rising over all, producing a very fine effect; but the interior hardly sustains expectation. The stained glass windows are of great richness, however, and the great rose window, 42 feet in diameter, is one of the finest in the world. The massive columns of the nave present the peculiar feature of Gothic alternating with the circular. In 1792 the church was converted into a Temple of Reason. Near Notre Dame, and also on the island, is the Palais de Justice, and in one of the courts is Sainte Chapelle, a small Gothic building of wondrous beauty regarded as the finest specimen of the Gothic in France.

Beyond the Seine, and near the Luxembourg palace, is the Pantheon, or church of St. Genevieve, the protectress of the city. It occupies a commanding position and is one of the finest architectural structures in Paris. Its groups of statuary are especially fine. Nearly East of the Pantheon, on the South bank of the Seine, is the Jardin des Plantes, containing a fine collection of flowers and plants, as well as a menagerie and valuable museums of anatomy, zoology, botany, geology, etc.

North of the Seine, and near the Place de la Concorde, is the church of the Madeleine, a classical structure, modeled after the Parthenon at Athens. Its colonnades and porticoes are very striking in appearence. Near by is the Place Vendome, with the Vendome Column, erected by Napoleon the 1st, in honor of victories over the Austrians and Russians. More than 1,200 captured cannon were used in its construction to furnish the bronze plates with which the core of masonry is covered. In general appearance, it is not unlike Trajan's column at Rome. It was thrown down by the Communists in 1871, but has since been re-erected, and the shattered statue of the great emperor restored.

As it is to be expected, Paris has no lack of theatres and other places of amusement; but the Grand Opera is the only one which claims especial attention. This is the largest and most magnificent theatre building in the world, and cost $9,000,000. The exterior is adorned with numerous allegorical groups of statuary, and the decorations of the interior, with the grand staircase, surpass any other modern structure.

Of the numerous points of interest in the vicinity of Paris, the palace and gardens of Versailles, with their vast collections of historic paintings and their wonderful fountains, and the Abbey church of St. Denis, for centuries the burial place of French royalty, were the only ones visited by us.

Months instead of days should be given to Paris; but as our time was limited, we were obliged to pass hastily over many points of interest and leave almost untouched many things which under more favorable circumstances should receive greater attention.

From Paris our trip was an uneventful one. We went by train to Dieppe, thence across the channel to Newhaven, and on to London, and thence to Liverpool; where we again took the good ship City of Chicago, of the Inman Line, and after a pleasant but somewhat rough voyage, reached our native land and home in safety, with (it is to be hoped) broader views of the world and humanity, and a better appreciation of the blessings we here enjoy.

In closing this series of letters we feel like thanking those friends who have followed us so patiently week after week in all our wanderings. We have felt painfully at times, the disadvantage under which we labored in attempting to give in correspondence, written amid the bustle and changing scenes of travel, any satisfactory idea of the lands beyond the sea; but if the broken, disjointed and fragmentary descriptions we have been able to present, shall be the means of arousing in the hearts of those who have read them a better appreciation of this beautiful world in which we are permitted to live, and of stimulating in the minds of the young a desire to know more by study and travel of its wondrous history and present condition, then these letters have not been written in vain.

TRAVELER.

A Rich and Respected Texas Man Arrested for an old Murder.

AUSTIN TEXAS, September 21.—In the Spring of 1871 there appeared in Johnson County a new-comer named Berry Williams. He was joined soon afterward by his wife and two children, the latter infants. The man seemed to avoid references to his past life, and there appeared to be some mystery as to the place of his previous residence. Williams, however, lived such an upright life that the mystery of his first appearance was soon forgotton, and he came to be ranked as one of the best men in the County. A year later his wife was seized with a fever and died, leaving Williams alone with his orphans. He made suit to one of the most cultivated young ladies of the County, who, notwithstanding some objections from her family, subsequently became his wife. His new relations spurred Williams to greater exertions than ever. He added to his acres, his stock multiplied, he erected a fine house, and, in fact, his worldly affairs were thoroughly prosperous. With his increase of means he proved himself to be public spirited. In charity circles he was a conspicuous member as well as a liberal giver. He was made Chairman of the County School Commissioners, and was noted for his progressive tendencies. His family circle, increased by the addition of six rosy-cheeked children, was one of the most pleasant in the County. In short, Berry Williams had fairly won his place at the head of the County—socially, morally and financially.

Two months ago, however, a marked change came over him, which change was caused in some way by the advent of a stranger from Georgia. Later a visit was paid to the executive office by Sheriff Foster of Upson County, Ga. He proceeded thence to the residence of Mr. Williams, in Johnson County. Mrs. Williams welcomed the stranger, not knowing his sad errand, and she was dumbfounded when her husband came in and, seeing the stranger, struck his hand to his forehead and exclaimed: "Is there no mercy in this world?" The wife and children clung around the knees of the husband and father, and begged to know what was the matter. With streming eyes Williams turned to his wife and told her the story of his life. He had served faithfully in the Confederate army during the whole term of the war. He came out of it with dissipated habits. One night in the Winter of 1871, at a mill in Upson County, Ga., he had a fight with a relative named Calvin. They were both severely wounded. Calvin died and Williams was lodged in jail to answer the charge of murder. Aided by friends he escaped, and for 13 years in the home of his adoption he had endeavored to live down the memory of his crime. In an evil hour an adventurer from Georgia who knew the story of his life made his appearance, and thus his whereabouts became known. The story of the arrest created unbounded excitement in the County. There were those who favored a forcible resistance to the act of the Georgia Sheriff. The parting scene between Williams and his family was very affecting. The citizens have held a meeting, at which a petition was gotten up to Governor McDaniel, of Georgia, asking him to pardon Williams. The petition will be carried to Georgia by a prominent attorney.—*New York Times.*

She Swallowed Rat Poison.

Miss Annie Jacobs, twenty-two years old, a charming young lady of unexceptional character, who resided with her mother in South Hingham, Mass., committed suicide Saturday evening at her home by taking a dose of "Rough on Rats." She had been keeping company with Everett Hatch, bookkeeper in a large manufactory at Rockland, whose acquaintance she formed at a party in Hingham about two years ago. They finally became engaged. The young man has of late been waiting upon a Rockland lady. This fact has apparently worked upon Miss Jacobs' mind until, unable to bear the suspense longer, she on Saturday procured a team and visited Rockland.

She called at the factory and remained several hours with her prospective husband. During the conversation he told her that he had felt for a long time that they could not live happily together, and that in the future he could be no more than a friend to her. She gave vent to her feelings in tears, but gave no intimation of taking her life. Upon her return home that evening she appeared to be laboring under great mental excitement, but nothing was thought of it at the time. She retired to her room and shortly afterwards her mother was attracted by moans proceeding from her daughter's room. When Mrs. Jacobs entered the room Annie was writhing in the agonies of death. Although a physician made every effort to save her she died in terrible agony.

Wanted—A Friend.

One who will recognize me when I am compelled to wear patched breeches; who will take me by the hand when I am sliding down hill, instead of giving me a kick to hasten my descent; who will loan me $5 without requiring $20 worth of security; who will come to see me when I am sick; who will pull off his coat and fight for me when the odds are two to one; who will talk of me behind my back as he talks to my face. Such a friend is wanted by ten thousand times ten thousand human beings throughout the broad earth.—*San Francisco News Letter.*

— The Keowee *Courier* is informed that on Tuesday morning last there was a killing frost at Highlands, N. C., and that corn and all other vegetation in that section were killed.

OUR WOMEN IN THE WAR.

STARVATION IN THE VALLEY.

Sad Scenes Under the Shadows of Massanutten Mountain.

Shenandoah, of Warren Co., Va., in Charleston Weekly News.

During the late war there was perhaps no section of the country subject to such continued and varied trials as the northwestern portion of the Virginia Valley. It was "debatable land," lying near the dividing line of the armies, and knew not to-day whether to-morrow would find it under the dominion of the Blue or the Grey. Scattered through the country were farm-houses, inhabited at this time solely by women and children and old men too decrepid to handle weapons in the field or implements of husbandry at home. These were dependent upon their own exertions for the necessaries of life. Too far from the Potomac to run the blockade and obtain supplies by trading across the border, and levied upon for the sustenance of each army in turn, their condition was most unenviable. All that could be prudently spared, in the first place, had been patriotically donated to the support of the Southern army. Then came that inhuman order of Sheridan's: "The Shenandoah Valley must be devastated till the crows passing over it will have to carry their rations with them." This edict was carried out with a zeal worthy a better cause. Midnight skies were livid with the flames from burning mills, where was being consumed the breadstuffs gathered for winter stores by each little neighborhood. Helpless women and children looked on while granaries, meat-houses, hog-pens and hen-houses were rifled of the meagre stores that had been collected with much labor and privation. Cows were driven off, sheep there were none, and every horse that could drag a plough or draw a cart was impressed for the use of the Federal army or shot to render them useless to the Confederates.

Then came the vital question to these sorely tried people: What are we to do? Without horses to till the ground or haul fuel for winter fires, how can we keep our children from freezing and starving?" Up to this time the ladies, many of whom in ante-bellum days had never learned to use the broom—frail, delicate women—had, with the help of grand-fathers and children, or the desultory aid of freedmen, managed to cultivate enough of the pasture lot and garden to supply the family needs for food; but even this without horse power would become impossible. Equally impossible without some mode of conveyance was it for these unhappy people to seek food and protection within the Southern lines. There seems nothing left for them to do but to subsist as long as they could on the herbs and roots from their little gardens, and after that death by starvation, or deliverance by the Southern army. The latter hope seemed a forlorn one, and the approaching winter was looked forward to with feelings that will long be remembered in the Valley.

A WIDOW'S WOES.

It was at this period and in this locality that the incident which I am about to relate occurred. Mrs. B., a widow lady and relative of the writer, lived on a snug farm, washed on one side by the quiet Shenandoah, and overshadowed on the other by the blue Massanutten mountains. Her only two grown sons were in the army around Richmond, and she was left in her lonely, isolated home with a house full of children to support and protect. Up to this time they had struggled along bravely enough, even after their old servants had deserted them. The boys, though young, managed to cultivate the garden and some small patches of grain. The girls milked the cows, fed the pigs and poultry and helped with the housework generally. The cooking-stove and wash-tub took the place of sewing machine and piano in the once cozy sitting-room, yet despite their privations they kept brave hearts and always had a wholesome meal and cheerful words for any Confederate that might pause at the hospitable door.

But at last came a woeful day when these means of livelihood at one fell swoop were taken from them. A band of blue coated cavalrymen came to "clean 'em out," and the meaning of this phrase can only be understood by those who have suffered the process. Everything eatable, dead or alive, was confiscated. One of the little girls, hearing the piercing squeals of the butchered hogs, ran out, and with streaming eyes begged for a small porker that was about to be sacrificed. The rough soldier had a soft spot, (as who has not?) and touched by her entreaties gave piggy into her keeping. The rescued innocent was thenceforth domiciled in an outer room and christened "Job" because of the afflictions it had seen in the wasting of its household. They were fortunate enough to have concealed in the kitchen "loft" a few bags of grain, intending to send them to the mill a little later. By parching and pounding this they managed to make cakes that could be eaten, and upon this, with a little sorghum molasses and dried fruit that had been hidden away, they subsisted for a time.

"JOB," THE PET PIG.

In all these days of death "Job" never failed in his portion; his little mistress faithfully divided her rations with him, and he grew and fattened as only such an admired animial could. Indeed, he became quite an important member of the family, following his owner from room to room like a dog, and seeming to realize his dignity as one of the only two four-footed beasts remaining on the place. The other quadruped was a superannuated horse, blind in one eye, and so clearly unfit for the commonest duties that the Yankees had not thought "Old Bet" worth killing. They little guessed the abilities buried in that old skeleton.

On one occasion some Federal officers stopped at the house, and seeing the piano in the unused parlor, requested one of the young ladies to play. She complied, sorely against her will, but afraid to refuse. Her little sister, attracted by the unwonted sound of music, stole into the room to listen. "Everywhere his mistress went," Job, like the much parodied lamb, "was sure to go." So in he walked, grunting his appreciation of the performance and gazing with placid curiosity at the officers. These latter, surprised and shocked at such an addition to their audience, expressed their unreserved opinions of the same. The little girl, indignant at this reflection upon her protege, stepped to the front with flashing eyes, exclaiming:

"If it *is* a pig, I'd rather have him in my parlor than a Yankee soldier. He always *behaves* himself and YOU *don't*."

Discharging this Parthian arrow she retired in good order, followed by her uncouth attendant and amid roars of laughter from the astonished officers.

Perhaps in the days of prophets the widow's little store of grain might have been miraculously multiplied and the keg of sorghum increased, but in that degenerated time no such thing occurred. Day by day the supply diminished and the cakes grew thinner, till at length one morning the mother announced with tearful eyes that the last of them appeared on the table before them. An ominous silence ensued, broken by the entrance of Job, who walked around to where his mistress sat and waited for his accustomed food. A sudden look of intelligence flashed into the faces of the older members of the family, and the mother reading their thoughts, said:

"Nellie, I'm afraid it has become a question of Job's life or ours; he is very fat and would last us a good while, or else we could exchange the meat with Bob Crow for some corn, and hold out till the Southern army comes and leaves us something. It can't be long before they come to help us now."

"Kill Job!" cried the child, "I'd just as soon eat a piece of Emma as to eat him. Oh! mother, just wait, anyhow, until to-morrow. I heard Uncle Jake tell Bob Crow this morning that the Yankee General had brought a whole lot of things over to Middletown and that the Rebels could get a plenty to eat if they would only go for it there. Only just wait and let us see if it is so."

ANYTHING TO SAVE JOB.

The child's pleadings prevailed, and during the day there was a confirmation of the morning report. An old, gray-haired neighbor stopped at the well for a drink. He had a meal sack on his arm, and told them he was on his way to M., six miles distant, to draw rations for his family of orphan grand-children, and advised them to lose no time in following his example.

The Federal authorities, smitten with late regret for the vigorous measures that had reduced the Valley to its present condition, had really sent a store of army supplies to the neighboring village, from whence each family could draw rations enough to at least sustain life. But this clemency was accompanied by such conditions as to render it a great trial to any Southerner who availed herself of it. Besides, it was a difficult matter for women and children to walk so far and carry away a sufficient supply for even a very small family, and there were no other means of transportation. The matter was discussed pro and con in the widow's household, and the motion "laid upon the table" over night.

Next morning, while breakfasting on a few small potatoes, minus salt, there appeared at the door Mrs. S., the wife of a neighboring farmer. She was mounted on a queer specimen of a steed, the remains of what had once been a stout plough horse, but now a sad wreck of its former self. Having been for weeks hidden in the swamp it was gaunt and fly-bitten, and one of its feet, which had been stung by a snake, was swollen to the size of a man's head. Still even such a "mount" as this was considered rather a "swell" affair in those days, and they all flocked to the porch to welcome their visitor.

She, too, was full of the tidings that "there was corn in Egypt," was on her way now to M., and wanted Mrs. B. to accompany her.

"But, how can I go?" quoth the latter. "I can't walk so far with such a load, and your horse can only carry you."

"Saddle Old Bet there and try her. She ought to last you there, and, maybe, live to bring you back. Anyhow, it's worth the trial."

All eyes turned upon Old Bet, who was at that moment calmly munching the contents of a straw bed which had been emptied upon the ground the evening before for her benefit. And all saw that though the spirit was there, the flesh was ominously weak.

"Besides," added Mrs. B., "I've never asked a favor of the Yankees, or placed myself in a position to be humiliated by them. I don't believe I could do it."

"Yes you can," was the reply. "Anything rather than see the children suffer. And as for favors, I don't consider that we're asking any favor of them. It's only getting back a little of all they've stolen from us, and I believe in doing that whenever we can. Come, get ready, and let us be off."

"Yes, mother, anything to save Job," summed up Nellie. And before she knew what she was about, Mrs. B. found herself perched upon a dilapidated saddle on old Bet's back, hobbling down the lane in the wake of her enterprising neighbor, bearing on her arm the empty sack that was to bring back food to the waiting household.

They might almost as well have been mounted on snails for the progress they made, and when they came to the river, which had to be forded, it proved a very Rubicon to them. It was crossed though, as all Rubicons are, in the course of time, and noon found them at their destination, where

A STRANGE SCENE MET THEIR SIGHT.

From all quarters were coming the wretched inhabitants, intent, like themselves, upon securing food for the hungry mouths at home. Here a tired woman, with a babe on one arm and a little toddler clinging to her skirts, appeared with a home-made basket to carry away her treasures of flour and meal. There a twelve year old boy, dragging a little wooden cart of his own construction, and very proud of overcoming the difficulties of transportation. Old men, bent and gray, leaning on their stout canes, and having slung over their shoulders the cast-off haversack picked up from the deserted battlefield. Aged women, hobbling along, accompanied by tow-headed grandchildren, and bringing neatly folded in hand their calico "bundle"—handkerchiefs. Shy young girls, with basket and bag, blushing under the impudent leers and coarse jests of the loafing soldiery. All were there, but never a man appeared among them capable of bearing arms. These were all with Lee and Rosser at their posts of duty. Two or three sorry wrecks of horseflesh, similar to those we've described, were fastened near the commissary quarters, with these exceptions, the applicants were all afoot. As our two friends rode into view they were greeted with laughter and jeers by the young orderlies and privates lounging around.

"Halloo, sis!" cried one, as the swollen foot of Mrs. S.'s horse caught his eye. "Halloo, sis! you've been living so high at your house that your horse has got the *gout—you* can't want any rations."

"No! no!" cried his comrade, "they've been running a race, this one has lost his *shoe* and they've shod him with a *camp kettle!*"

A little further on another group seemed struck with the corrugated appearance of the poor fly-bitten animal's back, and one exclaimed:

"I say, boys, alligator hides is the fashion for horses to wear this fall."

Then they were besieged with offers for their steeds. One wanted Bet for a work-bench, another thought she'd suit him for a hat-rack. There were wagers laid upon the comparative speed of the two poor beasts, and amid this clamor and raillery they made their way to the store. Here the weary waiting for their turn to be served, the questions asked, the impertinences to which they were subjected, need not be chronicled by me. Enough, that they finally obtained the supplies, and struggling back to their waiting horses with their burdens, they remounted and set out for home, when the sun had already commenced its decline.

If the morning's journey had been slow and painful, much more so was the return, for the poor tired animals had the increased weight of the full sacks to carry. Sometimes Old Bet's strength seemed utterly to desert her at the foot of a hill, and she would stop in the full belief that she could not budge one inch further. Then Mrs. S. would call out:

"Mrs. B., it is nearly dusk. These woods are full of Yankee raiders, and we *must* cross that river before dark."

Then Mrs. B. would pluck up courage, wipe a furtive tear from her eye and gently urge Bet a little further on. But this process, often repeated, consumed much valuable time, and when they at length reached the river bank night was upon them. Arrived there, they found to their dismay that the stream had risen some inches since morning, it having rained in the mountain the night before. If the fording had been difficult when their horses were comparatively fresh and the river at its usual height, it would be sheer madness for Bet to attempt it in her present exhausted condition. Holding a council of war, Mrs. S. said:

"Now, you know, Mrs. B., I've got to go back to my sick baby to night at all risks. My horse is stronger than yours, and both he and I can swim if necessary. You couldn't swim a stroke if your life depended upon it, and mustn't try to cross. But, I'll tell you what you can do. Go to Mrs. Harris's just through the woods, there's a near cut through the fields, and stay there all night. I will call by and tell the children not to be uneasy about you."

"But," cried Mrs. B., "how can I find my way to Mrs. Harris's. It's too dark to see the road."

"There's no road to see. Just cross the corner of this field and skirt the edge of the woods for a little way, and you can see the lights from the house just below the hill."

A LONELY NIGHT IN THE WOODS.

With these directions she was compelled to content herself, and waiting on the bank she saw her companion plunge into the stream. Then she heard the splash and struggle through the rushing waters, and, after what seemed an eternity, heard the faint sound of the horse's hoofs as he struck the further shore. Then a feeling of forlornness came over her such as she had never felt before, as she turned to seek the house of the neighbor with whom she purposed spending the night. She followed the directions given as well as she could, but, after stumbling along through the darkness awhile, and finding no signs of human habitation near, felt sure she must have lost her way. Once she heard the baying of dogs, and tried to guide herself by the sound, but it grew fainter, and she knew she was going away from instead of approaching them. The reader must recollect there were no enclosed fields then; the fences had been long ago devoured by a hundred campfires. The country was like open prairie, roadways were abandoned in favor of "short cuts" and were overgrown with brambles and grass, old landmarks had disappeared, and one might wander without let or hindrances for miles through the desolated country with but little to guide his way. Hence it was impossible for Mrs. B. to guess where she was or what course to pursue. By the faint glimmer of the stars she could see that she was in an old stump field—an impassable river on one side and a dismal wood on the other. In her despair she thought of shouting aloud for help. Then she remembered that the camp of the enemy could not be very far distant, and her dread at being discovered by some of the roving parties of soldiery was greater than her fear of spending the chilly, lonely night in this terrible solitude. She continued to struggle blindly on, till at length old Bet, who had been giving unmistakable signs of failing, stopped short with a groan, trembling in every limb.

Accepting the inevitable with the calmness of despair, Mrs. B. dismounted, took off the sack and saddle and prepared to camp for the night. She first took some meal from the bag and held it to the horse's mouth. It was eagerly devoured, and as much more as she felt she could spare. Then the night being a cool one even for autumn, she wrapped the saddle blanket about her, and so reclining on the saddle with her head resting on her precious stores, she waited with what patience she might for daylight and release. The wind sighed mournfully through the dry rustling broom-sedge where she lay, and the air seemed full of moans and whispers. Sometimes there came from the woods the hoot of an owl, then the cracking of a dry branch, sharp and sudden as the report of a pistol, would startle the overwrought nerves. Many times she fancied she could hear the muffled tread of horses or stealthy steps of soldiers approaching, and her blood curdled in her veins, and she waited with bated breath and closed eyes, fearing the fate that might befall her. The half-charred, half-bleached stumps around assumed uncanny shapes in the dim, weird light. Sometimes they seemed like crouching beasts of prey, ready to spring upon her; sometimes they seemed misshapen human figures rising from the ground. Then again she seemed in the midst of an old neglected burial ground and these were the grotesque stones that marked the forgotten graves. Then came to her remembrance all the horrible tales she had heard when a child, stories of ghosts and demons, of sorcery and crime, told by the negro nurses as they sat by the blazing kitchen fire in the old home. All the vague superstitions buried with her childhood returned to haunt her now with redoubled horrors as she cowered alone in the gloom and silence there. Then, too, there were the real, tangible troubles, the ever recurring thought of the children at home, their unprotected condition, their grief and despair if she should never live to get back to them. The only comfort she had through the cold, weary hours of that dreadful night was the proximity of old Bet. 'Twas something to have near her a living, breathing creature of whom she was not afraid. And the horse, either attracted by the food or with a vague sense of companionship, remained close beside her, occasionally rubbing her gently with her nose, as though to assure her that she, too, was keeping vigil.

MORNING AT LAST.

Finally, when the chill and loneliness and fatigue had become almost insupportable, she heard a cock crow quite near, then another, and she knew that morning was at hand. The dawn at last faintly streaked the eastern sky, and soothed and relieved by the sight the tired woman sank into a profound slumber. The sun shining full in her face awakened her, and rising stiffly she rubbed her eyes, looked around and remembered where she was. The horse was still near, and 'twas the work of but a few moments to saddle and equip her for her journey. A column of smoke ascending above a hill to the left suggested that a dwelling was not far off. Turning in that direction and proceeding a few hundred yards, she came in sight of the very house she had sought so vainly the night before. It was too provoking to think her having been within such easy reach of shelter and safety and to have missed it as she did. The cause, too, was apparent enough now when she looked back to her starting point. Instead of moving in the direction indicated, she had been all that time traveling in a circle and going over the same ground.

She was soon made welcome to her neighbor's house, and had sympathetic listeners to her story of "hairbreadth 'scapes." All possible aid and comfort was afforded her. One of the boys carried her across the river in a small boat, and conveyed her bag of provisions from thence to the house for her. There how she was welcomed and made much of and pitied; how that precious sack was opened and part of its contents converted into a savory dinner, such as had not cheered them for weeks; how Job was released from durance by his little mistress, who had previously hidden him in the cellar for safety, it is not my part to tell. But I must relate the fact that old Bet survived that journey, and as soon as she felt strong enough for the undertaking left Mrs. Harris's protection and struck out for home. There she appeared one morning standing expectantly before the door, and was received with joyful acclamations by the whole family, and another straw bed was emptied for her delectation.

Little Nellie's devotion to her swinish protege brought its own reward. Events proved that there had been a mistake in the christening of the animal. Instead of "Job" it should have been "Tabitha," or "Elizabeth," or "Deborah." This fact received confirmation when, as time passed, she presented her mistress with a number of infantile copies of herself. These grew and flourished wonderfully to a pig, and furnished the small family not only with bacon, lard and spare ribs the next season, but enough was sold of their flesh to supply many a deficiency in other necessaries of life. "Mrs. Job" herself, as we must now call her, was not sacrificed to these needs, but lived to a green old age, the "progenitress" of many a family of curly-tailed descendants. Even when peace was declared and the sons of the house returned to their "own vine and figtree," the broken fortunes of the family rendered such addition to their means of subsistence very necessary.

The writer remembers attending an entertainment in honor of the returned soldiers after the close of the war and meeting with Miss Nellie clad in a very becoming "store-bought" dress with accompanying ribbons, and a pair of fine cloth boots upon her feet. Remarking upon the unwanted resplendence of this attire, she asked the young lady if she had received, as was very common then, a box from some friends residing in the North. "Oh no," she replied. "Job got these for me. At least, the last lot of pigs I sold brought the money for them. And, more than this, only think, I sent on and bought mother some real 'store tea' and coffee too."

An Outrage on Decency.

Dispatch to the Sunday News.

NEW YORK, September 20.—A wild attempt was made to-day to explode a new scandal against Cleveland, in answer, perhaps, to the second batch of Mulligan letters. All the papers have received slips giving the result of the Rev. Mr. Ball's latest investigations. According to these new tales it seems that whenever Mr. Cleveland visits Buffalo a mysterious veiled woman appears and takes up her quarters near him. This is the sum and substance of the accusation. Wherever the story has been told to-day it has been met with contemptuous ridicule. The Rev. Mr. Ball must try again.

Our eminent citizens are still conspicuously absent from the Blaine camp here.

H. H. H.

The story referred to by the *Sunday News* correspondent is evidently that which was contained in a Cleveland, Ohio, dispatch to the Chicago *News*, and published on the 18th inst. In substance it is as follows:

The Rev. George H. Ball, pastor of the Hudson street Baptist Church, of Buffalo, writing to the Rev. D. H. Muller, D. D., pastor of the Scoville avenue Methodist Episcopal Church of this city, discusses the alleged licentiousness and immorality of Grover Cleveland. Dr. Muller was for several years a member of the Methodist Episcopal Conference in Western New York, was for eleven years a pastor in Buffalo, is an honorary member of the Ministers' Association of that city, and is personally acquainted with Dr. Ball. Dr. Muller says he was desirous, as a Christian minister, to obtain a concise statement of the case that could be depended upon, and in that spirit wrote to Dr. Ball, and yesterday received an answer in which the doctor says:

"Grover Cleveland was little known in Buffalo till he was nominated for mayor. He averaged fairly as a lawyer; many years ago he served as sheriff; he lived secluded from general society; he was brought before the public by accident; his private morals were presumed to be correct. Before his nomination for the Presidency his deeds of darkness began to come to light. The Rochester *Union*, Boston *Globe* and other newspapers advertised his unchastity. Prominent Democrats in Buffalo confirmed the bad reports, and physicians, police officers, detectives and other citizens whose professional duties or business relations made them cognizant of the facts related them privately to some of our pastors. The shocking disclosures were discussed at the ministers' meeting. Letters were written by several of the pastors to editors of Christian journals to put them on their guard. Investigations disclosed still more proof of debaucheries too horrible to relate and too vile to be readily believed. For many years days devoted to business have been followed by nights of sin. He had lived a bachelor, had no home, and avoided the restraints even of hotel or boarding house life. The Halpin case was not solitary. Women now married and anxious to cover the sins of their youth have been his victims, and are now alarmed lest their relations to him shall be exposed. Some disgraced and broken-hearted victims of his lust now slumber in the grave. Abundant rumors implicate him at Albany. Well authenticated facts convict him in Buffalo. His repeated visits to this city have been preceded with one or two exceptions by the appearance of a veiled female at the foot of the stairs leading to his rooms. She has entered his rooms, set things in order, remained with him while he remained, and departed when he returned to the capital.

— Three negroes were bitten by a mad dog near Ridge Spring, Edgefield County, last week. The dog was killed afterwards.

— There is a soap factory in Charlotte that turns out two tons of soap a day. A dozen different brands of toilet soaps are manufactured.