SHERMAN IN CUBA.

SECRETARY OF STATE'S VISIT TO THE QUEEN OF THE ANTILLES.

FRANK CARPENTER WITH HIM.

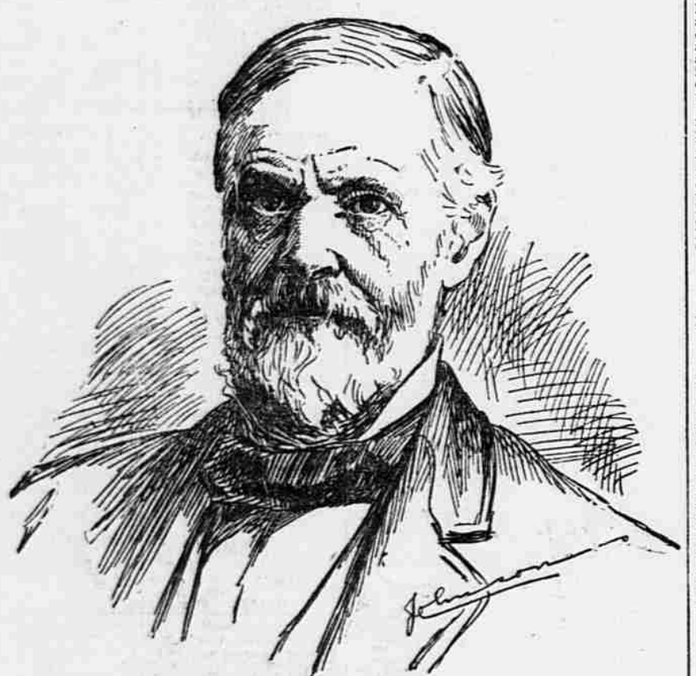
A CONGENIAL SENATORIAL PARTY IN THE SOUTH.

Some Stories of the Charleston Earthquake—The Trip to Havana—How the Captain General Honored Sherman—Sherman on Annexation.

Washington, March 13.—It is now ten years almost to a day since Senator Sherman invited me to make a trip with him to the island of Cuba. Mr. Sherman was then president pro tem of the senate, and as such, by the death of Vice President Hendricks, he was the acting vice president of the United States. Now Mr. Sherman is the head of our state department, and one of the chief subjects with which he has to deal is Cuba.

The trip which we made had no diplomatic significance. It was merely a pleasure tour for fun and rest. Senator Sherman was tired out after a hard session of congress, and took a party of a half dozen senators and friends along with him. He had with him some of the best fellows who ever came to the United States senate. There were Palmer, of Michigan, the philosophic millionaire from Detroit, who was afterward minister to Spain; General Manderson, of Omaha, who is now acting as the attorney of the Burlington railroad system; General Anson G. McCook, of New York, then the clerk of the senate; Mr. Babcock, Senator Sherman's private secretary, and a half dozen ladies, the wives, daughters and nieces of the United States senators. We spent some time in traveling through the South before we went to Florida, visiting Charleston, Savannah and other points. Senator Sherman was the life of the party. He told numbers of good stories, and enjoyed himself like a boy out for a holiday. It was the same with Senator Palmer, who now and then sang a Methodist hymn by way of variation, and with General Manderson, who was the most indefatigable of all our sightseers.

F. G. CARPENTER.



SECRETARY OF STATE JOHN SHERMAN.

Some Earthquake Incidents.

We met with funny incidents everywhere. We arrived in Charleston shortly after the earthquake, and Senator Sherman was much interested in investigating the destruction which had been occasioned by it. He asked many questions of the people concerning it. I remember one old colored woman with whom he conversed somewhat as follows:

"Where were you, auntie, when the shock came?"

"I was in de church a-praying, sah?" the old negress replied.

"And did you not run out?" asked Senator Sherman.

"No, indeed, I didn't, sah," was the hearty answer. "You see, massa, I knowed I was a sight nearder heaven in de church, and I thought if I died I'd get there sluah. If I died outside, I'd be nearder hell. So I just stayed and axed the good Lord to save me, and He done it."

At this the whole party of us laughed, and the old lady doubled herself up into a yah! yah! yah! as she went on.

Another story which we heard at this time is especially applicable to the help which the Cubans need in their present struggle. It was concerning an old negro who was out in a field near Charleston when the earthquake came. At the first shock he was frightened almost to death, and as the earth began to shake and tremble he dropped down on his knees and prayed:

JOHN SHERMAN AT 25.

"Oh, Lord! Come and help dis poh nigger. Oh, Lord, come quick! Come yourself! Don't sen' your Son. Dis am no place for chillen!"

Sherman in Florida.

We left Washington when it was cold and stormy. When we arrived at Jacksonville the weather was like June. The senators went about without their overcoats, and the ladies threw aside their sealskin sacques. We spent some time at Jacksonville and then took a long journey up the St. John's river. This is one of the most wonderful streams of the United States. Near Jacksonville it is like an arm of the sea. The country through which we passed was picturesquely tropical. Live oaks and palmettos lined the banks, and we rode for miles through a jungle as dense as that of the great Dismal swamp. It was cool and pleasant in the evening and the sunsets were the most gorgeous I have seen in any country. As the sun began to fall the waters gradually turned from steel to gold. They put on all the colors of the rainbow, and after his majesty, the lord of the heavens, had retired behind the palmettos, these colors were transferred to the sky, the golden silver of the clouds being only surpassed by the rippling of golden waves which the motion of our steamer drove out upon the silvery sands of the shore. A little later on the moon came up, and the tropical scene became more weirdly beautiful. The trees were loaded down with Spanish moss, which hung like sable silver beards from their numerous branches. The palmettos, with their tall, round trunks, bore aloft their palmy heads in the moonlight, and the only things heard were the rush of the steamer through the waters and now and then the splash of a crocodile as it crawled up the bank.

After leaving the St. John's we crossed the country to the Indian river and visited what is perhaps the finest orange region of Florida. Senator Sherman and the rest of us wandered about among the orange groves, picking the luscious fruit from the trees and eating it. I remember Senator Sherman told us how to peel an orange, and at one time there was quite a discussion among us as to the proper way to eat this very juicy fruit.

He Liked the Speeches.

At the stations along the railroads we met all sorts of queer characters. There were little negro boys selling flowers, and there were many admirers who came up in order to shake Senator Sherman's hand. I remember the postmaster of one town where we stopped who achieved the distinction of bringing the blush to Senator Manderson's face. The young man was, I judge, about 30 years old, and he had a voice like a calliope. As he saw General Manderson he rushed up to him and held out his hand, saying: "Senator, I think you are the greatest man who ever lived. I like all your speeches and I have a stack of them at home as big as a four-dollar Bible." The Nebraska senator blushed, and he blushed the more when the young man began to quote from his speeches and to show that he was really telling the truth.

Across to Havana.

We sailed from Florida to Havana in the little steamer Mascot, stopping for a time at Key West. A great part of the voyage was taken during the night, and when we awoke we were in sight of Havana. Senator Sherman and all the party were on deck as we steamed by Moro castle, and as we came to anchor a steam launch sent by the governor general in honor of Vice President Sherman, "as the Cuban papers had it," carried us to the shore. We were landed in a sort of a court surrounded by low, red, tiled Cuban buildings. Dirty children, coffee-colored and black, half naked, sprawled here and there about the court, and at one end of it a shoemaker was working at his trade in the open air. We rode in victorias through the narrow streets to the Pistage hotel and ate after the custom of the country our first breakfast of oranges, coffee and rolls in a place which looked for all the world like a barroom. Our hotel was the biggest hotel in Havana. It would be a curiosity in America. It was decorated in the brightest of colors. Senator Sherman had a room which was finished in sky blue. Senator Palmer's room was painted a rich Indian red, and my own room was as yellow as gold. The halls were paved with marble tiles. There was no plaster on the ceilings, and the windows were as big almost as the side of the room, and on account of the heat they were kept open day and night. Our beds were of iron, and the mattresses were as hard as boards. I was told that most Cuban beds had no mattresses. The sheets are stretched on wire frames, and one of the members of our party, who was rather longer than the average, told me that the sheet that was under him was no bigger than a napkin, and that it kept him from sleeping by working out from under him and leaving his bare legs upon the naked wire.

How the Captain General Honored Sherman.

We were treated with great honor by the Cubans. As soon as we arrived the captain general sent a request for Senator Sherman to bring his party and call upon him informally. He afterward invited us to his palace and gave us a luncheon. The captain general at this time was receiving a salary equal to that of our president, and his perquisites were, I was told, such that he usually became very rich within a few years. This captain general had a fine residence in the suburbs of Havana, and we rode out in state to visit him. We passed down the Paseo de Tacon, the Champs Elysee of Havana, going by carriages containing the beautiful Spanish ladies, by swell turnouts, driven by coachmen in livery, until, about a mile from the edge of the city, we reached the captain general's house. It was surrounded by groves of great palm trees. The wide driveway was guarded by soldiers, and flowers and tropical plants of all kinds were scattered about the lawns through which we passed. Senator Sherman was first received. He had some conversation with the captain general, and a little later on the captain general appeared with his family, and the party was introduced to them. None of the senators spoke French or Spanish, and the captain general's family did not speak English. Mrs. General McCook, however, who is quite a good French scholar, acted as interpreter, and we got on very well. One of the curious incidents of the occasion was the bringing in of the captain general's little granddaughter.

This was a baby of five months. It was a very bright baby and took especially to Senator Palmer. The senator jumped it up and down upon his knee with all the skill of a grandmother nurse. The baby laughed at him and, strange to say, stuck to him throughout the visit, and would have nothing to do with the other gentlemen of the party. I don't remember that Senator Sherman made any advances, and, indeed, it was my impression that he was rather afraid to do so, though he did drink a toast to the mother of the baby at the dinner, when it was stated that, though the little one was Spanish, she had been born in New York. In company with the captain general we visited his stables, where his two magnificent Arabian horses were brought out and put through their paces, to the delight of the senators. That night we came again to the captain general's house to a reception and dance, where we met the leading people of the city.

A Narrow Escape From Kidnaping.

During our stay in Havana arrangements were made to visit some of the large sugar plantations of the island. It was planned that we should start out early one morning and go to a plantation quite a distance away from Havana. This plantation was in a rather lonesome district, and, for some reason or other, at the last moment the plans were changed and another sugar estate selected. We afterward learned that a band of brigands had made all their arrangements to capture Senator Sherman and his party and hold them for ransom. This seems almost incredible, but there is little doubt but that the danger was a serious one and that had we made the trip we would have been attacked and probably captured. The brigands, of course, did not understand the serious thing they were about to attempt. They were an ignorant set of desperate men, and, had not our plans been changed, they might have perpetrated such an outrage as would have brought about great international complications. Senator Sherman seldom refers to this matter, but I have reason to think that he appreciates the fact that his liberty, and possibly his life, had a narrow escape that day.

Shopping in Havana.

We spent a great deal of time in shopping in Havana. The senators all bought Panama hats, and Senator Sherman wore his Panama throughout the remainder of the voyage. The buying of things of this kind in Cuba is a question of bargaining. The stores of Havana open out upon the street, and if they had divans in them they might remind you of the bazars of Cairo. The merchants dicker as much as the Turks do, and we were usually charged three times what the merchants expected to get. I don't know how much Senator Sherman paid for his hat, but I remember that Senator Palmer was asked $12 for a linen coat. He offered $2, and the Cuban salesman finally told him he could have the coat for $4. We visited the cigar factories, and bought Havana cigars directly from the hands of the makers. The factory where we made our purchase turned out, we were told, 30,000,000 cigars a year, and it employed 1,500 hands. In one room we found about fifty women of all ages stripping the tobacco leaves for the cigars, and we noted that they were all smoking cigars or cigarettes. In some of the rooms of the factory men were reading novels aloud to the workmen, to keep them from chatting, and consequently busy. We each bought a box of cigars to take back with us, paying about half the price which we pay in America for the same quality of tobacco.

What Sherman Thought of Cuba.

Senator Sherman did not think much of the Cubans at this time. We saw on all sides of us evidences of ignorance and incapacity and also of Spanish oppression. The senator was struck with the monetary condition of the country. We could get twelve Cuban dollars for five American ones and we were told that the gold of Cuba was then about 6 per cent below the value of our American greenbacks. All the silver money that we got had been punched or clipped. The country was already deeply in debt, and the taxes, we were told, were very heavy.

In speaking about Cuba, the senator then said: "The country is in a deplorable condition. I judge from what I heard from intelligent American-Cubans living there, and even the Spanish themselves, that the island is in a condition of ill suppressed revolt. The natives are nearly to a man in favor of annexation to us. Their condition is indeed pitiable. No serfs in Russia were ever greater slaves than the Cubans are to Spain. The revenue they must raise yearly for Spain, and for which they get no benefit whatever except the name of a national protection and aegis of a flag, is $16,000,000. They have no self-government of any kind. From captain general down to tide waiter at the docks, the official positions are held by Spaniards. I venture to say not a single native Cuban holds an office or receives public emolument. In addition to the $16,000,000 sent annually to Spain, Cuba has to pay the salaries of all the Spanish horde fastened upon her."

We Don't Want Cuba.

During this same interview he was asked as to the annexation of Cuba by the United States and whether the native planters, the wealthier classes, favored it. His reply at this time, inasmuch as he quotes it in his book, is probably his opinion to-day. Here is what he said: "Yes, I am told the planters are anxious for annexation, but I do not think we want Cuba as an appendage of the United States. I would not favor annexation. In spite of the drains upon her, Cuba is enormously rich in resources, and is a large consumer of our products, on which at present the heaviest Spanish duties rest. What I would favor would be a reciprocity treaty with Spain as to Cuba, so that we might send our goods there instead of forcing the Cubans to buy of England, France and Germany. We could do the island much more good by trading with her on an equal basis than we ever can by annexing her. Cuba to some extent is under our eye. We would probably never let any other nation than Spain own the island, but so long as Spain does own it she is welcome to it, if she will only let us sell our goods on equal or better terms than the Cubans can get them for elsewhere."

These statements of the senator were made ten years ago. He probably has a much different idea as to Spain to-day, for he would be the last man to sanction any ill treatment of Americans or others by a foreign nation. Still he thoroughly appreciates the advantages of American trade with Cuba, and should the present administration do anything in favor of Cuban independence its action will be probably followed by such trade relations as will be of decided advantage to the United States.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

DARING CAVALRY FEATS.

Interesting Exercises Performed Daily at the Italian Riding School of Tor de Quinto.

From the New York Herald.

Those who suppose that the Italian army is of little value because it has been beaten by the Abyssinians are much in error. As a matter of fact, both the infantry and the cavalry are in a high state of efficiency.

If we compare the two branches, however, we shall find that the infantry is far ahead of the cavalry, and the main reason is because the latter is much in need of a supply of suitable horses. This is a subject which has been engaging the attention of Italian generals for some time, and various measures have been adopted in the hope of solving the difficult problem. Horses have been bought in foreign countries; prizes have been offered to Italian horse breeders, and depots have been established at Persano, Palmanova, Porto Vechio, Leordia and Bornovo, the object being to use them as headquarters for newly purchased stallions and other stock.

Still, a reform of this kind cannot be effected in a day, and some time must elapse before the Italian cavalry can be either as efficient or as numerous as is desirable. All the officers are aware of this fact, and they are doing their best to hasten the good time when they can confront any cavalry in Europe and say, "We are just as good as you are."

Formerly Italian cavalry officers used to spend a good deal of their time in caracoling through the public streets, making eyes at the women and drinking seductive wine in luxurious mess rooms; now every man of them realizes that his profession is that of a soldier, and, whatever his official or hereditary rank may be, he works as hard as the humblest private in the service.

The following illustrations show one of the exercises in which horsemen and horses are trained at the riding school of Tor de Quinto:

The object is to make the horse go down a hill which is very steep and which is from eight to ten meters in length. It is a difficult undertaking, and old cavalry officers say that no such hazardous task was expected of them in their juvenile days. Their juniors, however, seem perfectly willing to risk their necks at the command of their instructors.

An exercise of this kind has the double advantage of making the horse very firm on his feet and of accustoming the horseman to adapt himself as much as possible to the animal's movements.

Punctured His Tire.

Mrs. Vanwart (sitting up in bed, horrified)—"Reginald! what made you swear so when you stepped on that tack?"

Vanwart (wildly)—"For a moment I thought I was cycling and had punctured my tire."—Puck.

A Peg in Every Hole.

Blinks—"The world has a place for everybody."

Winks—"Yes, the only trouble is there's generally somebody else in it."—Brooklyn Life.

OLD METHODS DISCARDED.

A PHYSICIAN ADDS CHRISTIAN SCIENCE TO HIS SIGN.

Medicines Thrown Aside—Dr. Haviland Convinced That He Has Found the Truth—Much Injury Done by Quacks.

From the New York Telegram.

Much to the wonder of some, and the disappointment and displeasure of others of his patients, who had received successful treatment under the old school of practice, Dr. Frank W. Haviland, a well known physician and surgeon of Harlem, quietly added to his sign of M. D. the words Christian Scientist, and refused to practice, even among his old patients, anything but the new Christian Science treatment.

Dr. Haviland is a regular graduate of the old school of medicine from the Brooklyn Medical college. After a successful hospital practice and a residence of fifteen years in Harlem, where his success and popularity had built up such a large practice for him, such an announcement on his part offered much grounds for comment. Knowing of at least three cases in one neighborhood where he had successfully performed difficult operations under the old treatment it seemed to me that an interview to get the doctor's reasons for his radical change of practice would furnish some very interesting reading to his friends, patients and the public generally.

With this idea in view, I called at Dr. Haviland's handsome residence, No. 210 West 132d street, yesterday, and met with a very kind and courteous reception. After learning my business, the doctor at once consented to an interview, saying, by way of premise, that, as the principal thought of his life was to do good to his fellow creatures, and as he was now satisfied he was able to do more good than ever through his new practice, he had no hesitation in making the whole matter as public as possible. The manner, appearance and conversation of the doctor indicated a man of intellect, educated up to a high degree of knowledge. Our conversation was continued as follows:

Q. Doctor, have you contributed anything in writing, through the public press or otherwise, in regard to this new faith, or your adoption of it?

A. No, except an article sent out in answer to Ingersoll and Moody. Otherwise I have only given explanation of the new science in conversation—no public teachings of it.

Q. Heretofore, have you confined yourself entirely to the older school of medicine in your practice, and may I ask from what school and from what college you were graduated?

A. Yes, I practiced the allopathic. I graduated from the Long Island college, Brooklyn, in 1881.

Q. How long have you practiced the old system in New York and elsewhere?

A. The old system since 1881. After graduating I had considerable hospital practice. I practiced here in New York and had practice in the New York hospitals. I have been practicing in Harlem for fifteen years since last July.

Q. How came you to embrace this new faith with such devotion, and in what respect do you believe that Christian Science is better than the old practice?

A—My attention was first directed to Christian Science about nine years ago, and being interested in any and all methods that offered relief to the sick I at once purchased the text book of the science, "Science and Health, with Key to the Scriptures," by Rev. Mary Baker Eddy. I perused this book carefully from beginning to end. I then laid it aside with a promise that I would some day make a study of it, for I observed the fact that it contained much that required sober thought and pure desire for a higher spiritual life than most people are willing to live. I was at that time interested in medical jurisprudence and was desirous of finishing certain work in that line before taking up so deep a subject as divine metaphysics, which is the foundation of Christian Science. During several years following I made it a point to learn more about the practical results of treatment in the Science, and from all the information gathered I came to the conclusion that if what I heard was true the Science was far in advance of anything else in the healing art.

Several years ago I took up the study of the subject with the determination to reach an unprejudiced opinion concerning its merits or demerits. When talking with Scientists I, of course, opposed every point which they brought in its favor, and when arguing with its opponents I took a positive stand for the Science, and in this way brought out every argument for and against the subject, both as a subject and a science. I must say that I was not religiously inclined, and was often blocked in my arguments by some quotation from the Bible, but having had admirable weapons of defence, and finally brought out many points that I could not get by reading.

I attended the Sunday services and the Friday night experience meetings, and tried to live right. I found that the mode of living had more to do with gaining an understanding of the subject than reading and arguing, and one day the whole matter seemed to unfold itself to my consciousness, and since that moment I have had no shadow of doubt concerning the absolute truth of the principles.

I took a course of lectures from one of New York's prominent Scientists, and, having an abundance of material upon which to demonstrate, I applied every understanding of the Science and religion to the healing of the sick and was more than pleased when most of my cases responded promptly.

Now, firmly convinced of the truth of the principle and its application to simple diseases my only doubts were regarding its application to cases of a more severe character and under a variety of conditions and circumstances. To investigate this part of the subject required more than ordinary study and patience, and the highest possible sense of justice. I watched the work of good Scientists on cases that I selected for them, and on every case that I could learn of where the facts of diagnosis and treatment were clear, and, with but one exception, I was satisfied that the science could do more than any method known to medicine or surgery.

The one exceptional case was surrounded by conditions of such a peculiar and intricate nature that I could not get at the bottom facts without meddling in affairs of a strictly private nature, and even in this brought out of a state of profound coma that ordinarily ends in death within a very short time.

Q. Doctor, you have given a very interesting answer as to your experience with this new science and something of which it has accomplished in your own practice. Now, what is Christian Science?

A. What is Christian Science? The shortest answer to that question is, "It is truth." It is what Jesus Christ taught and commanded His followers to practice. It is the science of mind. It is the practical application of truth, and the solution of all problems of life. It is the searchlight by which all the lost treasure of ancient days is brought to view. It reveals the indisputable fact that the fathers of Israel were in possession of truths relative to their spiritual existence which were finally embodied, symbolically, in the construction and internal workings of Solomon's temple.

The very small and insignificant remnant of that institution is now with us and is known as the Ancient Order of Free and Accepted Masons, but the one great secret that Masons once possessed and zealously guarded is now lost to them, and if Masonry is ever restored to its original perfection it must be done through the study and understanding of Christian Science.

It is what Christians lived and practiced for 300 years after Christ; it is what the church lost through the union of church and state, and it is what priests must study, learn, live, practice and understand before they can resume the teaching of Christianity as it should be taught.

Q. Do you think Christian Science will supercede medicine?

A. Undoubtedly. With the present facilities for printing and circulating printed matter there is no opposition in the world that can keep Truth from entering every home on the face of the earth. People want truth and are willing to live it when they are satisfied that it is truth. There is a strong opposition to the science at present because people do not understand what it is, but when they learn that it has nothing to do with hypnotism, faith cure, mesmerism, mind cure and all the others cisms and isms, but is an absolute science and demonstrable, they will be very glad to accept it.

Q. How do you account for Christian Scientists being persecuted?

A. Well, it is this way: Many people study Christian Science, but all who study do not see the truth of the principle. They do not receive the spirit of Christ, and so they drift away from truth into the Eldorado of quackery, still calling themselves Christian Scientists. Such people have given Christian Science many a hard blow, but they are beginning to see their error, and, like the Prodigal Son, will soon return and be received in the open arms of love. Some faithful Scientists, however, have been prosecuted, but never yet has a court decided adversely to the scientists.

Q. If it is a fair question, doctor, have you lost business by going over to Christian Science?

A. Well, yes; many of my best families have expressed their dissatisfaction and have been charitable enough to think me temporarily insane, but when they see that I am willing to trust all to Christian Science and fear nothing, they will think more favorably of it. Do not think that the healing of the sick is the all-important part of Christian Science. What this science accomplishes is the regeneration of the home, the regeneration of society—a spiritual revolution.

Q. Why do physicians oppose Christian Science?

A. Physicians oppose everything that they do not understand. Then there are few physicians who give any time to original work or to the investigation of new ideas. They are satisfied to follow others, and so long as they make a comfortable living they are contented. There is a very important fact that all physicians should remember, and it is this: Nine-tenths of all the cases of sickness that a regular practicing physician is called to treat would get well without any medicine and without any professional attention whatever. But the physician takes the responsibility of the case, and gets the credit of curing the patient, and so he builds up his reputation, knowing that he does not deserve half the praise that his patients give him. This very fact makes the physician skeptical regarding what he hears about Christian Science healing, but he is drawing conclusions from an absolutely wrong premise, for the fact is that nine-tenths of all cases that go to Christian Scientists for treatment are those that have been pronounced incurable by the medical doctor, and when we come to realize that the majority of all those cases are perfectly and permanently healed, we can form some idea of the wonderful workings of the science.

Q. What is Christian Science doing as regards crime?

A. What is it doing? Why, this labor of Christian Science is doing more to stop crime than all the evangelists, philanthropists, charitable organizations and societies for the prevention of crime that ever existed. Christian Scientists work according to a principle. They know that thought has its influence, and so without any talk or nonsense they think, think, think. They deny the power of sin, sickness and death, and affirm the reality of life, truth and love. With the invisible hand of God they lead the weak and helpless to strength and prosperity. They divest the prisoner of his rags of wickedness and wrap him about with the robe of righteousness, and to those blinded by crime they bring the lamp of faith and the light of understanding. None but the Christian Scientist can appreciate what this silent thought is doing, for they alone can see the force that is at work.

Determined to test the doctor's faith and devotion to Christian Science to the utmost, and recalling the incident, I propounded the final question: "Doctor, I remember reading in one of the papers not long ago of a physician who gave away his instruments and announced that, thereafter, he would practice by faith alone. Do you wish it understood and do you wish the public to understand it so, that you have given up your instruments and hereafter will practice healing by Christian Science alone, even in surgical cases?"

A. Yes; I have given up everything. And a great deal of my practice has been surgical work. Yes; simply given up everything.

A GREEK "MARSEILLAISE."

The Famous War Song of Constantine Rhigas, Whose Words Fired the Heart of Hellas.

From the New York Herald.

The famous song known as the "Marseillaise of the Greeks" is being sung and played at present from one end of Greece to the other. In Athens, especially, crowds gather from morn till night, whose delight is to express their heartfelt contempt for their foes by singing this vigorous and intoxicating music. Constantine Rhigas was the author of this song. Born at Valestini in 1753, he grew up a most patriotic Hellene, giving his whole time to schemes and day dreams, of which the independence of his country was the object. The yoke of the Ottomans had long lain heavy on Hellas, and he, like so many other young Hellenes, was anxious to shake it off forever.

So he founded an association of patriots who were known as hetairists, or comrades, and who were enrolled from all classes of society. Rhigas, in his zeal as a torch-bearer of freedom, traveled through the country, urging recruits everywhere to join the good cause and firing them with patriotic hymns which he had composed from time to time. For this latter reason he became known as "the Tyrtaeus of Modern Greece."

Meanwhile the French revolution had broken out, and in every nook and cranny of France, Frenchmen were singing Rouget de Lisle's wonderful "Marseillaise." Rhigas heard the music and the words, and forthwith conceived the idea of writing a similar war song for his own countrymen. He did so and at once became famous.

Here is a rough translation of this Hellenic "Marseillaise:"

Children of heroic Greece.
Liberty flames in our eyes.
If you would pay heed to its magic voice,
You must prove worthy of your sires.
An implacable tyranny
Dared to crush us beneath its law;
But, O country of ours, we are ready
To avenge thee. Arise! arise!

Sons of Greece, to arms!
May our tyrants, overwhelmed,
Mingle their blood with our tears,
As it flows beneath our feet.

Give new life to your illustrious ashes,
O generous spirits of our heroes!
Leave your funereal homes,
Shake off the dust of the tombs!
Seek ye the City of Seven Hills,
The city of old-time splendor!
Arise boldly over the ruins,
And, when I summon, go forth and conquer!

Why slumber, Sparta, so illustrious,
When the day dawns so brightly?
O, raise high your queenly head
And call Athens to your side!
Come, come, my brave fatherland,
Gather the prizes of battles;
Break the chains which have blighted you!
Remember Leonidas!

Yonder, yonder, at Thermonylae
His war cry has sounded!
In vain nimble troops of Persians
Dash themselves against him!
With the utmost daring he defies them,
Backed by the Three Hundred he charges them.
And, like a maddened lion,
He scatters death through their ranks!

Sons of Greece, to arms!
May our tyrants, overwhelmed,
Mingle their blood with our tears,
As it flows beneath our feet.

Strange and untimely was the end of Constantine Rhigas. Thinking to secure the support of Napoleon, who was then in Italy, he went to meet him, but, as soon as he arrived at Trieste, he was betrayed by one of his fellow conspirators and was forthwith arrested. His captors took him to Vienna, where they lodged him in prison. Despairing of the future, the poet attempted to rid himself of life by means of a dagger, but the blow did not prove fatal.

Finally, in May, 1798, the Austrian government handed him over to the porte, which had repeatedly asked that he be extradited, and thenceforth no more was seen or heard of him. That he was promptly put to death seems certain, but how or where is still a mystery. Some say that he was beheaded, and others that he was secretly drowned. His fellow patriots, however, did not forget him, and to-day there is no name more honored in Greece than that of Constantine Rhigas.

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Larger Than New York of To-day

FOUND IN MEXICO

Palenque Is the Name of This Mysterious Prehistoric Metropolis, Whose Builders and People Are Unknown.

From the New York Herald.

The ruins of Palenque, by far the most important either in North or South America, have been explored in part by A. P. Mandslay, a rich London archaeologist, and in massive memoirs, one set of which was received last week by Professor M. H. Saville, of the American Museum of Natural History, he sets forth some of the results of his exploration of this remarkable buried city in the state of Chiapas, Mexico.

To examine in full these ruins would be an almost endless task, for they are said to be twenty-two miles in length, which would make a city larger than New York. It is plain, says Mr. Mandslay, that for miles along the Tabasco river mounds showing the burial of buildings are visible.

Everything about the ruins announces with a speechless significance that this must have been a city of vast proportions and great importance. On every side are temples and palaces and houses, proving the presence of a large population and a rich and powerful class.

Here civilization flourished in barbaric grandeur when the major part of the continent was a solemn wilderness, inhabited only by savage bands.

It was unknown ages ago when Palenque flourished in its glory. How long back that was none yet has discovered. It may have been hundreds and, mayhap, thousands of years since. That is one of the problems of science awaiting solution. About the people who built it nothing either is known.

Mr. Mandslay and his party unearthed about 150 acres of the ruins. This, in itself, was a formidable task. When suddenly the race that had skill enough to rear those impressive piles of stone vanished and their imperial city became deserted, the tropical climate soon covered it with masses of luxurious vegetation. And as century after century has fled soil has been added and giant trees sprouted over the ruins and sent their thick roots remorselessly through those structures that saw the sunlight proudly in better days.

THE PALACE AND TEMPLE.

Forest Covered.

A deep, heavy forest now covers Palenque with a perennial blanket of green.

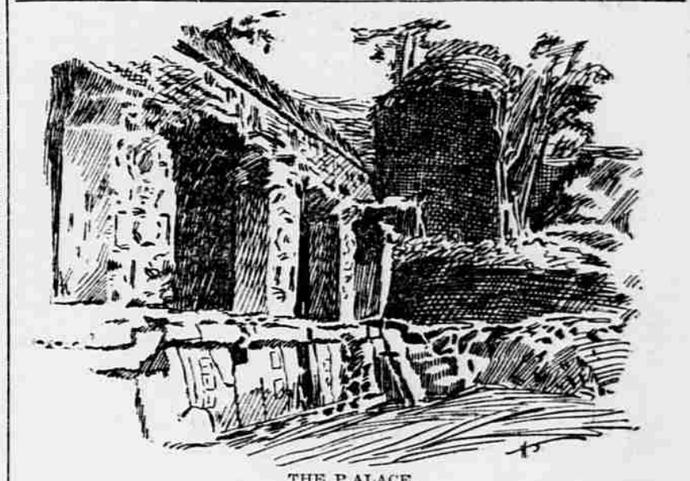
He who wishes to view its wonders must engage an excavating force and spend many a hard day hewing trees and removing earth before the buried buildings can be revealed. Then, on occasions, fierce rain storms, with all a hurricane's ardor, burst out, and fat mosquitoes always are prowling about to make life uncomfortable.

The ruins lie in the shadow of the northern slope of the Sierra de las Naraujas. What the city must have been in its heyday can be inferred from the few relics so far exhumed in a very limited area. After much toil Mr. Mandslay succeeded in bringing to light a great palace, a stone tower, five stories high; temples and stone houses, beside an aqueduct.

All of these have an architectural style peculiarly their own. There is none like them anywhere in the world. The palace especially is in reality not a single building but a group of buildings, probably temples, originally distinct one from the other, Mr. Mandslay thinks.

Successive lords or kings, at different periods, doubtless, made additions, as their fancy or reason dictated.

In later times, the passages between the various separate buildings were roofed over, so that when the last potentates, if such there were, ruled, the associated buildings constituted a massive, variegated edifice 340 feet long and 260 feet wide. Here religious ceremonies were carried on, and here the ruler and his household retinue and priests, no doubt, lived.



THE PALACE.

Notwithstanding the palace is ruined and the sides of the foundation mound on which it was built are deeply covered with fallen stones and earth, a trace of its original beauty and massiveness can be discerned.

It was elaborately ornamented in the peculiar style of the builders. All the walls are covered with stucco decorations, and portions of huge heads, both natural and weirdly singular, still are attached at places.

The race of Palenque had a consuming desire for the ornamental. They painted the walls with brilliantly colored figures of men and serpents. Sometimes a snake's head with a scroll of red in its mouth is found, and at other spots the most grotesque masks or faces. Each doorway of the stone houses, some of which had four doorways, seems to have been surmounted by some singular design in stucco work.

Red, blue, chocolate and black paints most commonly were used. Even after their long contact with the moist earth the colors still can be distinguished.

The Tall Tower.

The temples were built of a hard limestone, which was the stone ordinarily used in building. It was cut in rough, square blocks, and imbedded in hard plaster. The surface then was coated with a fine stucco, having a smooth, polished surface. Others of the ruined buildings were made of worked blocks of a soft sandstone. The houses of the poor undoubtedly were of wood, but these long since have rotted. Not a wooden splinter can be found in the ruins.

What the tall tower—the only feature of the kind in prehistoric America—was used for is uncertain. The people of Palenque, it is clear, were so strongly wedded to religious observances that it may have had a holy significance, or again it may have been a fortress of some kind. The object it served is wrapped in mystery.

Nearly all the principal structures in Palenque were built on mounds or terraces. Why this was done is not explainable. The openings in the sides of some of the mounds lead to sepulchral chambers. Many of the smaller mounds are honeycombed with tightly built chambers, in which nothing can be seen but bare walls, and in some instances a slab of stone raised on four short legs or a small platform of rubble, coated with stucco.

These chambers, it is evident, were not used for living purposes, because of the absence of light and ventilation except from a single entrance. In many cases even this has been sealed up by building a secondary wall across the entrance itself or the passage leading into the chamber. At first sight Mr. Mandslay could not make out what the chambers were used for. The purpose of them seemed inexplicable.

Presently on excavating beneath their floors, he found almost invariably human remains and fragments of personal ornaments and pottery. This, then, was the way the Palenque people preferred to bury their dead. Everywhere these tombs abound.

The people that built Palenque were red men. This fact is apparent from the tracings on the walls of the ruins. They wore a feather headdress and ornamental garments and their foreheads had a flat, retreating appearance. The height of civilization they reached is astonishing.

But whither have they gone—these dexterous, prehistoric men?

That no one knows. There are Indians living a few miles away from Palenque at the present day, but they are indifferent at the least, and not overfond of work. Perhaps one of these days some scientist may discover some of the secrets of this great buried city.

But little enough of its people, their laws and lives, when they flourished and when they disappeared is known now.

VIOLATED ALL TRADITION.

Bicycle Messenger Scorched and Now Pines in Prison.

From the New York Herald.

Here is a messenger boy who violated all the traditions of his craft by scorching, and thereby brought disgrace and sorrow upon himself. He is in a prison cell now, and the other wearers of the red stripes are glad. If he had gone leisurely on his bicycle, reading a dime novel and stopping at the proper intervals to shoot craps, all this would never have fallen upon him.

He was hastening in Fifty-first street on Sunday morning as fast as his bicycle would carry him, for he expected to deliver a valentine that same afternoon.

James M. Clenn, a septuagenarian, was crossing the street. He caught a glimpse of a messenger boy approaching, and then leisurely started to cross the street in front of him. The next thing he knew he was struck by a bicycle and sent sprawling upon the asphalt. Mr. Clenn leaped to his feet and seized the youngster by the collar. The messenger, who was Clarence E. Carr, of 837 Eighth avenue, wriggled away from him and struck him in the face.

The scorcher had the best of it from the first. The old man's eyes were blacked, his guard was broken, and a hook blow sent him to the ground.

The scorcher mounted his wheel and a few minutes later had delivered a token of love and good will at a brown-stone front.

Mr. Clenn informed the police. Messenger-boy scorchers are rare, and the easily found Carr.

"Aw, dis makes me dead sore," said the messenger. "Roasted fer bein' slow, and pinched fer bein' swift. I'll quit de business."

Carr was held in the Yorkville police court under $500 bail.

Art in Nature.

A Turner sunset flickered on the madly-scarlet hills,
And the valley had a Wordsworth atmosphere;
The babbling little brooklet ran in Tennysonian rills,
And a Rosa Bonheur cow was grazing near.

A crescent moon was floating on the Verestschagin sky,
The heavens were with Ruskin clouds o'erspread;
A lanky Burne-Jones maiden, with a halo, wandered by,
While a Millet rustic stood and hung his head.

The primrose at the old stand blossomed by the river's brim,
A nightingale or two began to sing,
And Bouguereau's bather murmured, as she went to take her swim:
"I think that we shall have a Corot spring."

—Puck.