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EXETER, AN "EVER FAITHFUL" CITY

GHOSTS OF MANY WARS HAUNT ITS OBLITERATED BATTLEMENTS.

A British Stronghold and a Roman Camp Before Aethelstan the Glorious Saxon Conquered-Royalist Headquarters During the Struggle Between Cavalier and Roundhead-The Exeter of To-day and Its Memories

By DORA GREENWELL McCHESNEY

guished as the one great English city, which has, in a more marked way than any other, kept its unbroken being and its un

city on the Exe, in all ages and in all

the Exe, allows of an easy definition. It is the one great city of the Roman and the Briton which did not pass into English

hands till the strife of races had ceased to

be a strife of creeds, till the English con-

quest had come to mean simply conquest

and no longer meant havor and extermina-tion. It is the one city of the present Eng-

land in which we can see within record-

ed times the Briton and the Englishman

living side by side. It is the one city in

which we can feel sure that human habita

the days of the early Casars to our own

It is the one city of Britain which beheld the paganism of the Roman, but which nev-

er, save in one moment of foreign occupa-

tion, beheld the paganism of the Teuton.

Here alone we can say with confidence that

Jupiter and Mars were once worshipped by the citizens of Isca, but that Woden and

citizen of Exeter.

Thunder were never worshipped by any

All that is true, but out of that continu-

ne cannot make much of the Ro

ion and city life have never ceased from

ngues, keeping its name as the city on

oroken position throughout all ages.

[Special Correspondence of The Evening Post.] EXETER, England, April 4 .- "Ever faithful," so Exeter vaunts herself in the proud motto bestowed by Queen Elizabeth, and to those who know the city on the Exe the words recur with a haunting fitness. Perhaps no town in England has a richer and more unbroken record than this fastness of Briton and Roman, Saxon and Norman, and certainly there is none which has held more firmly to an individual life, unchanging through all changes. Faithful to itself Exeter has been, though races and dynasties have changed about it, while now and again that fine Elizabethan motto takes on a loftier meaning in loyalty to chosen Cause or King. Wandering today on the terraced hillside of the town or lingering before the west front of the cathedral, where the carven kings and saints of England raise their undying chant in stone, the chance stranger is fain to recall the sonorous words of Exeter's oldtime chronicler.

"The consideration of the whole," so Izacke affirms, "cannot but add splendour to this honourable City, which (not much unlike Jerusalem) the hills stand round about. May the same become a Jerusalem indeed, a City of Peace within itself. . . May Unity, Unanimity, and Uniformity be still within our Gates and like Walls and Bulwarks for its defence; may the two slaves of Beauty and Bands, Order and Government, and Brotherly Unity here forever flourish; May that twisted Cord never be untied; Let no Alexander be ever founto cut asunder this (much stronger than a

The aspirations may not have been altoof the town, but, on the whole, the so much stronger than a Gordian knot has held, and Isca Damnoniorum is linked by unbroken tradition with the Exeter of to-day. If the city's authorities in recent days had been possessed of the same spirit of civic pride which breathes through her early records, we might find the continuity still more unbroken. Within a generation the ancient city walls were still standing; walls which had been battered by countless sieges, had known the onslaught of Dane and Norman and Frenchman, the storm of loyalist and rebel, in mediæval ddys, of Cavaller and Roundhead in the civil war; walls which still held traces of the close-knit Roman masonry and followed the lines marked out by Æthelstan the Glorious. The insensate vandalism by which those ancient defences were swept away is possibly the most melancholy episode in a history which has known tragedy and devastation, but which records no act of such wanton havoc. Well, they are hopelessly gone, those stones set up by the Saxon, strengthened and repaired by many a hand after many a breach of battle. Exeter was a British stronghold and a Roman camp before the time when the glorious King overthrew the Britons. "And to the city, which during his abode herein, he reëdified, and environed the same with a Stone-wall of a Mile and half in compass. in a manner circular, save towards the West, and beautified with Battlements." Alas for the beautiful battlements! The ruined what so many assailing centuries, so many warring races had spared, and the stones are levelled which remembered the raven banner and cleaving axe of Swegen of Denmark and the battering ram of Wil-

A LONG ARRAY OF HISTORY. It is not easy, even for a devout lover of the Queen of the West, to hold in memory and due perspective all her long array of history. So, when last I made pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Peter and the Castle of the Red Mount, I found certain glimpses of the city's past-actual or traditional-alluring my imagination, much as my eyes were attracted by the sudden vistas which opened unexpectedly from some of the city's climbing streets. Exeter is a place of beautiful and unexpected outlooks, and that day was a bright Devon day of shifting sunlight, silver slants of rain, and dim blue distances, so now it was the outline of the surrounding hills which showed bank with here and there a trace clear against a cloud-laden sky; now it of stone; within all is vacancy and was a misty reach of lowland, the steelgleam of the Exe, a glowing band of upturned soil, the red earth of Devon. And always as I looked a shower would sweep its | eye in the ancient stronghold of the conobliterating curtain across the scene, shut- | quering race. I turned away from the selfting out everything but perhaps some near tower upreared against the storm. As I raw the city itself by rifts and broken said-the ancient towns of Gaul, le Mans or | feit prince"; the great rising on behalf of Chartres, kept clear and distinct within the ancient faith and language and against the national history. Exeter is unlike many the innovations under Edward VI. A flerce of its west country neighbors, in that no struggle was this last with its five weeks" one period of its long record dominates the siege during which the townstolk were rerest. Even the Elizabethan age, echoes duced to living on horseflesh, but throughof whose superb clanger still ring along all out all Exeter was loyal to the King and his the Devon coast, does not over-noise other | cause. And so on to Elizabethan times and | centuries in the city on the Exe. True, those gallant preparations against the Arthe rolling of the British scythed charlot is made which won the Queen's favor and the remote enough, and scarce less so the clang motto of "Semper Videlis," then the last remote enough, and scarce less so the clangemote of "Semper Fidelis," then the last ing in of the Dutch Deliverer comes an of the Roman shield and pilum, though old great strike of Puritan and Cavalier. A sin-Geoffry of Monmouth brings those ancient gular entry by the local chronicler suz- Fidelis."

gests the havor of the war, "All the Trees in Northern-hay and Southern-hay, Elms (of above one hundred years' growth) were felled and destroyed. The city was twice this year besieged by the King's Forces." ROYALIST HEADQUARTERS.

There is no evident connection between the items, but as a matter of fact, the trees were felled to help in the defences. Though at first held for the Parliament, Exeter was soon taken by the King's men under his nephew, Prince Maurice, and thenceforward till the end of the war was a centre of royalist operations in the West. It would seem that the faithful city was at heart for the King, thus making good Izacke's vaunt: "Memorable hath been the steadfast obedience and fidelity of this city to the Crown," In the end the steadfast fidelity of Exeter was of no avail, yet it was not till the very close of the civil war that the town surrendered to Fairfax. Among those who left the city at the falling of the royal standard was the little Exeter-born princess Henrietta, afterwards tragically famous as the Duchess of Orleans. The end of the siege was not the last testimony of loyalty to the cause of King Charles, Herein the castle yard Hugh Grove and John Penruddock mounted the scaffold for their frustrate rising in behalf of Charles II. days near to us for an instant by his de-Their last speeches are still preserved to lightful chronicle of probably quite imagus, full of a soldierly loyalty and courage. inary campaigns between British chiefs and Those two isolated figures making ready in Roman emperors. The far-ranging glance their unswerving allegiance to "fight a duel of a real historian is needed to survey the with Death," are more present to one's long perspective as Freeman has sketched fancy, there in the empty space of the castle yard, than all the knights of the war-Isca Dammoniorum, Caer Wisc, Exanceaster, Exeter, keeping essentially the same name under all changes, stands distin-

ring Roses or the mêlée of King's men and Roundheads. Here and there perhaps some earlier figure detaches itself from thronging ghosts: Richard, Cornwall, governor of the royal of Exeter. it wearing the futile circle of his empty rank as "King of the Romans, ever august." Of little interest that vague phantom would be save that linked with him is the dominant shade of Simon de Montfort, proto-martyr for the liberties of England. Another Richard might well linger here: Richard III. that enigmatic King of the White Rose with his heroism, his subtlety, and the sin-

tion will have it that Richard looked on Rougement Castle with a prevision of doom and played grimly on the name recalling the prophecy which foretold that he should not live long after he saw Richmond; a warning fulfilled on Bosworth Field. War of the Barons and war of the Roses, they offer brilliant pictures enough to the fancy. vet the image of the castle outworks, pa thetically defending mere nothingness and desolation, calls up to me only a picture of Grove and Penruddock, dying there, hope-

ister doubts dogging his fame. Old tradi-

ous pageant-the vagrant fancy can but single here and there a scene or figure. I for lessly, for a fallen cause. As I left the Castle Mount and took my Isca Damnoniorum, despite the imperial way toward the cathedral I wondered how coins and other relics which its red soil has | it came about that nothing of loyalty to yielded. But I like to think of the Queen the Stuarts-the native sovereigns-had gether realized throughout the long history of the West as forming part of the "morn- survived in the time of the Revolution; that ing-gift" of the Lady of England. One of the city which had closed its gates against those who held it was Emma the Flower of Norman William in the old days flung them Normandy, wife of Ætheired the Unready, wide to William of Orange. Through the and she set a Norman, Earl Hugh, as ruler | West Gate he came, this other William the over the Saxon city. When Swegen of Den-Conqueror, welcomed and acclaimed, and mark thundered at the gates the foreigntook his way to St. Peter's to give solemn born defender failed in loyalty to his thanks. The faithful city made no stand charge; the city was entered and part of against him, stranger and usurper though the wall laid low. It was a symbolic con- he was, coming to sit in the ancient seat quest, for after Æthelred's death, Emma of England's royalty. So meditating, I herself surrendered to the Dane, becoming wandered into an old book shop, such a the queen of the young conqueror, Canute. fascinating melody of antique volumes in A more fitting lady of England and mistress mellowed leather and tarnished gilding. of Exeter was Edith, wife of Edward the Two of these books tempted me beyond my Confessor, that monkish-souled weakling power of resistance, and I pursued my way with "A Conformist's Plea for the Nonwhose pious hand unbuilt his kingdom and brought England to the feet of the Norman. | Conformist" (1681) and "The Pourtraicture Edith was the daughter of Earl Godwin, and of His Sacred Majesty Charles II." (1694) sister of Harold the Saxon; small wonder, tucked under my arm. I glanced at them therefore, that her city was stanchly Saxon as I drove to the beautiful Elizabethan in the dark days when William unfurled | Guildhall, where Henrietta, Duchess of Orhis banner on the shores of England. leans, smiles down from the canvas, and When Harold the king had fallen at Senlac, while I listened to the solemn cadences Gytha, his mother, sought shelter within the and winged music of evensong in the great walls of Exeter, and the town was the heart cathedral, I was conscious of those two of all the Western resistance to the conqueror. The citizens made proud answer through it all. One of them was written to William's demand for their submission, by "a Beneficed Minister and Regular Son refusing to swear any oath to him or to reof the Church of England," who must have ceive him within their walls. Followed a possessed an extraordinary spirit of tolstern siege of eighteen days, and then, erance for his time, and was a pathetic while Gytha with Harold's children fied by | plea for the Non-Conformists, who, acceptthe river. William entered in triumph by ing all the essentials of the Christian faith. the East Gate, and the people and clergy, were yet persecuted and tyrannized over yielding, prayed for his mercy. So fell | for differing in mere matters of detail. Saxon England, and the invader set about | Very amazing in that age of encountering confirming his conquest by grim arguments the writer: "Let us entertain peace, and of stone and steel. In Exeter, as in every give it place to rule in our hearts; seek man, rose the castle for defence and lordpeace and pursue it, and pray for the ship. Baldwin de Brioniis, Baldwin the peace of Jerusalem." The other volume was Sheriff, reared the stately pile of the Red conceived in no such charitable spirit; it Mount, of which but a crumbling fragment was a scathing satire on Charles II. in close imitation of the "Eikon Basillike" of and so crushed were the citizens beneath

Charles I. the yoke, that when, in 1069, the sons of The beautiful words of the service echoed down the aisle of the cathedral, with its that crowd about us it seemed that only I Harold raised the West against the invader. Exeter remained sullenly passive, and the lines of matchless balance and unity. I could see the long unbroken sweep of roof above have and choir, the fearless lift. I went to Rougemont with my memory of the arches, the exquisite play of light busy with its sieges and triumphs and on the wonderful fair tracery. The stainvaguely looking for the lofty towers and ed glass let fall glints of color on the massive keep, the battlements once crested minstrels' gallery looked down angels bearing viol, lute, and clarion, and the grave of walls which still follow, it is claimed, crowned faces of Edward III. and his good the line of the original British earthworks. Queen Philippa. I did not feel inclined to The guarding wall remains, or, rather, a study the separate features, but I remembered the carven figures, priestly and effacement. An eighteenth-century buildtombs, while along the wall inscriptions and drooping colors told of the dead of ern notability, these are all which greet the England's later wars. It was all very solemn, very serene, yet I knew that the peerless West Front, with its rank on rank of regal and angelic figures, bore the scars conscious gentleman in bronze and looked out through the ruinous gateway, trying to see what it had seen. Such a shifting plea for "unity, unanimity, and uniformglimpses, so, I fear, I saw its story. So blur of battle that was; sleges in the time ity!" Yet the chance-gathered books in long a story, so rich, so varied, and withal of King Stephen, in the days of the warring my lap kept up their protest; one with so held within bound and limit; the story Roses; a flerce attack on behalf of Per- the plea for peace and liberty and against of a local capital, like—it has been well kin Warbeck "that imaginary and counter- the enforcing of religious doctrines by civil power: "Let the sword of justice govern nockery of the skeptic King enforcing faith the Stuarts dread of popery and absolutthe West Gate to William. So I found my answer and could not deny it was a sui ficing one; and yet somehow I could wish

old unreasoning loyalty, for with the rid-

DAY OF THE FORTY MARTYRS

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 15, 1905.

WHEN MUSSULMANS AND CHRIS TIANS WORSHIP TOGETHER.

The Zig-Zag Procession Up the Rocky Trail to Hizzarlik, in Bulgaria-Ghosts of the Martyrs Said to Be Most in Evidence Just Before a Revolution - Watching a Solitary Fire

Special Correspondence of The Evening Post.1 KUSTENDIL, Bulgaria, March 28 .- We are just celebrating, or rat her observing, a holy day. That in itself is nothing unusual here in the heart of the Balkan Peninsula, where almost every day is holy to some one of the three peoples represented in the town -the Bulgarians, the Mussulmans, or the Jews. But this particular holy day has aroused my attention, for I have seen an unusual sight. I have Mussulmans and Christians bowed in prayer, side by side, before the same shrine. Perhaps there is no other place in the world where you may see that, and here in Kustendil you may see it only once a year, on this, the day of the Forty Martyrs.

The town is snuggled up close to the almost perpendicular side of a high cliff, the abrupt ending of a mountain sput shooting out from the surrounding ranges toward the middle of the valley. On the top of this cliff stands a small speck of a house, a chapel, visible against the hazy blue background of the great peaks far, far beyond, still streaked with snow in spite of the warm southerly winds that have been blowing lately. Through the filmy clouds of vapor rising above the red tiled roofs at the base of the cliff, where a hundred boiling sulphur springs gush out of the rock you may distinguish the zigzag line of the trail which leads up to the chapel, from side to side, cut out of the face of the bluff. Along this the people climb to the top of

Early this afternoon I looked out of my window and saw that the trail was alive with people, a long line of them, toiling slowly back and forth and upward, many women and children, and some men. Here a Turk attracted the eye. Save for a few slow laborious movement, the first part loke, while through the clear, spring air reaching me down in the town.

groups of people, families together, others are seen marching along the roads, especialappearing from smaller, side streets, all ly when the clouds of revolution are gathwalking in the same direction toward the ering." base of Hizzarlik. Many of the women carried | Such was the legend, as I heard it from by the cliff the converging groups from all versions of it, even among the Christians. parts of the town came together, causing | Those who worship before the shrine, is quite a throng. Alorng the sidewalks were their belief, shall be granted one w

my face. Along the line rolled the chant, dangers. a mere one-toned, long-drawn expulsion of the breath against the vocal chords, but impressive for its volume. Sometimes its strength seemed to have rolled down to the base of the cliff, intermingling with the gurgling and hissing of the springs, but again it shot upwards until the whole line was asound, growing as we climbed, for a multitude was already on the top.

END OF THE CLIMB. We finally reached the end of the climb. where the line melted into the scattered chapel, some further up on jutting rocks. Looking down, the town now seemed crazy-quilt nattern of red-tiled sections divided into irregular divisions by the crooked of the Struma, the Stryman of antiquity My friend and I found a seat by the side of the chapel where a temporary coffee house was erected, and the men of the families, bearded Mussulmans, fur-capped Bulgars, and a few youths in European dress sipped small cups of Turkish coffee. Of all

From the slight elevation of the coffee house was visible what appeared to be a great stone bench, huge moss-covered slabs of rock lying flat, one edge against a further rise of cliff, a shelf. Along the outer edge of this flat stone surface were small holes made in the slabs, each containing a lighted taper, just forty in number. Before them stood rows of people, most of them apparently in prayer, the Christians crossing themselves, the Moslems with folded hands, their eyes on the ground. Now and then one would leave the group of worplace was immediately refilled. Sometimes a dying, sputtering taper expired; it was at once replaced by some one from the row. That was the shrine of the Forty

Martyrs. Then, while we sat there sipping the thick, black Turkish coffee, I heard the legend of the Fort y Martyrs, and why Christians and Mussulmans do reverence to their

memory on this day alike. "Long, long ago," began my friend, "when King Konstantine and his Queen Helese ruled the country about here, this was the royal palace surrounded by the town and don Dally News.

its walls, while below in the valley dwelt the peasants, who sang and danced and were happy.

"But one day the Spirit of Evil and Dark-

ness, who had long been jealous of the virtuous sovereigns, determined to visit them with his wrath and show them his power. So he suddenly caused a violent upheaval of fire and lava and terrible vapors at the lower end of the valley by the Rilo Mountains. For many days the clouds of poisonous vapors swept over the kingdom, and showers of ashes fell, while hideous noises shook the land from end to end. Gigantic monsters circled about above the town, ut tering terrible bellows and cries, shooting out flames and vapors from their eyes and nostrils and open mouths. The dead rose from their graves and ran shricking through the streets and along the roads below. But all this while, because of their virtues, none of the people had been killed. "Finally, the Spirit of Evil and Darkness began to weaken, because of his terrific efforts, and the tumult calmed down after some days. Quiet returned, but the pass by the Rilo Mountains had been blocked up, and, unable to find an outflow, the Stryman began to rise its waters, now boiling, spreading across the plain, destroying the villages and crops and driving all the people up into the town or the mountains behind Hizzarlik. So the waters continued to rise until it seemed even Hizzarlik and the royal palace must be submerged. King Konstantine fell on his knees on the edge of the cliff and prayed. Then was heard a voice from out of the swirling waters below him, which said:

"'Let forty of your young men sacrifice themselves for their fellows by giving themthere is so much virtue, the people shall be saved and the waters shall subside.' "All the people had heard the voice, Al-

most immediately thirty-nine young men stepped forward and offered themselves as victims. Now, here is where the dispute begins; the Mussulmans say that the thirty-nine were of their faith, while the Bulgars have it they were Christians. Some say the king himself completed the number when no other offered himself. The Moslems admit the fortieth was a Christian The Christians admit he was a Mussulman. The fust ones of both faiths are willing to agree that both were equally represented.

"The forty men threw themselves from the cliffs. Then came the sound of a great explosion by the Rilo Mountains; the Evil One shricked in disappointed anger, the and there along the line the scarlet fez of Stryman was freed, and the waters subsided, flowing down through Macedonia. The bodies occasional breaks, the line continued its of the forty martyrs were found below and buried on Hizzarlik, but during the wars having already reached the top. Beyond afterwards they always appeared to fight the chapel above rose a thin column of with the people. By their sacrifice, says the legend, they gained immortality in came the low, soothing hum of a chant, flesh, and now, the peasants down in the valley often hear them chanting of dark Hurrying out on the street I found small nights up on Hizzarlik, and sometimes they

small yellow tapers. In the last street up my friend, but there seem to be various small stands where white fezzed Albanians which shall be fulfilled during the coming

My friend and I joined the line moving up | Toward evening the people gradually reon the trail. Before us went a Mussulman turned down the trail, and when dark came and his family, many children, and several the shrine was deserted. As I look out of women with covered faces, all carrying my window now I can see a solitary fire lighted candles, possible in this secluded glimmering up there. To night, at twelve, valley where only a western wind may according to the true believers, the Forty reach through the pass leading in from Martyrs will gather about it and chant the Macedonia. It was hard climbing, up that story of their deeds of the past, and, benarrow trail, so steep that the little ten- | fore retiring again, cast blessings over the year-old Turk before me was level with town, which shall preserve it from future ALBERT SONNICHSEN.

> HIAWATHA ON THE WEST WIND. Listen to the springtime west wind.

Listen to old Mudikeewis; How he whistles through the treetons How he shakes the naked branches Shakes and sways the naked branches Will they cry aloud in anguish: still. O Mudiikeewis-Let us rest a little longer; We have work to do in springtime; Now he rattles at the windows. Seeking for a crack or crevice New he cops some old man's derby. Sends it whizzing o'er the crossing Covered with a muddy laver From the thick Milwaukee pavemen w he strikes some shrinking spinster Who is plodding down Wisconsin Towards the dense Milwaukee River; Strikes her like an Asian sandstorm Just to fool observing chapples.

Mudilkeewis, mighty west wind, Hurry over plain and vailey, Grabbing up the dry, brown leaflets That have lain throughout the winter: Unward to the fleecy cloudbanks. This is just the simple story And its antics in the springtide.

-[Milwaukee Sentinel.

HE WAITED.

"Supposing you wait here in this comhese two samples of ribbon," said Mrs. Maylair sweetly to her husband, who had her. When she came back she said con- pensate.

"Have I kept you waiting an unpardonably long time, you poor dear?"
"Oh, I haven't minded it," he said cheer-"I just jumped on a car and ran fuelly. out to the league grounds and saw most of the ball game, and then I took a little spin i the park with Dorton in his new auto. Did you match the samples?' "One of them. It's so provoking. I'll hey're closing the store now."-[Lippin-

GOLF FOR YOUTHS.

Sir Hallewell Rogers, a practical golfer, nresiding at the annual meeting of the most beautiful and fruitful of lands along | Warwickshire County Lawn Tennis Asthe banks of the Stryman. While the peo- sociation, said it was a great misnles of neighter the kingdoms fought and take for young men who had just left destroyed each other, the subjects of Kon- school to begin to play golf. They should stantine and Hele no by reason of the great first take up a game involving greater and virtues of their sovereigns, lived peace- more invigorating exercise than golf could fully togother, Musiculmans and Christians, provide. Golf was more a game for old and middle aged men than for young men, who slde by slde. Here on Hizzarlik stood the should first try their hand at tennis.—[Lon-

THE HAYTIAN A CONTRADICTION

JUNGLE SPIRIT CAPERING IN A TRAVESTY OF CIVILIZATION

The Natives Ridiculous Children Until Aroused, and Then They Are Devils of Ferocity—A Visit to the Cliff Top Eyry of a Ruined French Engineer

[Special Correspondence of The Evening Post.] BAY OF JACMEL, Hayti, April 5.-What one thinks of any Haytian town largely depends on whence one comes to it. Sir William Morton Conway, dropping upon Jacmel fresh from the British West Indian ports, set it down in his book as utterly revolting. We, taking it at the tail of a series of Havtian "cities." admire it with a fervor almost equal to his soorn. In a word, he had just seen how much better it might be; we, how much worse. By a turbulent passage around from

Aguin we made Jacmel Point at dawn this morning. Within the bay, whose wide mouth swallows all the wind of ocean, a heavy swell was running. The big, blue, omnipresent mountains loomed like stormclouds round about; and the strong green crescent of the hills, sharply sloping from their knues into the sea, showed lurid lights and shadows in the slant of the early sun The surf was smashing on the beach with immense uproar. In mid-bay a sunken ree capped by ruins of masonry, all awash, worried the sea into long relays of scimitar-shaped combers. And over the surface of the waters' roar played high and keen a grisly clamor like a creaking of chainsthe outery of a multitude of birds, white of body, black of head, smaller than gulls beautiful, crowded shoulder to shoulder upon eyery floating foothold.

Now, with a running rattle of links, th anchor goes down; and a ship's boat carries our cables to a couple of mooring buoys making our head fast to them. Wise craft take no risks in this harbor. Over on the shallows, spreading bare bones red with rust against the green ripples beneath, lies their sinister warning—the skeleton of an iron steamer that dragged her anchor in a sudden tempest years ago.

On the beach to the left, at the green hills' feet, ranged along the curve of shining sands, rups a single row of little mud huts, thatched with palm leaves bleached colorless by sun and rain. Shock-headed, blackened, bare, each squats at the side of its own big-tufted cocoanut palm; and the picture is in the likeness of a file of savage fighting-men sitting on their haunches beside their tuited spears. A high bluff crowned with banana cultivations, shelved festooned with exquisite green vines, balances the beach, on the right. And between beach and bluff, climbing tier on tier up the steep face of the hill, rise the streets of Jacmel, each visible house gay in pink or blue, make or green, peering down upon us from over neighbors' heads, like an audience seated at the play. As has been suggested before, the ques-

tion of comparative decency between one Haytlan town and another has nothing whatever to do with differentiation in the civic qualities of the communities. The people have no civic qualities of any sort whatever, And, seeing what they are, whence they came, and how they have since existed, to blame them for that or for any phase of their present condition would be as logical as to blame a cageful of wild creatures because their morals and manners pained polite spectators. What they do, however unprintable, they do spontaneously, legitimately, in the spirit of the mother jungle. By a freakish abortion of the sins of civilized men, their jungle spirit, though playing free, now capers in a travesty of civilization's shape. And it is this Caliban's revenge—this outrage against our own image—that raises our gorge at matters that, seem in their natural guise, would be void of offences Forgive them, therefore, that their lunatics and their lepersnumerous, both wander free and untended among the sane and the sound; that their to make sure of clearing the field, he ordermanners and other habits of mind and of ed the entire company of suspects range. body are a gross and wounding humilation against a wall and shot. grinningly thrust before your eyes; that all that they do is done without a thought of to-morrow, of the common weal, or of any conception of the decembles of a higher life. THE CLEANEST HAYTIAN TOWN.

In the specific point of street cleanliness, the same truth holds good. All depends upon the extent to which the natural conditions of your locality make toward effacement of the traces of men. A town on a flat, non-porous soil, must therefore, is perhaps the cleanest town in fortable seat by the elevator while I match not otherwise than the beds of mountain of exactly this that she had come. In an torrents, over which horses go gingerly, men with imperilled ankles, and carriages husband's side. been entrapped into going shopping with not at all, the compensations infinitely com-

One other great advantage Jacmel possesses-three-quarters of it was destroyed | time it was enough. She carried her dead by fire only twelve years ago. Æsthetic- away, saving his body from the common ly, the loss is irreparable, for almost all of the fine old buildings left from French | Hayti; to make her home and her future in days disappeared in those flames. And although some surprisingly pretty or substantial structures have since been built by one and another of the some-and-thirty foreign residents, the old charm cannot be recreated. But fire, in Hayti, sails on angels wings. Except for its flerce mercles, all the plagues would run amuck. Our first errand on shore is to visit the house of an old friend, whose hospitality of other days endears the place—a French engineer, twice ruined by the broken faith of Haytian officials, and now invalided away. the answer read: "It not too young, skin. To reach his cliff-top eyry means a goat's climb up a rocky lane, where, among islands of refuse, and lakes and atreams of evil fluid, cocks and hens, cadayerous dogs, Housekeeper's query for a pickled cate. lean black pigs, and naked pickaningles recipe. [Washington Life.

disport together in shrill, contemptuous in-

"These Haytian dogs are a nightmareheart-breaking. Every bone, every articulation nearly, cleaves their skins!" . "Dear madame, obviously yes. But the

people themselves have only plantains to eat. Dogs don't like plantains," "Are all pigs black in Hayti?"

"Madame, it is curious, but I have neither seen nor heard of one of any other color in this country."

But on the other side of poor A gate, all is as immaculate and as charmeing as of yore; and his Martiniqualse serve ing-women, partly for this extraordinary virtue, partly for the flattery of their wellcome, receive of us much Haytian coin. The breeze, up here, is as if from another latitude; the view magnificent, indeed. From the balcony of A-s little office, butilt just on the cliff's edge, you look straight down 100 feet or more, into the white turmoil of the surf. Spread in front lies open sea. And, again, over the bay on the right rise the excellent green hills, with their deep-shadowed gorges, leading secretar away into the far, blue mountains beyond,

The garden is still lovely, despite the absence of the master's hand and eye. The red and pink roses are blossoming six feet high. The belle Mexicaine throws a pink cloud over the tiled gallery before the lits tle drawing room. And the beautiful cocoss nut palm in the midst is weighted with splendid fruit. An old bronze camon, wreathed about with vines, tilts aslant on its rotting carriage at the cliff's vergefor the enclosure was once a fort. And in a bit of grassy lawn, well tended, nearly kept, are graves of certain early Haytian generals.

Had these latter relies of the country oast remained in Haytian hands, doubtless all trace of them would long ago have perished, like the rest. But neither disrespect to human dust, nor any stain of disarray, could exist within precincts of poor A And so it happens that of the few yet-surviving tombs of Haytian leaders of the bloody old French-Haytian butcheries, those most reverently preserved owe their advantage, not to pride or care of Hay tians, but to cardinal virtues of the French.

Following the rule of all Latin West Indian islands, the dirtiest place in town is the market. But the people, men and women, here and everywhere, show kindly faces, and if they are not deferential are at least smiling, civil, and without evidence of hostility. Yet, if perfect truth were told, one exception would be chronicled. Hawing somewhat missed our way in the maze of alleys on the hilltop, we stopped to ask it of a passerby-a grimy citizen in outrageous rags, who, on later thought, could be remembered as wearing a tag of once-red ane hime he e cincle trouser-leg seam, while certain less sunbleached areas on his shoulders showed that straps might long ago have figured there. Him, most politely interrogated. we found surly: yet, perhans, from no worse with scarlet-flowered, flamboyant trees and inspiration than that to eke out his paneply's defects with the only means in his immediate control.

> "I am the general commanding the forces," he explained in broad patois, "detailed by the Government of the republic to maintain order in this province."

The incident recalled for the hundredth time the words of a Haytian acquaintance now living in another land. "My people are only children," she used to say, "Idle ignorant, good natured, inordinately vain. But, harmless until their savagery is aroused by blood, they are devils once really launched in war-as horrible them as the were before ridiculous." Bitter words for a Haytian born, but the speaker spoke not without her license.

the dark strain, of distinguished bearing middle age, a very handsome woman. In girlhood she must have been radiant. Her people, for Haytians, were well to do. her education good; and she was early and suitably married to a man of her own color and condition, for whom she had much regard. went forth of the usual periodic plot to overthrow the president of the republic. The president promptly laid hands upon all possible ambitious men, and, among the rest, upon Madame X.'s husband. Them

A mulatto, but so Caucasian of feature

that none but the keenest eye would iee

Madame X. knew the futility of any protest against the decree; knew also some other things; and went to the president ness, perhaps it was her beauty, that won success. Her plea was that shomight stand with the firing squad when her husband was shot, and that she might carry away his body at the end. The president agreed. Without a tremor she took her place beside the executioners. As almost always happens in Hayti, the terrified guards, ne unspeakably filthy. A town on a steep shaken with superstitious dread of the hillside stands at the other extreme of the shostly vengeance of men killed in cold possible Haytian scale. Jacmel slopes blood, fired wild. One or two of the prise like the roof of a Dutch farmhouse. Jacmel, oners fell dead. Others stood untouched, waiting. Others, still, writhed on the Hayti. And if her "streets," ripped and ground with night but not immediately more gouged by every heavy rain and never re- tal wounds. Among the last was the huspaired, save in the most futile fashion, are band of Madame X., and it was in the lear instant, she had dragged a guard to her

> "Fire here!" she cried, with both her hands holding the muzzle of the gun against her husband's heart. The man fired. This pit. And then, with her baby son, she left a country without memories.

MIXED PICKLES.

One of our exchanges made an unicatunate error in its "Answers to Correspon-

"Fond Mother" wrote in to find out what she should do for her children who had the whooping cough. In the make up the compositor got some items transposed and

npany, C. A.: from Fortyto Forty-sevshington Bariwell, Seventh