

## A SILVER SUNRISE.

The Splendid and Peculiar Pageant of Morning in Southwestern Georgia.

Poets have sung of rosy dawns, of orange sunsets waning low, and of that later hour when large Hesper glitters through the rosy spaces, while mid silent spheres rises the deepening night. But the poet is yet to be who will tell in numbers worthy of the theme the story of that magical drama of nature, the silver sunrise in the south, or in that part of it known as the cotton belt of southwestern Georgia. There the isotherm is semi-tropical. The almost flat, slightly undulating landscape is, or was twenty years ago, under the high cultivation of the slave system, a sheet of verdure breathing in the months of March, April, and May. The tall cypress, the thick-leaved ambrosia live-oak, the heavy-scented magnolia grandiflora, form the upper foliage, belting the clear dark ponds that dot the low, flat, level tracts. Around their sedgy borders the cranes and curlews call, on their dark bosoms swim the broods of mallard and teal ducks. All the beauty and picturesque charm of nature do not belong to the mountain lands alone. To the lover of nature in all her phases and moods this pond land is as full of beauty as of bloom. It is lively at all seasons of the year, all hours of the day, but especially when seen under a silver sunrise.

Not every morning of the whole year round is this wonder witnessed. It takes peculiar conditions of the atmosphere to produce the phenomenon. To the servant belongs the task of telling what the conditions are that produce a silver sunrise. The effect I will try to describe. In April or May, when the early spring rains that have soaked the porous soil and filled the ponds, and given the lush and lusty green hues to the earth, have ceased to fall, when the atmosphere is rarified by a heat that makes the young cotton plants grow visibly under your eye; in the darkness of a morning that is only slightly cooler than the night in which you have watched the motions of the constellations in the cloudless heavens, you may rise, as I have risen, morning after morning, to catch that fleeting first scene in the first act of the spectacular drama of a sunny day in the sunny south.

Do not wait to hear the clock strike, or look at your watch, but when dawn is near, the swift-passing dawn of that latitude, which you will know by the low murmur of insect and bird life around you, rise and hasten forth. You can see the white sands under your feet, but barely note the long, gray mosses that hang like stalactites from the branches of the trees above your head, only faintly in the gloom made visible by starlight and the swift-moving dawn. In that latitude twilight and dawn are matters of only a few minutes. The stars blaze out, as it were, in the beams of the rising sun. In the negro parlance of the old times: "it is broad day before you know what you are about." The sedgy rims of the ponds, the tall cypresses and oaks, the heavy trailing creepers of the vines, the light swaying banners of the moss, every tiny blade of grass and leaf plant and weed, every flower petal and wheel of field cobweb is gemmed with beads of dew, but it does not drip. It looks almost or quite like hoar-frost spread over the ocean-like expanse of land and water, like a white veil blending and making more beautiful the darker verdure of the foliage around the pools, and the glowing emerald and color shades of the cotton and corn fields.

A thousand mocking birds are all of a sudden cleaving the blue vault above you with such strains of unpremeditated art as skylark never dreamed of. In fact, if one of the southern mocking birds ever hears the song of one of those English skylarks which the late Isaac W. England found a home for in the meadows of New Jersey, he will beat him so badly in his own song that the British warbler will hide his head under his wing, poor thing, and die of grief and shame.

Afar off from thicket and leafy covert comes the cooing of a thousand doves, the soft whistle of as many quails, the shrill cries of the redbirds, the shriller calls of the catbirds, and notes of many another feathered songster, whose names you must learn from Mr. Audubon. The thrushes, too, hardly less musical than the mocking birds, sing from the leafy boughs and shrubby near by.

While bathed, as it were, in this outburst of liquid melody, this first diapason of the opera of the day, suddenly, without warning, with no rosy glow to herald his coming, up from the white misty horizon bursts the sun, a blaze of silver light bigger than the biggest cart-wheel that ever was made, dazzling, as if composed of ten thousand burnished silver mirrors flashing electric light through panes of crystal, flooding the landscape with silver lace dotted with diamonds and powdered with sparkling silver dust. The sense of the exquisite coloring of the scene is lost in the wondrous radiance shed over the landscape that stretches miles away, until the dazzling view is lost in the silvery haze of the horizon. It looks as if all fairy land had met to battle on a field of jeweled silver, panopied in silver mail, and every shield and every spear decked and tipped with gems. Not one moment is there rest in this wondrous scene, which lasts but a few minutes, for the first breeze of morning waving the sparkling banners of long moss, and the first warm kiss of the sun beams sweep the glittering pageant all away.—*New York Sun.*

## Health and Wealth.

Health and wealth have many points in common; first of all in their very names. To have health is to be well; to have wealth is also to be well—well off.

Wealth is for the most part got in three ways—by inheritance; by self-denial; by care, labor and attention; often by some combination of these three. Wealth is lost by extravagant expenditure or by carelessness and neglect.

Health may also be got in these three ways. A man may inherit it from his ancestors; he may gain or keep it by denying his appetites for luxurious food and drink, and for excesses of all kinds; he may besides have to work for it, by pains-taking exercise, and a constant supervision over his habits. In brief, unless a man has inherited a large and vigorous stock of health, he must do as he has to do when he does not inherit wealth—earn it.

He may also lose health by extravagant demands upon it, by reckless expenditure or by carelessness in nurturing and preserving it.

Moreover, the connection between health and wealth is so close that if he spends his wealth lavishly and recklessly on luxurious living and dissipation at the gaming table or other improper places far into the night, his health will go with his wealth. So again it often happens that he cannot have both an excess of health and an excess of wealth at the same time. He often loses his health acquiring his wealth, and if he has to care anxiously for his health he is not likely to accumulate wealth.

Again health is like wealth in that a man may accumulate health not only without wronging anybody, but in doing so actually benefits the world. A man who gathers health and vigor from the air and the water, from proper exercise and a correct life, does not take one particle of health from anybody. There still remain in the earth and atmosphere plenty of the elements of health for all the rest of the world. He, moreover, provides in himself and his offspring a certain number of persons who will not burden the community with sick and feeble members.

So, too, a man by his labor and his self-denial may, without injuring any person whatsoever, gather wealth from the soil, from the manufacturing forces of nature and art or from his capacity to organize business enterprises and so reduce the friction of commerce. The wealth thus created is besides a positive addition to the comfort and the prosperity of mankind.

A man cannot voluntarily be deprived of his health. He may sacrifice it himself, just as he may sacrifice his wealth, for the benefit of his fellow-men. But no one can take it from him. If there were any way of doing so there would be but one result. No man would deny himself or take any pains whatever to acquire or preserve his health, only for the sake of being obliged to give it up to some person, too luxurious or too lazy to acquire it for himself.

The same is true of wealth. No man would accumulate wealth if he knew it would be confiscated by the self-indulgent or the lazy the moment he had got enough of it to tempt them to take it from him. This is the fatal defect of all socialist and communist schemes. If put in practice, men would cease to acquire wealth and the civilization would degenerate into savagery.

In some conditions men are forced to give up their wealth to other people. Slaves have to do it. Heavily taxed people have to do it. What is the result? Slaves and the heavily taxed cease to produce much more than enough to keep themselves alive, and the races or nations which long suffer such a state of things become impoverished and go to decay.

There is one particular, however, in which health seems to, but really does not, differ from wealth. If it were possible for a shrewd and cunning man to obtain health from other people, leaving them sick and feeble, he would then be like the speculator or gambler who obtains property from others without productive labor. But a man who should get health in this way would add nothing to the common stock of health. He would merely transfer it from other people to himself. This, however, would be an unequal distribution, not an accumulation of health. So the gains of a gambler or speculator are not an accumulation of wealth but an unequal distribution of property.

Such transfers add no more to the general wealth of the country than transfers of health would add to its general health. But any man who by self-denial or labor accumulates either health or wealth is not only entitled to what he acquires, but his acquisition is a positive addition to both the health and the wealth of the world.—*Detroit Free Press.*

## The Reason.

Two men were quarreling. One of them threatened to shoot the other. The threatened man, in revival of an old piece of sarcasm, asked:

"Where do you bury all your dead?"

Just then, an excited man drew the satirist aside and said:

"My gracious! you ought not to talk that way!"

"Which way?"

"Asking that man where he buries his dead."

"Why?"

"Because he is a physician."—*Arkansas Traveler.*

## A RACE WITH FIRE.

The Story of a Railroad Ride Related by a Dying Engineer. Eighty Miles an Hour Over a Crooked Track, Pursued by Flames.

"I don't expect to live much longer, and after I am dead I want you to put in the papers the story of that ride I had from Prospect to Brocton in 1869."

The speaker was Duff Brown, an old locomotive engineer, who was lying at his home in Portland, N. Y., dying with consumption. This was several months ago. On the 7th inst. he died. He was nearly sixty years old, and one of the oldest engineers in the United States. His story of the awful ride is this:

"In 1869 I was running a train on the Buffalo, Corry and Erie Railroad. The track from Prospect, or Mayville Summit, to Brocton Junction is so crooked, that while the distance is actually only ten miles, the curves make it by rail fourteen. The grade for the whole distance is over seventy feet to the mile. About 9 o'clock on the night of August 17, 1869, we reached the Summit with a train of two passenger-cars, six oil-cars, and a box car. The latter contained two valuable trotting-horses and their keepers with them, on their way, I believe to Chicago. There were fifty or sixty passengers in the two cars. I got the signal from the conductor to start and pulled out. We had got under considerable headway, when looking back, I saw an oil car in the middle of the train was on fire. I reversed the engine and whistled for brakes. The conductor and brakemen jumped off. They unhooked the passenger cars and set the brakes upon them and brought them to a stop. Supposing that the brakes on the burning oil cars would also be put on, I called to a brakeman on the box car to draw the coupling-pin between that car and the lead oil tank, backing so that he could do it, intending to run far enough to save the box car and the locomotive. As I ran down the hill after the pin had been drawn, what was my horror to see that the burning cars were following me at a speed that was rapidly increasing. The men had not succeeded in putting on the brakes. I saw that the only thing that could be done was to run for it to Brocton, and the chances were that we would never reach there at the speed which we would be obliged to make around those sharp reverse curves where we had never run over twenty miles an hour. When I saw the flaming cars—for the whole six were on fire by this time—plunging after me, and only a few feet away, I pulled the throttle open. The oil cars caught me, though, before I got away. They came with full force against the rear of the box-car, smashing in one end and knocking the horses and their keepers flat on the floor. The heat was almost unendurable, and do my best I couldn't put more than thirty feet between the pursuing fire and ourselves. By the light from the furnace, as the fireman opened the door to pile in the coal, I caught sight of the face of one of the horsemen, he having crawled up to the grated opening in the end. It was pale as death, and he begged me for God's sake to give her more steam. I was giving her then all the steam she could carry, and the grade itself was sufficient to carry us down at the rate of fifty miles an hour. We went so fast that the engine refused to pump. Every time we struck one of those curves the old girl would run on almost one set of wheels, and why in the world she did not topple over is something I never could understand. She seemed to know that it was a race of life or death, and worked as if she were alive. The night was dark, and the road ran through deep woods, deep rock cuts, and along high embankments. We were thundering along at lightning speed, and only a few paces behind us that fiery demon in full pursuit. There were fifty thousand gallons of oil in those tanks at least, and it was all in flames, making a flying avalanche of five hundred feet long. The flames leaped into the air nearly one hundred feet. The roar was like that of some great cataract. Now and then a tank would explode with a noise like a cannon, when a volume of flame and pitchy smoke would rise high above the body of flame and showers of burning oil would be scattered about in the woods. The whole country was lighted up for miles around. Well, it wasn't long going at the rate we made, before the lights of Brocton came in sight down the valley. The relief I felt when these came in view was short lived, for I remembered that train 8 on the Lake Shore would be at the junction about the time we would reach it. Eight was the Cincinnati express. Our only hope all along the race had been that the switchman at the junction would think far enough to open the switch there connecting the cross-cut track with the Lake Shore track, and let us run in on the latter, where the grade would be against us, if anything, and where we would soon get out the way of the oil cars. The switch would be closed now for the express, and our last hope was gone unless the express was late or some one had sense enough to flag the express. While we were thinking of this we saw the train tearing along toward the junction. Could we reach the junction, get the switch, and the switch be set back for the express before the latter got there? If not, there would be an inevitable crash, in which not only we, but scores of others would be crushed to death. All

this conjecturing did not occupy two seconds, but in these two seconds I lived years. "Good God!" I said to my fireman, "what are we to do?" The fireman promptly replied—and he was a brave little fellow—that I should whistle for the switch and take the chances. I did so. That whistle was one prolonged yell of agony. It was a shriek that seemed to tell us that our brave old engine knew our danger and had its fear. Neither the fireman nor myself spoke another word. Thanks be to God, the engineer on the express train, seeing us tearing down that mountain with an eighth of a mile of fire in close pursuit of us, knew in a moment that only one thing could save us. He whistled for brakes, and got his train on a standstill not ten feet from the switch. The switchman now answered our signal, and we shot on the Shore track and whizzed on by the depot and through the place like a rocket. The burning cars followed us, of course, but their race was run. They had no propelling power now, and in three hours there was nothing left of them but smoking ruins.

"My fireman and I were so weak when we brought our locomotive to a stop that we could not get out of our cab. The two horsemen were unconscious in the box-car. The horses were ruined. And how long do you think we were making that sixteen miles? We ran two miles up the Lake Shore track. Just twelve minutes from the summit to the spot where we stopped. A plumb eighty miles an hour, not counting the time lost getting under headway and stopping beyond Brocton."

## Peter Stuyvesant and Pocahontas.

New York Letter to Commercial Gazette.

Dr. Edward Eggleston, who wrote "Hoosier Schoolmaster" and the "Circuit rider," and a number of interesting stories based on the early life of an itinerant Indiana preacher, has given up fiction of late, and is devoting himself to the more substantial work of the "American colonies." He has pretty well exhausted the field here, however, and will go in May to London to obtain the benefit of the British museum, where the most extensive collection of American archives is to be found in the world. I should not wonder, however, if this delving into colonial history would bring forth from Dr. Eggleston's pen a new series of American novels based on the scenes of the day. Walking through the beautiful little patch of green in the east side of the city known as Stuyvesant Square, a few days ago, it occurred to me to ask Dr. Eggleston what he thought of the tradition that old Peter Stuyvesant, whose statue is in a niche in one of the down-town buildings, had given that park to the city, that being the reason assigned for the absurd custom of locking the park gates at sunset each evening.

"There is nothing further from the truth," Dr. Eggleston remarked, "than most of the things set down as traditions. Now I do not suppose that Peter Stuyvesant—or silver-legged Peter, as the Indians called him, probably from the fact that around the wooden peg which served him for a leg he wore a silver of some kind—had anything to do with the bequeathing of this park. In the first place, when Peter Stuyvesant lived here there was no more use for a Park in this locality than there would be for one in the midst of the Catskill Mountains. This was all wild land then, and the city lay miles below. Some later member of the family probably made the donation, and as Peter was the most famous member of the family later generations gave him the credit for it."

"It is a good deal like the tradition of Pocahontas and John Smith, I suppose?"

"No. There is a good deal of foundation for the story of Pocahontas. When in Richmond and Jamestown, where my parents came from, and where I have recently made some research in connection with other matters concerning the Virginia colonies, I found what I think is the true story of the friendship between those two people. I doubt if it has ever been truly stated. When John Smith sailed up the James river, Powhatan was the chieftain of a very large band of Indians, who were at first inclined to be friendly with the whites, but were afterward ill-treated perhaps, and became hostile. There seems to be good authority for the statement that by some means or other, Smith fell into their hands. I do not believe that he was ever sentenced to death or rescued, as the story goes, but Pocahontas—whose name in the Indian language stands for "Little Wanton," or as we would say, a "Little Minx"—probably claimed Smith as her slave. From that there is but little doubt that a very strong attachment sprang up between them. Smith went back to England, however, and when Rolfe came over he had doubtless heard of Pocahontas, and also got to know her. He wanted to marry her, but Pocahontas still remembered John Smith, and there is authority for the statement that it was only after they had made her believe that Smith was dead that she consented to marry. She was taken to London and there she learned that they had deceived her and she was broken down by the announcement."

The conviction and imprisonment of a prominent mormon for polygamy, is having a good effect already in making polygamy as dangerous as it is odious.

## The Parting of Lee and His Generals.

Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

Amid the ruins of their capital, with bare, bowed heads, in utter silence and bitter tears, Lee and his Generals separated and went their several ways to homes destroyed, families broken up and scattered, and often into exile and oblivion.

The final parting was in front of Lee's mansion in Richmond, two days after Appomattox. Lee's house is an ordinary square brick, standing alone on Franklin street, one square from the Capitol. All the other houses on the square are connected. Upon the afternoon of the second day after the surrender, people in that vicinity were surprised to see come riding up the street from the south a company of Confederate horsemen. They were unarmed. Their gray uniforms were worn, soiled, and often tattered, their trappings old and patched. They wore slouched hats, and here and there was a feather remaining of the once smart and jaunty drooping plume of the Confederate cavalrymen. They were bronzed and browned and bearded. They sat erect and came on with the splendid horsemanship for which they were noted. Upon the collars of some of the gray jackets could still be seen the faded and tarnished gilt stars, the emblems of the wearers' rank.

In front of them rode Lee. His two hands held the loosely swinging reins and rested upon the pommel. His head was bent and his eyes were looking straight ahead from under his downcast brow, but they seemed to see nothing.

As the troops cantered up to his old home his horse stopped at the gate, and he aroused himself suddenly, as from a dream, and cast his eyes upon the familiar windows and then around over the group of gallant soldiers who had followed his fortunes for four bloody years and gone down in defeat under his banner.

The end of it all had come at last. He threw himself from his horse, and all his companions followed his action. They stood hat in hand, and an arm through the bridle rein, while Lee went from man to man, grasping each hand, looking intently into each face as though he would press it upon his memory forever. Then he turned and walked through the gate and up the steps to his door. As a servant opened the door he paused with his left foot upon the veranda, his right upon the last step, and looked back for the last time. Not a word had been spoken not a good-by uttered. There was no sound heard but that of sobs as these unkempt and grizzled heroes of a hundred battles leaned their heads against the shoulders of their horses and wept.

Lee gave one look, and broke down at last. His hands were over his eyes, his frame shook with sobs, as he turned quickly and disappeared into his lonely house. With the closing of the door behind him ended forever the wild dream of the Southern Confederacy.

## Russia at the Gates.

From Charles Marvin's "The Russians at the Gates of Herat."

Our British Generals and the Generals of Russia value Herat, not solely on account of the city, but on account of the resources of the district in which it is situated—resources in corn and beef, which, if swept into any point of the Herat district, not necessarily to Herat itself, would feed an army of at least 100,000 men and sustain them during the final advance upon India. It is this great campaign ground, and not exclusively the town of Herat, that is the key of India. If a line be drawn south of Herat 100 miles to Furrak, a second west seventy miles to Kusan, on the Persian frontier, and a third 120 miles north, behind the points occupied by the Russians, a rough idea may be formed of a district as fertile as England throughout, and possessing marvelous mineral resources. This is the camping-ground, this is the place of arms, which Russia wants in order that she may be always able to threaten India. There is no such camping-ground anywhere between the Caspian and Herat, and none again between Herat and India. Hence, not without reason have the ablest Generals of England and Russia designated the district the key of India.

The Russians are posted at the gates of Herat; the English are posted on the hills dominating the avenues to Candahar. Between them lies the Afghan barrier. That barrier, physically, is of such a character that the Russians could drive a four-in-hand from their own Cossack outposts to ours, and during the 549 miles ride they would pass only two towns on the road—Herat, with 50,000 and Candahar, with 60,000 people. There are bad roads in Afghanistan, but they do not lie between the Russians and the English. There are fierce tribes, but they lie the thinnest between the Czar's soldiers and the Queen's. There are patriotic Afghans, but the least sentimental and the most amenable to European influence lie between the Cossack and the Sikh. There are fearful mountains, but they do not lie along the road, I mention. Horrible deserts exist, but in this case the most fertile parts of Afghanistan mark the route. In one word, there is no barrier at all between the Russians and the English, except such as we ourselves may try to create and interpose to check the advance of the Cossack.