

HERMANN.

CHAPTER V.

And where was Hermann at this momentous crisis? He had fought on foot, and in the front rank of his soldiers, animating them by voice and example, and it was with an indescribable thrill that he saw them waver, and at last seek safety in flight. Only his own personal followers remained with him, certain gallant young warriors of the Cherusci, who, according to the fashion of their country, had devoted themselves to perish wherever their leader fell; and with these he resolved to make a last effort, not to conquer, but to die gloriously. He has been unable, indeed, to give freedom to his country; but still he can bestow at least the example of a heroic end—that boon which is never fruitless. He waved a sword, already reddened to the hilt with slaughter, and announced his purpose to his followers, who agreed with ardour to follow wherever he led. They linked themselves together by their broad belts, that they might rush in the thickest of the enemy, and fight and perish as one man. But at that moment there was heard from the rear the rush of a coming multitude, and a sharp, clear voice of exhortation accompanied it, that pierced through the whole thunder of battle, like the shrill notes of a fife through the clamours of a hundred war-trumpets. Hermann was just in the act of making his final onset at the head of his devoted band, when he suddenly saw at his side the beautiful Thuselda, armed with a spear, which she had snatched from the hands of a dying legionary; and with her was a band of German women, who had arrested the flight of their countrymen, and driven them back upon their pursuers. With a sudden stroke she pierced the bosom of a centurion whom she confronted, and at his fall loud cries of exultation burst from her companions. And crowding upon their steps came the late flyers, glowing with the shame of defeat, and anxious to retrieve their lost honour in the sight of those they loved; while reinforcements from the hills poured in, at the same instant, to aid in the hopeless. "Thuselda," he exultingly exclaimed, "thou hast brought back freedom to thy country: withdraw thee now to safety, and see how I shall fight in thy presence!" And never did the sweep of the ocean whirlwind rush with more impetuous fury upon the stricken and dispersed fleet than did Hermann and his rallied warriors upon the Roman ranks. Before that tremendous charge, valour and discipline were unavailing; and the enemy, taken unexpectedly, were borne backward with resistless energy to their main body; while multitudes, during that repulse were swallowed up in the swamps, or struck down and trampled under foot. Thus the attempt had completely failed, and the Romans, with forces diminished to one-half of their former numbers, occupied their original position; while the gresses which they had attempted were strengthened by rude breastworks hastily thrown up on the evening after the battle had closed, and by which the deliverance of the enclosed legions was rendered more impracticable.

Mourning, indeed, was now the condition of the defeated army, as the evening closed once more upon its broken and exhausted relics. When they had resumed their station, the ranks were concentrated—but how shrunken and spiritless compared with the mighty host that had occupied the same ground only two days ago! Could these be the legions that had hoped to march northward in triumph, and plant the victorious eagle as far as living things existed, until their progress was arrested only by that impassable boundary of ice with which nature had walled that mysterious part of creation? Few of the survivors had escaped unwounded, and many with pale countenances and fainting limbs were obliged to prop themselves upon their spears; but still their gallant hearts thought less of pain than the ignominy of defeat. Where were now their promises and their hopes, and what would be said of them at Rome? They had been beaten; and by whom? By naked barbarians, who had caught and crushed them with ease. How would the tale sound by the hearths of their affrighted countrymen, and what atonement could compensate for so great a calamity?

While such was the feelings of the humblest soldier, those of the unhappy general—But silence, like the veil of the painter, must be thrown over that which no language can describe. He, too, was wounded almost to the death; and as he raised his languid eyes in the twilight, and surveyed the silent, wo-worn remains of his host, the forms of the soldiers wavered before his dim vision like ghosts rather than living men. "I have endured," he exclaimed with a groan, "the deepest disgrace that was ever fated to befall the Roman arms; and wherefore, then, should I survive so nameless an affliction? Could I live, to confront my country, upon which I have brought such a burden of shame? The very stones of Rome, so often animated with the triumphal procession of successful commanders, would fly out against me if the people remem-bered silent. Could I even endure the returning day, the looks of

my faithful soldiers whom my folly has ruined? I will spare myself this misery by stealing from the world in silence. Farewell, my beloved friends! Let those who survive this ruin at least pity my memory, if they cannot cherish and defend it." When he ceased, the officers who surrounded him in silence heard his sword rattle in the sheath as he drew it forth. He held the weapon with both hands, and extending the last remains of his strength, he plunged it into his breast, and instantly fell dead at the feet of the bystanders. An abrupt, shuddering groan burst from them, but not a voice or hand had interposed; they thought he had but performed a sacred duty to his country and himself. And with them also a duty remained, which honour, as they imagined, required them to fulfil; it was to follow their commander. Could they return home as baffled fugitives, and tell that they had left him at Teutoburg? A fearful scene of self-immolation ensued among the officers, some falling upon their own swords, and others mutual and friendly slaughter. Such was the point of Roman honour, so justified by sages and lauded by poets, and which on this, as on so many former occasions was but too rigidly fulfilled. The noblest spirits of antiquity could dare all but merited reproach, and endure everything but life degraded. Little did mankind then know that sacred Being, in the form of a boy as yet only nine years old, was meditating a loftier morality by the banks of the Jordan, or upon the plains of Galilee; and preparing to teach in words that shall endure for ever that there is a disapprobation more terrible than that of the world, and a reward more glorious than the utmost of earthly fame.

When the morning of the third day of misery dawned, the Romans rose like victims for the slaughter. All their chief officers were dead, and upon what leading could they now depend? The ranks stood in silence, for each man but too well understood the feelings of his neighbor. It was then that a single voice was heard among them, speaking in hesitation, for it spoke of surrender. Every eye indignantly turned in search of the recreant, and they found that it was Cesonius, one of their dead commander's lieutenants, who had trembled and stood aloof while his companions were falling around the body of Varus. As he was now the officer of highest military rank, the command had devolved upon him, and he thought that a seasonable opportunity had arrived to preserve the army—and himself. But to surrender with arms in their hands! to surrender to barbarians, to become their sport or their victims—he had committed by the proposal a foul act of treason which only his life could expiate. The surviving centurions—as they still stood in camp within the Forum of an embattled camp, or upon a field of victory, instead of the edge of ruin into which in a few moments more they would be hurled—gathered with the ceremonial of a military court, and arranged the lieutenant before them as a traitor. The stern and compendious code of war was unrolled, the violated tablets were read, and the culprit was unanimously voted to have incurred its penalties; after which, with all solemnity, his head was struck off by the axe of the executioner. Who would henceforth speak or even dream of surrender? The soldiers spurned the bleeding trunk from their path, and applauded the deed that had vindicated the laws of Rome. They were now prepared for a last and terrible effort, in which they would either burst through the foe, or leave their bodies upon the field; but a leader was necessary for the emergency. All eyes were turned upon the veteran Septimuleus, the bravest and most experienced of their surviving officers, and the old man devotedly undertook an office so full of danger and despair. From the attempts of the preceding day the safest passes through the defended swamps had been ascertained; and these were to be assailed by the freshest of the troops, while the wounded and more enfeebled were placed in the centre. The cautious Septimuleus also commanded the soldiers to leave all the baggage behind, and carry with them nothing more than three days' provisions; as after that interval, should their attempt be successful, they would be able to reach some friendly territory.

In the meantime, Hermann, who had arisen before the daylight, was watching the movements of his enemies like a bird of prey. He saw at last their miserable skeletons of legions concentrated into compact masses, the heads of which were directed against the outlets, and he surmised the desperate nature of the effort for which these arrangements had been made. He turned and warned his gallant Germans, exhorting them to abide and repel this last onset of despair, so that not a foot should escape; and with clashing weapons and tremendous shouts they at once welcomed and defied the advancing Romans. The shock of the onset made the ground tremble beneath the combatants; spears and bucklers crashed and shivered; a steam went upward from the centre of the struggle. Like a living mass reeled hither and thither, as the changes of battle prevailed. Even those who fell, whether German or Roman, endeavoured in the agonies of death to strike a last blow at those antagonists who warred over their prostrate bodies. In such a close combat the hardihood of the Romans would have finally prevailed but for the conduct of the indomitable Hermann, who rallied or headed his troops wherever his presence was required, or gave them needful intermission by supplies of fresh forces. As for him he appeared equally impervious to toil and danger; his whole soul concentrated on an achievement the fame of which was to last for ages, seemed for the time to have imparted its deathless and ethereal energies to the body it tenanted. And ever and anon there thrilled from the rear the glorious bursts of a war-song, in a voice which he well knew, and the tones of which were like draughts of new existence to his parched and feverish heart.

Thus the battle continued from hour to hour. The morning had passed into mid-day; mid-day was followed by noon; and the noon was setting into evening—a lapse of time which hope contracted into a fleeting hour, and despair extended into a long dismal

year; but still the escape of the Romans had not advanced a single step. Their numbers were worn down to a handful, bleeding, exhausted, and staggering with every effort, like men drunk or asleep, yet still wielding their weapons as if mechanically, and more in the hope of dying honorably than achieving a safe departure. Another hour would decide their fate, for the evening was closing fast, and should it find them there, it would come with the darkness of the grave. In this dreadful crisis a stratagem occurred to the mind of Septimuleus, upon which he placed his last dependence, and which he was prompt to execute. He ordered a soldier to set fire to the baggage, for the purpose of distracting the attention and exciting the cupidity of the Germans. The command was obeyed just as the twilight had approached; and no sooner did the barbarians witness the rapidly-spreading blaze, than they feared that the rich booty was about to be torn from their grasp. They began, therefore to re-emit in their exertions; whole ranks soon abandoned the unprofitable toil of conflict; and there was a general rush to the conflagration, where each was eager to snatch a handful from the flames. Thus the defence of the passes were relinquished, and the Romans advanced with renewed confidence and vigour. Their sudden and impetuous on-sweep burst asunder the weakened ranks opposed to them; and fighting onward with rapid career, they cleared the narrow of the passes, and opened the open ground, where they formed in order and continued their retreat. Hermann, indignant at the covetousness of his people, who had so suddenly broken loose from control, still continued to resist at the head of his own personal followers; and although borne back by numbers, he hung upon the track of the flying enemy, and harassed them in flank and rear. Scarcely, however, had three thousand thus escaped the miserable gleanings of so great a harvest of death.

And now the mighty deed being done, the preternatural excitement that had achieved it, was exhausted, as that the ranks of the re-reat, and at midnight, dropped down to sleep by the way among the bodies of the dead. Thus also it was with their gallant chieftain. Faint, but still exulting, he threw himself beneath the shelter of a tree; and when he relapsed into immediate, but deathlike repose, a gentle hand seemed to bathe and caress his fevered temples, a sweet murmured word of exulting congratulation, and by fits some soothing song was poured forth that told of the hero's reward from woman's love and devotion. Such sleep was rapture; and Hermann smiled, as he slept, at these dream-like sounds that melted so sweetly into his repose, with the utterances of a voice so fondly endeared to his heart. But he knew not that it was Thuselda herself who had hovered near him during the fight, and who now stood over him to watch and soothe his slumbers; and she felt herself richly repaid by the words of fervent tenderness that at times fell unconsciously from his lips. Before the morning light arrived, he awoke from the spell, covered with blushes, and Hermann afterward awoke, refreshed by what he deemed but a vision of the night.

Where better can we leave that noble, that matchless pair, than upon the field which they have made a hallowed spot to all ages, and in the contemplation of victory of which every age has reaped the fruit? Trivial compared with these, would be the account of the acclamations that hailed them as the joint deliverers of their country; and the wild festive glee with which the land resounded when their union was celebrated amidst the trophies of their achievements. And did their course, so brightly commenced, continue to the close unclouded? But happen what might, could they be deemed unhappy who had accomplished such a deed? It is enough to know that the spirit of resistance thus kindled was never extinguished; that the Romans, in their subsequent incursions, never penetrated beyond the spot upon which Varus and his legions had fallen; and that when, in the fulness of time, the men of the North became invaders in their turn, and advanced to deliver and regenerate the world, they fought and conquered under the inspiring war-cry of "Hermann!"

The end.

A HORRIBLE SEA STORY.

Told by a Castaway, Picked Up With His Dead Companion, Just Before He Died.

Capt. Petersen of the Norwegian bark Telefon, reports that on Dec. 16, while on the voyage from Santos, the man at the wheel heard fearful screams, and on looking over the rail saw a small boat, with a man in the stern, flying before the wind in a heavy sea. The Telefon was hoisted to and a boat lowered manned by the mate and a seaman.

With great difficulty they reached the boat in the heavy sea. They found that it was partly filled with water and dirty rags. The body of a dead man was lying in the bow, face downward. At the stern was a man lying in such position as indicated that he had made a superhuman effort to attract attention as the boat drifted by the ship and then became unconscious. With great difficulty the exhausted man was hoisted in a piece of canvas on board the Telefon, where he was given brandy to revive him. At the expiration of two hours he partially revived and was able to make Capt. Petersen understand that the occupants of the boat were from Guadeloupe and had been blown to sea in the boat and that he had been without food or water for fifteen days. His companion had died in delirium.

Capt. Petersen had food brought, and when the exhausted man saw it he smiled and immediately became delirious. Every effort was made to restore him, but he died two days later without regaining reason and was buried at sea. Capt. Petersen says that the man was picked up 300 miles from Guadeloupe and he believes the statement of the man to be true, as the boat had neither sails or oars, and the wonder is that it had not been swamped.

A DOMESTIC NOTE.

They say women can always pick out goods that will wash. True enough; but why do they always pick out children who won't?

DON'T BREATHE ON BABY

THE VERY LATEST MEDICAL ETHIC TO MOTHERS.

Nor Must They Kiss the Infant—Air That Has Passed Through the Lungs is Full of Impure Gases and Poisonous Waste Substances.

What is it that everybody wants, says the conundrum, everybody asks for, everybody gives and nobody takes? And the answer is: Advice. But there is one class to whom this does not apply, and that is the noble army of mothers. They want advice, they ask for it and they take it gladly. What to do for the children? How best to care for the babies? These are the great questions and near to every true woman's heart. To keep baby well and strong perhaps the great essential is calm and deep sleep. If the little one rests well at night its chances of health are always good.

THEORY VS. PRACTICE.

The book says: Give the baby a cool bath and put it to sleep by itself; never let a little child remain in bed at night with another person, not even its mother. That is what the books say, books written by men who know a good deal about babies, but not everything. Some of us have never been able to believe that this is quite right. The human mother is the only animal that put its young away from it during the hours of darkness. Little chickens sleep under their mother's wing; the cat and her kittens resolve themselves into a furry mass for their night's rest, and all the animals of the forest are equally tender and near to their offspring. It must be remembered, however, that our humble cousins, the cat, the hen, the lioness, etc., are very sensible mothers, and that by considering their ways we, too, may become wise and learn how and why we should have our little ones near us at night.

DON'T BREATHE ON THE BABY.

In the first place, great care must be taken to secure air that is pure for the baby to breathe. It must not be contaminated in any way, not even by the mother's breath. Air that has been drawn into the lungs and forced out again is full of poison. Not only does it contain impure gases—as carbonic acid gas—but a pernicious waste substance similar in quality to snake poison. Sufficient quantities of these noxious materials will cause death, as in the Black Hole of Calcutta or the crowded Scandinavian ballroom where merry-makers danced in a low, unventilated space till they fell fainting and dying, their revels and their life ending at the same time. These are extreme cases, yet unseen poison lurks in the breath of every one—poison in minute quantities.

So let the mother turn her face away, keeping the baby within range of her comforting maternal hand, but out of reach of all waves of exhaled air from her own lungs. A good place for a small infant at night is on a hair pillow a little above the level of the mother's head, or perhaps, down towards the foot of the bed.

ONE WOMAN'S PLAN.

An enterprising woman, whose family was large and house small, contrived an ingenious method of raising the baby above the poison level. A clothes-basket about three feet long was fitted up with hair mattresses and appropriate furnishings and suspended from the ceiling at the spot most accessible to the mother at night, midway between the middle and foot of the bed, and drawn up and down by pulleys as occasion required. This fulfilled every condition of health and economy of space. Impure air, when first exhaled from the lungs, rises, because it is warm, and when cooled falls to the lower part of the room. The most poisonous region, then, is towards the floor. In giving some good advice concerning the breath of life, in substance, air, Charles Kingsley says in substance in speaking of the very poor of England: "Dissuade them from selling their beds under the stress of poverty. Let them sell the mattress if they will, but not the bedstead that holds them up above the polluted atmosphere near the floor."

Thus it will be perceived that the old-fashioned trundle-bed, though convenient, is not without danger. A baby will sleep peacefully in a crib close to its mother's bed when it will toss with restless cries in some distant part of the room. Children are but fractions of their parents, and if ever they are to be spiritualized, that loving contact and the brooding presence of the mother can give.

SOURCES OF DANGER.

Aside from the normal poisons that exist in air breathed up from the lungs others may go with it that are especially injurious to the sensitive lining of the nose, eye and mouth, to what is called the mucous membrane. Little invisible particles may thus be absorbed by a sleeping infant, and its own mother become a source of danger. Imperfect teeth, inferior digestion, catarrhal conditions of the air passages, and various infectious disorders destroy the purity of the breath and render it full of possible disaster to the highly sensitive, of whom infants are the chief. It is common to say that certain things are not contagious; and they are not, where sunshine, free ventilation and healthy children are. One or all of the factors may be absent, and these simple conditions of innocent disease may be passed on, forming just the right soil for more things, as diphtheria or scarlet fever.

DON'T KISS THE BABY.

And how about kisses? Are we not to kiss our own babies? No, dear mothers, not when they are very little and if you really love them. Kisses are for childhood, and for all the other years of life. Children need kisses, millions of them, and thousands of hugs, and pattings, and pettings. But infants are too frail and tender, too easily poisoned, for such tempting demonstrations.

They need an atmosphere that is calm and steady and full of perfect peace. The little hands and feet may be kissed, but not the face. And if the mother must thus deny herself, it is imperative that friends and strangers be equally restrained.

And does this not create ill-feeling? Most likely; without doubt in two families, the father's and the mother's, who, ten to one, never heard of any such nonsense. While this is hard to bear at first, respect is sure to take the place of criticism in time; and this brings a late reward and secures, also, better health for the little one who never did anybody any harm. Self-denial and cast-iron principles are essential elements in the formation of a good mother; and, as she is the very thing on earth, the game is always worth the candle.

NO FEAR FOR CANADA.

This Country Will Not be Visited by the Bubonic Plague.

Mr. John Love, late Deputy Minister of Agriculture, and now a consulting member of the departmental staff at Ottawa, expresses his opinion regarding the bubonic plague in India. The United States authorities are taking extraordinary precautions, but Mr. Love declares that so far as Canada is concerned there is "not the slightest cause for alarm." Mr. Love adds:—"Experience has clearly demonstrated that the bubonic plague is restricted to the filthy districts of the cities attacked. This fact was most clearly noticeable when, in 1894-95, the disease broke out in Hong-Kong. In that immense city, the plague was confined entirely to its dirty slums and suburbs, leaving intact the cleanly districts. To prevent its further spread in the Empire, the Governor of Hong Kong resorted to decisive and drastic measures. He ordered three of the uncleanly suburbs that were being ravaged by the epidemic to be burned down, and the polluted districts thoroughly cleansed, in consequence the disease almost immediately disappeared, and was thoroughly stamped out. It was at this time that British Columbia was menaced by an invasion of the plague, and in view of the serious alarm that was thus aroused in Canada, I accordingly made a special study of every feature of the disease. I may mention that only one or two of the English nurses fell victims to the plague in Hong Kong, and in each case it was owing to the very exceptional way in which they exposed themselves to infection. As in the case of the cholera epidemic, I believe that medical science has thoroughly mastered the question of the bubonic plague treatment. It is clearly a dirt disease, and something like the black plague of London, confined its operations to the dirty slums of the centres of civilization, leaving the cleanly parts free from attack. This conclusion has been made clearly apparent even in those thronged cities and densely populated districts of India which are only being attacked in the filthy sections."

HOLIDAYS THE WORLD OVER.

In Latin-American Countries the People Work Only 200 Days in the Year.

A computation made a short time ago showed that among European countries the two in which wages were highest and the hours of labor least were England and France, whereas the two countries in which wages were smallest and the hours of labor longest were Italy and Russia. In some countries of the world an explanation of the apparent dearth of progressive industry among the inhabitants is to be found, perhaps, in the recurrence of holidays of a religious, patriotic, or purely social character, and many persons who are familiar with the industrial usages in some cities of South and Central America say that there the number of holidays seems to exceed the number of working days. There are in such countries usually not fewer than a dozen church festivals; and there are besides patriotic festivals. A similar state of affairs exists in all Latin countries, and is to be found in the United States, too, when one turns to the legal festival of Louisiana. Deducting the Sundays and holidays, the number of working days in the United States, exclusive of the Gulf States, is 305. In Russia there are 267 working days; Great Britain has 278; Portugal, 283; Spain, 290; Austria, 292; Italy, 298; Bavaria, Belgium, and Brazil, 300 each; Denmark, France, Norway, Saxony, Switzerland, and Wurtemberg, 302 each; Sweden, 304; Prussia and Ireland, 305; the Netherlands, 308; Hungary, 312.

It has been found impossible to get any accurate figures from the South American countries, but 200 is the maximum estimate of actual working days in many of them. Of course, if the number of Sundays be subtracted from the total number of days in a year there are left 313, and if one-third of the other days available for work are set apart for holiday purposes it is perfectly clear why there should not be more than 200 working days in a year. In Anglo-Saxon countries and in the United States the special effort of workingmen has been not to reduce the days of labor, but the hours of labor in each day, and thus there has been within the last twenty years a larger reduction, really, of working time in the United States and in Great Britain than in the Latin or Latin-American countries.

Russia punishes offending officials. The Governor of Mohilew recently sentenced a man to fifty strokes of the knout, though corporal punishment has been abolished, and the district President increased this to 100 strokes. The man complained and the President was sentenced to six months' imprisonment.

This sentence has been set aside as being too light, and both officials are to be tried for endangering the man's life.

PRACTICAL

SMALL FRUIT.

Hundreds of ar- ten on the advis- ing small fruits i- there is room for- ticles if they wil- bring about the- writer. As a r- but their tables s- they rarely have- fully wholesome- during the hot s- such fruits are m- and winter the- occasionally ther- few pear tree- has strawberri- gooseberries ther- If the children a- much use on th- after huckleberri- the older membe- them with a reli- inducement for- their own. But- are gone they g- their diet of bre- in its various co- vinced that it i- the work or exp- neglect the small- ly. But the farm- any other perso- He seldom comp- but finds it alm- beyond certain- will work from- night, day aft- year, and not fe- ance, but if he- with a half-ho- line," in the ho- en or anywhere- to have it done- self. "It is eas- and other smal- and he agrees w- He exhibits the- "too old to le- there is to be- until the end of- with you in ex- not set any fru- I have know- work and tramp- and return at- two of wild st- dealer would ha- He exhibits the- is scarce, worki- one-half his lab- a strawberry be- nished him with- for weeks. Now- induced to give- chances are tha- go beyond the s- will become ch- weeds and be p- a year or two- they turned out- here lies one o- pear trees and- themselves, but- quite so accou- to yield an abun- no understand- Perhaps the bes- strawberries be- them up. I hav- thods advocated- the vines in the- hood the first v- three or four ti- take more th- hoe a bed larg- or twenty bush- take some of t- a new bed, an- through bearing- er than keepin- out and I am c- sults. A half-d- ground and set- ways in the wor- tion is all the- your family cat- ous quantity- to sell if you s-

COLT.

The training- gun too early- should not be- well-meaning b- tell him that- and encourage- spoiled horse a- the colt cannot- low his "own s- not the slighte- erity during th- fessor Rarey, a- skilled horsema- that "fear and- tions that no- feel."

As soon as th- enough to not- which will be- gin to make a- ing out your h- in a carressing- he will be shy- degrees be wil- idly smell at y- it, or attempt- encouragingly th- isfy himself th- much time with- and in the fiel- gard you as a fi- al master. Wh- ry some little t- lump of sugar, anything he sh- Next comm- gently stroking- and soothing- resist at first- ingly to him- like it. Now q- he is frightened- and desist for t- to-morrow. Wh- feet, do not forc- first week; bu- some place wh- hurt himself, t- feet and hold it- til he ceases to- irritated, but sp- and when he sub-