

THE PLAINEALER

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W. F. BENJAMIN, Editor C. Y. BENJAMIN, Manager

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RELIGIOUS INTOLERANCE.

A friend has sent the PLAINEALER a copy of the "American Sentinel" published at New York in the interest of a class of Christians who regard the Sabbath as the day they are required to keep as a holy day by command of God and not Sunday which has been set apart by man as the day to be observed.

It appears that these imprisoned men do not interfere with any person's rights or privileges in the least, except by observing what they consider the true Sabbath—Saturday—and not also observing Sunday as the Sabbath.

But Tennessee has a law, making it a crime to work on Sunday; and in this county eight of these zealous Seventh Day Adventists are now doing penitentiary work in a chain gang.

What is our country coming to! All sorts of rascality are being resorted to. Holdups by highway-men are frequent, and murders are on the increase, theft, arson and official defalcations are numerous.

The staid members of society in many places have, as a means of self protection, taken the law into their own hands and have meted out justice with a vengeance.

The law's delay, and the frequent acquittal of criminals reeking with crime and the unequal apportionment of penalties for crimes by juries and judges have so violated public sentiment that the people have become desperate, and have in several places taken the law into their own hands.

Two murderers in Ellensburg, Wash., were taken from the sheriff by force and hung, and a few days ago at Yreka, Cal., four more murderers were taken out and hung.

A Progressive Princess. Mrs. Weldon, the wife of Mr. Frank Weldon of the editorial staff of the Atlanta Constitution, is in correspondence with the Princess Nazle of Cairo, Egypt.

He seemed preoccupied. "Why so thoughtful?" she asked, while with dignity born of womanly reserve and consideration of a drug store complexion she did not come too near him.

There is no more thought of over-production of fruit. A few years ago, when several hundred acres had been set out, we heard of the danger of over-production. Hundreds and thousands of acres have since been set out, and this year some of the growers are getting returns.

While Tennessee is filling her jails with Seventh-day Adventists for working on Sunday, Montana jails a citizen who for conscience sake refused to work on his road tax on Sunday.

Smokers' articles of every description and the best brands of tobacco at the Roseleaf.

A BIRTHDAY.

My heart is like a singing bird Whose nest is in a watered shoot; My heart is like an apple tree Whose boughs are bent with thickest fruit;

A CRIME TO LAUGH.

Queer Sunday Laws of 1781 that still Govern England's Lord's Day.

The introduction of the Sunday bill by Lord Hobhouse brings up the fact that we are governed in respect to Sunday observance by an act of the year 1781.

It seems that a Sunday lecture can always be made the subject of prosecution. Some time ago a Sunday lecturer at Leeds was actually sacrilegious enough to make his audience laugh.

Music can now be given in the open air on Sunday, but if it is given in a room nothing must be charged for chairs. In other words, it will be possible for any body of men and women to run Sunday concerts and Sunday lectures with the view of making them pay expenses, but not for their own profit.

In the years 1800 and 1801 one Easton, about 1800, preached throughout England the observance of the Lord's day. He enjoined that no kind of work should be done after the ninth hour on Saturday until sunrise on Monday.

According to the manner of the times his preaching was backed up by miracles. At Bafferton a man made a loaf and baked it on Saturday evening. When he broke it on Sunday morning, blood started from it.

At Wakefield a miller, grinding after hours, ground out blood instead of flour.

In Lincolnshire a woman made a loaf and put it in the oven. It remained dough! In the same county a pious woman, finding it was the ninth hour, sat aside her loaves. Lo! On Sunday morning the loaves were beautifully baked without any fire at all.

And yet, the chronicler adds, in spite of these miracles the people have returned to the holding of markets on the Sunday!—London Queen.

The Birds' Service to Man. Before many years have passed the legislatures of our states and nation will be forced to some action on the needless destruction of birds.

The Ad. Brought the Cat Back. Sir—I lost a valuable cat—lost, strayed or stolen. I advertised for it in a prominent newspaper, but didn't get the cat back.

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BATTLE OF RIVOLI.

NAPOLEON SAID THAT HIS LIFE REALLY BEGAN THERE.

The Short Campaign Was the Turning Point of the War and Shaped the History of Europe for Twenty Years—The Austrians Five Minutes Late.

Professor Slossie's "Life of Napoleon" in The Century describes the masterly Italian campaign, in which Napoleon's military genius first won worldwide recognition.

At early dawn began the conflict which was to settle the fate of Mantua. The first fierce contest was between the Austrian left and the French right at St. Mark, but it quickly spread along the whole line as far as Capriano.

For some time the Austrians had the advantage, and the result was in suspense, since the French left, at Capriano, yielded for an instant before the onslaught of the main Austrian army made in accordance with Alvincy's first plan.

The battle waged for nearly three hours before Alvincy understood that it was not Joubert's division, but Bonaparte's army, which was above him.

In his zeal he then pressed forward on the plateau beneath the height to bring more of his troops into action, and Joubert somewhat rashly advanced to check the movement, leaving the road to St. Mark unprotected.

The Austrians, prompt to take advantage of his blunder, charged up the hill, and seized the commanding position, and then suddenly there rushed from the opposite side three French battalions, clamoring up to retrieve the mistake.

Their strength and nervous activity brought them first to the top, and again the storming columns were thrown back in disorder.

At that instant appeared in Bonaparte's rear an Austrian corps estimated by him as 4,000 strong, which, having come down the valley on the left bank, had now crossed the river to take the French right as Rivoli in its rear.

They arrived but a minute sooner than the hill of Rivoli would have been lost to the French. As it was, instead of making an attack, they had to await one.

Bonaparte directed a gallant artillery fire against them, and thus gained time both to reform his ranks and hold the newcomers in check until his own reserve, coming in from the next hamlet westward, cut them entirely off from the retreating columns of Alvincy, and compelled them to lay down their arms.

This ended the most defeat and complete rout which the Austrian army had so far sustained. Such was the utter demoralization of the flying and disintegrated columns that a young French officer named Rene, who was in command of 30 men at a hamlet on Lake Garda, successfully imitated Bonaparte's ruse at Lonato, and displayed such an imposing confidence to a flying troop of 1,500 Austrians that they surrendered to what they believed to be a force superior to their own.

Next morning dawned Murat, who had marched all night to gain the point, appeared on the slopes of Monte Baldo above the pass of Corona, and united with Massena and Joubert to drive the Austrians from their last foothold.

The pursuit was continued as far as Trent. Thirteen thousand prisoners were captured in those two days.

This short campaign of Rivoli was the turning point of the war, and may be said to have shaped the history of Europe for 20 years.

The chronicler dwell upon those few moments at the hill above the plateau of Rivoli, and wonder what the result would have been if the last Austrian corps had arrived five minutes sooner.

But an accurate and dispassionate criticism must decide that every step in Bonaparte's success was won by careful forethought and the most effective disposition of the forces at his command.

So sure was he of success that even in the crisis when Massena seemed to save the day on the left and when the Austrians seemed destined to wrest victory from defeat at the last moment on the right, he was self reliant and cheerful.

The new system of field operations had a triumphant vindication at the hands of his author.

The coppering general meted out unstinted praise to his invincible squadrons and their leaders, but said nothing of himself, leaving the world to judge whether this was man or demon who, still a youth, and within a public career of but one season, had humiliated the proudest empire on the continent, had subdued Italy and on her soil had created states unknown before without the consent of any great power, not excepting his own.

It is not wonderful that this personage should sometimes have said of himself, "Say that my life began at Rivoli," as at other times he dated his military career from Toulon.

Whom? "Yes," said the practical politician, "it is true that I have made \$200,000 in the last ten years, but I worked for it."

"Of course you did," replied the epigrammatical, if ungrammatical, lawyer, "but the question the people are asking each other now is, 'Who did you work for?'"

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