

REVELS OF SUPERSTITION.

There has been an extraordinary outbreak of superstition and fanaticism in the Georgia Midlands. A white lunatic suddenly proclaimed himself to be the Messiah reappearing upon earth to establish his kingdom, and a profound impression was left upon the minds of a group of ignorant negro followers, who listened with awe to his incoherent preaching.

When he was lodged in jail at Milledgeville, a black Messiah, as mad as the traditional March hare, took up his parable and affirmed his own divinity in blasphemous outbursts, to which a motley throng of awe-struck negroes responded with many a frenzied "Glory to God!" The second Messiah had been justice of the peace, and possessed considerable authority over men of his own color, although he was known to be a lunatic. He was arrested while encouraging his disciples to offer human sacrifices on a deserted plantation, and was carried off to the Hinesville jail.

The negroes in their cabins surrounding the grass-grown ruins of the stately Walthour mansion burned during the civil war were by this time in a

STATE OF HYSTERICAL EXCITEMENT.

They gathered about the live-oak trees singing hymns, drinking whiskey, and awaiting with superstitious dread the advent of the next claimant for divine honours. When Shedrick Walthour, once a slave on the plantation, declared himself to be King Solomon, armed with a divine commission to release all the prisoners confined in Hinesville on charges of lunacy, his subjects knelt before him in ecstatic reverence. His fame rapidly was noised abroad, and hundreds of negroes from the surrounding country congregated at Walthour to pay homage to their new sovereign. By daylight his majesty was on exhibition in tent, often, it is to be feared, royally drunk. At night, wood fires were lighted in the open air, and about the crackling blaze Solomon's loyal subjects sang, prayed, danced, and slept. The king's short reign closed with a mad rush for the Hinesville jail, where the lunatics were to be liberated. He had promised to attest his divinely-appointed commission by many miraculous signs and wonderful works, and had called for fifteen volunteers to attend him in his triumphal progress.

WITH POMP AND REVELRY

the king and his retinue swept out of camp and took up the march for Hinesville. Sixteen swarthy warriors started with him; but in the course of the journey of ten miles ten fell out. The king, with his faithful guard of six, appeared before the prison and sought

to perform a miracle, but no mighty work could he do. The marshal arrested the seven negroes and clapped them all in jail, lodging Solomon in all his glory in the cell adjoining that in which the Black Messiah was swearing like a Hessian trooper of revolutionary days. The direful news was carried back to his court by the stragglers who had prudently halted by the wayside; and a candidate for the vacant throne instantly appeared. This time it was the Queen of Sheba, with two dusky attendants wielding palmetto fans and adjusting the folds of her raiment, which consisted of a soiled cotton sheet and a new pair of men's socks. She assumed no responsibility for miracles, was less aggressive in her idea of sovereignty, and passed the time in long trances, during which she visited heaven and communed with spiritual powers. Scriptural characters multiplied after her reign began, two Nebuchadnezzars being found eating grass in the fields, a King David arising for judgment, and Satan himself coiling himself up in the branches of a live-oak. Indeed, so contagious was this spirit of Biblical impersonation that all the leading roles in the drama of Israel were in a fair way to be enacted when a sheriff's posse appeared upon the scene to break up the encampment.—*New York Tribune*.

Mr. Gladstone is one of the greatest, if not the greatest, of men, and his greatness gets lustre from his goodness. Great as he is among the foremost men of the world, he is not ashamed to remember the Sabbath to keep it holy. Not long since he was on a visit to Naples. The city authorities wished to show him extraordinary attention, and arranged for a visit to Pompeii, at which there should be a great excavation in the "City of the Dead." He accepted the invitation, although no day was named. Knowing his love for classic archaeology, the authorities did not doubt for a moment that he would fall in with all their plans. So they fixed upon Sunday, and on Saturday morning it was announced in all the papers that a special steamer would take Mr. Gladstone and family, the authorities and newspaper correspondents, to Pompeii, where there would be an excavation. But they "counted without their host," or rather their guests, for the "grand old man" firmly but politely informed them that "he did not use the Sabbath for mere worldly excursions;" that they must change their whole plan, or he would not go. That Sabbath Mr. Gladstone and lady quietly attended church, setting a worthy example to their fellow countrymen when in other lands.