

the Lutheran minister at Mulheim on the Rhine. A boat was procured for the safe removal of the plunder, and the robbers were ready. All the village watchmen were seized and bound, and then a small battering-ram was brought to bear on the parson's door. But there had been plundering soldiers in the town, and the door had been so strengthened against them that it resisted the robbers' best efforts. The parson, whose name was Pithan, believed in watching as well as praying, and took in the situation at a glance. He loaded his musket and fired repeatedly into the crowd, until at last a panel in the door gave way and the robbers were inside. The clergyman and his wife now escaped by the back door, but were followed and Pithan seized and tortured.

The noise attracted attention and a detachment of cavalry swam the river and headed off the robbers as they were escaping with their plunder. But the men were too much for the cavalry. They seized a barge, overpowered the crew, and escaped in safety. Soon after Fetzer and another man invaded the cell of a man who was a hermit, and was supposed to be a miser as well. Those on guard were caught and bound, and the cell was pillaged. Very little money was found, but there was no lack of provisions. A terrible storm coming up the robbers eat, drank, and were merry till morning, when they went home, well pleased with the adventure, but disappointed with the plunder. For this Fetzer was arrested, but he succeeded again in effecting his escape, which he did without great trouble.

A wealthy Jew's house at Nette-sheim was next pillaged. Many sacks of money were found, including one so heavy that Fetzer could scarcely carry it. They retired into a field to share up, when the contents of the heavy sack proved to be colossal sous coined by republican France out of brass gun-metal. Again this successful jail-breaker was arrested, but once more he escaped and was able to lead his gang to a daring attack. In 1798 he learned that a rich banker of Nenn-weld, in the fear of the French coming, had sent all his money to his father-in-law's house at Daden, and hither the band proceeded. This time the robbers of the Rhine were summoned from all points by special messenger and an organized attempt made. Three hundred cart-ridges were obtained and parcelled out among the thieves, who at a given moment attacked the house.

Admission was easily obtained, but to their chagrin the robbers found they had been deceived. The house was empty. But they were in for spoil and plunder, and meant to have both. They attacked the tax collector's office opposite, but were then surrounded by villagers. They retreated to the woods, where they fought against great numbers of people and soldiers. Most of the gang were arrested, but Fetzer's luck helped him and he escaped. The mail coach from Cologne to Elberfeld was next robbed at Langenfeld. The iron gates of the inn

where the coach had been put up were broken in and the coach plundered, the proceeds of this robbery exceeding 80,000 francs. From this on burglaries were committed almost every night, with petty pilfering during the day. On one occasion Fetzer accidentally stole a baby. A woman was carrying a basket and the robber took it from her. She was too frightened to speak, but the infant's cries soon undeceived the robber, who dropped the basket and departed for parts unknown.

Three times in three months the intrepid robber chief was arrested, but he escaped each time without difficulty; in fact, his skill as a jail-breaker was something quite extraordinary. Then he had trouble at home and committed the only crime for which he was ever known to express remorse. He had a rather bad-tempered wife and one son. Coming home one day smarting under the defeat of a great plunder project, he found his wife thrashing the child. In a rage he killed her. From this on he became more reckless than ever, and expressed a determination to steal enough to give the child an education at the Ursuline convent. Although he had stolen thousands, he differed so much from his Hebrew assistants that he had saved scarcely a cent and lived in comparative poverty, except just after a raid.

In a strange town he was arrested on suspicion of being another man and placed in a lock-up. He planned escape for the other prisoners, but declined to go himself, so satisfied was he of his ability to prove an alibi. This dare-devilry cost him his life, for a few days later he was recognized as the celebrated robber chief, convicted of over a hundred burglaries, and sentenced to be executed. He bore up bravely to the last, and made some bold bids for liberty. For the last time in his life he managed to break jail and would have escaped had not his shoes failed him while on the run. At last the fatal morning came. He expressed an intense yearning for a few hours' liberty, so as to be able to commit at least one more gigantic robbery. The priest rebuked Fetzer, who replied that he was thinking only of his child, who must now go to the dogs. On the scaffold he objected to having his eyes blindfolded, but otherwise faced death with a cool courage which was noble. After his death the robbers of the Rhine ceased to exist. Those that escaped capture left the valley of the Rhine and were heard of no more.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat*

#### SIMON BOLIVAR'S LIFE.

It was Tom Ochiltree, the witty Texan, I think, who once said to his friends that he preferred more "taffy" while he lived and less epitaphy when he died. If the long list of Venezuelan leaders could have heard this remark they would have applauded it vociferously, for very few of them have been permitted to live or die in peace or

among their people. While the capital of their country is decorated with their monuments, the public buildings have been embellished with their careers, most of them have died in exile or in prison cells.

Miranda's last days were passed in the prison on the island of Centa, Spain; Bolivar's in a lonely cabin at Santa Marta, Colombia; Paez's in banishment at New York; Monagas's in the dungeon at Maracabo; Falcon's at Martinique, and others that might be mentioned have died without mourners and been buried by the hands of aliens, yet posterity has embalmed their memories and done honor to their dust.

#### REVERENCE FOR SIMON BOLIVAR.

Of all the men who have been conspicuous in Venezuelan history Simon Bolivar stands first in the reverence of the people, and justly so, for he was not only the liberator of his native land but of the four neighbouring republics of Colombia, Ecuador, Peru, and Bolivia, which was christened in his honor. They have raised statues to him in all the principal cities, they have called statues and cities and provinces by his name, and the standard coin of Venezuela, equal in value to the French franc, is called a Bolivar (pronounced Bo-lee-ver). The public veneration for his memory is even greater than that for Washington and Lincoln in the United States, and the common people regard him as the peasants of Russia regard Peter the Great.

In the museum at Caracas is a room set apart like the holiest of holies for the preservation and exhibition of his relics, collected at a great expense in all parts of the world. His correspondence has been gathered—the originals when possible, and many copies—from Colombia, Ecuador, Peru, Bolivia, the United States, and the countries of Europe, and has been published at government expense in a series of volumes, like the records of the war of the rebellion in the United States. Every scrap of paper bearing his autograph, all the orders he issued when in command of the armies of the struggling young republic, every letter he wrote in his romantic and stormy life, have been religiously preserved for the inspection of the people and to inspire them with the patriotic sentiments he cherished. The clothing he wore, the dishes and plate he used, his camp-sheet and writing-desk, his swords and revolvers, his saddle and sash and boots, his books and papers, even his coffin and the pall that covered his remains when they were last laid to rest. He was originally buried at Santa Marta, where he died; twelve years later the body was taken to Caracas with great ceremony and deposited in a chapel of the cathedral, but his heart was first removed in an urn in the old church at Santa Marta, where masses were first sung for the soul.

#### THE BODY IN THE PANTHEON.

Then, when Guzman-Blanco erected a pantheon for the burial of the distinguished dead and sent agents of the government to bring home