

ing the words, "Welcome Lafayette," and below a picture of the well known soldier the words, "The Nation's Guest."

As may be imagined, these badges were treasured by the girls who were them, and some are still in existence—one in this city, now worn and faded, but carefully framed, and an illustration of which is given below. Lafayette enjoyed and appreciated the visit, and the honor shown him, as he plainly showed by the honors he paid to Mrs. Willard when, about ten years later she made a visit to France. He was then at the height of his power, but still he found time to call to see her—a great and unexpected honor from so busy a man—and all through her stay his daughters held themselves at her service, taking her with them to court festivals, to receptions and balls, and enabling her to meet the best and brightest people of the day. Lafayette had done much to secure the throne to Louis Philippe, and so was in high favor at court, and was universally beloved by the people.

A French woman, speaking of him to Mrs. Willard, said: "Without him we had been lost. When his arrival in Paris was known everybody burst into tears. His sympathy in the grief of private families touched the people, perhaps even more than his public services. He visited, after three days, each individual of the thousands who were wounded, and all the many families of the slain."

This was in 1830, and it was well for Mrs. Willard that she made her visit when she did, for the great man had not much longer to live.

In February of 1834 he was taken seriously ill with a disease of the kidneys, and though he partially recovered on the 9th of May he was taken worse again, and grew gradually weaker, until the 21st, when he died. Though compelled to keep to his room all through his illness Lafayette remained cheerful, liked to talk with such friends as were allowed to see him, and read all the journals and pamphlets of the day, wrote or dictated letters, and was much more interested in the affairs of his country and his friends than he was in his own.

He always thought and spoke a great deal of America, and the American people, and was grieved at anything that went wrong with the country which he considered his through the love he felt for it, and the aid he had given it.

The doctor who had attended him during his illness has left a very interesting account of his last days. He says: "Four or five days previous to his death, Lafayette felt oppressed, and became melancholy. A few moments before he breathed his last Lafayette opened his eyes and fixed them with a look of affection on his children, who surrounded the bed, as if to bless them and bid the an eternal adieu. He pressed my hand convulsively, drew in a deep and lengthened breath, which was followed by a last sigh. His pulse ceased to beat, the general had ceased to exist. His countenance resumed a calm expression—that odd peaceful slumber. His end was that of a good man, who abandons the world without fear or remorse. No sooner had Lafayette's death been made public than the same expressions of grief were everywhere manifested. All the distinguished residents in Paris, as well as the very poorest of the citizens, were present at his funeral in great numbers.

Every man wished to approach the mortal remains of the general, and to

touch at least his shroud, as a last token of respect and regret.

The tomb of Lafayette, which is surrounded by an iron railing, is but little higher than the ground, and is composed of two large black marble tablets, slightly inclined, and forming a very oblique angle.

Upon this angle is a little cross, the lateral branches of which extend on both sides of the monument that covers the remains of both husband and wife as with a roof. Behind the wall next to Lafayette's tomb are cypresses and some poplars.

The tomb of Lafayette unostentatious, like those of his friends, Washington and Franklin, is daily visited by many who honor his memory, by strangers who had known him, and by those who regret that they were deprived of that happiness.

DR. PARRY IN WALES AGAIN.

South Wales Daily News: Dr. Joseph Parry, the well-known Welsh musician, arrived home in Cardiff on Saturday evening after an absence of eleven weeks in America, where he officiated as the chief musical adjudicator at the great Elsteddfod held by the Mormons on the 6th and 7th of this month at Salt Lake City, Utah. Dr. Parry looks all the better for his long journey to the Far West, and when seen on Monday by a South Wales Daily News representative had a good deal to say of his experiences among Brigham Young's people.

"Well, and what about the Elsteddfodic Mormons?" asked our representative.

"The Elsteddfod was a huge success in every way," said Dr. Parry. "It was held in connection with a Mormon festival called the convention, and was attended by ten thousand people. The great Mormon Tabernacle was crammed."

"Of course you came across many of your countrymen among the Later-day Saints?"

"My dear sir, I met scores of them. They came into the city from all parts of the State of Utah. Among them I met some Merthyr people who attended the same chapel as I did when a boy, and they well remembered my parents. Others again came from the Rhondda Valley, Aberdare, Carmarthen, Pembrokeshire, North Wales—in fact from all over the Principality."

"All of them good and zealous Mormons?"

"Every one of them."

"Including yourself?"

"Sir!—but happily the doctor saw the joke. "No," he added, "they made no Mormon of me, nor, fair play, did they attempt it. They are in no way intrusive as to their religious views. Why, I never saw nicer people in all my life. Polygamy there is absolutely a thing of the past. Another man I met came from Rhyll, and he was a member of the Cambridge choir at the time I took my degree."

"And Salt Lake City—were you impressed by it?"

"Immensely. Brigham Young had a genius for organization. There is this beautiful city, 700 miles away from Denver, the nearest city on the east, and 900 miles from California on the west, planted in the center of what was years ago a vast wilderness. It is now magnificently wooded, and the roads are 125 feet wide. I ascended the summit of Ensign Peak, where Brigham Young planted the Mormon flag, and I could not distinguish the city for the trees. It stands in an enormous amphitheater surrounded by the snow-capped Rockies, and presents one of the most impressive pictures I have ever seen. The buildings are magnificent. They have the Tabernacle, which holds 10,000 people, the Temple, an

opera house, baths and other superb structures."

"And how did the inhabitants receive you?"

"I was never better treated in all my life. They simply overwhelmed me with kindness. I was among them for two weeks but one day, and had interviews with nearly all the Mormon leaders, including President Snow, the Bishops, and the Apostles. I attended one of their services on Sunday night. The city is divided into 24 wards. They have a place of worship in each of these, and on Sunday they all meet in the Tabernacle, where the Elsteddfod was held. They made me president of one of the Elsteddfod concerts, and on another night I delivered my lecture on 'The Masters' before a crowded audience at the Tabernacle."

"And what had the Mormon leaders to tell you of their Welsh co-religionists?"

"They rank the Welsh among the best citizens in America."

"The Elsteddfod—in every respect was it Welsh?"

"Well, it was originally promoted by the Welsh section. This was the third Elsteddfod held. The committee, however, included Welshmen and Gentiles."

"How about the music—was it good?"

"The singing of the competitors, soloists, and choirs was fully up to the standard of the Welsh National Elsteddfod, and to my surprise some of the compositions sent in were excellent. They are truly a music-loving people. They have a choir of 600 voices attached to the Tabernacle, and they had the members photographed specially for me, and placed me in the center."

"And you are going there again, of course?"

"Well, they intend to have another Elsteddfod there two years hence, and they have pressed me to be there, and I don't know that, if alive and well, I shan't go."

YELLOW FEVER IN THE SOUTH.

While in some sparsely settled localities weapons are actually resorted to for the purpose of intimidation, holding up trains or enforcing the quarantine is in general a very reputable and systematic institution. On the border line, the inspecting officers enter the cars and secure sworn statements from the passengers, besides making casual physical examinations. Persons from fever districts are taken from the cars and compelled to remain at the detention camps. In many cases the hardship is extreme.

"Sauve qui peut," is the motto of the rural districts. In the case of the cruder forms of quarantine, the trains are passed on through the towns locked and guarded.

The writer participated (passively, and as a victim) in a hold-up within make a short run into the southern portions of the state, towards evening the train slackened up at a small station, where there was only a water tank. It was met by a determined-looking armed posse and received a pressing invitation to move at once. Listening at an open car window, the conversation outside conveyed an unmistakable desire, on the part of the inhabitants of the water-tank town, for our absence.

Besides the men with the guns, a few grinning darkies and a dozen or so fox-hounds lounged around the platform, and emancipated hogs wandered aimlessly about, grubbing at the razor grass, or grunting and rubbing their mangy hides against convenient buildings. Inside the office a telegraph sounder ticked and a yellow-eyed operator wrote to its dictation, smoking a cigarette the while. The speech of the committee on the platform was slow and negligent, and interspersed with