pacing up and down the room, apparently dazed.

"'Hawthorne,' I said, 'how are you?' Where is Ticknor?'

"'They have taken him away,' said he.

"'What do you mean?' I asked. 'I don't understand you.'

"'Well,' he said, 'it is too bad. He was my best friend; I depended on him, and he came to please me.'

"'I could make nothing out of it at all. He seemed to me bewildered. I feared for his mind, and going down to the office asked the clerk, Mr. Duffy, what it all meant. He then staggered me with the information that Ticknor was dead—had died that morning.

"'Where is his body?'" I asked.

"'It was taken early this morning to the undertaker's,'" he said.

HAWTHORNE'S DEATH.

"I was astounded, but, hastening back to Hawthorne, comforted him as much as I could, implored him to keep quiet, and at last succeeded somewhat in calming him down. I then went to the undertaker's, took charge of Ticknor's body, saw that it was properly cared for and embalmed, and telegraphed to his partner, my old friend, James T. Fields. One of Ticknor's sons at once came on to Philadelphia and took his father's remains to Boston.

"It was a deplorable and distressing event; a very fatal journey. Hawthorne lingered here in Philadelphia with me for a few days, and then I placed him in the keeping of the good Bishop Howe, of Pennsylvania, a common friend, who accompanied him to Boston. There he passed the night with James T. Fields, who says they sat up late talking about Ticknor, and that Hawthorne was in a very excited and nervous state, recalling incessantly the sad scenes he had been passing through in Philadelphia. In the morning he returned to his old home in Concord, and shortly after he died at Plymouth, N. H., whither he had gone under the charge of his life-long friend, ex-President Franklin Pierce.

"I have still in my possession the touching letter written by President Pierce to Mr. Fields, in which he describes the peaceful death of Hawthorne. It was painly penned under the greatest excitement and distress of mind. It contained a note announcing to Mrs. Hawthorne her bereavement, and was carried to Mr. Fields by Colonel Hibbard. 'Oh, how will she bear this shock?' the note says. 'Dear mother! dear children! When I met Hawthorne at Boston a week ago, it was apparent that he was much more feeble and more seriously diseased than I had supposed him to be. We came from Senter Harbor yesterday afternoon, and I thought he was, on the whole, brighter than he was the day before. He retired last night soon after 9 o'clock, and soon fell into a quiet slumber. In less than half an hour he changed his position, but continued to sleep. I left the door open between his bedroom and mine, our beds being opposite to each other. I was asleep myself before 11 o'clock. The light continued to burn in my room. At 2 o'clock I went to H.'s bedside. He was apparently in a sound sleep. I did not place my hand upon him. At 4 o'clock I went into his room again, and, as his position was unchanged, I placed my hand upon him and found that life was extinct. I went immediately for a physician, and called Judge Bell and Colonel Hibbard, who occupied rooms on the same floor and near me. He lies upon his side, his position so perfectly natural and easy, his eyes closed, that it is difficult to realize while looking upon his noble face that this is death. He must have passed from natural slumber to that from which there is no waking without the slightest movement. I cannot write to dear Mrs. Hawthorne, and you must exercise your judgment with regard to sending this and the unfinished note inclosed to her.'

"THE SCARLET LETTER."

"It was a beautiful death, but a sad event. Hawthorne I shall always hold vividly in remembrance. I have the original manuscript of his 'Consular Experiences,' and a copy of the first edition of the 'Scarlet Letter,' brought to light so wonderfully by Mr. Fields. Hawthorne wrote to me, soon after its publication in 1851, that he was much gratified by my favorable opinion of the charming romance, and that I might be interested to know 'that it was so far founded on fact that such a symbol as the "'Scarlet Letter'" was actually worn by at least one woman in the early times of New England.' Whether this personage, he added, resembled Hester Prynne in any other circumstances of her character, he could not say, nor whether this mode of ignominious punishment was brought from beyond the Atlantic or originated with the New England Puritans. At any rate, he said, the idea was so worthy of them that he felt 'piously inclined' to allow them all the credit of it."

After a few remarks on Longfellow, Mr. Childs resumes:

"I prize very much the note he sent me March 13, 1877, apropos of his 70th birthday. 'You do not know yet,' it reads, 'what it is to be 70 years old. I will tell you, so that you may not be taken by surprise when your turn comes. It is like climbing the Alps. You reach a snow-crowned summit, and see behind you the deep valley stretching miles and miles away, and before you other summits higher and whiter, which you may have strength to climb, or may not. Then you sit down and meditate and wonder which it will be. That is the whole story, amplify it as you may. All that one can say is, that life is opportunity.' How very true this is I know full well. My experience enables me to perceive the wisdom of the poet's words.

"There is a curious incident in my acquaintance with James Russell Lowell. It happened lately that he was in Philadelphia while I was confined to the house with a slight attack of sickness, and he came promptly and kindly to call upon me and pass the afternoon. One of the treasures of my library is the manuscript of Lowell's poem, 'Under the Willows,' which, according to a marginal note, was begun in 1850 and finished in 1868. We spent a quiet, pleasant afternoon together, and he seemed to be much interested in my collection of original manuscripts, which included 'Our Mutual Friend,' by Dickens, Poe's 'Murders in the Rue Morgue,' and many other precious writings. Finally I surprised him with a glimpse of his own poem. He had half forgotten it, and at my request took the volume away with him, returning it in a few days with the following explanatory note: 'A part of this poem (as the note on the margin opposite says) was written in 1850 as an introduction to the 'Nooning,' a projected volume of tales in verse. By changes and additions I tried to make a self-subsident poem out of material already prepared for another purpose. Old and new are so interwoven that I cannot now, after an interval of 20 years, distinguished between them.'

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

"About 25 years ago I was in Boston one day, in a book store—a wretched day, rainy, sloppy and muddy—when I saw the striking figure of a little man, wearing a slouched hat, his pantaloons rolled up, dashing along the street. He looked as little like a poet as a man could. I turned to the bookseller and asked him who that was. 'That is Oliver Wendell Holmes,' he said. 'Well, I want to know that man;' and I got to know him, and we have been the best of friends ever since. A more genial, genuine, delightful man, and a finer conversationalist, I never knew. A copy of 'The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table,' which he sent me, contains an interesting letter giving me his reasons for beginning the papers in the *Atlantic Monthly*, which magazine he says he named.

"As I speak a thousand faces pass before me. None more gentle and kind than that of Emerson. He visited me with his daughter; a tranquil, lovable man, and he wrote me letters. It is a pity, by the way, that I failed to preserve my correspondence; much of it, doubtless, would be now of considerable interest."

Following recollections of John Lothrop Motley, W. H. Prescott, George Bancroft, G. P. R. James and T. Buchanan Read, he says of James Gordon Bennett:

"He was a quiet, unobtrusive, forcible man. For years, he told me, he had his office a few doors from the Brooks'—Erastus and James, of the *Evening Express*—and had never met them. We often talked [illegible] her in reflective moods. He was eminently practical. 'Childs,' he once said, 'how unfortunate it is for a boy to have rich parents! If you and I had been born that way, perhaps we wouldn't have amounted to much.'

"It is a pleasure for me to recall the myriad faces of my guests during many years, here in Philadelphia, at Wootton, and at Long Branch Besides those I have mentioned, there was the great and good George Peabody. We were very close to each other. He had his portrait painted for me by the Queen's artist, and there it hangs on the wall, one of the most valued of my possessions. His name recalls that of Peter Cooper. These two were considerate and broad-minded philanthropists. I went with Mr. Cooper on his ninetieth birthday to Baltimore during the sesqui-centennial celebration. He there told me an interesting story of his early life in that city when he had become manager of the iron works at Canton. The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company had built their road beyond Point of Rocks, but no engine could get round the curve. Cooper, then, with 50 gentlemen, embracing the directors and others interested in the road, improvised an engine built of gun barrels, and successfully rounded the curve. When we were in Baltimore together, only one man, J. H. B. Latrobe, besides himself, was left of the original 50."

SOME NOTABLE GUESTS.

It is a brave array of names, the guests of Mr. Childs: Generals Grant, Sherman, Meade, Sheridan, Hancock, McDowell and Patterson, Edmund Quincy, Chief Justice Waite, A. J. Drexel, Asa Packer, the Astors, Cadwaladers, Prof. Joseph Henry, Hamilton Fish, Robert C. Winthrop, Charles Francis Adams, Presidents Hayes, Arthur and Cleveland, Chauncey M. Depew, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Thomas A. Edison, Simon Cameron, Henry Wilson, William M. Evarts, James G. Blaine, John Welsh, August Belmont, Alex. H. Stevens, Samuel J. Tilden (one of his last requests was to have Mr. Childs visit him at Graystone), Cyrus W. Field, B. J. Lossing, Mrs. Grover Cleveland, Charlotte Cushman, Christine Nilsson, Harriet Hosmer, John Bigelow, Thomas A. Bayard, Parke Godwin, Edwards Pierrepont and many others. Mr. Childs does not hesitate to say that one of the chief pleasures of his life has been the keeping of an open house to worthy and distinguished people. The reception he gave to the Emperor and Empress of Brazil was perhaps the most notable gathering of people ever assembled in any private house in America. There were over 600 guests, and Mr. Childs' was the first private house at which the Emperor and Empress had ever been entertained. But one must not overlook in this incomplete list of visitors the names of the Duke and Duchess of Buckingham, the Duke of Sutherland, the Duke of Newcastle, Lords Dufferin, Rosebery, Houghton, Ilchester, Ross, Iddesleigh, Bayleigh, Herschell, Caithness and Dunraven, Sir Stafford Northcote, Lady Franklin, Dean Stanley, Canon Kingsley, Charles Dickens, George Augustus Sala, Joseph Chamberlain, M. P.; J. Anthony Froude, Prof. Tyndall, Prof. Bonamy Price, Admiral Lord Clarence Paget, Sir Philip Cunliffe Owen, Col. Sir Herbet Sanford, Charles Kean, Marquis de Rochambeau, John Walter, M. P.; Sir Charles Reed, Herbert Spencer (who was sadly afflicted with insomnia while visiting Mr. Childs), Thomas Hughes, M. P.; Sir John Rose, Sir Edward Thornton and Robert Chambers, D. C. L.

For the next paper in the series Mr. Childs has revised and enlarged his entertaining recollections of General Grant, and one of its interesting features will be an engraving of a picture painted by the General and now in the possession of Mrs. Grant.

MONOTONY IN MUSTACHES.

An Englishman Sighs for a Change in Facial Ornaments.

London Truth.]

When mustaches and shaven cheeks were few in this country I held my peace, but now that they have become universal I venture to propound the respectful inquiry whether this be a kind of facial decoration which really suits the Anglo-Saxon countenance? My idea is that a thin, pale dark man looks well with mustaches and shaven cheeks, especially if he have a nose of some sort. But as a nation (there are, of course, honorable exceptions, as for example, the Chancellor of the Exchequer) we have no noses to speak of, and our cheeks are, for the most part, fat and red, and our eyes are not at all fierce and romantic, but light-colored and usually meaningless.

Now, whether this cast of countenance is suitable to the brigand style of facial hair growing in a serious question. I venture to suggest that a jury of matrons, or, rather, of maidens, should forthwith be impaneled to try the matter out. Of course, if Angelina and her mother really think that Edwin, who is a bank clerk, looks his best disguised as a desperado there is an end to the matter; still, I can't help that this universal fierceness is becoming monotonous.

CONSUMED BY ALCOHOL.

A Victim of Drink Utterly Destroyed by Spontaneous Combustion.

New York Graphic.]

The startling story told in the medical journals from the pen of a Dr. Booth of England of the spontaneous combustion of an alcohol consumer suggests the possible necessity of protecting property from conflagration by confining drunkards in fireproof jails. The victim of this combustion was an old man of 65, a thoroughly pickled whiskey bibber. His remains were found propped against a stone wall. A small piece of adjacent woodwork was consumed just above the man's head.

The body, however, was almost a cinder, retaining the form only enough to recognize the man. Both hands and one foot were burned off and had fallen into the stable below. The soft tissues were entirely consumed. When moved, the remains collapsed. He had evidently died in a stupor.

MATHEMATICAL SHOOTING.

How a Georgia Hunter Managed to Kill Five Squirrels With One Bullet.

Savannah News.]

There is an old gentleman in Forsyth county who is very fond of hunting. Whenever he walks abroad his wife always bears him company. Recently he went out to drive the cows. During his walk he discovered five squirrels up one tree and also discovered that he had lost all of his bullets but one. He sat down, drew out his pencil and day book, and, carefully surveying the distance up to the first squirrel, began: If six grains of powder will move a bullet three inches, how many grains will it take to carry it up to the squirrel, a distance of about 30 feet? made his calculations, put in the required amount of powder, just enough to kill the squirrel and for the bullet not to pass through.

He banged away and down came bushy tail. He took his knife out cut out the ball, loaded up again and fired until he killed the five squirrels with one bullet and loaded his rifle with it the sixth time."

Mining in a Man's Head.

Punxsutawney Spirit.]

The Hungarian who was brought to town one day last week and placed in the lockup for mistaking another Hungarian's head for a coal mine and proceeding to dig holes in it with a pick, was given his liberty, no one appearing against him. The man upon whom he used the pick was not hurt much. He had only five holes punched through his skull, and the pick did not penetrate his liver more than once.

Spring Styles in Punx'y.

Punxsutawney Spirit.]

The spring style of ladies' hat most in vogue, resembles a clam shell covered with water moss and sea weed. A lady who objects to being thought a clam should keep from in under its shell.

HOME-GROWN FISHES.

There is Pleasure and Profit in a Parlor Goldfish Hatchery.

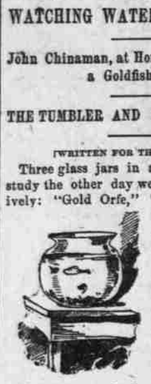
WATCHING WATER BABIES GROW.

John Chinaman, at Home, is Something of a Goldfisherman.

THE TUMBLER AND THE FRINGE-TAIL

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

Three glass jars in a local naturalist's study the other day were labeled respectively: "Gold Orfe," "Fringe Tail" and "Tumbler." The jars each contained about half a gallon of clear water, in which were floating a number of twisted brown threads. An uneducated eye could distinguish no difference between the jars and their contents, and when I asked the naturalist to point out for my edification the orfe and the fringe-tail and the tumbler, he smiled the smile of superior knowledge. But all the same he pointed them out.



"This is one of the fringe-tails," he said, directing attention with the point of his pencil to a whitish globule adhering to one of the threads in the water. "There are 40 or 50 more in the jar, as you will notice upon looking closely. And here in this jar is the tumbler (it, too, was a whitish globule, precisely like its confrere), and in the other the orfe.

"Without making any mystery about it, there are the eggs of the goldfishes whose common names are written upon the labels. I have prepared them for a little girl I know who wants to see them grow under her own eye from the egg into big, bright, crimson-coated fishes."

WATCHING THEM GROW.

"And can she have her wish?"

"Nothing easier. Almost every member of the human family is interested in seeing a fish swim about in water, and with reason, as there is no more beautiful or graceful object on earth; and it has always been a source of wonder to me that so few people, comparatively, in this country know anything about the habits and characteristics of the fishes, which in older countries are almost indispensable to the adorning of the home. If you were to ask the average middle-class Chinaman, for instance, the question you have just asked me, namely, "Is it possible for a little girl to see fishes grow under her own eye at home from the egg to maturity?" he would laugh at you, because the homes of the Chinese are gay with goldfishes swimming in china bowls in the houses and in porcelain tanks everywhere out of doors; and the Chinaman, like his cousin the Japanese, is a cunning fish culturist. The tumbler fish, whose eggs are in the jar here, is a variety which came to us originally from China, and while, as its color is blue, tinged with orange, it cannot properly be called a goldfish, it ranks with them, being, like them, a member of the family of ornamental fishes. But a peculiarity greater than the oddity of its color possessed by this fish is a habit it has when swimming of throwing itself over and over in the water, as a tumbler pigeon does when flying.

"Now the fringe-tail is a member of the Japanese branch of the goldfish family, and as his colors are vermillion and white he is a true goldfish. In some the back and sides are a deep vermillion, the throat and belly gold and the fins and tail a pure white. As the tail is larger than the body and gracefully floats through the water in the wake of the gorgeous body, like the tail of a comet, it is by no means the mean organ that the caudal appendage is usually supposed to be and deserves to give the little swimmer its name as it does. But here is the fringe-tail's portrait—judge for yourself on that point:

Fringe-Tail Goldfish.

"Now as to the gold orfe. There is a fish which is my own importation from Europe. It is as fine a food and game fish as any sportsman need want, and at the same time is a bright vermillion from the tip of its nose to the end of its tail. It is as big when full grown as the largest trout, and as knowing as a fox. It is pre-eminently the aristocratic game fish of the world, and is to be found in the private fish pond of every German nobleman. Swimming, as the members of this family do in schools near the top of the water, and being hardy enough to remain out of doors all winter the gold orfe is particularly fitted for fountains and ponds. And right here let me say a word, please, about the apathy of the average American in this matter of private fish ponds.

THE FISH POND.

"In Europe one of the most important features of a country establishment is the fish ponds. How many private fish ponds will you find in the grounds of suburban residences here? Comparatively few; and yet I do not hesitate to say that nothing is better calculated to give pleasure and profit than a private pond. It will serve the purpose of a flower bed, by being planted with lilies; it can be boated through in summer and skated upon in winter; in spring and summer it will afford fresh fish and the sport of catching them, and on the first winter after it is built enough ice may be cut from its surface to pay the cost of keeping it in order for a quarter of a century."

"But about the little girl, when she gets the fish eggs home, what will she do with them? What artificial means are required to make them bloom into fishes? Will she put them into an incubator or the oven?"

"Neither, my dear sir; neither. All that is required is that they be kept in a room where the temperature is equable, ranging between 60° and 90° Fahrenheit, and in such a position that the morning sun shall shine upon them if possible. Sometimes the eggs will break out into little fishes in two days after being placed in the jar, sometimes in six days; but always immediately after coming into the world the little fish is sluggish and misshapen. It is not strong enough at the beginning to forage for itself, and it has no parents to work for it. So Mother Nature fastens a two-days' supply of food, in the shape of a yolk bag to each little fish before she launches it. But at the end of two or three days the yolk bag is absorbed, and then the youngster—really a little fish now, but as dull coated as any common minnow—swims freely about, eating the microscopic food germs which are to be found in the clearest water. In the course of eight or ten days they will be from half an inch to an inch long, and will be strong enough to be transferred to the aquarium. But I would recommend that the little ones be given an aquarium to themselves for the first few months in order to make sure of their not being eaten by the larger fishes, as well as to facilitate the watching of their gradual change from dull-colored minnows into the most gorgeously clothed of all the little water people that I know. Some precocious specimens will come out in all their finery within six weeks after leaving the eggs and others not for six months, depending upon various circumstances—such as the variety of the fish, the quality of the water, season when hatched, etc.

A FISH'S COUGH.

The eggs can be procured from any gold fish dealer almost in any city, and if the business is conducted in a systematic way many a dollar can be pleasantly earned in this manner by ladies or children who have a love for natural history. When a conservatory is available with sufficient space for the building of three little ponds, say about four feet each in diameter, the parent fish may be secured from the dealer and gold fish culture be entered upon in earnest. The eggs continue to make their appearance throughout the summer, and as there is a constant succession of little Josephs, with their coats of many colors, a careful and successful gold fish culturist may take some hundreds of dollars' worth of fish out of the ponds, which may find shelter in a moderate-sized conservatory.

"But the beginner must not be too sanguine at first. While gold fish are very hardy animals, like everything having life, they are mortal, and subject to accident and disease. I have a fish here which has the consumption. It was brought to me this morning by its owner, who had but just discovered that it is unwell, in hopes that I might be able to suggest some remedy for its cure; but there is no cure for it."

He led the way to a glass tank containing about two gallons of water, in which a single fish was resting, with its head held much lower than its tail. To the most casual eye it was a very sick fish. Its body, instead of being plump and of an even contour, was as emaciated as a dried herring, and the rich vermillion color of the average goldfish had faded into a sickly pink. Its fins were half drawn in toward the fish's body and seemed to be glued into fixed position by a slimy substance which covered them.

"Do you see it cough?" asked the naturalist.

"No."

"Well, watch it closely for a minute or two, and you will see what I mean."

The fish began moving about slowly and feebly, occasionally stopping to brush its gills against the stock of a plant growing in the water, as though endeavoring to brush away some obstruction. At these pauses a convulsion sometimes shook the fish from head to tail, and this the dealer declared to be occasioned by a cough.

That fish is a warning to careless people. Those who purchase gold fish should follow the dealers' instructions to the letter in the matter of food and changing the water. Impure water affects the fish's gills first. The gills are the fish's lungs, and consumption of the lungs is as certainly fatal in the fish tribe as in the human tribe. H. A. W.

JIMMY'S GENEROUS FRIEND.

Evidence of Manliness and Honesty Among New York Newsboys.

Youth's Companion.]

A gentleman in New York hailed a bootblack for a shine. The lad came rather slowly for one of that lively guild, and before he could get his brushes out, another larger boy ran up, and pushed him aside, saying, "Here, you go set down Jimmy!" The gentleman was indignant at what he deemed a piece of outrageous bullying, and sharply told the new comer to clear out.

"Oh, that's all right, boss," was the reply, "I'm only goin' to do it fur him; you see, he's been sick in the hospital for mor'n a month, and can't do much work yet, so us boys all turn in and give him a lift when we can."

"Is that so, Jimmy?" the gentleman asked.

"Yes, sir," wearily replied the boy; and as he looked up, the pallid, pinched face could be discerned even through the grime that covered it. "He does it fur me, if you'll let him."

"Certainly; go ahead," and as the bootblack plied the brush, the gentleman plied him with questions.

"You say all the boys help him in this way?"

"Yes, sir. When they ain't got no job themselves, and Jimmy gets one, they turns in and help him, 'cause he ain't very strong yet; you see."

"What percentage do you charge him on a job?"

"Hev?" queried the youngster. "I don't know what you mean."

"I mean, what part of the money do you give Jimmy, and how much do you keep out of it?"

"You bet I don't keep none; I ain't no such a sneak as that!"

"So you give it all to him, do you?"

"Yes, I do. All the boys give up what they gets on his job. I'd like to catch any feller sneaking it on a sick boy, I would!"

The shine being completed the gentleman handed the urchin a quarter, saying, "I guess your a pretty good fellow; so you keep 10 cents and give the rest to Jimmy here."

"Can't do it, sir; it's his customer. Here, Jim." He threw him the coin, and was off like a shot after a customer of his own. Without knowing it, he had preached a good sermon from the text, "Let brotherly love continue."

No Female Humorists.

New York Sun.]

We have a swarm of great American humorists; but how are we to account for the fact that there is not a female humorist among them? We have female poets, preachers, philosophers, politicians, historians, artists and doctors; but where have we any great American funny writer of the sex of Mother Eve? If it be true that even one cannot be found, the fact is queer, if not funny.

A Cat Turns Tramp.

Savannah News.]

Some time ago Mr. Tillery moved from Ty-Ty to Sparks, on the Georgia Southern and Florida railroad, the distance being about 28 miles, carrying with him a good and faithful old house cat. It seems that the old cat did not appreciate his new home, as about two or three weeks since "Tom made his appearance back at the old place and still remains there.

All Boys Again.

Produce Exchange Broker (to Brindley, who has just joined)—We've two cliques here, you know—the whites and the blacks. Which do you think you'd prefer?

Brindley—What's the matter with belonging to both?

Chorus—All right!—*Judge.*

WE ARE BETTER NOW.

Bessie Bramble Says George Washingtons Are Plentiful and That

BISHOP POTTER IS A PESSIMIST.

All the Churches Are Growing in Numbers and Influence and

PATRIOTS ARE NOT SCARCE NOWADAYS

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

Judging by their printed utterances it seems pretty plain that a large number of the leading divines of the day are fully of the opinion that the people of this country especially, and the world generally, are going to the bad. The great virtues that were inherent in the men and women of a hundred years ago are, as they think, hardly to be found in this day and generation. The patriots of a century ago, whose hearts and souls and mind and strength were devoted to the good of their fellow citizens and the advancement of the country are dead and buried, and all their noble qualities with them. Their sins have been visited upon their descendants to the third and fourth generation, but their greatness, honesty and magnitude of mind have died out, and the management of affairs has thereby fallen to tricksters, plutocrats and vulgar politicians whose highest aim is to make money and purchase power at the expense of both principle and patriotism.

Ideas the people of to-day have, according to Bishop Potter, but they are merchantable ideas, and opinions as to affairs of State are for sale to the highest bidder, while offices go to market like pigs in a poke. Fitness and capacity and character are no more considered the essentials of candidates, while party fealty, fat frying, personal favoritism and nepotism are the principal features of politics to-day. Bishop Potter meant all this in his Centennial address in which he gave Harrison, the administration and the political leaders such a going over on the anniversary of Washington's inauguration. His idea seemed to be that the Presidents in these latter days were vastly inferior in principles and patriotism to the Father of his Country and his cotemporaries.

A SLAP AT THE PRESIDENT.

This was a direct slap at Harrison, and yet, as reports go, the President is a most devout Presbyterian and a much respected deacon in the church. The Bishop's reproach that high officials nowadays bought their offices was a cut for Wanamaker, who is a good church man, and an eminent Sunday school Superintendent, his arraignment of professional politicians was a direct dig at Blaine, who is a good Presbyterian and member of the church. Such remarks by the worthy Bishop would seem to throw discredit upon the church, and to give strong indication, not so much that patriotism was decaying, as that the church had not sufficient influence to make its adherents live up to their professions. If great danger to the country exists, when the highest offices of the Government are in the hands of good church members and notable Christians, it is hard to see what is going to be done about it. If a good man who goes to church every Sunday and fills the honorable position of a deacon, and passes the plate, and has patriotic blue blood in his veins, and a martial hero and President for a grandfather is not a fit successor for the "immortal George" who, in Bishop Potter's opinion, could better fill his shoes?

Washington, by all accounts, was a saintly man—so is Harrison. Washington regularly attended church—so does Harrison. Washington was distinguished for political wisdom, superior tact, successful sagacity, and courage beyond the common—with all such is Harrison credited also. In what lies the difference? The only point to be made, as outside surface knowledge goes, seems to be that in the case of Washington the office very decidedly sought the man, while in these latter days the

MAN SEEKS THE OFFICE

with untiring zeal, unconcealed self interest, and with plain, ambitious, selfish intent, not with an eye to the cause of the people, the country, the ideal of humanity, but to the furtherance of party ends, the preservation of party power and the promotion of personal and factional interests. Washington was a patriot—Harrison is a politician. That a wide distinction can be made naturally follows. Still even in Washington's day real patriotism was as rare a virtue as to-day among those in power. Benjamin Franklin, one of the great men of the times then, writes, "That very few in public affairs act from a mere view of the good of their country, whatever they may pretend, and though their actions may bring real good to the country, yet men mainly act on the idea that their interests are those of the country and from motives of self interest, rather than from any principle of goodness or motive of benevolence—just as men do to-day. And the wise old philosopher goes on to say that fewer men still in public affairs act with a view to the good of mankind.

From this opinion of a wise man concerning the public officers of 100 years ago, and from the history of the times, it may be seen that those so lauded by the Bishop for purity and probity beyond any shown in the present, were not a whit better than the public men of to-day. Party spirit seems to have been even more virulent, more bitter, more bigoted, more rancorous and given to mud-throwing than even in these days. It would be hard to find a public man as much abused, maligned and vilified as our beloved Washington himself, who, by the friends of the opposition, was treated to such vile mouthings and writings as shock the readers of political history in these days. It would be hard to find in the campaigns of the present as much of political bitterness, factional hatred and

MALIGNANT PARTY SPIRIT

as are shown in the history of the past. The world has progressed in the matter of sweeter manners and purer laws, though Bishop Potter seems to doubt it, and fancies that politics now are in a state of wickedness far exceeding that of the forefathers day, and that the world groweth in wickedness.

It is a little strange that Bishop Potter, Brother Morgan Dix and so many other distinguished divines should take such dark and pessimistic views of this country and its people. Do they not remember that such dire forebodings and such sorrowful statements as to increasing evil are likely to discount and discredit the teachings of the church? Is it not plain that if men and manners have grown worse; if society has become increasingly wicked; if the people have grown indifferent to the evils of politics, as shown in a Government whose offices are bought and sold as merchandize to the highest bidder; if the Vice President has reached his high position by virtue of his cash, and the Postmaster General secured his by boodle, as is so freely charged and asserted; if the offices and their emoluments are peddled around to those whose money or influence are prime factors in their appointments; if the Government as to purity, honesty and capacity is away below that of Washington's day, then the church must have failed in its teachings of morals and its inculcation of whatsoever is pure, honest and of good report. It is a sad commentary on Sunday schools, churches and orthodox teachings if it be true that governments and people are worse than those of a century ago—that people are less inclined to the peaceable fruits of righteousness, less devoted to works of humanity, and less given to the daily practice of the golden rule than

A CENTURY AGO.

If Ingersoll had made such statements—if he had asserted that owing to the great growth and manifold multiplication of the means of grace and knowledge of the gospel that the Government of the United States had grown more corrupt, more debased, more given over to the lust of power and mammon of unrighteousness—that the people had grown indifferent to the evils of nepotism and bribery and boodlerism by reason of public school and Sunday school and primary meeting teachings, what a howl of contradiction would have gone up from every pulpit and every platform? How the religious papers would have teemed with figures and statistics to the contrary? The colleges, the schools, the hospitals, the works of charity, the grand achievements of the church in the redemption of the world would have been cited as proofs of the opposition from every stump and pulpit in the land.

And yet this is just what Bishop Potter has done, and has been backed up in by hundreds of pulpits all over the land. In trumpeting the wickedness, the depravity, the corruption of the present as compared with the past they, in sober reality, proclaim the failure of Sunday schools, religious institutions, church enterprises and all others that have been established for the promotion of piety and the spread of gospel ideas. If the Government of this country to-day, which is in the hands of professing Christians, such as Harrison, Blaine, Wanamaker, Attorney Miller and such other subsidiary good men as "Lige Halford," Brother Quay et al is worse, vastly worse, than that of a century ago, as Bishop Potter asserts, when many of the magnates who filled high positions in Washington's day were tainted with Tom Paineism and Voltairean ideas an inference may be drawn in favor of Washingtonian dignity and Jeffersonian simplicity that would hardly find favorable recognition by the clerical brethren of the present age.

ODIOUS COMPARISONS.

When such comparisons are drawn as those by the good Bishop Potter they are apt to stir up controversy and provoke inquiry. If, after a hundred years of Christian teaching, gospel evangelization, pulpit propounding, and Sunday school education of the masses, the Government is more corrupt, public men are less honest, pure and patriotic, does not the inference follow that something is very wrong in the system of education, the code of morality, the creed of public opinion?

In convicting the public men and society of the present of being behind those of a hundred years ago the worthy Bishop throws a shadow in the church he represents, discounts its effectiveness in the matter of refining mankind, and gives the whole system of Christianity a setback as a means of civilization, a prime agent in making men honest, truth-loving and given to growth in all that is good and pure and true.

The year book of every religious denomination that publishes such record, shows growth in numbers, churches, power, money and influence. The Methodist Church boasts of building a church every day in the year, and of furnishing fabulous sums for evangelization and Christianization. The Baptist denomination finds encouragement in ever growing numbers and spreading ideas as to immersion. The Presbyterians record growing churches and increasing members, who believingly and humbly accept the doctrines of foreordination and total depravity and original sin. The Episcopalians, whom Bishop Potter represents so ably, report a vast increase in numbers, a great advance in church growth.

AN AMAZING SHOWING

in the way of reaching the masses and the æsthetic classes; the Roman Catholics who pride themselves upon their union of moral and religious teaching are reported to be growing as never before, and of showing unprecedented advancement in the way of accessions to the church and added power, and in addition, all the minor sects are reported as increasing in numbers and growing in influence, and yet withal, Bishop Potter makes a prognosis est pessima and proclaims the wickedness of this generation as compared with the sinners of a century ago. It is really sad and rather tends to weaken the idea that civilization is advancing in all that tends to the best interests of mankind, and that the course of the church is ever onward and upward in all that relates to morality and the happiness and sweetness of life.

It is sad to know that in the opinion of Bishop Potter and others of high note and position that the tendency of American institutions is downward from Washington's day; that public men are degenerating; that society is becoming more wicked; that women are becoming demoralized and unwomanly in their demand for higher education; that public men, who are professing Christians, are not to be trusted, and are away off from Washingtonian examples and Jeffersonian ideas. It is dreadful to think that notwithstanding all of the glowing and encouraging statistics of the church that the world still lieth in wickedness, and that in reality it has down-graded for the last hundred years. If Brother Bishop Potter has given a real picture of the decay and demoralization of the people of the United States and their government, it would predict the failure of the church. But such pessimistic ideas cannot be entertained.

THE WORLD GROWS,

ideas germinate, and ultimately dominate. Every reform, every advance, has been pushed, crowded and finally forced by public opinion, when backed by truth and the logic of events. It is hardly creditable to the church that skepticism is usually the motive power in effecting great reforms in society. It is a matter of sorrow and regret to many that Bishop Potter has exposed the weakness of the religious force so ably represents. If good Presbyterians like Harrison and Blaine et al, aided by extra good Methodists like Wanamaker and others, cannot establish an administration free from reproach and odium, then "Jeffersonian simplicity," with radical accompaniments, may become popular. If the good deacon of the Indianapolis Presbyterian Church falls short of his high calling in the management of the Presidency it will tend to weaken reverence and trust in righteous men. If Brother Wanamaker does not run the Postoffice better than less pious men it will have a tendency to weaken faith in Sunday school ideals.

The fact of the matter—if Bishop Potter could only realize it—is that Washingtons nowadays are not so rare as of old, and would not be so hard to find if demanded, and that the mass of mankind is growing better rather than worse. Evolution tends to excellence. The world is growing out of ignorance, hypocrisy and superstition—and toward sweetness and light. Washington in his day was pre-eminent for virtue, public spirit and integrity—thousands of such could be drummed up to-day on demand. The patriots of the past could be duplicated by millions to-day, if need be.

Bishop Potter in his sermon showed himself more as a pessimist than a patriot. That so many churchmen agree with him seems to show that the brethren have not the faith they profess in the power of the church to reform mankind and establish righteousness.

BESSIE BRAMBLE.

We Cheerfully Comply.

Atchison Globe.]

A woman writes the following note to this office: "Last Sunday a gentleman and his wife called at my home, and during their stay the wife was so mean to her husband that I resolved to behave myself better in future to my own husband. Please print this for the benefit of other wives who are at times thoughtless and harsh."

No Home Runs Made.

Chicago Times.]

Funny business in Washington.

One Man—Harrison loves baseball.

Other Fellow—Yes. He loves to see office-seekers make a home run.

First Man—But the office seeker never makes it. He holds his base until he is struck out.

Chimes!

Love Can Go Afoot.

Lafayette (Ala.) Sentinel.]

Henry Moreman and Miss Elizabeth Castleberry walked to town from the northern part of the county last Saturday to be made man and wife. Judge Bell performed the ceremony Saturday night and they started on their return trip.

A BEAUTIFUL ISLAND.

The Spot Where the Atlantic Cables Touch the European Shore.

ONCE A HAUNT FOR PIRATES BOLD.

Points of Historical Interest in the Immediate Vicinity.

A TRIP TO THE GREAT SKELLIG ROCK

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.]

KNIGHTSTOWN, IRELAND, May 6.—If anyone ever heard of Valentia Island, Ireland, the thought concerning it is likely to have only taken on the commercial form of its being a bit of land off the southwest Irish coast to which and from whence the needs and news of the new and the Old World are day and night flashed over the Atlantic cables, the successful laying of the first of which was accomplished in July, 1866. But no spot within the myriad entrancing places provided among the natural beauties of Ireland, can be found more enjoyable from its own winsomeness and grandeur. It is an emerald gem cut out of the northwestern corner of the peninsular barony of Iveragh, in county Kerry, with the sea ever thundering against the sublime cliffs of its southwest and northwest faces, and sloping to verdure-clad beaches, kissed by silvery waters which, land-locked, wimple along its northeast and southwest shores.

The entrance from the northwest to the sunny roadstead and harbor behind it, is narrow and picturesque indeed. It sweeps past the Island headland that frowns above the ocean at the south; furnishes to the north the grandly beautiful perspective of Doulus' Head, overhung by the mountains of Kilane behind; divides past misty and mystic island and islet; stretches one shining arm between purple heights to the northeast; and lays another lovingly back to the southeast harborward, over against the beautiful Kerry shores and along the low-lying edge of the island's upland-creeping swells. Here sleep village, hamlet and clustering cabins in a setting and scene of somnolence and nature's luxuriance, which recall the dreamful atmospheres and environment of the semi-tropical nests along the quaint Riviera.

A PIRATES' RENDEZVOUS.

The island has a Spanish instead of an Irish name. All the western and southwestern portion of Ireland, from its discovery until as late as the year 1200, was occupied by Spaniards; and Valentia, named in honor of the fine old Spanish town of Valencia, on the Turia, near its mouth in the Mediterranean, was especially beloved by the freebooters of that nation. The harbor, with a noble entrance from the sea, at both the northern and southern extremities, was particularly adapted for a rendezvous of this sort. The pirates set their watches upon the headlands and promontories. These readily gave notice as to which end of the harbor any ship of war directed entrance. No sooner was this known than the privateer gally sailed out at the other; and if chase was made in that direction, the flying craft frequently saucily sailed in at the other again.

Among the fishermen, some of whom, as at Galway, show traces of their olden Spanish extraction, are found the queerest tales of specter pirate ships; and of one in particular which, at certain seasons of the year and turn of the tide, sails thrice around the island at night in search of its skipper bold, who lost his head in an engagement here with one of Queen Anne's ships of war.