The Somerset Herald.

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WEDNESDAY.....March 16, 1887.

THE most hang heavily on the President's hands, now that there are no more pension bills to veto.

ON Sunday last Governor Beaver taught a class in the Pine Street Presbyterian church at Harrisburg, the regular teacher being absent.

THE trade dollar is now being redeemed and melted down for coinage, as soon as received. Six month is the time allotted for redemption.

THE anti-polygamy bill was allowed to become a law without the President's signature. It looks as if he had'nt grit enough to do much of anything, except veto pension bills.

AFTER much counting the strength of parties in the next House of Representatives is found to be as follows: Republicans, 152; Democrats, 169; Independents, 2; vacancy, 1. Democratic plurality, 17.

THE family of Mr. Beecher had none of the traditional emblems of woe at his house, or in the church where the funeral services were held. On the contrary, flowers and bright colors were used in profusion.

THE friends of the new Senator from Florida enumerated among his merits, the fact that he "served with distinction in the Confederate Army." This is the only badge of honor, and sure guarantee of preferment in the South.

THE United States Government does not license the manufacture and sale of liquor in any manner. It only insists that when manufactured and sold it shall be taxed. It is the States that grant licenses to make and sell it.

THE Tioga *Agitator* says the girls at Covington have organized a boycott which involves non-association with young men who get drunk. The girls have introduced what no man had wit enough to devise—a boycott that is both expedient and lawful.

THE United States Supreme Court has decided that suicide by an insane person is equivalent to death by accident. As no sane person would commit suicide. This is notice to assurance companies that they must take the risk of insanity into their future calculations.

THE friends of Col. "Tom" Grimeson are urging him as a candidate for State Treasurer to succeed Col. Quay. The Cameron club of Philadelphia has appointed a committee, one of whom is Congressman Bingham, to wait upon the Governor and urge his appointment.

AFTER a long struggle, Hon. R. F. Meyers has triumphed over his foes and secured the post office at Harrisburg. There is no man in his party, who has better earned a recognition of his political services than has Mr. Meyers, and we are glad to see his consistant devotion thus rewarded.

IT is now said that the House Committee on Congressional apportionment has decided that Philadelphia is not entitled to an additional Congressman, and will report a bill allotting her the usual five members, as a calculation shows that, if the city is given six, the balance of the State must suffer.

THE girls should take notice that, the Supreme Court of this State has decided that where they marry a man in ordinary circumstances, and make an antenuptial agreement accepting certain property in lieu of dower, they cannot, if the husband grows rich, claim an additional amount after his death. A bargain is a bargain—says the Court.

NOW that the Supreme Court of the United States has decided that State and municipal authorities have no right to impose a license tax on commercial travellers, the gentle "drummer" can drum whenever he listeth, with no local officials to disturb him, or make him afraid. This is another victory for Inter-State Commerce, and a black eye for the old doctrine of State rights.

OUR Democratic friends of the press are in a quandary as to where the blame rests for the failure of much wholesome legislation during the last Congress. One holds that it was not the fault of the President; others that Mr. Randall is not to blame, another that Mr. Carlisle is guiltless, and all join in a general chorus that the House is not responsible. Dear brethren! let's all agree that it was the cat.

ON Tuesday the 8th inst. General Simon Cameron celebrated his eighty-eighth birthday. The venerable gentleman was called upon and congratulated by the Governor the heads of departments, large numbers of Senators and members of the Legislature, and a host of his fellow citizens. Few men have outlived more violent political storms, and none have retained more personal friends than his General Cameron.

THE New York *Herald* deliberately advises the Democratic party to make no further efforts at tariff legislation, "because there can only alarm and alienate Louisiana and the manufacturing and metal-producing parts of the middle South." In most of this the *Herald* urges repeal of the internal taxes on whiskey, and tobacco. This sounds rather oddly from the Democratic tariff reform organ of the great commercial metropolis.

IT is announced that Jeff Davis is preparing to visit Washington for the first time since he left it to take up arms against the government. The country will be curious to see how the President of the United States will receive the arrogant old traitor. Mr. Cleveland dare not ignore the presence of this representative of the Solid South, else there will be a political earthquake that will unsettle things, worse than did the late South Carolina shake.

IT is generally believed that this is "a government of the people, by the people, for the people" and yet a little investigation shows that it is a government entirely controlled by a couple of Democratic dictators. During the existence of the late congress. Hon. Samuel J. Randall absolutely dictated what measures should be brought before the House, and obstructed and prevented all legislation that did not meet with his approbation, and when bills passed the critical examination of both Houses, and received their approval, President Cleveland dictated which of them should become laws. All legislation therefore, was solely at the will and pleasure of these two gentlemen, and congress simply carried out their views, and registered their decrees. No autocrat of the old world reigns with a more dictatorial spirit and power, than did these representative Democrats during the life of the last congress.

IT is announced with much iteration from Harrisburg that the Republicans will protect Mr. Randall, and will see to it that a district is carved out of Philadelphia that will secure his continuance in Congress. So, so! How long will it be before these Republican members who are so anxious to serve Mr. Randall, will be shouting "stick to the ticket"—"Put none but Republicans on guard." Gentlemen! "The King has got to travel the codgers road."

THE late Democratic House appears to have satisfied neither friends nor foes. From all parts of the country it is being rudely and severely criticised. Even so radical a Democratic journal as the Charleston *News and Courier* declares that it "has done more by its stupidity and cowardice to bring reproach upon popular government than any similar body that has met in Washington for years." We infer that it was the failure to pass Morrison's free trade bill, that so stirred up the bile of our Southern Democratic contemporary.

DURING the life of the last Congress President Cleveland vetoed 152 bills, or 21 more than the total number of bills vetoed from the foundation of the government down to the beginning of that Congress. These facts indicate either that the Democratic majority controlling the late Congress, were too stupid to comprehend and properly frame legislation, or that the President is too thick-headed to understand, or too self opinionated to agree with the majority of his party. It is the old story over again, of the eleven stubborn jurors who would not agree with the other fellow who was confident he knew all about it.

PREVIOUS to the election of the members of the House which has just adjourned, it was urged by the Democrats that it would "reduce taxation" "revise the tariff" and "restore economy." Instead of this the House increased the expenses over $60,000,000, did not disturb the taxes, except to add a new one on oleomargarine, refused to reduce or abolish the internal revenue taxes, and did not touch the tariff, while at the same time a continual howl was kept up over the surplus revenue said to be accumulating in the Treasury—As the colored brother remarked regarding similar promises—Democratic "white man, very uncertain."

THE Philadelphia *Times* is inconsistant, in its anxiety to have a district carved out of that city that will continue to return Mr. Randall to Congress. It insists that it is "folly run mad" not to give the Democrats in Philadelphia one Congressman out of the six, and after catching its breath asserts that if the city should be divided into six Republican districts the Democrats "would be much more likely to elect more than one Democratic Congressman." The *Times* has two notes in its whistle. We doubt not that if the city is apportioned into six compact contiguous districts they will all be Republican, but it is unquestionably the right of Mr. Randall, or any other Democrat, to carry one or all of them if they can. We are opposed to gerrymandering the city to make a district especially for Mr. Randall, and a large number of Philadelphia Democrats, agree with us, although for widely different reasons.

THE journals of Philadelphia are continually appealing to the "country members" in the Legislature to protect their city from measures introduced by their own representatives. Year after year the same cry comes from the city, and time and again they re-elect the same men, and then follows the demand upon "country members" to vote against the bills of the city representatives, and a failure to do this, is generally attributed to corrupt motives. If the interests of Philadelphia are not properly cared for by its representatives, it is the fault of its own citizens, and it is as mean as it is foolish to expect country members to shoulder the responsibility and antagonise measures solely pertaining to the interests of the city, and introduced and urged by its own members. If members from the country districts neglect or oppose the interests of their constituents they are at once retired and other and truer men selected to fill their places. Let Philadelphia follow this wholesome rule, and she will no longer be forced to appeal to Hercules to help her out of the mire.

SPEAKING of the Presidents veto of the Dependent Pension bill, Senator Warner Miller of New York, says:

"That bill should have become a law. Its failure will place many a veteran soldier on the pauper list and cause him to seek the poorhouse in his county or township. If he had the pension rightfully he would not be on the pauper list, but as independent and proud a citizen of the country he fought to keep united as the wealthiest citizen. One of the great wrongs the veteran soldier will feel is that the country he fought for permits him finally to become a pauper and live upon the public charity of his country. There are thousands of soldiers who fought bravely and nobly throughout the war, who exposed themselves to all kinds of weather and from that exposure they are prematurely decrepit and physically unable to do any work. They never made any hospital records because they were courageous and tried to keep to the front. Some had to keep to the front, or else there would have been no army to fight, and even if they had made records they can not prove it now because the doctors are dead and their comrades who knew of these facts have passed away. Legal proof, therefore, is impossible. None the less they deserve the pensions, because the years of hardships they endured are now beginning to tell upon them."

FOR the past week the newspapers of the eastern cities have been publishing full, varied and sensational details (guessed at) of the sale of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad—first to a syndicate of Southern railroad men with Mr. Alfred Sully at its head, secondly to a syndicate of New Yorkers combined with whom are the officials of the Reading and the Central New Jersey roads, and thirdly and fourthly the last allegations are that Jay Gould, and the Pennsylvania railroad company are now in the field as purchasers. It appears to be taken for granted that, where there is so much smoke there must be some fire and that Mr. Garrett is willing if not anxious to part with the interest of himself and friends, which is a controlling one in the road. The whole matter so far as the outside world and the newspapers are concerned is purely conjectural, and the alledged details guessed at. Our guess is that, Mr. Garrett is attempting to arrange for a consolidation of railroad lines that will give him entrance into New York, and connections throughout the South, perhaps with the intent of securing a continuous line from New York to New Orleans. So superb a line as the B. & O. is not likely to be cast upon the market in search of a purchaser by so shrewd and wealthy a gentleman as is Mr. Garrett.

IN the death of Henry Ward Beecher the world has lost one of its greatest orators and one of the most remarkable men of the century. Mr. Beecher was singularly endowed. Large of brain, strong-willed, self reliant, daring, resolute, imperious, courageous and brilliant, he became a great power and led multitudes by his force of character and the irresistable sweep of his oratory. His theology was erratic, but it was bright and hopeful, and it cheered and encouraged, and built up and made strong his followers. He was intensely an American, he knew the instincts of the people, and was filled with the love of country. In the days of his prime he championed the cause of liberty and of the slave, and by his labors in that direction did much toward awakening the American conscience from the lethargy into which it had been steeped by the insidious wiles of the southern slave power. In the darkest hour of the country's struggle with treason, he crossed over into England and on a British platform, before an infuriated mob of British sympathisers with secession, he single handed and alone, by the spirit of his manhood, and defying and overmastering oratory cowed and abashed the greedy horde, who for the money-getting that was in it, desired the disruption of the Union, and the establishment of a confederacy for the perpetration of slavery. No country in the world was ever blessed with a nobler or braver or more powerful champion in its hour of sorest need. Mr. Beecher had his defects, but who that is mortal is infallible? Whatever they may have been they should be buried with him in his grave. Let us remember only the great good he accomplished for his country and for mankind, and pay to his memory a grateful tribute of admiration.

Probability that Congress Will be Called Together in the Month of October.

WASHINGTON, March 9.—Democratic members of Congress and others who have access to the President and means of knowledge on the subject, do not believe that there is any possibility of an extra session of Congress now. The prevalent impression, as gathered by a Star reporter from conversation with members of Congress is that the Fiftieth Congress will be called together in the fall, perhaps in October, in order that some of the important legislation before it may be matured early. It is a well known fact that Congress scarcely ever does any business until after the holiday recess. In view of the fact that the questions of revenue and taxation, silver legislation, and others of great public interest must receive attention at the next session, it is thought that the President will call a session to begin in the fall, and that it will run along into the regular session.

A Family Murdered.

PARKERSBURG, W. Va., March 10.—A terrible tragedy is reported from near Cerelow, W. Va., on one of the lonely streams which empties into the Big Sandy from the Kentucky side. Samuel Smith, aged 16 years, had a difficulty with Steve Hammond, a neighboring farmer. Yesterday Smith, armed with a revolver, went over to the Hammond house and after some words with Hammond, followed him into the house. Hammond reached for his rifle, when young Smith fired instantly killing him.

Smith was then attacked by Hammond's wife, daughter and son, the latter little more than children. The youthful murderer backed up against the side of the room and fired three balls into Mrs. Hammond's body, inflicting fatal wounds.

As the woman dropped to the floor by the side of her dead husband, Smith leaped over her prostrate form and fired at the boy and girl who were retreating through a door, two balls taking effect in the daughter and one in the son, both dropping.

Satisfied that his work was done and that no witnesses were left to tell of the awful butchery, and having no more ammunition, the murderer fled to the mountains. It was hours afterward before the neighbors discovered the bloody deed, attracted by the feeble cries of the boy. The alarm was given at once, but up to this time Smith has not been apprehended. Mrs. Hammond is reported dead, and it is said that the men who have gone in search of Smith will lynch him as soon as caught. The family was well known in this State and were among the most respectable in the community in which they lived.

Murderous Robbers.

GREENSBURG, Pa., March 9.—A band of robbers have been committing numerous depredations in the vicinity of Ligonier. Last night their conduct culminated in what may be a murder. Stephen Hutton was going into his furniture works when he was attacked by three men with clubs and knocked about until completely unconscious. He was found later by a passing neighbor, and friends soon conveyed him to his house near by. His assailants fled and no clue to their identity is known. They were in the shop, it is supposed for the purpose of securing tools to rob his house, that contained more booty.

The inhabitants of the vicinity are wonderfully aroused and should the men be caught they will be severely dealt with. The assailants are supposed to be from the "Ridge" and to be part of the gang who robbed so much about one year ago.

Senator Sherman and Politics.

JACKSONVILLE, Fla., March 10.—Senator Sherman said to a *Times-Union* reporter this morning: "I want you to correct an erroneous impression. While at breakfast this morning I saw in the Washington Star a long article setting forth the objects of my trip to Florida, and stating that it was purely a political trip. The fact is I have not heard politics mentioned since I left Washington. We were tired out after Congress completed its work and made up a party and started down here simply for recreation. I am out of politics just now. I do not want politics to enter my head for two weeks. I will not say a word about politics until I reach Nashville on my return. Then I will take up the political question again, and will hold to it for some time."

Armed Kentuckians Resisting the Collection of Taxes.

OWENSBORO, KY., March 11.—Efforts are being made to collect the bonded debt of Muhlenberg county, and the collection is being vigorously resisted. Three hundred armed men are encamped in Greenville, the county seat, and they say they mean war to the bitter end if the effort to collect the tax is persisted in. The railroad debt of Muhlenberg county is $250,000, while the assessed valuation of property in the county is only $2,100,000. Trouble is looked for, and bloodshed will certainly follow the attempted collection.

They Knifed Each Other.

SOMERSET, KY., March 11.—Two men, Charles Phelps and Jack Howell, who have been at enmity for many years, met near this place last night and a deadly encounter took place. Phelps placed his knife against Howell's breast and remarked: "I've a notion to cut your heart out." Howell placed his knife against Phelps' throat and coolly replied, "cut away."

Phelps did cut away but unfortunately for him his knife blade broke off at the second thrust. Howell cut Phelps, throat, inflicting a terrible wound. Howell was not badly injured. Phelps is still alive, but it is thought cannot live.

The Kansas Town War.

ABILENE, March 10.—Another chapter in the Coronado shooting was opened at Lodi yesterday. Adjutant General Campbell having effected the arrest of fourteen of the Coronado men, charged with the killing of Coulter, Rains and others. Warrants were issued for about forty, but only fourteen could be found. Both towns threw up forts and were prepared for a war. Those arrested were all taken to Garden City for trial.

Twelve Thousand Acres Submerged

CAIRYLE, Ill., March 11.—The Kaskaskia river is still rising rapidly and the indications are that the present rise will be the highest known for years. Twelve thousand acres of splendid farming lands are now submerged. A levee was built last year in Santa Fe bottom, six miles south of here, which protects about 4,000 acres. The levee will be extended next year.

THE DEAD PREACHER.

Last Sad Rites Over the Remains of Mr. Beecher.

REV. DR. HALL'S ELOQUENT EULOGY.

NEW YORK, March 10.—The body of Henry Ward Beecher lies in state in the church which his pulpit oratory made famous It will remain there until to-morrow night, when the doors are to be closed and the public display ended. The interment at Greenwood on Saturday morning will be private, and there will be no ceremonies of any kind. In the meantime, however, thousands after thousands are crowding about the bier on which Mr. Beecher's remains lie in the midst of a perfect bower of beautiful flowers and roses. The walls of Plymouth Church are almost hidden from sight with these floral offerings to the memory of its dead preacher, and everywhere one sees emblems of peace, as Mr. Beecher desired, instead of the funeral gloom that usually pervades on such occasions.

Not an inch of black is to be seen inside the church. Even the sombre drapings of the coffin are hidden underneath roses and ferns. The four walls, the galleries, organ and pulpit are one mass of green, white and rose tints. No change has been made in the furniture of the church except the removal of the pew directly in front of the reading desk at which Mr. Beecher was accustomed to stand. Here the black catafalque was placed.

The family services over Mr. Beecher's remains were held in the house at half-past 9 this morning. Only relatives of the dead preacher attended. The Rev. Dr. Hall, in full Episcopal canonicals, conducted the services. He preceded it with a short address, in which he said:

Our beloved brother, whose face we now see almost for the last time, was a man of the people, a Republican of Republicans, a Democrat of Democrats, a man of the common people. There was no man in all this wide continent who was so dear to my heart as he, who lies dead before me. There was no man whom I have ever met or heard of or whose works I have ever read who impressed me so deeply with the inspiration of the Holy Spirit. He was a man of men the most manly man I ever met, but he was also a man of God in a pre-eminent sense of the word. His utterances were often said by those who heard him to have come from a great, overflowing fountainous heart, but I believe the source was even deeper than that They come from a great soul.

The piercing vision of his inspiration saw through the veils which creeds put on, and what that vision saw the tongue uttered: it was the truth, the great truth of the great love of God which other preachers would fain have limited. I first met the great man, whom we have gathered here to honor for the last time on earth, in those trying days which preceded and came immediately after the opening of the war. I found him the sturdy champion of union and freedom of the slaves, the foe of rebellion; and yet immediately after the close of the war I found him in a new character—the staunch friend of the defeated South.

I loved and revered this man more than any other on the face of the earth. Spiritually I owed more to him than any other. I was specially drawn toward him because I hate shams, and believe that politeness, though all very well in its way, is often too full of insincerity. Mr. Beecher was therefore beloved of especially me, because he was a man of transparent sincerity. Why he loved me I do not know. Why I love him all men who ever knew him will understand.

THE OUTWARD PASSES TO THE CHURCH.

While the quartette sang "Jesus Lover of My Soul," the coffin was carried from the house by eight pall-bearers. Outside the 13th Regiment was drawn up to escort the hearse to Plymouth Church. An immense crowd of people stood along the route, and the police had their hands full in keeping them in line. Company G was the guard of honor at the church, into which the casket was carried as Beethoven's "Funeral March" was played on the organ. Henry Ward Beecher, Jr., a grandson of the preacher, walked immediately behind the casket. He was the only relative present. After the coffin lid was removed the 13th Regiment viewed the remains, and the public were then admitted. They filed past the coffin in twos and the line was continuous throughout the afternoon.

THE LYING IN STATE.

During the evening the crowd increased and thousands of persons viewed the face of the dead preacher. Dr. Parker the blind preacher of Brooklyn, led by his wife was in the procession, and when he reached the casket he touched it with his hand, and, raising his sightless eyes toward Heaven, murmured a prayer. Those who saw the touching tribute paid by the clergyman were much affected—many women wept, and not a few failed to muster up sufficient courage to look into the casket. Accompanied by his son, Dr. Talmage paid his respects to the dead. He took a long look at the face in the casket, and the police waited respectfully until he was ready to move on. Fully 40,000 persons, it is estimated, passed through the church, and when the gates were closed at 7 o'clock thousands who had waited for hours were turned away. The church was closed, the sentries went to their posts and the lights threw flickering shadows across the flower-covered casket, and all was still, save for the heavy tread of the guard as they passed up and down the aisles.

To-morrow, after the services, the public will again be given an opportunity to view the remains.

Among the floral tributes were two immense wreaths of roses, lilies of the valley and smilax from Henry Irving and Miss Ellen Terry. Mrs. S. V. White sent a pillar of white roses.

AN IMPRESSIVE CEREMONIAL.

NEW YORK, March 11.—All Brooklyn was in mourning to-day over the death of Rev. Henry Ward Beecher. The public offices were closed, business was entirely suspended and memorial services were held in a large number of churches in the vicinity of Plymouth Church. As early as 7 o'clock Fulton Avenue was thronged with people hurrying in the direction of Plymouth Church. Before 8 o'clock the line on Orange Street was two blocks long, three abreast.

While the vast crowd of people were gathering outside of the church the lady members of the congregation were working hard within, dressing the pulpit and casket with flowers. The whole interior was turned into a perfect flower garden and a fragrant perfume of roses pervaded the air. The walls, galleries and organ were covered with evergreens and calla lilies. The reading-desk was covered with French roses and vines, as was also the chair in which Mr. Beecher sat for so many years. Mrs. S. V. White and several ladies devoted their time before the doors were opened in covering the casket with lilies of the valley, Eucharist roses, smilax, maiden hair ferns, tuberoses and French moss. When they finished not a vestige of black cloth covering of the casket could be seen.

THE INTERIOR APPEARANCE OF THE CHURCH.

There was nothing to indicate the presence of death, except the stillness which prevaded the room and the hushed conversation of the workers. The church had more the appearance of a wedding than a funeral. It was nearly 10 o'clock before the doors were thrown open to those who had been waiting impatiently for nearly three hours. The people entered by the Orange Street Entrance, and were shown to their seats by the ushers. During the interval, the organist, Harry Rowe Shelly, played low, sweet music upon the grand organ. The first four seats on the right of the centre aisle were reserved for the relatives of the deceased. Mr. Beecher's family were not present, and the family pew was filled with flowers. Mrs. Beecher was in the church for a few minutes before the doors were opened, and left with her sons before the crowd entered.

At 11:20 o'clock Rev. Dr. Charles H. Hall, robed in his white surplice and accompanied by Rev. S. B. Halliday, entered the church and ascended the platform. When the music ceased Dr. Hall commenced to read the opening sentences of the Protestant Episcopal burial services. After these the double quartette, composed of Mrs. Shelly, soprano; Miss Cavanagh, alto; Mrs. Grant, soprano; Mrs. Rosan, alto; Mr. Guff, Mr. Warrenroth, tenor; Mr. Brown, Mr. Stews, basso; and a chorus of sixty voices sang the burial chant, "Lord Let Me Know Mine End."

The lesson read by Dr. Hall and a prayer was delivered by Rev. S. B. Halliday. The rest of the musical program was as follows: Anthem, "Blessed Are The Departed," Spohr; hymn, "Jesus Lover Of My Soul," Zundel; sentence, "I Heard A Voice," Shelley; hymn, "Hark, Hark, My Soul." The organ was presided over by Henry Eyre Brown and General Horatio C. King.

DR. HALL'S FUNERAL ORATION.

After the first lesson Dr. Hall commenced his oration. During its delivery there was not a dry eye in the house, and several times he was compelled to stop for a short time to gain control of his voice. He said:

The hand that rests so still yonder laid aside the pen over a page of the unfinished "Life of Christ." Possibly the last flash of thought, as the conviction grew upon him of the probable end of life, was that his life was to be left unfinished—that he had not told all men that he would have them know of precious revelation. Possibly as the spirit fled away to be with Christ, whom he had been serving, the full knowledge came to him of that shoreless ocean of eternal life which is to know God and Jesus Christ, whom He had sent, that is the beatific vision the love of Christ which passeth knowledge. We dwell on one tiny bay of it here and dream about it.

The departed saints of God have already put out on its immeasureable spaces and learned that the life of Christ is never finished. It is the one word of God which is ever spoken, echoing again and agin on and on with ceaseless reverberation down the centuries.

If there was one thing that stirred this heart that now rests from its labors, more than any other that has marked his life and makes his memory precious to us now, it was his many-sided utterances of a Christ living, as going about among men, a master who first and last asks us to believe in Him rather than to believe what others say about Him. The radical question of this age has been: "Is there a faculty of illuminated reason to recognize a living Christ who can talk to us, and by the great communication of His mind and spirit directly lead us into all truths?" As monarchies and hereditary institutions, and, at last, African slavery, have fallen to the dust, the question gathers voice and insists upon an answer. It will not be put off by any compromises with past orders and institutions, but renews itself at every turn, echoes in every advance in science and art, comes up in every development of literature and social progress.

A MAN OF THE PEOPLE CHRISTWARD.

Is there a faith in Christ behind the consciousness of the individual that can be to him the very word of God—the illuminated mandatory conscience? In a country that dreams as yet of a government of the people by the people and for the people, that question is inevitable, and, even if it should send the sword among us for awhile in the effort for peace, it must be answered. It is not an accident, then, altogether that the man whose life has been moulded by that question and its possible answers should have passed on the unfinished volume of the "Life of Christ." He has been a man of the people, Christward.

We remind you that, though the English speaking race to-day mourns his fall and recognizes his loss, Americans feel that he has been a great leader or adviser in the guidance of all manner of substantial interests; though the Legislature of the State has paid him the unusual honor of adjourning as his right; though the press and divines and orators of all degrees are trying to compass the mighty theme, in glowing words, in words of exulting grief that we have had him with us so long and have lost him, yet that as he lies there so quiet we may look at him as one who has been through all and in all things, an apostle of one supreme thought, a preacher of the everlasting gospel of the ever-living Christ.

You who know him best, you who have listened to him in this church, know well that first, last and always, in no barren or dreaming sense, his life has been absorbed in this work and bid with Christ in God. In the prayers which he breathed out here for forty years so simply, you have been hearing an inner echo, as if it had come out of the heart of Jesus. In his ordinary teaching, in lectures and sermons the one thought in them has been to lead you to believe not a something about Christ, but to belive Himself.

THE PEROGATION.

In closing his sermon Dr. Hall said:

A brave and weary heart is here at rest; brave of old to dare brutal force and defy the violence of mobs and ruffians in speaking for the slave; brave to accept the murmurs and doubts of his political friends when conscience prompted to part from them; bravest to wrestle along with a great sorrow when he could find earthly help. We honor him for the courage of his former act; we love him and wonder at him for the calm, sweet, gentle resignation of these last years. God, I believe, has led him step by step to spend his last days among us with a wisdom gained from the cross; a tender, gentle sobere wisdom which helped him to see the Captain of our salvation who was perfect through suffering that we may be one, and the Great Sufferer not ashamed to call us brethern.

The great "Life of Christ" is left unfinished for us to do our little part and weave our humble deeds and teachings into the story. Men will praise our brother for genius, patriotism, victories and intellectual labors. My love for him has had its origin in his broad humanity, his utter lack of sham, his transparent love of the "Unction from above" that dwells in and teaches and beautifies the lines of duty. He said of his father: "The two things which he desired most were the glory of God and the good of men." So it was with him, as the hearts of grateful myriads attest. But we bid him here farewell, and to me oftenest will come the vision of him passing out of yonder door, with his arms about the boys, passing on to the city of God, where he hears again the familiar voice of the Master saying, of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.

Dr. Hall pronounced the benediction and the vast audience slowly filed out of the church. It was a notable gathering, and one long to be remembered by those present.

After the conclusion of the services the public was admitted to view the body as it laid in state. The people were formed in line along Orange and down Henry streets, with police at every few yards to keep the late comers from breaking in. In a short time the line extended for two blocks, and two hours after the doors were thrown open the line was nearly a quarter of a mile long, or three times the length of that of the previous day.

Mrs. Beecher and family will come down at 9 o'clock in the morning, and then the coffin-lid will be closed and the body removed to the cemetery. It was noticed to-night that the body had begun to change—the face was slightly discolored near the eyes. None but the family will be present at the private interment.

Met by Enthusiastic Admirers.

HARRISBURG, March 9.—The news that Benjamin F. Meyers of the *Patriot*, had been appointed postmaster was hailed with delight by Harrisburg Democrats, who have been waiting for years for the post-office loaves and fishes. All agree that President Cleveland has strengthened his fence in this section. Mr. Meyers had about given up hope, and it is said that he wrote a letter recently endorsing another candidate. He was met at the depot this evening on his return home from Philadelphia by a crowd of enthusiastic Democrats and a band of music and escorted to the *Patriot* office.

Burned to Death in His Mother's Absence.

POTTSTOWN, March 10.—Mrs. William F. Ochs left her children alone in the house while she visited a neighbor. The little ones played with the fire, and Daniel, aged 5 was so terribly burned that he died this morning.

ANOTHER RAILROAD HORROR.

Thirty-Two Persons Killed and Seventy Injured Near Boston—Men and Women Crushed to Shapeless Masses.

BOSTON, March 14.—One of the most shocking accidents in the history of New England railroading occurred this morning at the Bussey Park Bridge, between Forest Hill and Roslindale, on the Dedham branch of the Boston and Providence line. The branch leaves the main line about a mile from Jamaica Plain and sweeps around a curve upon a high embankment on the side of the valley. The bridge was over South State St., which is in a deep cut.

The train leaving Dedham at 7:05 and due here at 7:40, was filled with persons coming to work, among them a number of girls. It was composed of eight cars. The first three passed over safely, but the bridge gave way under the other five, which drew the first three after them, as they crashed down upon the street, a distance of 30 feet.

The engineer as soon as the engine broke from the train, seeing what had happened turned on steam and flew over the road to Forest Hill and gave the alarm. Meanwhile the noise of the crash drew the attention of every one near, who rushed to the scene. In a little while it was crowded. The fire department was called upon to prevent the burning of the unhappy people who were buried in the heap, which the wrecked cars formed. One car took fire, but it was quickly extinguished.

THE DEATH ROLL.

As it is the loss of life is probably as great as that in the White River disaster. The exact number of victims is not yet known, but 32 persons are known to have been killed and at least 70 injured, many fatally.

As soon as the nature of the disaster was known doctors and ambulances were sent for in every direction and many soon arrived. Their services were put in execution at once as the dead and wounded were taken out. Most of the dead and those of the injured who were able to be moved were sent to Roslindale or Dedham.

The train was in charge of Conductor Tilden, who met a terrible death. He was found on the bank with one leg literally torn off; his abdomen separated, and bowels protruding. He was otherwise badly mangled. He died a few moments after being found.

The cars were all well filled and the seats of the destroyed cars were so occupied that it was for a long time impossible to ascertain who was killed and who was saved. The terrible fall had resulted in mangling bodies beyond recognition and had actually cut in pieces men and women.

In one place seven bodies taken out were placed in a row. All were badly mangled. One women was cut completely in two, the upper half only being found. Two men who were saved had their faces hacked and the lips of one were cut off. A pathetic sight was that of two girls with arms around one another in the embrace of death, they having been killed by blows upon the head.

At first all attention was given to the wounded, the dead being left in the wreck. The wounds of nearly all those who were not killed instantly were of the most painful character, and the air was filled with their agonizing cries.

DEAD AND DYING.

When J. H. Lennon, a fish dealer, who was first on the ground, arrived, cries and groans were coming from all parts of the awful heap. Bruised and wounded people were crawling out from all sides. He found an axe and climbed upon the third car that lay in the trench, the others being beneath it. The cries of the injured came most from this car, he thought. He crawled through a window and went to work. A woman first demanded his attention, she was pinned down by the feet and two seats and the body of a man lay on top of her. The body and seats were soon got out of the way. Working on the wood and iron that held her down caused her to scream with fresh agony, and it was some moments before she was freed. Lannon dragged her to a window, and two men, James McClaren and Cronan, helped him lift her out. Four men, three of them dead were taken from this car by these three men. By this time the firemen had arrived, and they, with the uninjured from the wreck were hard at work, first rescuing the imprisoned ones who were injured and afterward were employed in the more difficult task of digging out the dead from the shapeless tangle of debris.

In one of the forward cars and among the first passengers to be taken out was a young woman whose name has not yet been ascertained, and whose death was the most shocking of any of the passengers. When ingress was obtained to the smashed car and when the splintered timbers had been sufficiently removed to allow of any work upon the wreck, about the first body reached was that of this unfortunate woman, who was pinned down in the car with the face jammed between two sills and in the most shocking condition. That she was alive seemed doubtful, still the body was moved, when to the terror of her rescuers, it was found that the head and one arm were severed from the body as though done by a knife. Covered with the rubbish of the wreck, as she lay there, no possible identification of the remains could be made, and after fruitless attempts to remove her with their hands the rescuers obtained saws and jackscrews, and after much hard work succeeded in extricating all that remained of the woman, who but a moment before was full of life, hope and ambition. The body was the first recovered, then the mutilated and unrecognizable head, and finally the arm. Tenderly the remains were covered, and soon after removed to Forest Hill, and later taken to the city morgue.

Another woman lay cramped between two car seats, with life extinct. Not a mark appeared upon her body to indicate how death approached. Extended, with arms pushed forward as though endeavoring to ward off the crushing timbers which fell about, but did not touch her, she lay there as calm apparently as though in sleep. But the awful position in which the body lay left no doubt but that in the upheaval of the overturning car the woman became wedged between the seats and her young life slowly crushed from the frail body. It was an awful sight.

The majority of the passengers in the cars which plunged to death were women, all young, happy, hopeful creatures, whose tiny satchels with carefully prepared lunches, told pathetically as no words possibly can, the circumstances of their daily lives.

A Postal Clerk Imprisoned in His Car.

MOUNT HOLLY, March 8.—An accident occurred to a passenger train on the Pemberton and Hightstown branch of the Pennsylvania railroad at Sharon, near Hightstown, to-night, in consequence of a broken rail.

The mail car and a passenger car were thrown from the track, and the former was burned and all the mails destroyed.

Postal Clerk A. A. Perrine, of Hightstown was hemmed in his car and was burned beyond recognition, his charred body falling out of the ruins as the car broke apart. Conductor Levi Wilson, who lives in Camden, was badly wounded, and it is feared his injuries will result fatally. Engineer Aaron Reynolds was injured internally. Daniel Rogers, baggage master, was cut on the leg and hand. James L. Rue, of Cream Ridge, one of the officers of the road, was on the train, and was also injured, but not seriously. Superintendent Bannard sent a special train with surgeons to the scene to care for the wounded, and soon after a wrecking train was dispatched from Camden. Wilson was brought to Hightstown and Rogers and Reydnolds were taken to Camden. Perrine's body will be brought home to-morrow. He leaves a widow.

Big Profits from Coffee Speculation.

PITTSBURG, March 10.—A provision broker said to-day that speculation on the supposed failure of the Brazilian coffee crop has netted Arbuckle & Co., whose main establishments are in New York and Pittsburg, at least $1,000,000. They had 300,000 bags on hand when the advance began, and on some of this the profit was $8 a bag. Dilworth Bros., a Pittsburg concern, had 25,000 bags on hand and made about $150,000.

Wrecked for Revenge.

HOWELL, Mich., March 13.—A little before midnight last night fire was discovered in F. N. Monroe's hardware store by a couple of young men who were passing at the time. An explosion occurred at that time, the store being badly torn and the men knocked down. In a short time the entire row of business blocks on Grand River Street, between Winans avenue and East Street, three blocks on Winans, avenue and a row of frame buildings on East Street were in flames. The caving inward, instead of outward, of the Greenaway block was all that saved the remainder of the business part of town. Mr. Monroe is chairman of the county Prohibition party committee and a hard worker for the prohibitory amendment, and the first of the month received the following letter:

DETROIT, Feb. 27, 1887.

F. N. Monroe, Howell Mich.

"Sir: I wish to inform you that you must stop your work in the prohibition cause, or we will burn you out, root and branch. You may prepare for the worst as we are on your track.

"Many saloon keepers."

Prohibitionists consider this an explanation of the cause of the fire. As the fire engine made its appearance a voice in the courtyard opposite Monroe's said: "Tom Clark," and added some remark. A pistol shot then grazed Clark's clothes, glanced on the engine and buried itself against Alf. Fishback's collar bone. A revolver with one empty chamber was afterward picked up in the courtyard. This fire, coming so soon after an incendiary fire, of two weeks ago, has thrown the city into a fever of excitement. So far as known the losses aggregate $67,000, on which there is about $20,000 insurance.

A Mormon Apostle.

BAYPORT, Mich., March 10.—"Elder" Cornish, a Mormon of Salt Lake, has been laboring in this vicinity for several weeks seeking to proselyte. Rev. John B. Davis, of the Methodist Church challenged Cornish to a debate. The first of the contests took place Saturday night and was attended by a large crowd. Each speaker took half hour bouts for two hours. Sunday night the crowd opened with considerable boisterousness and Rev. Mr. Davis was driven from the church, escaping by a window. The Mormon chairman of the meeting pulled of his coat and seized a chair, slashing around wildly, knocking down a half dozen saints and Gentiles in his efforts to preserve peace.

The third contest took place yesterday afternoon and the church was crowded at an early hour. Cornish opened with a volume of personal abuse of his opponent amid the remonstrances of the men and women present. His language became so brutal and threatening that fearing a fight, a panic seized the people, and there was a rush for the door. In the melee several women were knocked down and trampled upon. Davis rallied his forces outside the building, but they were frightened and quickly dispersed. Cornish baptised twenty-three converts.

Trains Stuck in Snow drifts.

CONCORD, N. H., March 15.—The roads in New Hampshire and Vermont are tied up by the worst snow blockade on record. On the Northern road the gale which prevailed yesterday afternoon and evening piled the snow on the tracks. A freight train which left Concord early last evening got stuck in a long cut known as "Hog's Back," between Franklin and Andover, and it has not yet been pulled out. The trainmen had a hard time in their efforts to move the train, and abandoned the job for the night. The drifting snow was whirled so rapidly into the cut that the train was almost buried, the locomotive being buried up to the smoke stack. The Central Vermont passenger train for Montreal was detained at Franklin, where it now is. The Central Vermont night train for Boston and the Northern local morning train from the junction are both at Andover. Various freight trains are side-tracked at different places on the line. All the men that the road could spare at Andover and vicinity were set to work in the cut. One hundred men have been sent up on a special from Concord. If is almost impossible to dig out the cut by throwing snow over the high bank, and it must be drawn away at either end.

Arrested for Killing His Father.

LOUISVILLE, March 14.—Wallace Carpenter, aged 18 years, a son of Adam Carpenter, who was assassinated near Hounston