Butler Citizen.

VOL. XX. BUTLER, PA., WEDNESDAY, MAY 16, 1883 NO. 26

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KRAUTH.

By G. E. M. in Chrestomathean.

In this review, we purpose to give a brief account of Dr. Krauth as a writer. The incidents of his too short life, his earnest and intense labor, his noble Christian spirit, and his philanthropic character, are too well known to need repetition here. For all the manly and noble qualities, it is true, Krauth was widely known; but when the present generation shall have passed away and the wide circle of his admiring friends is no more, when time "which steals our all away" shall have erased from Christian minds the memory of Dr. Krauth as a man, his writings shall still stand as a living monument to brave the tide of time's destructive course.

Krauth does not belong that class of authors who labor for fame or wealth. Nobler objects ever prompted him to write. He saw the minds of his fellow men laboring in the dark shadows of doubt and uncertainty. He saw the unwrought mines of theology, and knew their worth to Christian posterity. He weighed his mind carefully, then chose his life's vocation. He wrote, and the world justly placed him at the head of all theological writers of the nineteenth century. His writings are not the careless work which the necessity of the present moment prompted. A wide research and an extensive knowledge supplied material for that powerful mind which evinces itself in every line he wrote. His memory was so well stored, that it needed but a slight call of necessity, and all the faculties of his great mind were in active motion.

When the Lutheran Church was agitated by what is now known as "New Measures," Dr. Krauth was yet a young man. He had just entered his chosen profession. The bursting clouds of dissension were dashing in showers of strife and contention all around him. What was to be done? He was necessitated in taking part in the great dispute. He acted with deliberation and caution, and produced for future generations his renowned "History of the Conservative Reformation"—a work which if not perfect, has never been proven faulty by its enemies. In it, Krauth gave a complete sketch of the great Reformation as it centered in Luther and embodied Lutheranism. It was a work that the occasion demanded, and that the world had long needed. Neither party spirit nor distorted views of predjudice could prevent its popularity. People read, admired, and could not but believe. When the clouds of dispute and dissention had cleared away, it took its stand on every book shelf, as a model of truthfulness, and as an authentic standard of the Lutheran doctrine, written and prepared for all classes.

In 1868, Dr. Krauth was appointed Professor of Moral and Intellectual Philosophy in the University of Pennsylvania. To prepare himself for this work, he edited an edition of "Berkley's Principles of Knowledge," and "Flemming's Vocabulary of Philosophy," and also transalated Ulrici's "Strauss as a Philosophical Thinker." To each of these he added lengthy prefaces and many valuable notes. The elaborate prolegomena prefixed to "Berkley's Principles of Knowledge," paves the way to that lofty ascent of human reason. For over a century and a half the original work had been neglected. It seemed too precipitous an acclivity for the average student of philosophy, But Krauth, turning the philosophic telescope upon it, displayed its real beauty and grandeur. The notes he placed along the way are guide-boards to direct the student up that strange ascent of human thought and reason.

Among Dr. Krauth's minor works are a number of essays, poems, "The English Mass and the Romish Mass," "The two Pageants on the Death of Lincoln," "Sketch of the Thirty Years' War," and several transalations from the German. Although the time at which they were written could hardly be specified, yet they seem to be the product of years of deep research and careful study. Perhaps since the time of Luther, no single individual has contributed so much to the welfare of his church, as did Dr Krauth. His writings are valued not only on account of their deep theological researches, but also for the amount of ecclesiastical history which he has blended with them.

The style of Dr. Krauth is plain and simple, and his diction is pure. His language is like a transparent substance through which his ideas always are seen in perfect reality. We may be entertained and delighted for hours by his beautiful imaginings, all unconscious of the medium through which they appear. In his sermons, he did not lead us into a flower garden to worship, where the thought has a tendency to cling to the beauties of earth, rather than to "cleave the vault of of heaven." It was the weight and beauty of his thought that attracted the mind, and not the tinsel polish of his words. It is this that makes such a wide distinction between a natural and a home-made genius. It requires a superior thinker to captivate the mind by thought alone. Magniloquently sounding and huge, bombastic sentences may amuse the mind, but they can never move the soul. Nature, may, in some places, be beautified by art, but it does not excite the same feelings of awe and reverence. It was Krauth's idea that a sermon should be natural, and not artificial; that it should be the result of diligent study, and not a series of detached thoughts, polished simply to dazzle the mind. And it is this, again, that forms such a wide distinction between him and his host of imitators.

In Krauth's style of writing we find the portrayal of his own character. He was plain and common. He did not invent skillful means to gain notoriety by his personal appearance. No flowing locks or gaudy splendor adorned his person, but honest truth and noble manliness characterized him in every department of life. We know not better how to delineate his character than by giving Mr. Channing's exquisite distinction of "true greatness." "There are," he says, "different orders of greatness. Among these, the first rank is unquestionably due to *moral* greatness, or magnanimity—to that sublime energy by which the soul smitten with the love of virtue, binds itself indissolubly, for life and for death, to truth and duty; espouses as its own the interest of human nature, scorns all meanness, and defies all peril; hears in its own conscience a voice louder than threatenings and thunders, withstands all the powers of the universe, which would sever it from the cause of freedom and religion, reposes an unfaltering trust in God in the darkest hour, and is ever 'ready to be offered up' on the alter of its country or of mankind."

The Bank of England.

The first person that I met on entering the Bank of England was a venerable porter in a quaint uniform, which dates back, I think, a hundred year or more; it left a green and buff impression on me, but I cannot accurately describe its details. The porter led me to a room where the executive officer of the bank was to be found. The officer, Mr. Gray, is entitled "chief accountant," and his position corresponds very much to that of cashier of one of our banks. Mr. Gray, who sat at his desk surrounded by a corps of busy clerks, and who is a gentleman of the most courteous and unassuming manners, gave me a cordial welcome, and under his guidance. I visited every department of the bank, and had everything which I did not understand at a glance explained to me. The capital of the bank is £14,500,000; its circulation in the hands of the public about £25,000,000; its deposits, on no portion of which is interest paid, average in these days about £32,000,000. With its customers it has two kinds of account, deposit and discount. I was told that in order to get a discount at this bank it was absolutely necessary to have a deposit account, but can hardly be possible that a banking institution with such an enormous working capital, amounting to nearly $290,000,000, is ever obliged to buy paper in the open market in order to keep up loans. The bank discounts no bill having over three months to run; the smallest city bill which it discounts is £100; smallest country bill $20. It circulates no smaller note than £5, but this seems to be the only limit to denominations; in a frame in the building is a canceled note of the Bank of England for £100,000,000 and if I remember rightly, the bank poet, Rogers, had hanging in his library a canceled not of the same institution for £30,000.

I have heard that a note for £10,000 once had a sigular history. It was paid out to one of the directors of the bank, who after lost it under such circumstances that he was satisfied, and succeeded in satisfying the bank, that it had fallen into his fireplace and been destroyed. He was given a new note for which he returned a receipt and guarantee. Many years after the original note was presented for payment; the bank endeavored to disown it, but could not, for it was genuine, and in the hands of an innocent person, and the bank had to pay it. Its history was then looked into, and it was ascertained that, instead of being burned, it had been carried up the chimney by a draft, and had found a safe lodgement in some cranny in the flue. Here it had remained until alterations in the house necessitated the removal of the chimney; then it was discovered by a workman, who regarded it as a legitimate find, and who presented it for payment.

Right here I may as well relate another story of the bank, of which there are many, both in print and as legends, out of which I will let these two serve as specimens. A sewer workman, while poking around under ground, found that by raising a flagstone he could penetrate into the bullion room of the bank. Amazed at the discovery, he pondered over it and finally concluded that he would utilize it to his pecuniary benefit without stealing. He therefore wrote to the directors, asking what reward he would receive if he should meet them at any appointed hour of the night in the bullion room, and thus reveal to them a mode of ingress of which they were entirely ignorant. They named a sum that would make him independent for life, and to their overwhelming surprise he kept his promise by popping up through the sewer, for which he received £10,000 or so. This is supposed have happened long ago.—*Cor. Boston Journal.*

—When Mr. Robert Roosevelt, of New York, arose in the Legislature of the State to denounce something or other, attention was attracted by his affected manner and his faultless and somewhat finical attire. He talked too long, and a restive member rose and begged the Clerk to read as germane to Mr. Roosevelt's remarks an extract from a newspaper which he sent to the Clerk's desk. When the reading began it was found that the extract was a doggerel poem beginning:

"Oh! the Dude, the beautiful Dude"—

and the first line was greeted by a shout of laughter, which squelched poor Roosevelt at once. Here is the poem in full,

Oh! the dude, the beautiful dude!
The essence concentrated of trousered prude!
We see and love him, and who shall dare
To chide us for loving a thing so fair?
We love his face, with smile so bland;
We love the cane in his well-gloved hand;
We love his sombre and lofty air,
His tout ensemble of well-dressed care

We love the go-to-the-party dude,
Who stands by the wall as though firmly glued;
Who goes to the opera with well-banged hair,
With a high silk hat and a languid air,
He walks on the avenue every day,
In a clearical collar and aimless way;
He rarely smiles, and his driveling talk
Is slow, like his tongue and his languid walk.

The Thermometer as a Health-Measurer.

In a last year's number of a popular health journal may be found an article on "Mining in Hot Places," the Comstock mine in Nevada being meant. In this article, which was quoted from a Western journal, I came across the following statement: "The temperature of the blood is about 98° F.; therefore, when a man remains in a hot place for an hour, or even half an hour, his blood and his whole body become heated to a temperature of 115°, 120°, or whatever may be the temperature of the place in which he is at work."

This statement is given without a word of comment by the editor of the popular journal in question, who writes A.M. and M.D. after his name. Let us hope that his readers, and also my own, are acquainted with a fact in physiology of which the learned health journal editor has perhaps never heard—the fact, namely, that the healthy human body preserves nearly the same temperature everywhere and under all circumstances, whether in the hottest mine or upon the coldest arctic iceberg, and that a slight departure from that standard heat, whether produced by exposure or by disease, means the speedy death of the sufferer.

What is this standard heat of the human body? what is the source and degree of this natural animal heat? Its source is the oxidation or burning of the food taken into the system. The food is consumed as in a fire, only far more slowly, but with about an equal disengagement of heat as the result. Throw a sugared almond into the fire: it will burn longer probably than you would think, some two or three minutes, throwing out a considerable volume of flame. In the human body the sugar, starch, and oil of the almond will give out about the same amount of heat during the process of assimilation, which may last many hours. Part of this heat is converted into force, part is radiated. The total amount of heat radiated by a healthy human body is estimated as equal, on the average, to that of two burning candles. Ten persons sitting in a room, that is to say, would warm it as much as twenty candles in the same time.

The degree of this heat, as indicated by the temperature of the blood, varies with different animals and classes of animals, but for each kind and individual it remains very nearly the same. Birds are the warmest-blooded; their animal heat ranges from 106° to 111° F. The temperature of mammals lies between equally narrow limits; that of the porpoise is 97°, of the horse 99° and of the ass and the hare 100°. On this point the cat and the rat are in complete accord, having each a vital temperature of 102°. The sheep, the goat, and the sea-cow have the warmest blood of all the mammals, its heat being 104°. But how small is this range, especially in view of the immense difference in the natures, habits, and surroundings of the different animals I have named!

The temperature of the human body has been studied with great care. Its average height was first determined by the researches of Dr. Brechet. In health, as measured by an accurate thermometer placed in the armpit, it is 98.6°F., or 37° C. The actual heat of the blood is about 1° F. higher than this. The differences between the temperatures of different individuals are extremely small, 1° or 2° F. The spontaneous variations in the temperature of the same individual during health are also slight, seldom as much as one degree in the course of a day. Two or three degrees is the utmost range for health. Any range lower than 97.2° or higher than 99.5° (in the axilla) is very suspicious; more than this means disease; a little more means danger; still a little more derangement of the natural heat means death. In the large hospital practice of Dr. Wunderlich the lowest temperature among severe cases which yet recovered was 92.3°. At the other extreme, there is no record of a life which has survived a blood temperature of 113°. So delicate is the adjustment of the flame that we we call life!

It is by the clinical thermometer that we study the movement of these temperatures from the normal standard of health upward or downward to disease. The instrument forewarns us of the danger and describes it; a barometer of health, it is one that is so easily used, and in its simpler indications so easily understood, that it should be familiar in every family. Far more clearly than the barometer foretells the weather does the clinical thermometer warn us of the approach or foretell the close of the storm of disease in the microcosm of the human system.

The instrument as made by the best makers, as by John Tagliabue, of New York, is graduated by tenths of a degree from 95° to 110° F.—an extremer range of figures, I hope, than any of my readers will ever be called on to note at the bedside of a loved one. And what are the indications, for better or for worse, of the *hygeimeter*, or health-indicator, as the clinical thermometer might properly be called?

1. The standard of health being a temperature of 98.6° F., a *constant* temperature, or one that varies in health not more than one-quarter of a degree either way from this *norm* in the same individual, is a proof of a sound constitution.

2. And conversely, "mobility of temperature under the action of external influences is a sign of some diseased condition" (Wunderlich).

3. A natural temperature does not prove health, though it is a presumption of health. But as I have said, any variation from the normal temperature that exceeds two degrees, either upward or downward, is to be taken as almost certainly meaning disease; while temperatures above 108° or below 92° F. are, with very few exceptions, fatal.

4. Each and every disease that is well marked in its course and symptoms—that is, *typical*, in scientific phrase—produces in each of its stages its own effects upon the temperature of the blood, and gives, therefore, numbers that may be figured in curves which are characteristic of the particular disease.

These latter details are for the physician to record and study; they are too complex for description here. But any other person—even the patient himself, unless a child—can make the preliminary observations of which I speak, and the nurse should know how to make them in the absence of the physician. Even a single observation with the clinical thermometer will tell us whether the patient is really ill. Two or three observation will inform us what the kind of danger is, and will sometimes determine the probable mildness or severity of an attack. In most families illness is threatened, at least, not infrequently, and it is of great service to be able to know promptly whether to send for the doctor or not. The general rule on the point, subject of course to slight modification for the individual, is to call medical aid if the temperature rises above 101° or falls below 97°.

5. Influences which do not disturb the temperature of the healthy derange that of the sick. The occurrence of abnormal temperatures in persons who have been previously healthy points to the existence of disease. The thermometer indicates, for instance, the existence of tuberculosis by evening elevations of three or four degrees.

Such in brief is the clinical thermometer, the most recent and one of the most important appliances that medical science has given us. Its use requires intelligence, but no special skill. It is only necessary to handle the instrument carefully, to keep it dry and clean, and in using it to leave it in the closed armpit for not less than four minutes. Read the result carefully and promptly, and note it down at once, with the day and hour, for the use of the physician. A permanent record of the temperatures of each child should also be kept from infancy. It will prove serviceable to the physician, and will form a part of the physiological history of the child.

A FLOCK OF FIFTY EAGLES.

Something that May Cause the Puzzled Naturalist to Knit his Brows.

A flock of eagles is believed to be a rare thing, but that is just what Nick Maher, ex-sheriff of Dakota County, and R. L. Ward of this city, saw on Friday afternoon. These two gentlemen were returning from Jackson to this city, coming by the island road. When about four miles out from Covington, in Colonel Orr's timber in Brushy bend they saw on the trees ahead of them what they at first supposed was a flock of turkeys. Coming nearer they saw that the birds were not turkeys but eagles, bald eagles, too. As they came close most of them flew off toward the north and were hid by the timber. But six remained. Among the six was one which Mr. Ward said looked like Old Abe, the Wisconsin war eagle. This one craned his neck as the two men passed directly under the tree where he sat. The men hallooed, but neither this white-headed veteran nor any of the six flew off. Mr. Ward says there fully fifty eagles in this flock. Their plumage was not all alike, some being gray-headed and others with white heads. Both gentlemen are confident that there is no mistake about the identity of the birds. They were not fish-hawks nor buzzards, but bald eagles, that they saw. It is possible that these bald eagles had been south to winter and so happened to come back in a body.

The bald eagle is not entirely the noble bird that he is pictured by the poets. Truth compels the statement that he is by birth and practice a thief, and his principal source of support the fish-hawk, which bird he robs remorselessly. He will catch rabbits and other small game when he cannot find a fish-hawk to rob, and when on a tramp and hard up will eat carrion. The bald eagle, it may be mentioned in this connection, is the bird of our country.—*Sioux City Journal.*

No Bourbon Return.

The Louisville *Courier-Journal* prints the following, showing why the sparrow must go:

The sparrow	Steals wheat Eats few moths, Makes too much noise, Picks off blossoms, Eats early lettus, Drives off useful birds, Disfigures buildings, Befouls gutters, Can't sing.

There is another bird, bigger and sharper of beak and keener and deeper of appetite than the sparrow, that loves to build its eyry in Washington and is emphatically a bird of prey. In the days before 1860 it has been known to pray on pap—pap is its favorite prey—for very many consecutive years and then, like an exaggerated Oliver Twist, to fetch a wild scream for more. The bird is pretty old now, but its beak has but increased in strength and reach with the flight of time, while its appetite is as bottomless and multitudinous as of yore. Once every four years during the lost quarter of a century this bird has gone by the name of The-Dead-Cock-in-The-Pit, but in works devoted to political ornithology it is called The Bourbon. Those that have studied its habits closely state that it yearns to rebuild its eyry at Washington and will make a desperate effort to that end next year. But the American people are understood to have made up their minds that just as the sparrow must go this mischievous old bird must not return. The people say that

The Bourbon	Loves abstract purity, Hates concrete reform, Befouls its own platforms, Straddles on the tariff, Coddles financial cranks, Condones crooked ciphering, Sanctions repudiation, Defrauds ballot-boxes, Makes too much noise.

—*New York Tribune.*

A Tale of Telegraph Ticking.

A well-to-do young man recently married and started West on his bridal tour. The happy young couple were breakfasting at a station eating house. During the repast two smart Alecks came into the eating room and seated themselves opposite the contracting parties. They were telegraph operators By delicate posing of their knife and fork they were able to make sounds in close imitation of telegraphy. In the mystic language of the key one said to the other:

"Ain't she a daisy, though?"

The party thus addressed replied by clicking off:

"Wouldn't I like to kiss her, the little fat angel!,'

"Wonder who that old bloat is that she has married?"

"Some gorgeous granger, I reckon," replied the other.

The groom stood it until forbearance ceased to be a virtue, when he also balanced his knife, and click, click, it went in rapid succession. It was intelligible to the very cute twain that had recently made fun of its author. When interpreted it read:

"DEAR SIRS: I am superintendent of the telegraph line upon which you work. You will please send your time to headquarters and resign your positions at once. Yours,

SUPERINTENDENT OF TELEGRAPH."

—A doctor at Richmond says that if people will take a bath in hot whisky and rock salt twice a year they will never catch a cold. Until somebody has tried this new remedy we would say:— stick to the old and reliable Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

—A man breathes eighteen times a minute on the average, but the rapidity with which he breathes after running to catch a train has not yet been estimated.

☞ Don't wear dingy or faded things when the ten-cent Diamond Dye will make them good as new. They are perfect.

—Prize fighters pickle their hands daily in a wash composed of vinegar, alum and tan water boiled together. This is said to be excellent for the complexion and takes off the freckles.

—That poor bedridden, invalid wife, sister, mother or daughter, can be made the picture of health by a few bottles of Hop Bitters. Will you let them suffer? when so easily cured!

—Building is going on in Pittsburgh this spring that the mpn who goes to sleep on a lot at night is liable to have a roof over his head in the morning—that is if the police do their duty.

—Every year about this time one hears a great deal about dress reform, and yet one can never discover where it comes in. What do they reform—the skirt, waist, flounces, sleeves, or buttons?

—It is claimed for one circus-ticket seller that he has sold 6,845 tickets in forty-three minutes. The well-known accuracy of all assertions concerning circuses precludes a doubt of the truth of this statement.

—The mill hands of Lawrence are prone to sleep late on Sunday morning, after their week of hard labor. The Rev. Mr. Miles tell them that they do right. "Men and women who work early and late six days are no worse Christians because they are sleepy on Sunday.

—A girl at a Chicago wedding fell in paroxysms soon after drinking wine from a glass that her discarded lover had filled for her. He had added arsenic to the beverage, because the ceremony reminded him of his own failure to secure conjugal happiness.

—Recently a man in Pittsburgh made out and had published in Philadelphia papers a list of the widows of Allegheny county, with their approximate wealth. Some of the widows who were thus brought prominently before the public, are very angry, and if they find that the publications was libelous they threaten to bring a prosecution.

—A correspondent wants to know the color of pure water. Almost any person who has no special knowledge of the subject will reply at once "it has no color." Absolutely pure water, when seen in masses of sufficient thickness, is blue, and all the varieties of color exhibited in lakes and streams arise from the presence in the water of mineral salts of different degrees of solubility and in varying quantities.

—The other day a bright little girl was listening to her mother' who was reading stories to her, in one of which the name of his Satanic Highness was given. "Mamma," she exclaimed, "who is the devil?" "Why, my child," the mother answered hesitatingly, "I can't tell you exactly." O, well, never mind!" was the interruptive exclamation of the little one; "I'll ask grandpa. I've heard him mention him."

—An Iowa villager laid a wager that a stranger, whose acquaintance he had causally made, could not within six hours woo, win and marry a young woman who had just arrived at the same hotel. The suitor introduced himself to her, she smiled upon him, a minister was called in, and the ceremony was performed. The couple left on the following morning, with no inconsiderable sum of money. They were husband and wife of long standing, and had played the same trick in many places.

To Physicians.

We do not find fault, reproach or condemn the practice of any regular physician—this is not our mission—but we do claim if he were to add Peruna to his prescriptions as directed in book on the "Ills of Life" (furnished gratuitously by all druggists), he would cure all his patients.

OSWEGO, Potter County, Pa.,

DR. HARTMAN—*Dear Sir:* The small ulcers are all healed, and the two large ones are not more than half so large as they were. I am feeling quite well. The people say your Peruna and Manalin are doing a miracle. I do not take nearly so much opium as I did before.

MRS. ELLEN MAYNARD