

The Sentinel.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 2.

A statue of Ben De Bar as Falstaff is to be placed in Tower Grove park, St. Louis. That of Shakespeare, cast at Munich, has been shipped to this country, and on its arrival will be placed in position on a granite vase in the park. The statue is of bronze, a gift to the city of St. Louis from Henry Shaw.

KIMBALL, the financial Moody of the church, has at last got to a place where nothing will touch the people. Dr. Scudder's church at Brooklyn invited him to "come over and raise \$67,000 to get the church out of debt." He obeyed the call, but not a dollar could he get pledged, and he was forced to give up in despair.

That chromo has been used for the advancement of almost every known project, but a man of Edgartown, Massachusetts, has put it at last to a new use. He has offered a chromo to any person who will attend church service every Sunday morning for the next six months. Now the oysters can lay down on the half shell, and rest satisfied with the record of the past.

GENERAL ROBERT TOOMBS will visit Paris the coming summer, though this is but an incident of what he intends shall be a European tour. He remarked to a friend in relation to seeing the great exhibition: "This will be the third exposition that I have attended in Paris. I attended the exposition of 1855 as a senator, I attended the exposition of 1867 as a refugee, and I am going to this one as a gentleman."

When the body of the Baroness de Buisserie, Ben Holliday's daughter, was carried to the grave, a few days ago in New York, but three persons accompanied it. Two were gentlemen who had known the family for years, and the other an old and faithful nurse who had been with the lady all her life. The Baroness came to the United States from France very recently, in order to resist her father in a contest about her mother's will. This document was very peculiar, and had given rise to many legal quibbles over phrasing and technicalities.

A short time since, by an act of the board of education of New Haven, Connecticut, the Bible was excluded from the public schools of that city. Now over 1,200 citizens have petitioned the board to reconsider the vote, "and restore the Bible to the teacher and pupil as one of the books to be in daily use in the schools." It is not considered probable that this petition will have any effect, as the members of the board were almost unanimous in their belief that the exclusion of the Bible would serve a better purpose than to have its reading compulsory and distasteful.

Mrs. WEBSTER, the St. Louis woman who murdered her child while she was temporarily insane, was of an exceedingly nervous temperament. Her husband testified before the jury that she was loving and kind, and that their life was very happy, and she seemed always contented, with one exception. She was passionately fond of sensational stories, and read them a great deal. After reading one more than usually blood-thirsty she would cry and rave as if wild. She seemed to imagine herself the heroine of the story, and would behave accordingly. She was easily touched by a pathetic tale, and would weep for hours over some highly wrought scene of imaginary distress.

Some suffering destitute women applied for relief at a poor mission of Cincinnati. They were visited by some of the lady members of the mission, and presented with malaga grapes, bananas and oranges, when they were in need of bread, meat and clothing. The poor women in speaking of the matter said: "Oh! if they had only given us 'something substantial to eat.' The high price of the fruit would have been an ample amount to have furnished potatoes and meal enough for several days, and would have been the most sensible gift. But the ladies who were so kindly disposed lacked only judgment, not kindly sympathy; their impulses were those of the heart, not of the head."

Dr. HOLLAND, the editor of Scribner's Monthly, was badly imposed upon by a plagiarist, and in reference to this the following note was sent to the New York Tribune:

NEW YORK, Dec. 18, 1877.
Will you kindly assist me to give a little notice to Mr. J. S. Kelllogg, the pretentious author of "The Song of the Milkmaid," published in Scribner's Monthly for January? A correspondent has kindly informed me that the poem is stolen from Sidney Doherty, and I have verified the information by referring to Doherty's poems. Mr. Kelllogg's city address, as reported upon the manuscript of the poem, is No. 425 West Twenty-first street. Under this address I find in pencil, "Watkins, Schuyler county, New York." Now, as Mr. Kelllogg only consented to take the modest sum of \$5 for his work, he could hardly have been driven to his wretched job by want. It must have been no torridity that he was after; so I beg you to put him, on my personal responsibility, for the benefit of the editorial craft, as a literary thief and swindler.
J. G. HOLLAND.

A pretty little girl of nine years was arrested in a store in New York city a few days ago. When arrested she stated to the officers that her mother had taught her to steal, and that she was beaten almost to death when she went home at night without enough plunder. She was humbly dressed, and was timid and shrinking in her behavior. She had several valuable silk handkerchiefs in her pockets when examined, besides purses and small articles of bric-a-brac. She said that silk handkerchiefs were the most paying articles she could steal, as they were generally clean and nice, and second hand stores would pay a better price for them than anything else, and that she ran less risk in taking them, as they were generally in out-of-the-way pockets and loosely put in. She will probably be sent to the reformatory.

YOUNG MEN AND THE CAMPAIGN.

The political campaign in Indiana for 1878 has commenced. It involves considerations of vital importance, and will be far-reaching in its consequences. The government of the country has been for many years absolutely under the control of the radical party. Under Grant radicalism was unrestricted and unequivocally supreme. State and general governments were radical. All interests were under radical influences. Radicalism set up and knocked down, *ad libitum*. Obstacles to its despotic sway, however formidable, were beaten down as things of straw. Constitutions were stabbed in the presence of the people—rights secured in many a hard fought battle against tyranny were cloven down as things of no consequence—legislatures chosen by the people were dispersed by mailed soldiers at the point of the bayonet—federal soldiers, to secure partisan triumphs, stood guard in the rotundas of state capitols, and a reign of despotism was inaugurated. Grant, educated to the profession of arms, abandoned the army for a position in a tanyard, and sinking by the low instincts of his beastly nature from glory to grease, was at last aroused from his sordid habits, and floated into the presidential chair on the blood red waves of civil war. What next? Everything good in government, everything honest in politics, everything decent in civil polity and everything ennobling and dignifying in human affairs was debauched. Thieves took possession of fiscal affairs; mendacity battered down truth; the bloody shirt displaced the country's flag; bayonets usurped the place of ballots; the slimy tracks of fraud were seen everywhere upon the records of the government, and finally, as the climax of all this deep and damning depravity, the leaders of the radical party utilized perjury, and making a record of blasphemous lies unparalleled in the archives of hell, placed R. B. Hayes in the office of president. The people, who love country better than party, seeing these things, have concluded that a change is required; hence state after state has cut loose from radical moorings and drifted to the democratic party. Radicalism in its multimodal scoundrelism not only robbed the revenues of the general government and of states, but laid its hands upon the laws of the country, and by violation of solemn compacts sought to make the people the slaves of a moneyed power more cruel and lepotic than the government of czar or sultan. Cold as an iceberg, callous as a petrefaction, soulless as a toad, the radical managers, in the interest of bondholders and money sharks, have brought upon the people widespread ruin. The people are now waking up. They realize that they have been believing, not one radical lie, but ten thousand radical lies; that they have been lulled into repose, while the money sharks have robbed them of their substance; that they have been the victims of a cruel delusion, and that every consideration of self preservation and self defense demands that the radical party shall cease to control the destinies of the country. In Indiana the managers, to perpetuate the power of the party, disfranchised thousands of citizens by a districting fraud which the more it is examined the more despicable it becomes. The Journal dare not attempt its defense. Its silence is ominous. It sees the general waking up of the people, and for venal considerations is trying to tighten their fetters by advocating the veto power. The young men of Indiana are closely scanning the situation. Thousands of them will cast their first vote in 1878. What will be their decision? The occasion with them is one of vast moment. They can not ally themselves to a party whose chief distinction is that of roguery. They will hesitate to identify themselves with a party that employed the Louisiana returning board to defeat the will of the people. They will not consent to raise their unsoiled hands to prop up a party that is tumbling to pieces by the weight of its crimes. Their future success and influence as citizens confront them. Their sense of integrity forbids such a course. Their young and manly hearts and their noble purposes revolt at the idea. They will not tie themselves by their votes to the corpse of radicalism. Its bloated and distorted carcass is too repulsive. It is beyond redemption or resurrection. The democratic party is in sympathy with the people. It is battling for their interests. It is against fraud. It is for honest counts; against returning boards. It is for the people against the bondholders. It is for prosperity against adversity, bankruptcy, idleness and ruin. The young men of Indiana will be likely to take these things into consideration and cast their first vote in 1878 for honest government.

THE JOURNAL AND THE CAMPAIGN.

The Journal appears to be profoundly interested in the immediate future of the democratic party of Indiana. It is not surprising that such should be the state of its mental machinery. It sees the democratic party in the ascendancy, and it realizes the fact that its triumphs over radicalism will be more decided in the future than they have been in the past. In the flurry and dazed condition of the Journal, it talks immensely but says less than usual. It sees wonderful sights and hears strange sounds, which it attempts to interpret as meaning calamities to the democratic party. It manufactures canards, and with arguments of the Mother Goose style tries to make its readers believe they are facts. In the weakness of its judgment and incapacity to note the drift of public sentiment, it masses its popguns and blazes away with its dough balls against the people, and in favor of vetoing the two great measures of relief now before congress. We refer to the silver bill and the bill to repeal the resumption law. These measures, if carried through congress, it is believed, will work great benefit to the country. The Journal assumes that Hayes knows more about the needs of the people than the people themselves or their representatives. It has proclaimed itself in favor of more contraction, more bankruptcy, more idleness and distress; and it is laughable to see the Journal open its mouth upon these subjects and put its foot in it. It is humiliating to see the organ of radicalism in Indiana demanding that Hayes shall veto the only measures of relief that have been brought forward for the business depression now cursing the country. Those who have read the Journal's puerile platitudes in defense of its course have felt a deep detestation for its treachery to the people of Indiana, which its vulgar attacks upon Senator Voorhees do not obscure or palliate.

It should be understood that the Journal has been the unblushing advocate and apologist of every fraud and villainy of its party since it commenced plundering the revenues of the general government, and of all the states where it has held sway. It ceaselessly attacks Senator Voorhees as a "salary grabber," as if that distinguished statesman had committed a felony. It omits no opportunity to open its batteries of mud upon his name and fame in hope that it will dampen the ardor of the people's admiration, and detract from the brilliancy of his abilities. In this the Journal is doing Senator Voorhees less damage than it suspects. The people recognize the motive of the Journal, and increase their regard for the man who is now doing his whole duty as one of their representatives in the senate.

THE INDIANA DEMOCRACY SOLID.

The democratic party of Indiana was never in better fighting trim. There are no disagreements, there are no discords, no lack of harmony—united, compact, zealous; confident and defiant, it is ready for the campaign to commence. Its position upon all the great measures of public concern is absolutely impregnable. It is the people's party. It does not halt nor hesitate. It does not wriggle and trim. Discarding all ambiguities, it boldly demands legislation in the interest of the people. The democracy of Indiana believe that the effort to resume specie payments on the 1st of January, 1879, is impracticable; that it involves a further contraction of the currency, already far too limited for the needs of business, and that, worse still, contraction will indefinitely intensify the gloom that has settled down upon the country. Upon this proposition the democracy of Indiana is a unit, solid, firm and unyielding. The same may be said in regard to the remonetization of silver. There is no difference of opinion and no debate. The people see this, and are coming to the democratic fold and ranging themselves under its banners. The policy is right, and when the convention meets on the 20th of February the platform

will enunciate the right doctrine, and victory will be assured. Compare the condition of the democratic party of Indiana with the radical party. While democracy is bold and united, radicalism is shrinking and divided. Conscious of its manifold iniquities, having no ambition but to hold office for the swart to be secured, snapping, snarling, fighting and growling, the radical party is discordant, belligerent, without cohesion or concord—weak, puerile, false to every honest principle, ready to sell out to bondholders and money sharks. The work of disintegration is going forward rapidly. The people see these things, and are studying them carefully. The radical party in Indiana is without leaders, principle, policy, integrity or anything else that can by any possibility commend it to favorable consideration of honest men. With the death of Morton the whole combination commenced going to pieces, and the scenes that transpired at the pow-wow Thursday evening evidences the fact that the organization is broken, and is no longer entitled to consideration.

THE OLD STATE HOUSE.

An Address.

BY EMILY THORNTON CHARLES.

Old state hall, thy day of grandeur's past,
Ottolived, like grim old age, thy usefulness,
Joined now to the destroying hand of time
Is that of lordly man to lay thee low.
Thy columns grand—like those of Parthenon,
The pride of ancient Greece—are doomed to fall;
This solemn thrud, resounding on my heart,
Wake mournful, sadening echoes of the past;
And rouse my thought to pleasing recollection.
A romping child I gambol'd o'er thy sward,
And gazed with wonder on thy massive form.
Even then my bosom thrilled with statesman's pride.
I stood and looked upon thy pillars grand,
Surmounted by thy shining, silvery dome,
O'er which our flag was floating on the breeze;
Nor deem'd in all the realm thou hast a peer.
How oft with throng of little ones I've played
About thy mouldering walls at hide and seek;
With reckless, thoughtless tread and clinging hands
Skimmed round the columns that enribbed
thy side,
And stood an instant in each recess hid
A breathing space, or with headlong haste
Went tumbling to the ground, rose quickly up,
And to it again, as twice menaced danger
Made our foot steps eager, earnest we dared.
Yet bolder grown within thy sounding hall,
Like tannetted bridge, to tread, followed thy
winning stair.
At lofty height we reached thy windowed dome,
And quickly ran from this outlook to that.
To see what vast extent comprised our world—
By daring upon our brother's scaled thy roof
And stood like one who had achieved renown.
How oft when glorious Independence day
Came round—marched in thy grounds a youth-
ful host
From all the Sabbath-schools, the girls white
robed,
With flowing sash of blue and flowery wreath—
White-pantalooned, straw-hatted were the
boys.
The long procession, headed by our chief,
Snow haired and sunny faced, who charged us
on,
When all were seated, to pay attention
To the speaker's words who should address us.
A thousand childish voices rose in song,
Borne upward on the air; then followed prayer,
And then the declaration grand was read,
The which, I now declare, seemed ever long.

Then, best of all, there came the feast of cakes,
And snowy rolls were passed to every child,
And tin cup bright, with liquid crystal filled,
Refreshed the falling dews of heaven—
Refresh the thirsting earth—to us.
Then came release and careless glee until
The long, long summer's day drew near its
close.

Thy floor has echoed to the martial tread
In years of brave and stalwart men,
Who, loyal, answered to their country's call.
Here sat the chief executive of state,
Our great war governor issuing commands,
A leader born. Here, too, he should have lain
In death's repose. Within thy halls that
voice,
Whose earl notes are still in my death
Hath thrilled with patriotic fire the mili-
tary,
And roused the soldier's pride and valor.
Here he had served his state and country best,
Drooping upon the people's gratitude,
And won renown by deeds that e'er shall
live.

In memory's glass once more I see thy walls,
All clad in black. Thy halls in mourning
shrouded—
While still the heavy laden clouds o'erhead
Drop sympathetic tears with those who weep.
Within thy central aisle I seem to see
The sarcophagus wreathed with drooping
flowers,
The dais raised, the velvet funeral lay
On which the martyr-patriot Lincoln lay.
The mournful throng, the grieving multitude,
That in the mud and rain stood patient, wait-
ing,
Or that by twos and twos still filed along
To gaze once more through falling tears upon
The nation's murdered chieftain. There he
lay.
Like one "who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant
dreams—"

Who all unconsciously is borne along,
Mourned and wept over, eulogized and loved,
Yet undisturbed sleeps on in rest eternal.
Within thy ancient walls the learned pund-
its
Of our state, with dignity assembled:
The wise of wisdom met in secret conclave;
There came the orator with loud debate,
And lawyers pleading for the law.
There stood the granger, here the city gent,
And argued which was best, this or that.
This bill one knew expressed the people's will.
Another thought the opposite was true.
Each one being bent to do the thing he
thought
Best pleasing to his own constituents.
And thus they builded up cross purposes,
Each with his general good was overlooked.
Through out the world each party faction
seeks
But to complete its own aggrandizement;
Each crowd looks only to its own upbuilding.
Few nobly seeking o'er the public weal
To evangelize the world.

But thou art now a mass of falling ruins!
Soon thy loved form will disappear from
view;
Yet linger in the mind, freighted with
thoughts
And hosts of recollections. When I hear
Echoes of youthful laughter, earless glee,
In memory's magic mirror contemplate
Pictures of years gone by. When memory
fades,
Then thou shalt live in history, as one
Whose death marks eras of events and
deeds;
Thy fallen columns mark the dying year.

A Woman's Teeth Valued at \$10,000.

(Louisville Commercial.)

John R. G. and his wife Mary filed a petition yesterday against L. W. Jones. They say that in October, 1877, the plaintiff, Mary G. Jones, went to the office of the defendant, who is a dentist, to seek his advice regarding some of her teeth, which she desired preserved. They ever told her they were all worthless and must be extracted, and that it was necessary for her to have an upper and lower set of teeth of artificial make. He proposed to do the job for \$18, and she was persuaded into this course. He told her she could not make her set of teeth with gold and perfect fit unless she had all her teeth extracted. She was prevailed upon to undergo the operation through his statements. They claim these statements were untrue, and made to enable him to make certain sums from her; that her teeth were sound

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and could have been preserved. He pulled twenty-five good teeth from her mouth, being all she had, and all sound except three or four which could have been plugged and preserved. By reason of the defendant's action he has caused her the loss of her teeth and impaired her health and power of speech, caused her suffering from torn and lacerated gums, soreness and inflammation of her mouth. He made her two articles, the upper, very much resembling horse shoes, and which defendant, termed an upper and lower set of artificial teeth, which he forced with great difficulty in her mouth, compelling her to pay \$17 for them. They pay for \$10,000 damages.

Mr. Beecher's New Religion.

(New York Times.)

Mr. Beecher has definitely decided that there is no hell. On Sunday morning last he not only asserted this consoling doctrine with great force of language, but solemnly swore to its truth. This settles the matter; at all events, in the estimation of those who regard Mr. Beecher's evidence under oath as conclusive and unimpeachable. Now, the sermon in which Mr. Beecher abolishes hell is in many respects a very remarkable one. It is, in fact, a denial of revelation and the promulgation of a new religion, based solely upon the private taste of its inventors. He takes the ground that a belief in the doctrine of the Trinity is of no sort of consequence. As far as he is personally concerned, he admits that he rather believes in the doctrine, since it is taught in the Scriptures, and it is hence rather easier to accept it than to reject it. Still he calls it downright "heavenism" to require a belief in it as a prerequisite to church membership. Now, it is clear that if the Scriptures are a revelation from God any doctrine taught therein—as Mr. Beecher assumes that the doctrine of the Trinity is—must be of divine origin. Of course, he does not mean to say that when God teaches a doctrine it is of no consequence whether we believe it or not. Hence he must reject the theory that the Bible is a divine revelation, and that it has any supernatural authority whatever.

Having thus abolished the inspiration of the Scriptures, Mr. Beecher greatly simplifies the task of abolishing hell. It is no longer necessary for him to prove that the Scriptures do not assert the existence of hell, and that all the supposed allusions to that unpleasant place are purely figurative. Whether the existence of hell is or is not taught in the Scriptures is a matter of indifference to the Plymouth preacher. In fact, he virtually admits that it is so taught. Speaking of Adam's fall, he remarks: "It is said that Adam sinned, and that in consequence of that sin the whole human race fell." Although he does not say where this is said, he mentions it as though it were a current rumor of unknown origin, he knows that "it is said" in the Bible, and that no sect professing to recognize the inspiration of the entire Bible dreams of denying it. Being thus of Scriptural origin, the doctrine of the fall and of the consequent punishment of sinners is, like the doctrine of the Trinity, a matter of no sort of consequence. We can not be required to believe either in the Trinity, the fall, or the existence of hell, since none of them has any better authority than the collection of ancient writings commonly called the Old and New Testament. All obstacles being thus cleared out of his way, Mr. Beecher rejects the doctrine of the existence of hell with immense enthusiasm. If God created hell, he asserts that he is "a monster more hideous than Satan himself." Essentially the same remark has frequently been made by avowed disbelievers in revelation, and it has generally been stigmatized by pious people as blasphemy. Now that it is reiterated by a minister in good standing in the Congregational denomination, it, of course, loses any possible taint of blasphemy, and must be regarded as an eloquent statement of religious truth. Other language, equally forcible, is used by the great preacher, and there really was a hell there is no doubt that, out of respect to Mr. Beecher's eloquent remarks, it would be promptly abolished.

Unlike many other inventors of a new religion, Mr. Beecher does not claim to have any personal inspiration of his own. In throwing overboard the doctrine of the inspiration of the Bible, he does not attempt to supply its place with a new Plymouth Bible, with the word "not" omitted from the commandments. The new and only rule of faith and practice is his private taste. He does not like the theory that there is a hell for the punishment of hypocrites, adulterers, perjurers and other criminals, and accordingly he abolishes it. In like manner, if there is any other doctrine of Christianity which seems to him unpleasant or inconvenient, he can reject it, and can substitute in its place any theory of his own which may happen to strike his fancy. This constitutes his new religion, one of the easiest and most enjoyable that has yet been invented, and its great superiority to Christianity will be at once recognized by all who find themselves cramped and restrained by the latter. Fortunately, Mr. Beecher has not promulgated his new religion at the time when he last occupied the witness stand in a court of law. Had it then been understood that he rejected Christianity, and disbelieved in the future punishment of perjurers, it might have somewhat affected the influence of his testimony upon the minds of the jurors. At that time it was expressly understood that he believed in hell, and he had even asserted in one of his letters that he had suffered "the tortures of the damned." That, of course, was like all the rest of his curious correspondence—a purely figurative assertion, for if there is no hell no one can be damned, and no one can suffer tortures appropriate to the damned.

Although Mr. Beecher's religion is a novelty in its relation to the creed of the religious body with which he is still connected, it has often been preached by pure rationalists. This probably explains why he has latterly spoken with so much respect of the church of Rome. He has doubtless recognized as true the favorite rationalist proverb that "there is no half way between Rome and Reason." He respects the Roman Catholic church because its assumption of infallibility makes its teachings logical and consistent, but he despises orthodox protestantism because, having rejected an infallible church, it still clings to an infallible book, and insists that reason must bow to revelation. The Roman Catholic who has committed adultery or perjury or any other crime can obtain absolution from the priest; the rationalist sinner need not trouble himself concerning the consequences of his crime, since he disbelieves in future punishment; but the orthodox Protestant who commits grave crimes suffers from the dread of hell. Mr. Beecher does not care to embrace Romanism, but he secures peace of mind by embracing rationalism, and there is no doubt that in so doing he proves himself a wise and prudent man.

Christ and Mary Magdalene.
I was in at the Dore gallery the other day when the great painter himself came in, sat down quietly on one of the sofas and fell to studying that great canvas, so full of power, "Christ Leaving the Room." Dore was wishing to convey the suggestion of that which many people believe, namely, that Mary Magdalene was in love with the Savior—loved him with a human love—and his persecution by the Jews nearly broke her heart.—San Francisco Call London Letter.

COOLBAUGH'S SUICIDE.

His Brother's Pardon.

(Washington Correspondence Hartford Times.)

The recent suicide of William F. Coolbaugh, of Chicago, the president of the Union National bank of that city, which created a social as well as financial sensation, has not yet been accounted for, though many theories have been suggested as the cause that led him to that rash act. While at the department of justice several days ago, I learned something of him and a matter in which he was very much interested, which was, without doubt, one of the causes. It appears that about ten years ago a brother of Coolbaugh's was convicted in the west for a depredation on the mails, and sentenced to fifteen years in the Kansas City penitentiary, where he is now serving out his term. Under ordinary circumstances he would not have received more than five or six years for his offense; but it appears he defied and insulted the judge when about to sentence him, which so enraged the court that the sentence was lengthened. About six months ago a Chicago lawyer called on Mrs. Coolbaugh, the wife of the convict, and told her that if she paid him \$500, he would secure the pardon of her husband. The papers were regularly made out and sent to Hayes, strongly indorsed by many who knew all the facts in the case, asking for executive clemency. Hayes, as is customary in such cases, referred them to the attorney general, who was at the time in question, and before whom the attorney in question made an argument in favor of the pardon. Everything worked satisfactorily, and the attorney left for Chicago, fully of the opinion that in a short time the pardon would be made. He called upon Mrs. Coolbaugh upon his return to that city, and, after reporting the progress he had made, asked for his fee, or at least a part of it, with the understanding that he was to receive the balance as soon as the pardon was issued. Mrs. Coolbaugh called upon William F. Coolbaugh, the banker, and asked him for the money to pay the attorney. He declined to aid her, taking the ground that, although the conviction was correct, his brother, she thought, it would be better to let him serve out the whole of the sentence. Of course the wife objected to this, but she was made to believe that if the pardon was granted, her husband, as soon as released, would again get into more trouble; and further, that he was very much incensed at her and all of his friends for allowing him to remain in as long as he had, and that he had threatened that when he was released he would kill all hands, she being among the number. Mrs. Coolbaugh informed him that it was too late now to interfere, the pardon was about to be granted, and she could not stop it, even if she desired. Coolbaugh told her that he could put a stop to all proceedings if she would write a letter protesting against the pardon being granted, which she was finally prevailed upon to do. The lawyer was paid his fee, and told that his services were no longer needed in the case. On the following day Coolbaugh telegraphed to the attorney general, urging him to take no further steps in relation to the pardon, and telegraphing also, a copy of the wife's letter. He then mailed the letter, as also other papers in connection with the matter, and was informed, in reply, that nothing further would be done. A few hours after he received the letter from Washington, informing him of the success of his efforts in preventing the pardon, he threw Chicago into an excitement by committing suicide.

Over Work Breeds Insanity.

(From the New York Sun.)

Dr. Ordronaux, state commissioner in lunacy, in his conference with the board of appointment about the Blackwell's island asylum, was asked why there was a rapid increase of insanity in the city. He replied: "It is greatly due to the aggregation of people in metropolitan centers, where business rivalries are very intense. In those centers it is found that the vitality of the system after a generation or two is diminished, and the children of unhealthy parents are born with a predisposition to insanity. We seem to be reproducing in this respect the state of things which existed in Nineveh and Babylon."

It is a dreadful picture that Dr. Ordronaux draws. Is the great mental activity required by the rushing, driving business of the city really leading to a generation of lunatics? We have at hand this pertinent passage from a sermon by Prof. Swing, of Chicago:

A grain dealer found some years ago that his mind was being transformed into a sense of what. As the eye is a sense of light, and the ear of sound, and the tongue of taste, so he had acquired these by a new sense of what. He rose early to learn the latest quotations east, he sat up late at night to figure at the margin on the next day's wheat market, and of what he dreamed, and amid it all he attempted to think or talk. All else began to disappear from the world; literature, religion, friendship, family life, all fell out of the window, while wheat was coming in at the door.

The grain dealer, Professor Swing says, saved himself from insanity by limiting his hours of business to four a day, and occupying his mind during the rest of his waking time with thoughts of something else than grain. The remedy is good, but difficult to be applied. It is easy enough for a manual laborer to forget his work when he is through with it for the day, but mercantile and professional men have no such luxury. Their mind is less controllable than the body's; it refuses to rest when it is wearied; yet much may be done by an effort at mental discipline in this direction, as anybody can prove by thorough trial.

After leaving your store or office, avoid thinking of your business until you return to it on the morrow. Do not take home in an abstracted manner that shows you to be working hard in the time that belongs to rest. Do not sit in places of amusement looking vacantly at the performance, but neither seeing nor hearing it. It is better to sleep in your pew at church than to be seemingly listening to the sermon, while your mind is always with you, about you, planning for Monday. Indeed, sleep is about the best test of your mental health, unless you have softening of the brain. If you can sleep dreamlessly eight hours every night, you are in no immediate danger of going insane.

Tender and Piousness.

On the occasion of a recent breach of promise case the following letter was read:

"I have refrained from rhapsodizing in this opening epistle, but I can not, and must not close without expressing the Deo profundus of my love and how my soul is always with you, and how delightfully I contemplate our meeting to-morrow night. I have read love letters in the press and elsewhere that terminated by saying a million kisses, or ten thousand kisses, and such like, with a particular place on the paper marked for the purpose. This I think absurd, and shall not adopt it. How, my darling, can paper convey the rapture of virgin violet kiss? Let us kiss when we meet and when we part, until we shall meet to part no more, and then kiss altogether, world without end, amen. Your own affectionate Edwin." The damages awarded were \$10,000.

Lemon and Orange.

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