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WHOLE NO. 240.

SEA SIDE TALK.

Just After the Arrival of the Saturday Night Boat.

Why! How d'ye do?
Can it be you?
We know you here, pray?
You know, you wrote,
In your last note,
You couldn't get away.

You look quite ill.
(Now don't! Be still!
Don't squeeze my hand! I'll get)
You've heard! Heard what?
It is true, or not?
On that. How did you know?

Yes! I've said yes.
To whom? Just guess—
I'll tell you if you're right—
It is true, or not?
But you no doubt,
Can keep it secret quite.

What can you mean?
I know it's been seen?
Seen what? You never said—
I couldn't guess,
I told him yes,
You don't wish you were dead.

I met him here—
Not just this year,
There, that's his T cart—see?
Yes! 't is quite swell.
And the groom as well,
There, that little man! That's he.

I must not wait,
I'll be too late,
He's going to drive with me.
I'll meet you then
On the plain when
It's dark, and he can't see.

—New York Sunday World.

RELIGIOUS MATTERS.

Henry Ward Beecher regards poverty as a means of grace. But then he hasn't tried it lately.

Mr. Charles E. Stowe, the son of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, has just been licensed to preach by the congregational association.

Among the seven members of a Newark church recently expelled are several young women, charged with undue relations with a former officer and teacher of the Sunday-school. Two were sisters of good family, and another the daughter of a prominent physician.

The Rev. C. W. Fitch, D. D., for ten years professor of languages at Kenyon college, and earlier and later connected with other western educational institutions, died at Louisville on Saturday, aged 77. He was born at Rensselaerville, N. Y., in 1806, and graduated at the Alexandria, Va., theological seminary of the P. E. church in 1826. During the last thirteen years he was a chaplain in the navy, and was on sick leave when he died.

When minister editors want to emphasize any point they can indulge in language and comparisons as strong as their lay brethren. An illustration is seen in an oration delivered the other day by Dr. Fowler of the Christian Advocate. Speaking of a change of our government from a republic to monarchy he gave the following fine sentence: "Rather than undertake to establish a throne, it would be better for a man to go to sea in a stone boat, with iron oars and leaden sails, with the wrath of God for a breeze and hell for the nearest port."

The Lichfield Enquirer says that one day during Mr. Moody's preaching in Hartford last winter, a member of the house strayed into the rink out of curiosity to hear the evangelist. Daily listening to the eloquence of Gallagher, of Andrews of Brewster, and of Harlan made him rather fastidious, and after hearing Mr. Moody for a season he concluded to retire. Going to the door he was told that it was locked. "Mr. Moody did not like to be worried with folks going out and coming in." Rising to the height of six feet two, the member inquired of that door keeper if he ever heard of the great writ of habeas corpus. The door keeper never had. Finally the member proposed a compromise: "Do you go to Mr. Moody and tell him if he will let me out this time, I will never worry him any more!" The man in authority was obstinate, and in defiance of the great charter of the constitution, and of the special privileges of members of the legislature, was compelled to hear the whole of Mr. Moody's discourse.

The determination of Sherman's son, Thomas Ewing Sherman, to become a priest, revives the romantic story of the life and love of one of General Scott's daughters. As the story goes the daughter fell deeply in love with a member of one of the foreign legation. The attachment was reciprocal, but the match was so bitterly opposed by the old hero of Lundy's lane that it was broken off. She cared nothing for the world after that, and very soon was received as a nun in the Georgetown convent. Her lover returned to his native country and was soon enrolled in the priesthood of the Catholic church. In subsequent years he was ordered to Georgetown college and took his turn in hearing the confessions of the nuns at the convent. On one of these occasions Miss Scott knelt in confession to her former lover, and under such circumstances a recognition took place. She faintly went into a rapid decline, and soon after died, and he left the country again never to return. So a Washington gossip declares.

SCIENCE AND THE BIBLE.

Eight years ago the Rev. Robert D. Bradley preached in a town in the state of Missouri from the text, "And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul." Mr. Bradley had from boyhood been an ardent admirer of the steam engine, and after returning to his study at the conclusion of the services his mind continued to dwell on the words of his text, and as if by inspiration, a new field of thought was opened to him.

"Man is a piece of machinery," he reasons to himself, "with the Author of all things as his maker; and, therefore, he must have been made perfect in a physical point of view. The entire organism of man was created and completed, but not until God breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, did he become a living, active being. As soon as that part of the human machine called the lungs was breathed into, and the air cells were filled, then the heart was set in motion, the blood began coursing through the body, and man became a living soul."

Discarding the theory of Harvey on the circulation of the blood, which supposes that the heart is the engine which forces the blood through the veins, Mr. Bradley conceived the idea that the expansion and contraction of the veins, the loss of the forces which send the blood coursing through the body, and that the heart, with its valves, can, simply regulate the supply.

Acting on this theory the young clergyman, without any knowledge of the construction of machinery or of the science of chemistry, began the experiment of constructing a new motive power to supply the place of steam and to do away with the necessity of the cumbersome steam boiler. For eight years the inventor has pursued his pet idea in the face of opposing obstacles, until at last he has perfected a motive power which, it is said, is destined to revolutionize the use of steam power throughout the world. This invention is known as the Bradley promethor. In its construction it is simple; its power is said to be unlimited,

and in point of economy it can be run at one-fourth the cost of the ordinary steam engine. The motive power is produced by forcing cold water through a series of iron tubes (one end of which is perforated with holes so fine as to be invisible to the naked eye) into a generator, composed of hollow iron globes. These, varying in number according to the power of the engine which is to be propelled, form a pyramid, and are attached to each other by iron tubes. The water is being forced from the reservoir through the perforated tubes forms a spray, and this injected into the heated generator, is transferred into a substance which, for want of a better term, is called hydrogen gas. This is the power which is harnessed and applied to the piston of the engine.

While water is known to be composed of two elements (hydrogen and oxygen), yet it is claimed that the gas which is produced by forcing the spray of water into the heated globes or generator is not hydrogen, as the iron would not be able to withstand the action of that substance. The gas produced by the method described has not yet been analyzed, and "we are really," said Mr. L. Montgomery Bond yesterday, "using a power the real nature of which has not yet been ascertained."

During an experiment by Bradley's new process of producing this dry vapor or gas a half barrel of water was consumed, and not the least trace of the vapor could be discovered in the shadow glass. The speed of the machinery driven by this power is regulated by the supply of water forced into the generator.

The advantage claimed over steam by the inventor of the machine is an immense saving in the cost of propelling an engine. It is claimed for it that it will only require one-fourth the amount of coal that is consumed in running an ordinary steam engine, to say nothing of the saving of labor, as in case of ocean steamships, where a large force is required in the fire room.

In making a trip of ninety-five miles a few days since, with this power only one and a half bushels of coal were consumed. Then there is economy in space, no p. idorous boilers being required to supply the engine with steam. It is asserted also that no explosions can result from the use of the new power. It causes but little noise, and emits no cinders to blind the eyes of passengers.

Mr. Bradley is a native of Maryland, and he is now residing at Preston, in Caroline county, and is 36 years of age. Although strongly wedded to his wonderful enterprise, he has never allowed it to interfere with his ministerial labors in the Methodist Episcopal church. He is an able and an eloquent orator, and discharges the duties of his ministerial office purely for the love of the work, and without salary. Since realizing the fulfillment of his hopes in the perfection of his ingenious production, he has secured patents to protect it in 36 countries, in every part of Europe (except Holland and Portugal).

A company, with an authorized capital of \$5,000,000, has been formed in New Jersey, the charter having been taken out in the state on account of the liberal laws regulating patents. The company proposes to sell the use of the promethor on the payment of a royalty and to sell the right in certain states absolutely, negotiations already having been proposed for the state of California. The steamer River Queen, lying at Kensington, and the Brudy, another steamer, have been furnished with this power, and will shortly go into service.

THE REFORMED EPISCOPAL CHURCH IN ENGLAND.

We call the attention of our readers to the following leading editorial in the Rock, which is a most influential exponent of evangelical opinion in the established church of England.

DR. GREGG AND THE REFORMED EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

The attention of the bishops in convocation has been directed to the new "schism" which the action of Dr. Gregg and his followers has forced into public prominence. The Episcopal bench, in spite of the avowal made by one or two of their lords, is evidently alarmed by the movement. Whatever they may think about Dr. Gregg himself, there can be no doubt whatever that our Anglican bishops are far from feeling at their ease with regard to his doings. His new position and functions occupied a considerable amount of time and thought during the debate in the upper house of convocation; and however the bishops may seek to disguise their real anxiety, it can not be doubted that there is good reason for it. The protest of their lords against Dr. Gregg is strangely inconsistent with their connivance at the ritualistic heresy, which has been mainly, if not exclusively, the sole ground for this new departure. Admitting, for argument sake, that the Greggites are heretics, surely the Puseyites are still greater offenders in that respect. And yet Dr. Pusey is beheaded to the skies by Mr. Gladstone, and, so far as I know, not a single bishop has been willing to lay the blame, and most justly, too, upon the church of England.

Up to this very hour the bishops never denounce ritualism as they lately have been denouncing Dr. Gregg's pretensions. Their lords seem to claim an Episcopal monopoly, and hence they regard all intruders as little less than imposters. But the laity will not long be content to have public worship debased by the superstition and idolatry of ritualism, just because the bishops prefer to have an easy time of it. Whether Dr. Gregg be a proper bishop or not, the fact remains that he offers to the dissatisfied laity an opportunity of cutting the Gordian knot without waiting for the more tedious and protracted process of legal or Episcopal disentanglement. Sensible people, who desire to worship God "in simplicity and godly sincerity," will not pause to inquire whether Bishop Gregg's Episcopal credentials bear the imprimatur of her majesty, or whether any dean and chapter elected him under the formal process of coage d'elire. All that the much enduring laity care for is to have a form of worship from which papistry is eliminated, and wherein the midieval doctrines and ceremonies of the church of Rome shall not be publicly exhibited in spite of their earnest entreaties. If disestablishment or disruption comes, posterity will lay the blame, and most justly, too, upon the timidity of the bishops in regard to ritualistic practices. Why can not they easily revoke the license of disloyal and defiant curate who sympathizes with Dr. Manning, as well as with those who favor the movement of Dr. Gregg? In the latter case, whatever the amount of ecclesiastical informality, the soul is not cheated of its spiritual food. Whereas, in the former, the poor sinner is deprived of all the blessings of the gospel by the introduction of mummery and falsehood, which are as much opposed to the teachings of the church of England as they are plainly repugnant to the doctrines of the Bible.

Tail Docking.

(Henry Berg in New York Herald.)

The person who was indicted by the grand jury of this county a short time since for mutilating a horse by cutting off several inches of the sensitive part of its tail, and who was subsequently tried in the general sessions and acquitted under circumstances which, it is hoped, will never recur, sends a communication to the Herald, wherein, after extolling the abominable deed, he jumps to the conclusion, because his case, under the influence of the buffoonery of counsel, was finally decided in his favor after long hesitation on the part of the jury, that he is henceforth at liberty to pursue his branch of his business for any one requiring his services.

As this person is an Englishman it is well to make known to him a recent decision in his own country by Sir James Ingham, the chief police magistrate of London:

"Surely the practice of docking a horse must be a very cruel one under any circumstances. Witness said there could be no doubt that it was, and his worship was aware that this fact had recently been recognized by the legislature and was made a criminal offense. This horse had been docked within a week, he was quite certain.

"Witness—All I can say is that it was docked before I bought it, and I have had it a week; it injured itself.

"Sir James Ingham—Can it be ascertained who performed this cruel act of docking the animal?—I should be very strongly disposed to issue summons against him."

"Prisoner—I don't know."

"Sir James Ingham—If it could have been proved that the prisoner docked the horse himself, he would have been very severely punished, for it had been wisely determined to make the cruel practice a criminal offense. As it was, the prisoner had been guilty of great cruelty in using a horse in such a condition, and he must pay a fine of £3 10s. 6d. or go to prison for a month. The horse was sold."

By the foregoing this mutilator of animals may learn what he has to expect on his return to his native land, and the purpose of this communication is to apprise him of a fact of which he seems ignorant—that his own trial settled nothing but that particular case—and that should he or any one else be detected again in that or any similar violation of the laws made for the protection of animals he and they will be arrested and punished, it is hoped, with the same severity on this side of the Atlantic that he certainly would be the cruelty inflicted in good old England.

THE NEW LEG:

Or, The Turk, the Tarter and the Timbor.

Alas! The Corp. Leg.

I'll tell you a tale without any harm, Of a terrible Turk, a horrid old sham, Who many a year had said "I am The greatest glory of the great Islam.

With a tooral looral, etc.

He'd a fine estate, this terrible Turk, But he'd lost his ease and he hated his work, And his only care was all care to shirk, To bully his slaves, and his creditors burke.

With a tooral looral, etc.

Protest who might, he'd not yield a peg, He snicked his thralls as you'd snick an egg,

And if for pity they come to beg, He kicked them out with his terrible leg.

With a tooral looral, etc.

But at last of fighting he had his fill, And he'd lost his ease and he hated his work,

And his only care was all care to shirk, To bully his slaves, and his creditors burke.

With a tooral looral, etc.

His foes rejoiced, and his slaves made game of the terrible Turk, suddenly fallen lame,

For they thought the mishap might his temper tame,

Or, at least, that he couldn't kick quite the same.

With a tooral looral, etc.

But a Jew by blood, if not by persuasion,

An artist in words and education,

Came in and checked their jubilation,

By scheming the Turk's leg restoration.

With a tooral looral, etc.

Says he, "Don't get in a rage, I beg,

Only trust to my patient Turk leg;

And strong, on the surgical pen,

You shall find like an angel Silas Wegg."

With a tooral looral, etc.

The Turk didn't say his eye out of it quite,

So he had to be re-tempered all right,

And the wooden leg shaped for the right,

And fitted it on, and screwed it tight.

With a tooral looral, etc.

Both Turk and Tarter thought the leg a bore,

And the Turk poor thralls did the dodge deplot;

For they thought, "If the old rogue's limbs they restore,

He'll soon be kicking as hard as before."

With a tooral looral, etc.

Who with a rivalrass, one W. G.,

Who with restoration did not agree,

"Much better, but not quite to me—

I'd have off the other leg, too, if ye see."

With a tooral looral, etc.

But the articularis contented stood,

And regard his hill work with triumphant mood.

"At odds I'll break the new leg of wood

Against the old one of flesh and blood."

With a tooral looral, etc.

Says W. G., "It's time to talk,

For doubt, till you fancy all've recor'd a chalk,

The foot of the Turk 's your aim to balk,

But wait till the old rogue tries to walk."

With a tooral looral, etc.

If the Turk with this new arrangement agree,

And manage to move, even W. G.,

Wishing well to the Moslem is to be,

His "Resurgam" may find in his L. E. G!

With a tooral looral, etc.

fans are not often seen in the warm season, the plainer ones being considered most appropriate for the weather.

The most admired overskirt at present in vogue is known as the "washerwoman's fancy." The front is a straight, smooth breadth; with a reserved piece trimmed at the top, and carried back far enough to button just back of the seam which unites the front and back breadths of the overskirt. A large square outline makes the back breadth, which is also deeper than the front, and a puff supported by a strap supplies the drapery. This design is suited both for woolen goods and wash fabrics.

The modes of making most admired for light woolens show a long or a short walking skirt, accompanied by a polonaise or else of an overskirt or basque. Such a dress has a simple trimming of either side or box plating on the foot of the skirt; the overskirt is close and smooth at the front, with either a round, square, or diagonal effect of outline, and the