The Indianapolis Sentinel.

TWELVE PAGES. INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA, SUNDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 1, 1885. PAGES 9 TO 12

TALMAGE.

Standing on the Hill-top of Life the Preacher Draws Pictures of Past and Future.

Into the Gallery of Youth and Young Manhood He Peers and then Turns to the Other Side.

One Lies Veiled in the Mellow Light of Memory, the Other Bright in the Sunrays of Hope.

Tell Me, O Thou Whom My Soul Loveth, Where Thou Makest My Flocks to Rest at Noon—From Noon to Evening.

BROOKLYN, Jan. 25.—Dr Talmage this morning preached in the Brooklyn Tabernacle on the subect: "Noontide of Life." At the opening of the service he read the names of a la rge number of people recently connected with the church. Passages of Scripture appropriate to the subject pre sented were expounded. The opening hymn was:

"Blow ye the trumpet! Blow
The gladly solemn sound.
Let all the Nations know
To earth's remotest bound
The year of jubilee is come,
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home."

The text was from Solomon's Song, i. 7: "Tell me, O Thou whom my soul loveth, where Thou makest my flocks to rest at noon."

Reference is here made, said Dr Talmage, to the habit of shepherds, who at about 12 o'clock in the day lead their sheep under the shadows of trees and of rocks and by cool streams and let them repose. It is a noonday scene, and typical of human life at the meridian. About a hundred letters of birthday congratulation, from all professions and occupations and from all lands of Christendom, remind me that I am fifty-three years of age. It is with me the warmth, the light, the vigor of a July noonday. My sermon shall be about life at meridian, how how it seems to me now and how it seems as I look backward and forward. Albert Barnes, after he had reached the seventies, preached a memorable sermon about the evening of life. You have heard scores of sermons about the morning of life. To day we discuss the noontide.

If you want to know how life seems to me now I answer it is very bright. I have had dark days, sad days, tumultuous days, but there is now not one cloud on my sky. I would rather be here than anywhere else. My surroundings suit me exactly. Except yours, I have the best family in all the world. My friends are kind and sympathetic. The world to me is a most desirable abode. I have nothing against the weather, for if it be cold I have fuel and stout apparel, and if it be hot I flee to the mountains. I have no indictment to present against anything or anybody. After all the contests in which I have engaged there is not a being with whom I would not willingly, yea gladly, shake hands.

THE TOP OF THE HILL OF LIFE

is in some respects the best part of the road. Climbing up the steep is tough work. We slip and stumble and fall back. In all occupations and professions there are drudgeries and fierce rivalries at the start. We worry and fret at small antagonisms. We fear we shall never come to proper appreciation. Climbing the long hill we pant and get out of breath and feel faint, and are tempted to lie down in the bower of lazy indulgence.

Our fears of such times are augmented by evil prophecies of people who seem to think they are doing good service by setting back the young. "DeWitt," said a comrade to me as I was walking with him one day during our theological studies, "DeWitt, unless you change your style of thought and expression, you will never get a call to any church in christendom." And I suppose you have all been met on the first side of the hill of life by people who said: "Don't! don't!" "You can't! you can't!" "Quit! quit!" etc. Every young man finds ten disheartenments to one round word of good cheer. But after awhile we get to the top of the hill, and in comparative tranquility and repose we look both ways. It is just three miles from cradle to grave—youth, the first mile; manhood, the second mile; old age, the third mile. Standing on the hill-top of the second mile, my first impulse is that of gratitude to God for that in His undeserved mercy I have escaped all physical ills, having missed but one service since I entered my profession, through ill-health, and that twenty-four years ago, I would be the worst ingrate on earth did I not first of all testify to the divine goodness, while many a man a hundred-fold more consecrated than I have been has gone staggering under burdens of pain that often incapacitated him for duties for which he was otherwise grandly equipped. Standing here on the top of the hill of life, having come up one side, and before I go down the other side I wish to declare that life to me is a happiness, a rapture, an ecstacy. If the desperate theory of the atheists should be true, and that annihilation comes after this life, and that the sepulchre, instead of being as we believe, the roadside inn where we pause for the night to resume in the morning our journey fully rested and among grander prospects, is really the abolition both of soul and body, I am, nevertheless, glad that I live, and that I live here, and that I live now.

There is a great deal of

WHOLESALE SLANDER OF THE WORLD.

It has been fearfully abused. Travelers on the mountain curse its chill, and voyagers on the sea curse its restlessness, and people say it is a miserable, old, mean, disgusting world, and from pole to pole it has been calumniated. And if the maltreated world should bring a libel suit against all who have slandered it, there would not be gold enough in the mountains to pay the damages, or penitentiaries enough to hold the offenders. Not content with denouncing the world, its stellar and solar neighbors are maligned, and the sun is belabored, at one time because it is too ardent and another time because it is too distant. But I have found out that when things go wrong the fault is not with the sun, or moon, or stars, or the metheological conditions, but with myself. From the reports that come to me from the astronomical observatories there is not another world in the universe except Heaven, which compares with this this as a comfortable and convenient stopping place. Some of them are all water, and some of them all rock, and some of them all fire, and some are swept of electric tempests and upheaved of volcanoes that throw continents into the air, with one jerk. And if Dr. Chalmers' theory that other worlds are inhabited is true, I am sorry for them, and wish that their agonized climates may become Elysian, and that their unfortunate inhabitants may after awhile have as genial skies as those that upholster us, and as blushing sunsets, and a morning like ours, in which the archangel of sublimity and power spreads his pinions across cloud and mountain and sea, incubating a new day. Before God launched this ship of a world from the dockyards of eternity, He so splendidly fitted it up, the cabins, the masts and the wheel-houses and the decks. Though it now lies beating upon the breakers through man's poor pilotage, it is magnificent still, and good angels and good men are at work trying to get the old ship off the rocks. And it will not be long before the wreckers, with their pulleys and tugs, will have done their work, and Heaven and earth will hear the cry: "She floats! she floats!" I am glad that in such a pleasant world the Heavenly Shepherd makes his flocks to rest at noon.

But having told you how life seems to me as I stand on the hill-top of my journey, you want to know how it seems to me when I look back and when I look forward. The first thing a traveler does after getting to a hill-top and having recovered his breath is to look around about him, and he says: "There is the winding road by which I came up and yonder is the winding road by which I shall go down." So I put my outspread hand to my forehead to shade my eyes from the noonday sun and concenter my vision, and look toward the road I have already traveled, and I see way down in the dim distance at the start of the journey something quite small, and it trembles and vibrates and rocks. Ah, yes! I guess what it is. I know what it is. A cradle! Then I turn and look at the road descending the hill, and still keep my outspread hand to my forehead so as to shade my eyes from the noonday sun and concenter my vision, and I see something at the foot of the road I am yet to travel? That something neither trembles nor vibrates nor rocks. It is perfectly still. It is white, and the ground about it is a little raised. Ah, yes! I guess what it is. I know what it is. A grave! What have I learned by the journey up hill?

TO WIN, WE MUST WORK.

First—That nothing is accomplished without hard work. My life has been prosperous to the last degree, but I have not had any good luck. I have heard people talk about a streak of good luck. I never in my life had one streak of good luck. But I have had a good God watching me and helping me and guiding me and correcting my mistakes, and when I worked hard He blessed me and when I was lazy He did not bless me. Whether my work has amounted to anything or not I must leave others to judge, but for the last thirty years I have worked up to my full capacity of endurance, and if I have gone away to rest it was merely to get ready to work, and this work all accomplished against the full protest of my nature, for I am naturally the laziest man that ever was born. But I am as afraid of indolence as any reformed inebriate was ever afraid of the wine cup. He knows that one glass would bring him back into inebriacy, and if I should take one good long pull at nothing to do I fear I should stop forever. Young man just starting life, I give you my solemn testimony that nothing is accomplished without hard work, continuous, everlasting work.

I have also learned in my journey up the hill that all the events of one's life are linked together. The chain of life is made up of a great variety of links, long links and small links, iron links, gold links, beautiful links, ugly links, solemn links and mirthful links, but they are all part of one chain of destiny. The minute is made up of sixty links. The day made up of twenty-four links. The year of 365 links. And all these are fastened in an endless chain, which works and slips through the hand of an all-governing God. No one event set apart from other events. People say: "It is my day off." You never have a day off. Nothing is off. In the last century a shoemaker's son put down a bundle of shoes by the roadside to study a flower of the field and put in his hat for preservation a moth that he wants more deliberately to study. You say: "Who cares for anything as unimportant as that?" You will care for it when I tell you that that was the dawn of a life which was afterward to translate the Bible into thirty versions and become the greatest of oriental linguists, the governments of the earth compelled to reverence the name of William Carey. A straight line of events from the shoemaker's boy examining a weed by the roadside to the world-renowned Christian scholar. An American clergyman had a son, Adoniram, of wonderful brightness. The father used to pat him on the head and say: "Adoniram, you will be a great man yet," and the boy was spurred on in his ambition and studied Latin until he was called 'Old Virgil dug up.' The brightest worldly prospects opened before him, but one day the boy came across a book entitled "Embassy to Aba," and it revolutionized all his thoughts, and he resolved to become a missionary to Burmah. After awhile the family were discussing the worldly prospects of this son in his presence. The father said: "Adoniram, Dr. Griffin has been here to-day, wanting you to become his colleague in Boston," and the mother and sisters were congratulating themselves that they would have Adoniram so near home. Then he told them of the book he had read, and of the fact that he was going to spend his life preaching Christ in dark and cruel Burmah. The boy's picking up that one book seemed to be an insignificant event, but it began the glorious career of Adoniram Judson.

So in all your lives the insignificant is the momentous, and matters that seemed of no account decide for all of us our temporal and eternal destiny, and your coming here this morning, which was perhaps not long premeditated, and accidentally as you think, is of more importance to you than any event in the last ten centuries or the final destruction of the world, because it is going to decide where you will be after all the worlds shall be demolished, some by collision and some by explosion, some by fracture and some by cyclone, some by frost and some by conflagration; all gone but two, and these two rolling on, the one through cycles and immensities of rapture and the other rolling on through cycles and immensities of pang; rolling up, rolling up, rolling down, rolling down; two worlds—the one a charred and the other an irradiated sphericity.

If you continue to ask me how the past appears to me, I reply it appears like four or five picture galleries running into each other. A Dusseldorf, a Louvre, a Luxembourg, their corridors adjoining. Boyhood gallery. Church gallery. Home gallery.

IN THE BOYHOOD GALLERY

are the faces of schoolmates and collegemates. I shut my eyes and my memory walks through that gallery. I see them now flying kites, playing ball, trundling the hoop, ranging the woods for nuts, coasting the hillside, or, later, with me bending over lexicons and algebras and trigonometries. The most of these companions are departed. A large number of those who were not positively Christians died dissipated and perished in sin before thirty years of age. The wine-cup with its sharp edge cut the jugular vein of their immortal soul. Poor fellows! They tried the world without God, and the world slew them. Splendid fellows! What foreheads for brain! What muscle for strength! And what endearing letters they got from home, and how they carried off the bouquets on commencement day! But they made the terrific, the fatal mistake of thinking religion a superfluity, and they are in the picture gallery not so much as canvas as sculpture—Lacoons writhing and struggling in vain until muscles snap and eyes start from their sockets amid the crushing folds of horrors serpentine and ghastly. Satan hath a fastidious appetite, and he flings the naturally vulgar into the trough to fatten his swine, but says: "Bring to my golden plate the clearest brain and the gentlest heart and the finest nature. I relish delicate morsels. For such viands I have the keenest appetite, and my knife cuts through the luscious ness. Pour into my chalice the richest blood of my victims. Pour it up to the rim. A few more drops, now, until it bubbles over. There now; that will do. Oh, this infernal banquet of choice souls. Ha, ha! I smack my lips with the potion. Let common demons take the coarser natures; give me, who am the king of all diabolism, the jolliest and the gladdest and the rarest of all the immortal sacrifice. Ha, ha!"

Here also in my memory is the church gallery of departed ones to whom I ministered—Belleville gallery, Syracuse gallery, Philadelphia gallery, Brooklyn gallery. These figures appear to me in frames of hosannas and hallelujahs. Sweet spirits! glorious spirits! transported spirits! spirits blest! Expiring childsen with the face of Raphael's Madonna. Octogenarians with patriarchal demeanor and look that made one think that Elijah, safely arrived, had sent back his fiery chariot for another passenger. Fair maidens whose last hours were a transfiguration. Young men going out of life with anthems on the lip and the flash of pearline portals in their eyes.

Here also in my memory is the home gallery. Oh, how dear the faces—old faces and young! Faces more and more haloed by the recession of years. Faces into which we looked when we sat on their lap. Faces that looked up at us while they sat in our lap. Faces wrinkled with old age. Faces all afush with infantile jocundity. Faces that wept. Faces that laughed. Faces that disappeared. Faces gone.

A FORWARD GLANCE.

But, you ask, as I stand on top of the hill, how does the other road look—the one that winds down to the white marble slab at the foot? I answer, the rode to travel seems brighter than the one passed. I would not want to live life over again, as many wish. We would do no better next time than we did this. The fact is, the life we have had was lived over by 500 other people whom we know, and if we did not improve by these 500 experiences we would not improve by our own. If we who have come to the noontide of life—the 12 or 1 o'clock—could be put back to 6 o'clock in the morning, we would simply repeat the previous journey. I would not want to go back and pick up the old burdens and fight old battles and weep over the same graves.

But, says some one, you don't know what may be ahead of misfortune or trial or duty. Of course not. But if I have a railroad journey of 1,000 miles to travel, and for the first 500 miles I have found the tracks solid and the bridges safe and the conductors competent and the engineers wide awake, it increases my confidence for the next 500 miles. For this life I believe I have a through ticket and, though the track may wind this way and that and there may be dark tunnels to traverse and may occasionally switch off to let some other trains pass and we may sometimes have a hot box and pass places where the red flag bids us slow up, we are to come out at the right place. Whatever our duties and trials are we shall be able to meet them.

The late Willard Parker, the renowned surgeon, had a case of goitre brought to him for treatment. The patient was several times a millionaire. A million dollars was offered the surgeon if he would perform the operation and warrant the safety of the patient. He said: "I can not warrant anything, but I will do the best I can." My friend said to him: "How did you feel when you undertook the surgery?" He said: "My hand trembled fearfully until my knife touched the place, and then my nerves were steel, and, without a tremor and without any excitement, I went through the successful operation."

So, we may tremble and feel unfit to meet the responsibilities of this life, but when the time comes God will hold our hand, and we shall come through without a perturbation, strong in the strength of Christ our Lord.

And then, notwithstanding all the balderdash of the infidels and free thinkers and atheists and nothingists about the great future, I shall believe that our life here is only a small fragment of an expanding existence. The three miles that make up this life are not an inch long compared with what hereafter shall open.

THAT PICTULE GALLERY AHEAD

is brighter and more thrilling than the picture gallery behind. Indeed, we take down the best pictures of the earthly gallery and go up one step-ladder of amethist and hang them on the burnished walls of heaven. Look! There is Christ! For earthly gallery Rubens painted Him, and Cuyp and Correggio painted Him, and Tintoret painted Him, and Benjamin West painted him, and Dore painted Him, but this eclipses all, and is the master-piece of Heaven. Look! There is Paul, the hero of Senehedrim and Agrippa's court and Mars Hill and Nero's infamy, and who shook his chained fist in the face of teeth-chattering royalty. Look! There is Joshua, the man who postponed sundown; and Vashti, whose vail the profligacy of a Persian court could not lift or tear. Behold them all along the corridors—David with his harp, and Miriam with her cymbals, and Zachariah with his scroll, and St John with his seven vials, and the resurrection angel with his trumpet. Yea, there are our transported loved ones, the cough gone from the throat the weariness from the limbs, the languor from the eye, the wanness from the cheek. Let us go up and embrace them! Let us go up and live with them! From this hilltop of my journey I catch a glimpse of that hilltop where all sorrow and sickness shall be done away with. May God make that place to us a reality.

Full faith in it gave old Dr. Tying the strength to stand by the casket of his darling son, whose arm had been torn of by a threshing machine, mortification and death ensuing, and speak with supernatural composure. That sustained Martin Luther, till he buried his favorite child without a tear. That made one of the old dying saints say she saw written all over the sky the letter W. When asked what she thought it meant she said, "W stands for welcome." That makes the plainest shroud the embroidery of a King's palace. O Heaven, swing open thy gates! O Heaven, roll this way one of thy anthems! O Heaven, flash upon us a vision of thy lustre!

A ship from India coming toward the coast of France had for crew some French sailors, who had been absent from France for many years. As they came in sight they leaped and skipped the decks with joy, pointing out to each other the spires of the churches they had attended in childhood, and the hills on which they had played, and they became quite uncontrolable; and when they entered the port and saw on the wharves fathers and mothers and wives and families calling them by name, the sailors could be kept no longer on board, but leaped to the shore, so that another crew had to be employed to bring the ship to her moorings. So Heaven, our fatherland, will, after awhile, be so fully in sight that we can see its hills and its temples and its foliage, and our friends there shall call to us, and we will spring to the shore and with them go up the grassy banks, leaving this old ship of a world to other crews, our voyaging on the rough seas having ended forever.

Rocks and storms I'll fear no more
When on that eternal shore,
Drop the anchor, furl the sail,
I am safe within the vail.

THE CHRYSANTHEMUM.

When shone the bright moon, brightest,
Upon the garden bed,
I saw the maiden, whitest,
Uplift her dainty head.

Cold lay the frost and paler
The cheek that felt his kiss,
As a white bride doth veil her,
She veiled her brows with this.

Silent the withered garden,
Strewed with the frost king's pelf,
Save where the owl, his warden,
Hooteth to cheer himself.

Testing the high and lowly;
Seeking for one most pure;
Only a virgin holy
The frost kiss might endure.

All the impassioned flowers
Fanned by his blighting breath,
Blackened within their bowers,
In the embrace of death.

Passionate kisses, killing,
Fell on each glowing breast
Of the frail beauties, stilling,
Lulling them into rest.

Saintly and still and queenly
Stands the white maiden there,
Wearing his gifts, serenely,
As maid their jewels wear.

She and the Frost her lover,
In the wan, waning light
Of the mild moon above her,
Watch through the quiet night.

—D. Dandridge in Godey's Lady's Book.

HET LOVES OF OUR STATESMEN.

How Webster Popped the Question—Love Affairs of Clay, Calhoun, Douglas, Wise, Davy Crocket, Brewster, Ingalls, Conger, Vance, Mahone and Others.

[New York Mail and Express.]

The past year has been noted for its social scandals, and Senator Sharon's divorce adds another item to this part of its history. The late Presidential campaign comprised a continuous washing of dirty linens, and the mode after which the great man makes love has become as important as his vote on the tariff or civil-service reform. Most of our statesmen, however, have pure domestic records, and the marriages of many of them have been marriages of love. Old Senator Benton was devoted to his wife and he would never attend any place of festivity or amusement after her death. The wife of Senator Allen, better known as "Fog-horn" Allen, died here at Washington during the winter of 1847, before the days of railroads, and the old Senator carried her corpse home to Ohio over the mountains, riding beside it on horseback during the day and watching it at night throughout the cold, dreary journey, until he laid it at last beside her father, Governor Arthur, in the beautiful cemetery at Chillicothe. Daniel Webster's two marriages were marriages of love. His first wife was Grace Fletcher, the daughter of a New Hampshire clergyman. Webster married her when he was twenty-six years of age and while he was yet a poor lawyer. His popping the question was most delicately done. Miss Grace had been winding a skein of yarn while he had held it for her on his long arms. The skein had become tangled, and during its untwisting the heads of the two lovers had come very close together. As the knot became untied Mr. Webster said: "We have succeeded, Miss Grace, in untying this knot; can we not now tie another which will remain tied as long as we live?" Miss Grace blushed, and a kiss, it is said, sealed the bargain. The two lived happily for eighteen years, when Mrs. Webster died in New York on her way to Washington, where her husband was a member of Congress. She was ill three weeks, during which time Webster watched at her bedside, but two years after she died he married again. Webster's second wife was Caroline LeRoy, a New York lady, tall, brown-haired and beautiful. She presided over his establishment here and accompanied him to Europe, where she dined with the Queen. She always addressed her husband as "Mr. Webster," and his favorite term for her was "Lady Caroline."

John C. Calhoun married his cousin, and the property he got with her made his political life free from financial cares. Henry Clay married Lucretia Hart, a relative of Tom Benton, who had a good dowry and understood how to keep house. Jeff Davis married for his first wife the daughter of Zach Taylor, and his father-in-law decidedly objected to the match. He would have little to do with Davis until after the battle of Buena Vista, where Davis excited Taylor's admiration by his bravery. General Fremont eloped with Tom Benton's daughter, and it was some time before old Benton grew reconciled to the match. When he did, however, he became infatuated with Fremont, and he considered him, next to himself, the greatest man in the country. Mrs. Fremont is still living, and the hairs of herself and her husband have grown gray in their married life. It is said that neither of them has ever regretted their elopement.

James Buchanan, Alexander Stephens and John Randolph of Roanoke were each disappointed in love when they arrived at the age of manhood, and they all remained true to their first affection. They said but little about it, and the subject was forbidden ground to their dearest friends. Randolph once spoke of his love as one for whom he cared more than his own soul or the God that made it, and from Stephens' papers we find that he fell in love while he was yet a boy at school.

The first wife of Stephen A. Douglas was a North Carolina woman and a slave-owner. His second wife he got here in Washington. She was very beautiful, and it is said she was a poor girl. She was many years younger than Douglas and several years after he died she married again. David Davis' present wife is twenty-eight years younger than the old Senator, and, as he is worth about three millions, she will be well fixed if he should happen to drop off.

Henry A. Wise, the noted Virginia statesman of Tyler's day, was married three times. His third wife survives him, and is, I think, living at Richmond to-day. His first love was the daughter of one of his professors at college, a Miss Jennings, whom he married in Tennessee. His second wife was a daughter of John Sergeant, the Whig candidate for Vice President in 1832. Wise proposed to Miss Sergeant on the dome of the capitol here, and one of the results of the marriage was John Sergant Wise, the present member of Congress from Virginia, who was born in Rio Janeiro, where Henry A. Wise was officiating as minister at the time." As John Wise was not born in the United States, he can never be president, though it is said at the moment of his birth his father, determined to have him born under the American flag, ran up a dozen on different parts of the consular mansion.

Senator Sam Houston, the president of the republic of Texas, was the youngest man who had ever governed the state of Tennessee, when he fell in love with a pretty girl at the state capital. He was the governor of the state, good looking and a splendid catch. After his marriage he found his wife loved another and she had been forced by her parents to marry him. He left the governor's chair, and telling his wife to get a divorce on the ground of desertion, went to the front and joined a tribe of Cherokee Indians. Here he married a squaw in Indian fashion, and then became a chief. He was drinking hard and going to the dogs, when one day he was told of the troubles in Texas and the battle of the Alamo was described to him. He straightened himself up, determined to be a man again and went forth to his brave and distinguished career in Texas. His wife, I am told, got her divorce, but whether she married her lover or not I know not.

Davy Crockett, another frontier statesman, fell in love with a relative of his schoolmaster, but while he was sparking her a richer suitor carried her away under his eyes. He next met a beauty at a ball, fell in love at first sight and become engaged at the close of the fifth dance. The day was fixed for him to announce the engagement to his parents. He started to go to them, fell in with some boon companions on the way and made, as they say, a night of it. He arrived a day too late and found his lady love was to be married that night to another. Crockett made the best of a bad bargain. He laughed off his disappointment and danced all night at the close of the wedding at the party given in its honor. He soon fell in love again and this time he became married. He was elected to Congress several times and was one of the most popular men in Washington. Strange to say, he died in 1836, at the very battle of the Alamo which so stirred up Sam Houston to his great Texan career.

Charles Sumner married the daughter in-law of Samuel Hooper, one of the most noted members of Congress from Massachusetts. They did not get along well together and finally separated, but this trouble did not change the relations of Hooper to Sumner. The trouble was that Sumner was too old and sedate for his young wife and he would not remain as long at parties or go out as much as she wished. Sumner, who had his rooms here fitted up elegantly and had a French cook to pander to his tastes, preferred to remain at home among his books.

To come down to the present, Horatio Seymour married a descendant of General Schuyler, who was Alexander Hamilton's father-in law, and his country home is a part of the old Schuyler estates. Roscoe Conkling married Horatio Seymour's youngest sister, Julia, and it is said that his relations with his brother-in-law are more friendly than the world supposes. William M. Evarts fell in love with his wife when she was sixteen and he a green boy at college. She was the daughter of Governor Wardner of Vermont, and was as pretty as young Evarts was homely. They became engaged at her home in Vermont, and Evarts went away to New York, promising to return when he had made enough to warrant his marrying. At twenty-five he had made a name for himself as a lawyer, and was a member of one of the chief New York law firms—of one making, it is said, a total of $60,000 a year. At this time he married, and his wife, after bearing him thirteen children, is still well and happy.

General Sherman was brought up in old Tom Ewing's family, and he married his adopted father's daughter. The wedding took place here in Washington. Don Cameron married General Sherman's niece, Miss Lizzie Sherman, and the wedding was celebrated in Cleveland about a month before that of Senator Blanch K Bruce. Bruce was a sheriff in Mississippi when he fell in love. He had come to Cleveland on business where he met the pretty colored girl who is now his wife. They corresponded for some time, and when Bruce was finally elected Senator he married her. Mrs. Bruce was before this one of the brightest of Cleveland's public school teachers. The night before the wedding a reporter called upon her and made a number of searching inquiries about the wedding, the guests to be invited and her trosseau. He pushed the matter so far that she ironically asked him if he would not take a look at her love-letters; and there is no doubt she appreciated the situation as well as though she had been Mrs. Cameron herself.

Attorney General Brewster has been twice married, and his present wife was a widow. She is the daughter of Hon Robert J. Walker, once Secretary of the Treasury, and it is a curious fact that Brewster's first wife and her first husband were both foreigners. Brewster married a Prussian lady, and Miss Walker a French gentleman. These two foreign elements having passed away by death the two remainders met and married. Mrs. Brewster is one of the loveliest ladies in Washington, and her husband is by all odds the hemeliest man. Still he admired the beautiful, and it is said that words of proposal were as follows: "You are beautiful, dear madame, and I am hideous, but it will not be the first instance of the mating of beauty and the beast; and although you may never love me, you shall never regret marrying me." And so the match was made, and Mrs. De Lou's three children took the name of Brewster, and Mrs. Brewster is one of the lights of Washington society.

Senator Ingalls was a young Western lawyer who had gone from Massachusetts to Kansas, when he met his wife at a friend's wedding. He had cut shy of the society of the ladies of the frontier hitherto, but he was at this wedding in the capacity of groomsman. As he stood up with his friend he noted that one of the bridesmaids was fair, plump and rosy, and as he looked he loved. She was the daughter of a New York merchant who had lately settled in Atchison. Calls ensued, an engagement followed, and the result was marriage. There is no finer looking couple now in the capital, and notwithstanding the fact that several beautiful children have graced the match Mrs. Ingalls is almost as fresh and blooming to day as she was then, quite a number of years ago.

Senator Hamlin, of Maine, married the daughter of a judge with whom he tried his first law case as an opposing lawyer. Senator Conger of Michigan did likewise, but in Conger's case his sweetheart first jilted him and he was twitted of it in the courtroom. He left the case standing and went to Michigan, where he married, did well, and came to Congress. In the meantime his first wife died. His first love had also married and had gone West, where her husband had died. To allay her grief she decided upon a tour to Europe, and started by way of Washington. Stopping over here, she wandered into the house galleries to see whether she had any friends in the halls below. She sent him her card. He was delighted to see her. The old flame burst out anew. He proposed not long after this. She accepted him, and now there is not a more loving couple in Washington. The house they live in belongs to Mrs. Conger.

Senator Mahone has been very ill and he is now thinner than ever. His wife loves him dearly. A funny story is told of her anxiety at the battle of Bull Run, in which General Mahone was wounded. She was stopping at Warrenton, a few miles off, watching the battle. General Mahone sent a courier to tell her of his hurt and to say that it was only a flesh wound. "You need not tell me that!" she replied, "I know it can't be true! Billy Mahone will never have a flesh wound. There is no flesh on him."

Senator Vance has been married twice. It is said that the death of his first wife converted him to the Presbyterian faith. Senator Palmer married the daughter of Charley Merrill, a rich lumber dealer at Detroit. His father-in-law made him his partner, and the match formed the foundation of his present millions. Senator-elect Payne married a connection of Commodore Perry's who owned a lot of real estate around what was then the village of Cleveland. The city grew and his wife's property made him a rich man. The old Payne homestead is on a part of the Perry estate, and the eighty acre farm which surrounded this is now worth, I suppose, a million dollars. Payne's father-in law bought it for a little more than three dollars an acre.

Ex-Senator Dorsey was working for a hotel keeper in the little town of Oberlin when he fell in love with Mrs. Dorsey, who was the landlord's pretty daughter. He married her, went West and made a fortune. Samuel Cox married an heiress of Zanesville, Ohio, when he was just starting in his career, and his wife is said to be his equal in intellectual and social attainments. Samuel Randall and John G. Carlisle both made love matches and both owe their greatness to the reform which their wives made in their drinking habits.

A Venetian Traveler.

[Annie Sawyer Downs in Wide Awake.]

The Piazza of St. Mark's is as much the centre of the religious as of the social life of Venice for its crowning glory is the church of St. Mark. Marvelous upon its exterior, it is no less marvelous within, appealing more strongly to the religious element than any other church in the world. Its doors stand open day and night, prayer never ceases within its walls, and the sacrament is constantly adored upon its altar. Therefore there is an endless crowd, old and young, women and soldiers, children and priests, continually passing through its nave. In fact, so accustomed are the people to the most familiar use of the church, that I often saw the market woman set down her heavy basket in the vestibule, or the vender of fried fish deposit the yoke upon which his wares were hung at the entrance doors. From a little narrow street which elbowed St. Mark's on the north many busy mothers emerged to rush across the square and say a hasty prayer in the church. These mothers never had any baby carriages, but they pushed the little ones before them in a queer sort of cage, akin to what in remote parts of New England is even now called a "standing stool."

These standing stools are high enough to come under the baby's arms and allow his feet to rest on the floor. Being larger at the bottom than the top, the support is firm, and the wheels, fastened securely to the base, allow the child to push himself along. It is very convenient to use this old-time contrivance in Venice, as the squares and many of the streets are paved with great blocks of white marble, smooth and level as a drawing-room floor.

One morning a mother left her baby in his stool at the principal entrance of St. Mark's. I do not know if she prayed longer than usual, or if he thought it a good opportunity to go off a little on his own account, but he began to roll himself around. Nearly opposite where he was left, on the east side of the square, is a paved street not more than seven feet in its widest part, and upon whose every side shops are set as thickly as possible. I was picking my way gingerly amid its fruit sellers, fish dealers and shell venders, when loud shouts and hearty laughing made me turn sharply. The little Venetian traveler was coming right down upon me. Doubtless the square slanted a trifle, for his rapid motion left his hurrying mother far behind. His short sleeved blouse showed his plump brown arms, while the funny cap, embroidered with shells instead of beads, permitted us to see how his gleaming eyes laughed to their dusky depths as he shook defiantly in the air the odd toy he sturdily held close in his wildest flight. After him still clattered his irritated mamma. On account of her high heeled shoes she could not run very fast, but there was little need, for a good natured water carrier stretched out his brawny arms, and the runaway was captured.

Happy Children.

They sent him round the circle fair
To bow before the prettiest there;
I'm bound to say the choice he made
A creditable taste displayed:
Although, can't say what it meant,
The little maid looked ill content.

His task was then anew begun:
To kneel before the wittiest one.
Once more the little maid sought he,
And bent him down upon his knee,
She turned her eyes upon the floor:
I think she thought the game a bore.

He circled then his sweetest behest,
To kiss the one he loved the best;
For all she frowned, for all she chid,
He kissed that little maid, he did,
And then—though why I can't decide—
The little maid looked satisfied.

A Senatorial Stamp-Collector.

[Edmund Alton, in St. Nicholas for February.]

Charles Sumner was one of America's greatest statesmen, and I found him to be one of the kindest men in the world. He was an ideal American gentleman, always polite to every one, and I never heard him utter a cross or hasty word. He had an extensive correspondence and received letters from all parts of the globe. At one time, while I was a page, I had a mania for gathering stamps, and as those on many of his letters were very rare, I asked the Senator if he would kindly put the envelopes in his desk, so that I could get them, instead of tearing and throwing them upon the floor. He said he would save them for me with pleasure, and, sure enough, the next day he came to the Senate with a large collar box in his hand. He put this in the drawer of his desk, and whenever he opened an envelope with a foreign stamp attached, he would tear off the stamp and deposit it in the box. Several weeks afterward he called me to him and handed me the box, filled with the choicest and most curious collection, saying: "Now, if you will empty the box, I will fill it again for you." And he was true to his word. I have met hundreds of eminent men in my life; none, however, more prominent or with more cares to burden or distract their thoughts than this grand Senator from Massachusetts; yet I think few of them would, under similar circumstances, have gone to so much trouble merely to humor the whim of a boy.

Senator Sumner took quite an interest in me, and had an especial fondness for catching me by the ears. Often have I attempted to pass the Senator, while he was walking to and fro on the floor of the Senate, only to have both my ears seized good-naturedly, and to be asked some kindly question. I shall always remember one of these adventures—for it was an adventure! He had sent me on an errand. Having returned reported to him the answer, and received his deep voiced thanks, I started to move away, but he had caught me, and continued his slow march—I in front—Indian file. As he was a tall man and I a very small boy in comparison, I had to walk on tiptoe to ease the pain, and even then it seemed as if my ear would come off my head. The worst of it was that he at once became so lost in thought that he forgot he had hold of me, and mechanically paced up and down, with his long strides, while I danced a mad war-dance, for some minutes—it seemed to me an hour—to the intense amusement of all who observed it. The more I struggled, the more did I increase the agony, but I at last managed to wriggle away from his grasp. The sudden "emptiness" of his hand caused him to realize the state of affairs, and he begged my pardon so energetically, and the spectators smiled so audibly, that the proceedings of the Senate were interrupted and Mr Colfax actually had to tap with his gavel to restore order!

But it was, after all, an honor to be noticed, even in that fashion, by so distinguished a man as Senator Sumner. He had the widest reputation of any of the senators, and the first question most visitors to the Senate would ask was:

"Which is Charles Sumner?"

COMPENSATION.

Not faithful heart nor valiant hand
Wins always honor's guerdon;
Uncrowned, full many a hero falls,
Before an encircling cordon.
The patient delver in the mine
Its wealth may not discover,
And beauty's grace and tenderness
Repay not fondest lover.

Yet still the level balance waits,
Poised true by fate unswerving;
No perfect gift of heaven rewards
The recreant undeserving.
The tinseled baubles fame bestows
Are tarnished in the winning;
The goal attained through tears and pain
But mocks the grand beginning.

Oh, soul, that seest thy longed-for prize
Bestowed upon another,
Be brave to bear thy sore defeat,
Thy grief and anger smother;
Nor back upon thy toiling years
Look with regret forever;
Thou hast the best that life can give—
The rapture of endeavor.

—Sarah D. Hobert.

Written for the Sunday Sentinel.

AARON BURR'S INDIANA FRIEND.

On the 25th day of June, 1807, two indictments were returned by the Grand Jury of the United States Court at Richmond, Virginia, one for the crime of treason and the other for misdemeanor against Davis Floyd, of the Territory of Indiana. The reporter's short hand notes of Aaron Burr's trial do not show whether the accused was ever placed under arrest to answer to the indictments or even whether he was present as a witness in behalf of the principal prisoners, Burr and Blennerhassett; but it is fair to presume that Floyd was at Richmond as faithful to Aaron Burr and his fortunes during the exciting and fiercely fought treason trial which culminated in Burr's acquittal as he was in the memorable and mysterious expedition from Blennerhassett's famous island down the Ohio and Mississippi and among the swamps of Bayou Pierre, in search of glory, gold, or a Southwestern empire. What Burr's real object was Davis Floyd probably did not know, and this fidus Achates no doubt believed that the administration sympathized with Burr and he must have expected a glittering as well as substantial reward in the event of success. Ostensibly Burr's plan was to establish a colony of educated refined and rich settlers upon the Baron Bastrop tract of land, on the banks of the Washita River, in the Louisiana Territory, but his real design was to seize upon Mexico and the Spanish provinces as soon as war, then seeming almost inevitable, was declared by our Government with Spain. Then with the aid of the Western people an empire was to be established in the Southwest which would rival Rome in magnificence, power and wealth. Burr was to be the Emperor, and Davis Floyd presumably would have been high in authority if Emperors reward loyal adherents. Before the expedition started, and on the third day of November, 1806, Burr had been arrested at Frankfort, Kentucky, and when the case was called for trial, the district attorney, John Davless, of Tippecanoe fame, obtained a continuance on the ground that Davis Floyd, the most important witness for the Government was absent in Indiana, attending a session of the Territorial Legislature at Vincennes. It appears from Dillon's History, page 416, that Floyd was the member from Clark County of the first Territorial Legislature which met at Vincennes on July 29, 1805. If Floyd ever appeared at Frankfort (and the presumption is that he did) his testimony exculpated Burr, for the Grand Jury refused to return a bill of indictment against him. In less than a month Burr's expedition was on its way. The enthusiastic Blennerhassett who ready for "wealth and glory, Lousiana and Mexico," states in his private journal that on Tuesday, December 16, 1806, they left Jeffersonville and crossed the falls of the Ohio safely and on the 27th they met Burr with his deported allies, Colonel Comfert Tyler and Major Davis Floyd at the mouth of the Cumberland. Floyd commanded one of the boats. So they proceeded until they reached Bayou Pierre, about thirty miles above Natchez. But by this time the whole country was alarmed. The militia had gathered at Natchez, The Governor offered two thousand dollars for Burr's arrest, and he left Floyd and Tyler, hastily crossing to the eastern side of the river and hiding in the woods. While thus concealed Burr induced a negro boy to mount his horse and carry a note to Floyd and Tyler which read thus:

"If you are yet together keep so, and I will join you to-morrow night. In the mean while put all your arms in perfect order. Ask no questions of the bearer but tell him all you may think I wish to know. He does not know that this is from me, nor where I am."

"To C. T. and D. F."

This note to Floyd led to the arrest and dispersion of the followers of Burr and it was the strongest link in the chain of circumstances on which the Government relied for Burr's conviction.

But what became of Floyd in the wilderness? It is clear that he did not r