THE CAPITAL IN 1800

Birth of Wilderness City Was Without a Precedent.

LL THE WOR DJE R. DORCARPID

First Congress to Meet in New Capital Found Little Except Mud and "Magnificent Distances"—Coming of President Adams and the Departments—Public and Private Accommodations Alike Wanting—Moore's Satire on "Modern Rome."

The same spirit of independence which prompted the fathers of the republic to sever the political ties binding them to the mother country prompted them, no doubt, to go out into the wilderness to build a capital. The deeds which made the early history of our nation were not in the pursuance of precedent, but were precedent-making. When it was proposed, therefore, that in a virgin city the seat of government should be established, no one stopped to inquire if there was precedent for doing so. There was opposition to the project, it is true, but the opposition sprang from cities already established, aspired to be the capital, and was in no wise due to the daring nature of the project itself.

When the bands of the British troops marched out of Yorktown playing "The World Turned Upside Down," their music truthfully portrayed the spirit of the times. They were not great battles, as our ideas of battles go to-day, that were fought by Washington and his ragged and oft-times hungry, but dauntless and patriotic followers, but in their revolutionary and far-reaching consequences they were the most stupendous in the history of the world. It was a time when old customs, old modes of thought, old institutions, and old ideals were falling shattered on every side, and it was taken as a matter of course, when no existing city seemed suitable for a capital, that the young republic should build a city to its liking.

Europe Jeered and Critics Carped.

Europe was ready with her jibe and sneer, and there were carping ones at home, who whined and grumbled, but the men who had given the world its greatest bill of human rights, and with the sword had made the world receive it, were not apt to be swayed by such petty chiding. They knew that forests would give way to the ax of the forester; that swamps and morasses and other obstacles could be overcome, and they set themselves to the task. The Washington of to-day in their enduring monument. The Europe that sneered at the "wilderness capital" of the "bucolic republic" now comes to admire and marvel at its beauty; the city, for the founding of which the primeval forests were in places cut away, has, in a hundred years, grown in magnificence to be the pride and boast of Americans everywhere.

The Constitution had given Congress exclusive control over a district ten miles square, such as might be given to the nation by the States for the seat of Federal government. The next task was to locate this district. There was a squabble in the first Congress among advocates of many different sites, notably those along the Delaware, Susquehanna, and Potomac. Once both House actually voted to locate the Capital at Germantown, Pa., but reconsidered. New England members denounced the Potomac region as an unhealthy swamp. The Southern members won out. The Potomas site was selected in 1790 by a majority of three votes in the House and two in the Senate. Pennsylvania was humored by a grant of the temporary capital for ten years. President Washington was allowed to choose any spot within about 100 miles above the junction of the Potomac and its eastern branch. The father of his country arrived in Georgetown March 28, 1791, and the next day, with the three commissioners he had appointed to govern the district, together with two surveyors selected to lay it out, began to mark the bounds of the new city.

Maj. L'Enfant's First Work.

One of these surveyors was Maj. Pierre Charles L'Enfant, a French engineer. He drew a careful plan of the future city of Washington. This was accepted by the immortal George in 1791. Gen. Washington was not hampered by law in his government of the District of Columbia. He appointed his three commissioners, Messrs. Johnson, Stewart, and Carroll, without the advice or consent of the Senate.

Another squabble had arisen over the name to be given the new Capital City. Some wished to call it "Washingtonople." The commissioners christened it the "City of Washington." An English letter writer thereupon accused President Washington of vanity. "As soon as he is defunct," said this critic, "the city, which is to be the boasted monument of his greatness, will also be defunct."

The Sixth Congress adjourned in Philadelphia May 14, 1800, having directed that a second session begin in Washington November 17, of the same year. The executive and judicial departments thereupon began preparations for a general moving.

President Adams left the Executive Mansion at Seventh and High streets, Philadelphia, May 27, 1800, within two weeks after Congress adjourned, and made a temporary trip to the new Capital. He traveled in his private carriage by way of Lancaster, Pa., and Frederick, Md. A daily stage, leaving Philadelphia at 6 a. m., bumped and splashed over a more direct road by way of Baltimore and arrived in Washington the next evening at 5 o'clock—a journey of twenty-one hours, which the "iron horse" now covers in one-seventh that time. But President Adams preferred the more circuitous trip, because promised more opportunities of entertainment on that route.

President Adams' Arrival.

He arrived in Georgetown, of which Washington was then a scattered suburb, on June 3, one week after he had started. At the boundary line of the District of Columbia he was met by "a large crowd of respectable citizens on horseback" and escorted into town, "where he was received with pleasure and veneration."

"The military of the city of Washington and the marines stationed there manifested their respect by sixteen discharges of musketry and artillery," says an old chronicle.

The next day, at Union Tavern, Georgetown, he wrote a reply to a committee which had welcomed him. On June 5 he visited the unfinished House of Representatives. On June 11 he was given a reception in Alexandria, and on June 14 departed for Massachusetts. It was not until autumn that the President and Mrs. Adams came to the new White House to live. They traveled very slowly by carriage from Philadelphia by way of Baltimore, and thus into Washington Mrs. Abigail Adams, in November, 1800, made her informal entree as "first lady of the land." She found the White House unfinished, although its corner-stone had been laid eight years before, in the presence of George Washington. What there was of it stood on what was then called "F street ridge." The rain and snow falling upon this prominence divided, part running to the north, part to the south. The water thus drained formed a sort of creek, partly surrounding the President's grounds. The latter had no fence. The first floor of the mansion was unfinished. The principal stairs were not up.

White House "Housewarming."

Mrs. Adams' first "housewarming" in her new home was a practical rather than ceremonious function. What wood she could get she burned to dry the plaster, yet damp, on the walls. The first public reception in the new White House occurred New Year's Day, 1801, and had to be held in a room on the second floor, in which later Presidents have received their business callers. The home life of the Adamses while in the White House was very plain. The President's luncheons invariably consisted of oatcake and lemonade. The family dinners were simple. Adams was so unassuming in his manners that Mistress Abigail occasionally saw fit to remind him, when he was free and familiar with the common people, that his behavior ill-befitted his high rank and dignified office.

The moving of the executive departments from Philadelphia began in May, 1800. The office furnishings and records came by water, the officials and employes by stage line or private equipage. It is said that "a single packet sloop brought all the office furniture of the departments, besides seven large boxes and five small ones, containing the archives." The President's Cabinet then consisted of but five members. Working under these were but 132 employes. Uncle Sam paid all traveling expenses for these officials and clerks and their families.

Early Department Buildings.

These men, comprising the first civil service regime organized for the Washington departments, came hither imbued with the hope that the law authorizing their removal from the gay and bustling metropolis would, as was rumored, be repealed. They found only one department building erected. This was the old Treasury, on the site of the south front of the present edifice. It was a plain, two-story brick, of only thirty rooms. Oliver Wolcott, Secretary of the Treasury, arrived June 2 to occupy it.

At the southwest corner of the White House grounds the "war office" was still in course of erection. This was similar to the Treasury office in size and appearance, but not being ready for occupancy upon the arrival of Secretary of War Dexter, June 12, he and his department went into temporary lodgings in a three-story house on Pennsylvania avenue, above Twenty-first street, and opposite the hotel of William O'Neal, father of that Peggy O'Neal who gained fame in Jackson's administration. But the War Department officials had barely settled down to work in these temporary headquarters when, in November, 1800, a fire broke out and destroyed a large part of their records. The following January a similar fire occurred in the Treasury Department. "The President was in line," recalled a citizen writing of this latter conflagration, "and was busy in aiding to pass the buckets to and from the burning building."

Rival politicians then, as now, were grasping at every straw. Adams' administration was accused of starting the two fires to destroy records of their alleged maladministration.

The first Post-Office Department was opened in "Mr. Cracker's house," near Blodget's Hotel, at what is now Seventh and E. When Abraham Bradley—acting for Postmaster General Habersham—opened his office there only one-half the floors were laid and only four rooms were plastered. The owner allowed Uncle Sam to expend half of the $600 annual rental to make the building tenantable. Attorney General Charles Lee, who left Philadelphia May 28, then had no organized Department of Justice. He took lodging somewhere near the White House, as did also Secretary of State John Marshall—with only eight clerks—and Secretary of the Navy Stoddart—with sixteen clerks. Both of these latter Cabinet members had arrived in June. This moving cost Uncle Sam, all told, less than $40,000.

The Capitol in November, 1800.

When Congress began its sessions in Washington, November 17, 1800, it found the Capitol Building anything but an inspiring spectacle. Only the northernmost of the old wings was finished, and that was badly constructed. The Senate chamber was mostly of wood and plaster. The rotunda had not been built, though its foundations had been previously laid.

The Representatives were at first crowded into a room intended for the Senate officials, but a temporary apartment, known as the "oven," was soon arranged for it in the south wing. The House in 1808 took possession of the chamber now known as "Statuary Hall." The Senate held its first deliberations in its originally designed quarters, now occupied by the Supreme Court of the United States. The complete plans for the then new Capitol did not, of course, anticipate the great iron dome and the two imposing marble wings which grace the great Capitol of today.

Congress' first deliberations in Washington were quite as uninspiring as the unfinished edifice in which they were held. When called together, November 17, the Senate and House had to adjourn until the next day for want of a quorum, and the Senate continued to adjourn from day to day until the 21st, when the necessary number appeared. Saturday, November 22, President Adams visited the Capitol and addressed the members of both houses gathered together in the Senate chamber. Representatives in those days wore their hats during sessions. Ladies were excluded from the galleries.

Queer Perquisites of Early Legislators.

Urns filled with Scotch snuff were placed in each house, and employes were charged with the duty of keeping them filled. In the Senate and House were employed official "pen-makers," who mended the goose quills then in common use. There were also official sealers, intrusted with the sealing of letters and packages with red wax. The "stationery" furnished in both houses included penknives, scissors, razors, pocket-books, kid gloves, perfumery, bears' grease, and an "innocent beverage called swichell," among whose ingredients were good French brandy and Jamaica rum. This was always charged in the "stationery" appropriation as "syrup."

The members of Congress were anything but pleased with their new abiding place "The comparison they drew between this place and Philadelphia," wrote a pioneer resident, "was by no means complimentary to us. At this time there were but few places in the city suitable for members to board at. Some of them went to Georgetown and boarded at the Union Tavern, some stopped at the Six and Seven buildings, and others in parts of the city where they could find accommodations. The discontent which prevailed among them was so great that it was feared that the seat of government would be removed from Washington. In fact, I believe the attempt was made, but fortunately failed."

Salaries Low and Living Cheap.

The salary of a Member of Congress was then but $6 a day. Of the houses it was written in 1800: "The few that have been let are at rents none under $250 and $300. Provisions are plenty, good enough, and cheaper than in Philadelphia. You can buy a peck of field strawberries for a fivepenny bit; garden at 11 cents a quart."

The Supreme Court of the United States, seeing that no preparation had been made for it in Washington, continued to meet in its comfortable Philadelphia quarters until February 2, 1801. Its members, like those of Congress, were loath to begin their duties. Two adjournments had to be taken before there appeared, on February 4, a sufficient number to do business. The first meeting was held in the basement of the old Capitol, in rooms provided for one of the Senate committees.

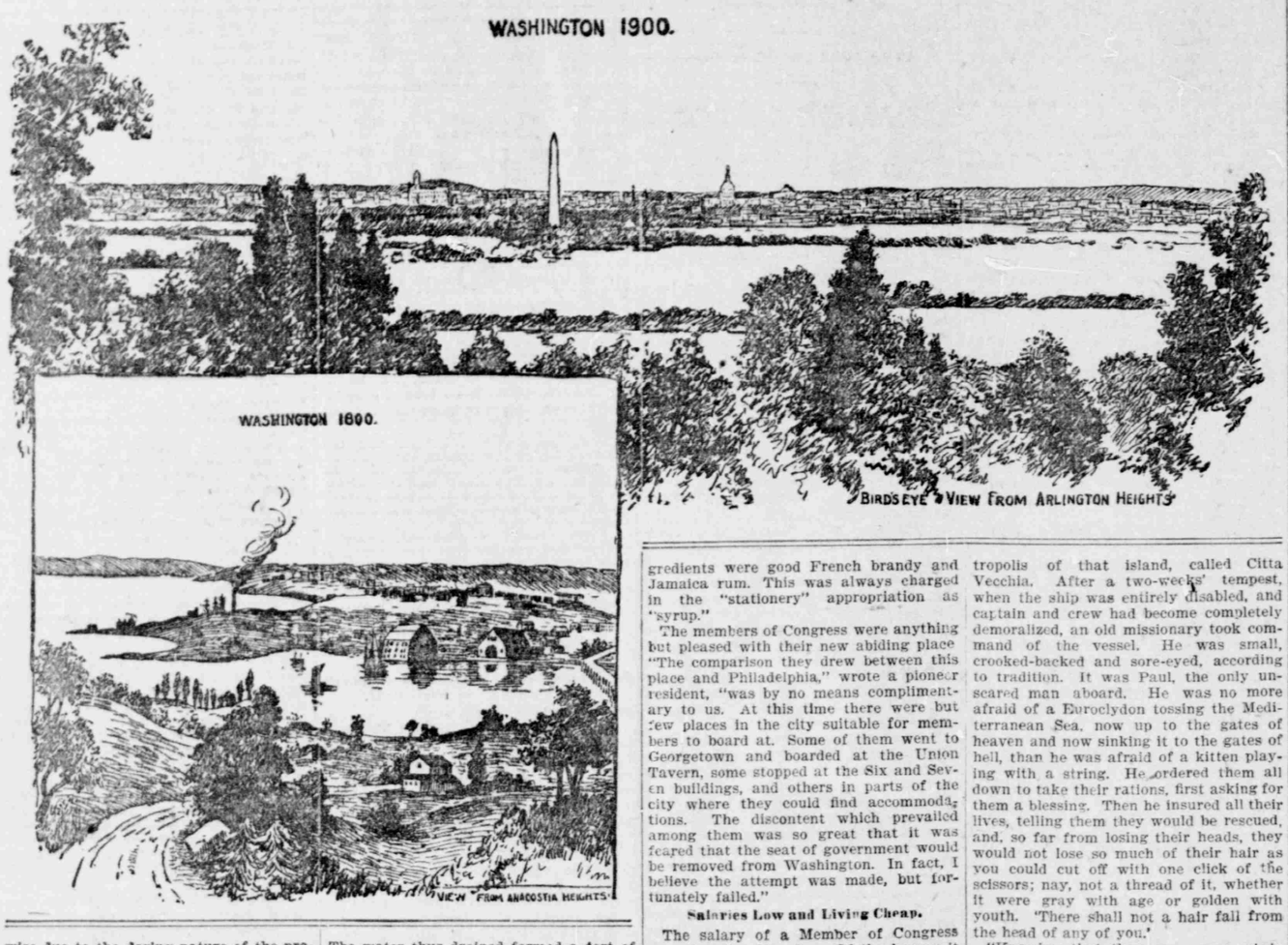
The faster the population of Washington grew during this first eventful year the more bitter and caustic became the invectives of her critics.

"City of Magnificent Distances."

Georgetown was called "a city of houses without streets;" Washington, "a city of streets without houses." The Abbe Correa de Serra, Portuguese Minister, was speaking in sarcasm when he called the new capital "a city of magnificent distances," now proudly applied. "Strangers, after visiting the offices of state, are apt to inquire for the city while in its very center," wrote C. W. Janson, an English visitor. "Quail and other birds," said he, "are constantly shot within a hundred yards of the Capitol during the sitting of the Houses of Congress." New York, Philadelphia, New England, and, indeed, even foreign newspapers, waxed facetious in their descriptions of the new seat of government. In fact, poor Washington was the laughing stock of the world. Tom Moore, just entering poetic fame, visited the city in 1804. Its spectacle provoked this satire from his pen:

In fancy now beneath the twilight gloom,
Come, let me lead thee o'er this modern Rome,
Where tribunes rule, where dusky Davids bow,
And what was Goose Creek is Tiber now.

This fam'd metropolis, where fancy sees
Squares in morasses, obelisks in trees;
Which traveling fools and gazetteers adorn
With shrines unbuilt and heroes yet unborn.



THE WRECK OF FAITH

Dr. Talmage Sees Rescue in a Single Spar of Religion.

JUST TO BE SAVED IS THE ISSUE

Intricacies of Theological Disputation Are Unimportant Compared to that Vital Question—Men Should Disregard Doctrines They Do Not Subscribe to and Seek Salvation by Whatever Channel God Leaves Open to Them.

In his sermon for yesterday, Dr. Talmage bade his hearers seek God by the ways most open to them, accepting, if they can, the full doctrine of their church, but if not to strike out for salvation as the one great end of life, by such means as faith has left in their power to use. Dr. Talmage took for his text, Acts, xxvii:44: "And some on broken pieces of the ship," and said:

"Never off Goodwin Sands, or the Skerries, or Cape Hatteras, was a ship in worse predicament than, in the Mediterranean hurricane, was the grainship on which 276 passengers were driven on the coast of Malta, five miles from the metropolis of that island, called Citta Vecchia. After a two-weeks' tempest, when the ship was entirely disabled, and captain and crew had become completely demoralized, an old missionary took command of the vessel. He was small, crooked-backed and sore-eyed, according to tradition. It was Paul, the only unscared man aboard. He was no more afraid of a Euroclydon tossing the Mediterranean Sea, now up to the gates of heaven and now sinking it to the gates of hell, than he was afraid of a kitten playing with a string. He ordered them all down to take their rations, first asking for them a blessing. Then he insured all their lives, telling them they would be rescued, and, so far from losing their heads, they would not lose so much of their hair as you could cut off with one click of the scissors; nay, not a thread of it, whether it were gray with age or golden with youth. 'There shall not a hair fall from the head of any of you.'

"Knowing that they can never get to the desired port, they make the sea on the fourteenth night black with overthrown cargo, so that when the ship strikes it will not strike so heavily. At daybreak they saw a creek, and in their exigency resolved to make for it. And so they cut the cables, took in the two paddles they had on those old boats, and hoisted the mainsail so that they might come in with such force as to be driven high up on the beach by some fortunate billow. There she goes—tumbling toward the rocks, now prow foremost, now stern foremost, now rolling over to the starboard, now over to the larboard, now a wave dashes clear over the deck, and it seems as if the old craft has gone forever. But up she comes again. Paul's arms around a mast, he cries: 'All is well. God has given me all those that sail with me.' Crash! went the prow, with such force that it broke off the mast. Crash! went the timbers, till the seas rushed through from side to side of the vessel. She parts amidships, and into a thousand fragments the vessel goes, and into the waves two hundred and seventy-six immortals are precipitated. Some of them had been brought up on the seashore, and had learned to swim, and with their chins just above the waves and by the strokes of both arms and propulsion of both feet, they put out for the beach, and reach it. But, alas, for those others! They have never learned to swim, or they were wounded by the falling of the mast, or the nervous shock was too great for them. And others had been weakened by long sea-sickness.

A Ship Which Can Never Sink.

"Oh, what will become of them? 'Take that piece of a rudder,' says Paul to one. 'Take that fragment of a spar,' says Paul to another. 'Take that image of Castor and Pollux.' 'Take that plank from the lifeboat.' 'Take anything and head for the beach.' What a struggle for life in the breakers! Oh, the merciless waters, how they sweep over the heads of men, women, and children! Hold on, there! Almost ashore; keep up your courage. Remember what Paul told you. There, the receding wave on the beach leaves in the sand a whole family. There crawls up out of the surf the centurion. There, another plank comes in with a life clinging fast to it. There, another piece of the shattered vessel, with its freightage of an immortal soul. They must by this time all be saved. Yes: there comes in last of all, for he had been overseeing the rest, the old missionary, who wrings the water from his gray beard, and cries out: 'Thank God, all are here!'

"Gather around a fire and call the roll. Paul builds a fire, and when the bundle of sticks begin to crackle, and, standing and sitting around the blaze, the passengers begin to recover from their chill, and the wet clothes begin to dry, and warmth begins to come into all the shivering passengers, let the purser of the vessel go round and see if any of the poor creatures are missing. Not one of the crowd that were plunged into the sea. How it relieves our anxiety as we read: 'Some on broken pieces of the ship. And so it came to pass that they escaped all safe to land.'

"Having on previous occasions looked at the other passengers, I confine myself to-day to an examination of those who came in on broken pieces of the ship. There is something about them that excites in me an intense interest. I am not so much interested in those that could swim. They got ashore as I expected. A mile of water is not a very great undertaking for a strong swimmer, or even two miles are not. But I cannot stop thinking about those on broken pieces of the ship. The great Gospel ship is the finest of the universe, and can carry more passengers than any craft ever constructed, and you could no more wreck it than you could wreck the throne of God Almighty. I wish all the people would come aboard of her. I could not promise a smooth voyage, for ofttimes it will be tempestuous or a chopped sea, but I could promise safe arrival for all who took passage on that Great Eastern, so called by me because its Commander came out of the East, the star of the East a badge of His authority.

One Plank May Save the Drowning.

"But a vast multitude do not take regular passage. Their theology is broken in pieces, and their life is broken in pieces, and their habits are broken in pieces, and their worldly and spiritual prospects are broken in pieces, and yet I believe they are going to reach the shining shore, and I am encouraged by the experience of those people who are spoken of in the text: 'Some on broken pieces of the ship.'

"One object in this sermon is to encourage all those who cannot take the whole system of religion as we believe it, but who really believe something, to come ashore on that one plank.

"I do not underrate the value of a great theological system, but where in all the Bible is there anything that says: Believe in John Calvin and thou shalt be saved? or, believe in Arminius and thou shalt be saved? or, believe in Synod of Dort and thou shalt be saved? or, believe in the Thirty-nine Articles and thou shalt be saved? A man may be orthodox and go to perdition, or heterodox and go to heaven. The man who in the deep affection of his heart accepts Christ is saved.

"I believe in both the Heidelberg and Westminster catechisms, and I wish you all did; but you may believe in nothing they contain except the one idea, that Christ came to save sinners, and that you are one of them, and you are instantly rescued. If you can come in on the grand old ship, I would rather have you get aboard, but if you can only find a piece of wood as long as the human body, or a piece as wide as the outspread human arms, and either of them is a piece of the cross, come in on that piece. Tens of thousands of people are to-day kept out of the Kingdom of God because they cannot believe everything.

"I am talking with a man thoughtful about his soul who has lately traveled through New England and passed the night at Andover. He says to me: 'I cannot believe that in this life the destiny is irrevocably fixed; I think there will be another opportunity of repentance after death.' I say to him: 'My brother, what has that to do with you? Don't you realize that the man who waits for another chance after death, when he has a good chance before death, is a stark fool? Had not you better take the plank that is thrown to you now and head for shore, rather than wait for a plank that may by invisible hands be thrown to you after you are dead? Do as you please, but as for myself, with pardon for all my sins offered me now, and all the joys of time and eternity offered me now, I instantly take them, rather than run the risk of such other chance as wise men think they can peel off or twist out of a Scripture passage that has for all the Christian centuries been interpreted another way.' You say: 'I do not like Princeton theology, or New Haven theology, or Andover theology.' I do not ask you on board either of these great men-of-war, their portholes filled with the great siege guns of ecclesiastical battle. But I do ask you to take the one plank of the Gospel that you do believe in and strike out for the pearl-strung beach of heaven.

The Main and Only Vital Question.

"Says some other man: 'I would attend to religion if I was quite sure about the doctrine of election and free agency, but that mixes me all up.' Those things used to bother me, but I have no more perplexity about them, for I say to myself, 'If I love Christ and live a good, honest useful life I am elected to be saved; and if I do not love Christ, and live a bad life, I will be ruined, and all the theological seminaries of the universe cannot make it any different.' I floundered along while in the sea of sin and doubt, and it was as rough as the Mediterranean on the fourteenth night, when they threw the grain overboard, but I saw there was mercy for a sinner, and that plank I took, and I have been warming myself by the bright fire on the shore ever since.

"While I am talking to another man about his soul he tells me: 'I do not become a Christian because I do not believe there is any place of future punishment.' Ah! don't you? Do all the people of all beliefs and no belief at all, of good morals and bad morals, go straight to a happy heaven? Do the holy and the debauched have the same destination? At midnight, in a hallway, the owner of a house and a burglar meet; they both fire, and both are wounded, but the burglar dies in five minutes and the owner of the house lives a week after; will the burglar be at the gate of heaven, waiting, when the house-owner comes in? Will the debauchee and the libertine go right in among the families of heaven? I wonder if Herod is playing on the banks of the river of life with the children he massacred. I wonder if Charles Guiteau and John Wilkes Booth are up there shooting at a mark. I do not now controvert it, although I must say that for such a miserable heaven I have no admiration.

Seek Christ in Your Own Way.

"But the Bible does not say: 'Believe in perdition and be saved.' Because all are saved, according to your theory, that ought not to keep you from loving and serving Christ. Do not refuse to come ashore because all the others, according to your theory, are going to get ashore. You may have a different theory about chemistry, about astronomy, about the atmosphere, from that which others adopt, but you are not, therefore, hindered from action. Because your theory of light is different from others, do not refuse to open your eyes. Because your theory of air is different you do not refuse to breathe. Because your theory about the stellar system is different, you do not refuse to acknowledge the north star. Why should the fact that your theological theories are different hinder you from acting upon what you know? If you have not a whole ship fastened in the theological drydocks to bring you to wharfage, you have at least a plank. 'Some on broken pieces of the ship.'

"'But I don't believe in revivals!' Then go to your room, and all alone, with your door locked, give your heart to God, and join some church where the thermometer never gets higher than fifty in the shade.

"'But I do not believe in baptism!' Come in without and settle that matter afterward. 'But there are so many inconsistent Christians!' Then come in and show them by a good example how professors should act. 'But I don't believe in the Old Testament!' Then come in on the New. 'But I don't like the Book of Romans!' Then come in on Matthew or Luke. Refusing to come to Christ, whom you admit to be the Saviour of the lost, because you cannot admit other things, you are like a man out there in that Mediterranean tempest, and tossed in the Melita breakers, refusing to come ashore until he can mend the pieces of the broken ship. I hear him say: 'I won't go in on any of these planks until I know in what part of the ship they belong. When I can get the windlass in the right place, and the sails set, and that keel-piece where it belongs, and that floor-timber right, and these ropes untangled, I will go ashore. I am an old sailor, and know all about ships for forty years, and as soon as I can get the vessel afloat in good shape I will come in.' A man drifting by on a piece of wood overhears him and says: 'You will drown before you get that ship reconstructed. Better do as I am doing. I know nothing about ships, and never saw one before I came on board this, and I cannot swim a stroke, but I am going ashore on this shivered timber.' The man in the offing, while trying to mend his ship, goes down. The man who trusted to the plank is saved. Oh, my brother, let your smashed-up system of theology go to the bottom, while you come in on a splintered spar! 'Some on broken pieces of the ship.'

"You may get all your difficulties settled as Garibaldi, the magnetic Italian, got his gardens made. When the war between Austria and Sardinia broke out he was living at Caprera, a very rough and uncultured island home. But he went forth with his sword to achieve the liberation of Naples and Sicily, and gave 9,000,000 people free government, under Victor Emmanuel. Garibaldi, after being absent two years from Caprera, returned, and, when he approached it, he found that his home had, by Victor Emmanuel, as a surprise, been Edenized. Trimmed shrubbery had taken the place of thorny thickets, gardens the place of barrenness, and the old rookery in which he once lived had given way to a pictured mansion. And I tell you if you will come and enlist under the banner of our Victor Emmanuel, and follow him through thick and thin, and fight his battles, and endure his sacrifices, you will find after awhile that he has changed your heart from a jungle of thorny skepticism into a garden all a-bloom with luxuriant joy that you have never dreamt of. From a tangled Caprera of sadness into a paradise of God.

Some Get a Bad Start.

"I do not know how your theological system went to pieces. It may be that your parents started you with only one plank, and you believe little or nothing. Or they may have been too rigid and severe in religious discipline, and cracked you over the head with a psalm book. It may be that some partner in business who was a member of an evangelical church played on you a trick that disgusted you with religion. It may be that you have associates who have talked against Christianity in your presence until you are 'all at sea,' and you dwell more on things that you do not believe than on things you do believe. You are in one respect like Lord Nelson, when a signal was lifted that he wished to disregard, and he put his seaglass to his blind eye, and said: 'I really do not see the signal.' Oh, my hearer, put this fieldglass of the gospel no longer to your blind eye, and say, I cannot see, but put it to your other eye, the eye of faith, and you will see Christ, and He is all you need to see.

"If you can believe nothing else, you certainly believe in vicarious suffering, for you see it almost every day in some shape. The steamship Knickerbocker, of the Cromwell line, running between New Orleans and New York, was in great storms, and the captain and crew saw the schooner Mary D. Cranmer, of Philadelphia, in distress. The weather cold, the waves mountain high, the first officer of the steamship and four men put out in a lifeboat to save the crew of the schoner, and reached the vessel and towed it out of danger, the wind shifting so that the schooner was saved. But the five men of the steamship coming back, their boat capsized, yet righted again and came on, the sailors coated with ice. The boat capsized again, and three times upset and was righted, and a line was thrown the poor fellows, but their hands were frozen so they could not grasp it, and a great wave rolled over them, and they went down, never to rise again till the sea gives up its dead. Appreciate that heroism and self-sacrifice of the brave fellows all who can, and can we not appreciate the Christ who put out into a more biting cold and into a more overwhelming surge, to bring us out of infinite peril into everlasting safety? The wave of human hate rolled over him from one side and the wave of hellish fury rolled over him on the other side. Oh, the thickness of the night and the thunder of the tempest into which Christ plunged for our rescue!

Sure of a Hearty Welcome.

"Come in on one narrow beam of the cross. Let all else go and cling to that; put that under you, and with the earnestness of a swimmer struggling for his life put out for shore. There is a great warm fire of welcome already built, and already many who were as far out as you are are standing in its genial and heavenly glow. The angels of God's rescue are wading out into the surf to clutch your hand, and they know how exhausted you are, and all the redeemed prodigals of heaven are on the beach with new white robes to clothe all those who come in on broken pieces of the ship.

"My sympathies are for such all the more because I was naturally skeptical disposed to question everything about this life and the next, and was in danger of being further out to sea than any of the two hundred and seventy-six in the Mediterranean breakers, and I was sometimes the annoyance of my theological professor because I asked so many questions. But I came in on a plank. I knew Christ was the Saviour of sinners, and that I was a sinner, and I got ashore, and I do not propose to go out on that sea again. I have not for thirty minutes discussed the controverted points of theology in thirty years, and during the rest of my life I do not propose to discuss them for thirty seconds.

"I would rather, in a mud-scow, try to weather the worst cyclone that ever swept up from the Caribbean than risk my immortal soul in useless and perilous discussions in which some of my brethren in the ministry are indulging. They remind me of a company of sailors standing on the Ramsgate pier-head, from which the life-boats are usually launched, and coolly discussing the different styles of oar-locks and how deep a boat ought to set in the water while a hurricane is in full blast, and there are three steamers crowded with passengers going to pieces in the offing. An old tar, the muscles of his face working with nervous excitement, cries out: 'This is no time to discuss such things. Man the lifeboat. Who will volunteer? Out with her into the surf! Pull my lads; pull for the wreck! Ha! ha! Now we have them. Lift them in and lay them down on the bottom of the boat. Jack, you try to bring them to. Put these flannels around their hands and feet, and I will pull for the shore. God help me! There! Landed! Huzza!' When there are so many struggling in the waves of sin and sorrow and wretchedness, let all else go but salvation for time and salvation forever.

To Enter the Harbor of Heaven.

"I bethink myself that there are some here whose opportunity or whose life is a mere wreck, and they have only a small piece left. You started in youth with all sails set, and everything promised a grand voyage, but you have sailed in the wrong direction, or have foundered on a rock. You have only a fragment of time left. Then come in on that one plank. 'Some on broken pieces of the ship.'

"You admit you are all broken up, one decade of your life gone by, two decades, three decades, four decades, a half century, perhaps three-quarters of a century gone. The hour hand and the minute hand of your clock of life are almost parallel, and soon it will be twelve and your day ended. Clear discouraged are you? I admit it is a sad thing to give all of our lives that are worth anything to sin and the devil, and then at last make God a present of a first-rate corpse. But the past you cannot recover. Get on board that old ship you never will. Have you only one more year left, one more month, one more week, one more day, one more hour—come in on that. Perhaps if you get to heaven God may let you go out on some great mission to some other world, where you can somewhat atone for your lack of service in this.

"From many a deathbed I have seen the hands thrown up in deploration something like this: 'My life has been wasted. I had good mental faculties and fine social position and great opportunity, but through worldliness and neglect all has gone to waste save these few remaining hours. I now accept of Christ and shall enter heaven through his mercy; but alas, alas! that when I might have entered the haven of eternal rest with a full cargo, and been greeted by the waving hands of a multitude in whose salvation I had borne a blessed part, I must confess I now enter the harbor of heaven on broken pieces of the ship.'"

BRYAN WILL START A PAPER.

The Commoner Will Uphold and Defend the Kansas City Platform.

Lincoln, Nebr., Dec. 15.—William J. Bryan gave out to-day the following statement:

"I have for several years had in contemplation the establishment of a weekly newspaper, and this seems an opportune time for undertaking it. Intending to devote my life to the study and discussion of public questions, I have taken this method, because it will best accomplish the purpose which I have in view. Through a paper I will be able to keep in touch with social, economic, and political problems. The paper will, at the same time, if successful, provide an income sufficient for my pecuniary needs, and this kind of work will allow me more time with my family than I have been able to enjoy for several years past.

"I expect to lecture occasionally, especially in college towns, where I can speak to students; but my principal work will be done with the pen; or, perhaps I should say, with the pencil.

"The paper will be called the Commoner, and will defend the principles set forth in the Kansas City platform. I shall be publisher and editor. Place of publication Lincoln."

The exact date of the first issue of the Commoner has not been decided upon, nor is Mr. Bryan ready to announce the membership of his staff. He said this evening, however, he had arranged for such assistance as he would require. For the present, he said, the mechanical work will be done in a city printing house. The size and make-up of the paper is yet to be determined. Mr. Bryan, immediately after Christmas, expects to go to Florida to be present at the inauguration of his cousin, Gov.-elect Jennings, and on his return will devote his time to his newspaper venture.

Paris Exposition a Losing Venture.

Paris, Dec. 15.—The official report of the finances of the exposition shows a loss of two million francs. The total of expenditures is 116,500,000 francs. The receipts amounted to 114,500,000 francs. The loss is less than in the case of either of the preceding expositions

The Washington Weekly Post,

Washington, D. C.

Independent in Politics, Published at the National Capital.

One year, 75 cents; six months, 40 cents.

The Weekly Post devotes one entire page to the daily proceedings of Congress.

Keep posted on what your Congressman is doing.

CLUBBING LIST FOR 1901:

Your home paper clubs with The Weekly Post. Write them for rates.

MAGAZINES.	Price Alone.	With Weekly Post.
Carter's Monthly	$1.00	$1.30
Cassell's Magazine	1.50	1.70
Century	4.00	4.00
Chautauquan	2.00	2.30
Cosmopolitan	1.00	1.30
Demorest	1.00	1.25
Forum	3.00	3.25
Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly	1.00	1.30
Gentlewoman	1.00	.85
Home Magazine	1.00	1.00
International	1.00	1.25
Ladies' World	.40	.85
McClure	1.00	1.35
Munsey	1.00	1.35
Recreation	1.00	1.00
Review of Reviews	2.50	2.50
Scribner	3.00	3.00

WEEKLIES.	Price Alone.	With Weekly Post.
Atlanta Constitution	$1.00	$1.40
Cincinnati Enquirer	.75	1.15
Detroit Free Press	1.00	1.15
Louisville Commercial	.50	.90
Louisville Dispatch	.50	.90
Memphis Commercial Appeal	.50	.90
New York World (thrice a week)	1.00	1.30
Richmond Times (twice a week)	1.00	1.15
St. Louis Globe-Democrat	1.00	1.40
St. Louis Republic	1.00	1.40
Woman's Home Companion	1.00	1.10
Youth's Companion (to new subscribers only)	1.75	1.80

FARMING PAPERS.	Price Alone.	With Weekly Post.
American Agriculturist	$1.00	$1.00
Dairy World	1.00	1.00
Farm and Fireside	.50	.85
Farmers' Home Journal	1.00	1.55
Farm Journal (5-year subscriptions)	.50	1.00
Farm and Home	.50	.85
Home and Farm	.50	.85
Ohio Farmer	.60	1.00
Practical Farmer	1.00	1.00
Southern Cultivator	1.00	1.00
Southern Fancier	.50	.85
Southern Planter	.50	.95
Western Garden and Poultry Journal	.50	.85

For free sample copies address the publisher of each paper direct. Address all orders to

THE WEEKLY POST,
Washington, D. C.

The Weekly Post,

Washington, D. C.

WITH

The American Agriculturist,

(Published Weekly.)

A National Newspaper, 52 issues a year, with an ideal family and farm paper, 52 issues a year. The two papers for less than

TWO CENTS A WEEK.

$1.00 The Weekly Post WITH **American Agriculturist** AND **"Home Made Contrivances,"**

All sent postage paid for $1.00.

$1.00 The Weekly Post WITH **American Agriculturist** AND **"Profits in Poultry,"**

All sent postage paid for $1.00.

$1.00 The Weekly Post WITH **American Agriculturist** AND **"The Family Horse,"**

All sent postage paid for $1.00.

$1.00 The Weekly Post WITH **American Agriculturist** AND **"Keeping One Cow,"**

All sent postage paid for $1.00.

$1.00 The Weekly Post WITH **American Agriculturist** AND **"Secrets of Health,"**

All sent postage paid for $1.00.

Address all orders to

THE WEEKLY POST,
Washington, D. C.

OSWALD OTTENDORFFER DEAD.

Editor of the New York Staats Zeitung and a Leader in Politics.

New York, Dec. 15.—Oswald Ottendorffer, editor of the Staats Zeitung, died at his home in this city to-day.

Oswald Ottendorffer was born February 26, 1826, in Zwittau, Austria. In 1846 he entered the University of Vienna. When the fight for the liberation of Schleswig-Holstein from Danish rule began he joined the ranks of the volunteers. After the contest was over he joined the revolutionary forces in Vienna. When this movement was defeated, he escaped from the city and went to Saxony with the intention of entering the University of Leipsic. Fearing extradition to Austria, he gave up the plan and emigrated to the United States, where he began life as a laborer.

On becoming a naturalized citizen he connected himself with the Democratic party. In 1851 he entered the employ of the Staats Zeitung, and in 1858 became its editor. In August, 1859, he married the widow of Jacob Uhl, former proprietor of the newspaper. He became president of the Liederkranz Singing Society, an incorporator of the German Savings Bank and the Germania Fire Insurance Company. Mr. Ottendorffer entered actively in political life, and in 1860 was sent as a Douglas delegate to the Democratic National Convention in Charleston. When the Republicans nominated Abraham Lincoln, Ottendorffer opposed the fusion of the other factions. After Lincoln's election he worked hard to maintain peace and opposed secession