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REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "The Wall of Heaven."

TEXT: *"The foundations of the wall of the city were garnished with all manner of precious stones."*—Revelation xxi., 19.

Shall I be frank and tell you what are my designs on you to-day? They are to make you homesick for heaven; to console you concerning your departed Christian friends by giving you some idea of the brilliancy of the scenes in which they now commingle; to give all who love the Lord a more elevated idea as to where they are going to pass the most of the years of their existence, and to set all the indifferent and neglected to quick and immediate preparation, that they may have it likewise.

Yea, it is to induce many of our young people to study a volume of God that few ever open, but without some acquaintance with which it is impossible to understand the Bible—I mean the precious stones, their crystalization, their powers of refraction, their cleavage, their fracture, their luster, their phosphoresence, their transparency, their infinity of color and shape, and what they had to do with the welfare and doom of families and the destiny of nations—aye, the positive revelation they make of God Himself.

My text stands us in the presence of the most stupendous splendor of the universe, and that is the wall of heaven, and says of its foundations that they are garnished with all manner of precious stones. All the ancient cities had walls for safety, and heaven has a wall for everlasting safety. You may say that a wall made up of all manner of precious stones is figurative, but you cannot understand the force and significance of the figure unless you know something about the real structure and color and value of the precious stones mentioned.

Now, I propose this morning, so far as the Lord may help me, to attempt to climb not the wall of heaven, but the foundations of the wall, and I ask you to join me in the attempt to scale some of the heights. We shall only get part of the way up, but better that than to stay down on the stupid level where the most of us have all our lives been standing. We begin clear down at the bottom and where the wall begins.

The first layer of the foundation, reaching all around the city and for 1500 miles, is a layer of jasper. Indeed there is more of jasper in the wall of heaven than of any other brilliant, because it not only composes a part of the foundation, but makes up the chief part of the superstructure. The jasper is a congregation of many colors. It is brown, it is yellow, it is green, it is vermilion, it is red, it is purple, it is black, and is so striped with colors that much of it is called ribbon jasper.

It is found in Siberia and Egypt, but it is rare in most lands and of great value, for it is so hard the ordinary processes cannot break it off from the places where it has been deposited. The workmen bore holes into the rock of jasper, then drive into these holes sticks of dry birch wood, and then saturate the sticks and keep them saturated until they swell enough to split the rock, and the fragments are brought out and polished and transported and cut into cameos and put behind the glass doors of museums.

The portraits of Roman emperors were cut into it. The finest intaglio ever seen is in the Vatican museum, the head of Minerva in jasper. By divine arrangement jasper adorned the breastplate of the high priest in the ancient temple. But its most significant position is where it glows and burns and darkens and brightens and preaches from the lowest stratum of the wall of heaven. Glad am I that the very first row of stones in the wall of heaven is jasper of many colors, and if you like purple it is purple, and if you like brown it is brown, and if you like green it is green, and if you like ocher yellow it is ocher yellow, and if you like vermillion it is vermillion, and if you like black it is black. It suggests to me that heaven is a place of all colors—colors of opinion, colors of creed, colors of skin, colors of taste.

But we must pass up in this inspection of the foundations of the great wall of heaven, and after leaving the jasper the next precious stone reached is sapphire, and it sweeps around the city 1500 miles. All lapidaries agree in saying that the sapphire of the Bible is what we now call lapis lazuli. Job speaks with emotion of "The place of sapphires," and God thought so much of this precious stone that He put it in the breastplate of the high priest commanding, "The second row shall be an emerald, a sapphire and a diamond."

The sapphire is a blue, but varies from faintest hue to deepest ultramarine. It is found a pebble in the rivers of Ceylon. It is elsewhere in compact masses. Persia and Thibet and Burmah and New South Wales and North Carolina yield exquisite specimens. Its blue eye is seen in the valley of the Rhine. After a burial of thousands of years it has been brought to sight in Egyptian monuments and Assyrian cylinders.

At Moscow and St. Petersburg and Constantinope I have seen great masses of this sapphire, commonly called lapis lazuli. The closer you study its veins the more enchanting, and I do not wonder that the sapphire is called into the foundation of the wall of heaven. It makes a strong stone for the foundation, for it is the hardest of all minerals except the diamond.

Sapphire based on jasper, a blue sky over a fiery sunset. St. John points to it in Revelation and says, "The second, sapphire," and this suggests to me that though our earth and all its furniture of mountains and seas and atmospheres are to collapse and vanish we will throughout all eternity have in some way kept the most beautiful of earthly appearances, whether you take this sapphire of the second layer as literal or figurative. The deep blue of our skies and the deep blue of our seas must not, will not, be forgotten. If a thousand years after the world has gone to ashes you or I want to recall how the earthly skies looked in a summer noon or the midocean in a calm, we will have only to look at the second row of the foundation of the wall of heaven.

Oh, I am so glad that St. John told us about it! "The second, sapphire!" While we are living in sight of that wall spirits who have come from other worlds and who never saw our earth will visit us, and we will visit them, and some time we will be in conversation about this earth when it was yet afloat and aswing, and we shall want to tell them about how it looked at certain times, and then it will be a great object lesson for all eternity, and we will say to our visitor from some other world, as we point toward the wall of heaven, "It looked like that stratum of foundation next to the lowest." John, twenty-first chapter and nineteenth verse, "The second sapphire."

A step higher and you come to chalcedony, another layer in the foundation of the wall and the running 1500 miles around the heavenly city. Chalcedony! Translucent. A divine mixture of agates and opals and cornelians. Striped with white and gray. Dashed of pallor blushing into red and darkening into purple. Ice and and the Hebrides hold forth beautiful specimens of chalcedony.

But now we must make a swift ascent to the top of the foundation wall, for we cannot minutely examine all the layers, and so, putting one foot on the chalcedony of which we have been speaking, we spring to the emerald, and we are one-third of the way to the top of the foundation, for the fourth row is emerald. That, I would judge, is God's favorite among gems, because it holds what seems evident is His favorite color on earth, the green, since that is the color most widely diffused across all the earth's continents—the grass, the foliage, the everyday dress of nature. The emerald! Kings use it as a seal to stamp pronunciamentos. The rainbow around the throne of God is by St. John compared to it.

Conquerors have considered it the greatest prize to capture. What ruthlessness when the soldiers of Pizarro pounded it with their hammers! Emeralds have had much to do with the destiny of Mexico. Five of them were presented by Cortez to his bride, one of them cut into the shape of a rose, another into the shape of a trumpet, another into the shape of a bell, with tongue of pearl, and this presentation aroused the jealously of the throne and caused the consequent fall of Cortez. But the depths of the sea were decorated with those emeralds, for in a shipwreck they went down off the coast of Barbary. Napoleon wore an emerald at Austerlitz.

In the Kremin museum at Moscow there are crowns and scepters and outspread miracles of emerald. Ireland is called the Emerald Isle not because of its verdure, but because it was presented to Henry II of England with an emerald ring. Nero had a magnifying glass of emerald through which he looked at the gladiatorial contests at Rome. But here are 1500 miles of emerald sweeping around the heavenly city in one layer.

But upward still and you put your foot on a stratum of sardonyx, white and red, a seeming commingling of snow and fire, the snow cooling the fire, the fire melting the snow.

Another climb and you reach the sardius, named after the city of Sardius. Another climb and you reach the chrysolite. A specimen of this, belonging to Epinhanus, in the Fourth Century, was said to be so brilliant that whatever was put over to conceal it was shone through, and the emperor of China has a specimen that is described as having such penetrating radiance that it makes the night as bright as the day.

A higher climb and you reach the beryl. Two thousand years ago the Greeks used this precious stone for engraving purposes. It was accounted among the royal treasures of Tyre. The hilt of Murat's sword was adorned with it. It glows in the imperial crown of Great Britain. Luther thought the beryls of the heavenly wall was turquoise. Kalisch thought it was chrysolite. Josephus thought it a golden colored jewel. The wheels of Ezekiel's vision flamed with beryl and were a revolving fire.

The beryl appears in six sided prisms, and is set in seals and intagliios, in necklaces and coronets. It was the joy of ancient jewelry. It ornamented the affluent with eardrops. Charlemagne presented it to his favorite. Beautiful beryl! Exquisitely shaped beryl! Divinely colored beryl! It seems like congealed color. It looks like frozen fire.

But stop not here. Climb higher and you come to topaz, a bewilderment of beauty and named after an island of the Red Sea.

Climb higher and you come to chrysoprasus, of greenish golden hue and hard as flint.

Climb higher and you reach the jacinth, named after the flower hyacinth and of reddish blue.

Take one more step and you reach the top, not of the wall, but the top of the foundation of the wall, and St. John cries out, "The twelfth an amethyst!" This precious stone when found in Australia or India or Europe stands in columns and pyramids. For color it is a violet blooming in stone. For its play of light, for its deep mysteries of color, for its unseen Egyptians, in Etruscan, in Roman art it has been honored. The Greeks thought this stone a preventive of drunkenness. The Hebrews thought it a source of pleasant dreams.

For all lovers of gems it is a subject of admiration and suggestiveness. Yes, the word amethyst means a prevention of drunkenness. Long before the New Testament made reference to the amethyst in the wall of heaven the Persians thought that cups made out of amethyst would hinder any kind of liquor contained therein from becoming intoxicating. But of all the amethystine cups from which the ancients drank not one had any such result of prevention.

For thousands of years the world has been looking in vain for such a preventive amethystine cup. Staggering Noah could not find it. Convivial Ahasuerus driving Vashti from the gates could not find it. Nabal breaking the heart of beautiful Abigail could not find it. Belshazzar, the kingly reveler, on the night that the Chaldeans took Babylon could not find it. Not one of the millions of inebriates whose skulls pave the continents and pave the depths of the sea could find it. There is no such cup. Strong drink from hollowed amethyst imbrutes the same as strong drink from pewter mug. It is not the style of cup we drink out of, but that which the cup contains, which decides the helpful or damning result of the beverage.

All around the world last night and today, out of cups costlier than amethyst, men and women have been drinking their own doom and the doom of their children for this life and the next. Ah, it is the amethystine cups that do the wildest and worst slaughter! The smash of the filthy goblets of the rummeries would long ago have taken place by law, but the amethystine chalices prevent—the chalices out of which legislatures, congresses drink before and after they make the laws. Amethystine chalices have been the friends of intoxication instead of its foes. Over the fiery lips of the amethystine chalices is thrust the tongue of that which biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder.

Drunkenness is a combination of apoplexy and demehtia. The 400,000,000 victims of opium come out to meet the 15,000,000 victims of alcohol, and the two agents take the contract for tumbling the human race into perdition, but whether they will succeed in fulfilling the contract depends on the action of the amethystine cups, the amethystine demijohns, the amethystine ale pitchers, the amethystine flagons, the amethystine wine cellars. Oh, Persians! Oh, Assyrians! Oh, Greeks! Oh, Egyptians! you were wrong in thinking that a cup of amethyst would prevent inebriation.

But standing on the top of this amethystine layer of the foundation of the wall of heaven I bethink myself of the mistake that many of the ancient Hebrews made when they thought that the amethyst was a producer of pleasant dreams. Just wear a piece of amethyst over your heart or put it under your pillow, and you would have your dreams filled with everything beautiful and entrancing. No, no. The style of pillow will not decide the character of the dream. The only recipe for pleasant dreams is to do right and think right when you are wide awake. Conditions of physical disease may give a good man nightmare, but a man physically well, if he behave himself aright, will not be troubled with bad dreams.

Nebuchadnezzar, with eagle's down under his head and Tyrian purple over it, struggled with a bad dream that made him shriek out for the soothsayers and astrologers to come and interpret it. Pharaoh, amid the marble palaces of Memphis, was confounded by a dream in which lean cows ate up the fat cows and the small ears of corn devoured the seven large ears, and awful famine was prefigured. Pilate's wife, amid clouds of richest upholstery, had a startling dream, because of which she sent a message in hot haste to a courtroom to keep her husband from enacting a judicial outrage. But Jacob, at Bethel, with a pillow of mountain rock, had a blissful dream of the ladder angel blossoming.

Bunyan, with his head on a hard plank of Bedford's jail, saw the gates of the Celestial city. St. John, on the barrenest island of the Ægean Sea, in his dream heard trumpets and saw cavalry men on white horses and a new heaven and a new earth. No amount of rough pillow can disturb the night vision of a saint, and no amount of amethystine charm can delectate the dream of a miscreant.

But, some one will say, why have you brought us to this amethyst, the top row of the foundation of the heavenly wall, if you are not able to accept the theory of the ancient Greeks, who said that the amethyst was a charm against intoxication, or if you are not willing to accept the theory of the ancient Hebrews that the amethyst was a producer of pleasant dreams? My answer is, I have brought you to the top row, the twelfth layer of the foundation of the heavenly wall of 1500 miles of circling ametoyst, to put you in a position where you can get a new idea of heaven; to let you see that after you have climbed up twelve strata of glory you are only at the base of the eternal grandeur; to let you, with enchantment of soul, look far down and look far up and to force upon you the conclusion that if all our climbing has only shown us the foundations of this wall, what must the wall itself be; and if this is the outside of heaven, what must the inside be; and if all this is figurative, what must the reality be; Oh, this piled up magnificence of the heavenly wall! Oh, this eternity of decoration! Oh, this opalescent, florescent, prismatic miracle of architecture! What enthronement of all colors! A mingling of the blue of skies, and the surf of seas, and the green of meadows, and the upholstery of autumnal forests, and the fire of August sunsets. All the splendors of earth and heaven dashed into those twelve rows of foundation wall. All that, mark you, only typical of the spiritual glories that roll over heaven like the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans swing in one billow.

Do you not see that it was impossible that you understand a hundredth part of the suggestiveness of that twenty-first chapter of Revelation without going into some of the particulars of the wall of heaven and dipping up some of its dripping colors, and running your eye along some of its wondrous crystallizations, and examining some of the frozen light in its turquoise, and feeling with your own finger the hardness of its sapphire, and shielding your eyes against the shimmering brilliance in its beryl, and studying the 1500 miles of emerald without a flaw? Yet all this only the outside of heaven, and the poorest part of the outside; not the wall itself, but only the foot of the wall, for my text says, "The foundations of the wall of the city were garnished with all manner of precious stones." Oh, get down your harp if you can play one! Get down a palm branch if you can reach one! Why, it makes us all feel like crying out with James Montgomery:

> When shall these eyes thy heaven built walls
> And pearly gates behold?

Oh, my soul! If my text shows us only the outside, what must the inside be? While riding last summer through the emperor's park near St. Petersburg, I was captivated with graves, transplanted from all zones, and the flower beds—miles this way and miles that way—incarnadined with beauty, and the fountains bounding in such revel with the sunlight as nowhere else is seen, I said: "This is beautiful. I never saw anything like this before."

But when I entered the palace and saw the pictured walls, and the long line of statuary, and aquariums afloat with all bright scales, and aviaries a-chant with bird voices, and the inner doors of the palaces were swung back by the chamberlain, and I saw the emperor and empress and princes and princesses, and they greeted me with a cordiality of old acquaintanceship, I forget all the groves and floral bewitchment I had seen outside before entrance. And now I ask, if the outside of heaven attracts our souls to-day, how much more will be the uplifting when we get inside and see the King in His beauty and all the princes and princesses of the palaces of amethyst?

Are you not glad that we did not stop in our ascent this morning until we got to the top round of the foundation wall of heaven, the twelfth row, the amethyst! Perhaps the ancient Hebrews were not, after all, so far out of the way when they thought that the touch of the amethyst gave pleasant dreams, for the touch of it this hour gives me a very pleasant dream. Standing on this amethyst I dream a dream. I close my eyes and I see it all. We are there. This is heaven! Not the outside, but the inside of heaven.

With what warmth of welcome our long ago departed loved ones have kissed us. My! How they have changed in looks! They were so sick when they went away, and now they are so well. Look! Yonder is the place of our Lord the King. Not kept a moment outside we are ushered into the throneroom. Stretching out His scarred hand He says, "I have loved thee with an everlasting love," and we respond, "Whom have I in heaven but Thee?"

But, look! Yonder is the playground of the children. Children do you want a throne. A throne would not fit a child. There they are on the playgrounds of heaven—the children. Out of the sick cradle of earth they came into this romping mirth of the eternal playgrounds. I clap my hands to cheer them in the glee. Yonder are the palaces of the martyrs, and before their doorway the flowers, crimson as the bloody martyrdoms through which they waded up into glory. Yonder is Apostolic row, and the highest turrets is over the home of Paul. Here is Evangelist place. Yonder are the concert halls in which the musicians of earth and heaven are taking part—Handel with organ, and David with harp, and Gabriel with trumpet, and four and twenty elders with voices.

And an angel of God says: "Where shall I take you? On what street of heaven would you like to live? What celestial habitation would you like to occupy?" And I answer: "Now that I have got inside the wall made up of all manner of precious stones I do not care where you put me. Just show me where my departed loved ones are. I have seen the Lord, and next I want to see them.

"But here are those with whom I toiled in the kingdom of God on earth. They are from my old parishes at Belleville and Syracuse and Philadelphia and Brooklyn, and from many places on both sides the sea where I have been permitted to work with them and for them. Give them the best places you can find. I will help steady them as they mount the thrones. I will help you burnish their coronets.

"Take these, my old friends, to as good rooms as you can get for them in the house of many mansions, and with windows looking out upon the palace of the great King. As for myself, anywhere in heaven is good enough for me. Halleluiah to the Lamb that was slain." But I awake. In the ecstasy of the momont my foot slipped from the layer of amethyst, that so called producer of dreams, and in the effort to catch myself the vision vanished. And, lo, it was but a dream!

Lunatics Do Not Shed Tears.

One of the most curious facts connected with madness is the utter absence of tears amid the insane. Whatever the form of the madness, tears are conspicuous by their absence, as much in the depression of melancholy or excitement of mania as in the utter apathy of dementia.

If a patient in a lunatic asylum be discovered in tears it will be found that it is one beginning to recover or an emotional outbreak in an epileptic who is scarcely truly insane; while actual insane persons appear to have lost the power of weeping, it is only returning reason which can once more unloose the fountains of their tears.

Even when a lunatic is telling one in fervid language how she had been deprived of her children, or the outrages that have been perpetrated on herself, her eye is never even moist. The ready gush of tears which accompanies the plaint of the same woman contrasts strangely with the dry-eyed appeal of the talkative lunatic. It would indeed seem that tears give relief to feelings which, when pent up, lead to madness. It is one of the privileges of reason to be able to weep. Amid all the misery of the insane they find no relief in tears.

Our boldest bridge jumpers were outdone by a "Sam" Patch of the Middle Ages, the Austrian Knight Harras, who survived a leap from the top of a cliff to the valley of the Zohoppan River, a vertical distance of 400 feet.

The Berlin Telephone exchange has 7000 wires in connection.

JAMES G. BLAINE

His Public Career From Manhood to Old Age.

TRIUMPHS AND REVERSES.

His Early Life as a School Teacher and a Journalist.

Beginning of His Political Career—Speaker, Senator, Secretary of State, Presidential Candidate and Historian—His Bereavements and Ill-Fated House in Washington—The Blaine Household.

JAMES G. BLAINE—FROM HIS LAST PHOTOGRAPH, TAKEN IN 1892.

James Gillespie Blaine was born on the 31st of January, 1830, at West Brownsville, Penn., in a house built by his great-grandfather before the War of the Revolution, which still stands. The Gillespies and Blaines were people of standing before the Revolution. Colonel Blaine, who was commissary-general of the Northern Department of Washington's army during the Revolution, was James G. Blaine's great-grandfather. When eleven years old, he went to live with uncle, Thomas Ewing, in Ohio, where his mother's father, Neal Gillespie, an accomplished scholar, directed his studies. Later he attended Washington College, at Washington, Penn., graduating at the age of seventeen.

After leaving college he taught school at Blue Lick Springs, Ky. It was as a professor in the military school there that he made the acquaintance of the lady—a school teacher from Maine—who afterward became his wife. Later he went to Philadelphia, where he taught school and studied law. But after two years he abandoned law studies, went to Maine, and became proprietor and editor of the Kennebec Journal.

At the birth of the Republican Party he was a delegate to the Philadelphia Convention in 1856, which nominated Fremont. After serving as Speaker of the Maine Legislature, he was sent to Congress and began his National career in 1862, with the outbreak of the war. During the Forty-first Forty-second and Forty-third Congresses he was Speaker of the House.

Mr. Blaine's administration of the Speakership is commonly regarded as one of the most brilliant and successful in the annals of the House. He had rare aptitude and equipment for the duties of presiding officer, and his complete mastery of Parliamentary law, his dexterity and physical endurance, his rapid dispatch of business, and his firm and impartial spirit were recognized on all sides. It was during his occupancy of the Speaker's chair in 1874 that he took the floor and succeeded in defeating the passage of the original "Force bill."

The political revulsion of 1874 placed the Democrats in control of the House, and Mr. Blaine became the leader of the minority. The session preceding the Presidential contest of 1876 was a period of stormy and vehement contention. On the 21 of May a resolution was adopted in the House to investigate an alleged purchase by the Union Pacific Railroad Company of certain bonds of the Little Rock and Fort Smith Railroad Company. It soon became evident that the investigation was aimed at Mr. Blaine. An extended business correspondence on his part with Warren Fisher, of Boston, running through years and relating to various transactions, had fallen into the hands of a clerk named Mulligan, and it was alleged that the production of this correspondence would confirm the imputation against Mr. Blaine. When Mulligan was summoned to Washington Mr. Blaine possessed himself of the letters, together with memorandum that contained a full index and abstract. On the 5th of June, 1876, he rose to a personal explanation, and after denying the power of the House to compel the production of his private papers, and his willingness to go to any extremity in defense of his rights, he declared that he proposed to reserve nothing. Holding up the letters he exclaimed:

"Thank God, I am not ashamed to show them. There is the very original package. And with some sense of humiliation, with a mortification I do not attempt to conceal, with a sense of outrage which I think any man in my position would feel, I invite the confidence of 40,000,000 of my countrymen while I read these letters from my desk." The demonstration closed with a dramatic scene. Josiah Caldwell, one of the originators of the Little Rock and Fort Smith Railroad, who had full knowledge of the whole transaction, was traveling in Europe and both sides were seeking to communicate with him. After finishing the reading of the letters Mr. Blaine turned to the Chairman of the Committee and demanded to know whether he had received any dispatch from Mr. Caldwell. Receiving an evasive answer Mr. Blaine asserted, as within his own knowledge, that the Chairman had received such a dispatch "completely and absolutely exonerating me from this charge and you have suppressed it."

MR. BLAINE'S RESIDENCE IN WASHINGTON, D. C.

In 1875 Mr. Blaine was appointed to the Senate to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Senator Morrill, and the next winter was elected by the Legislature to the succeeding term. His career in the Senate was both brilliant and distinguished, as it had been in the House. He was called from the Senate to enter President Garfield's Cabinet as Secretary of State. It was while passing through the railroad depot leaning on Mr. Blaine's arm and pleasantly chatting with him about his coming holiday that Garfield received the assassin's fatal bullet. The death of Mr. Garfield led to Mr. Blaine's retirement from the Cabinet, in December, 1882. From that date until he entered Mr. Harrison's Cabinet as Secretary of State, he was in private life except during his campaign for the Presidency in 1884.

During his retirement Mr. Blaine wrote his "Twenty Years in Congress," a work of great historical value. It was in accordance with his original suggestion and due to his earnest efforts that provision was made in the McKinley bill for the reciprocity treaties which formed such prominent features of National policy. The Samoan difficulties, the complications arising out of the lynching of Italians at New Orleans, and the killing of American seamen at Valparaiso were also disposed of while Mr. Blaine was at the head of the State Department. The events preceding and attending the recent Minneapolis Convention are too recent almost to need recounting. Mr. Blaine was induced to permit his name to be used as a candidate, and resigned his place in the Cabinet. Whether in public position or in private life, he always remained a central figure in National affairs.

MRS. JAMES G. BLAINE.

BLAINE'S LIFE IN WASHINGTON.

For nearly thirty years Mr. Blaine has been a resident of Washington. While he never gave up his home and home life in Maine, where he had a town residence in Augusta and a summer residence at Bar Harbor, yet he also had a home in Washington. It was only a few years after going there as a Member of Congress that he bought the residence, 821 Fifteenth street, where he lived so many years. This was about the year 1869, when he was elected Speaker of the House for the first time. The house he bought was one of a row which had just been built and was regarded at that time as one of the chief architectural features of the city.

He made his home at 821 Fifteenth street for over ten years, and then having built the fine residence fronting on Dupont Circle, he sold the old house and took possession of the new one. The death of Garfield and Mr. Blaine's retirement from public life caused a change in his plans and he leased his Dupont Circle house to Mr. Leiter. He was absent from the city for several years, although he spent a portion of one or two winters there and occupied the house on Lafayette square adjoining General Beale's residence, which is owned by the daughter of the late Representative Scott, of Pennsylvania, Mrs. Scott Townsend.

About the beginning of his administration he purchased his late home, which is on the opposite side of Lafayette square, and is known as the Seward House. The old place had been unoccupied for some years and was in a dilapidated condition. It was considered notoriously unlucky, two tragedies having occurred within its portals. During Buchanan's administration it was occupied as a clubhouse. One day Philip Barton Key, the young and handsome District Attorney of the District of Columbia, had just left the clubhouse when he was shot down by Congressman Sickles, of New York. Mr. Key was carried back to the clubhouse. An intrigue which Key had been carrying on with Sickles's wife was the cause of the encounter.

Two years after this occurrence the house, which was for a time unoccupied, was taken by the then Secretary of State, William H. Seward, and he moved into it with his family. On the night of April 14, 1865, while Mr. Seward lay sick in bed in one of the upper rooms, a big, oak complexioned, broad shouldered man rang the door bell and told the servant who admitted him that he had a package of medicine which the Secretary's physician had ordered to be delivered to him personally. The servant refused to allow him to go upstairs and the Secretary's son, Frederick W. Seward, also opposed him; but the stranger, making a feint of departure, suddenly sprang at Frederick and felled him to the floor with the butt of a revolver, almost on the same instant slashing the servant with a knife. He then darted forward and reached the sick chamber where Secretary Seward was sitting up in bed. The knife gleamed again and Mr. Seward, weak and helpless, was stabbed in the face and neck, but the bandages that swathed his neck saved him from a mortal wound. As the murderous intruder retreated he was again intercepted, this time by Major Augustus H. Seward and an attendant, but he shook them off, and running down stairs, leaped on his horse and rode off. He was captured a few days later, and being fully identified as Lewis Payne, one of the men implicated in President Lincoln's death, was tried, condemned and executed with his fellow-conspirators.

BLAINE'S AUGUSTA RESIDENCE.

Secretary of War Belknap was the next tenant of the house of misfortune, and for a time the sober old edifice became gay with the life of the Grant regime. Before a twelve-month its evil genius had again asserted itself and Mrs. Belknap lay dead under its roof after a brief illness. Then, after the Belknaps vacated, it again did duty, as in the earlier days, as a boarding-house, but Washington had somehow got the impression that the place was uncanny and that its tenants were dogged by an evil fate. For a time the Commissary General's staff held possession, then when they had moved to the War Department's new building it was again tenantless. It was about this time that Mr. Blaine, shortly after his appointment as Secretary of State by President Harrison, astonished his friends by renting the ill-omened house for ten years at $3000 a year. He decorated and renovated it throughout, tearing down the walls of the room in which the attempt on Mr. Seward's life took place, and by generous expenditures transformed the dingy old wide-roomed house into a magnificent modern residence. Yet all the changes failed to eradicate the characteristic attributed to the mansion by the superstitious Washingtonians. Becoming its tenant, Mr. Blaine has encountered the greatest reverses to his ambitions, and experienced the keenest sorrows of his life.

MR. BLAINE'S HOUSEHOLD.

Of Mr. Blaine's six children, three—two sons and a daughter—were suddenly stricken down by death after reaching maturity. His eldest son, Walker, a young man of fine parts, who had given evidence of rare abilities and was apparently destined to a brilliant future, died two years ago. Emmons, his second son, a bright business man, in manner and character closely resembling his father, also died suddenly in the heyday of youth and prosperity. A third and crushing bereavement was the death of the eldest daughter, Alice, who was married to Lieutenant Colonel John J. Coppinger. It followed closely on the death of her brother, Walker Blaine, whose funeral she was attending when seized by the fatal illness. Of the three surviving children, the son, James G., made an unfortunate marriage, the results of which embittered the latter years of his father's life. One of the daughters, Miss Margaret, is married to Mr. Walter Damrosch, the famous New York musical director, and the other, Miss Harriet, is unmarried. Mrs. Blaine is still an active and brilliant lady. She has been a devoted wife to the great statesman, whom she married forty-one years ago when both were school teachers in a country district with but little to indicate the prominent place they were destined to fill in the highest circles of the Nation.

MR. BLAINE'S BIRTHPLACE NEAR WASHINGTON, PENN.

BLAINE'S COTTAGE AT BAR HARBOR.

BLAINE IS DEAD.

The End Comes Unexpectedly at His Washington Home.

James Gillespie Blaine died rather unexpectedly at 11 o'clock Friday Morning.

Mr. Blaine's death, although it has removed from the world a character who was prominent in everything he undertook, caused but little surprise. The news of it had been so long discounted that there remained but the line of announcement at the head of this dispatch. It was a foregone conclusion that his battle with death would be the final defeat of his life.

Though the facts as to his illness have from the first been studiously concealed through the official channels of communication, he was a sick man when he returned to Washington to settle down for the winter; death and its bereavements added more and more to his ailments. He has grown worse and has continued on his journey to the grave as fast as the days would carry him.

Science and skill have furnished him the weapons of defense for a comparatively long time, but his death has furnished the end of the fight. He was a doomed man from the start. His mind has been almost a blank for weeks, his lucid moments having been but few, and at times far between; but his physical frame has withstood the ravages of wasting disease until now.

Dating from the cradle to the tomb Mr. Blaine's 63 years have been active ones. All the trials and tribulations that fall to the lot of a public man have been his, and have earned for him the peaceful ending of a career which closed when life's cradle made its last flicker to-day.

Mr. Blaine, on his deathbed was surrounded, just as he had been almost incessantly for weeks, by those who were nearest and dearest to him. In fact, it was only his own family and those very closely associated with them that have been permitted to see or even hear from him during the last days of his life.

Trained journalists, calling into requisition every honest means at their command and resorting to every possible means within the line of legitimate journalism, have kept a most watchful eye on every movement without (and as far as possible within) the now famous "red house" where the distinguished statesman breathed his last.

Naturally enough there has been a disposition, both on the part of the family and the attending physicians, to either conceal or distort in some way, the real condition in the Blaine mansion; but, from time to time, accurate information as to Blaine's condition has been obtained and faithfully reported. It is quite safe to say that there are few if, indeed, any, journalistic experiences which could furnish a more thorough example of watching and waiting than has the case of Mr. Blaine.

Every element of discomfort—rain, snow, sleet and frost—has been a factor in the line of duty of the reporters who have noted the scenes and incidents at the Blaine residence for weeks past.

Dr. Johnson was summoned to the bedside of Mr. Blaine early in the morning, but his presence was not known to those outside until 11-10, when, in company with Dr. Hyatt, he left the house. Both physicians were unusually pale, and when accosted by the reporter for the latest news the significant look in their faces answered the question.

"He is dead," said Dr. Johnson, "and he passed away peacefully."

The doctors did not give the exact time of death, but it was observed that about 10.45 the windows in the room of the sick chamber were slightly raised.

The news of Mr. Blaine's death spread like wildfire. Crowds gathered on the corner and visitors flocked to the house. Dr. Hamlin who was passing the house when the announcement of death was made at once entered and remained with the family for some time. Word was sent to the President immediately after the death.

At 11.25 President Harrison accompanied by Private Secretary Halford and Lieut. Parker, walked over to the Blaine mansion. The President showed marked signs of grief. Postmaster-General Wanamaker followed the footsteps of the President.

The President's Proclamation.

"*Executive Mansion, Washington.*—It is my painful duty to announce to the people of the United States the death of James Gillespie Blaine, which occurred in this city at 11 o'clock.

"For a full generation this eminent citizen has occupied a conspicuous and influential position in the nation. His first public service was in the legislature of his state. Afterward for 14 years he was member of the National House of Representatives, and was three times chosen its Speaker. In 1876 he was elected to the Senate. He resigned his seat in that body in 1881 to accept the position of Secretary of State in the Cabinet of President Garfield. After the tragic death of his chief he resigned from the Cabinet and devoting himself to literary work, gave to the public his "Twenty Years in Congress" a most valuable and enduring contribution to our political literature.

"In March, 1889, he again became Secretary of State, and continued to exercise this office until June, 1892. His devotion to the public interests, his marked ability and his exalted patriotism have won for him the gratitude and affection of his countrymen and the admiration of the world. In the varied pursuits of legislation, diplomacy and literature his genius has added new lustre to American citizenship.

"As a suitable expression of the national appreciation of his great public services and of the general sorrow caused by his death I direct that on the day of his funeral all the departments of the executive branch of the government at Washington be closed, and that on all public buildings throughout the United States the national flag shall be displayed at half-staff, and that for a period of 30 days the Department of State be draped in mourning.

"By the President. BENJ. HARRISON.

"JOHN W. FOSTER, Secretary of State."

The Funeral.

A public funeral was suggested, but the wishes of the family prevailed and the ceremonies will be of a private nature. They will be held at the Presbyterian Church of the Covenant, where Mr. Blaine was a pewholder. Dr. Hamlin, who officiated at the funeral of Mrs. Harrison and her father, will conduct the services. The remains will be laid to rest in the beautiful Oak Hill Cemetary in Georgetown, which now forms part of Washington City, by the side of his favorite son, Walker Blaine, and his daughter, Mrs. Coppinger.

The physician have officially made public the cause of death as Bright's disease aggravated by tubercular disease of the lungs and followed by heart failure.