

# THE WILMINGTON FREE PRESS

MORROW & CRAWFORD, Publishers.

INDEPENDENT AND FEARLESS.

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR.

VOL. I.

WILMINGTON, DEL., SATURDAY, JANUARY 17, 1880.

NO. 21.

## Growler Grim's Dream.

Why should I be so thankful, pray?  
Gentle Growler, reading, roughly speak.  
I've had my own hard row to hoe—  
My way all through the world to make;  
I've earned the comforts that I own,  
I've rubbed my nose to make it bright,  
I've toiled, as any man may do,  
And hold my place to-day of right.

Thanksgiving eve! yet thankful thoughts  
Came trooping through old Growler's brain  
As he sat slapping army boots,  
And counting up his worldly gain.  
Upon the printed page, laid down,  
Some words, it seemed, had caught his eye  
Of thanks that were the morrow's due  
For blessings sent us down on high.

But when the twilight dusky grew,  
And Jeopior's bright flickered fair,  
Beside his heart's ease something stood—  
A Presence, silent, robed like a saint,  
Whispering to the rising gray  
Of falling fire, his earnest stirred.  
Spoke low and soft, and strangely sweet—  
"Oh mortal, thou hast greatly erred."

Who keeps that wondrous metemorphose  
Of beating heart without thy care?  
Who keeps the body afloat in sleep  
And wakes it to the morning fair?  
Who craved your life, you asked for work?  
For capital your hands were all!

Who kept that right eye strong and sound?  
Who made the rich man heed your call?  
"Behold!" The rosy cheeks stirred—  
A country boy stood and shy  
Before the mighty merchant prince,  
With restless hands and drooping eye.  
The while, until he turned, approved.  
A white-winged angel waited there,  
Though neither boy nor man knew  
The fair shade of a mother's prayer.

Again the drifting shadows shone,  
"There go your shins safe to the land  
See you, above the tallest mast,  
The gull's nest of a shining band?  
You make your boat, no missing ship  
Was ever hoisted from off your lien  
Who gave the wild wind to your hand  
From out that mighty hollow hat?

Just beauty and richness which he never liked me to wear, because it seemed to him like making a false impression, and so it lay folded in my trunk until half ruined, in order, as Obed said, to avoid even the appearance of 'evil.' He is always quoting St. Paul, you know.

One sector of my eccentricities during those trying years, was that my faith in Obed was deep as the sea and firm as the everlasting hills. I no more believed it possible for him to do what he thought he was wrong, than it was for him to fly. He is not a brilliant fellow, you know, but for solid qualities, an honesty, integrity, pureness of heart, earnestness, charitableness of judgment, accuracy of knowledge and a high and keen sense of justice, I have never known his equal. I never thought of his yielding to temptation, or abandoning any good cause because it was weak. In my estimation he was as a bulwark of strength. I understood that I entreated him, in a way, with my own decision and firmness, which have always made it as easy for me to say no as yes in regard to anything about which my convictions were clear.

The greatest trial we had to contend with was our inability to be liberal and thoroughly hospitable. This suburban town, where we now live is much wealthier now than then, but even then it was aristocratic enough to tell what its future would be. Every denomination must have its own church, and there were always fairs and festivals and subscriptions for this and that; and Obed was a church member, and very much looked up to because of his abilities, fine social position and high character, and you can imagine how, with our miserable income, it was utterly impossible for us to buy tickets for everything; subscribe toward the preacher's salary, or contribute generously toward the church expenses in any way. The very best that we could do was to cast in our "widow's mite," and whenever help was needed that entailed no expense, to render that. But when it came to money, mind you, we could give no further. We held it to be a crime for our honest

that ignoble thought, quite passed away, and half an hour later I heard Obed's step on the walk; a little less eager than usual, it seemed to me, and the moment he reached the porch I knew something was wrong, for I can always tell from Obed's feet the state of his feelings.

"Well, back again, are you, Obed?" I said, by way of greeting, as he threw his hat down with a boyish hiss.  
"Yes, and what do you think I've done, Nell?" he asked vehemently.  
"I couldn't say, Obed," I replied quietly.

"Subscribed a hundred dollars to that pecky church?" I'm ashamed of myself! I despise myself! I never felt so mean in all my life! a hundred dollars!—and you here slaving your fingers ends off! I deserve to be shot for my ignominy!"  
"A hundred dollars?" I echoed faintly, feeling the blood running to my head. It may seem silly to you that for that paltry sum of money we should have been made so miserable; but to us, at that time, it was like a million.

"Obed!" I cried, "after those moments of abhorrence, not for ten thousand one hundred dollars would I have lost my faith in your strength to do right."

"Oh, Nell, 'tis just that which cuts me to the quick," he quickly retorted.—  
"Nobody could have made me believe that I would do such a thing. I am so surprised and grieved as you can possibly be, for I had no idea that I had such a streak of weakness within me! St. Paul must have foreseen me, for sure, when he warned men to 'shut their heads' that they fall, while thinking that they stand."

Poor Obed! I had never seen him so mortified and humiliated, and all on account of that 'pecky church.'  
"Then I asked him to tell me how it happened, and he described the method employed by the bishop and his officials to raise the six thousand dollars. The officials each went among the congregation, soliciting subscriptions from occupants of each pew; then, as the amount subscribed failed to reach the desired sum, a new appeal was made, and per-

son rather than have a single man or woman subscribe a farthing beyond what he or she was abundantly able to give, he much preferred to bear the entire expense himself; and that all subscriptions to the fund *must be voluntary.*— He afterward said to me that rather than have any person subjected to the pain and humiliation that we had undergone because of that 'fearful subscription,' he would worship in a barn to the end of his days. I often think if people who solicit subscriptions with a persistence that amounts to insolence, would but consider the possible harm they commit, that they would ply their business with more consideration, remembering that overcoming a good man's sense of right and duty, is leading him into the temptation from which he daily prays to be delivered.

MARY WAGER FISHER.

## Ferocity of a Female Mob.

A correspondent of the San Francisco *Chronicle*, writing from Callao, Peru, says: Upon the news announcing the loss of the Pisagua, an unfounded rumor was circulated in Lima and Callao to the effect that the Chilean soldiers had treated Peruvian women with gross brutality. This rumor spread like wildfire, and finally the streets were filled with abandoned Peruvian women, and with the lower classes of both sexes.— A large number of native Chilean women resided here and in Lima, many of them being married to foreigners, while others belong to the abandoned order. A cry was raised of 'Death to the Chileans!' and a rush was made for the quarter where the latter class of Chilean women live. Upward of twenty or thirty of them were ruthlessly seized by the infuriated mob of viragos, stripped of their clothing, dragged through the streets by the hair, and pelted with rocks until they were in a frightful condition of suffering.  
Two or three were jumped upon, kicked, cut and otherwise mangled, and left helpless in the street without any covering over their bodies. After trun-

## ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST.

Events are not in our power; but it always is to make a good use of even the worst.

Variety is the spice of life, but bar-keepers report that the majority of men use clover.

The man who never smelted powder in the fellow who never held his nose close to a woman's cheek.

A white deer with white horns and hoofs and pink eyes was killed by Aaron Liscker, on Little river, Wis.

Japan has iron coins worth about one-hundredths of one cent. They are alleged to be chiefly used for alms and as offerings to gods.

There were but 400 failures in New York last year, as against 917 in 1878, and the liabilities of 1879 foot up but \$16,388,583, against \$64,000,000.

Geese raising is carried on to a large extent in Texas. One goose will yield about a pound and a half of feathers.— One ranch already has 2,000 geese.

Gen. Grant has ordered his Ethan Allen coat, now on the farm of General Beale, near Washington, to be sent by the next steamer as a present to the mikado of Japan.

A schoolboy being asked by his teacher how he should flog him, replied: 'if you please, sir, I should like to have it on the Italian system of penmanship—the heavy strokes upward and the downward ones light.'

"Dear Louie, don't let the men come too near you when courting." "Oh, so, don't you." When Charles is here we always have one chair between us. Mother thinks the answer is rather am'biguous.

"Never leave what you undertake until you can reach your arms around it and slinch your hands on the other side." Says a recently published book for young men. Very good advice; but what if she screams.

Bishop Chastard, of Indiana, deposed Father Fitzpatrick of Evansville in 1878.