

MORGAN OF ALABAMA.

CHARACTER SKETCH OF A FAMOUS STATESMAN.

An Ex-Confederate Soldier, He Later Became Conspicuous as Champion of the Rights of the Colored Brother—His Foreign Policy.

IT is now twenty years and four months, almost to a day, since John T. Morgan of Alabama first took his seat in the United States senate. He is now 73 years of age. A member of the convention of 1861 which voted Alabama out of the Union, he showed his faith in the confederacy by entering its army as a private. By successive elections and promotions he rose to be a brigadier-general, and came to the Senate as a Democrat after the reconstruction of his state. He has set continuously, none of his re-elections being seriously disputed until the last one, in 1894. Then a Populist named Rees, receiving credentials from Kolb, the claimant to the governorship, presented himself at Washington and demanded Morgan's place, but the senate was of the opposite mind, and Morgan remained.

From the day of his entrance into the chamber he has been a profound student of foreign affairs, and all his sympathies have gone out to people who appeared to be suffering oppression in any part of the world. When it was not the Irish, it was the Venezuelans; when not the Venezuelans, the Armenians; when not the Armenians, the Cubans. He is a lover of liberty, and impatient of long roads to its attainment when a short cut is possible.

He is also a "manifest destiny" man, believing that it is the mission of the United States to absorb all the land and water and people on the western hemisphere, as a means of spreading freedom and civilization among a larger share of the race. For this reason

every plan like the cutting of the Nicaragua canal or the laying of an ocean cable to South American ports enlists his active aid at once. His acquaintance with foreign interests has caused him to be appointed to take part in the Behring sea controversy before the Paris tribunal and as a member of various international bodies.

He is a man of many purposes. When President Hayes nominated Fred Douglass for marshal of the District of Columbia, a good many of the old time Democratic senators refused to vote at all on the question of congruence. Mr. Morgan not only voted with the all on the question of confirmation, but made a stirring speech, which leaked out to the public in spite of the supposed secrecy of an executive session. After remarking that he was not troubled about the color of the candidate's skin, he added:

"I was a candidate on the Democratic electoral ticket of Alabama. I solicited the vote of black men and obtained them to the number of 10,000 and now when the name of the most eminent representative man of this race is presented for the shrievalty of a district five miles square, shall I go back to the colored people of Alabama, whose votes I solicited and received, and tell them I refused to vote for him for no reason except that he is a colored man? No, sir; I cannot perform such an act. I know not what may be the opinions or policy of others in this regard, but I do know that I have no sympathy with any opinions or policy that would draw the color line on an executive nomination, particularly in view of national events that are now transpiring, and which are so full of promise for the future of the country."

It must not be inferred that Mr. Morgan had forgotten his race pride or preferences. He is as staunch a Caucasian as any in the country, even while uttering these words. One of his articles of faith is that, strive as their philanthropic white neighbors may to improve their condition, the negroes are bound to remain, in this country at least, a laboring class, and he has always favored measures looking to the deportation of all the ex-slaves to their ancestral home in Africa.

Indeed, when Bishop Turner, the Southern negro ecclesiastic, gave vent, two years ago, to an outburst of indignation over what seemed to him the hopeless outlook of the negro in America, and urged all his flock to go back to Africa without delay, the senator was so impressed with the speech that he resolved to have the bishop appointed United States minister to Liberia. He broached the subject to Turner, who at first declined to consider it, as he had already recommended some one else. "Oh, never mind," said the senator, "you go to see President Cleveland and give him this letter, in which I have told him that you are yourself the man of men for the place. You won't have to do any talking." So the bishop went.

Mr. Cleveland received him pleasantly and remarked, "I suppose you have come to talk over the mission to Liberia?" "Why, yes," said Turner, "here is a letter Senator Morgan pressed upon me, and—"

"Never mind the letter," interrupted the president. "I remember what you told me about your candidate the other day, and that's all I want. What did you say his name was, again?" The bishop attempted to explain, but the president, supposing he was trying to pour out some thanks, cut him short. All he wanted was the name, and the bishop stammered it out. The next day the Rev. William Hercules Heard was gazetted as minister to Liberia, and Senator Morgan was dumbfounded at the slight the administration had put upon him, till he learned how his letter had never been presented.

How Electricity Kills.

This subject is treated of in an article in the January number of the "Journal of Practical Medicine," by Dr. Francis B. Bishop. The amount of electricity that will sometimes pass through the human body without producing fatal results is surprising and often unaccountable, while at other times currents less powerful in every way, for some reasons are often fatal. The alternating current of great amperage, high voltage and low frequency, is the current that causes the greatest number of accidental deaths, as well as the current that is used in the state of New York for the purpose of executing criminals. The continuous current, such as is used in our incandescent street lighting, while not harmless when closely circuted through the body, does not offer the same degree of danger as the arc light, or alternating current. Still, electricity, like the old woman's gun, without lock, stock or barrel, is usually found to be dangerous. If so, what are we to do in case of accident is the paramount question. First of all, keep cool; do not lose your head, and, with the following rules, do what you can:

Do not place yourself in the circuit to help others out, as thus you only add one more victim to the result. Under no consideration catch hold of the wire, unless you are positively certain that you are thoroughly insulated by rubber boots or gloves, or both. A large, dry silk handkerchief or dry cloth is the next best thing, and if your own coat is perfectly dry, place that on the ground to step on. Never, under any circumstances, when you are removing a person from a live wire, allow his body to leave the earth; in other words, do not lift him. When the victim has been released from the wire, proceed at once to artificial respiration, being sure that the clothing is well loosened about the neck and waist. Personally, he says, I should advise suspending the patient's head down for a minute or two at a time, all the while keeping up artificial respiration, with the tongue pulled well out. Nitrite of amyl may be found useful if at hand.

Why Tennyson Disliked Venice.

The Tennysons, after their marriage, settled at Twickenham, and among the earliest of the poet's friends who met his wife was Spedding, who was charmed with her. The same year Carlyle met Tennyson and his bride at Trent Lodge in Cumberland. Soon afterward the newly married pair were in Italy, and of this journey one amusing story is told. Lord John Russell gave a large reception, at which the Tennysons were present, and during the evening the prime minister asked the poet how he had employed his visit to Venice. As Tennyson did not appear communicative, his host pressed him further, when he confessed that he had not liked Venice. "And why not, pray, Mr. Tennyson?" "I couldn't get any English tobacco there for love or money," was the poet's reply.

She Hunts Big Game.

Mrs. Alan Gardner never hunted till she married an English colonel, but she soon found herself drawn into the sports in which her husband found so much pleasure, and her first visit to New Zealand about fifteen years ago gave her a fine opportunity to learn the charm of hunting wild goats. In-



MRS. ALAN GARDNER.

dia has since been the scene of many of Mrs. Gardner's best efforts. Her list of game is long and varied, and panthers, tigers, bears, lions, stags, wild goats, wallaby and elk make a truly respectable hunting list. To Mrs. Gardner's own gun too, have fallen leopard in the Himalayas, and bustard and antelope in Somaliland, so that, in spite of her modest disclaimer, few will be found to dispute her right to the name of "sportswoman." Her "Rifle and Spear with the Rajpoots" is said to be a very clever book by people who have been in those districts.

Circumstances Rule.

Miss Belle—No, Mr. Poorman, I cannot marry you. Why, you are at least ten years my senior? The next night: Miss Belle—Old, Mr. Gotox? No. What is twenty years between you and me? I will marry you gladly.

LIFE OF A GREAT WIT

TOM OCHILTREE FAMED ON TWO CONTINENTS.

His Recent Dangerous Illness Reveals Many Incidents in His Life—"T. Ochiltree & Father, Attorneys," His First Joke.

TOM OCHILTREE, who was recently reported at the point of death, became a national character a few years ago when he came to congress as a representative from Texas. He was conspicuous to look upon, and he rarely said anything that was not conspicuous. He made friends, and he was so good natured to his enemies and so quick with his wit that the men who were opposed to him were anxious to get over their tilts. He was pointed out on the floor of the house as the first native congressman from his state. It was also related that his district was wider and longer than many of the states of Europe, reaching over a territory of twenty-seven counties, and running from the Gulf to Eagle Pass, on the Rio Grande. This area comprised 37,600 square miles. Ochiltree was practically the king of it. He was the only man in the district when power was in consideration. Ochiltree went to the top of capital favoritism at a single bound. He was a prince of story tellers. The beauty of his humor was that it hit no one so hard as it hit himself. He was a joke to himself. He rarely appeared upon the floor of the Forty-eighth congress that he did not put the house into a furor of laughter. The country members used to declare that he was more fun than the minstrels. His bills and appropriations were jested through—the jest always bearing a strong argument why Texas and Texas harbors should be the especial care of the country. He called himself the "Red-headed Ranger from Texas," and the title was enough to get him a hearing before the business committee. It was his custom to send in word to an important session of a close-mouthed and dignified committee that the "Red-

headed Ranger from Texas" had a few remarks he would like to make covering a few points in a measure the august body had in its pigeon holes. The admission of Ochiltree meant a good laugh—a long series of good laughs—and it is a part of legislative tradition that the colonel's stories have done for him what plain, unvarnished and prosaic logic failed to do for others. Ochiltree proves that men's traits come out in little things and at an early age. He was taken as a partner into his father's office. He was barely out of his teens. The father went away from town one day, and while he was gone the boy had the sign changed, San Antonio awakened the next morning to laugh for years at the strange name of the firm—"Thomas P. Ochiltree and Father, Attorneys." The grown man was no less original than the boy had been, and his wit increased as the years brought the stubby, fat youngster into a rotund, broad-girthed statesman.

Judge William B. Ochiltree, a lawyer of great repute in the south, was determined that young Tom should be brought up in the straight and narrow path. He thought his son would be a quiet man, of gentle habits, and thereupon placed him under the care and tutelage of two Catholic priests. The priests labored in Nacogdoches parish, where the boy was born, and they tried industriously to keep their pupil in lines of thought that might possibly take him into the clergy. The lad stood it for a time, and at the age of 15 suddenly took the matter into his own hands. He wanted to fight Indians. The priests were powerless, and, with a great deal of shrewd planning, young Tom made an enlistment as a private in the Texas Rangers, starting west for the scalp of the Apaches and Comanches in 1854. A year knocked the romance out of his boyish ambition, and as he was willing to come home and buckle down to his books,



TOM OCHILTREE.

He always had some outside plan in his head, and while he was still under his majority in years he was editor of a paper and had been sent as a delegate to the conventions in Charleston and Baltimore. General Longstreet saw that Ochiltree was made a colonel during the war. The reward came in return for exceptional bravery on the field. He fought with the confederates during all the struggle, and returning to Texas, he printed in his paper advice to the southern people "to stop crying and get solace in work." His ability was marked enough to attract the attention of President Grant and Grant made him the marshal for Texas. He and the president became great friends. It is said that Grant delighted in seeing no one more than he did in seeing Tom Ochiltree. This relation made many of the men of Galveston a bit jealous. This jealous faction once planned an incident whereby it would get even with Ochiltree. Grant was to stop at Galveston after his trip to South America, and the committee did not put Ochiltree's name on the list of distinguished men to meet him. Ochiltree bided his time, as he has never been known to complain. Colonel Ochiltree did not go to the ship to welcome Grant. He took a vantage point in the crowd that filled the streets in front of the Tremont House. He was behind two rows of celebrities, who were doing guard duty along the edges of a crimson carpet which ran from the hotel to the curb, the reception committee—or part of it—was standing in the hotel door, waiting to give the general the gladsome hand. Ochiltree watched until the general and Mrs. Grant had stepped from the carriage and then he bulged through the line. He rushed down the crimson carpet, shook heartily the hand of his old friend, and offering his arm to Mrs. Grant, marched proudly through the rank and file of leading citizens into the hotel. The mob outside demanded a speech from the general, and constituting himself a committee of one, Colonel Ochiltree appeared with him in the hotel balcony and introduced Grant as one of his best, truest and bravest friends. This was the last time the men in Galveston tried to snub him as a social function.

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before the public. He did so much in this respect with the papers that he edited he was at one time sent to Europe as emigrant inspector for Texas. This gave him opportunity for many trips abroad, and he became as fluent in the continental languages as in English. He actually became a feature in the London papers, and the old journals used to advertise interviews with him as the New York papers now advertise their weekly grist of Sunday matter. The English papers are fond of conventional expressions. It was usually printed that the interviewer found the valiant colonel "engaged in a sumptuous repast," or "about to sit down to an elaborate dinner," or "rising from a table groaning with all the luxuries." The descriptions are probably accurate, as no man in the country has gastronomic art to a higher state of cultivation than he. He would starve to death were he forced to live on the diet which the ancient Lucullus considered the best on earth.

The colonel is a man who is original in thought and act, but it is not recorded that he ever did a mean or undignified thing. His brains, as much as his entertaining habit, has made him a distinguished character. He has come to weigh nearly 300 pounds. This has troubled him for some time, and time and time again he has been down with an ailment which came directly from it. He has been confined to his room, and he is now getting ready for the last struggle with the disease. He may recover. Men of 57 have stood the trial he will face and have recovered. There is probably no man in private life over the country whose sickness has aroused the same attention and sorrow, and whose recovery will be a matter of such wide concern.

We must laugh before we are happy, lest we should die without having laughed.—La Bruyere.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON VII, AUGUST 15, FOR OTHERS' SAKES.

Golden Text: "For None of Us Liveth to Himself"—Romans 14: 7.—About the First Epistles of Paul to the Corinthians—Virtue of Self Denial.

OUR lesson for to-day includes verses 1 to 13, chapter 8, First Book of Corinthians. Time and place, the First Epistle of Paul to the Corinthians was written about Easter, A. D. 57, from Ephesus. Comp. Acts 19 and 20, with 1 Cor. 16, 8. See notes on How this Epistle Came to be Written and an Analysis, on page 118.

Lesson Preview.—There is a closer relation between "the things" offered to idols and the temperance question of to-day than appears upon the surface. Among the heathen it was customary to offer to "the gods" only such parts of the animal as were unfit to be eaten, as the heart and intestines. These were burned upon the altar, and the rest of the animal was divided between the priest and the worshiper. Sometimes the meat was eaten at a feast in the precincts of the idol temple; sometimes it was taken home; sometimes it was sold in the market. The precise Jews everywhere refused to eat such meat, and it was a question whether Gentile Christians should partake of it. Some considered that to do so was to seem to give sanction to the worship of idols, and thereby to dishonor Christ. There were also some who, just set free from heathen superstition, could not eat the idol meats without a certain feeling that they were adoring the idol, and through it they were in danger of going back to their old practices. These were the "weak brethren," for whom Paul felt a great tenderness of heart. Others, more intelligent and stronger in the faith, said, "The idol is nothing, and the meat is neither better nor worse because it had been laid on the heathen altars; we have a right to eat it if we choose." These were the ones possessing knowledge, but in danger of being puffed up with vain pride and a count of it. All of Paul's nature and opinions inclined him to the broad view that an idol was only a block of stone, and that a Christian had a right to eat whatever he chose. This was Christian liberty, for which the apostle was willing, if need be, to lay down his life. But there was another side to this question—the effect of their eating such meats upon those who were as yet a little trammelled by their old superstition. Paul reminds the Corinthians that it is the Gospel plan, not for each one to claim all his rights without regard to others, but to give up his rights for the sake of others. And since meat was not an absolute necessity he would rather give up all flesh, whether idol meat or any other meat, rather than throw a stumbling block in his brother's way. So we should be willing to give up that which endangers another by our example, even though it may not harm us. Paul's principle may guide us in the question of wine drinking, of our amusements, and our relations with our fellow-Christians. The law of the Christian life is not self-pleasing, but consideration for others. The strong must help the weak. "Such-and-such a thing will not harm me," no, but it will harm others who may follow your example. Our question should not be "What may I do?" but "How can I help others?"

Lesson Hymn—
Jesus, Lord, we look to thee; let us in thy name agree;
Show thyself the prince of peace; bid our jars forever cease.
Make us of one heart and mind, courteous, pitiful, and kind,
Lowly, meek, in thought and word, altogether like our Lord.
Let us for each other care, each the other's burden bear;
To thy Church the pattern give, show how true believers live.
—Charles Wesley.

Hints to the Teacher.

The teacher of this lesson needs to inform himself thoroughly concerning "the meat offered to idols," what they were, and why a question arose in the Church with reference to eating such food. This ancient question is somewhat, though not altogether, analogous to the modern one, whether a disciple of Christ may drink wine. If reasons were given by the apostle for caution in the use of the one there are greater reasons to-day against the use of the other.

Our lesson points out five principles which should guide the Christian in his action on questionable matters. These principles are not to be considered "in Indian file," one after the other, as if subordinate in their relative importance, but as equal and abreast of each other.

I. The Principle of Knowledge. Verses 1, 4, 5. "What are the facts? what are the actual right and wrong of the matter?" Concerning the ancient question the fact was, "An idol is nothing; idol meat is just the same as any other meat, neither better nor worse." Concerning the modern question what are the facts?
2. The Principle of Charity. Verses 1, 2. That is, of love to God and man. He who acts on love is surer than he who acts on knowledge. Love to God will awaken love to man; and he who loves his fellow-man with a consuming passion will not be always asking, "What have I a right to do for myself and my interests?" but "How can I best help my brother-man?" Can any man to-day help other men and do good more by the example of drinking or by example of abstaining?

III. The Principle of Loyalty. Verse 6. Every Christian is, by his own profession, a servant of Jesus Christ. Christ is to us what the captain is to his sailors, what the commander is to his soldiers, what the king is to his subjects. The question for us to ask is not "What will please me?" but "What will please Christ?" Would drinking or abstaining, as the world is to-day, please our Master the more?

IV. The Principle of Liberty. Verses 1-3. We have liberty; all things are free to us. Some may say, "He who cannot use liquor is not a free man; he is under bondage." But does liberty mean the right to run risks, to take a fire into our bosoms, to do that which will become a stumbling-block to many?

NOTES OF THE DAY.

It is London now that has the button fever. The department stores are selling the motto cushions by the thousands.

When a dog barks at night in Japan, the owner is arrested and sentenced to work a year for the neighbors that were disturbed.

A Bradford, Pa., bachelor says marriage is illegal, and gives for a reason the alleged fact that it violates the anti-lottery law.

CRIME AMONG WOMEN.

System and Administrative Force at the Prison of Aylesbury.

Is crime decreasing among women? A day spent by special order from the home secretary in the female convict prison at Aylesbury would lead one at first emphatically to answer in the affirmative, for within its walls is contained the whole of the feminine criminal population of England and Wales, undergoing sentences of penal servitude of three years or over that term. The entire number was on the date that I was there 199, a total now seldom exceeded by more than five or six, says a writer in the London Telegraph. Statistics unfortunately are less reassuring, though the reformatory and industrial schools act, the summary jurisdiction act and the shortening of sentences have relieved the convict prisons of a considerable proportion of those who would otherwise have been inmates, while the last committee on prisons forcibly pointed out that a diminution of persons under detention could not for many reasons be taken as conclusive indication of a corresponding decrease in crime. Women's offenses, with a few exceptions, belong to the less heroic orders of crime, and passing base money, theft, assault and even cruelty to children are dealt with in the humane spirit which has prompted the lightest punishment consistent with justice. Hence penal servitude is comparatively seldom meted out to the sex. Working was vacated as a female convict establishment last November, when its inmates were transferred to their present quarters at Aylesbury. Originally the buildings were used as the county jail, but Buckinghamshire is now in the creditable position of requiring far less prison accommodation than they offered, and it was found that they could well be converted to a penal establishment for women. The edifice stands on an elevation outside the old-fashioned little town and its exterior aspect, save for its heavy, iron-studded doors, hardly suggests its internal character. One is courteously asked to wait a minute or two within its massive, doubly locked portals while the credentials with which one is furnished are taken in and laid before Dr. George Walker, who enjoys a unique position in the prison administration of the united kingdom, inasmuch as he is both governor and superintending medical officer. These being satisfactory, I ushered into the governor's office, where Dr. Walker quickly enumerates a few facts and figures as to the establishment. Next in authority to himself is Miss Collingwood, a lady who ranks as deputy governor and who has had many years of experience with female criminals. The position of lady scripture reader is an official one, and this Miss Collingwood held before her appointment to the higher responsibility at Woking. There is a chief matron, six principal matrons and several under matrons, numbering in all, with four school mistresses, a staff of thirty-two women. Some half-dozen stalwart and well set up men, who have served in the army, act as gate-keepers and in nominal outdoor posts, for long experience has proved that if a woman prisoner becomes exceedingly violent or refractory it is an absolute necessity to have male assistance at hand. Speaking generally, however, the convicts are most amenable, and scarcely ever give any trouble; but if one does fairly "break out," the mere appearance of the two men standing behind the matrons is the quickest and most effectual way of restoring order and quiet. As times go and the keen competition for all posts open to women, a prison matron—the term "wardress" is not used—is comfortably placed. Her salary starts at £60 a year and she is provided with a room, firing, light and uniform, this last consisting of a black dress, a neat bonnet and a long dark-blue jacket. Many are the daughters or sisters of warders in other prisons, and, of course, the fullest inquiries are made and the utmost care is exercised in selection and appointment.

An Invisible Monkey.

There are many animals, especially birds and insects, which mimic in their colors and shapes the natural objects amid which they dwell, and thus frequently escape the eyes of their enemies; but, as Dr. Lydekker says in Knowledge, "Until quite recently no case was known where a monkey, for the sake of protection, resembled in form or coloration either some other animal or an inanimate object." Such monkeys were discovered by Dr. J. W. Gregory during his recent journey in East Africa. Near relatives of the monkeys seen by him have long been known to naturalists, and have excited surprise by the brilliant contrast of the black fur covering their body and limbs with the snow-white mantle of long, silky hair hanging from their shoulders and the equally white plumes on their tails. This contrast, Dr. Gregory found, serves to render the animals practically invisible for the trees which they inhabit have black stems, and are draped with pendant masses of gray-white lichen, amid which the monkey can hardly be distinguished.

Barking Dogs in Japan.

When a dog barks at night in Japan the owner is arrested and sentenced to work a year for the neighbors who were disturbed. The dog is killed. Perhaps this accounts for the superstition that when a dog howls at night a death will shortly occur.

A Trolley Air Ship.

A St. Louis genius has contemplated plans for a trolley air ship between St. Louis and Chicago. It provides for a balloon to lift a car a few feet from the ground, where it engages a trolley and starts away for Chicago. It is not yet in operation.