HUGH OWEN PENTECOST.

THE FAMOUS PREACHER AND WHERE HE CAME FROM.

He First Studied for the Baptist Ministry. Then He Started an Independent Church—What He Says About His Belief.

[Special Correspondence.]

NEW YORK, Sept. 12.—Among the group that surrounded Henry George when the labor movement became so prominent, several years ago, was a man who, for many reasons, seemed fitted to be a leader among men. His name was Hugh Owen Pentecost, and he holds the same opinions and position with reference to the movement that he did then. The people of today are always thirsting for something new. This may be one of the secrets of Mr. Pentecost's influence, for his ideas and beliefs are certainly novel.

He was born at New Harmony, Ind., in 1848. He describes the town as a seat of Fourierite community, which had been founded by the Owen family, who brought a colony over from England and for whom Mr. Pentecost was named. This colony had many things in common, and its members lived together like one large family. Mr. Pentecost says, "There has always been some socialistic blood in me," attributing the fact to his birthplace. His grandfather established a similar community ten miles away in Illinois, called Albion. Both towns are still in existence. The family resided in New Harmony only until the subject of this sketch was 2 years old, but lived in the neighborhood until he became of age. He was a printer in his youth, and spent seven years at the case.

When 21 years old Mr. Pentecost came east, entered Madison university, Hamilton, N. Y., and studied for the Baptist ministry. His first charge was at Rockville Centre, L. I., in a church partly self supporting and partly under the care of a mission board. There he was married. While at this place he got into trouble with his denomination because he did not believe in close communion, and was obliged to give up his charge. He says: "I was considerably exercised about it. Then I started an independent church in Brooklyn, called 'The Church of the People,' but gave it up after two or three years."

He next became pastor of a liberal Baptist church at Westerly, R. I., where he was received with the distinct understanding that he held liberal denominational views. During this pastorate, which lasted several years, his wife died.

Up to this time Mr. Pentecost's charges had been in small places. He now became pastor of a large Baptist church at Hartford, Conn., being here also received with the understanding that he was "heterodox on the communion question." His pastorate at Hartford was very successful, between two hundred and fifty and three hundred persons uniting with the church through his influence. While in Hartford he married again.

When Mr. Pentecost left Hartford it was to take charge of the Marcy Avenue Baptist church, Brooklyn, N. Y., where he remained three years. When he left this church he left the denomination also. He then became pastor of the Independent Congregational church, New York city. During the three years of his pastorate here he did a good deal of visiting among the poor. To this work he attributes his knowledge of tenement house life on the west side, for he spent much time in such places, where many of his Sunday school children lived. Said he: "That was a profound experience, because up to this time I had been pastor of the average, well-to-do American church." And again: "It threw me for the first time in contact with the lives of the poor, and set me to thinking in economic lines. All through the Brooklyn experience I had been growing more and more liberal, and while stationed at the Independent church I read Henry George's books."

H. O. PENTECOST.

In April, 1886, Mr. Pentecost went to the Belleville Avenue Congregational church, of Newark, N. J., to succeed Dr. George H. Hepworth, now on the editorial staff of The New York Herald. His preaching there was successful in point of the numbers who were attracted to hear him. His brilliant manner of speaking and his engaging social qualities won him friends on all sides. While he was at this church the movement, headed by Henry George, came more prominently before the public, and Dr. McGlynn's coming out of the Catholic church occurred. Of the end of his pastorate here Mr. Pentecost says: "Dr. McGlynn's attitude led me to speak about him. I had then become so thoroughly interested that I brought the subject into the pulpit, and it created much opposition. The culminating point was when the Chicago Anarchists were hanged. I made a vigorous protest. This was a protest, in the first place, against capital punishment in general. In the second place, it was not a defense of these men, but a statement that the discontent—the social ferment—which they represented, could not be quelled by hanging them, but by removing the causes which led to the discontent. This brought the opposition in the church to a climax, and I presented my resignation."

This event marks the second great change in Mr. Pentecost's beliefs, for when he left his Newark charge he left orthodoxy. He at once established three congregations, one in Newark, one in Brooklyn and one in New York, which he addressed each Sunday.

The Newark congregation meets in a building next door to his old charge. The exercises, which are the same in the three places, begin with instrumental music by an orchestra or a pianist. This is followed by a "hymn," as it is called. It consists of singing to some well known sacred tune poetry selected for the occasion from all sources. It might be added that these tunes constitute the only vestige of anything sacred about the meetings. The following is an exact copy of the programme for a recent Sunday:

ORCHESTRA.
HYMN—Tune, "Autumn."

There are moments when life's shadows
Fall all darkly on the soul,
Hiding stars of hope behind them
In a black, impervious scroll;
When we walk with trembling footsteps,
Scarcely knowing how or where
The dim paths we tread are leading,
In our midnight of despair!

Stand we firm in that dread moment,
Stand we firm, nor shrink away;
Looking boldly through the darkness,
Wait the coming of the day;
Gathering strength while we are waiting
For the conflict yet to come.
Fear not, fall not, light will lead us
Yet in safety to our home.

Firmly stand—though sirens lure us,
Firmly stand—though falsehood rail,
Holding justice, truth and mercy,
Die we may—but cannot fail;
Fail!—it is the word of cowards,
Fail!—the language of the slave.
Firmly stand till duty beckons;
Onward then, e'en to the grave.
—Francis D. Gage.

SELECTION FOR ALTERNATE READING.

I understand and admit the historical and logical grounds upon which the monarchical form of government is based.

Indeed, a people who believe that the universe is governed by a personal God,

That the Bible is the authentic revelation of his will and that the clergy are men appointed by him to make his meaning clear, are inevitably led to believe in a monarchy;

For the king answerable to no one but himself for his actions,

Above the jurisdiction of the legal authorities, guiding the destinies of the nation and suffering no interference, is a faithful representation of God,

Of his position in the universe, and of the way in which he governs.

The monarchy of today depends for its authority not upon its actual power, but upon its divine origin.

It commands "by the grace of God."

The monarch keeps repeating his fairy tale with energy, while the parson and the policeman see to it that the people pay attention and believe,

Or at least appear to.—Max Nordau in "Conventional Lies."

SOPRANO SOLO. MRS. PENTECOST.
HYMN—Tune, "Rockingham."

Oh, yet we trust that, somehow, good
Will be the final goal of ill,
To pangs of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt and taints of blood.

Behold, we know not anything:
We can but trust that good will fall
At last—far off—at last, to all,
And every winter change to spring.
—Tennyson.

NOTICES AND ANNOUNCEMENTS.
SOPRANO SOLO. MRS. PENTECOST.
COLLECTION.
ADDRESS—"Tardy Reflections on the Johnstown Flood."
ORCHESTRA.

These three societies were named "Unity Congregation," and their belief was expressed briefly as follows:

Unity Congregation conditions its fellowship on no dogmatic tests, but welcomes all who wish to establish truth, righteousness and love in the world.

This formula, copied from the creed of the Western Unitarians, has lately been abandoned, because the congregations wish no connection with anything in the shape of an organization, and especially a religious organization. There is absolutely no form of government which holds them together. The leader says that he is announced to speak at a certain time and place, and any who wish, come to hear him. That is all the organization there is.

Mr. Pentecost now says of his belief: "I am a complete agnostic," and his address, given as in the above programme, contains the following sentences: "I do not believe there is any God who hears and answers prayer." * * * "This God that people talk about is a pure and simple invention." * * * "If every one would be absolutely truthful the word God would go out of use."

Mr. Pentecost is a busy man during the week, for he is the editor of a weekly paper called Twentieth Century, "dealing with religious and economic subjects only," he says. It began its career in March, 1888, as a four-page octavo tract, containing only the Sunday addresses of the editor, but has grown to a sixteen-page weekly of good size and neat typographical appearance. Its motto is, "Hear the other side," and the editor says that it is "an absolutely open forum" in which "any one who can write good English can speak his mind on any subject with which it deals."

Mr. Pentecost says that he is still in sympathy with the Henry George movement and interested in the labor and socialistic questions. He remarked: "I accept the philosophy of what is called Anarchism." He thinks that the word "anarchy" is a misnomer, and that it should be changed to "freedom."

In personal appearance, Mr. Pentecost is a man of good height and stature, with dark complexion, hair and eyes, and an animated manner. He wears gold bowed eyeglasses. His face is smooth, except for a curling mustache, and his air is that of a man who has seen the world and knows it pretty well. He is a fluent and agreeable talker, and one can readily believe, after seeing him, that he is a social favorite. He does not think that children should be taught to obey their parents because the latter are in authority over them, but believes they can be guided to know right from wrong and make their choice. This is the method he has adopted with his own children.

His editorial office is of the regulation type, a carpeted, well lighted and paper bestrewn "den." But his house in Newark is a veritable gem, it is said, furnished with taste and even elegance. Choice pictures and bric-a-brac adorn the rooms, and it is evident that the hand of a true genius of artistic furnishing has been at work. True to his beliefs on the land theory, Mr. Pentecost is not the owner, but the lessee, of his house.

ANNIE I. WILLIS.

It is stated that one of the Chicago limited trains recently attained a speed of fifty-six miles an hour and maintained it for a long distance. A writer in The Railway Age predicts that the present railroad time of twenty-four hours between Chicago and New York will be reduced to ten hours.

STEAM FOG HORNS.

Queer Facts About the Conveying of Their Sounds in the Air.

Point Judith's siren is a damsel of the first class. The fog horns extend their long, black throats from the side of the fog signal house, hard by the light tower, and open their mouths to the sea. There are two of the sisters, each provided with a boiler for lungs and a little engine, so that if either gives out, in lung power, the other may sing in her place.

The government's fog sirens are among the most interesting creatures of the lighthouse service. They have been the subject of the study of the service's scientists for a good many years. They have been experimented with, all sorts of devices have been tried with a view to improving their serviceability, and their position today in importance is even of seniority rank to the lighthouses themselves. But while the lighthouses are pretty well perfected establishments, the fog sirens, with all the acoustic problems which they give rise to, are subjects of the most interesting research, the utilized field of which is still broad.

Each of the sister sirens at Point Judith is sixteen feet long, tapering from the throat of four inches diameter to the mouth, thirty inches in diameter. There is a diaphragm across the throat with four square holes in it, and across this diaphragm and the square holes whirls, at the rate of 1,200 revolutions a minute, an arrangement that is like a wheel without the felly. The steam is sent rushing between the flying spokes and through the holes, and goes reverberating along the sixteen feet of cast iron neck and out of the big mouth with a roar that makes the signal house jump, and can be heard beyond Block Island. A cam device on the engine lets steam into the siren's throat at intervals of forty seconds, and then the siren bellows continuously for six seconds. The fog damsel at Block Island lets go every thirty seconds instead of every forty seconds, so that the mariner who observes his chart can always tell which shore he is closer on by counting the intervals between the fog sirens' blasts. The importance of this difference of interval may not be fully apparent to the landsman, and is not always regarded by the mariner guiding his ship blindly through impenetrable fog. Aside from the impossibility of a master of a sailing vessel maintaining a reliable idea of his position in a fog, where perhaps he is drifting more than sailing, the contour of the coast and the make of the tides out of the Sound is such that he may easily find himself sailing on to Point Judith when he believes he is close to the Block Island shore.

The development of the siren has presented acoustic problems which, if really explainable by acoustic and atmospheric principles, have not been foreseen, and have bothered the experts when they ran against them, and are none the less curious now to the lay observer. Moreover, the experts are completely foiled in their efforts to make the siren do the work that it was thought it could do without any trouble, although they have found out what the difficulty is. For instance, with all its lung power, long throat and big month, that carry its bellowing far out into the sea, sometimes the ponderous sound disappears utterly at short distances. The sound from Point Judith siren that reverberates in the mariner's ear away across to Block Island may not be heard at all by the unfortunate skipper straining his ear for its warning blast a mile off shore. Then suddenly, when he has drifted in until Point Jude is too close on his lee to escape from, the thunder of the siren bursts upon him, and he knows from its ponderous tone that it is desperately near.

The breakers are roaring on his bow; there is an ugly crunch, a crash and a shiver, and he is hard and fast. When the life saving crew gets him ashore the first thing he does is to let go his swearing gear, and then he complains to the authorities at Washington that at such an hour on such a night, in a dense fog, the fog signal on Point Judith was not sounding, and was only sounded when it was too late to warn him off. In years gone by the light keeper would be hauled over the coals on the strength of complaints like this. Now the authorities merely inquire of the light keeper if his siren was working or not. They have found out by experience and demonstrated by theory that the different currents of air play the deuce with the siren's call; that the sound which they carry for miles out over the ocean they may also toss out of reach of the mariner's hearing a few thousand or even a few hundred feet off shore; may play with it as if it were a football; kick it here and throw it there, anywhere but to the mariner's waiting ear.—Providence Journal.

A Venerable Poet.

Richard Henry Stoddard, poet and critic, is painfully broken since he submitted to an operation for the removal of a cataract from his eyes. He has long been, to all appearances, a very old man, though those who knew him best always saw beneath the snowy hair and beard and behind the clouded eyes the defiant, youthful spirit that kept him in sympathy with the living world. His verses, now published from time to time, are strongly tinctured with the spirit of old age, but have also many touches that indicate a sympathy with youth. His critical work is still vigorous and learned. Perhaps no man in America is better acquainted with English poetry, old and new, than is Mr. Stoddard. It is the pride of the old gentleman to tell how he began active life as a molder in an iron foundry. He soon took to the pen for a living, and he has been part of American literature for fifty years. He has known every considerable figure in the American literary world since the days of Poe. His favorite haunts are the Century club and the Authors'. He is one of the few that dare speak above a whisper at the former institution. Although reputed to be as a critic the eulogist of times past, Mr. Stoddard is extremely fond of young men. His home is in the old time fashionable district east of Fourth avenue. Here he has many literary relics, among them an autograph portrait of Thackeray.—Exchange.

An Apple That Crabs Eat.

Consul Plumacher tells a fairy like tale about a poisonous apple upon which the soft shell crabs of Venezuela feed. It is called the manzanillo, and the crabs eat it with impunity, although it is rank poison. The flesh of the crab becomes thoroughly impregnated with the poison, and is thus rendered a fatal diet. The manzanillo, or "little apple," is found along the coast. It is about an inch in diameter and grows upon a tree similar in appearance to an apple tree. It is very pleasant to the eye and has a sweet, insipid taste. It is usually found where there is no fresh water, and may easily tempt a thirsty, inexperienced voyager. It is, however, a deadly poison, primarily causing intense burning pains in the throat and stomach. Unless remedies are promptly applied death is inevitable. It is even dangerous to remain in the shade of one of these trees, and a person taking shelter under it during a rain will suffer from painful blisters wherever a drop of water falling from the leaves touches his person.—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

Baronicus of Middleburg knew by heart the works of Virgil, Cicero, Juvenal, Homer, Aristophanes and the two Plinys.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Wood pavement lasts about seven years in streets where the traffic is heavy.

While the east has been drenched and soaked and flooded, the "dry spell of 1889" will go down in the history of the far west.

A society has been started in London to promote the development of the science of mesmerism and of the application of hypnotism to practical medicine.

It is said that Paris, when full, can accommodate nearly four millions of people.

A little boy came to this sentence in his reading lesson: "There is a worm; do not tread on him." He read it thus, to his teacher's great surprise: "There is a warm doughnut; tread on him."

Stow says that Richard Mathews, on the Fleet bridge, London, was the first Englishman who made fine knives, etc., and that he obtained a prohibition of foreign ones in 1563.

Visitors in Paris comment upon the great amount of buildings and restoration now in progress in all parts of the city. Some of the new structures are exceedingly handsome and of a style of architecture quite new in the city.

The attraction for visitors abroad in 1890 will be an exhibition of food and comestible delicacies at Berlin, for which preparations are already being made.

In France they now use for steam and water pipe joints, gaskets made of wood pulp, which are boiled in linseed oil. They give satisfactory results, and are not subject to decomposition at high temperature.

A party of fossil hunters are having good luck in the North Fork country of Oregon. They have found the bones of small horses, with three toes on each foot; rhinoceros skulls and other bones that show, as they think, that Oregon had a tropical climate before the glaciers came down from the north and covered the land miles deep with ice.

New enterprises, to the number of 2,615, were organized in the south during the first six months of this year, representing a capital of $108,933,000, as against 2,033 new enterprises, investing $81,508,000 during the first six months of 1888.

It looks as though France was the greatest country for horse racing in the world. For Sunday three weeks ago twenty-five meetings were advertised, and for the following Sunday twenty. It should be remembered, though, for comparison, that the French concentrate their racing on Sunday, while England and America run during the week.

A Waterloo veteran began his 101st year lately in the province of Parona, Brazil. The Germans in the neighborhood assembled to do him honor, and put a crown of laurels on his head, which, by the way, is not yet bald.

The California papers say that the brig Natalia, which foundered in the harbor of Monterey in 1834, is to be raised, or at least what is left of her copper sheathing is to be brought to the surface. It is said that this is the same vessel that brought Napoleon back to France from the Isle of Elba in 1815.

Two ounces of pulverized borax, two ounces of gum camphor, broken in small pieces, one quart of boiling water, is said to be efficacious in removing and preventing dandruff. Bottle and cork tightly. Before each time of using strain a small quantity and dilute with an equal portion of water. Apply to the head with a flannel cloth or with the hands. Wash the head and hair afterward with soft water.

A New York policeman recently arrested a Greek who peddled flowers in the street in his native costume of a flowing jacket and plaited baggy white trousers. He was followed by a crowd of boys. The policeman charged that he was but "half dressed." He was permitted to depart from court after putting on a pair of American trousers.

Careme's favorite dish was bullock's liver and onions. Dr. Johnson's favorite dishes were a leg of pork boiled till it dropped from the bone, a veal pie with plums and sugar, and the outside cut of a salt buttock of beef. These were somewhat coarse, but many of us would have joined issue with the great bear when, during the second course, he called for the butter boat of lobster sauce and poured its contents over his plum pudding.

Wild Game of Alaska.

Thomas E. Smithson, of Sitka, says that Alaska fairly teems with animal life. The sea along its shores and the rivers, inlets and lakes are filled with an inexhaustible supply of the largest and finest food fish. Fishing is one of the principal industries of the country, and fully fifty large factories are engaged in packing the fish that are shipped to almost every country in the world. It is a perfect paradise for sportsmen. The islands in Behring sea, as well as the mainland, were fairly overrun with great herds of all kinds of fur bearing animals. Along the north coast are great herds of walruses, which are valuable for their meat and ivory tusks. The sea cow, which used to be found here, has become extinct. In the interior parts of the country and in the north are the greatest breeding places for birds in the world. For miles the country will be covered with myriads of geese, swans, ducks and a hundred other varieties of the feathered tribe. They feed on the wild berries and become so fat toward the close of the season that they can hardly fly, and the natives knock them over with clubs by the hundreds. The canvas back ducks have their breeding places on the Yucon, the principal river of Alaska. There is one point on the western coast of Alaska where, on a clear day, it is possible to see the Asiatic coast, thirty-eight miles away. The natives of Eastern Siberia and Alaska often exchange trading visits and cross the strait in open boats.—Philadelphia Press.

The Sparrow and the Buzzard.

A Sparrow was seeking Food in a large Field when a Buzzard settled down with a great show of Indignation and Exclaimed:

"By what Right are you Trespassing here?"

"Why, I supposed this Field to be common Property," was the reply. "Excuse my mistake, and I will go over on yonder Hill."

"But I object to the Dust you may raise over there."

"Then I will look for Bugs in the grass."

"But I won't allow the grass to be Trampled under foot."

"Then I will seek for Worms in the Thicket."

"But the noise will Disturb me. In fact, in order to Protect myself I must eat you."

Moral.—It is very easy to pick a fight with a man you know you can lick.—Detroit Free Press.

Relics of Greece Found in Florida.

Mr. A. C. White, superintendent of the famous King grove, near Wildwood, unearthed some rare treasures on the grove last week. The most curious thing found was an ancient coin of the reign of Alexander the Great. The coin is silver, about the size of a fifty cent piece. On one side is the embossed likeness of Alexander, on the other three Greek mottoes and the nude likeness of a Greek warrior armed with sword, helmet and shield. Buried with this coin was found a vessel of antique design—perhaps a Greek wine jar—and a curious knife, and something like a common hoe—perhaps a specie of battle ax.—Sumterville (Fla.) Cor. Jacksonville Metropolis.