

# Albany Register.

## The Death-bed of Wm. H. Seward.

The doctor reached the house at half-past one, and found him propped up on pillows on the lounge in the study, suffering from great difficulty of breathing, caused by a sudden overwhelming catarrhal effusion into the lungs. It began with the right lung, and soon involved the left also. It was then evident that the patient was dying. The propriety of having professional counsel was discussed at this time by his son, William H. Seward, Jr., and Dr. Dimont. It was agreed that counsel should be summoned, if the Governor would consent, but Mr. Seward had always been averse to having any of his physical ailments made a subject of unusual attention or comment. It was only at this moment that his situation was such as to afford his family and physician sufficient warrant for insisting with him that he should consent to have counsel. Unhappily the pulmonary effusion occurred too suddenly and unexpectedly to give any opportunity to carry out this intention.

His breathing was painfully obstructed and laborious, coming with a rattling noise that betokened the effort it cost to obtain it. It was accompanied with profuse expectoration and mucous discharges from the lungs. The doctor ordered stimulants, and rum was given, but the patient complained that it oppressed his stomach. He could take nothing internally, but merely gasped and begged for breath. He was raised higher and higher, from time to time, and propped up with pillows and bolsters, in obedience with his request that he might breathe easier, until he was nearly in a sitting posture.

The family and household servants, at his especial request, were now summoned to his presence, as it was evident to all, as well as to himself, that he was dying. In a few minutes he was surrounded by familiar but sad and streaming faces of relatives and dependents. His son—the only one at home—General W. H. Seward, Jr., and his wife and two children, occupied prominent positions at the head of the couch of death.

Miss Risley Seward, the adopted daughter of the dying statesman, stood weeping near by. Mrs. Worden, a sister of the dying man's deceased wife, stood by his side, holding one of his emaciated hands. Mrs. Lucy Bostwick, a widowed sister of Mrs. Wm. H. Seward, Jr., and her two children, were also of the number. Miss Cora Richardson, a confidential member of the household, Mrs. Miles Perry, a near relative, and Mr. Anthony Gattmann, the Governor's private secretary, were also in the room.

Besides these, there were present all the household servants, including Harriet Bogart, a venerable colored woman, who had been in the employ of the family upward of forty years, and who was one of the most sincere and heart-broken mourners at that scene of death. Dr. Dimont, who has been Governor Seward's personal medical attendant and most trusted friend for a quarter of a century, remained with the group, mingling his tears with those of the children and dependents, as he strove by every appliance of science and skill to assuage the pangs of the sufferer and smooth and soften the pillow of death.

### THE LAST FAREWELL.

"Higher! higher!" gasped the fast-sinking man, as he struggled for breath, and fresh pillows were brought to raise him. "That will do," he whispered, as at last he was placed in almost upright position. Then, glancing around upon the weeping company, a smile of satisfaction stole over his face as he recognized one and another whose presence was a pleasure to him. His head then fell back upon the pillow for a moment, and he seemed meditating between his long and labored respiration. Finally, at five minutes before three, he again signified a desire to be raised a little higher, which being done, he smiled his satisfaction, at the same time saying, "This is free," evidently meaning that the position enabled him to breathe easier.

Then he motioned one after another of the bystanders to approach, and embraced each of them in turn and gave them an affectionate kiss of farewell. Even Harriet Bogart was not forgotten or overlooked in this parting. For each he had a single kindly word of leave-taking, personal and appropriate to the individual, but too sacred in its nature for the public ear. When he had finished this painful task, and while the room was filled with the heart-broken sobs of those who were witnessing the departure of a dear and valued friend, his head sank back upon his pillow, his eyes closed, he drew a few more long and heavy breaths that seemed like sighs, and then, without a struggle or a moan, his life went out.

A Boston girl rejoices in the pretty name of Elizabeth Martha Solina Georgiana Augusta Cibam Burrows. They call her Lizzie Mattie Lina Georgia Gussie "for short," and she writes for the "literary papers," of course.

## Anecdotes of the Late Rev. Peter Cartwright.

One of the oldest and most widely known Methodist preachers in America perhaps was the late Peter Cartwright. He was scarcely sixteen years old when he was converted by an itinerant preacher, and became a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The event determined the career of his whole life. He conceived the idea that he had been called to preach the gospel in the wilderness, and almost immediately he entered upon that duty. In his autobiography, published about fifteen years ago, he related many interesting and often amusing incidents of his early labors in the back woods. Like many of the men of his time and section, he had an iron constitution and a strongly marked individuality, and was a bold, courageous, and zealous worker. He feared neither man nor the devil, and for his cause was ready at any time to fight both if they stood in his way. His speech was homely, but it was earnest, and went straight to the hearts of his rough audiences. He was heard to say a few years ago that he had received into the church no fewer than 12,000 persons, and that in his long career he had preached 15,000 sermons.

In the early pioneer days he naturally met some hard characters, who instigated by the advocates, would endeavor to bring disgrace upon him. He tells in his autobiography that once a brutal fellow threatened to whip him. Peter said, "Well sir, I never like to live in dread. If you really intend to whip me, come and do it now." The man continued to bluster, whereupon the fighting preacher, dismounting from his horse, walked up to him and said, "Now sir, you have to whip me, as you threatened, or stop cursing me, or I will put you in the river and baptize you in the name of the devil, for surely you belong to him." This cowed the bully.

An anecdote is also related which illustrates his singular boldness and independence. He was preaching before the Nashville Conference, when the time-serving clergyman whose pulpit he occupied, seeing General Jackson standing in the aisle, leaned over and said in a loud whisper, "General Jackson has come—General Jackson has come in!" "Who is General Jackson?" cried Cartwright, in a voice of thunder. "If he don't get his soul converted, God will damn him as quick as He would a Guinea negro!" This did not convert Old Hickory at the time, but it commanded his respect for his monitor, and he treated him with the greatest consideration ever afterward.

It is also said that the following humorous incident is traceable to Mr. Cartwright, who, it is said, used to repeat it at the expense of an equally good and zealous minister, well known throughout the State of Indiana:

It was the custom during camping expeditions to summon the worshippers to service by blowing a long blast upon a common old-fashioned tin dinner horn, and the story runs, that when a certain revivalist celebrity took up the horn to summon the worshippers to service, after dinner one day, he blew a strong blast of soft soap all over the astonished brethren. It is also said by the chronicler of this "item" that the brother was so wroth at this joke that he cried out loud:

"Brethren, I have passed through many trials and tribulations, but nothing like this. I have served the ministry for thirty years, and in that time never uttered a profane word, but I'll be—if I can't whip the man that soaped the horn."

Well, this is a strong story, but we have it from a reliable authority, something a little stronger in the sequel to the same story. This is given to us as follows:

Some two days after the horn soaping a tall, swarthy, villainous-looking desperado strolled on the grounds, and leaned against a tree, listening to the eloquent exhortation to repent that was being made by the preacher. After a while he became interested, finally affected, and then took a position on the anxious seat, commenced groaning "in the very bitterness of his sorrow." The clergyman walked down and endeavored to console him. No consolation—he was too great a sinner, he said. Oh, no; there was too wicked; there was no mercy for him.

"Why, what crime have you committed?" said the preacher, "Have you stolen?"

"Worse than that—oh! worse than that!"

"Murder, is it?" gasped the horrified preacher.

"Worse than that?" groaned the smitten sinner.

The excited preacher commenced "peeling off" his outer garments.

"Here, brother Cole!" shouted he, "hold my coat—I've found the fellow that soaped the horn!"

A Wilmington (Delaware) paper announces that a gentleman in that city, 93 years old, who within the past year or two has proposed marriage to over fifty ladies, has been advised by the Mayor to take a rest.

Twenty-one children of one father and mother gather around the family board in a home in Henderson, Minn.

## What we Have Escaped.

Only last week, John Cochrane, who presides over the "Liberal Republican State Committee of New York," delivered himself of the following on the approaching elections, in a message sent to some Massachusetts Democrats:

"The Grantites are dismayed. The 'prairie hens' are singing for Greeley. The prairies are on fire with great enthusiasm for Hendricks. He will be elected by twenty thousand majority. Pennsylvania is ours beyond a doubt; Buckalew will certainly be elected by twenty-five thousand majority. In Ohio the German vote will be unanimous for Greeley, and we shall carry the State. Push them."

JOHN COCHRANE, Liberal State Com. Rooms, New York.

This was the anticipation. Now mark the reality. Buckalew's twenty-five thousand is clean gone to the Republicans. The Ohio Germans have very generally gone for Grant, and the Republicans have within one thousand of their majority in 1868. In Indiana we have a majority of 1,855 on the Congressional ticket; a majority on joint ballot, in the Legislature, of fourteen, securing us a United States Senator; eight of the eleven Congressmen, being a gain of three, one of them in Voorhees' district; and the State is as sure for Grant in November as Massachusetts. The coalitionists appear to have won by fraud a majority of some six hundred for Hendricks, and even this is to be contested. If they are pleased to rejoice over this, it is because they have nothing else to rejoice over, and it would be a pity to deprive them of this very insignificant crumb of comfort.

Meantime, we are learning every day what we escaped by crushing the coalition this promptly. Especially are we learning what class Mr. Greeley was and is proclaiming his intention to conciliate. The occurrences in Georgia show plainly enough what we might have expected had Greeley and his friends got possession of the Government. We should have had nothing less than an overturning of the results of the war, as far as the emancipated race are concerned. Arbitrary, violent and universal practical disenfranchisement of the negroes would have been sure to come.—N. Y. Times.

**GIFTS.**—When Wellington got back from Waterloo, the English people gave him millions of money and a princely estate, in addition to the highest titles of nobility. When Admiral Nelson's body was brought home from Trafalgar, that grateful nation not only made his relatives rich, but covered them with titles. When Cobden had obtained the repeal of the corn laws, the common people of England presented him with £80,000 or about \$400,000. After the Franco-Prussian war, the Emperor rewarded Bismarck with great wealth and titles of nobility. When General Grant returned from his campaign, there being no provision by which he could be rewarded with public money, a number of wealthy men, feeling grateful for the great services which he had rendered the country, and the safety which his heroism had afforded their property, combined and presented him with \$200,000. This is one of Grant's crimes, in the eyes of Schurz & Co. If General Grant had rendered the same services to the British or German governments, he would have been rewarded with millions and the highest titles of nobility.—St. Louis Globe.

**KISSING IN THE DARK.**—Gentle reader, did you ever—I desire not to be personal, but—did you ever kiss a girl in a railroad tunnel? I never did; but, the truth must be told, I've wanted too awful bad. Not that I have any idea that gobbling a chaste salute within the dark and narrow confines of a tunnel renders a kiss more delicious than if stolen or taken with full permission anywhere else; but it is the novelty of the thing. It is the darkness; the rank burglary; the calculation and sudden assault; the desperate defence, the acute agony of the skirmish line of hairpins; the carrying of the outer work; the struggle at the scarp; the glorious sweetness of the surrender, and then the condemnable meanness, afterward, of the victory; then hurried repairs, and the impossible attempt to appear placid and all serene before the other passengers. I tell you there's a short lifetime passed in the kissing of a girl in a tunnel.—S. F. Figure.

The old Richmond Enquirer says: "The private life of the President has been very rudely assailed. We have abstained from any such hasty assaults, for we have too high a respect for the office, and we are too good an American to believe the American people would have such a man as he has been represented in certain quarters to be in that high position. The Southern people have political, and not personal objections to Gen. Grant."

Sumner's health is said to be improved. His disease must have been of the class that is alleviated by the reaction following any sudden shock. The news from Maine which he received on his arrival did the business.

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