

**OTHERWISE AND PERSONAL.**

**WILLIAM D. HOWELLS** says that no woman can live in the same house with a genius.

**HARRY GARFIELD** has gone to Boston to attend the annual regatta of amateur oarsmen.

The laws of Japan require six months' notice to be given of intention to publish a magazine and one month's notice for publishing a book.

Boston's famous lawyer, **Sidney Bartlett**, is 86 years old, and estimated to be worth \$12,000,000, chiefly derived from excellent railroad speculations.

Some of the English newspapers printed on machines that fold and cut the sheet report losses of subscribers, who insist on the privilege of cutting their own newspapers.

At last **Charles Dickens** is to have a monument in Rochester, near his own God's hill, where he wished to be buried and which furnishes some of the best local scenes in many of his books.

HAVING sailed the Mediterranean sea for sixty years without being responsible for a single accident, an Italian captain recently ran into an English steamer, and at once committed suicide. He was ashamed to live any longer.

**EMMA ABBOTT'S** health has been improved by her season of rest. She is getting a trifle stout, and so has begun to walk six miles a day in the hope of keeping flesh down. She takes the matter coolly, however, and says pleasantly that it will never do for her to become any stouter than she is.

**ATTY. GEN. GARLAND** is a queer combination of sternness and infinite humor, writes a Washington correspondent. No man in the cabinet can raise a bigger breeze on a shorter notice than he, provided the circumstances justify it, and, again, none of his associates can begin to compare with him as a raconteur. His stories are resistibly droll. If there is a comical side to anything, you can depend upon it that Garland will be one of the first to see it and give it a twist of his peculiarly dry wit.

**CARL ROSA** says that while music is his profession, painting and politics are his hobbies. His house is adorned by the works of art, and much of his income is spent in gratifying this taste. Mr. Rosa is now 42 years of age, and is one of the most successful managers in the operatic and concert field. He is notably domestic in his habits, and spends his leisure time in his home, where he has two bright children. His son Herbert, now 3 years of age, is said to be quite a little musical genius, much to the delight of his parents.

At Schwalbach Mme. Christine Nilsson is the chief attraction, says *London Truth*. A few days ago a concert was given by some wandering Tyrolean minstrels in a little cafe restaurant in the woods there. Nilsson was present and listened, for a time, with exemplary patience, to the usual excruciating noises, but suddenly she disappeared, and presently, from the heart of the greenery, arose, to the amazement of the Tyrolese and the delight of the Schwalbachians, that voice that has given so much pleasure to thousands, even when they have had to pay a guinea for the privilege of hearing it.

NINETY years old, and for sixty years filling the chair of history in the University of Berlin, Prof. von Ranke still works about eight hours a day, from 8 to 12 and from 6 to 10. He dictates now to an amanuensis. A friendly physician forbids his leaving the upper story in the house in Luisenstrasse, where he has resided for the last forty years. His habits and ways of life are very simple. His little cot reminds one of the equally simple couch of the duke of Wellington. He has a great horror of professional interviews. He says that, after he completes his present work on universal history, he "intends, if it please God, to write recollections of his own life."

**MR. HAROLD FREDRICK**, who visited the cholera epidemic in southern France last year, calls attention to the strange apathy that prevails at present with regard to the ravages of the disease in Spain. In a communication to the *Pull Mall Gazette* of July 28 he says: "We have not reached August yet and there have been in Spain alone about 30,000 deaths. Up to Aug. 22 of last year there were 3,950 deaths in 13 departments of France, and the whole world was grateful for the news that the plague was abating. Up to July 26 of this year, covering almost exactly a month less time, there have been 27,080 choleraic deaths in 34 provinces of Spain—and nobody outside of the French Pyrenean country seems to know or care anything about it. Why we should be convulsed with sympathy and horror over a few thousand deaths in France and Italy, and pay no particular attention to tens of thousands of deaths in Spain, I do not pretend to explain. But the fact is there." Statistics are then presented which show that the deaths in France from June 14 to the last of October, 1884, were 5,700 only, and in Italy 19,027.

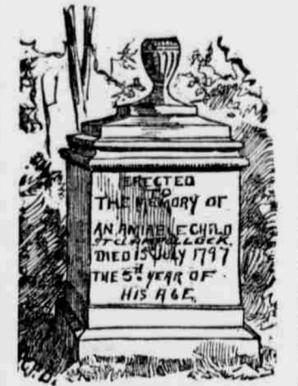
**TWO TOMBS ON THE HILLSIDE.**

The Greatest of the Known and the Smallest of the Unknown Sleep Side by Side on the Shores of the Hudson.

Soldiers Guard and Flowers Grace the Grave of one—Falling Leaves and Passing Winds Alone Caress the other.

Gen. Grant's Tomb and its Surroundings. Special Correspondence.

NEW YORK, Aug. 12, 1885. Every curious visitor to the tomb of Gen. Grant, and there are thousands visit it daily, pass a few feet northwest of his sentry-guarded sepulcher and grave, with feelings of unappreciated curiosity at another grave in Riverside, around which cluster many romantic memories, and half told histories of other days. For many long years this little grave and tombstone have withstood the wrath of storm and wrath of wintry winds upon the river exposed hillside, outlying the surrounding trees, and even landscape, which has so materially changed within the past century, until now it stands alone, a



THE OLD TOMB.

monument to the bones beneath, and landmark of the years gone by. As it stands, the little tomb, with its square block of marble, its quaint inscriptions, with the long English s. of older times in use upon it, its broken urn, and time stained and almost effaced letters, it is indeed a curiosity. On one side are inscribed the words "Erected to the memory of an amiable child, St. Claire Pollock, died July 15, 1797, in the 5th year of his age," and on the side facing the river, in letters worn and scarcely distinguishable are these scriptural lines:

"Man that is born of woman Is of few days and full of trouble. He cometh up like a flower And is cut down. He flieth like a shadow, And continueth not."

So much for the tomb. Who was its occupant, St. Claire Pollock, the amiable child, who now sleeps under the slanting shadow of the tomb of Grant. There are several theories regarding this waif of the last century. One is that he was the illegitimate son of a gay and festive English nobleman, who flourished at Claremont, the title of the property and adjoining house, and that in this way the said nobleman desired to show his respect and love for his offspring by burying him in his own property, under his eye, erecting a handsome monument, and discarding consecrated ground. Another is that he was the child of a friend who visited the nobleman, the boy dying while they were there. Another that he was the child of parties living on the premises at the time and this is the most likely story, since George and Catherine Pollock lived and owned property adjoining Claremont in the good old days of that period. The *Herald* has raked up a so-called relative, an Irishman of Hoboken, who claims that the boy was his "first cousin, and the bye of a Belfast linen draper," and that "his grandfather was me grandfather, too."



THE HERALD'S HOBOKEN RELATIVE. This is to offset the *World* and its story of Lord Courtney, and his love for the little stranger who had died while on a visit to his home with its parents.



CLAREMONT 100 YEARS AGO. Lord Courtney, by the way was an

interesting figure in those good old days. He was a staunch Royalist and supporter of George III. Before that sovereign concluded that America and Washington could get along without his assistance. Lord Courtney built the rambling house on the hill at this point and called it and the estates Claremont.

Here he lived in style overlooking the flowing Hudson and the growing city at New York and swearing by King George, until about the war of 1812, when the country getting too warm and the laws too exacting, he left his estates, his house, his furniture, pictures, etc., and skipped across the water with all the speed possible in those ante bellum days when sails and stage coaches took the place of steam vessels and railroads. There is a rumor that if Lord Courtney had not departed, there would have been trouble for him in the states. However that may be, he never returned to America and his handsome home on the Hudson. His trustee sold it and the 40 acres surrounding to Mr. Joel Post in 1821. Previous to this the house is said to have been kept as a road house, where the famous men of that day, Aaron Burr, De Witt, C. Clinton, Alexander Hamilton, and others met to discuss politics, good liquor and possibly reel gin. Lord Courtney is cherished as a powdered and bewigged gentleman, elegant in his tastes, and tasteful in his elegance, and he fitted up his house and grounds



LORD COURTNEY AS DESCRIBED, according to his notions. Whether or not he was responsible for the existence of the waif in the tomb, can make but little difference now to either since the little St. Claire and the bachelor Lord have both accounted for themselves in the next world and remain but in legendary memory in this.

There is one rather queer and curious feature which has perplexed the minds of many since the Lord deserted the estate, and that is a wooden bust, set up high on the bough of an old pine tree, the hair white and face red,



THE FIGURE IN THE PINE, which has stood there out of reach of the curious passerby and the destructive small boy ever since the oldest inhabitant could remember until the pine tree rotted and fell a short time since. Then the curiosity seekers, when it became known that this was to be the site of Grant's tomb, began clipping away the image, and the park commissioners took it in hand and placed it away for safe keeping. This bust is supposed to be a representative of King George III., but its history is mixed, and like the little grave, it gives no sign.

Claremont and its 40 acres was originally purchased by Mr. Joel Post for \$29,000 from the trustees of Lord Courtney, about ten years after the said Lord shook the dust of America from his feet. The last member of the family who lived here was Mr. Edward Post, who went to Europe in 1850 and there after the property was used as a road house again until the city bought the estate, for Riverside Park including the old mansion, which has now been refitted completely and leased to Mr. Bernard on a five years lease. He runs a road house there still, and as it is at the end of Riverside drive, and within 200 yards of Grant's tomb, he has a fortune in it. The Post estate still own a number of lots facing it which will have to be purchased before any respectable site for a permanent monument can be secured. The spot as it is only 600 feet across on the elevation, and the elevation is but 12 1/2 feet above tide water in the Hudson at this point.



CLAREMONT INN. DAY.

Gen. Grant's tomb overlooks the beginning of the famous palisade of the Hudson, Fort Lee, from which Washington watched the decisive battle of Fort Mifflin, which turned Manhattan Island over to the British in the Revolution, and a monument at Claremont can be seen from the ocean. From the sound and from the East and North river a distance of at least 20 miles.

SPICHO GENTIL.

The London Exposures.

Every right-minded person will agree with Mr. Spurgeon in what he says concerning the recent disclosures of vice in high places, made by the *London Pall Mall Gazette*. The eminent divine, in a letter to the "Pall Mall," heartily commends that journal's action, and urges it not to spare the villains, even though they wear stars and garters. "Incidentally," he says, referring to the publications mentioned, "they will do harm, but the great drift of their result will be a lasting benefit." It is not an agreeable reflection that London, the greatest capital in Christendom, has become a modern Sodom, and that some of its highest and most prominent men have been engaged in a traffic the very name of which must bring a blush to the cheek of every self-respecting Englishman. The *Gazette* asserts that it has carefully substantiated the facts that it sets forth. Charges of such a nature as this made without indubitable proof, and for the highest purposes, would certainly be not cruelly unjust to those accused, but a scandalous outrage. Assuming the disclosures to be well founded, they reveal a condition of social degradation and decay that should serve as a warning to Americans. History but repeats itself. The sins that now disgrace the aristocracy and the plutocracy of Great Britain are as inevitably the result of the luxurious and unmanly tendencies in modern English life, following aggregations of great wealth and power in the hands of a few, as were the vices and follies that sprang up in Rome on the fall of Augustus, the result of a similar development of effeminate luxury, eventually leading to the decline and disruption of the empire. It was a like state of social depravity in the ruling classes that prepared the way for the French revolution.—*Town Topics*.

Why the Pews are Empty.

It is beyond dispute that, generally speaking, the pulpit of the present time is not equal to the demands of true religious enterprise. The sermons, as a rule, are wanting in force, in interest, and in a proper comprehension of the spiritual needs, as well as the intellectual difficulties, of people now living on earth. Among all the thousands of ministers who hold forth every Sunday in this country, there are probably not a hundred who are always sure of a satisfactory audience, or always able to bring people to church as a pleasure rather than a duty. The great majority of them preach to small congregations, mainly composed of women and children and those to whom church going is a sort of social habit; and the results of their labors at the end of the year leave them substantially where they were twelve months before, if, indeed, they always do as well as that. It is not the people who are to blame for the fact that so many empty pews are to be found in all our churches. They would readily and gladly fill all the vacant seats if they were assured that they would hear entertaining and profitable sermons. But the time has gone by for expecting people to be content with commonplace and monotonous preaching. They must be supplied with something more engaging and inspiring or they will stay at home, however kindly disposed they may be toward religion in the abstract, and however solicitous to promote religious influences in the world. The people will go to hear ministers cheerfully enough and in flattering crowds, if they will make sure to provide discourses worth hearing.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat*.

Physical Health.

Physical health is the sole foundation of abiding beauty in women, and the duty in cultivating it is a wholesome text to be elaborated and expounded, even from the pulpit. Nevertheless it will strike the average mortal that Rev. John W. Shudder, of Minneapolis, Minn., places the standard of athletic capability at slightly too high a notch when he says, "A milk-white complexion may be artistic, but is also a sign of weak blood. Give me the nut-brown girl who abandons her sun-bonnet, who can climb a tree with any boy, who prefers good bread to chocolate caramels and baked beans to angel cake. The kind of an angel for me weighs 140 pounds." The estimation in which he holds baked beans may flatter the abnormal sensibilities of the Bostonese; but even they will draw a line at tree climbing.

Old Hickory as a Master.

"Uncle Alfred," who was a slave of President Jackson, and is now custodian of the Hermitage, relates that Old Hickory was a kind master. "Some peoples," he says, "think kase he had a hot tempah dat he was a hard mastah. But dat's all a mistake. His slaves was well treated, an' if dey behaved well dey was almost made like membahs ob de family. Massa Jackson was 'posed to slavery. Mo'n once I've heard 'im say as he was ridin' up an' down de cotton field on horseback: 'Boys you'se all gwine to be free some day. It won't be in my time, but some day you'se gwine to be free, suah.'"

New York will likely have reason to regret a long delay in raising money for a fitting memorial. Gen. Grant's body is to be sent, and its removal to Washington is an easily possible event, depending simply on word from the family. These statements would justify the charge.—*Connecticut Times-Star*.

Misses Ella B. Leonard and Caroline C. Lingle, former college girls, have bought the Judgement at Atlantic Highlands, N. J., and intend to sell and publish it themselves.

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