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A Pulpit Review of the Credit Mobilier Scandal.

A SERMON BY REV. LAIRD COLLIER.

Our National Mortification.

From the Chicago Tribune.

Thy princes are companions of thieves; every one loveth gifts, and followeth after rewards.—Isaiah, 1: xxiii.

I come to the consideration of this matter of Congressional corruption, of conspicuous names which stand perjured before the country, with a personal and patriotic mortification which I have no words to vindicate—certainly no words to express. I have no wish to increase a morbid hunger that feeds upon tales of scandal, or that depraved temper which finds a cloak for one's own moral detection in the exposure of another's or to stimulate self-righteousness, which usually has blatant or hidden satisfaction in the downfall or misfortune of one's fellows, and which gives occasion for the Pharisee to say, "See, 'I am holier than thou.'"

Every American should rise above partisan affiliations and considerations in the very words and tones of voice brought to the discussion of this serious pass into which the nation is brought, and with moral earnestness of spirit, and discretion and sedateness of speech, set to work to make plain the verdict of the popular conscience, and give pledge to one another, as citizens of a proud nation, that the escutcheon so recently soiled by the names of princes who have "sought gifts," "followed after rewards," and "became the companion of thieves," shall be made pure and unsullied, as of old time. And let the speediness, unhesitancy and completeness with which we perform the duty be the assurance to the nations of the world and that America has a moral sense, purpose, and executiveness which conceals no wickedness of those high in place, but remands them to spheres where less harm can be wrought and their names to the censure and judicial punishment they merit. And

WHAT MORE FITTING OCCASION

could be given a minister of Christ to teach and impress a lesson of religion? Let the rulers hear the word of the Lord, and the people give ear unto the law of God: "Wash ye, make ye clean: put away the evil of your doing."

It is nothing that corruption has characterized other times, and rulers and legislators have been dragged to the earth and made to wallow in its mire by bribery, and perfidity, and peculations; it is nothing that luxury has been the demon which has overborne the consciences of Senators and Judges in Greek and Roman times, and that what we call worldiness, and what we know to be greed of gold, has destroyed the reputations and usefulness, and clouded in shame names otherwise luminous in the annals of England; it is

NOTHING IN EXTENUATION

or palliation of this incoming tide of corruption, and this sweeping away of honorable names into a history of infamy unparallelled in barbaric or Christian time. The good name of the nation is certainly cast down, but we are not in despair. These investigations demanded and now going on are the process of clearing away the under brush—it is purging the dross from the silver. True, it is a high marching of moral fates over the names of men heretofore held high in the esteem of their fellows; the moral and inevitable fate of wrong-doing has speedily and betimes overtaken the wrong-doers. The nation is not lacking in

QUICK AND SENSITIVE PUBLIC CONSCIENCE.

It is a splendid spectacle to see the whole people aroused and indignant, willing to have justice done to the accused, determined justice shall be done the Government. Though names have been enshrined in our hearts, they shall be cast from us, until, by repentance and confession, full and public as the exposure, they shall make them worthy to be taken back.

The whole nation is not morally stupefied and benumbed.

WE HAVE NOT ALL GONE TO SLEEP,

nursed to indifference by a vitiated and stifling atmosphere. We have not all become lovers of pleasure more than God. Some whom we supposed were serving the Lord we have found out were all the time worshipping Mammon. And the God whom they serve is powerless to save them now in the time of their dire need and extremity.

The details of these Congressional investigations, I must assume, you are all familiar with. That it was morally wrong and particularly harmful and disparaging for Congressmen to buy, and hold, and receive enormous dividends upon the Credit Mobilier stocks, that it was known to be wrong, and that it was an accusing spectre in the consciences of Senators and Representatives who bought and handled them, is clearly shown by the fact of persistent concealment, and then comes the added sin of lying, one of the vilest and most inexcusable of all sins, concerning all of which *Harpers Weekly*, "a journal of civilization," the eminently charitable cartoons of which you must remember, says: "There is a painful feeling that the gentlemen implicated have strangely prevaricated, if nothing more." It is not left for us to determine the original morality and wrongfulness of the transaction,—the perjury, to keep it concealed, tell terribly enough what the men engaged in it themselves thought of it. I need not recite

THE CATALOGUE OF NAMES IMPLICATED.

Indeed, a sermon should always aim at impersonality, but certain names are representative, stand for movements and causes, and to begin at the beginning, Mr. Senator Nye could not say to Vice President Colfax what he is reported to have said to Mr. Senator Patterson,—that if he wished to get out a patent fool he should deposit him in the Patent Office for his model. Those who have known Mr. Colfax best have never mistaken him for a fool. No man in America ever played a small card better or on less capital did a larger business. He was fortunate in being a citizen of Indiana, which, if without great repute for enlightenment, has extended renown for religion. That he was a suitable man to represent his State, Indiana has verily believed.

When publicly accused of being a party to the Pacific Railroad job, we all understand that these are the exact words of his full, flat, explicit, and, for the time, efficient denial:

"Neither Oakes Ames nor any other person ever gave or offered to give me one share, or twenty shares, or two thousand shares, in the Credit Mobilier or any other railroad stock; and unfortunately I have never received or seen the value of a farthing out of the 270 per cent. dividends, nor the 800 per cent. dividends, in cash, stock, and bonds you have read about every day for the past month nor 100 per cent. nor 1 per cent. nor one-tenth of 1 per cent."

HOW PITIABLE, HOW SOLEMNLY SAD,

this asseveration in the light of these recent investigations, testimonies and confessions!

And what does Mr. Colfax mean when he asks for "a suspension of public opinion?" This is a solecism. Opinions are not passive, but active; cannot be kept in abeyance or held in suspense. And the public are decidedly of the opinion that a lie has been told and sworn to. Toward this man who has been honored beyond his due measurement and merit by his countrymen, words of censure have not been unmixed with both charity ahd scantiness. Indeed, it is very hard for our Western, practical perpendicular texture of thought to accuse men of hypocrisy. Mr. Colfax has set great store by the ethic value of rhetoric. It is reported that within a few days, he sent his card to a friend bearing the following inscription: "Your sorrowful but truthful friend, Schuyler Colfax," which has in it a touch of tenderness—it is really pathetic. It is no new thing, seeking a temperance meeting in Baltimore as a fitting occasion for Mr. Colfax to make public proclamation of the fact that he desired "to stand right in the sight of God." This goody-goodish

SPONGE CAKE SORT OF RELIGION

has been stock in trade which has paid him nearly as large dividends as his Credit Mobilier stock.

I hate a man who will kick a dead dog, and had I not said these things of Mr. Colfax years ago, and published them, I should consider I had no right to say them now. But I have always had cosiderable sympathy with the men who might be more saintly were they not in righteous dread of being more hypocritical. I hope for the purification of Congress by this strange providence of huddling together all these conspicuously Christian men—the *christian* statesman *par excellence*, Patterson, Colfax, Pomeroy, Harlan, as the chief sinners, and this hope has serious foundation, in the faith that insincerity histrionic religion, dramatic piety is the most heinous sin against both man and God.

THERE ARE CHRISTIAN STATESMEN

at Washington, and thank God for them, who carry no placard around with them, who do not their alms before men, who say not their prayers in the market places to be seen of men, but who put their convictions into the measures they advocate and their piety into their votes.

And now listen to these fine rhetorical words—which must go without comment, for comment is needless and would be only the suggester of painful memories—of Mr. Senator Patterson:

"Of this outrage done to the fair fame of men who have lived without reproach for half a century, by driving them into the gaze of the public with a scourge of epithets which should be laid upon the lowest criminal with caution; of the torture inflicted upon men sensitive of their good names by subjecting them to legislative inquisition without sufficient reason, I may take occasion to speak elsewhere; but here I close, simply remarking, if such things are to continue, all decent men will leave public life as I do with pleasure, and not with regret."

From an officer of this great railroad, built by the Government—that is, by your money and mine, but owned neither by the Government nor ourselves,—Mr. Senator Harlan received $10,000 for electioneering purposes, when he himself was a candidate for re-election.

And finally comes the political scandal of $8,000 given into the hands of Representative York, of the Legislature of Kansas, to secure the re-election of Samuel C. Pomeroy to Congress.

How pertinent

MR. HARLAN'S HOMILY,

and you know he knows how to preach, for this was his profession for years. This is his sermon;

"The expenditure of money at elections is a growing evil. The apology for using it on one side is that it is done on the other, and the peril grows out of the fact that it is often handled by unscrupulous agents, who make a use of it not contemplated by those who furnish it. A public sentiment that will make it perilous to a candidate to allow the expenditure of money to influence elections, without restricting its uses within clearly prescribed limits, is one that needs strengthening by all the arguments our best men and purest journals can adduce."

Mr. Harlan is now the editor of a Washington newspaper, and this he uses to give savor of sweetness to the name of Pomeroy:

"We are utterly at a loss to account for such a representation of Mr. Pomeroy. Those who know him intimately and well, believe him to be one of the truest and purest of public men, as they knew him to be one of the most generous. His benefactions have made hundreds of worthy families rejoice. Those who ought to know him thoroughly regard him as singularly unselfish, caring only for money as he can use it, not to aggrandize himself, but to accomplish some good."

I shall waive all witicisms about how he made his money, and how he did care to use it and accomplish some good with $8,000 of it.

That Mr. Ames is

THE CHIEF OF SINNERS,

if we only allude to *original sin*, I admit.

That Mr. Wilson, Vice President elect, was "born in obscurity and reared in poverty," is not to the point.

That many names of lesser note are involved and must pass into a dark chapter of the history of Federal legislation, is painfully true.

Our national Congress in many ways is of higher quality than in the days we deem its palmiest. There is broader intelligence, finer average culture, less profanity, intemperance and debauchery; but these last are not the besetting sins of Congressmen now-a-days. They have become "the champions of thieves; every one loveth gifts and followeth after rewards."

I take to my heart deep pain and unaffected sorrow that the names I have been compelled to mention in order to give definiteness to my discourse, are all identified with the interests and worship of the Christian Church.

THE CHURCH CANNOT BE BLAMED

by individual infidelity and disloyalty. I trust these men are none the worse by reason of their relations to the Church. I have no sympathy with the flippant allusions of some newspaper items which scoff at their religious professions. I shall never cease to feel the truth of Sir Robert Peel's admonition: "It is not prudent, as a rule, to trust yourself to any man who tells you that he does not believe in a God or a future after death." Religion and the Church, which outwardly stands for it, have for their aim to make men better, and I do not believe that they ever made a man worse. There are base coin and counterfeits, but in small proportion everywhere to the genuine; and it is only by reason of the genuine that the base and false have any current value whatever.

We have detected the ostensible and paraded religion of these men to be not of the true, but false. And

TO CURE THESE EVILS

of our time, the greed of gold, the worship of Mammon, corruption, bribery, peculations and perfidy, I have no short cut, no new patent. Only the old time sovereign remedy can I suggest and earnestly inculcate—*individual integrity*. Do our youth hold it as a first and last principle of life that integrity is better than place, that honesty is better than riches? We must begin at home—with ourselves and our children—not with conventions and their training, their bending and holy binding to the standard of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Character, splendid character, must be set before the people as

THE ONE CRITERION OF WORTH,—

not wealth, not conspicuous. What have these men gained? It were better their names had never been upon the lips of supercilious and obsequious votaries, than that now they should be folded in the dark clouds of bribery, or even suspicion. And we are come to a time when in choosing our rulers and legislators, we must choose between personal worth and party fealty. So great was the disinclination of the great Pericles to the receiving of gifts, so utter his contempt for riches, that though the means of raising Athens to be the richest and most flourishing of the Grecian States, he added not a single coin to the estate he inherited from his father.

WE MUST SEEK RULERS

who are possessed of the spirit of the Egyptian King, who said he could better afford to make his subjects rich than be rich himself.

Let us instil that splendid antique personal self-respect which characterized Seneca when he defiantly said to the tyrant Nero: "I had rather offend you by speaking the truth than please you by lying and flattery."

I am persuaded that Congress will do its duty—the people must see to it. This is our Nation—proud we are and ought to be of it; it is the freest on the earth, and we are the freest and best favored people. The nations of the world already know of our painful mortification. The second officer of the nation has come to trial before the conscience of the nation, and must before its judicial tribunal. We ask not for severe punishment, nor for any punishment,—only an adequate treatment of all these names which shall demonstrate the inflexible integrity of the nation. And, my friends,

LET US SEARCH OUR OWN HEARTS.

Have we ever, in these hearts, set a price upon our own virtue and honesty? Have we been just in what is least?

Would to God I could make it plain to every individual whom I address—to every young man meditating and starting upon a career in life—that place, and conspicuousness, and wealth, and selfish ambition have to pay great penalty, and afford no satisfying peace to the soul. Only a conscience at rest, only duty ostentatiously performed, only reliance upon God, and His approval, can send into our souls the angel of peace, there to fold his wings and abide.

The world and the fashion therof passeth away,—Oh! how soon and how suddenly,—yes it is like the morning dew. But God, and character and love endure forever. Reverently let us commit ourselves to Heaven's guidance. Manfully let us beat back the tempter, till we are secure in the all-atoning sense of strong assured character. Truly, like God, let us love and help one another. And humbly walking the path of duty the flowers of beauty and peace shall spring up, greet, and bless us on the way.

Poor Little Stephen Girard.

BY MARK TWAIN.

The man lives in Philadelphia, who when young and poor, entered a bank, and says he, "Please, sir, don't you want a boy?" And the stately personage said, "No, little boy, I don,t wan't a little boy." The little boy, whose heart was too full for utterance, chewing a piece of licorice stick he had bought with a cent he had stolen from his good and pious aunt, with sobs plainly audible, and with great globules of water rolling down his cheeks, glided silently down the marble steps of the bank. Bending his noble form, the bank man dodged behind a door for he thought the little boy was going to shy a stone at him. But the boy picked up something and stuck it in his poor but ragged jacket. "Come, here, little boy," and the little boy did come here; and the bank man said, "Lo, what pickest thou up?" And he answered and replied, "A pin." And the bank man said, "How do you vote?—excuse me, do you go to Sunday-school?" and he said he did. Then the bank man took down a pen made of pure gold, and flowing with pure ink, and he wrote on a piece of paper, "St. Peter," and he asked the little boy what it stood for, and he said "Salt Peter." Then the bank man said it meant "Saint Peter." The little boy said "Oh!"

Then the bank man took the little boy to his bosom, and the little boy said "Oh!" again, for he squeezed him. Then the bank man took the little boy into partnership, and gave him half the profits and all the capital, and he married the bank man's daughter; and now all he has is all his, and all his own, too.

STORY OF ANOTHER GOOD LITTLE BOY.

My uncle told me this story, and I spent six weeks picking up pins in front of a bank. I expected the bank man would call me in and say, "Little boy, are you good?" and I was going to say, "Yes;" and when he asked me what "St. John" stood for, I was going to say "Salt John." But I guess the bank man wasn't anxious to have a partner, and I guess the daughter was a son, for one day says he to me, "Little boy, what's that you're picking up?" Says I, awful meekly, "Pins." Says he, "Let's see 'em. And he took 'em, and I took off my cap, all ready to go in the bank and become a partner, and marry his daughter. But I didn't get any invitation. He said, "Those pins belong to the bank, and if I catch you hanging around here any more, I'll set the dog on you!" Then I left, and the mean old cuss kept the pins. Such is life as I find it.

A JACKSONIAN PEROKATION.—A correspondent gives the Hopkinsville, Ky., *New Era* the following as a speech made by General Jackson, when he was yet a poor backwoods lawyer in Tennessee, and unknown to fame: "He was employed to prosecute a negro for the murder of another in a fit of jealousy, and in his speech to the jury was the following paragraph: "No more shall the voice of the poor murdered man be heard in the songs of the merry corn huskings. No more shall he pluck the snowy cotton ball. No more shall the forests resound with the echoes of his hunting horn as with his dogs he chased the 'possom and the coon. No more shall his nimble feet keep time to the music of the banjo as he patted juba and cut the pigeon wing. That voice, once so joyful is now hushed in death. Those limbs once so agile are now rigid and still. His body now lies upon the blood-stained turf, with his big toe pointing up to the blue arched vault of Haven."

NOT MAGGIE'S FAULT.—An Irishman who had just landed went to see his sister, who was married to a Yankee. The couple lived very happily together and when Pat came, the gentleman took him over his place to show it to him. Pat at the evidence of prosperity, said to his brother-in-law:

"Begorra, you are very happy here, with this fine property to live on; me sister had good luck, intirely, so she hed, in getting you for a husband."

"Ah, yes," responded the married man, "we would be happy but for one thing."

"And what's that?" asked Pat.

"Ah Pat," returned the gentleman, "I am sorry to say that we have no children."

"No children!" exclaimed Pat; "thin, begorra, i'ts not me sister Maggie's fault, for she had two before she left Ireland, and that's the rayson me father sint her to America!"

Some old army buttons, used as playthings by a baby in Iowa, proved to be hollow, with a five dollar greenback folded in each.

Paragrams.

Sweet home—A beehive.

"Safety-Matches."—Love-matches.

Handy book-markers—Dirty fingers.

Always driving things—A hammer.

The Bone of Contention.—The jawbone.

A Man of Low Extractions.—A cheap dentist.

When is a mother a father? When she's a sigher (sire).

The right of weigh—What we don't get at many shops.

Can a man be said to pay as he goes if he sleeps on tick?

Why is a thriving tradesman like ice? Because he is solvent.

A Legitimate inference—That a dentist's office is a drawing-room.

To Find a Good Book-keeper.—Apply at any circulating library.

Why is an infant like a diamond? Because it is a dear little thing.

A woman who tells fortunes from a teacup is not necessarily a sauceress.

When is a lady like a show-window?—When she takes great pains with her sash.

A punster challenged a sick man's vote at the city election on the ground that he was an ill legal voter.

The total number of deaths in New York last year was 32,047, an increase of 5,671 on the mortality of 1871.

Hard work is the price asked for success, and it can be purchased with no other kind of currency.

A Buffalo paper announces that by the recent burning of an ice house there, 200,000 tons of ice were reduced to ashes.

A man had an aching tooth, and had it pulled out. He says he forgot the pain directly it was out of his head.

What is the difference between a carpenter and a flower merchant? None whatever; they are both floorists.

The man who ate his dinner with the fork of a river has sprained his foot while attempting to spin a mountain top.

A seaport paper tells of a skipper who thinks it curious that such a little thing as his barometer "should influence the weather."

A Recent work on gardening is called "The Six of Spades." "The Rake's Progress" would not be an inappropriate title for a sequel.

A trifle from the British Association.—Q. What is the difference between fixed stars and shooting stars? A. The one are suns; the other darters.

A would be suicide in Maine is going to sue the apothecary who sold him arrowroot instead of arsenic for obtaining money under false pretenses.

The gentleman so often spoken of in novels, who rivited people with his gaze, has obtained employment in a boiler-manufactory, with extra pay, on account of his peculiar faculty.

Recept For Making a Row.—Walk along the pavement of a crowed thoroughfare with a ladder on your shoulder, and turn round every two minutes to see if any body is making faces at you.

Somebody inquiring at the Springfield, Ill., Post Office for a letter for Mike Howe received the gruff answer that there was no letter there for anybody's cow.

A cheerful giver put the following note in a pair of pantaloons sent to the Michigan sufferers: "There now take 'em. Last pair I've got. Don't get burn't out again."

"Mamma, a brooklet means a little brook, doesn't it, and an eaglet a little eagle?" Yes, my darling.' 'Then ma, does an eyelet mean a little eye, and hamlet a little ham?"

"Six feet in his boots!" exclaimed Mrs. Beeswax. "What will the impudence of this world come to, I wonder? Why, they might as well tell me that the man had six heads in his hat."

Mary McArdle lately died in Fenghal, Ireland, at the age of 115 years. Her strong point was she worked with the reapers last harvest, and kept up with a frisky youth of 77.

Hazardous!—Husband: "If cook isn't punctual to-day, love, give her ——blow her up well! Wife, My dear Charles! Well, will you come and stand behind the door with your life preserver?"

In response to an inquiry of a scientific publication; "Whence comes fleas?" a western journal says it does not care a pickle, but would like to know where in thunder they go to when you look for them.

Bus, a kiss; rebus, kiss again; pluribus, to kiss irrespective of sex; syllabus, to kiss the hand instead of the lips; blunderbus, to kiss the wrong person; omnibus, to kiss all promiscuously: erebus, to kiss in the dark.

As soon as the House passes the appropriation bill of $50,000 for the issue of the new postal cards the Postmaster General will immediately commence work upon them, and issue them as soon as possible.

The extraordinary demand for iron and coal is causing the development of new sources of supply in Europe. England now draws on Spain and Ireland for iron ore, while new coal mines have been opened in the latter country.

What an Old Man has Noticed.

I have noticed that all men are honest when well watched.

I have noticed that purses will hold pennies as well as pounds.

I have noticed that merits is always measured in the world by it's success.

I have noticed that in nearly all things money is the main object in view.

I have noticed that in order to be a reasonable creature it is necessary at times to be downright mad.

I have noticed that some men are so honest that necessity compels them to be dishonest in the end.

I have noticed that silks, broad cloths and jewels are often bought with other people's money.

I have noticed that whatever is right, with a few exceptions—the left eye, the left leg, and the left side of a plum pudding.

I have noticed that the prayer of every selfish man is "Forgive us our debts, while he makes everbody who owes him pay to the utmost farthing.

I have noticed that he who thinks every man a rogue is very certain to see one when he shaves himself, and he ought, in mercy to his neighbor, to surrender the rascal to justice.

I have noticed that money is the fool's wisdom, the knave's reputation, the poor man's desire, the covetous man's ambition, and the idol of all.

I have noticed that all men speak well of all men's virtue's when they are dead, and that tombstones are marked with epitaphs of the good and virtuous. Is there any particular cemetry where the bad men are buried.

POLITICAL SERMONS.—Some years since, a substantial farmer in the State, who was a Federalist, had a servant man who was a violent Democrat. The farmer went to attend church himself, tried hard to prevail upon his servant to do the same. But in vain. He persisted in spending his Sabbaths at home. On being asked why he was so opposed to going to church, his answer was, "Because the parson is forever preaching politics."

The farmer, thinking that the argument would be overcome if he could only once get his servant to hear his minister, hired him on a certain Sabbath morning to go. On returning home, the servant said:

"There, it was just as I told you it would be; all politics, from beginning to end."

"No," said the farmer, "not so, there was not a word of politics in the whole discourse."

"Yes, said the servant, "there was; the text was politics."

"Why, what was it?" said the farmer.

"This," said the servant; "'If the Federalists scarcely be saved, where will the cursed Democrats appear?'"

"No, it was not," was the reply. "On the contrary, it was—"If the righteous scarcely be saved, where shall the ungodly and sinner appear?"

"I know it," was the answer, "but, darn him I knew what he meant!"

The following article from the New York *Sun* will give an idea of the condition of some of the working women of that city:

Margaret McMahon, a seamstress, was arrested in Brooklyn yesterday, on complaint of Miss Phillips, of 398 Fifth avenue, who charged that she had stolen and pawned a quantity of clothing which had been given her to make up. Miss Phillips takes contracts from a New York clothing house for making garments, and lets the work out in Brooklyn.

At the trial yesterday it transpired that Margaret McMahon had taken clothing home to finish at the following rates: Four pairs of pantaloons—price to be paid, seventeen cents; twelve pairs drawers, fifty cents; twenty-one pairs drawers, one dollar; six shirts, twenty-five cents.

"Yes, I pawned the pantaloons," she said, "to keep my family from starving. Miss Phillips refused to pay me for what I had done because I did not finish the work as soon as she wanted me to. I got $2 for them."

Justice Maben—"How long were you making the articles you have mentioned?"

Prisoner—"Nearly a week, working night and day."

Justice (to Miss Phillips)—"You will pay this woman for her work immediately." (to prisoner)—"You are discharged."

Mrs. McMahon was accompanied in Court by her four children, the oldest being eight years old.

A MYSTERY.—Two darkies had bought a piece of pork, and Sam, having no place to put his in, trusted the whole to Julius's keeping. Next morning they met, when Julius said:

"A most strange thing happened at my house last night, Sam. All mystery to me."

"Ah, Julius, what was dat?"

"well, Sam, this mornin' I went down into the cellar to get a piece of pork for breakfast, and I put my hand down into the brine, and felt all round, but no pork dere—all gone—could'nt tell what be went with it; so I turned up de barrel, and Sam, as true as preachin, de rats eat a hole clear fru de bottom ob de barrel, and de dragged pork all out."

"Why did'nt de brine run out of de hole." "Ah, Sam, dat is de mystery."

Chief Justice Chase is represented as having changed from the handsome, smooth-faced, portly man of the past, to a tall, heavy, thin man, with a yellow beard. His mind is clear, but his voice is weak and the thin lips quiver from parlysis. He is the ghost of his former self.