

Whistler, the sonne of Master John Whistler, of Goring, who departed this life the 17th day Janvarie, anno domini 1616, being aged 216 yeares."

That was a good while ago and the means of testing the authenticity of the inscription have no doubt been entirely effaced. Such a remarkable period of life is worth keeping a reliable account of. If a court had passed on Whistler's case at the time of his death and pronounced him an old man, there would not have been such an incentive to discussion as in the matter first spoken of.

EX-SENATOR BAYARD.

After a life of seventy years, more than half of which was spent as a public man, the career of Thomas Francis Bayard is brought to a close. He was born in Wilmington, Delaware, on the 29th day of October, 1828, and received an ordinary education. He began what has proved to be a busy life in a mercantile establishment in New York city, but being evidently dissatisfied with that occupation he took up the study of law and was admitted to the bar in 1857. For a short time thereafter he was district attorney of his native state. He practiced steadily until 1869, when he was elected to the United States Senate to succeed his father, being re-elected in 1875 and again in 1881, resigning the seat in 1885 to become President Cleveland's secretary of state. On Mr. Cleveland being re-elected, in 1892, Mr. Bayard was appointed ambassador to Great Britain, and in that distinguished position gave general satisfaction to both governments and all classes of people.

Mr. Bayard came of a race of statesmen. He was a Democrat a l'outrance and was to some extent a sympathizer with the cause of the Southern Confederacy. He remained, however, loyal to the Union. He was the fifth of his family to hold the position of United States senator, and while perhaps not as conspicuously able as some of the others, was still many degrees above mediocrity and at all time commanded respectful attention. He has held no public station since leaving London, but has evidently found enjoyment in the surcease of care and labor afforded by retirement, a retirement which has proved to be final.

MAD JOURNALISM.

A gentleman interested in politics, in a conversation last night with a representative of the "News," speaking of current political methods, expressed himself somewhat to the following effect:

It is really unfortunate that intelligent men, professedly framers of public opinion, should lose their reason periodically, at election time, and say publicly everything they can think of to injure their own cause and damage the interests of the people, in whose midst their lot has been cast. Fortunately, the sensible class of citizens, who constitute the majority, are not influenced by the ravings of some newspapers. They form their opinions independent of the sensational features of the low grade journals. They know that to some newspapers the chief and only consideration is to make money, and that for a few cents they are willing to say anything; to ascend to the loftiest heights or dig in the dirtiest depths; to distribute crowns or sling mud; to make black white or white black—anything in order to sell a few more papers. There is really no malice in this, any more than there is in the wild beast that hunts its prey and plays with it between the sharp claws and

teeth till it bleeds to death. It is merely a case of hunger—a craving for dollars and cents—that must be appeased.

The agitation thus created is nevertheless unfortunate. People at a distance do not realize the situation. They are kept back from making investments, for fear that the shallow mud puddles that are not allowed to become clear, are very deep and dangerous holes. The prosperity of any community depends on the peace and harmony with which its citizens can labor together towards a common end.

It may be necessary to add that the gentleman referred to did not mention especially local journalism, but was speaking in general terms.

THE HEROES' RETURN.

The "colored boys in blue" are in Utah again with no such gaps in their ranks as was feared would be the case when that depressing dispatch reached us from the front at Santiago. Here and there a once familiar figure is missing showing that the Spanish Mauser had not overshot or undershot every time, also that there are a number who are the government's patients in a hospital for the sick. It is, in view of all that has taken place, a gratifying showing that the boys make as they march from point to point, not exclusively because of their perfect discipline and excellent decorum, but because altogether they make up such a goodly array in point of numbers.

When it comes to a consideration of the officers, as much relating to numbers cannot be said. The vacant places, or at least those places that were for the time made vacant, are much more numerous proportionately than in the case of the rank and file. It is a sad story, but its sadness is tempered by memories of the glories consummated, the victories won, the Spartan-like devotion to the cause of the eternal right which each and all—the living and the dead—displayed upon that gory field. It is said by the poet:

Whether on the scaffold high

Or in the battle's van,

The noblest place that man can die

Is where he dies for man.

Those of our forces who repose beneath the soil at Santiago died in the noblest cause—they died for man. They died, and all fought, in order that a race not theirs by even so much as resemblance might be free, might escape the thralldom which the tyranny of a nation given to the destruction and oppression of all who came within its sway had imposed upon them for five long, cruel centuries. It was not to be so for ever. It was not to be one of the spectacles confronting the new century at its birth. The wrong had to be righted, the despoiler, the despot, the oppressor, the enslaver must be driven from the soil and the people's natural heritage restored to them.

The tyrant was strong and well entrenched. He laughed to scorn the efforts made to secure a peaceful adjustment and hurled back insolent defiance at the threats to dislodge him by force if force it must be. Little recked he of the matchless yet quiescent power which existed in the grand Republic just across the narrow strip of ocean to the north; he derided it, caricatured it, made light of it in every way that a semi-barbarian can. Finally his recklessness was allowed to run to such an extreme that lives and property of the great nation were destroyed within his waters by his order or at least by his approval as manifested in various ways. Then the whole face of the controversy changed. It was as if new souls had entered into the men of our land, as if new thoughts had inspired their minds and a new and most terrible energy

had taken possession of their hearts. The great crime must be extinguished in blood and the bondmen of the land in which it occurred must be made free and independent. All thought of mediation, of arbitration, of appeals to the throne of peace were now cast to the winds. A great storm-cloud gathered about the island and acquired volume, darkness and increased agencies of destruction as it gathered. It burst; it rent the earth; it tore down battlements and leveled fortresses; its lightnings, fierce and vivid, smote the hordes of the despot and scattered, and mangled, and tore, and tossed, until it seemed as if all nature had become an engine of destruction and had gathered together all that was wrathful and revengeful in the elements and poured them out upon the bare heads of the minions of medieval misrule. It did not last long. Such work never does. Its mission accomplished, the clouds began to break apart and drift away, and now the "blue dome not reared with hands" looks down upon the scene as brightly and beautifully as though it had not been for the time effaced and unseen.

The work is done, as relates to asserting American honor, avenging the bloody insult that was heaped upon us and freeing the people of the Antillean gem from the curse of Spanish misrule. No men in all that gallant host did more or better work than the Twenty fourth regiment, whose return makes tomorrow a recognized holiday. All honor to them, one and all, from the general in chief command down to the humblest private in the ranks. Their country looks with pride upon them and we welcome them home with pride. May their ways henceforth be ways of pleasantness and their paths the paths of prosperity.

Hoping that the star of peace may never set,

Praying for the nation newly born.

EXPANSION EXPANDING.

California is also in the throes of a great political campaign, the issues being in most material respects the same as those of Utah. The chief points of difference are the election of state officers and the general magnitude of the contest. Like this State a Congressional delegation and a senator-choosing legislature are to be elected and some constitutional amendments voted on. The work, however, over there is in full blast, while with us it is just beginning. Henry Gage is the Republican candidate for governor and James G. Maguire the Democratic, both considered strong, able men.

A great Republican rally was held in Odd Fellows hall, San Francisco, last Saturday night, at which considerable enthusiasm was manifested. One of the speakers, the principal one, was the well known lawyer, Morris M. Estee, who made an unsuccessful race for governor against Gov. Budd four years ago. During his speech Mr. Estee voiced what he claimed was the sentiment of his party in the following:

"The war with Spain has emphasized and nationalized the present state election. Public opinion is being formed to meet new conditions. One of these new questions is, 'Shall we acquire territory lying beyond the limits of the continent?' The United States has recently made a new departure in this direction. For the first time in the history of our country we have acquired territory beyond the continent.

"This is a commercial age, and we must be one of the first or we will be one of the last in the march to empire. We must have a navy great enough to meet our new conditions, and coal-