"The fox" (knowing the force of publicity) "barks not when he would steal the lamb." In these days any business venture which fights shy of advertising is open to natural suspicion.

DESERET EVENING NEWS.

Job said: "The ear trieth words as the palate taseteth meat." And in these days of printing, and of advertising, the word "eye" may be substituted for "ear."

TRUTH AND LIBERTY.

PART TWO. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1905. SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH. FIFTY-FIFTH YEAR.

The Saturday "News" Special Foreign Service.

"DIVINE" BABY IN "ABODE OF LOVE"

Sensation Caused Among the Agapemonites by Advent of a Strange Child.

MOTHER A "SPIRITUAL BRIDE"

Wife of Smyth Piggott, the Arch Mystic and Leader of the Sect—Exposure of His Character.

LONDON, Sept. 20.—But for the fact that the arch mystic Smyth Piggott, who professes to be the Messiah once more incarnate on earth, has to conform to the laws of the country, the outside world would have learned nothing of the birth of his son, for whom divinity is also claimed. If Piggott had concealed the occurrence he would have run the risk of prosecution, in which event nothing short of a miracle would have saved him from punishment. Miracles are not in his line—he has found that he can gull people without them—and so, to escape trouble with the legal authorities he has had the birth registered. In that way the secret has leaked out and incidentally a scandal that would have caused Piggott's ignominious expulsion from any community less credulous than the Agapemonites. But the greater the demands their leader makes on their faith the deeper becomes their veneration for him, and the proof he has given that he is one of the vilest of impostors, will in all probability merely raise him higher in their esteem.

"MESSIAH" ANNOUNCEMENT.

It is now over two years since Piggott announced that he was the Messiah. The declaration was made at the "Ark of the Covenant"—the picturesque little church at Clapton, in London, where the Agapemonites in the metropolis were wont to assemble for worship. "I am," he said, "that Lord Jesus Christ who died and rose again and ascended into heaven. I am that Lord Jesus come again in my own body to save those who come to me from death and judgment. I am he that livest and behold I am alive for ever more!"

STATEMENT ACCEPTED.

The congregation, composed for the most part of respectable and well-to-do people, accepted this statement as gospel truth and received it with ecstasy. Piggott arranged for a "transfiguration" and a few other things to prove that he was possessed of divine power. But they never came off. The Clapton populace mobbed him and before the storm of execration he fled to the "Abode of Love"—the beautiful retreat of the sect established by the founder of the sect, Brother Prince, at Spaxton, in Somersetshire. It lies amid a smiling land of green fields and shady trees. Walls 12 feet high, fringed with broken glass and iron spires screen the grounds from observation and keep sceptics at bay. The house is a country mansion, fair and spacious and beautifully furnished, for it is not part of the Agapemonite creed that earthly perfection is attained by the practise of asceticism. Adjoining the house, and at right angles to it is the chapel where strange rites are performed, and the reincarnated Messiah worshipped. From the back of the house stretches a velvety lawn studded by noble cedar trees. Beyond that, and forming part of the Agapemonite domain, is a vinery and orchard. Part of the grounds are laid out for croquet and tennis.

IN THE ABODE OF LOVE.

In the "abode of love" there is neither er marriage nor giving in marriage, and the inmates are supposed to dwell together in an asmosphere of spiritual comradeship and platonic affection. Three men and 60 women live there, and most of the women are young and handsome. But most beautiful of all is Ruth Preece—"Sister" Ruth she is called—a tall and stately creature of about four and twenty with a fine figure and a head crowned by a wealth of auburn hair. She is the daughter of a London stock exchange broker, who died a few years ago, leaving a widow and three daughters in comfortable but not affluent circumstances. The family lived at Clapton and Ruth attached herself to a mission of the Wesleyan church and did much genuine good work among the aged poor, sick and infirm. One evening she went out of curiosity to a meeting of the Ark of the Covenant and fell under Piggott's spell. She threw up her connection with the Wesleyan body and adopted the more sensational cult. In vain her mother and sisters pleaded with her to abandon it. She said she had received a "call" and nothing would induce her to turn back.

A "SPIRITUAL BRIDE."

When Piggott left Clapton among those who followed him to the "Abode of Love" was Sister Ruth. She was proclaimed his "spiritual bride," a form of matrimony which, according to the self-styled Messiah, needs no performance of the marriage rites to sanction it. Besides the existence of a legal Mrs. Piggott presented obstacles to anything of that sort. It would have rendered him liable to prosecution for bigamy. In taking a spiritual bride, Piggott was merely following the example of Brother Prince, who had as his spiritual better half a beautiful girl known as "Sister Zoe." Her presence in the "Abode of Love" aroused no little indignation among the British public 30 years ago, but there was no such scandalous sequel as that which has followed Piggott's spiritual alliance.

THE "DIVINE CHILD."

A few days ago the Bridgewater District registrar, Mr. White, received a message to the effect that he was wanted in a hurry at the "Abode of Love." He drove to the place, which is some six miles from town. The woman who opened the door to him told him that he was "about to be admitted to the presence of the Almighty." Mr. White followed her into the chapel. Here he found some 40 women gazing with expressions of earnest devotion at a couch on which reclined a beautiful woman—Sister Ruth—clad in costly, clinging garments. At the foot of the couch knelt a woman holding a bouncing boy baby, dressed in snowy white. It was the "Divinity" whom he had been summoned in such haste to record on the official census papers of Somersetshire. Besides himself, Piggott and his secretary were the only men present. Piggott said he was the father of the child and his name was so entered. The name of the mother was given as Ruth Anne Preece. The name of the child was recorded as Glory Piggott. It is hardly a name to conjure with, but faith gets a heap of things—including a sense of humor. And no doubt the Agapemonites will in due time recognize Glory Piggott's hereditary claim to the Messiah-ship. After the official part of the business was over, the registrar was invited to remain and witness the christening ceremony, which took the form of an elaborate glorification of the little stranger. Apparently he is regarded with as much reverence by the strange sect as is his father, though what particular place he takes among their divinities no one knows.

PLENTY OF MONEY.

Piggott is abundantly supplied with money. The abode of love is not entered by the gate of faith alone. Tradition has it that the wily Brother Prince who established it, laid the foundations of success on the fortunes of two wealthy old women. Those who take up their residence there must conform to the same rule. The disciple flings his or her wealth into the common coffer and the place affords substantial evidence that many thousands of pounds have been brought in by the devotees—most of them women.

CAUSED A SENSATION.

The advent of the baby has caused a great sensation among the sect. They have been flocking to Spaxton in such numbers that the generous accommodations of the Abode have been insufficient for them and they have had to content themselves with far humbler lodgings among the villagers. They all appear to be people of means. Piggott does not seek converts among the poor and lowly. Undoubtedly he is a man of strong personality. He is a university graduate, and before he took holy orders had been at various times a cattle-driver, a seaman, a coffee-planter and a soldier. Among his other accomplishments he is a first rate boxer. His reputation keeps him virtually a prisoner in the Abode of Love, where he lives in an atmosphere of effiminacy almost eastern in its luxury. He is still a young-looking man with piercing, black eyes, rendering all the more conspicuous by the pallor of his features.

PAYS BIG PRICES.

He spends money freely on his menage and that makes the place popular with the country folk round about. They take no stock in his claims to be the Messiah, but they appreciate the fact that he pays the best prices for everything and pays promptly. So careful is he not to get into debt that a farmer who served the Abode with milk was requested to send in his bill at the end of the week. He feared that his milk had not given satisfaction and told the manager with whom he did business that monthly payments were usual. "The place has been here for years," he added, "and I am sure of my money."

"Not at all," was the reply; "any day we may go up into the sky with the Lord, and then where would you be?" Overcome by this prospect of impotent tradesmen, bills in hand, storming high heaven for payment, the milkman agreed to a weekly settlement.

IGNORANCE OF THE SEA.

Capt. Kaempf of the Deutschland was entertaining a little group of passengers with sea stories.

"Why is it" said Capt. Kaempf "that landsmen are so ignorant of the sea? Seamen are not ignorant of the land. It is only, in fact, through knowing the land well enough to avoid it that seamen keep their ships afloat.

"But landsmen's ignorance of the sea—it is deplorable.

"In Bremen one day I saw a farmer looking at the shipping in the harbor. A longshoreman was explaining the shipping to him. Finally I heard the longshoreman say:

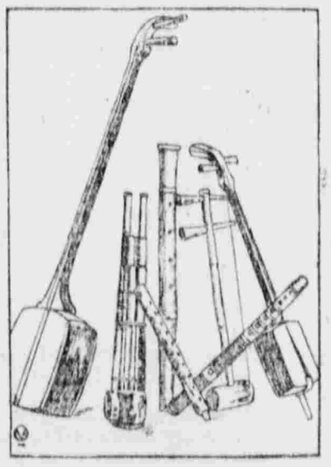
"'It is low water, sir.'

"The farmer took his pipe out of his mouth and, pointing it solemnly toward a heavily laden tramp steamer that was passing:

"'It is a good thing for that vessel going past that it is low water,' he said. 'The water's near over the edge of her now.'"—New York Times.

JAPANESE MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

The curious objects illustrated in the cut are musical instruments popular in Japan. These devices are very strange to an occidental, and the sounds produced with them are equally weird and unmelodious. The names they bear are quite as unfamiliar as



are the sounds they emit. The samisen, a stringed instrument, is the most common. It is found everywhere in Japan and is used by all classes. The schosch has twelve pipes. The siakuhachi is a sort of flute, and there is another of bamboo called the fuye. The telkin and the kokiu are also much used. When these instruments are heard in combination the effect is indescribable.

Society Bagging Grouse at $15 a Bird.

How Rich Americans Have Taken the Lead on the Scotch Moors This Year in the Great Annual Festival of Fashion and Sport—J. R. Roosevelt, President's Cousin, Willing to Let the Limit Stop at $3.25 Each.

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, Sept. 20.—Americans are this year setting the pace, by reason of which the grouse season—that great annual festival of fashion and sport for which parliament adjourns and leaves the British empire to run itself—undoubtedly will pass into history as the most successful ever known. By that one means the most costly. Here grouse shooting, much more than horseracing, has become the exclusive pastime of the wealthy. And because fashionable Americans have more money than other folk and are more reckless in spending it they have taken the lead in the social carnival for which the killing of grouse merely furnishes the excuse. It matters nothing to them that the birds slain by them and their guests cost them from $10 to $15 apiece and can be bought in the market for a mere fraction of these sums. It is for the social eclat—the distinction of being in the swim—that they ungrudgingly pay the difference and consider that they get full value for their money.

The shooting season began on Aug. 12 and lasts three months. During that period it is estimated that, directly or indirectly, on account of its grouse, $20,000,000 will be expended in Scotland. Of this sum $2,000,000 goes for the rental of moors and shooting rights, and the larger share of the balance for entertainments, social distractions and high living generally. Still the expenditure which might be properly charged to the shooting account—providing gillies, beaters, gamekeepers, dogs, guns, conveyances for guests, luncheons, etc.—is a heavy one. When to the rental and running of the moors is added the cost of the social diversions for which the slaughter of the grouse furnishes the pretext, each bird killed represents, at a moderate estimate, an expenditure of $9.

AMERICANS PAY MOST.

Of course, the Americans will achieve the distinction of paying most for their birds. In the aggregate the number of Americans who have leased moors is not large; yet they pay more than $500,000 in rentals, and probably will spend at least five times that much in maintaining their reputations for generous hospitality and lavish expenditure. Taking into account all their expenses during the season, it is estimated that each bird bagged on the moors they lease will really cost them about $15. If only the rental and the actual expenses of "running the moor" and the shooting are taken into consideration each bird would represent a trifling expenditure of $3.25 to $5.50 apiece. I believe that J. R. Roosevelt eats his birds at the lower price. If Andrew Carnegie leased his moor his birds would cost him considerably more than $5 apiece upon the same basis of calculation. Of the renters, "Silent Smith" pays the most, while Colonel Payne, the Bradley Martins, Mrs. Poor and E. D. Jordan of Boston are not far behind.

Mr. Roosevelt, who is a cousin of President Roosevelt, has leased Arrigadale, in the County of Sutherland, at $5,000 for the season, more with a view to a full enjoyment of the sport than to a social campaign. The lodge is an unpretentious one and not particularly suitable for the entertainment of large parties. There are 40,000 acres in the shooting, which should yield abundance of grouse, at least 10 stags and various quantities of ptarmigan, woodcock, snipe, hares, etc. The total expense, including rent and extra servants for this place, will be not far from $15,000, so Mr. Roosevelt's grouse will cost him an extremely low price as grouse go.

Richard A. McCurdy, president of the Mutual Life Insurance company of New York, has taken Braeroy, in Inverness-shire, and will entertain some of his intimate friends there during September and October. Some rather large parties may be conveniently taken care of at the lodge, as it has been nearly doubled in size since last year. There are 20,000 acres of good moors, which extend over the whole upper valley of the Roy and the upper series of the famous parallel roads of Glenroy. The rent for this property is $8,000. Based upon the number of birds killed upon this moor last year and excluding the cost of Mr. McCurdy's entertainments and other extraordinary expenses, each bird bagged will cost him $4.75.

MRS. POOR'S COSTLY GROUSE.

Mrs. H. W. Poor of New York, who recently has been staying at the Hyde Park hotel, has taken Alvie, in the shire of Inverness. This is an exceptionally desirable moor, and, as there are ample facilities for a large number of guests, Mrs. Poor will, I hear, make the most socially of her Scottish outing. There are some 8,000 acres of land, which offer what sportsmen call "a well mixed bag." There are grouse, snipe, duck, plover, roedeer, stags and blackgame, besides salmon and trout fishing. The house contains fifteen bedrooms, three reception rooms, a billiard room, nine servants' bedrooms, and all modern conveniences. In addition there are the usual kennels, stables, gardens, etc. The quality of the sport and the superior residential facilities make this an expensive place, and the cost of each grouse, exclusive of the purely social side, will easily be $5. With the social mixture added, $15 per bird is rather under than over a correct estimate.

Colonel Oliver H. Payne will make Novar, in Ross-shire, the scene of that lavish hospitality for which he is famous and can so well afford. Novar is an excellent sporting and residential estate, with a large and handsome mansion and extensive shootings, yielding all kinds of Highland game. Assuming that Colonel Payne's grouse bag equals that which the property yielded last year, his grouse will cost him $17 apiece, as his social events are of the most elaborate kind.

Besides the shootings which go with the 21,800 acres belonging to the Beaufort Castle estate of Lord Lovatt, Henry W. Phipps has acquired the grouse moors and deer forests known as Boblainy, Convinth and Fanblair, while J. S. Phipps has taken Glendoe. In all the Messrs. Phipps have leased 63,000 acres, which, however, showed a low yield of grouse last year, in fact, only about 2,000 birds. But this was more than made up for by the number of other game captured, which included more than a hundred deer, 15,000 pheasants, 2,000 partridges, 1,000 hares, 10,000 rabbits, besides liberal quantities of black game, woodcock and teal. The rents paid for these properties aggregate fully $30,000, and the cost of entertaining, etc., is estimated at twice that amount. The Phipp's grouse will be valued at about $12 each, without adding the cost of shooting gillies in the closed season, one of whom was mistaken for a poacher by the young Mr. Phipps in July.

With Inveraray Castle, which he has leased from the Duke of Argyle, E. D. Jordan of Boston has this year about 16,000 acres of grouse moor, which should yield something like 900 birds at a cost of $3.75 each, taking into consideration only the rent of the property. C. W. Ogden of New York has again taken Achdalieu in Argyllshire. Last year there were 1,236 birds killed there at a cost of $3.10—calculated on the same basis as Mr. Ogden's bag. There are 25,000 acres of well timbered land, mostly forest, in this shooting, and deer are plentiful, 62 stags having been killed last year.

"SILENT SMITH'S" SOCIAL GROUSE CAMPAIGN.

Andrew Carnegie has let Inveran, one of his Scotch grouse moors, to Lewis D. Hall, who should be able to bag fully 1,000 birds at a cost of about $5 each. That does not include social expenditures. Mr. Carnegie's grouse are expensive because of the many improvements which he has made on his properties. Old sport loving Scotsmen are disposed to criticise Mr. Carnegie for the extent of the changes he is making. In consequence of the increased expenditure upon his estates it is estimated that Mr. Carnegie's birds will be among the highest priced in Scotland.

The Bradley Martins have again leased the grouse moors and deer forests of Balmacaan, Lochletter, Abriachan and Loch Ness. From this domain of 42,000 acres there should be some 1,200 grouse bagged at a cost of $4.50 each, besides large numbers of deer hinds and other game. The social outlay will raise the value of the birds to about $17 apiece.

James Henry Smith has under his control as tenant this year more acres of grouse land than any other American. These moors include Phones, Dunachton, Dalnavert, Inchreach and Kincraig. They extend over some 85,000 acres, and so plentifully are they stocked with grouse that his cost is only about $3.25 each when only the rent is considered. "Silent Smith's" social campaign this year, though, will come high. Lady Cooper presides over that department, and each bird would be able to pay the $5 annual tax upon armorial bearings and still have a net valuation of $15, should Mr. Smith care to adorn every grouse with a separate lordly crest.

The king honors only one of the great social Highland fixtures with his patronage this year. Altogether there are three of these affairs, one at Inverness—the largest; another at Aboyne and the most exclusive at Braemar Castle, which Consuelo, Dowager Duchess of Manchester, has leased this year from Princess Alexis Dolgorouki. It is here that the king will witness the usual Highland sports and award the prizes. The Braemar Castle estate adjoins Balmoral, the favorite Scottish retreat of the late Queen Victoria. While the shooting is not considered "sporty" there are plenty of moors near by which offer the greatest attraction for the royal gunners. The best shot in the royal family is the Prince of Wales, who ranks among the five best sporting shots of Great Britain. It isn't necessary to favor the prince in the grouse drives—a proceeding hinted at when the king is concerned.

BRINGS SOCIAL PRESTIGE.

With the exception of the three social grouse fixtures named above, the round of gayety is largely confined to the members of each house party who intermingle with the quality folk of the neighborhood in the most democratic manner. Nowhere are American girls more liked than in Scotland. No noble owner of grouse moors will lease his property to an American tenant without being well satisfied of the social standing of the applicant; consequently his temporary possession confers on him such social prestige that the doors of Scotland's clannish aristocracy are fairly opened to him. There is little formality, but much good fellowship. At some houses there are not more than two hunting days in the week. At others, where the sporting instinct is strong, every day finds the men at the butts or following the Gordo or Irish setters after the drive.

It is easy to enjoy all the delights of Highland Scotland—provided you have the money and are in the "Social Grouse Register." If satisfied with a small lodge of, say, 10 bedrooms, ball room, billiard room, 15 servants and some 30 "gillies," or under gamekeepers, the season may be comfortably negotiated for $50,000. This would put one in the very best of society and should yield a good bag of grouse. If more grouse than society is desired the same number could be killed for $25,000. If, on the other hand, social prominence is the first consideration, the American who rents a grouse moor in Scotland, with a castle or two thrown in, should be prepared to spend not less than $100,000.

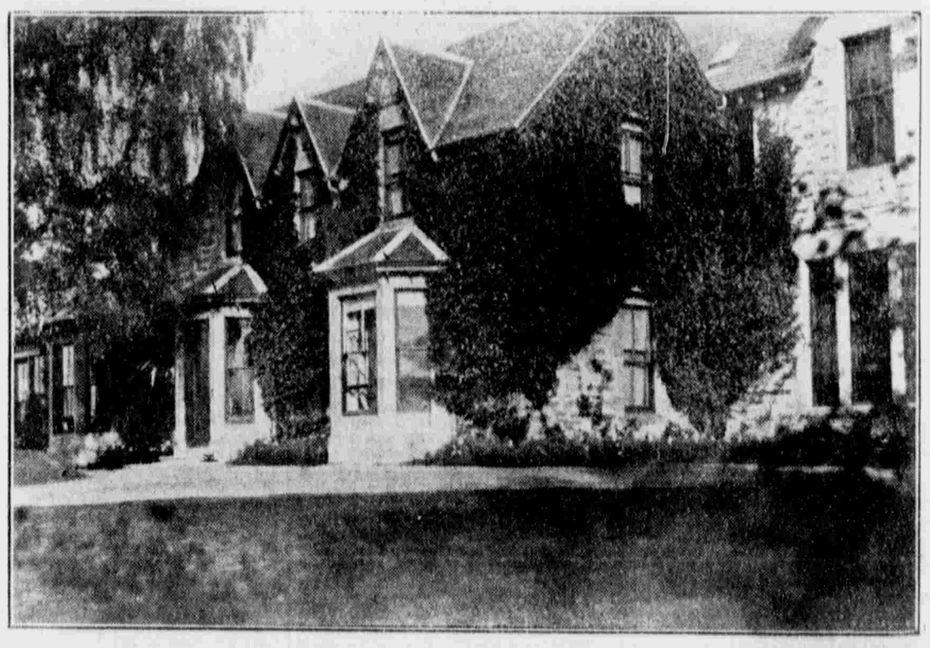
For those who wish to perfect themselves in the art of grouse shooting, before entering upon the social side of it, there is a shooting school occupying a hundred acres, within the limits of greater London where all but the social ethics of grouseland may be learned. Many notable shots have been educated in West London, near Perivale. These include the Duke of Roxburghe, Lord Balfour of Burleigh and Lord Lovat. A novice may be taught at this school how to shoot with some regard to the safety of others, to become acquainted with the Scottish grouse butt and an essential stock of idiomatic Scotch. Indeed, it is quite necessary to know exactly what to do with perfect society composure, but without hesitation, when The Mac Ghoosh, your gamekeeper, tells you "a bird is cowering in a' hole in the heather oot there," or "dinna ca' a' droughty ea'! hoot man."

SLAUGHTER—NOT SPORT.

As a social factor the Scottish grouse counts for a great deal. As an element of sport for very little. There are two methods of slaughtering the birds—for that is what it amounts to. The most popular, because it demands the least exertion, is to remain seated upon a chair behind a species of blind, or butt, as it is called, made of stones to resemble a Scotch fence, and to blaze at the birds as they are driven toward you by a small army of beaters. Provided with three or four guns, with a couple of attendants to load them, some prodigious bags are achieved in this fashion. Another method is to walk up and down an imaginary line over which the hirelings drive the birds. The old method used to be to go out with a gun and a dog and really hunt for the birds, but this is now almost obsolete, as the fatigue it entails unfits the sportsmen for the evening's social frolics.

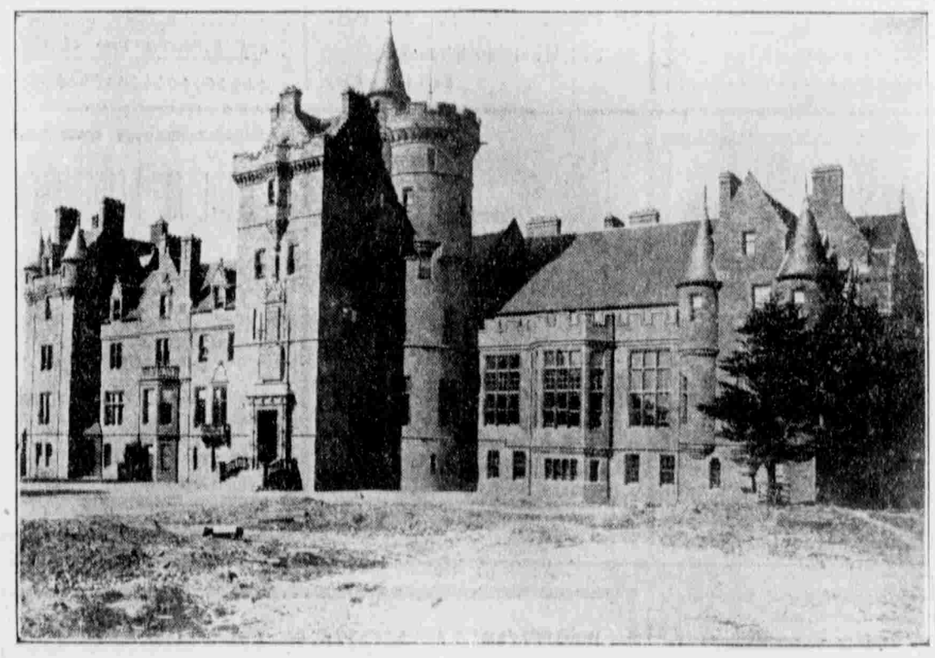
Lord Walsingham holds the individual records for a day's bag, having killed 842 between sunrise and sunset. The largest number slaughtered by a party in one day fell before the guns of Rimington-Wilson and his friends, who bagged 2,626—equal to one bird in every 10 seconds for eight hours. Americans are given credit for devising other methods of killing grouse, but as no bags are recorded except those made in the conventional fashion I cannot tell how successful they have been. One ambitious sportsman hailing from the United States is said to have erected an electric light tower toward which grouse were driven at night. The intense light attracted the grouse in great numbers so great—so runs the story—that the guns were discarded and the panic-stricken fowl were murdered with sticks. Another American is credited with driving a cow in front of him to beat up the heather in preference to a dog, as the natural friendliness of the grouse for the bovine species permits the sportsman to secure a close shot.

WILLIAM E. SIMPSON.



BEAUTIFUL BEAUFORT CASTLE.

Where Henry W. Phipps, the American Millionaire, Will Entertain Lavishly During the Grouse Season.



MRS. POOR'S SCOTCH HOME.

Birds Eaten at This Rich New York Woman's Home Will Cost More Than Fifteen Dollars Each.

KNEW HER TOO WELL.

She reached for the strap.

"If you wanted to go swimming," she said, "why didn't you ask me, instead of running off?"

"Because I wanted to go swimming," the boy blundered between the strokes.

ROMANTIC TALE OF CAPTURED CONVICT

Escaped From Penal Settlement By Exchanging Clothes With Murdered Sailor.

OFFICIALLY DECLARED DEAD.

Went Back to Paris, Fell Into Evil Ways, Was Identified and Caught As Nine Years Before.

Special Correspondence.

PARIS, Sept. 20.—If Joseph Sporn had not yielded to that craving inherent in all Frenchmen to return to the land of their birth he would not now be awaiting shipment, with the next batch of convicts, to the penal settlement in French Guiana. And thereby hangs a tale as romantic as any related in criminal fiction.

LABOR AND EXILE.

Nine years ago Sporn was sentenced to eight years' hard labor and 20 years exile for burglary. He was transported to French Guiana to serve out the first part of his sentence. A year after his arrival it chanced that he was set to work cutting rushes by the riverside. Some convicts had murdered a sailor a few days before and thrown the body into the water. While Sporn was hacking away at the rushes he spied the corpse floating down stream. He had had no hand in the murder, but his quick wit saw a brilliant opportunity to profit by it. His work carried him to a point where he was screened from observation by any of the prison guards. He swam out into the stream and brought the body ashore. Then he dressed himself in the clothing of the dead sailor and transferred his own convict garb to the corpse.

TOWARDS THE RIVER.

Setting the latter adrift again he made tracks towards the mouth of the river. He had been running for several hours when Fortune again befriended him. He saw a small Dutch steamer near the shore and managed to attract her attention. A boat put off and he was taken aboard. His nautical rig and his ability to talk German—for which he was indebted to his Alsatian birth—lent credence to the story he told the Dutch skipper that he was a shipwrecked sailor, and he was given passage to Dutch Guiana.

TO VENEZUELA.

From there he made his way to Venezuela, where for a time he obtained employment in a clergyman's household. He saved some money in this situation and with it set up a stationer's shop, under an assumed name of course, and prospered. Meanwhile his name had been written off the French prison books as "drowned," and he had been officially buried. This was due to the discovery of the murdered sailor's body some days after Sporn's flight and its identification as Sporn because of the convict's clothing. No escaped prisoner ever had a better chance of retaining his freedom and turning over a new leaf.

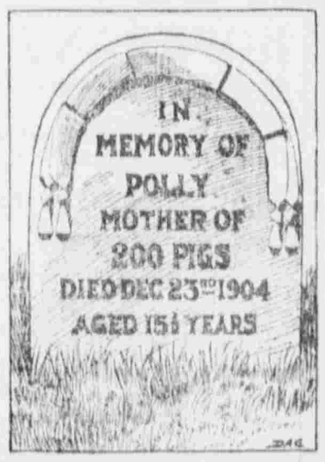
BACK TO OLD HAUNTS.

His only danger lay in returning to his old haunts, where he might be recognized. But that was the one temptation that he could not resist. The longing for Paris was too strong for him. He sold out his business and sailed for Europe. After a brief period spent in Marseilles he made his way to Paris. So far as is known he had lived an honest life after his escape up to that time. But old associations revived his criminal instincts. He opened a shop in the Rue Levis under the name of Andrieu and took to dealing in stolen goods.

TEMPTED FORTUNE TOO FOR

For two years he escaped the notice of the police. Then he was summoned to the prefecture to explain some shady transactions. He had tempted fickle Fortune too far and now the jade turned upon him. While he was waiting an audience with the chief of the department a detective entered the room. He was the same man who had arrested Sporn nine years before and he had an excellent memory for faces. A comparison of finger prints settled the escaped convict's fate. In a few days he will be on his way to French Guiana to serve out the remainder of his original sentence. And when he has finished that he will have to begin on a new one.

JULES JACQUES.

IN MEMORY OF A PIG.

The gravestone herewith illustrated was contributed by an eccentric gentleman farmer named Taylor of Worsley, England, in grateful commemoration of a pure bred Berkshire on his estate who had been the mother of 200 pigs. It is not unusual for the owners of domestic pet animals to manifest their sorrow over their loss by various sentimental doings, but to Polly must be accorded the distinction of being the first of her race to be given a monument in enduring marble.