

## JAMES GORDON BENNETT.

## An English Opinion of the Founder of the New York Herald.

New York may be congratulated on having within a short period lost two of its foremost citizens. Fisk was shot a few months ago, and it is perhaps from one point of view an encouraging circumstance that there should be such general reluctance to hang the murderer. James Gordon Bennett has died a natural death; but unfortunately his newspaper survives him. In his own way he was as quite a great man—we are thinking of the Jonathan Wild sense—as Fisk; but he kept on the safe side of the law, and he was spared the expense of having to share his plunder with the judge. His career is a conspicuous example of prosperous infamy. An American apologist has suggested that his character might be described as good as far as it went, but "defective." He was shrewd, enterprising, audacious, liberal; "visit him, and you find a quiet-mannered, courteous and good-natured old gentleman, who is on excellent terms with himself and with the world." But beyond that there was a blank. "That region of the mind where convictions, the sense of truth and honor, public spirit and patriotism have their sphere, is in this man mere vacancy." He was, in fact, an utterly unscrupulous person, who had no desire to do evil for its own sake, but who made up his mind to push his way in the world, and who was ready to follow any road that seemed to suit his purpose. It was his combination of rare shrewdness and profligate audacity which rendered his example so corrupting and dangerous. When, in the course of some quarrel, his adversary called him a peddler he at once adopted the name. He "peddled," he said, in thoughts, and feelings, and intellectual truths, and he was going in for a wholesale business in the same line. A peddler has a prescriptive right to call his wares by such names as he pleases, but the commodities out of which Bennett began to make his fortune were, in plain language, obscenity and personal defamation. The New York Herald, which he invented and continued to manage, to the last hour of his life, was at first an obscene, scurrilous print, sold at a cent, printed by stealth on other people's types, and published in a cellar. The office of the Herald is now one of the grandest houses on Broadway; the paper itself is one of the richest literary properties in the world, and it has cast off the revolting grossness of its early years. But it has always been conducted on the same principle—the principle of providing anything that seemed likely to pay, without regard to the moral texture of the article.

When such men as Bennett and Fisk are mentioned Americans have a stereotyped reply which they never fail to use. No doubt, they say, these men were scoundrels, and I found great scope for their scoundrelism, but they were not received into society. Fisk, it is true, was for a time master of New York, and taxed, robbed, and plundered as he pleased; but respectable people did not ask him to dinner. And so with Bennett; he made a great fortune, and in certain ways exercised enormous influence, but neither he nor his paper had any social standing; the Herald had a vast circulation, but in good families it was not taken in. It seems to us impossible to doubt that these men could not flourish as they do unless there was something congenial in the composition and atmosphere of the society in which they move. Bennett himself was certainly not an American product, for he was a Scotchman, and there is no reason to suppose that his character would have been in any way different from what it was wherever he had established himself. But it may be doubted whether the continued and prosperous existence of such a paper as the Herald is fully accounted for by the accidental arrival of an unprincipled Scotchman in New York. We can only say that in point of fact no such journal, as far as we are aware, has ever made its appearance in any other country. It is only shifting the ground of argument to say that a newspaper of enormous circulation is heartily despised by those who buy it and read it. The truth would seem to be, that the expression of public opinion in America is to a great extent divorced from actual conviction and is enjoyed merely as a stimulant. People there read a newspaper just as they go to the bar for a mint julep or a brandy smash; and anything sharp and strong will answer the purpose. It would be unfair to American journalism to sug-

gest that the Herald is, or was, for we have been speaking chiefly of its past, a fair representative of the press of that country. There are journals of undoubted ability and integrity in the city of Fisk and Bennett, but the success of what has been called "Bennettism" is a fact which cannot be got rid of, and which can hardly be regarded as a healthy symptom. Perhaps, indeed, there are some hints of the malady among ourselves which should not be overlooked.—Saturday Review.

## American Extravagance.

A balance of trade of at least \$100,000,000 will be in favor of Europe and against the United States this year. This we have to pay in gold or stocks as good as gold. Besides this we shall have to pay at least \$80,000,000 in interest to foreign bondholders. This must be made up in taxes. The whole balance must be dug out of our mines or be dragged from the hidden receptacles of years. Foreign immigration is usually counted on as good for the average of \$100 per head in specie. We shall probably this year gain 360,000 foreign immigrants, who will bring into the country \$36,000,000. But to offset that gain we shall send about 30,000 rich pleasure-seekers to Europe during the Spring and Summer months, who will average an expenditure of \$1,500 each; making an aggregate of \$45,000,000, or \$9,000,000 more than the 360,000 foreign immigrants will bring from Europe to the United States. It thus appears that we shall probably have to pay the Old World this year nearly \$190,000,000 in gold or in stocks as good as gold. In return we take their fine woolsens, silks, cottons, shoddies, and "see their sights" from Italy to St. Petersburg, paying as much as would pay half the interest on our public debt for the privilege. Our mines have never yielded so much of the precious metals as they do now, but we shall need more than they produce to meet the liabilities created by the national extravagance.

In the event of a foreign war we should suffer frightfully from the sudden depreciation of our stocks, which are becoming in great part a means of meeting these heavy annual balances against us. The chief cause of the great annual rush of Americans to Europe is the extortionate charges of our own hotels and railways. It really costs less now to a resident of the Atlantic States to cross the ocean, visit England, France, the Alps, the Rhine, the Po and the leading cities of Italy, than it does to spend the summer at Saratoga, Long Branch, Cape May, or Newport, and much less than to come to California and to visit Yosemite, Lake Tahoe, Santa Cruz, Los Angeles, and the Big Trees. Shoddy, abnormal wages of labor, high taxes, conscienceless railway corporations, and plundering hotel-keepers, are conspired together to drive all prudent pleasure-seekers to Europe, where prices are moderate at the hotels and railways are not allowed to rob their passengers. Here, for example, we are charged \$20 from this city to Lake Tahoe and back for passage alone; while the modest American traveler can buy a ticket from London to Paris and Naples and back again for as much, his hotel charges paid by the company for a day in Paris and a day in Naples. Our universal greed is telling against the country and especially against those most addicted to it. Travel for pleasure is falling off everywhere in the United States, and if prices be kept up for a few years more, it will cease entirely.—Sacramento Union.

## THE PERISHING PERSIANS.

The distress in Persia is unabated. None are better informed as to the facts respecting it than the American missionaries, who have been at work there for thirty years. These men, some of them widely known in this country, write in earnest appeals to America to send forward aid.

Rev. J. H. Shedd writes: "In many places half the population have perished. \* \* \* In Ispahan 14,000 are officially reported as having died. \* \* \* In Shiraz and vicinity whole families have died off, and in some instances the corpses have been devoured by the survivors. Thousands more must die in the towns and villages, unless relieved from abroad. Among the pastoral tribes—numbering over a million—the direst miseries are experienced. The pastures have dried up. The flocks and herds have perished. Their dependence for food is gone. The grass may revive in

the spring, but it will be three years at least before the flocks and herds can be renewed, and one year at least before there can be a harvest to supply them with bread."

Multitudes are fleeing from the famine-stricken provinces to the province where our missionaries are located, and encamping—hundreds of them—within sight of the mission premises.

Some small contributions have been placed in the hands of the missionaries, by the English churches and from Germany, and they have been able accordingly to distribute some little aid, and a most powerful indorsement it is of Christianity in that Land of Mohammedanism. Not only the refugees who are flocking to them, but tens of thousands in the famine-stricken districts themselves, our countrymen tell us, they could reach and save them from dying.

What better relief committee could we ask for than this band of self-sacrificing men, who have proved their unselfish love for these people by devoting their lives to their welfare? They will distribute our gifts immediately to men who are starving.

Any contributions sent to Wm. Rankin, No. 23 Centre street, New York, Treasurer of the Presbyterian board of Foreign Missions, will go at once to Persia, to the missionaries. We are fortunate in having such a committee of our own countrymen right on the ground. Why should we not all over the country, take up contributions for these poor wretched Persians. The greatness of the calamity has hitherto apparently paralyzed the Christian world. Let Chicago lead the way for help. Certainly we can sympathize as no others can, with those overtaken by such an immense catastrophe. Freely have we received, freely let us give! Although mention is made of the missionaries of the Presbyterian church, it will be understood that this is only because our countrymen there happen to be of that denomination. The sufferers whom it is sought to relieve have no connection whatever with that or any other Christian denomination. They are simply our fellow-creatures, dying for want of bread while we are in abundance. They number hundreds of thousands—the actual sufferers, their misery appeals to every human heart.

Christians and philanthropists of every name are all equally interested in their relief, and the utmost exertions of all—such is the extent of the calamity—are needed to save these multitudes from starvation. It is to be hoped that a general committee may be formed of laymen from our different denominations to carry forward this project for the aid of Persia, but meantime all should do immediately whatever they can do. Every day saved is salvation of human lives. Any sum contributed by Chicago can be made immediately available by telegraph to supply these wants. Will not the churches of every name in the city take up collections for this object? Contributions may be sent to any of the subscribers or to J. V. Faruell & Co.

R. W. Patterson, L. D. Boone,  
C. H. Fowler, A. E. Kirtledge,  
Clinton E. Locke, David Swing,  
Wm. A. Bartlett, Arthur Mitchell,  
W. W. Everts, E. P. Goodwin.

—Chicago Times.

A young Kentucky physician who had been regularly educated for his profession, was called to the bedside of a patient that he had been attending with his best care for sometime, but obstinately grew worse and worse, until now his end seemed very near. "Doctor," said the sick man, "I am dying—I am certain I am dying, and I believe you have killed me." The doctor seemed to think very earnestly for a moment or two, and then quite gravely and seriously replied: "Yes, I see that you are dying; and, on reflection, I believe that you are right—I believe that I have killed you; but I have taken my oath that if God will forgive me for having unintentionally murdered you, I will never murder another—I will never give another dose of physic as long as I live." And he kept his oath; he at once quit medicine entirely, turned his attention to the study of law, obtained license in due course, and after a few years' successful practice, became one of the most eminent circuit judges of the day in Kentucky—now nearly forty years ago.—Frankfort (Ky) Yeoman.

The American Journal of Pharmacy says that 150,000 infants are killed every year by the opium contained in the various kinds of soothing syrups which they are allowed, or rather forced, to drink.

WHAT SHALL HONEST MEN DO?—The New York Nation, one of the journals which was most influential in producing the Cincinnati Convention, in its issue of the 13th inst., arrives at the following conclusion:

What are honest men to do now? Well, if there is nothing else offered, if the Democratic Convention commits the absurdity of raising the "old white hat" as its standard at Baltimore, the only thing for Republicans of our way of thinking to do is to choose the less of the two evils, and vote for General Grant. We expect no improvement in the administration from him; we do not look to his hands for the removal of any of the existing abuses; we know of no answer to any of the weighty and reasonable objections made to his Administration; but we do know, as near as may be, what he will do. The probabilities are, that, the temptations connected with re-nomination over, he will on many points change for the better. Moreover—and this is the most important point of all—if he is re-elected, there will be no general redistribution of offices and no financial disturbance. What Greeley will do, and what the motley crew whom he would lead to Washington would do, nobody knows.

A MYSTERY SOLVED.—About once in four or five years the question, "Was Morgan murdered by the Freemasons?" comes up in the newspapers and is discussed with as much fervor as if the transaction it refers to was a matter of yesterday. It will sadden those who delight in mystery to know, on so good authority as that of Morgan's son, that the supposed victim of the mystic tie was neither tied to a stone and sunk, had his throat cut, nor was torn asunder, according to the general custom in such cases. On the contrary he lived until nearly thirty years after his abduction, and finally ended his days in corpulence and contentment at Hobart-town, Van Dieman's Land, where he for some years published a newspaper, the Advertiser, which is still in existence. According to the statement of the son referred to, Morgan was released on condition of his leaving the country for ever. He was accompanied to Quebec, where he entered the British navy, and was placed on a ship which left soon after for England. Later he accompanied a government vessel to Australia, and his period of service being ended, he chose to take up his residence in that quarter of the world. His son is a resident of San Francisco, and is responsible for the statement here given.—Boston Globe.

A correspondent of the Prairie Farmer, writing from Clinton county, Ohio, May 26th, says: "Farmers generally are done planting corn. Some have to plant over on account of the cut worms, which are very bad. Men and horses had to work harder this spring than for several years before. Ground was frozen solid until after the 23rd of March. Farmers then put in their oats, and on the 8th of last month there was the biggest freshet for several years, washing bridges, fences, turnpikes, very bad. It stopped the trains for several days. A little tornado, about a hundred yards wide passed through here, tearing everything before it. The measuring worms are thicker than ever, eating all of the foliage of the fruit and forest trees. A great many look as if they had been burnt by fire. Cherry and peach trees do not stop them; they eat great holes in the apples. I hope they will come no more. The seventeen-year locust is on hand. The Colorado potatoe bug is very thick. I fear the potatoe crop will be very short."

Hens in place of dogs.—There is hardly a family that does not throw away enough table scraps to feed half a dozen hens, and many that keep a nuisance in the shape of a dog, that does no good and costs more than a dozen good hens, complain that they cannot afford to keep hens. One dog in a neighborhood is generally a greater trouble to the neighbors than a flock of hens would be, for if hens are well fed at home they will very rarely go away. But who ever saw a dog that was not a pest running across a newly-made garden, and sticking his nose in everything? Kill all the curs and give the food to the hens, and you will find pleasure as well as profit in so doing. We wish there was a tax of \$100 on every dog in the county. Those that are of value as watchdogs could be retained, while the host of snarling, dirty curs would give place to some more useful and less troublesome pet.—Ex.