

THE PRESS.
FRIDAY MORNING, JULY 24, 1874.

Gossip and Gleanings.

"My birth made me your king," said Cham
He forgot, however, that it was a "berth"
he hadn't yet obtained.—*Boston Post.*

A New York company will insure poodle dogs, but won't take a cent's risk on babies. They know which receives the most care.

A Philadelphia man dislocated his jaw the other day laughing at something he saw in a newspaper. But it wasn't in a Philadelphia paper.

Next year why can't we have a crew from

Vassar, too? Wouldn't the dear creature look charming in boating rig, making a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether?

A joker in Dansville slyly put a paving stone into the cannon with which a salute was being fired, and so the side of Squire Bagley's house was knocked in.

Detroit Free Press: Beaver Dam lovers don't care much about who marries them and how they are married, but they care

As to that paragraph about Esther Shaw of Davenport, Iowa, who worked thirteen years in a family without asking a cent, it becomes necessary to say that it was a very large family Esther worked in, and the boarder at the State Prison.

Who can read this touching description
and then deny the poetic soul-inspiring qual-
ities of Milwaukee lager?

woman sitting on the stoop of her vine-clad cottage, sewing a patch on her husband's breeches, and telling her neighbor across the street what she would do if she were Henry. Ward Beecher, there is no sight so exhilarating in these times of financial distress as a party of young men gathered on the green sward in front of a boarding-house in the city of the evening, battling with dexterous malice the bounding spheres through ferruginous loops as prescribed by the immortal author

The Arraignment of Mr. Beecher.

The sorrowful controversy by which Plymouth Church has been so long agitated has ceased to be a private quarrel, or a mere congregation scandal. As long as it could be considered, we held aloof from all discussion of it, only printing what seemed due to our readers as legitimate and important news. But when Mr. Beecher publicly demanded investigation of the charges against him, we gladly hailed the occasion of what we trust

would prove his complete vindication, a from that hour it appeared that the cause of religion and decency would be best served by calling public attention to the final disposition now to be made of a disgusting scene which had lived long enough in the dark. It was announced that Mr. Tilton had gone before the Committee and brought forward nothing; that Mr. Moulton had merely proposed a compromise; and that Mrs. Tilton had put to rest the vague insinuations contained in her husband's recent letter by declaring that there had never been the slightest suggestion of impropriety between

On Monday night Mr. Tilton read to the Commi tee a full and unreserved statement. We print it this morning. We have no right nor inclination to do otherwise. This course now trans-cends the power of ecclesiastical conferences, or of well-meaning parliaments, to settle or conceal it. Unless this frightful position is answered promptly and fully, the most famous pulpit the world has ever seen—since Paul preached on the Hill of Mars—silenced, the life of the greatest preacher of the age, and of its greatest and fullest

the world is ended, it is a distress. I fear, upon this record of a spotted and glorious reign, there is no longer a saint or dignity for the proja silently who would have so become the great pastor if there were no words of his -wu to be explained. No man living, least of all his curish assistants, would have the right to make him open his lips in contradiction if his own hand was there to bear witness against him. Even yet the thousands who for so many years have known and honored him, and the vaster constituency to whom, over the whole continent, his name has stood as a symbol of gentleness and every liberal aspiration, will w

for his wd. to give them leave to trust him as of old. It will be an easy task, if he should undertake it. If there be any explanation apart from the revolving one given by Mr. Tilton, which will either make clear the fallacy of these letters, or interpret their humiliation and remorse, the better sort of people in this country will hail it as tidings of joy.

The commanding personality of Mr. Beecher so dwarfs every other figure in this melancholy drama that it is hardly worth while to waste time in dwelling upon the peculiarities of Mr. Tilton's extraordinary statement. T

reveler and unwholesome atmosphere, emotion in which the lesser personages live, and move renders their written and their oral assertions equally doubtful and untrustworthy. Upon any theory of the matter it is expressly mournful to see amid what a poisonous cloud of men passion, temptation, jealousy, and even devotions as injurious as latitudes, this great orator and teacher habitually walked. In a few days we shall learn what answer he has to make to these great accusations. If he can disprove them, his position will be stronger than ever for the trial and triumph. If he fails, it is not a

much to pity that all Christendom will deplore a loss hardly to be measured by words, and his own country his lapse will be regarded a well-nigh irreparable disaster. It is not only his eloquence, his fame, his Christian character and example that are here assailed. We should lose in him the eminent preacher whom every one knows and admires, and a ripe and liberal thinker, whose value is only just beginning to be recognized by cult and thoughtful men. If he should continue alive out of this ordeal, he will be prize more than ever. If not, the pistol-shot Booth caused a national sorrow no deeper

Real and Ideal Wives.
Owing to a wise prodigality of good in nature, or a wisely imposed delusion in man (says a writer in an Engli-b magazine), ideal wives are much more common than ideal husbands. They are not found in every house, nor indeed in every street; but there are a few of them in country and town, and we all know some of them. They are not our wives; but, unfortunately, the wives of others. Our wives may have extended capabilities of charms and virtues, but ideal husbands are not so hopeless.—N. Y. Tribune.

of do not sit upon them. Men are more enthusiastic and given to dreaming than women, and hence the excess of female idealism and male perfection. If the power of idealization were equal in both sexes, the chances that they would hate one another. As it is, women are not in the least ashamed of being called angels and enchantresses. If men went astray in this way, it is no business of women to set them right. They are left given to extravagant estimates themselves but they are hungry for hyperbolic praise. They sit demurely, and smile the last shred of a man's reason away, while he assures them

that they combine all the charms of pagodde-ness and all the virtues of Christ-saints. If men, with their warm and capricious imaginations, choose to place them on thrones while the real sovereigns are out on a stroll, they don't care. They do the honors as though they were at least the heirs-parent; and they suffer no more qualms of conscience than if they had but just established their claim to a privilege from which they had long been unlawfully alienated.

Ideal wives are of low stature and extremely fair. They are soft and gentle in manner and slow of motion. They have blue eyes

golden hair, rich mezzo-soprano voices, wear moderate dress-improvers. Their tastes and their color are their own; and they are strong men, but like to look at them from windows, balconies, carriages, and other places of security. They are a triffling and have not been married to their first love. They cannot sew over well, but they have positively maddening way of leaning on the backs of chairs while they are asked. Their husbands if they shall wear blue or purple ribbons. They have no mothers living. Their

S. W. EATON.
Portland, July 21, 1874. jy21d3m

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