

WHEN TO WED.

Opinions on the Subject by Eminent New York Clergymen.

The inquiry into the subject of divorce, now occupying a large share of public attention, discloses that a fruitful source of domestic trouble is the ease with which the marriage relation can be assumed. Licenses are not required in New York, and there is no regulation by statute concerning the age at which persons can be legally married. The general regulation is that of the common law which makes the age of puberty to be the marriageable age. This period is fixed at 14 years in the boy and 12 in the girl. The only statutory regulation in the state on the point makes the marriage of a girl under 14 years voidable if contracted without the consent of her parents.

Whether or not there should be legislation prohibiting marriages at the extremely early age that is now lawful, and whether additional safeguards ought not to be thrown around the family relations by requiring persons seeking matrimony to attest their eligibility in all respects before a licensing officer, are the questions on which a Tribune reporter has obtained the opinions of a number of the leading clergymen of New York and Brooklyn. The burden of their expression is the surprise at the nature of the law and of unqualified opinion, that the legal age is much too young. They speak of deceptions practiced on them by runaway couples, of the means to which they generally resort to prevent impositions on themselves, and generally favor the establishment of a civil bureau for licensing marriages which shall make close examination under oath as to the legal qualifications of candidates.

EXPRESSIONS OF THE CLERGY.

"I do not think," said the Rev. Dr. John Hall, "that the tendency in this country is to marry too young, but rather that young men and women often wait too long in the hope of amassing wealth; before marrying. Moderately early marriages are as a rule, a healthful sign in a nation, I presume there are though, occasional marriages of boys and girls in their teens which are ill-advised and should be prevented or postponed. If all ministers thought alike, such juvenile weddings would not take place."

The Rev. Dr. William Taylor, pastor of the Broadway tabernacle would heartily favor a law making the marriageable ages eighteen and twenty-one years, and fixing penalties for its violations. "Those ages are young enough for people to decide for life such an important step," said he, and, for one, I will never marry people under age when I know it. I think I was never deceived but once about the age of persons applying to be married, and then they were so mature looking that I did not have any misgiving about marrying them. The unsatisfactory state of the marriage laws has often struck me forcibly. I should certainly favor a bureau for licensing people who wish to marry."

The Rev. Dr. Thomas Armitage, pastor of the Fifth Avenue Baptist church, manifested deep concern in the subject. "As to the legal marriageable age," he said, "I think a girl ought to be at least 16 and a young man 18. Even these are very young ages. Of course people differ as to the age at which they mature, and in eastern countries there is more excuse for early betrothals and marriages than here. In this part of the world we should not permit the marrying of boys and girls under the age of 16. The judgment is not ripened enough at that age to warrant a wise choice, and a much different selection would often be made in a very few years later. There is another reform needed, and that is the civil bureau to license marriages. Let persons go there first and satisfy the bureau of the fitness of their proposed alliance, and then, if they wish to come to a minister, bring a license with them."

Assistant Bishop Henry C. Potter, though busy with the affairs of the diocese, found time to say in response to the reporter's query that he should be perfectly willing to be quoted as saying that in his opinion the state laws regarding marriage stood very much in need of revision.

"Is there any rule of the Protestant Episcopal church against such extremely early marriages?"

"No, there is no canonical rule against them, but I, like most clergymen, have been much averse to marrying people under age. It must strike every one. It seems to me that the law allows marriage at too early an age. I did not know that this law was in force."

The Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby said he had not thought of the subject in all its bearings, but it struck him that if two persons physically qualified to marry, no matter how young, should apply to be married, that the law would not have a right to prevent their marriage. He did not think there were many marriages contracted at the extreme early age allowed by law. But such as there were, he thought, could not be legally prevented.

"It is a great mistake," said the Rev. Robert Colver, pastor of the church of Messiah. "I was not aware that people could marry at twelve and fourteen. If there is a law restricting the age, it should certainly be one with some excuse for it, making the age, say, sixteen and eighteen, or at least fifteen and sixteen. But I would, rather than that, have it at eighteen and twenty-one, and then the laws of majority and marriage would not clash. I never marry a young fellow under eighteen, and hate to do it even then. Children are not fit to marry, and at that age they are only children. It is not right; our marriage laws are very deplorable. No, I do not think I would marry young girls and boys even with their parent's consent. They would have to get my consent after that, and I would not give it."

"In twenty years," said the Rev. Dr. W. F. Morgan, rector of St. Thomas' church, "I have never been asked to marry any one under age, with perhaps one exception. If any persons of 14 should ask me to marry them I should seriously remonstrate with them. I do not think they are capable of choos-

ing a life partner at that age, and do not understand how weighty and important are the duties of the wedded state. I think the law might well be amended to prevent such early marriages, and I am in hearty sympathy with any movement to that end."

The Rev. Dr. R. R. Booth, when spoken to about the matter of early marriages just before he sailed for Europe, said he had always held very decided views on the subject and would never marry people under age, he thought persons younger than that were not competent to make a choice for life, nor mature enough to take on themselves the responsibilities of marriage. The idea of a licensing bureau struck him favorably as an additional safeguard against unhappy marriages.

The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher was in a pleasant mood when the reporter asked for his opinion on the legal marriageable age. "Why," said he, "I do not believe that one couple in 10,000 marry at 12 and 14. Of course a good many do at 16. But then a girl at 16 thinks she is as old as any girl under 21 and any girl under 21 thinks she is as young as 16. Why, if any boy is so foolish as to want to marry at 14, I would say let him go."

"What, boys and girls marry at that age?" said the Rev. T. Dewitt Talmage: "how absurd! Well, it is news to me. I never marry people under 18 and 21. It is generally supposed that a man who wants to marry has come to the years of discretion, and is able to support his wife. Not but that I believe in early marriages, but they should be between men and women, and not between boys and girls. It is the worst idea of life in this country that a man should make a fortune before marrying. I believe the man and woman should begin together at the bottom of the ladder. Then their characters assimilate better, and the labor of four hands is sure to bring more enjoyable fruits than that of two hands."

"How many people do you marry in a year, Mr. Talmage?"

"Well, the number varies with the different years, but I marry a good many. Nevertheless I send away half of those who apply to me because there is something suspicious about them. I don't want anything to do with runaway marriages. I used to be deceived occasionally before I became so observant as I now am. I wouldn't marry a woman to a man if her parents objected, no matter how old she was. 'Oh,' they say, 'the wedding is all right.' 'Very well then,' I reply, 'where are your friends. I should like to see some of your relatives present.' They try to deceive me, too, about their ages; dress themselves to look mature, but I have got to be a good guesser of ages. I presume they go to some other minister and get married after all. Now I should think this system would work very well. I think I should favor it. I know it would help me often, and I think it would help others."

The Production of Quinine.

The next step in the relief of malarious sickness on the grand scale was the extraction of the alkaloid quinine from the cinchona-bark. The powdered bark was not only very unpalatable, but it was cumbersome to carry and dispense, and, although the principle of the remedy remained the same, it has proved of infinitely greater service in the form of quinine, and in the form of the cheap alkaloidal mixture known in Bengal as "quinetum." The first extraction of an alkaloid was in the case of morphia, from opium, in 1805; the discoverer was an apothecary of Hamlen, who was rewarded rather better than the celebrated piper of that town for the French Academy of Sciences voted him 2,000 francs. Quinine was discovered in 1820 by the French chemists Pelletier and Caventou. The sciences and arts of botany and practical forestry, of chemistry and practical pharmacy, are now all concerned in the production of this most invaluable of remedies. The commerce of the world has taken cinchona in hand, and there are now plantations of the trees not unworthy to be named beside those of coffee and tea. The value of the crude bark imported into England alone in 1882 was nearly two millions sterling. The original and native cinchona region on the damp eastern slopes of the Andes in Peru is still a source of wealth, and a still greater source of wealth are the new plantations on the Andes in Bolivia. The Indian Government has successfully cultivated the bark on a large scale in the Nilghiri Hills in Madras, and more recently at Darjiling in the Himalayas; while a crowd of private planters have followed in the same enterprise in Coorg, Travancore, and Ceylon. The Dutch Government, who were the pioneers of cinchona cultivation have found the climate and soil of Java well adapted for the species and varieties of trees most rich in quinine. Jamaica is the latest field to which this new and ever-increasing industry has extended.—From "Malaria and the Progress of Medicine," in Popular Science Monthly for December.

The Vicissitudes of Life.

Washington Letter.

Rose Ettinger was here playing at one of the theaters last week. One evening I was standing in the rotunda when an old habitue told me the following story, which I have never seen in print: When Rose was young she appeared here one winter. She was very handsome then. Henry J. Raymond, editor of the New York Times, was a member of congress and became much fascinated with the beauty. One night a call of the house was ordered. Raymond was one of the delinquents whom the sergeant-at-arms produced after midnight. The correspondent of the Times was in the gallery. Not to lose a good sentiment he included in his description of the scene the following: "Then appeared Mr. Raymond, flushed with the rose tinge of the morning." It was an excellent hit and made no end of fun. A week later he was discharged. Raymond was not a man to be trifled with by a subordinate. That winter Raymond and George Butler were admirers of this actress. Raymond is dead and Butler is locked up in the work house down back of the capitol. Do you suppose that she thought of either of them when she was here?

LIEUT. LEWIS.

Astor's Seaman Who Blew Up His Ship and Perished Among the Savages Who Had Murdered Captain and Crew.

The venerable David M. Hitchcock who has been a resident of St. Louis since 1837, in conversation with a reporter adverted to a statement published a short time ago regarding the remarkable performance of Russell Farnum, who crossed Behring's strait and went through Siberia to St. Petersburg in the service of John Jacob Astor. Mr. Hitchcock said the account called to mind another person named James Lewis, whom he knew while a boy in New Haven, Connecticut, and who in service of Mr. Astor voluntarily met death in a singular manner. Few similar examples occur in history. Mr. Hitchcock retains a particular remembrance of Lewis from the fact that before he left New Haven he gave him a silver whistle, which he retained as a keepsake of a hero. He said: "Mr. Astor, in prosecuting his scheme of commerce and colonization on the Pacific, determined on sending out two expeditions. One by sea and the other by land, the former to carry out the people and stores, ammunition and merchandise necessary for a trading post at the mouth of the Columbia river. As is well known, the land expedition was entrusted to Mr. Wilson P. Hunt of St. Louis. A ship, the Tonquin, commanded by Capt. Jonathan Thorn, a lieutenant in the United States navy, mounting ten guns, with a crew of twenty men, sailed from New York in September, 1810, on this expedition. My friend, James Lewis, was the ship's clerk. After getting to sea the Tonquin was joined by the frigate Constitution and conveyed beyond danger. After various vicissitudes the ship eventually arrived at Vancouver's island and anchored in the harbor of Newetee, where great numbers of the Indians came off in their canoes to trade. Some altercations occurred between the captain and the savages, but the day passed away without any signs of hostility, and at night the captain retired to his cabin, taking no more than the usual precaution. This consisted of extending a rope network around the ship to keep off the Indians.

"On the following morning at day-break a canoe came along with twenty Indians. In a short time other Indians came up and, breaking through the rope network, they clambered up the sides of the ship. The main articles sought by the savages were knives, and the boat was about to sail when the captain ordered the ship to be cleared. In an instant a signal yell was given, and the savages, rushing on their victims, killed every one on board except Mr. Lewis, who, however, received a deadly stab in the back and fell down the companion way. The Indians then left the ship, and some four or five of the ship's crew, who had put out in a boat and returned, found Mr. Lewis and were requested by him to take whatever they could carry away with them and effect their escape. They had gone but a few miles, when the next morning they saw the savages crowding the decks of the ship. The sides were also covered with the savages intent on plunder. In the midst of their exultation Mr. Lewis applied a match to the magazine containing the powder, and the ship blew up with a tremendous explosion. Mr. Lewis being imolated with his victims. Arms and legs were blown into the air, and the canoes were destroyed with the inmates. Upwards of a hundred savages were killed by the explosion. Washington Irving who describes the scene in his Astoria, fails to furnish the full name of the heroic James Lewis who became the victim of his terrible revenge.

"James had two brothers whom I knew. One, the youngest, John Lewis, is still living in New Haven, or was there three or four years ago when I was there. Another brother, Peter Lewis, is after the death of James, was sent by his father to Shawneetown, Ill., to prevent his going to sea, and he lived and died there in 1815."

Facetious Things.

An English bride, Mrs. Jessel, has had a wonderful wedding cake. On top, done in sugar, was a representation of the meeting of Rebekah and Abraham's servant at the well, the grouping modeled after Verne's picture. The cake was four feet high and weighed 227 pounds. The cover on top lifted off so that the cake could be cut.

Should sell well.—There was an old man working New Street the other day with inks, and he entered one office with the remark: "Have you a friend who has sold corn for December or January delivery?" "Yes, three or four of them," was the reply. "And you have more or less correspondence with them?" "I do." "Then buy a bottle of my ink." "Ink! ink! Why I have quarts of it." "Yes, but you want a bottle of my sympathetic ink," said the old man as he indulged in a long squint.—Wall Street News.

A rare relic.—"What's this?" inquired an Austin sporting man who was rummaging among the pistols and ammunition in Petmecky's gun store. "That," said Petmecky, "is a real rarity. It is a pistol that once belonged to the Emperor of Charlemagne." "The Hades, you say," ejaculated the sporting man, "Why, man, in the time of Charlemagne, there were no pistols!" "Well, of course," replied Petmecky, "that's just the reason it is such a rarity. If Charlie kept a gunshop full of Derringers everybody would have one."—Texas Siftings.

A concealed young country parson, walking home from church with one of the ladies of his congregation, said, in allusion to his rustic audience, "I preached this morning to a congregation of asses." "I thought of that," observed the lady, "when you called them beloved brethren."

Sara Bernhardt, when asked recently what induced her to marry, replied: "Because it was the only thing I had not yet tried."

KNIGHTED.

Because she takes me as her very own, Claiming my fealty while life shall last, My soul renounces all the unworthy past; With ruthless hands its idols I detest. I walk life's devious path no more alone; Her eyes' sweet magic binds my fancy fast. All aims ignoble from my heart I cast, For youth's mad follies striving to atone. Because she loves me, firm I take my stand, Undyingly to battle for the right; All womanhood is sacred for her sake, For each oppressed a lance I freely break. I walk encased in armour pure and bright, Crowned with honor by her spotless hand.—Sarah D. Hobart.

OLD JOE POLLARD.

BY MRS. DENISON.

How slowly he walked! Poor old man! Joe Pollard, ex-president of the state-man's bank of —opolis.

His coat was faded, his boots were seamed and gray, his hat greasy and quaint-patterned.

Only three years ago, and no more stately, vigorous, hale gentleman walked the streets than Joseph Pollard, Esq.; now he was "old Joe," and sometimes "poor old Joe."

When he failed he was living in great splendor. People to this day point out the Pollard Mansion, and tell you of its former greatness. Happily, there was no dishonor attached to his name. He had given up all; home, horses, carriage everything that could be dispensed with.

His only daughter—her name was Josephine, but all her friends called her Jedd—gave a birthday party only a week before the trouble came, on her eighteenth birthday.

Never a happier or lovelier girl than she. Universally admired and respected, bright as a sunbeam, witty, merry, generous.

In all that throng of beauty, amid the flowers and the feasting, that man would have been bold indeed who could have presaged coming ill fortune.

Only one week later, and the dreadful news came. Joseph Pollard was bankrupt. The cashier had been dishonest, several large firms had gone down, and the ruin on the bank had completed the ruin.

The father found a place as an assistant book-keeper, but he had formed the habit of drinking at his own table. Little by little he sank at last into what seemed an utterly hopeless state, lost his business, his pride, and almost his wits.

"My dear," wrote Aunt Prue, when she heard of this misfortune, "out your father away. There are plenty of places; and come and live with me. Enough for one is enough for two."

"Aunt Prue" wrote Jedd, indignantly. "I am ashamed of you. What counsel me to put my own dear father in the poor-house, will what other place is open to him? No, I will share his misfortunes if I have to work my fingers to the bone."

"Jedd, I'm useless, I'm broken down and good for nothing," whined poor Joe, day after day, as Jedd sat and stitched her life into the work she had undertaken.

"Father, you are only fifty-eight years old," was the answer. "Many a man has begun life anew at your age."

"Ah! if I only could!" he would make reply, and drink again to drown his misery.

Jedd had carried much of her fine wardrobe with her into the poverty of surroundings. Of course she had made over and toned down the material, but "the look of the lady," as one of the coarser neighbors said, was upon her, and couldn't be mistook.

Everybody pitied her when old Joe came reeling home; but few saw or knew how patiently she put up with his infirmity, how she soothed and coaxed him, with what tenderness she anticipated his wants, and even when it would seem that he was scarcely entitled to her respect, honored him.

To her, under all his wretched disguise, he was still her father.

But her constant duties wore heavily upon her. She grew pale and thin, then feverish and hectic; but still she worked on.

Three times a handsome carriage and pair were seen before the door of her plain little home.

The first time, a rich aunt came to remonstrate with her and offer her a home. She found her preparing her poor meal over the tiny cook-stove.

"Jedd, you are the best girl in the world, but you must go back with me, if only for a while, and leave that man to take care of himself."

This was after a most affectionate greeting, for Jedd was her favorite niece.

"I couldn't leave father," was the response.

"But I can't see you killing yourself by inches. What does he care? One person is as good as another to one who has lost all the finer sensibilities as he has."

"Oh no; at times father is the old rebel—even at the worst," she faltered. "He doesn't forget that he is a gentleman. He never was unkind to me."

"Fiddlesticks! Your ideas of duty are exaggerated. Come, now—don't disappoint me—take a little rest. I have come all the way from L—on purpose to carry you back, and the last words your Cousin Kitty said, as I left her, were—"

"Mother, don't fail to bring Jedd back; I want to see her."

Tears came to Jedd's brown eyes, but she reiterated,—

"I cannot leave father."

"And here you are losing all your beauty—all your advantages, and even your health—I can see it! For your father's sake, you ought to go. It would make a new creature of you to see old sights, and old faces, and to live a while like a Christian. Why, child, the walls are damp; how do you live?"

"It isn't living, aunt, it's only staying," said Jedd, trying bravely to smile; "but that I can't help, while father lives. There's nobody in all this wide world to care for me but him. I know I might live in ease and comfort if I went with you, and oh, sometimes my heart does

long so for a little of the old-time joy. It would be like looking into Paradise—but—I can't leave father."

There sounded a heavy sigh. Both women turned round to see the old, gaunt man in the doorway, the tears streaming down his cheeks as he held forth his trembling hands as if in benediction.

"Go, Jedd, go, angel!—don't stay for me—I'm not worth your care," he said pitifully.

But Jedd thought otherwise. Long after the splendid carriage had gone, she sat there holding the gray head against her shoulder, soothing and petting him and lending willing ear to his promises of amendment.

The second carriage brought a stylish young gentleman, with whom her friends had often coupled her name. He came with an offer of marriage, but Jedd gave him the same soft but determined answer, "I couldn't leave father," and he, too, went away disconsolate.

The third carriage contained one who had always been a friend, also a young gentleman, who had lately returned from a foreign tour.

He asked no questions and expressed no surprise, though the change he saw affected him painfully. But like a true friend, he resolved to aid both father and daughter.

To this purpose he followed the former, and quietly tried to hinder him from the abuse of his appetite, and gradually gained his confidence.

Then he told him how sadly the change in his daughter had troubled him.

"Change?" exclaimed old Joe, "how is she changed?"

"Is it possible you do not see that she is at death's door?"

"What do you mean? At death's door—my child—my angel? You would kill me! What have I but her?"

"You have God, and He will help you to redeem yourself. If you do that, your daughter will live, if you do not, she will die."

That night old Joe went home full of doubts and fears. He watched his child, sick at heart from the news he heard.

"I can make her live—and I will!" he said, resolutely to himself. "I am not an old man yet"—lifting his bowed head—"with God's help, I will be a new one!"

He went to the curb outside and broke his pocket-flask in a hundred pieces. The next day he came home sober; the next he had found a place—a small one, it was true, but in the old bank where he had once reigned master. Everybody saw the change. Old Joe had new clothes, he was respectable to outward seeming. Once more he became a man among men. His knowledge of the business, his integrity, gained him a better position. Day by day he took steps upward—day by day the color and brightness came into his daughter's face, and her step grew light and her tones joyful.

It seems like a miracle, but is not, that old Joe rides in his own carriage again. He is Mr. Pollard again, cashier of the bank, and a power among his fellows. It was just trusting in God and God helping him as he helped himself. But the best of it is, his glorious daughter by sacrificing herself, by her noble fortitude, by her patient care, has won a place in his heart, and in the hearts of all who know her, prouder and more enduring than the throne of a queen.

A. T. STEWART'S FIRST LOVE.

How He Won His Bride While He Was a Poor Young Man.

New York Correspondence Pittsburg Dispatch.

About sixty years ago Cornelia Clinch was one of the prettiest girls in New York. She and her brother, who afterwards became collector of the port, were the children of a ship chandler, who was pretty rich, as wealth was reckoned in those days. He lived in a big house on Duane street, then one of the most fashionable parts of the city. Old Clinch was a self-made man, and thought every man ought to be the architect of his own fortunes. So he frowned away every wealthy young fellow who came to woo Cornelia, and sent her regularly to school to learn to be a sensible, useful woman. And his ideas were respected for he had a terrible temper when he was crossed.

There is still standing near Stuyvesant square, a little old-fashioned church known as St. Mark's. In those days it was away out of the city in the green fields. But every Sunday old Clinch went up there with his pretty daughter. One day young Stewart saw them. On his side it was clearly a case of love at first sight. He began attending church there regularly. Then he made Cornelia's acquaintance, and, as he was poor but industrious, the old man smiled upon him and invited him to call and take drinks with them. After a while Stewart asked Cornelia a very interesting question, and she, like a good girl, blushed and said: "Ye-es—if papa says so." Then Stewart interviewed old Clinch, and he said: "Want to marry Nellie, eh? Think she's got a rich father, eh? And you'd like to come in for a share of his earnings, eh?"

"No sir, you needn't leave her or me a cent. I'll soon be richer than you anyhow."

"You will, will you? Well, I like that. Go ahead and take her then, and heaven bless you both."

So the young folks, who were tremendously in love with each other, were married and went to live in a modest little cottage in Beade street, and were glad to be able to cover the floors with rag carpet. Old people who knew them then tell me that they lived an almost ideally happy life. They studied each other's happiness in all things, and consulted with each other about every detail of household or business affairs, and became "two souls with but a single thought," a good deal more complete than most couples now-a-days.

James Walton, whose death in England at the age of eighty-one is announced, was a noted inventor of cloth-weaving and spinning machinery, and his two sons were the inventors of linoleum floor-cloth and new material for the decoration of walls and ceilings.