

A Bride's Mausoleum.

A new church edifice, a princely gift, says *The New York Sun*, at Lebanon, Pa., was consecrated in this back-country borough to-day. There is quite a romantic story of love and sorrow connected with it. The new edifice cost a very large sum of money, and it is generally known that every dollar was paid by Mr. Robert Coleman, one of the leading members of the "house of Cornwall," founded upon three mountains of iron ore here in Lebanon county, about one hundred and forty miles west of New York. The church is the borough proper. Cornwall, a few miles distant, is the home of the Colemans, the richest iron family in the state, Monday being the festival of St. Luke, was chosen for the consecration of the magnificent edifice, and it was dedicated with all the rites and ceremonies of the Episcopal church.

Several years ago Mr. Robert Coleman met a young lady of very prepossessing appearance in a tour he made of New England. She was the daughter of a respectable family of Connecticut in moderate circumstances. A mutual attachment followed, and not long after the couple were married. A short time after the marriage the young bride was suddenly taken ill, and a trip on the continent was arranged by her husband. It was thought that the climate of the south of France, Italy, or Spain would be best for her. All that love and boundless wealth could give was furnished with a most liberal hand. The husband was compelled to remain at home on business engagements. It was confidently believed that the bride would soon be restored to good health, and very soon after her departure the husband set about preparing a surprise for her. He supposed that she would be about a year, and he determined to erect one of the most costly residences she had ever seen and have it all finished and furnished in time for her arrival home. She was to know nothing about it until the carriage should drive her to the door from the railway station. Mr. Powell, a Philadelphia architect, was instructed to prepare the plans. The structure was to be in the Scottish baronial style, and Mr. Coleman cared very little about the cost. A fine sight was chosen, broad and level and elevated with a commanding view of a long stretch of the beautiful Lebanon valley.

The Coleman estate comprises about five thousand acres. In one part of it is a brown stable containing some thirty thoroughbred horses. The most valuable animals are quartered in rooms having mirrors on the walls and Brussels carpets on portions of the floor. Five monstrous furnaces are smelting ore night and day on the estate. Three hills contain an inexhaustible supply of ore. These furnaces have made millionaires of a dozen families or more. Robert Coleman is the youngest son of the iron kings of the present line of owners. Interested parties and hoirs are scattered in many climes, but Mr. Coleman remains in complete charge of the vast estate. Every thing is conducted in princely style. Every employe lives on the place, rent free. The cottages are models of neatness, cleanliness, and convenience. A church, store, Sunday school, and other necessary wants are fully supplied. The great farm supplies employes with wheat, corn, potatoes, and vegetables at far below market price. Splendid family mansions occupy prominent places. Tally-ho coaches, drawn by four-in-hands, convey the members of the Coleman family and their many visitors to the neighboring towns and railway stations. Hence to the new mansion that was to be erected by Mr. Robert Coleman as a surprise to his bride, it can readily be imagined, was to be something exceedingly grand. The foundations were massive, and built of granite and limestone. The underground divisions were commodious and finished in the most modern style. A hard cement floor was laid. The frames of the large bay windows for the first floor weighed several tons apiece. The superstructure was to have been of marble, iron, and granite. The interior was to be finished in hard wood. The work was proceeding splendidly, and some fifty men were steadily employed. Car load after car load of material was arriving and being put in place. All efforts were made to rapidly push on the work of completion of the work. Every detail of furniture and upholstery had been decided upon. The gardener had received his special instructions. In fact, everything had been fully arranged looking to the rapid completion of the mansion when a telegram came over the sea that the young bride was ill in Paris. Quickly followed another dispatch that she was dead. Every tool in the new house was dropped. The young husband, stricken with grief, was

or a time not to be consoled. He ordered the workmen on the new mansion to go to the office and draw their pay, and then to remove their tools and other property. In a few days orders were given to tear down what had been put up; to throw in the excavations, and plough the place over. All that remained of what was to be a palace was ordered to be obliterated.

The construction of a beautiful church dictated here to-day concludes the story. The remains of the dead bride were embalmed and brought back to America, and were then placed in a vault until the construction of the church walls had been sufficiently advanced to receive them. The new edifice is cruciform, 96x75 feet. The floor is of Spanish tile from Valencia. The wood-work is of oiled oak. A massive tower twenty-four feet square rises one hundred feet in the air. The structure is of grey stone, even to the window sills. A hydraulic engine in the basement supplies air for the organ. The style of finish is old English, with massive granite columns. The leading Episcopal clergymen of the eastern section of the state were present at the consecration, including M. A. De Wolf Howe, bishop of this diocese, who was the consecrator; the Rt. Rev. Dr. Haro, bishop of Nebraska, Indian Territory; the Rev. Dr. Oliver, of Nebraska; the Rt. Rev. B. Wister Morris, missionary bishop of Episcopal convention in session last week in New York. The Rev. Chandler Haro is the rector of the parish. The new church has a seating capacity of about five hundred. It was filled to overflowing to-day by the leading citizens of this section of the state.

Messages from the Sea.

A few instances of messages from the sea, reported from time to time to have been found, like Poe's manuscript, in a bottle, may perhaps be taken for what they are worth. A girl picked up in the sea near Barrow a securely corked bottle containing a scrap of old newspaper, on which was indistinctly written: "Gone down off the coast of Ireland, the Steamer Combat, with all hands. Capt. Yates." There was no mention of date on which the ship sank, but the writing appeared to have been hurriedly done. On the shore of the Bay of Luco a bottle was reported to have been found containing the following message, written in pencil on a piece of paper, the writing being much faded: "On the 29th of April, 1876, the ship *Heracles* was wrecked on the extremity of Patagonia. Crow in the hands of savages. Bring us assistance." During a fearful winter storm, it was conjectured, from the large quantity of wreckage floating about, that many vessels had been lost at the mouth of the Tay in addition to those reported at the time. Some particulars reached the press—whether verified or not the writer is unable to say—that a letter inclosed in a bottle was cast ashore on the Fifeshire coast giving a clue to one of these ships. The letter, blotted and otherwise damaged by sea-water, was written in bold Norwegian characters, and was thus translated: "Schooner Bay, Tonsberg, 25th December, eight morning. We are now in a sinking condition, within sight of the Bell Rock, outside the River Tay. We have had both boats smashed and carried away, and cannot therefore make an attempt to come ashore. We have experienced great hardships during the heavy gales in the North Sea. Greater part of rails, stanchions, and bulwarks are away. We have been laboring constantly at the pumps for three days, and the fore-cabin and cabin are full of water. Everything is destroyed, and we have but little to eat. We now put our trust in a merciful God, and if it is our fate to die, we hope to arrive at a heavenly throne. The crew is otherwise all well, and asked to be remembered to their dear ones at home—(Signed) H. Mathison, captain of the schooner Bay." The letter bore the address: "To Tonsburg, Norway." The name of the Bay was on the Norwegian shipping-lists, and she would have a crew of seven or eight hands, and is supposed to have been bound, coal-laden, from the Tyno to Norway. This sad message from the sea was reported to the owners. Considering what has resulted from mariners' experiments with bottles afloat, and how often, after disasters at sea, these have been the means of communication between the living and dead, too much cannot be said in condemnation of thoughtless persons who perpetrate hoaxes of this description. —*Chamber's Journal*.

OLE BULL begged that Mozart's Requiem might be played while he was dying, and it was the last music that he heard.

American Incomes.

There is no table of the average duration of fortunes; but the statistics of business failures in the country since 1866 show that the average yearly failures ranged from 1 in 163 in the year 1871, to 1 in 75 in 1876. How many business men in a thousand fail, once or more, during their business lifetime, I cannot learn. The proportion used to be estimated, for New England, at 99 per cent. That is probably too high a figure for the business of to-day, conducted as it is upon much shorter credits than formerly. But the proportion of traders who fail is probably not lower than 75 per cent. of the whole number.

How many of our people live upon their invested means? In 1866 our income-tax returns showed 771,000 incomes of \$500 per year and over, and six million incomes of less than \$500. But those were not incomes from capital; they were mostly earnings or wages. Probably not one in a hundred of these smaller incomes, and not over 10 per cent. of the incomes over \$500, represented the interest upon investments. In France, ten years later, the census returned no less than two millions of people, *rentiers*, who live entirely upon their invested means. In 1877 seven and a half millions of the people—one-fifth of the population—were enrolled as rent-holders or savings-banks depositors; but it must be added that the savings-banks do not often fail in France, and that sooner or later they are apt to fail with us. Most of these deposits are small ones. But no less than two millions of the French can say with Petrarch, *Parva sed apta mihi*. "It is little enough, but it will do for me."

Thus, in spite of the resources of the country, in spite of the almost universal search for wealth, and in spite of the fact that we have a great many rich men at any given time, we still do not have a large class of permanently rich men; we do not even have, like the French, a large class of persons who have a permanent though small competence. The rich American's wealth is extremely volatile; in nine cases out of ten it is "fairy gold." The old land-owners form the chief exception to the rule; especially in our large cities, where the increase of values has been great.

But if our class of permanently wealthy people is small, so also in our class of destitute people. We are fortunate in having few of the very rich or the very poor, in having no such immense and harmful inequality of fortunes as we see in modern England. Our ill fortune is this, that our class of moderate competences is also small, that so few of us, in spite of our opportunities and our labours, have seized the good of even a small assured competence. The land is full of people who have not, on the other hand, and who are not likely to have, any assured competence, however moderate, but who have nothing to expect but labour to the end. That is, indeed, the appointed human lot for the majority in any community; but need it be, in a country of resources like this, so nearly the universal lot? Might not many of us avoid it by a greater care for a moderate competence, a lessened ambition for fortunes?

Big Harbour Scheme for Montreal.

(From the Montreal Witness.)

A gigantic scheme was presented to the Board of Trade recently by Mr. Shearer. It is stated that the Harbour Engineer sees no practical difficulty in carrying it out, while several of our most prominent and enterprising citizens have declared it to be feasible. Mr. Shearer's plan is to divert the current of the St. Lawrence opposite the city into the channel beneath St. Helen's Island and the southern shore by having various obstructions removed and running a dam, or "peninsula," as he calls it, from Point St. Charles to St. Helen's Island, thus stopping the current from running through the present main channel between the city and St. Helen's Island. Mr. Shearer claims, in the first place, that the dam will prevent the shoving of ice opposite the city and the consequent flooding of buildings in the Griffintown district, and will make of this a still-water harbour where vessels may lie during the winter. It is estimated that the construction of the dam would raise the water two feet in the river and lower it two feet in the harbor. This would give a head of four feet for mills, elevators and factories, and the transportation of freight. Last, but not least, the dam would afford a roadway across the river upon the construction of a bridge from St. Helen's Island to St. Lambert, thus

removing the necessity for a tunnel. This would form not only a highway, but a road for carriages and foot passengers. No estimate of the cost of construction has yet been made, although Mr. Shearer says this scheme will cost no more than a tunnel.

The Coming Revision of the Bible.

It needs to be modified by sound reason. Were the English Bible chiefly a work of art, or a monument of the English olden time, the æsthetic feeling should rightly dominate and a jealous conservatism should watch against modern innovations, by the hand of whatever scholar they might be wrought. We do not deny the literary skill of King James's translators. Their work is artistic in the highest sense. They were men of broad and cultivated minds, and they gave the English people a model of literary beauty and sublimity in their translation (or revision) which compares most favourably with the versions of all other tongues. We may add that in this artistic character of their work they themselves borrowed the phrases and words of Tyndale, which had already become antiquated, and so gave the majesty of hoariness to the other virtues of their style. In looking at their work, therefore, we are beholding a phase of the English language really older than their own time. But we must bear in mind that beauty and antiquity of style are not the paramount considerations in the question of Bible translation. The truth—the truth is what we desire. All other objects sink into insignificance in comparison with this. We seek a perfect translation of the Hebrew and Greek. The idea is of first importance, and the clothing of the idea is secondary. A perfect translation is indeed impossible. A grand sentence must lose something in passing into another language. If it keeps its main thought, it must lose its grandeur, it must work some change in the thought. We must, therefore, give up the idea of reaching a perfect translation, although we make it our goal. Which, then, shall we throw out of our car as we advance—the sense or the style? Undoubtedly the latter. The only fatal embarrassment in this is at those crises where the very style enters into the sense, and you cannot tear them apart without destroying both. In such cases we must bow to the necessity and give a bad translation, leaving it to the scholar to explain the difficulty and the real meaning in whatever circumlocutory way he may. Generally speaking, then, we must sacrifice style to sense, and, in doing this at the present time, we may subject ourselves to the charge of iconoclasm. If a rich, round sentence that we have loved to mouth is trimmed to angularity in order to express the truth, the crowd of critics will be apt to overlook the constraining necessity and bestow on us a consentaneous groan. Let us give an illustration. In Acts, xxvi: 24, the words of Festus to Paul are musical and terse: "Paul, thou art beside thyself; much learning doth make thee mad." It is a strong English sentence; each clause is well balanced. You may compare them to two equal shafts striking the centre. As you read them you are Festus, and you speak with conscious force. Now, shall we dare alter such a rare specimen of telling English? All the beautiful in us rises up in indignation at the thought. And yet we must humble ourselves and our pride of taste for the relentless cause of truth. What is the Greek here? What did Festus really say? . . . The truth is, Festus did not say half as fine a thing as our English sentence. Moreover, he did not mean what our English sentence means. Festus first, in the impetuosity of his feelings, told Paul he was mad; then, correcting himself, with true Roman politeness, he modifies his expression, and says that Paul's learning was gradually bringing him to a condition of madness. The English of what he said is: "Thou art mad, Paul; much learning is turning thee to madness." Our received version makes the two clauses of equal strength, the latter clause merely adding the cause of madness. Moreover, the received version does not recognize the similarity and relation of *maius* and *manias*. If we translate as above we lose a remarkably strong sentence, beautiful in its strength; but, if we leave the beauty and strength undisturbed, we do not have what Festus really said. Now, ye critics, take this instance as a sample, and tell us what we are to do. Are we to cling to principle faithfully, or shall we hold on to principle only until we see a pretty face? What will you have, that which the sacred writers say, or that which King James's translator's say?—The Rev. Dr. HOWARD CROSSBY, in *North American Review*.