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"THE ENGLAND OF TO-DAY."

[From the Boston Post, October 1.]

Last evening the lecture season received a brilliant inauguration at the Music Hall, the occasion being the first appearance in Boston of Mr. Edward Jenkins, the English politician, who is so well known to the world as the author of "Ginx's Baby." The presence of a large audience testified alike to the zest with which the public enter upon the new lecture season, and to the interest excited by the appearance of Mr. Jenkins in this country. It only lacked fifteen minutes to eight o'clock when the lecturer appeared, accompanied by the Hon. Charles Sumner and General N. P. Banks, the organ pealing forth the strains of the English national anthem as he made his bow to the audience. Of his personal characteristics, it is enough to say that he is a young man, apparently not more than thirty-five years of age, if, indeed, he be so old, of spare habit, the fairest of blonde complexion, and withal a very graceful carriage. His voice is clear and pleasant, though there is no approach to stentorian tones; nor is it ringing. At times the manner of his delivery was tinged with a preacher-like solemnity; and again in some of his more forcible passages the satirical bent of his mind found expression in a sarcastic rendering of the closing words. His language is very ornate and vigorous, with a tendency to profusion of metaphor. Throughout the lecture the greatest silence prevailed, and his audience evidently relished his utterances as an intellectual treat, but applause was seldom accorded him. His auditors were not, indeed, demonstrative, and it is not detracting from Mr. Jenkins' merit to say that his style as a lecturer is less calculated to provoke frequent applause than it is to induce a well sustained and admiring attention. Mr. Jenkins was introduced to the audience by Senator Sumner, who was received with three cheers, and said:

MR. SUMNER'S REMARKS.

Ladies and Gentlemen—I regret much that the Vice President is not here to-night to introduce our guest from England. Doubtless in his present condition of health it is better for him to be at home. In this land of liberty there is one master who makes a severe tyrant, before whom all must bend—I mean the weakness of bodily ailment. I trust, however, that the Vice President is now fast passing from his control. In his absence I now have the honor of introducing to you our eminent lecturer, whom you will be happy to welcome, not only as an Englishman always a friend to our country, but as an author, who, by his remarkable pen, has drawn attention to the condition of the poor and lowly, awakened for them a widespread sympathy, and helped the reign of justice on earth, so that already, though young in years, he is renowned as a public benefactor. [Applause.]

At the conclusion of the applause Mr. Jenkins stepped to the reading desk, carefully opened his manuscript and placed it before him, and then proceeded as follows with the lecture:

Ladies and Gentlemen—If anything could contribute to make me more diffident on this the first occasion of my appearing before an American audience, it is such an introduction as I have had the honor of receiving from the distinguished and honorable gentleman who has just addressed you. I feel that I should like to draw you down from that height on which he has lifted me, and get you to look at me before I begin, as a common mortal. I shall ask you only to regard me as an Englishman, and as an Englishman I come here to-night to address you. The subject of my lecture is the England of to-day. To the crowds of Americans who land at Liverpool and roam at pleasure over the little island which they promise some day to annex, few, however observant and curious, will be able to say, in the sense in which I use the term, that they have seen the England of to-day. Glancing from car or carriage window over a landscape whose proportions seem to eyes accustomed to the majestic outlines of New World scenery to be petty and dwarfed, parceled out into what appear to be but garden fields, the traveler may see the romantic aspect of England. Here he may see some old abbey in splendid ruins, the worn out glory of monasticism, or there a castle towering over delicious valleys, recalling a chivalry and a tyranny both and forever gone. Here again he looks upon some noble hall with broad, grand windows and rich facade, surrounded with so much sylvan lovliness as to transport the soul with an envy of those who enjoy so much beauty this side of heaven, and wonder at the wealth of a nation so many of whom can dwell in palaces. Or here, once more, is a village, the foundations of whose humble homes were laid a thousand years ago, with its old church whose gothic tower peeps above the ancient trees. In these and a thousand other such scenes may the visitor look upon merry England, and yet see but little of the England of to-day. While in all these you may, and in same sense, do, give an idea of England, it does not show you what makes up that wonderful cosmos of life and action, its social condition and problems of government which unite to constitute my topic this evening. Not that all is hidden. The traveler often observes in the midst of groups of handsome buildings in rural districts, or walking in London, the great institutions at the door of which linger a line of tearful men and women, and, God help us, children; and he is told these are the palaces of the poor, where one portion of the population lives at the expense of the remainder; but little can he apprehend all that is mixed up with that mysterious question, or how its roots run out into every other social, religious and political question. In speaking of the England of to-day, I speak not of its picturesque or romantic aspects, nor of its commercial or statistical phrases, nor its power, wealth or progress. All these are obvious; but I would speak of its inner life and social condition. And how imperative is it that in this inner life England should be known. The world is getting daily more international; the problems of humanity are reasserting themselves in all States, and the secret motives of a nation's life are among the most precious of the curiosities which it can proffer to the inspection of a curious world. I claim the right to speak to you frankly as a brother freeman. It has been my lot to live and work in both England and the United States, and I can feel a peculiar degree the true fraternity of those great nations. I believe their destinies to be inextricably interwoven. Our problems of to-day may be yours of to-morrow, and your solutions may be the precursors of ours. The prominent thing which stands out in the condition of England to-day is the number and power of vested interests. The crown, the aristocracy, the clergy, the liquor sellers, the army, the navy, the bench and bar, railways, schools, one and all have their vested interests. You can not legislate in any direction without driving against these obstructive interests. Hence reform in England and America, however alike in principle, is in practice a far different thing. Here society yields more readily to the exigencies of change. In Great Britain principles are advanced against tremendous opposition, their adoption is slow, and their adaption not only laborious but difficult. In proportion to the number of vested interests existing in a country, is it locked up from freedom, and as the action of the majority of the people is restrained by the privileges of the minority, so is its advancement to a healthy and pure political life imperiled. It is a millstone hung round the neck of society; it is like Sinbad's old man, which clings round the shoulders of a nation with ever-tightening grasp. Such interests may exist to some extent wherever human societies are; but the aim of wise statesmen and of wise people will be to keep or reduce them to a minimum, and to allow them the very shortest tether. The most formidable of these vested interests in England just now is the Established Church, endowed with $450,000,000 of property, its bishops sitting in the House of Peers, its clergy of every grade scattered over the country, proscribing in rural districts the religion of the people, managing the endowed schools, its graveyards, those of the parishes, and therefore closed to all services save its own, its schools the principal media of education in England. It is not only wealthy and politically powerful, but not to belong to it is a disability. This mighty institution is being supported now by another formidable vested interest—the licensed victualers. In this crisis of their fate, the clergy and the publican no longer stand apart, but have joined hands, and four elections out of five are won by this unholy alliance. The Established Church has no conscience. Three centuries ago it was the ally of a tyrannical monarchy, and throughout its whole history it has ever been on the side of privilege against equality, of patronage against liberty, and of power against right. Internally it is a conglomerate of irreconcilables. "Within are fightings and without are fears." In Westminster Abbey you may hear the Dean declare that Father, Son and Holy Ghost are simple names for one and the same person in different developments of humanity; the canon preaching from the same pulpit the dogmas of the Athanasian creed, while the Bishop descants on the power of the church and the efficacy of the sacrament. Christ's injunction about the tare and the wheat is strictly followed, and here you may find the sheep and the goats lying down together. Such a body, you say, must be on the eve of dissolution; but no, one thing keeps them together. It is the vested interest; in other words irreverently designated, "loaves and fishes." In many places the vicar of the parish is a magistrate as well. Hence, those who hear in the church on Sunday that all men are equal in the sight of God, has to hear on the week day from the same lips on the bench of magistrates that the laws of England have introduced important amendments to the sermon on the Mount in favor of land and money. Why do I mention these things? To stir up sectarian bitterness or detract from your admiration of Episcopacy? I should scorn so to do, but I speak of them that you may have some idea of the policy and the system which from end to end of England is fostering envy, hatred, malice, uncharitableness and strife. Even here, I believe, among yourselves are some people who seem to think it necessary that the State, in its laws or constitution, should indicate the existence of a God. I have often thought that the God whose name is not mentioned in the American constitution is more revered than the God who, in England, shares with her majesty the headship of the church. I believe religion here is more earnest and more self-sacrificing than in any other Anglo-Saxon community, and I attribute it to the absence of what is called the patronage of the State. Great, also, in England, is the power of privilege. You would have thought that the last reform bill would have lessened the power of privilege in the House of Commons. But the present House, elected five years ago, is almost as much representative of land and capital and aristocracy as was the last. Privilege holds every point. As an instance, I may mention the fact that recently a bill to enable the Birmingham Town Council to erect a sewage farm near the estates of Sir Charles Adderly and Sir Robert Peel was rejected on the third reading by the friends of these two baronets, although it was of the highest importance to the health of Birmingham, and had been promoted at an immense cost. The action of Parliament in passing the criminal law amendment act, which provided penalties for offenses supposed to be peculiar to trades' unions, was another piece of class legislation. So, also, is the discouragement of the endeavors made since the passing of the reform act to get working class representatives into Parliament. From this and other causes has arisen the republican movement. That movement is important, but not at present dangerous. It may become so at any critical juncture. Mr. Bradlaugh, its principal leader, is an able man, and a very fine speaker, indeed. In sympathy with him, though silent, are many men of position. In one or two towns the republicans control the elections. There are nearly 200 republican clubs in the country, and these are imbued with the principles of the Internationale and atheism of Mr. Bradlaugh, besides being mixed up with the ingenious schemes of single-eyed agitators. The next most noteworthy thing in England after its vested interests and privileges, is its amazing system of local government, which is a very model of Bambledom. There are vestries, and boards of guardians, and mayors and corporations, and local boards, and boards of health. The parish beadle is the spirit of the government. The lecturer here severely satirized the beadle as a man whose dignity was the mere dignity of livery, and whose gown was his chief qualification. He would take any oath you like to get office, and break any to keep one. He might rise to become a Cabinet minister, or even Prime Minister, or President, but always and everywhere would he carry with him the spirit of the beadle. These local dignitaries are too powerful for the government to attack. Mr. Gladstone recently made an incautious threat against the city of London. The whole bevy of Bumbledom went into hysterics. There is only one way in which the Englishman prepares for battle—he says his prayers and afterward eats his dinner. When the mayor of London asked all the mayors to dinner, and over turtle soup they pledged themselves to the maintenance of their ancient institutions, and Mr. Gladstone only talked to them mildly of the need of the amendment of local laws. Local legislation was handed over to incapable men, and the lecturer took an opportunity at this point to enforce the necessity of every citizen performing his duty as such by voting for the wisest men to fill the best places. If this wholesome principle were acted upon you would hear less about the tyranny of majorities. If, he said, you would make of this free people a really great nation, supreme in its liberty and, its might, instill into your hearts the true, holy pride of patriotism, which regards no sacrifice as too extreme, no gift too rich, no energy, no zeal too extravagant for your country. I have alluded already to the indications of the vast wealth and riches of England, and now I wish to describe faithfully and without exaggeration the melancholy poverty and degradation which exists beside it. I looked the other day at the pile of buildings at St. Pancras, London, which is being erected on the site which was once a thickly populated district, but is now for a central railroad station. The population here, eight years ago, was so dense that 4500 persons ... Now, the railroad contractor has shoved this mass of humanity heartlessly back, and they have had to force themselves further rearward into districts already overcrowded. Intolerable are the conditions of life in a population packed like this. Among them decency becomes fastidiousness, ordinary morality is a shining virtue, and drunkenness is venial. The lecturer enlarged at length on the wretchedness of the London poor, and drew a startling picture of their hardships and privations. Visiting any of the large cities of England, he declared, similar scenes were to be encountered, and when you went into the agricultural districts you found the low, thatched cottage with its one attic; in which the farm laborer would tell you that he and his wife and nine children had lived for years on $2 or $2 50 per week in summer, and still less in winter. There was in conclusion, that worst of all skeletons in the closet of their great English home, pauperism. The lecturer traced the history of the poor laws from their origin in Henry VIII.'s reign, and went on to say that in London now one-third of the population were in receipt of relief as paupers. Noticing that an analogous system was being set up in some of the States of this country, he warned them to retrace their steps. Its effects were ruinous. It destroyed all motives for thrift in the workingman, because it insured him State support when he had spent his own means. There was no outlet, he said, for the workingmen in England save the colonies or the United States, which held out their arms to them to come and win estates for themselves and their posterity. Emigration, however, had received no aid from the government, because economists, indifferent to anything except present material prosperity, had insisted that labor must be kept cheap at home, come what would.

The lecturer finished his discourse with an eloquent and lengthy peroration; concluding thus: Statesmen must have faith, and people must have faith. It is this which binds them together in strongest bonds the body social and politic. In fine, my friends, social and temporal benefits alike can only rest upon a people animated by high principles. Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are honorable, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are of good report, these are at once the attributes of the highest citizenship and the noblest Christianity.

The lecturer resumed his seat shortly after nine o'clock, amid long and hearty applause.

Boarding School Discipline.

[From the New York Times.]

Probably one of the most important means in the formation of characters in the young of both sexes is school discipline. Many parents, in selecting a school for their children, make the mistake of looking only for institutions where the utmost is undertaken to be done in the way of cramming the minds of pupils with mere book learning, as if success in life depended entirely upon the acquisition of information found in books. Of course, we do not wish to be understood as underrating the importance of a mind well stored with useful facts; but we must not lose sight of one of the chief objects of study—mental discipline. The mind and body both need discipline. Therefore, in selecting a school, parents should pay great attention to the subject of healthy discipline, and should incline to favor that institution where, in addition to the useful information imparted to the pupil, he is instructed or disciplined in habits which tend toward the formation of good character. In this respect the boarding school has advantages superior to other schools, for the boarding school or institute is a little world in itself, and in it the pupil has to encounter many of the trials that beset every one in life.

We know there are many parents who, while willing to trust their boys to the boarding school, and while admitting the utility of throwing them on their own resources, demur quite strongly to the idea of their girls leaving the comforts of home and going to boarding school, where, in a very great measure, they will be left to shift for themselves. Yet it is often the case that girls just becoming young ladies, especially in our large cities, need more of healthy discipline than do our boys just becoming young men. Nor is it to be supposed that in this matter of the education of young ladies we lose sight of the effect of home influence, or, in other words, of home example; but home has its surroundings and its society which retard very much the formation of those habits of order, self-reliance, self-denial, and moderation in all things which are so essential to the formation of a true, womanly character. Too many fathers and mothers, although they understand and are willing to admit the necessity of the enforcement of general rules of discipline in the government of the household, yield to the wishes of their children, and break in upon these necessary rules.

Moreover, parents are very often disposed to believe their own children to be models of good behavior, and that they can be allowed to violate rules of discipline without any injury to themselves; but in this they err, and err grossly. As a rule, in our large cities, the girl, or if you please, the young lady from fifteen to nineteen years of age, needs the most careful watching over, and the enforcement of a healthy discipline. At home it is sometimes very difficult and unpleasant to enforce this discipline, for it may be that there are not any person upon whom to enforce it. It would be much more difficult for the instructor, and much more distressing for the soldier, if the manual of arms were taught to each soldier singly. So girls, as well as men, submit to discipline more readily when drilled together, and the discipline then takes a stronger hold upon them.

Again, it is important at that age that our young ladies should have as little of society influence as possible to distract their attention from their studies. And can our young ladies live, move and have their being in a large city, and breathe its social atmosphere, and not "come out," as the phrase is, before their time? Young gentlemen, friends of the family, will drop in, and often at unseasonable hours, and request the pleasure of taking a walk with Mamie or Fannie, as the case may be, and the chances are that the walk is taken, and the young lady comes home thinking somewhat of her escort, or at least not thinking much of her studies. Or take another case: When the young lady should be in bed, we too often find her in the ballroom, whirling around in the dance in the arms of her Charles Augustus.

Now, this is not a fancy picture, but is of every day experience; and it is no easy matter for parents to stop the practice as long as the opportunities are so frequent. At the boarding school, the opportunities for this kind of life are entirely wanting. The principal, having a number of pupils under his or her charge, must, for the general benefit of all, strictly enforce proper discipline, and each young lady pupil, although unwilling to admit the necessity of enforcing discipline against herself personally, will admit that necessity for the general benefit of all. Hence they one and all submit to early rising, early going to bed, tidiness in dress and in keeping their own rooms in order, regular hours for study and recreation, and to rules of discipline in many other matters which will occur to persons of experience and thought. Parents should be careful not to underrate the important effect of boarding school discipline.

An extraordinary incident recently took place in Munich. On the will of a rich Catholic lady who died was inscribed the following: "This, my last will and testament, is not to be opened except in the presence of the chief judge, the head of the Catholic faith, and the head of the Jewish congregation." These gentlemen, on opening the will, learned that her property had been assigned to Jews, her words running as follows: "During the whole course of my life I have given my best attention to investigate the various creeds, and I have seen that the Jewish religion is the purest of all; among all nationalities I have never noticed any possessing such good and upright feelings as the Jews. I, therefore, bequeath 60,000 thalers to the heads of the Jewish congregation, to be distributed to all of their charities as they please." The will terminates with these words: "Any person who may presume to disobey my injunctions, and depart from the exact terms of my will, that part more especially connected with the good of the Jews, may the curses inscribed in the Book of their Law rest upon them."

The Gambler Prince.

[From the Wilkes' Spirit.]

"But who is Johnny Chamberlin?" methinks I hear the uninitiated reader inquire. "What is the reason of his wonderful success in his profession?" Gentle reader, it is to his indomitable energy, brazen impudence and a two card faro box. His first appearance in public life was made as a bar tender on one of the numerous steamboats running from the port of St. Louis. While in this capacity he learned the rudiments of short card sharping from those thieves, some of whom never failed to travel on every river steamer, and made himself useful to them in their search for suckers. He assisted them in making up their games from among the passengers, and then "running in" their marked cards for them, keeping them in his bar until wanted for use. As he became farther advanced, he insisted on equal share of the spoils, and exacted the same from all three-card monte throwers who came aboard his boat to ply their calling.

He followed up this business successfully for three or four years, and being thrifty, accumulated considerable capital, and in the meantime obtained an insight into the immense profits to be derived from roping suckers to brace games. Being gifted with a happy faculty of commending himself to strangers, and a willingness to spend his money freely, whenever he thought he could make ten dollars for one, by so doing; and, being well acquainted with all the haunts of pleasure and vice in the city of St. Louis, he made a capital "roper-in" for a two-card box establishment. In the mind's eye he marked out each passenger on the boat, during her trip to St. Louis, whom he thought likely to prove a profitable subject to him, and, after showing him the "sights" of the city, would bring him up standing before a "brace game," have him robbed, and afterward receive half the plunder.

Johnny Chamberlin shortly became known among sharpers as the best "roper-in" in the city of St. Louis, and, in fact, the best in all the West. Partly through the inducement of these, but probably much more through his own knowledge of the benefits and advantages of a skinning-house, he threw up steamboating and opened one of these establishments for himself. He was obliged to take with him an operator, because he was totally unable to exercise a two-card box himself; nor do I believe he can cheat at any of the games played for money. Even could he do so, his functions were on the outside, to lure customers into his den. This business he diligently followed up, until the spring of 1864, having increased his store of wealth thereby up to $40,000, and by his audacity and energy as a "roper" gained the envy of all the sharpers throughout the West. Meanwhile, however, he had become pretty well played-out in St. Louis; so much so, in fact, that any "brace-dealer," having any respect for his future bread and butter, would not be seen with him in public.

Johnny was now desirous of taking the money he had accumulated with him to New York, and there opening an aristocratic skinning house. Heretofore he had mixed only among second class sharpers; he was now anxious to be ranked in the first division of that honorable fraternity, and more especially among those of New York city, where a wider field was open for the exercise of his talents, and a higher goal within reach of his unbounded ambition.

To accomplish his desire it was necessary that he have the countenance of a first class gambler. It must be understood that not even the Brahmins themselves, nor those of England's aristocracy who claim their descent from the heroes of the field of Hastings, are greater sticklers for caste than the American gamblers. Powerful as is money—and its influence is not less among this than other classes of mankind—it has in many cases failed in launching the keeper of a second class skinning house within the magic cordon which separates them from those of their tribe who have never been interested in any but a first class house of the sort.

Johnny found the individual he was seeking in the person of a worthy gentleman from the blue-grass country in Kentucky, who for many years previous to the rebellion was principal proprietor of one of the most fashionable of these places in the city of New Orleans. When General Butler was placed in command, after the capture of the city by the federal forces, he allowed no gaming-houses within his dominions, in consequence of which the aristocratic gaming-house at No. 14 Carondelet street, belonging to Mr. McGrath, was closed. When General Butler was superseded in command of the city, Mr. McGrath left his home in the blue-grass country, and went again to New Orleans with the intention of again opening his house there; but his first attempt at doing so caused his arrest and incarceration in the prison, where he was kept for more than a year by the federal authorities.

On regaining his liberty he made the best of his way to St. Louis, where he arrived without a dollar. Being one of the best gamblers in the country, and a man of distinguished parts in a fashionable gaming-house, which meant that he would blackguard his victims into playing whether they wished to or not, besides being acquainted with many of the border States men who had flocked to New York to speculate in gold and stocks. McGrath was the "open sesame" that Chamberlin required. Together they started for New York, where they arrived in the winter of 1864. They soon discovered that to obtain a desirable house in a suitable location, and fit it up and furnish it in a manner fit to enable them to hold their own among first class establishments of the sort, would require more money than Chamberlin could command.

McGrath now induced two of the wealthiest gamblers in New York to enter into partnership with them. They bought a splendid residence near the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and fitted it up in so gorgeous and magnificent a style that its equal had never been seen in the city, and I doubt in any other. It is said that the furnishing and fitting up alone cost over $60,000. It is reported that the receipts within four months after the opening of the house it made within the neighborhood of $1,000,000, and it is more than probable that such was the case. Among its patrons were wealthy contractors, high city officials, stockbrokers, and other speculators, many of whom were making their thousands per day in the exciting period of speculation, and some of them at a sitting lost as high as $50,000.

The firm did not get along harmoniously together, and a dissolution took place. McGrath and Chamberlin withdrew from it, and the former returned to the blue grass country in Kentucky, where he invested his money in a large stock farm. Johnny now opened an establishment on his own account, fitting it up in the most extravagant style. This place, for which he paid an annual rent of $12,000, was located on Twenty-fourth street, near Broadway, one of the most fashionable localities in the city. The monthly expenses of running this establishment averaged $4000. On every night, except Sunday, a table was spread which, for the rarity, diversity and choiceness of its viands, wines and liquors, the elegance of its appearance, and the excellence of its cuisine, could not be surpassed by any in the world.

This luxurious establishment and its retrenchments were kept up on the strength of a two card box. The best any one ever yet received there was two cards, or "fifty-four," and there is a very suspicious individual indeed who received as good. On opening his house he had to contend against the envy, and in many cases with the open enmity of the proprietors of first class "gaming-houses," who were jealous of him, and who used every method and underhand method they could devise to prevent his success. But his indomitable energy and assurance overcame all obstacles and won the day. The proprietors and clerks of the principal hotels in the vicinity of his place were nearly all ropers in for it; the majority without having the remotest idea of its character. He commended himself to the favor of many of the highest of the city officials, and his house became their resort, where the finest of wines and the choicest of luxurious feeding awaited them, with the hospitable smile of Johnny for a welcome. Beyond this he had no entertaining qualities. He is as ignorant as an ass of everything outside of his business. He is, however, wise enough to know when to hold his tongue, when to smile, and at whose jokes to laugh; and at a single glance he can tell a "blood" from a "gray-back."

All his tribe, whenever they have established a foothold, their great desire is to gain a position on the turf, either owning a stable of racers or having an interest in some race course. It gives to them the aroma of respectability, and throws them into the company of wealthy persons whom they can rope into their "skinning dens," and then rob them. Johnny was by no means false to his order. He got up a racing association and opened a magnificent race course at Long Branch.

A year or so before he opened this course he fitted up his magnificent "Maison de Jue" at the Branch. The season of its opening he cleared $60,000, and in no season since has it cleared less than $30,000. In addition to his other extravagances, Johnny keeps a steam yacht, in order that he may indulge his patrons with a sail down the bay, if they desire it, or take them on a fishing excursion or clambake, whenever they fancy such a relaxation. Verily, reader, what do you think now of "splits and trumps being sovereigns?"

Detective Sampson a Peddler.

In 1858 Inspector Walling was captain of the detective police. He had been inspector of stages under Chief Matsell, and in that capacity made the acquaintance of all the stage drivers. On the Bowery and Grand street line was a driver who, from his herculean proportions and striking resemblance to that famous pugilist, was known as Tom Hyer. Tom hailed the inspector one day, and told him that a man who had ridden with him on the box said he could sell counterfeit gold dollars of an excellent quality at a price that would make it an inducement to buy. He invited Tom to call at his house, near the dry dock. Spurious coins had been circulated freely, and the sharpest detectives, so long baffled in their efforts to find the counterfeiters, had nearly given up the search in despair. To an officer of Inspector Walling's experience the driver's information was all the clue that was needed. He told Tom to go to the house and what to do there. The officer knew that to follow his agent would result in nothing. His approach would be watched, and it detectives followed him they would fail to find the counterfeiters or their machinery and tools. Tom obeyed his instructions, and bargained to buy $100 worth of the spurious money, for which he was to pay $30. They were to meet at 4 P. M. on a certain day in Chatham square, on the east side, near Roosevelt street, to complete the transaction. Detective McCord, having been introduced to the driver, followed him to the place, where the men made the exchange without speaking while they were passing each other. McCord witnessed the act, and started in the counterfeiter's wake. For six hours the man walked hither and thither, seemingly restless as the Wandering Jew, dodging in and out of liquor stores and other public places, and not until ten o'clock that night did he feel that he had eluded pursuit. Then he entered a house of bad repute in the fifth ward and remained until sunrise, when he went to a store in the second ward where oroide was sold. From there he went to the Fulten ferry, by which he crossed, taking a seat in a Myrtle avenue car. After hurriedly explaining his business to a cabman, the detective borrowed his slouched hat, put him inside the carriage, pulled off his own coat, and rolling up his white shirt sleeves so as to expose the red flannel beneath, mounted the box, and for the nonce was a full-fledged cab driver.

In this disguise he followed the car. Near Fort Greene the man quit it and went into a drug store, but he came out in a few minutes, and entered another going in the same direction. That was his last attempt to evade watchers, and he evidently felt secure, for at the end of the car route he proceeded directly about half a mile to one of several cottages that were standing in a secluded spot, and went in without the precaution of even looking around. McCord dismissed the driver, and secreting himself in some bushes behind a stone wall in an orchard near by, watched the house until evening, when his man came out and went away. He had been on duty thirty hours, without food or sleep, when his report was made to the inspector that night, but at daybreak the next morning he and Detective Elder were hidden in the place that he had occupied on the day previous, and for two weeks, day and night, they stayed there, neither absenting himself but to swallow a hasty meal. They slept on the ground, alternating the guard for this purpose a few hours each night.

On the fourteenth day the detectives remitted their watch. But three persons had been seen to enter or leave the house; the man McCord followed, who went in every morning and quit at night; an old man who sometimes went out for a short time only, and an elderly woman who invariably answered calls at the door. There was a chain across the door which was never taken down unless to allow the passage of the inmates. To the milkman, butcher and grocer an opening was made so far as the length of the chain permitted, through which the woman received whatever they brought. The summary of these observations convinced the inspector that they had found the counterfeiters' lair, and he decided to make a descent upon it, but he knew that to force his way in was imprudent, as it would afford time to destroy the press and dies. The services of Detective Sampson were required to surmount this difficulty.

At daybreak the next morning McCord was alone at his old post in the orchard, and when the inspector and Elder arrived he reported there was nothing new, except that a stranger had gone in.

The role assigned to Sampson was played to perfection. He waited until the woman had eaten her breakfast, and then gently rapped at the door. He was dressed as an Israelitish peddler, and carried a pack containing the usual wares of these venders. The door was cautiously opened and his business demanded.

"I sells you somedings?" was the querying response.

"I don't want anything," she replied, but her eyes had a longing look as the goods were displayed.

"I sells sheep, sheeper dan any vun in de countries; let me come in and I shows you."

"No; I guess you aint got anything I want."

Here the pseudo peddler brought to light an elegant cashmere shawl, worth at least $500. Its fine texture and rich colors aroused all the woman in her nature, and she feasted upon its beauty.

"How much is that shawl?" she asked.

"I almost gifs you dat at vun hundred tollars," he answered.

"It won't be much of a gift at that price," she said, and began to close the door.

At this instant Sampson fanned himself with his hat, which was the signal for his allies to gradually approach, as he knew the woman would become his victim. Then he held the shawl out again, and said:

"Vell, I vants monish; make me vun offer."

She tried strategy, and asked: "Ain't these stolen goods?"

The peddler seemed frightened, and looked around as though in fear of arrest. He saw his friends close by, concealed from her by a board fence.

"Sh, lady," he whispered, "I no shteal; de shawl is smuggled. I sells it for feefty tollars."

Still she haggled, and he kept falling in his price until $30 was the sum named.

"So help mine Got I gifs it you so less; shust put it on und see how pootiful it look," and he again held it up before her.

The ruse was working and the door flew open, and Sampson, waving another signal, stepped across the threshold, quickly followed by the other officers. In the parlor they found three men, the two whose faces had become familiar to the detectives, and the stranger whom McCord saw go in that morning. Before the search was begun the men tried to bribe the officers to forego it, offering $3500. They had $1500 in cash, and showed their bank book containing credit for the remainder.

In different rooms were found dies, a milling machine and metals, and in the back cellar was a press. There were also metal plates, showing that nearly $70,000 in spurious coins had been struck out. A small number of counterfeit coins were found, representing $2 50 and $1 gold pieces and silver halves and quarters. The principal manufacture, as shown by the cut up plates, was dollar pieces. Government agents said that the larger gold coins were too light to deceive many, but the dollar pieces would pass easily anywhere.

The old man was recognized as a counterfeiter who had been convicted. He and his male confederates were sentenced to eight years, and the woman to five years' imprisonment. The stranger was not convicted.—*New York Sun.*

Charlotte Cushman.

Noting the appearance of this great actress at McVicker's Theatre, the dramatic writer of the Chicago *Post* takes occasion to relate the following interesting reminiscence of the days when she was an humble member of a stock company, and played *Meg Merrilies* for the first time:

From Miss Cushman's own lips the writer of this once heard the history of her first appearance in the role of *Meg Merrilies*. It happened while she was filling the part of walking lady at the old Park Street Theatre, New York, in the season of 1837-8, and was the result of pure accident. John Braham, the great London tenor, was performing an engagement at the time, and a series of light English operas had been put upon the boards. "Guy Mannering," which was originally produced as a musical drama, was one of these. The greater part of the play was spoken, but melodies and set pieces were interspersed which called into requisition the art of the vocalist. The character of *Henry Bertram* was assumed by Braham, while Miss Cushman was cast for the humble part of the young gypsy, *Marie*. As the business of the play was then arranged, it fell to the lot of *Marie* to sing the cradle song in the scene where *Meg* recalls herself to the recollection of *Bertram* by means of the ballad with which she used to soothe him to sleep in his childhood. Acting upon the supposition that her voice was broken by age and unequal to the task, it was her custom to summon the young Gypsy to revive the song for her.

One day after rehearsal the leading lady of the theatre was suddenly seized with indisposition. In the dilemma that arose the manager begged Miss Cushman to go and read the part of *Meg Merrilies* that evening. Miss Cushman obligingly consented, but with no intention of reading the part. She took the lines to her room and had them at her tongue's end by nightfall. But to use her own words as we remember them: "I had never paid any consideration to that character," said Miss Cushman. "It was always my habit to attend studiously to my own business and give no heed to the performances of the others. When stars were on the stage I watched them closely to learn whatever was possible. At other times I confined myself to my individual work. Thus it came about that I had little idea how *Meg Merrilies* was dressed or played, and never having rehearsed the part, was entirely ignorant of the business. While I was conning my lines and walking back and forth behind the scenes, waiting for the curtain to rise on the play, the manager came to me again in great distress. 'I have forgotten to provide a singer in the part of the young Gypsy,' he exclaimed. 'What shall we do?' 'I don't know, I am sure,' replied I. But after thinking a moment I added, 'Perhaps when I come to the place I can manage to introduce the song myself. I will try,' and, thus relieved, the manager left me."

In much trepidation I listened at the wings trying to catch some inspiration from the progress of the play, when I overheard the closing words in the dialogue between *Hatteraick* and the Gypsy—just preceding the appearance of *Meg* on the scene—when one says of her, 'Oh, she dotes;' to which the other replies, "But she rules the tribe." These sentences gave me a sudden clue to the situation of the decrepit but still powerful queen, and a full conception of the character flashed upon me.

"I immediately sprang before the footlights in the attitude I have ever since taken. The pose was so novel and striking the audience manifested a good deal of emotion, and when Braham turned and discovered me he gave an unaffected start of astonishment. This assured me somewhat, and I went on with the part, giving it in all important particulars the interpretation and action which I have always retained. I saw that Mr. Braham was puzzled throughout the evening; that I was continually surprising him, but whether pleasantly or not I could not tell. As we had not rehearsed together, and I was consequently ignorant of the stage business, I had to trust wholly to my intuitions, and naturally occasioned him considerable perplexity.

"When I came to the cradle song, which I managed to bring in successfully, *Bertram* fairly glared at me in amazement. My nerves were sorely tried, but I poured out my whole heart in the song, and as I gradually drew near and bent over *Bertram*, slowly dropping my hand on his head, I saw the big tears rolling down his cheeks. Then I knew I had made a hit and felt encouraged to go through the piece.

"After the play was over, and I had gone to my room quivering with excitement, the call-boy rapped at my door, saying, 'Miss Cushman, Mr. Braham wishes to speak with you.' I rose in affright, feeling sure he must mean to reprove me for my inadequate acting. As I went to the door I framed in words the excuse that as I had not enjoyed the advantage of a rehearsal, it could not be expected that I should satisfy the demands of the part. But Mr. Braham met me with extended hand, saying, 'Miss Cushman, I have come to thank you for a genuine gratification. If you had played *Meg Merrilies* in London as you have played it here to night, your fortune would be made.'"

"And were you not immediately promoted," was our inquiry of Miss Cushman.

"Oh, no, certainly not. I had but done my duty in the place where I was put, and I continued two years longer as walking lady at the Park Theatre, with a salary of $20 a week, and only two-thirds of that when business was poor."

A Mystery.

[From the St. Louis Globe, October 16.]

Several days ago the *Globe* recorded the fact that on the evening of the tenth instant Mr. A. F. Gibson observed something leap in the river at the Bremen end of the city, and at the time supposed it to be a dog; but a closer inspection satisfied him that it was a man who disappeared beneath the surface of the water before any aid could reach him. The circumstances bore the appearance of a deliberate suicide.

On the river bank there was found three old valises, securely tied together by an old trace-trap, all of which Mr. Gibson delivered to the police. The chief of police examined the contents of the valises yesterday, and found they consisted of cotton shirts, jeans pants, a boy's jacket, hat and two coats. The following letters were found, and also two addressed envelopes, which may lead to the identification of the suicide. The addresses of the envelopes were Mr. Oscar Samostz, drug store, No. 215 Canal street, corner Rampart, New Orleans, and Mr. Oscar Schoebert, German Society, No. 315 Elm street, St. Louis, Missouri.

There was a letter written in German, dated New Orleans, June 8, 1871, which reads as follows when translated:

MY DEAR OSCAR—I am in possession of your letter, which I received not sooner because the overflow of the canal has put this part of the city under water, in consequence of which the business is quiet for a while. But now it is beginning to get lively again. I can not send you the $5 which you ask me for, because I have no money except my salary, and that is only the same time, and will leave New Orleans at a moment's notice. We will see each other again, my dear boy, and will then talk over old times. You would do me a great favor if you would get me a situation; try and do so, for I will leave here as soon as possible. I hope you will have a good situation by that time. Your affectionate friend,

OSCAR SAMOSTZ,
No. 215 Canal street, New Orleans.

Another letter was written on a small piece of paper, which was considerably damaged by yellow clay, and bore the appearance of having been buried. It seemed to be more of a statement than letter, and reads as follows:

"DECATUR, Ill.—Met a man on the street inquiring for some one, then he asked me for my work, then with certain person say few words, have brains and blood out, we die. Then he asked me to walk. He said he didn't bit. He said let's take a walk, then he went in the old mill it's a box car, then he went to the mill, this other man with him knocked it out of my hand, then he told me go back to railroad and slept in a box car. Man to Decatur with the man that burned Chicago and he is intended to burn the mill in Decatur Saturday night, he said, but he intended to brake into the stores take out all the money and clothes he could. Saturday night he talked to him a long time about burning the town, and he went to set a lot of shavings on fire, then he asked him if he didn't want help, you boys, let us go in and be shy and get the goods and money we can while the houses are burning. He asked me if I had any money; I told him none here; I told him I had $45 where I was boarding; then he had a coat and a revolver; then we went to the police; took him to the chief and arrested the man; then we told, and he said it didn't make any difference which burned; police laid down, and asked if we shouldn't go and make something."

The above is a verbatim copy of the original, and, as its perusal will show, is written in a rambling and disconnected manner.

From all the papers it is supposable that the name of the suicide was Oscar Schoebert.

The handwriting of the papers are all different, and the police are at work endeavoring to unfathom the mystery which at present surrounds the affair.

Charles Sumner.

[Boston Correspondence of the Hartford Courant.]

Senator Sumner took the place of Vice President Wilson on Tuesday evening in presiding at Mr. Edward Jenkins' lecture. The Vice President had expected to be present, but did not feel that his health was quite adequate to the effort and exposure. Mr. Sumner was found to be looking unexpectedly well again. He has very greatly improved in appearance since the time he was seen in public here last autumn. The reception given him was immensely enthusiastic. It was an ovation that was again and again renewed, and was prolonged several minutes. If the popular manifestation is any criterion from which to judge, Charles Sumner is a stronger man to-day in the hearts of the people than he ever was.

I don't think the distinction accorded him on our streets and in our public halls even at the time he returned suffering from the assault of Preston S. Brook, was greater than to that which is witnessed here now. He makes as much sensation as Daniel Webster himself. All eyes are turned toward him, and crowds gather about if he passes in the same way that the "god-like Daniel" was greeted when his worshipers used to assemble about him in our marts of men.

Mr. Webster's port was most imposing. He was a marked man from that fact alone. His great height makes up in some degree for the superior massiveness that pertained to Webster's physique. The homage paid to Mr. Sumner's intellect and to his patriotic service is more general than was that accorded to Webster. He has a more power with the people that the latter lacked, though it was partially made up for by an intensity of admiration of his more immediate personal followers that is not exhibited toward Mr. Sumner. But it would be difficult to find any decided enemies of Mr. Sumner in the State.

He has outlived almost all that personal antipathy which was so severely bestowed upon him in the early stages of his public life. His defection last year was a severe trial to some of his Republican friends, and they said impatient and unkind things about it. All such animosities appear now to have vanished. They never existed generally in the party, even in the thickest of the presidential canvass. At the largest Republican meeting held in the southern section of this city last year, a prominent and popular government officer was addressing the people. In defending the President, he incautiously proceeded to attack Mr. Sumner. To his apparent amazement and certain discomfiture, a storm of hisses instantly greeted him, and he was very glad to desist and change his topic immediately. All prejudices that then existed have apparently vanished.

Mr. Sumner's independence and purity have stood out grander than ever against the black background of the revelations of the present year. Those who differ widest from him in opinion do not withhold their reverence for his integrity and his intellectual power. With or without a party to back him, he is far the strongest man in the Senate, and unless I greatly mistake there will be evidence of this to satisfy every body before the end of another year is reached.

International Postal Money Orders.

The establishment of the international postal money order system between the United States and Great Britain and Germany, has proved even more successful than was anticipated. The balances have, as a matter of course, been largely against this country; or, in other words, more money has been sent to England and Germany, through the postoffice, from this country, than has been sent here from them. The postoffice department remits weekly about £3500 to England, and a still larger amount at the end of each month in settlement of the monthly accounts; so that the monthly balance against the United States is about $75,000; or at the rate of nearly $1,000,000 per annum, which is the amount remitted to great Britain annually through the money order offices, more than is remitted to this country from England in the same way. This difference is very largely accounted for by the remittances of English and Irish emigrants, sent to their relatives to assist them in coming to the United States, or for their use at home. It is noted in the report of the British postoffice department that the money orders from the United States were greatly increased in December last, and is there attributed to remittances for Christmas presents from persons in this country to relations in that.

"Sixth Edward's Mass."

In a pastoral address, read in the Roman Catholic churches in England last month, by order of Archbishop Manning, "the faithful" are congratulated on the great progress made by the Romish Church in England within a few years, and the assurance of still greater advance was expressed. Apropos of this declaration that among the papers in that well known collection of old documents, the Harleian manuscripts, is the following prediction, asserted to have been by, or in the presence of, Cardinal Pole:

"Sixt Edward's masse three hundred years and more shall quiet bee.
But seventh Edward's raigne abon restored shall be."

If the extreme Ritualists and Roman Catholics put any faith in predictions of this character they will take comfort in the fact that the "three hundred years and more" have passed; that it is well understood that when the Prince of Wales ascends the throne he will assume the title of Edward VII., and that now, 324 years after its first adoption, petitions have been numerously signed in England for the restoration of the "First Prayer Book of Edward VI.," or "Sixth Edward's Mass."

Punching Pedants.

At a recent meeting of the Teachers' Institute of New Jersey, the venerable principal of the State Normal School said: "Whoever is dogmatic on the subject of English grammar or orthography is an ignoramus." The words went home like a two-edged sword to many a pedant in the audience; they bewildered and almost alarmed not a few of the modest, hard working teachers; but all who had even a smattering of the principles of comparative philology felt grateful for the outspoken opinion of the old teacher. Every competent teacher of grammar must follow the old routine with inward protest, for he must be conscious that he is an instrument for confounding the reasoning faculties of innocent students.

Through From Washington to Chicago.

The Baltimore and Ohio railroad has commenced to run through postal and passenger cars between Washington and Chicago twice a day without change. The through central, Western and Northwestern mails will be forwarded by this route. The road will arrange its winter time table to connect with lines West and South.

Captain Frank W. Fox, formerly of the United States army, and who has for some time past been stationed in this city as the timber agent of the California and Texas Railway Construction Company, was this evening united in marriage to Mrs. Mary C. Kells, widow of the late Dr. Kells, formerly of Memphis and New Orleans. We wish the happy couple a long and prosperous life; our only regret is that they do not make this their permanent home in Galveston.—*Galveston Commercial.*