FATHER JESSE'S TROUBLE.

A SUN CORRESPONDENT TAKES THE STATEMENTS OF ALL PARTIES.

What the Stomses Say and what Father Jesse Avers—The Latter again Acknowledges that he Made the Offer, but Says that the $500 was to Go to the Poor—B. F. Whittemore's Case.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE SUN.

CINCINNATI, March 4.—This city is wild over the recent disclosures respecting the venerable old gentleman who presides over the Covington Post Office.

The friends of Father Jesse are loud in their denunciations of the Stoms family, and the latter indulge in the most fearful invective against the Grants, father and son, for what they term their base ingratitude.

THE SOLEMN MR. BLOSS.

I arrived here last night, and at once set to work to probe the whole thing to the bottom. I first sought out Bloss. Bloss is the heavy man of the *Enquirer*, and is thoroughly posted on the Grant-Stoms imbroglio. Entering the *Enquirer* office, I mounted a very solemn staircase, and was at once ushered into Bloss's den. That gentleman sat humming the Dead March in "Saul" in a low, monotonous tone, as he scratched away on the second column of an article showing that the Democrats will have a majority in the Forty-second Congress, and did not at first notice me. I coughed. The pen stopped. The melancholy noise was hushed, and Mr. Bloss looked up.

"Mr. ——, of THE NEW YORK SUN," I said.

Mr. Bloss's countenance relaps ed into a smile.

"I am delighted to see you, sir. THE SUN is the greatest paper in the country. I read it most religiously every day. Here is the last issue received. You see how we cut from it." And Mr. Bloss held up a copy of the paper perforated with holes. "But sit down, sir."

MR. BLOSS'S LETTER.

I sat down and quickly opened my business.

"Ah, want to find out about this Stoms affair, eh? Well, I tell you it's rich. Old Jesse put his foot in it for once in his life, and the old fellow may squirm and wriggle as much as he pleases, and he can't get out of it. But you must see Stoms. He'll tell you all about it in just ten minutes. I'll give you a note of introduction." And Mr. Bloss turned to his desk. Seizing a piece of paper, he hastily made a few scratches with a miserable old pen, and folded it up.

"Take this to Cant. Stoms's father," said Mr. Bloss. "He's an old friend of mine, and he'll be very glad to see you."

I took the envelope and departed, and after a short walk reached the store of Mr. William Stoms, the father of the unlucky Assessor. Entering the little counting-room I saw an elderly gentleman sitting by the stove. I advanced and handed him the note. He took it, looked at the superscription, and at length opened it. After gazing at it for five minutes or so Mr. Stoms (for it was he) handed it back with the remark:

"I'm sorry, but I'm too poor to give you anything to-day."

I looked at the gentleman with some surprise.

"I beg pardon, sir." I said, "but you misunderstand me. I am not begging."

"Oh I excuse me then," he replied. "You see the name signed to that note was the only thing I could possibly read, and Bloss sends so many charity hunters to me, that I naturally concluded yours was also a begging mission. I don't suppose you can read this yourself, but can you tell me what it means?"

I replied that it was intended to be a note of introduction, and then stated my name and business. Mr. Stoms at once seized my hand and made me be seated.

MR. STOMS'S STORY.

He is a gentleman about 60 years of age, thin, wiry, and quite gray, but not bad-looking by any means. He at once took down the bars and gave me a clear idea of the way Federal affairs have run in this section since the advent of the Grant Administration.

"I consider old Jesse Grant an intermeddling old granny, and I can tell the President if he doesn't tell the old man to keep himself more quiet, the Republican party in this part of Ohio is gone up."

Mr. Stoms said this with peculiar unction, and emphasized it by bringing his hand down on the counting-room rail with a force that nearly shivered it.

"About this trouble of my son's I can tell you in a very few words. Capt. Horace Greeley Stoms—that's my son—was appointed Assessor of Internal Revenue nearly two years ago. From the hour he was sworn into office old Jesse pestered the life out of him to have him appoint certain subordinates of the old man's choosing. Two of the candidates urged upon Horace by old Grant were not deemed worthy of appointment, and he positively refused to listen to appeals in their behalf. Still the old intriguer worked and pestered. He used to come over to Horace's office and sit by the hour, and almost beg to have a man named Wertheff appointed as gauger, although he afterward acknowledged that the man was wholly unfit for the office. One day, about a year ago, he went into the office and called Horace aside. He then said that he had been offered $500 to secure the appointment, and that if he (Horace) would make it, they

WOULD DIVIDE THE MONEY BETWEEN THEM.

At the same time he said: 'My candidate is a rascal, but we might as well get his money.' This rascally proposition was rejected by my son, and he and old Grant parted in anger. A few days afterward the old man came to me and asked me to use my influence with Horace. He said: 'I offered the Captain a good inducement to make that appointment. A friend of mine, who is a wealthy man, said he would give five hundred dollars to have a certain party made gauger. I offered Horace half of the amount if he would appoint the man, and he rejected it. Can't you influence him to consider the proposition favorably?' I said: 'Why, Mr. Grant, what are you thinking of? Don't you know that such a thing as that would prove the ruin of you both?' 'No, sir, I am glad to know that my son has his honor left; and I am pained, Mr. Grant, to have heard you say what you have.' The old rascal walked off deeply chagrined, and I heard afterward that he said

HORACE STOMS WOULD SOON LOSE HIS OFFICE.

Indeed, the old man told me that if the desired appointment was not made he'd see that the Captain was made to suffer in some way. I might have exposed this thing at that time, but I pitied the old man's infirmities, and also had some respect for the President. I am a good Republican, and was a delegate from this district to the Chicago Convention which nominated Grant. I also went on to Washington at the time of his inauguration in company with old Jesse and his daughter Jenny, old Corbin's wife, and, in fact, I always considered myself a warm friend of the Grants. I therefore told Horace that we would bury the secret of the old man's weakness in our own breasts, and we did so until January last, when the first intimation came that Horace was to be removed. We would not have let the cat out then if old Jesse hadn't boasted that the removal was the result of his own efforts.

I GOT MAD THEN,

and I wrote secretly to the President, giving a brief account of the transaction. I believe I've got a copy of the letter here, and I'll let you take it. [Already printed in THE SUN.] Horace, I afterward learned, wrote the same day to the President. Instead of treating these letters with the consideration they deserved, or without even acknowledging their receipt, the President at once sent them to the old man; and now the latter boasts of our failure to make any impression on his son's mind."

Correspondent—Mr. Stoms, it is generally understood that Father Grant controls all the Federal appointments in this section; is that so?

Mr. Stoms—The old man claims to do so, and I begin to think it is true. It is certain that his finger is in every pie, although I have been loth to believe that he held absolute control in such matters. There is an instance, however, which was the talk of the case, and that is in the Cincinnati Post Office. When Grant was inaugurated, almost the first official act he performed was to eject Mr. C. W. Thomas from the Post Office here, and give it to a relative, a Covington man,

AT THE SOLICITATION OF JENNY GRANT,

now Mrs. Corbin. This man was not a resident of Cincinnati, and was opposed by every prominent man in the city and every influential Republican in the State. Senator Sherman went ideal against him, and so did Edgerton, our Representative; but Jenny Grant and old Jesse got him the office with only thirteen endorsers. I know the whole secret of that transaction. I've got letters from Jenny Grant Corbin in my possession that don't reflect much credit upon any of the parties, and some day I intend to give them to the public. Only this is a strictly Administration and if the whole truth could be got at, Grant would be impeached before he is six months older. All the Grants care for is money, and from father to sons they are all alike.

CAPT. HORACE GREELEY STOMS.

Leaving Mr. Stoms, I wended my way to the office of Capt. Horace Greeley Stoms, the unfortunate victim of old Jesse's machinations. The Captain was not yet been removed, or rather, has not given up his office. He is engaged in preparing his accounts for transmission. Capt. Stoms is a very young man, and does not seem to have had experience enough to fit him for so responsible an office as that which he has just received notice to vacate. He received me very courteously, and gave me every little information aside from that already published. He states, however, that he is prepared at any time to make affidavit that old Mr. Grant did offer him $500 for the appointment of a certain individual as gauger in his district. He also stated that the labor of the Administration nearly bored the life out of him for more than a year with its constant appeals on behalf of incompetent and worthless office-seekers.

FATHER GRANT AND THE CINCINNATI NEWSPAPERS.

Up to this time your correspondent had heard but one side of the story, and he therefore resolved to give the venerable and only living father of a President an opportunity to explain himself. I was soon informed that Ulysses had telegraphed his Father not to permit any more interviews by Cincinnati newspaper men on the Stoms subject, but to keep his mouth closed. Father Grant dislikes Cincinnati newspaper men. An *Enquirer* man waited upon him yesterday. It seems the man went to Father Jesse *incog.* and took him a long rigamarole, and somehow won the old man's heart. As Father Jesse was about to unbosom himself, in walked Bason, the Revenue Collector of Covington, and the homeliest man in all Kentucky. Nixon is member of the ruling family, and exercises a kind of a protectorate over Father Jesse's tongue. He has been very active for several days, the visitors to the dingy old Post Office have been so numerous. Nixon came over from his own office to make his regular tour of observation about the Post Office, and at once spotted the *Enquirer* man. He walked up to where the two were sitting—the old man all the while asserting that he didn't care to talk about the Stomses, yet constantly telling all he knew in his garrulous way.

"See here," says Nixon, as he inserted his digits in the *Enquirer* man's coat collar, "don't you see Mr. Grant is annoyed by your presence? Get out of here, you Cincinnati newspaper men are the curse of this country. Get out of here, I say," as the *Enquirer* man bridled up.

The upshot of it was that

THE HOMELIEST MAN IN KENTUCKY

summarily ejected the *Enquirer* man from the Covington Post Office.

Knowing that Father Jesse would not refuse to talk with a New York newspaper man, I crossed the bridge and soon came to the Post Office. The Covington Post Office is perhaps the dirtiest, dingiest, nastiest office of the kind in the United States. It is a little brick building on one of the principal streets, and is rented by the Government. The floor of the office is covered with dirt fully half an inch thick, and the walls are begrimed with filth of all descriptions. The tiers of boxes run half way across and all the way down the length of the room. Another portion of the room Father Jesse lets out for a newspaper and candy stand. The rear is partitioned off with rough deal boards, and this serves as the Star Chamber in which those deep-laid schemes of polity are hatched by the Presidential ancestor. The principal customers of the Covington Post Office seem to be negroes, for a dozen or more were sitting lazily about as I entered.

A SUN MAN IN FATHER JESSE'S OFFICE.

Walking up to the general delivery window, I asked of a very handsome youth who was the presiding genius of that democratic opening:

"Can you tell me where Will and Mr. Grant is?"

The handsome youth looked at me inquiringly, and his crimson neck tie seemed to blush with suspicion.

"Are you a Cincinnati newspaper man?" asked the handsome youth.

I replied that I was not a Cincinnati newspaper man.

"Well, then, you'll find Mr. Grant in that little room," and he indicated a ricketty old door in the rear of the office. "He's most likely asleep now, but that don't make any difference. Give him a shake and yell in his ear and you'll soon set him agoin'." Said the handsome youngman, as he turned to look for a letter for John Henry Simpson, a sable-hued individual who approached the window.

I at once started for the sacred portal. The door stood ajar. I looked through the crack, and saw an aged man sitting in front of the grate, which, by the way, hadn't a bit of fire in it. His back was turned toward me as I entered. I approached cautiously, and I must confess with awe I walked around in front of the old gentleman. As the handsome young man had foretold, the venerable progenitor of the Administration slept soundly.

FATHER JESSE.

His head was on his breast, and his golden spectacles (present from Corbin, the President's brother-in-law) were balanced somewhat recklessly on his forehead. I at once resolved to make a study of the old man and his surroundings before I awoke him. I took a seat and looked at him. For a man nearly eighty years of age he is certainly well preserved. He is tall, strong built, and seems quite erect. While most men at his age are either very white-haired or have no hair at all, Father Jesse is scarcely bald, his hair and whiskers are a deep iron gray, and are heavy and bushy. He is sharp-featured, but there is a firmness about the upper part of the face. His mouth and chin reminded me of the Hon. Horace Greeley. The room in which Father Jesse sat was, like the office itself, a mass of dirt and filth, and looked as if it hadn't been swept for a month. The floor is covered with a dirty green ingrain carpet, and the rest of the furniture consists of an old haircloth sofa and two or three chairs. The room was cold and cheerless. The hat worn by the father of the President lay on the old sofa, as did the heavy, wooden cane, which has grown to be somewhat of a terror to Cincinnati retailers. The overcoat, which was as if it might have been top or fifteen years ago a silk hat; but time has worked almost as many changes in the hat as it has in the wearer, and consequently it now looks like a relic of a bygone age. The father of the President was dressed in a well-worn black suit. I regret to say also that the father of the Government had on a shirt that needed washing, and wore very muddy boots. However, "it is not dress that makes the man," and I was thoroughly convinced that it could not be dress that made the Covington Postmaster.

WAKING UP FATHER GRANT.

I at length resolved to wake the old gentleman up as the handsome young man had suggested. Grasping him by the shoulder, I gave him a vigorous shake and shouted in his ear,

"Mr. Grant!"

Father Jesse opened his eyes half way, and looked vacant. I gave him another shake, and this had the desired effect.

"What do you want, young man?" said he.

"I beg pardon for disturbing you, sir, but a young man in the office told me you were disengaged." I replied, and handed him my private card. Old Jesse took up the bit of pasteboard and looked at it. He pored over the name for some time. He then turned the back of the card and looked at that for a minute, then the edge, and then again the name. He next adjusted the Corbin spectacles, and repeated the ceremony. Finally he looked up.

"You're sure," said he, "you ain't one of them Cincinnati newspaper men?"

I looked at Mr. Grant with an injured air.

"I hope, sir," I said, "you don't confound me with a Cincinnati newspaper man. I am not one of them."

Father Jesse looked gratified beyond measure.

"I have seen the President frequently, and at one time I enjoyed the honor of a slight acquaintance with him," I continued, "but I believe I have never before had the pleasure of meeting his venerable sire," and I bowed most profoundly.

STATEMENT OF FATHER JESSE.

Now Father Jesse is as deaf as a post, and these highly flattering remarks of mine were made in too most beautiful staccato voice that I believe I ever attained, and as a matter of course this high pressure couldn't be kept up very long without breaking down. I therefore waited for Father Grant to say something.

"You must excuse me, but I'm dreadful afraid of them Cincinnati newspaper men, and so I have to be a little careful. Them fellers have nearly drove me crazy lately more'n once a week. Maybe you've heard something about them stories that one of the lyin' papers over the river got up about me offerin' a young pup in Cincinnati some money to make an appointment."

I bowed indifferently.

"Well," old Jesse continued, "them Cincinnati newspaper men have run me to death about it. Yesterday one of 'em was put out of the office by a friend of mine, and I guess I won't be bothered much more with them. But I'm glad to see you, sir. Please take a seat," and the old gentleman motioned me to a chair.

"THEM STOMSES,"

he said, "are the biggest scoundrels in Cincinnati. I found 'em out a long time ago, and I wrote to the Revenue Department that they was not to be trusted. You see, Horace Stoms was the Assessor of Internal Revenue over the river. He's a boy, and don't know anything. Old Stoms, he used to run the office, and they say he has managed to feather his nest out of it, along with another son, Willard by name. They got down on me for some reason or other, and now they've hatched these infernal lies."

Correspondent—I'm glad to hear you say, Mr. Grant, that the charge of bribery was a lie.

Mr. Grant—Well, the fact—that is to say, the naked fact as Horace Stoms tells it—I believe is true; but the construction him and the old man puts on it is outrageous lie. The fact of the matter was this: A third person, a very wealthy man, said, "I will give $500 for the appointment of a certain man as gauger named Wertheff." I went to old Billy Stoms, because he was really the Assessor, and asked him if he would appoint Wertheff. I found out about Wertheff that he was a very clever man, but one who was very anxious to make money, and would make constructions of law to suit his interests. He was an experienced gauger. Old Stoms said, "We will not appoint Wertheff." He used the word "we" because he admitted that there was a partnership in the office. I spoke to Stoms for Wertheff again, saying that I had found him to be a reliable man, but anxious to make money. I said to Stoms, "I have not spoken to Wertheff on the subject, but a third person proposes to give five hundred dollars if one of these two men can be appointed. You might as well take that five hundred dollars and give it to the poor; it will do only transferring it from a very rich man and giving it to the poor." At the same time, mind you, I told Stoms that there might be something sinister in the affair, and that while he could appoint Wertheff and take the five hundred dollars to give to the poor, he could watch Wertheff, and if he found anything wrong, why he could oust him.

A SINGULAR SUGGESTION.

Correspondent—Why, Mr. Grant, don't you remember that Whittemore was kicked out of Congress for a similar offence—i.e., taking $500 to give to the poor?

Mr. Grant—Yes, but this case is different. Here was a rascal that wanted to get an appointment and offered to buy it. At any time he did wrong he could be kicked out of office before he did much damage. I thought we might just as well take the money and devote it to some good purpose. But old Stoms would not do it, and now he comes out against me in a sort of a blackmailing way. My son sent his letter that he wrote to him straight to me and I have it now.

TAKING LEAVE OF FATHER JESSE.

Father Grant here opened anew the vials of his wrath upon the Stomses. He wooled them and salted them, and even went for their under cuticle. He told them history, how much he had done for them, and gave me the full story of their ingratitude; but as it does not differ from his statements already printed, I do not send it.

He talked with me, I suppose, for over two hours. How much longer he would have talked I do not know, for a gentleman with a large sandy moustache opened the door and claimed his attention. Father Jesse arose, and entered into a lively conversation with him. During the talk I took the opportunity of bidding the good old gentleman farewell. He shook hands with me very warmly, and cried me to visit him again if I ever came to Cincinnati.

Bishop Soule's Liniment is the most powerful Rheumatic ever known, and is a positive cure for sciatica, rheumatism, neuralgia, and sprains. For sale at Holmbold's, 594 Broadway, and Rushton's, Broadway, corner of Twenty-fifth street, New York. Price 75c. and $1.50 per bottle.—*Adv.*

Phrenological Examinations daily at 389 Broadway, showing talents, defects and best pursuit.—*Adv.*

FISHING ON LONG ISLAND.

A VISIT TO THE REGION OF THE FAR-FAMED TROUT PONDS.

The Veteran Anglers of Oyster Bay—A Day's Sport with Uncle Hugh—An Insight into the Mysteries of the Gentle Craft—The Haunted House—An Old Royalist's Mansion—The South Side Sportsmen's Club.

On the south side of Long Island there is scarcely a village that cannot boast of one or more trout ponds, and these places are now besieged by enthusiastic fishermen. A trip through the trout regions generally begins at the well-known hotel of G. C. Vandewater, at South Oyster Bay, where mine host, William Vesser, and the old guide Hugh Montgomery form a trio of the most successful fishermen in the world. Within an hour and a half after leaving the city by the South Side Railroad of Long Island, the sportsman finds himself at Uncle Conk Vandewater's door, and is shown into a clean, old-fashioned country tavern. Here, he will be informed, the present proprietor has resided for fifty-five years, and the guide, old Uncle Hugh, has served in his present capacity for forty years. Both these relics of past generations are hale and hearty, well preserved, and look as though they might live at least another century.

Starting out with Uncle Hugh, who is a character well worthy the descriptive pen of the late Charles Dickens, after five minutes' walk the visitor comes in sight of Minell's creek, a small stream nearly four miles in length, which empties into the Great South Bay. Here a dozen men and boys are fishing with both flies and bait, and Uncle Hugh instructs one in

THE ART OF TROUT-FISHING

successfully. Taking out a red bandanna handkerchief, the old guide wipes his face, and says:

"Now, young man, take this rod and reel, get on the windward side of the creek, and keep well back, for fear the fish might see you. The fly is on, you see; that one is a juggy. We have other kinds of flies that we use sometimes; we call them cinnamon, ibis, blue jay, Long Island fly, and many others. Sometimes we use the blue professor, or the white mellow, or the black gnat; but it all depends on what kind of a day it is."

"Why do you use the juggy to-day, Uncle Hugh?"

"Because it is a dark day, and then we use a dark fly."

"Do you ever use bait?"

"Yes, sir. Those boys down the creek are using bait now. Some of them have minnows and some worms."

"Now what is the difference between using a fly and fishing with baited hooks?"

"Experts always fish with a fly; boys and young fishermen prefer the worm."

Here Uncle Hugh took out his rod, which is of split bamboo, in four joints with a long tip, the whole measuring over nine feet in length, with a small reel about one foot from the butt, on which was reeled a fine line of prepared silk, two hundred feet in length. Putting the joints together, he took the rod in his right hand, put on the reel, rove the line through the loops, put on three flies, a juggy, an ibis, and a blue professor, a dark, a red, and a blue one—and then cast his flies. Cast after cast was made until about sixty feet of line was out, and then came

THE GRAND CAST UP THE CREEK,

because the wind was blowing up. "Now," said Uncle Hugh, "I'm a fishing." Within ten minutes Uncle Hugh caught three beautiful trout, the combined weight of which was three pounds and four ounces. "Are, of course, did not catch any, and proposed a move.

"All right," said Uncle Hugh, with a laugh; "I'll take you to another good place."

So reeling up our line we moved off, and walked about three-quarters of a mile to Asa James's creek and pond, which are hired by Mr. G. C. Vandewater (Uncle Conk), and kept exclusively for the use of his guests. This pond has an area of about twenty acres, and out of it runs a deep and crooked creek, in which there are several very good trout holes. Here Uncle Hugh arranged our rod and line again, and at it we went. But a few moments passed when we cried, "Here he is, a big fellow too," as we felt him nibbling.

"Strike him! Strike him!" cried Uncle Hugh. His meaning being unintelligible, we began winding up the reel, and much to our dismay and Uncle Hugh's delight we landed a diminutive sunfish, about three inches in length. Mortified almost beyond expression, as it is was getting dark, a retreat was made to Uncle Conk's, where

WE ENJOYED A TROUT SUPPER

composed of the three fine specimens Uncle Hugh caught in the morning. And thus ended our first day among the finny inhabitants of the creeks and ponds of the south side of Long Island.

Rising with the sun the next morning, we found the old guide with rods and lines all ready to take us to Jackson Jones's pond and creek. A light wagon was placed at our disposal by Uncle Conk, and a brisk drive of two miles brought us to a spot where Uncle Hugh remarked:

"This is the turnpike; you can fish in the pond or in the creek, just as you like."

So we made ready, and just when about to cast our lines old Hugh cried out, "No jugglies to-day. Hold on Bill Fix you." Taking our lines in one hand, he dived the other into a capacious pocket, from which he brought a pocket book nearly as large as a gas meter, and selecting three pretty flies, he said:

"This 'ere is an ibis, wonderful red; this is a blue gnat, small and black; and this 'ere is a cinnamon, just the color of a cinnamon bar."

These he attached to our line, and while the old man was adjusting his own in a similar manner we cast our hooks. After waiting patiently nearly two hours for a bite, Uncle Hugh remarked:

"This place aint nothin' extra for fishing to-day. When the wind is t'er west the fish all go up the creek. Let's go to breakfast."

Acceding to this proposition without any more solicitation, we returned to the hotel and enjoyed a substantial breakfast. That meal disposed of, and a "Partaga first" lit and smoking, our team was hitched up for another drive, and taking

UNCLE HUGH AND BILL VESLOR

with us, we started off like deer before the hounds. Two miles and a half, driven in less than ten minutes! brought us to Newbridge creek, the favorite fishing grounds of Mr. Gelmo Abbott, the veteran fisherman. The creek measures about five miles in length, is quite deep though remarkably narrow, and the water runs more rapidly than that of any other creek in the neighborhood. Two minutes' drive thence took us to Cedar Swamp, a wide and deep expanse of water over six miles in length. Old Hugh remarked as we checked our horses at the edge of it:

"We catch a sight of fish here in summer. I took one myself last year that weighed two pounds and ten ounces. But it is a late creek; we never fish here before April."

"When shall we fish, then, uncle?" we asked.

"To Massapiqua," he replied, with a click, click, click to the horses. A sharp drive of about three miles and a half brought us to the edge of Massapiqua pond and creek. The pond is the finest reserve on the island, covers an area of eighty acres, and is owned by William Floyd Jones, whose mansion stands on the eastern shore. Massapiqua creek runs out of the pond, and is hired by Mr. Vandewater at the nominal rent of $10 a year, for the exclusive use of his guests. Here we hitched our horses and joined a party of gentlemen who were already engaged in their favorite sport. While Uncle Hugh was

ARRANGING OUR RODS AND LINES,

our attention was called to a deaf mute—Mr. Joseph Stanley, a wealthy gentleman from Hoboken—who was fishing with worms as bait, and had already caught five good sized trout.

Our lines were cast, and all its expectancy when we see a beautiful trout, the sunlight reflecting a thousand rays of variegated hues from it as it swims on the surface of the water and tries to catch our flies. Our excitement is at fever heat, but Uncle Hugh has detected the motion, and is at our side, and says:

"Don't move your body, but only the arm; wait a bit now and you'll see him jump."

And sure enough, out of the water came the head of the fish, and into his gills went fly, hook, and all.

"Now wait a bit," said Uncle Hugh, taking our rod into his hand, "and I'll show you how to play with him on your own rod."

First he gave him line, then he reeled up, then gave him line again, and so on until the contortions of the captured trout ceased, and the old man exclaimed, "Now he's drowned. Get the net." We picked up the net, to which was attached a pole about twenty feet in length, and as the old guide reeled up we stood in readiness, and as he brought the trout to the surface of the water, we launched our net and secured our first trout.

WHAT A SPLENDID FELLOW HE WAS!

gold and speckled, with a delicate seam like mock down each side, his gills as red as vermilion, his eyes of a bluish tint, almost bursting with rage at the knowledge of capture, with the certainty of death and the torture of the cook's fire for a here after. Yet we exulted over the prize, which weighed a fraction over three-quarters of a pound, and Uncle Hugh felt proud of his pupil. That was the only fish we caught, but our pride was satisfied; and after Uncle Hugh had "taken a mess," we proposed to visit the next pond.

On the way, pointing to a spot immediately east of the pond, and near the present highway, the old guide said: "Near there stood the old Brick house which many stories were told by the simple-minded portion of the people. Strange sights were seen at the windows, and strange noises heard, and at night people passed it with dread. Two round windows on the east end of the house, it was impossible even to keep closed, boards, brick, and the strongest masonry failed. The old house is gone now, but people will always talk of the haunted house."

In a most barren, desolate, and bleak spot about half a mile below, in the direction of the water, rest the remains of a few of the early settlers. The oldest stone bears date 1713; the haunted house was built in the year 1700.

AN OLD ROYALIST'S MANSION.

About a quarter of a mile east of Massapiqua pond is a fine old specimen of a Colonial mansion, the residence of the late David Floyd Jones; this was completed in the year 1750. The house contains a unique staircase, but its mode of support is a puzzle even at this time to architects. The original occupant of this mansion, Judge Jones, a royalist, was taken from his house one evening when he was entertaining a large circle of friends, and carried across the Sound to Connecticut, where he was held as a hostage for some patriot prisoners. The Jones family have held the property upon which they now live since 1695, their name having been meantime changed to Floyd Jones, on the acquisition of certain other property.

With these and other stories the old man entertained us, until we arrived at D. R. Floyd Jones' pond and creek, both small. They are a private preserve, and like its neighbor, which belongs to John D. Jones, are used only by their owner. Next we came to Tim Carmon's pond, which Old Hugh said had "fifty acres into it." Mr. Carmon supplies Delmonico with trout from here, and allows gentlemen to fish at the rate of one dollar per pound for all they catch.

This ended our trout fishing at South Oyster Bay, and we returned to Uncle Conk's to examine his trout record before going to Babylon. From books carefully kept he showed us that in 1869, 1,095 trout, weighing six pounds, were caught by his guests, and last year 1,580 trout, weighing 1,185 pounds, were caught.

BABYLON—NOT THE GREAT,

Babylon, a town of 2,000 inhabitants, with a church and a good hotel, seven miles east of South Oyster Bay, is celebrated for its private trout preserves and small creeks. Mr. Charles Johnson owns a pond of fifteen acres, full of trout, which he feeds on minnows and killies. Mr. R. B. Litchfield has a very handsome pond of seventy five acres, with a beautiful grassy slope around it. There is plenty of feed in the pond. The same can be said of Mr. Sutton's pond of twenty acres, and Mr. H. Southard's, which contains twenty-five acres. Royal Phelps has two ponds, each of fifteen acres. He feeds his trout with minnows. But probably the finest of all the ponds in this neighborhood is that owned by August Belmont. It has an area of over twenty acres, with a handsome boat house built on the southern shore. The trout are fed occasionally, but as the pond has any number of minnows in it, the fish are both fat and numerous. Besides these preserves, all the brooks in the vicinity are filled with trout, and many boys and men fish almost continually during the trout season, which is from the 1st of March to the 31st of August.

ISLIP.

Ten miles further east is Islip, a town surrounded by numerous creeks in which trout are said to abound; but although "the oldest inhabitant" tells marvellous stories of trout that have been caught there in days gone by, the most careful inquiries fail to prove that there are many of the finny tribe obtainable at the present season. Four miles from Islip, a little off the road, is the celebrated club house of the Southside Sportmen's Club, composed of one hundred wealthy gentlemen. This Club, of which Recorder Hackett is President, owns a tract of 850 acres of valuable land, on which are enclosed three preserves containing over 5,000 trout, a spawning tank with about 3,000 infant trout, a pond of 25 acres, a brook 3½ miles in length, of which, however, only one mile is owned by the Club; a new pond of ten acres in area, in course of building, and plenty of ducks, quail, pheasants, snipe, deer, and all kinds of small game. The house is over seen by Osadiah C. Snedicor, a wealthy man, familiarly and affectionately known as Old Ojby.

Old Ojby is a thorough bred sportsman, but has a peculiarity of never being able to give a direct answer to a direct question. His lieutenant is an Indian negro, Steve by name, whose peculiarity is never using a personal pronoun. Both these characters—for such they are—have an unlimited knowledge of sporting under all circumstances, but to get them unfold that knowledge, would require the combined efforts of a regiment of Philadelphia lawyers. Old Ojby provides the game for the club, and visitors, and has at his beck and nod

TWO BEAUTIFUL BLONDES AND A LOVELY BRUNNETTE

who know old Oby's manner so well that a glance will indicate a demand for a bottle of Roederer at the further end of the table.

The members of the Club are all amateur sportsmen, well provided with the most modern and expensive fishing tackle and hunting paraphernalia. Their rods are of polished wood, tipped with silver or gold, as their tastes have suggested, and their reels are of the latest patterns, and embrace all the tools only about three inches from the butt. They place their flies three feet apart on a leader made of the finest catgut, and after reeling their lines they wind the leader round their hats in a graceful manner, and prepare to depart. They use either two or three flies, as their tastes may suggest; the first fly at the end of the leader is ever term the tail fly, the others dropper. Their flies almost exclusively with flies, but when the wind blows resistless even when it is southeast they prefer to use minnows or worms as bait; but there seems to be no record of any number of trout having been caught this year, and as members are prevented by the rules of the Club from catching

MORE THAN TWELVE FISH A DAY,

a careful calculation reveals the fact that each trout caught costs the member about fifty dollars—wine and *et cetera* of course included.

From this it can be seen that notwithstanding all the creeks and ponds on the south side of Long Island are besieged by anxious visitors, all of whom style themselves trout fishers, their luck so far this season has been outrageously bad, and the estimate of 1,000 tons of trout in the waters of the island is an exaggeration as wild as though the figures had been increased tenfold. But very little trout is shipped to this city, and that which does come, when weighed, would not top the scale at 50 pounds per day. Nearly all the trout that has come to the city this season has been from fish culture establishments, and though all are sanguine of an increase, there is nothing to show that the supply of trout for New York city is to be caught with hook and line in the creeks and ponds of Long Island. Other places must be depended on, or New Yorkers will go without trout this season.

A WIDOW'S APPEAL.

Frittering Away the Estate of the Owners of the Museum of Anatomy.

Samuel T. Beck, who was proprietor of the Museum of Anatomy, on Broadway, near Houston street, died on the 20th of September last, leaving all his property, including $15,000 cash in the Chemical Bank. He made his brother, Francis Erskine Stuart Beck, executor of his will, and directed him to invest the proceeds of his real estate in bonds or mortgage, or in stocks of the United States, or of the State, city, and county of New York, and to collect and receive the income thereof and give it to his widow during her life, and after her death it was to be divided between his executor and his adopted child, Henry Beck. The widow, not being satisfied with the manner in which the executor was managing the estate, petitioned the Surrogate to revoke the letter of the executor, and to grant it to her on giving proper security. This petition was based on the ground of the alleged improvident and intemperate habits of the executor.

The Surrogate referred the case for examination to John A. Foster, Esq., referee, who reported that the executor had acted in an improvident manner; that he had not invested the estate in the manner directed by the will of the testator; and that, judging from his habits and mode of life, he was not a proper person to have the custody of the estate, and should therefore be removed.

The testimony of the executor was that he sold the museum for $3,000 to a Mr. Lawrence, and that since his brother's death he deposited with Mr. Lawrence $3,000.

The Surrogate decided that the executor had no right to deposit the trust funds of an estate in the hands of an individual. He therefore revoked the letters granted issued, and ordered administration to the widow, she giving $100,000 security.

The case is to be appealed.

A Horse for a Wife.

From the Windham (Conn.) Journal.

These wife sales are getting numerous nowadays. Week before last we gave an account of a case at Jewett, where a wife was sold for 25 cents. Now we have to record a similar transaction which took place in Ashland. In this instance the wife was traded for a horse.

Milo Waterman has endured the thraldom of a married life for some years, but lately the fetters have become galling, and consequently very unpleasant, and he resolved to throw off the yoke and proclaim himself free. But it is not an easy matter to shake off such a responsibility as a wife, and our friend Waterman was in a quandary. He didn't know exactly what to do, and the more he pondered, the more difficult seemed to be his situation. Finally, one day last week, Milo ran across a neighbor named John Mulford, who is ever ripe for a bargain, and after some conversation, in which they descanted on the respective merits of wife and horse, a bargain was "struck up." Mulford was to take Waterman's wife, and Waterman Mulford's horse.

Waterman took his horse home, put him in the stable, and retired. But he could not sleep. He tossed nervously upon his pillow, and began to think of his wife. True, they had their "ups and downs," but, after all, hadn't she sometimes been good to him? Then he thought of the many happy moments they had spent together, of their love and companionship, of their marriage, and their honeymoon, and Milo began to regret the trade. At last he could endure it no longer. He got up, stole out to the barn in the dead of the night, took out the old horse, and proceeding to Mulford's, woke him up, and wanted to trade back. But Mulford couldn't see it. Waterman begged, but Mulford was inexorable. After considerable bickering, however, the latter agreed to let Waterman have back his spouse, in consideration of a forfeit of *two brick logs.*

A Father Shot by his Child.

From the Louisville Commercial.

A gentleman named Sexton, accompanied by his son, a bright boy four years of age, got on the train at Bowling Green Wednesday night with the intention of going to his wife's at Hacksville, where she had been visiting some friends. The little boy becoming sleepy, his father allowed him to lie down upon his seat, covering him with his overcoat in which was a loaded revolver. He then took a seat opposite, and a short time after the child, in feeling the coat, took the revolver out from its pocket, and in playing with it one of the barrels was discharged, the bullet striking the child's father over the ear, and passing through the head, causing instant death.

Another Remarkable Cure.

BROOKLYN, Feb. 1, 1864.

For upward of five years I have been troubled with a bad cough, night sweats, debility, emaciation, &c. I got so bad, at times raised large quantities of matter mixed with blood. This frightened me, for I thought I had but a short time to live. Since I commenced using the Indian Herb Doctor's medicine (Doctor's office, 650 Broadway between Houston and Fourteenth streets), my coughing, spitting, and night sweats are all gone. I am completely cured.

DENIS CALLAGHAN.

Sworn to before me, Feb. 1, 1864. CHAUNCEY PERRY, Police Justice of the city of Brooklyn.—*Ads.*

MATT BOWEN'S RUSSIAN BATH.

Stripped by the Ruffians of the Reception Room—Scalded and Frozen, and Knocked Down Like a Tenpin—A Happy Escape.

Matt Bowen, who was so neatly done for by Col. James Fisk, Jr., in Wall street a few years ago, had never attempted to unravel the mysteries of a Russian bath. He happened to be lounging through one of the side streets near Waverley place the other day with nothing to do, when he saw a sign—"Russian Baths."

Entering, he was quickly seized and divested of his new Prince Albert suit, and hustled into a room filled with hot vapor. When near his last gasp he was pulled out and thrown into a vat of cold water, and then fished out, knocked down, and kneaded and pounded to a jelly. Several times he offered to settle and call it square, but no attention was paid to his remonstrances.

Finally hot water was poured all over him, and he was thoroughly soaped from head to foot and gently raised and laid out on the highest of two marble slabs, which projected like steps of a staircase above a deep vat of ice water. On the lower slab an old fogy, with gouty legs and a paunch of the roundity of a nitrous oxide gas bag, lay snoring on his back. Like Matt, he was covered with soapsuds from head to foot, and had a scalded appearance generally.

Matt was faint and exhausted with the extraordinary drubbing which he had received, and so sore from head to foot that he could not stir. He lay passively on his back, and was soon fast asleep.

For a few moments all was still save the dripping of the water on the floor and the combined snoring of Matt, and the old party. At length, unconscious Matt, slippery all over with soap, slowly slid sideways toward the edge of the marble slab, and fell slap on the stomach of the old party beneath. A deep, stifled grunt was heard, like the exaggerated explosion of a bursting bladder in the distance, followed by a roar of thunder and two splashes, as Matt, and the old party tumbled one after the other into the ice water. Matt turned a Catharine wheel over the edge of the basin, and was inside his clothes and out into the street in a jiffy. Hereafter he will steer clear of Russian baths.

FINGLETON'S LAST SPREE.

The Affray in Landfield's Bakery—Stabbed with a Bayonet—Exonerated by the Coroner's Jury—Indicted—Acquitted.

On the night of the last day of July, James Fingleton, Patrick and Michael Reilly, and Thomas Sands were on a spree. After midnight they were passing through East Fourteenth street, and approaching the bakery of Adam Landfried they smelled fresh bread, and decided that a loaf would be agreeable. Fingleton and Patrick Reilly volunteered to procure it, and went down some eight or nine steps to