GRAVES OF ENGLISH KINGS.

AN AFTERNOON AMONG THE ROYAL TOMBS OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

An American's Wanderings in the Chapels of St. Edward and Henry VII.—The Tombs of Fourteen British Kings and Four Ruling Queens—The Ashes of Royalty.

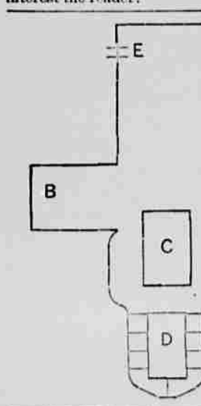
I first saw the spires of Westminster Abbey from the Thames embankment, near the bridge leading to Charing Cross station. They loomed above me in the foggy distance like twin needles in air. Near them the pointed shaft of the Parliament building pierced the filmy atmosphere like a needle. Following the massive wall of the embankment down to Parliament Bridge I turned to the right and approached the Abbey. The old Church of St. Margaret stands at its side, like a little child at the side of its mother. It faces a small park adorned with statues of Lord Palmerston, George Canning, Sir Robert Peel, William Pitt, and other British premiers. On passing St. Margaret's I had a side view of the Abbey. Its turrets, arches, and all its delicate traceries in stone are blackened by time. The London atmosphere has made the great church look as though it had been dipped in a lake of tar. A scaffolding of wood over some of the windows was occupied by workmen, who were scrubbing the cornices and trying to repair the ravages of time.

Entering the gate of St. Margaret's, you approach a side entrance of the Abbey over what appears to be a flagged yard. Close inspection, however, reveals almost illegible inscriptions on the flags. They are tombstones, covering the remains of the dead. It seemed almost sacrilegious to tramp over them; yet this is the prescribed walk used by visitors to the Abbey. Peddlers of guide books and trinkets waylay you as you approach the door, and an official peddler in uniform has a stand in the vestibule.

The edifice is in the form of an irregular cross. It is 500 feet long and 200 feet wide. You enter the north transept, or the right arm of the cross, and find yourself flanked by the marble statues of Palmerston, Peel, Canning, Vernon, Pitt, Mansfield, and Castlereagh. Considering the space given to dead knights and barons of no account, they seem painfully cramped together. A subdued light, partly the product of the fog, comes through the stained windows. You glance toward the ceiling. Nave and transepts are vaulted with lace-like architraves. The traceries seem as delicate as the threads of a spider's web; yet all is stone.

The mass of visitors overlook the richness of ornamentation. The statues and monuments command their attention. They wander through the nave, transepts, and cloisters, reading the inscriptions and referring to their guide books. Occasionally they stumble over an artist sketching before an easel placed in some dusty angle. A score or more of vergers in black gowns are at hand, ready to impart information and to pocket fees. In the Abbey proper there is no restraint. You are allowed to go where you will, without price. Sixpence a head, however, is required if you visit the Chapel of Henry VII. and the Chapel of St. Edward at the head of the cross. They are the mausoleum of English royalty, embracing a period of over 1,200 years.

I spent three afternoons in the Abbey. The first day was devoted to the tombs of the British monarchs. The chapels where they are buried adjoin each other. That of St. Edward is directly behind the great altar. It partly fills the head of the cross. The chapel of Henry VII. is really an addition to the Abbey, although an observing visitor might wander through it without dreaming that he had been out of the main edifice. The following diagram may interest the reader:



A—The Statesmen's Corner, entrance near St. Margaret's. B—What is called the Poets' Corner. C—St. Edward's Chapel. D—Henry VII.'s Chapel. E—George Washington Child's memorial window.

Not all the Kings of England are buried here. The bones of King Sebert, who died in 616, repose in the Abbey, but you cannot find those of Alfred the Great, although he died two centuries later. There are scores of statues in honor of obscure princes, but neither statue nor inscription to recall the memory of the great Alfred. Sebert and Edward the Confessor are the only Kings of the Saxon dynasty entombed in the Abbey. King Canute and the whole Danish sovereignty are unrepresented. The three Norman sovereigns, William the Conqueror, Red Rufus, and Henry Beauclerc, are unhonored. Henry II., founder of the house of Plantagenet, is not here, nor are there here any memorials to Richard Coeur de Lion or John Lackland, the murderer of Prince Arthur and the unwilling signer of Magna Charta. Henry III., John's son, however, occupies a prominent place. He has an ancient tomb of admirable workmanship. The panels are polished porphyry. They are surrounded by gold and scarlet mosaics. The corners of the tablet are gilt and enamelled twisted pillars. An effigy of Henry in gilt brass reclines on the tomb. His reign of fifty-six years is the longest in English history save that of George III.

The body of Edward Longshanks, son of Henry III., is enclosed in a rough stone sarcophagus. He it was who conquered Wales and hanged Wm. Wallace. He died in 1307, while marching to meet Robert Bruce. The tomb was opened in 1774. The body was perfect. It measured six feet and two inches. It was wrapped in two robes, one of gold and silver tissue, and the other of crimson velvet. Each hand clutched a sceptre nearly five feet long. The head was covered with a jewelled crown.

There are no traces of either the body or memory of Edward II., who was defeated by Bruce at Bannockburn, and who was afterward deposed by his wife and murdered by Roger Mortimer, her paramour. Edward III., hewever, and Philippa his Queen, who on her knees pleaded for the lives of the leading citizens of Calais, have magnificent tombs. Their son, Edward, the Black Prince, and five others of their fourteen children, including Thomas of Woodstock, who was murdered at Calais in 1397, are entombed near them. It was the Black Prince who captured King John of France and bore him in triumph to London, and it was Edward III. who used the first cannon in warfare at the battle of Crecy. The shield and sword carried by him in France stand near his tomb. The sword is seven feet long, and weighs eighteen pounds. Queen Philippa's tomb was once surrounded with thirty bronze statues of Kings, princes, and noble personages, her relatives. Very few of them remain. At her request on her death bed the corpse of her husband was placed in her tomb, instead of the one erected for him. She died three years before the King.

Richard II., son of the Black Prince, is buried near his grandparents. It was in his reign that Wat Tyler's rebellion occurred, and London was overrun by 100,000 insurgents. Richard was afterward deposed and murdered in Pontefract Castle. There he was imprisoned on St. Valentine's day. John Wycliffe flourished while he was on the throne. A wooden canopy shelters Richard's tomb. A curious painting of the Virgin Mary and her son is still visible on the canopy.

Henry IV., founder of the house of Lancaster, and fourth son of Edward III., is neither buried in the Abbey nor honored with a tablet. Fabled was one of his soldiers. Bluff Prince Hal, or Henry V., the hero of Agincourt, had a regal tomb, but it is sadly dilapidated. Statues as large as life guard the corners of the tomb. The effigy beneath which he is buried. A headless and mutilated figure of the King carved in wax repose on the upper slab of the tomb. The head was cast in silver, and the effigy was originally covered with the same metal. The silver was stolen nearly 400 years ago. Visitors can see the saddle, helmet, and shield used by Henry in the battle of Agincourt. They are on a beam above the tomb, where they appear as if they had hung undisturbed for centuries. The saddle is a high affair, resembling a McClellan saddle.

The greatest curiosity in the tombs of the shrine of Edward the Confessor. It was erected by Henry III. 653 years ago to receive the remains of St. Edward upon his canonization by Pope Alexander III. This shrine was covered with jewels and precious metals but centuries ago the jewels were stolen and robbed of its beauty. Its only attraction to-day is its antiquity.

The chapel contains neither body nor memorial of Henry VI., son of the great Henry, who was proclaimed King when only nine months old. It was in his reign that Jack Cade fomented a revolution and that Joan of Arc was put to death. Over his throne the wars of the roses were waged. Edward IV., founder of the House of York, succeeded him, but his body failed to reach the Abbey.

The coronation chair of the Kings and Queens of England is the greatest curiosity in the Chapel of St. Edward. It stands near the tomb of Edward Longshanks, facing the shrine of Edward. It is of wood, roughly carved. It might easily be mistaken for a dilapidated rustic chair. It is covered with initials apparently cut into it with jackknives. It has a plain broad seat, without the sign of a cushion. A common iron bar, fastened beneath the seat, is supported by four small wooden lions. This curious relic was brought from Scotland by Edward Longshanks 560 years before the discovery of America. It is all the remaining sovereignty of Scotland he has conquered since that time. At coronations this chair is covered with gold tissue and placed before the high altar of the Abbey, where the ceremony is performed. It was last used on June 28, 1838, when Victoria was crowned Queen of Great Britain and Ireland.

Leaving the chapel of St. Edward you enter the chapel of Henry VII. It has a nave and side aisles, and cut in apartments something like the components of a fortress. It is entered from the east end of the Abbey under a stately arch of 18 steps, and by massive doors. The gates are brass. Visitors, however, gain an entrance through the chapel of St. Edward, opposite the Poets' Corner. Henry VII.'s chapel is 100 feet long and 30 wide. The irregular ceiling is of stone cut and chiseled so delicately that, at a distance, it looks like woven lace. It is almost fancy fed and adorned with laws. The pavement is of black and white marble. Statues of 120 patriarchs, saints, and martyrs are ranged in the walls. Fine stalls, from which the royal banners of England droop, protrude from the walls. Many of the banners are moth-eaten, ragged, and torn, and decayed. The bones of Edward V. and of his little brother, victims of the crook-backed Richard, are buried within a small altar raised against the end wall, near the tomb of Queen Elizabeth. The inscriptions in Latin, Anglicized, it reads thus:

HERE IS THE RESTING PLACE OF EDWARD V., KING OF ENGLAND, AND RICHARD, DUKE OF YORK, who, being confined in the Tower and there stifled with pillows, were privately and unlawfully buried, by order of their uncle Richard, usurper of the throne, in the place beneath, long imperfect since and wished for after long years by kings in the position of the stairs leading to the chapel of the Virgin Mary, when, on the 17th of July, 1674, in undisturbed graves discovered to be buried deep in that place CHARLES II., during their unhappy fate, ordered these COMMEMORATIVE PLEASURES to be laid, account of the 200th year from their decease in the year 1683 and the thirteenth of his reign.

Edward was born in the sanctuary of the Abbey, where his mother had taken refuge during the wars of the roses. The remains of "the Lady Anne, daughter of Warwick the King Maker, who plays so important a part in Shakspeare's drama of Richard III., "The Life and Death of King Richard the Third," are deposited near them. Richard's mutilated body was found on Bosworth Field by the nuns of Leicester, and by royal assent interred in their chapel, where it still remains.

Henry VII., founder of the Tudors, and the Richmond who conquered Richard, lies beneath the chancel of his chapel. Although reputed to be the most miserly of England's Kings, it was he who built this royal mausoleum. His tomb is enclosed in a brass screen, and ornamented with statues of St. George, St. James, St. Bartholomew, and St. Edward. Like other royal tombs, it is surmounted with recumbent effigies of the King and his Queen. They are of black marble. Their heads are supported by a red dragon and their feet by an angel. It was Henry who made a sculptor of Lambert Simnel and a wine cooper of Perkin Warbeck at Tyburn.

Vainly did I look for a memorial of Henry VIII., founder of the Church of England. His bones are not in the Abbey. Nor could I find here the remains of more than one of his six wives. That one is poor Ann of Cleves, "the despised." Singular enough, the remains of her rival, Jane Seymour, sleeps under the altar of the chapel. Bloody Queen Mary and the great Elizabeth rest in the same tomb. Queen Bess is a magnificent monument. Bloody Mary is honored by a small tablet. The tomb of Elizabeth is covered with an exquisite marble canopy. A marble statue of England's greatest sovereign reclines on a tablet, supported by four black marble columns. The head of the effigy is missing. The tomb was erected by James I., son of Mary, Queen of Scots. At the same time he removed the body of his unfortunate mother to the Abbey, and erected a similar testimonial to her memory. Poor Lady Jane Grey, Queen Mary's victim, was not so fortunate. Her remains are not here. The little transepts containing the tombs of Elizabeth and Mary Queen of Scots are usually crowded with visitors, and the walls of Elizabeth's sepulchre, "to quote Washington Irving, "continually echo with the sighs of sympathy heard at the grave of her rival."

The body of James I., founder of the house of Stuarts, is deposited in the tomb of Henry VII. He it was who wrote the "Counterblast Against Tobacco," and authorized the translation of the Bible into English. It was in his reign that Guy Fawkes tried to blow up the House of Parliament. His Queen, Ann of Denmark, is buried in a separate tomb. Headless Charles I. never regained the Abbey, nor is there the slightest exhibitance to his memory. Parliament voted £30,000 for a monument, but Charles II. spent the money in debauchery. "It was a curious piety," said Walpole, "to erect a monument for the imaginary bones of Edward V., and his brother, and to sink £30,000 actually given by Parliament for a monument to the living."

The remains of Oliver Cromwell found but a temporary resting place in Henry VII.'s chapel. After the restoration of the Stuarts his body was disinterred, gibbeted at Tyburn, and then buried in the gallows' pit beneath the spot occupied on Westminster Hall. Gen. Monk, however, who opened the way for the return of Charles II., has a splendid monument in the royal chapel. His remains rest near the vault in which are deposited the remains of his royal master, who has no monument. The Commonwealth, however, is not unrepresented. The body of the Lord Protector's second daughter, Elizabeth Claypole, is buried in the nave of the chapel near one of the Dukes of Argyll.

James II., the last Roman Catholic King of England, leaves in an unforgotten nook in France. The dust of William of Orange and Queen Mary and of Queen Anne are deposited in the vault with the dust of Charles II. A plain slab is the only memorial. George I. is not here. George II. is, the last King buried in the Abbey. He has no memorial. George III., George IV., William IV., and Prince Albert are buried in the new royal vault at Windsor.

Fourteen Kings and four ruling Queens sleep within the royal mausoleum.

The tombs of the relatives and satellites of royalty interred in the same chapels are worth noting. George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, assassinated by John Felton while preparing to give the relief of the Protestants at La Rochelle, has a fine monument decorated with emblematical figures in gilt brass. The sculpture represents the Duke in armor, and is supported by a statue of Neptune in a passive posture, with a reversed trident, and a statue of Mars, with a crushed head. His son, the profligate partner of Charles II., is unhonored. John Sheffield, another Duke of Buckingham, an early lover of Queen Anne, and husband of an illegitimate daughter of James II., has a splendid monument, but the Earl, who was beheaded by Richard III., is buried without one, and has no memorial. Nor could I find a trace of the Earl who was put to death by Henry VIII.

Near the tomb of Sheffield I saw the recumbent effigy of the Duke of Montpensier, brother of Louis Philippe, King of the French, who was buried here in 1807. Unfortunate Arabella Stuart, cousin of Queen Elizabeth, sleeps in the vault of Mary Queen of Scots. She died in the Tower, and Sir Walter Raleigh was sent to the scaffold years afterward by James I. under the pretence that he was plotting to elevate her to the throne. The remains of Ann Hyde, the first wife of James II., are also in Mary's tomb, and the mother of Shakespeare's Richmond has a grave near her. This lady had three husbands. Henry Tudor, son of Owen ap Tudor, who married the widow of the hero of Agincourt and daughter of Charles VI. of France, was the first a Duke of Buckingham second, and an Earl of Derby last. Neither are buried here. The first wife of Robert Walpole, Premier of England twenty-one years, rests near by. Her epitaph says she had beauty and wit without vanity, and piety without bigotry. I also visited here a small tablet in memory of the wife of Dean Stanley, buried here because she had been "for thirty years the devoted servant of Queen Victoria and the Queen's mother and children."

Another hand some monument is erected to the memory of Margaret Douglas, daughter of the Earl of Angus. Her great-grandfather, grandfather, uncle, cousin, brothers, son, and grandson were Kings, and her great-grandmother, grandmother, mother, and two cousins were Queens. She secretly married Sir Matthew Lennox, Duke of Norfolk who was sent to the Tower for the marriage, and died there. She afterward married the Earl of Lennox. Lord Darnley, husband of Mary Queen of Scots, was her son. Her tomb bears his effigy in a kneeling posture. He held Mary while his attendants murdered Rizzio.

I was interested in a pyramid supporting an urn containing the heart of Louise Stuart, a boy of 11 when he died. He was buried under a weight of titles. The monument was originally of great splendor, being wholly composed of bronze, gilt, and pedestal marble. Time, decay, corrosion, and spoliation at last rendered it an unsightly wreck. It was restored in 1874 by the Earl of Darnley, a lineal descendant in the female line of the ancient Stuart family.

Joseph Addison is the only commoner buried in this royal mausoleum. He rests within twenty feet of Queen Elizabeth, near the feet of his patron, the first Lord Halifax. He seems so much out of place here as poor Ann of Cleves in the Poets' Corner.

As a Savage Would Handle a Moss Rose.

At a meeting of the Manhattan Congregational Association, which is composed of churches who disapprove of Beecher, the Rev Dr R S Storrs read a paper from the Rev Dr Chester in which it was said that the revisers of the New Testament had handled many beautiful passages as a South Sea savage would handle a moss rose.

The Rev Dr Storrs said that the English of the revisers was a fearful failure in beautiful, musical, and felicious translation.

The Rev Dr Taylor said that there were drawbacks in the new revision, but that it should be in pew and pulpit.

DRAWING CROWDS NIGHTLY.

The Facts in the Case of the Condemned Windsor Theatre in the Bowery.

The Windsor Theatre is entered from the Bowery below Canal street. It is nearly a quarter of a century old, and is the biggest of the city's theatres. It is in the centre of a district given up to German places of entertainment, and was built by Germans for Germans. They called it the Stadt Theatre, and they brought out there such lights as Wachtel and such plays as "Der Postillion von Longumeau." It was the first foothold abandoned by the Germans when the tide of population swept uptown. Now they have located opposite in the Old Bowery Theatre, which they call the Thalia. The Windsor is in the heart of the block, has three galleries, and seats 2,341 persons. It is entered through a Bowery hotel building leading seventy feet into the block. Its pit is literally a pit, its galleries rise directly above and even with one another in an unpicturesque and economical manner. Its stage is a monstrous one. In the hands of its present management the Windsor is to the east side what the Grand Opera House is across town—a place for the reproduction at low prices, but in first-class style, of all the popular hits and most of the great players.

On Jan. 6 Examiners McGloin and Cusack reported it unsafe. "The walls of the theatre are in some places out of plumb, and are considered dangerously so," reported the examiners. There are two entrances (continues the report, substantially), one nearly on a level with the sidewalk leading down to the parquet, and one down a steep passageway, stairways for those who are to mount to the uppermost galleries. "I deem the means of escape very insufficient in case of fire or panic. The openings other than the above cannot be used, and are totally inadequate." A new entrance was deemed advisable, as well as an alteration of the existing partitions in the basement. The performances were continued in the theatre.

On Jan. 7 a notice was served on the occupants and owner. On Jan. 9 a survey was ordered, and a notice and summons for the survey were served. Inspector Esterbrook, N. Le Brun of the American Institute of Architects, and Cornelius Callahan, for the owner, were the architects who made the survey on Jan. 11. After a through inspection they decided that the east, west and south walls were unsafe and should be taken down and rebuilt. These facts were submitted to the attorney of the Fire Department on Jan. 12. The theatre has been so ably managed that it attracts full houses almost nightly. It remained open as usual after this survey. In the course of time the weakened walls will be bravely down.

On Jan. 20 Justice J. F. Daly issued a precept authorizing the Fire Department to rebuild the walls "at the proper season." In view of their condition and the army of people that nightly rely upon their holding together, Inspector Esterbrook decided that the proper season, and the work of rebuilding the walls will be presently begun. It is said that this can be done without interfering with the performances in the house.

SHOOTING HIMSELF FOR LOVE.

What Happened After a Ball in a Connecticut Country Town.

NORWICH, Conn., Jan. 26.—Nathan Waldo Kennedy of Dayville read Emerson's works before he was 15, and three years ago, when he was 21, wrote a volume on "Life, and How to Succeed," much of which was a reminiscence of Emerson. He used to read his manuscript to acquaintances in his own and neighboring villages, and after a time set out through the country, reading it as a lecture. At one time his name was on the prospectus of a New York lyceum bureau. He did not make a great reputation in the lecture field, and after one season gave up the business.

For a year he had been in Leavenworth, Kansas. He returned two weeks ago to the home of his father, who is proprietor of the Dayville Hotel. About a year ago he had fallen in love with a school girl, Jennie Potter, whose father is hostler for Saleh Sayles, in Danielsonville, about twenty miles north of this city. Jennie is 17, and is attending a high school in Danielsonville. Albert Potter objected to the attentions that Kennedy sought to pay to his daughter. Last week he forbade the young man to enter his house again. On Thursday night there was a dance in the Danielsonville public hall, and Kennedy invited Miss Potter to accompany him. He drove to her house, by agreement with her, and was told by her mother that she had gone to the ball with her father and mother. Kennedy went to the ball, and was as attentive as usual to Miss Jennie. At the close of the entertainment he drove her home, and then drove back to his home in Dayville. He was pale and disturbed.

When he went to his room a friend, who was to stay with him, followed. The bedroom door was closed, and Kennedy's back was against it. Kennedy said: "Wait one moment and I'll let you in." The friend went away and a moment later heard a pistol shot. He ran back to the bedroom and found Kennedy on the floor with a bullet in his body. Three physicians were summoned. They said that the ball had passed through the lungs, and that the young man must die. They extracted the ballet from under the shoulder blade. Dispatches were sent to Kennedy's relatives at Dayville. He asked to see Jennie Potter, and was anxious to recover. It is reported that Miss Jennie's parents would no longer oppose his suit should he get well. His love affair was the only known motive for suicide.

MULBERRY TREES IN THE WEST.

Their Culture by the Mennonite Colonists—The Value of the Trees.

BOWER, Neb., Jan. 21.—I live near a colony of Russian Mennonites, citizens who formerly resided in Germany. Their religious convictions were such that they could not serve in the army. About the year 1800 the German Government insisted that they should serve or leave the country. The Czar of Russia offered them a tract of land in Russia, and offered to exempt them from military duty. They accepted the offer, and have lived in Russia up to seven years ago, when they emigrated to the United States. There are several colonies in Kansas, Nebraska, and Dakota. The mulberry tree was introduced into their colonies in Russia by the Czar for the purpose of silk culture. Each householder was compelled by his subjects to buy these trees of the Government. Each householder was forced to plant a certain number. After cultivating them until they learned their value they voluntarily propagated them, and learned that silk culture was a very profitable business. In raising them. They found the timber very desirable for fuel. It also furnished the finest material for cabinet work. Fence posts made from the wood would outlast those made from any other timber.

The tree soon became the most highly prized of any Russian timber. It also bore marketable edible fruit. When the Mennonites came to this country they brought the seed of this tree with them. The trees grow rapidly. Trees six years old are now twenty feet high, and large enough for fence posts. The Russians say that they often reach the height of fifty feet, and are from three to five feet in diameter. They bear fruit sometimes when two years old, and bear every year. Last season they were loaded with fruit, and farmers came several miles to purchase it for dessert. It varies in flavor from sub-acid to sweet. The bark is grayish white. The Mennonites also use it as a hedge plant. It makes a beautiful hedge, and stands clearing as well as any tree. Prof. Bird of the Iowa Agricultural College says it is propagated more easily from cuttings than any mulberry with which he is acquainted. The Mennonites have interested themselves in the silk business, and have cocoons for sale. G. F. C.

WHOLESALE VACCINATION.

The Rush of People to the Health Board Now at its Height.

"Say," said a man to his companion, as they walked up Mulberry street together, "isn't this the Police Headquarters?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, let's go in and get vaccinated. It won't take a minute."

The other acquiesced, and both went in. A SUN reporter followed out of curiosity.

The room in which Dr. Taylor and four or five assistants were at work is on the first floor, near the Mott street entrance. Too room was crowded, and newcomers took the places of the vaccinated incessantly. There were probably fifty people in the room, all with one or two exceptions, being men. The exceptions, the girls with their dresses removed from one shoulder. Five bare arms were held by as many doctors, who were flicking or rubbing the skin until the space of a silver half dime upon it was dotted thick with beads of blood, or else were rubbing the wounds with slivers of quills coated with vaccine virus. The men represented all degrees of cleanliness, from the slovenly, through the medium and many grades of prosperity. A Bowery bard, a vision gaily corded and knotted with red, was there, and the contrast presented an odd, delicate woman's white and soft and small. With all exact no indication of any sort. Six little girls came to see a companion treated. She giggled a little hysterically, and wore a troubled face. The others giggled naturally. As the doctor brought the blood tears came and were followed by sobs. The doctor soothed her and worked gently. Babies mind vaccination least, children most.

The force is now at its height. It began with cool weather. Eight hundred a day are treated. At the noon hour the shop girls flock to the doctors, and settles down after 6 o'clock when the working men in droves. During the rest of the day all sorts of people come. There is no rest for the doctors, who keep at work on Sundays. The women are fearful of scarring their arms, and even hard workingmen sometimes ask to be vaccinated where the mark will not be seen.

A Family Poisoned.

CORINTH, Ky., Jan. 28.—A family named Romans, living on the outskirts of the town, were poisoned night before last while at supper. It is supposed their was arsenic in the corn bread. Five of the family are lying at the point of death.

FASHIONS IN NAMES.

Æstheticism Beginning at the Cradle—Superstitions at Christenings.

Among the interesting entertainments of the winter have been the christenings, which have been attended by as many social ceremonies as religious rites. The ceremony is a family affair, celebrated by the advent of all available grandfathers and grandmothers, presided over by the most distinguished relatives, who act as sponsors, and preceded by a shower of silver spoons, mugs, and pap-bowls, prophetic of the harvest of wedding presents that will follow when the little no-name attains a marriageable age. The social début of the infant occurs at a supplementary reception, for which tiny cards, with the baby's name engraved upon them, are sent out, with the mother's visiting card. On the afternoon appointed the baby receives at its mother's side, resting in the arms of a nurse dressed in white gown, cap, and apron, as spotless as the infant's christening dress.

There are many superstitions and fancies about baptismal robes. Richly wrought christening robes in which the baby is wrapped when leaving the font, symbolic bibs, and dresses covered with religious emblems are manufactured for these occasions. The same superstition which decrees that a bride shall wear some old garment at her own wedding decrees that a baby shall be christened in a waist or shirt that was worn by some ancestor. Frequently an old trunk full of ancient swaddling clothes and bridal finery that had been forgotten is conveniently discovered about the time of weddings and christenings.

Sunday afternoon is the time such ceremonies have been frequent. The clergyman goes home with the family from church, the baby is brought down from the nursery, fresh from a morning nap, and the whole ceremony is performed in a rapid pressale fashion, which compensates for tarnished romance by the practical merit of not giving the baby a chance to wake up sufficiently to exhibit any vocal tendencies. The evening christening party is an importation from England and English novels. The baptism is the first feature of the evening, and, after giving all the gray people an evening for a merry making, the baby is sent to bed the first moment it shows contempt for the critically staring crowd. After the presents are examined and supper is eaten the old people begin the dance and frolic, while the baby's mother and father sit calmly by, and look on.

In a well-known New York Catholic family a christening was given at their country house on New Year's Day that was graceful and unusual in many of its features. A family party, gathered to spend the holidays in the country, was present, and a room in the house was set up as a chapel, was decorated with Christmas greens. A font, made of vines and purple passion flowers, stood before the altar. The family assembled in the chapel at 10 o'clock, before breakfast, the baby in baptismal robes as simple as the white morning dress of a Quaker lady, and its mother in white, dressed for church, and bearing an amber rosary, the large "Hail Mary" beads having intaglio cuttings of heads of the saints. The mother, a Louisiana creole by birth, bore the name which was given to the child—a French name that has an odd, half Russian sound—Olga. After the chapel ceremony the family went to the dining room to breakfast and to feast. In the evening all the neighbors were invited to pay their respects to little Olga. She received them lying in her mother's arms, before a bay window filled with blooming oleanders, blending from deep shade to pink and white, and another's present displayed in the bright colors, back to the samba whose peach-pink blossoms hung all around the armchair where she sat, the name seemed most appropriate, although the name of a certain article in which it is a part has produced an infer prejudice against it, which has done much to drive the name out of use even among the creole families of New Orleans and Cuba.

There are fashions in names, as in everything else. John, James, Susan and Mary will probably be as rare a beginnen forty years hence as Boswick and Hezekiah are now. For boys, surnames are most popular. This is viewed as a sensible and pleasant custom when confined to family names. In this way many pleasant relationships are kept fresh in the memory, and family connections that would be forgotten are kept alive and outside of the family are recognized. The habit of giving the mother's family name as a middle name is becoming general and is useful as an identification in families having many relatives of the same name. It is becoming a jaunty fashion to call boys who are named after their fathers by some foreign equivalent. For instance, instead of Stephen, "Etienne;" for John, the Russian "Ivan;" Joseph takes the Italian diminutive; Ralph becomes Raoul. This may be an improvement upon the so-called "big John" and "little John," "old George" and "young George," so often screamed through a house in moments when it is necessary to distinguish quickly between persons bearing the same name; but it, however, implies a lack of Anglo-Saxon independence to introduce names of other languages into houses where English is the mother tongue. Fashion now considers nicknames vulgar. The indiscriminate use of them has been national. The pet name, "the little name unadressed by the car, may soon, as Mrs. Browning says, be a thing of the past. Dolly, Cissy, Pet, Pearl and Dear, but this familiarity becomes more unpertinent when adopted by strangers. Girls are being christened in the fine expressions to the motion of names, Gladys, Adelgiva, Ursula, Lois, Hetta, Vyvyan, and Maud are in vogue. Vivian is a masculine name. Edwina, Corona, Imogene, Dorothea, Theodora, and Vida (feminine of David) are being revived, besides other economic names handed up by the ancestors. Mary is singularly unpopular. Of the recently introduced names more abominable than Marivah, the Russian Turkish form of the Christian name Mary. The custom of giving girls a middle baptismal name is now a thing of the past. Fashionable mothers expect that all their daughters, as soon as they are old enough to read, will be addressed by their baptismal name and take the family surname as a middle name.

A sad story is being told of the wife of one of the aristocratic Beard family of Boston—a lady celebrated in her own right of a great deal more than her husband. It is said that her children should have the distinguished names of families with which she was connected, and decided to name her daughter Anne Cecilia, after an aunt contemporaneous with some great-great-grandmother. Some of her friends remonstrated that the Beard was an ass's name, and Cecilia was bad with it, but in vain. The child was christening the lady was delighting in her daughter's high-sounding name, until one morning a silver mug arrived engraved with Japanese work, except a small plate in the centre, on which was inscribed in crooked letters. A. C. Beard.

IN QUEST OF BEAUTY.

Some Incidents of Mr. Barnum's Search—A Candidate who Came to Stay.

One of the results of P. T. Barnum's offer of a $5,000 prize to the "handsomest woman in the world" to join his show, has been to turn the show man's office in Broadway into a picture gallery. The letters accompanying the photographs, if all collected together, would fill a sack weighing several hundred pounds.

A few days ago a messenger from the Grand Central Hotel called at Mr. Barnum's office, and there were two ladies at the hotel who wanted to see him. Two of Mr. Barnum's agents went over to see the two ladies.

"Arriving at the hotel," said one of the agents yesterday, "we were shown to the ladies' parlor. There we saw a large, tall young woman tagged out in garments of the most gorgeous colors. Seated near her was an elderly woman, very plainly dressed, as if to produce a contrast with her more youthful companion. As soon as we mentioned our errand the young woman sprang up and announced herself as the prize winner. Well, I've come to claim the prize. You may now consider I wrote to you but I thought I'd better come down myself, and I thought my mother would come with me. When I first saw the young woman she struck me as being not a bad looking person. She was large, had plenty of hair and pretty regular features, a good eye, and a fair, rosy complexion. But when I came close to her I saw she had dabbed all over with paint, and the surface of her complexion was so clumsily done that any respectable house painter would have been ashamed to own up to the job. Without pretending to have made any study of her, I told her that she struck me as being a pretty likely candidate. I told her to return home, and we would send for her would as soon as we wanted her. Imagine my surprise when she told me that she had come expecting to stay, and had brought enough of her baggage to the hotel bill and the passage home. We gave her $30 and bade her good day.

"Yesterday an advertisement was printed calling for six "handsome, perfectly formed ladies of medium stature and irreproachable character. They were directed to call on Mr. J. L. Hutchinson, at the Grand Central Hotel. Yesterday I called there, and found the six. It turned out that Mrs. Hutchinson was acting as agent for Mr. Barnum. The handsome ladies were wanted principally to form a group on the stage of the Museum of Science and Art, one of the thirty attractive rooms of our show. Mr. Barnum, it is said, is having thirteen of these rooms made for his street parades, at costs varying from $500 to $2,000. Six are ready to be put in the street, twelve last, designing and making the costumes which are to be worn by the women.

Keeping Children Warm Without Expense.

The children in the public schools of Paterson suffered severely from cold on Tuesday that one of the principals made inquiry of the Superintendent what could be done for their comfort. "Do anything you can," was the answer. One of the pupils was thereupon deputized to place the pieces of a Virginia reel and dance and the girls were given leave to dance. After the children were all aglow from the exercise order was called, when they went through their studies in comparative comfort.

Future Punishment.

John Hess, a small-sized German, who lives at 1,205 First avenue, was arraigned in the Jefferson Market Police Court yesterday, charged with intoxication. His wife, a tall, stout woman, asked Justice Patterson to discharge him.

"I think that he deserves some punishment," said the Justice.

"I'll see to that, Judge," answered Mrs. Hess. "I will give him a good thrashing when he gets home."

Hess was discharged.

John Cain's Extraordinary Affliction.

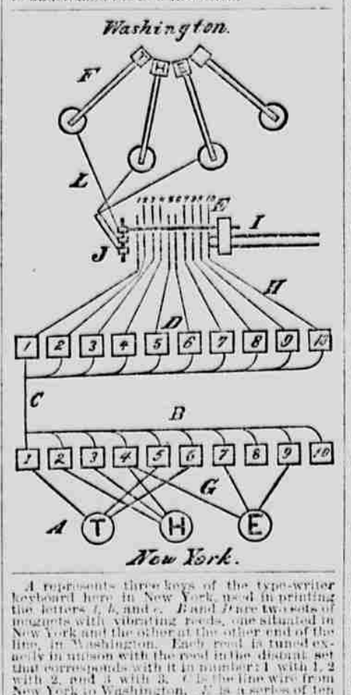
John Cain of West Twenty-eighth street, Paterson, on Friday lost his only three children from a sudden attack of malignant scarlet fever, after an illness of less than twenty hours. He three children were apparently well and hearty the day before.

LETTER WRITING BY TELEGRAPH.

The Wonderful Invention of a Well-known New York Stenographer.

Mr. James E. Munson, the stenographer, is credited with the invention of a machine that promises to revolutionize the manner of sending telegrams. By its use any person familiar with a type writer can send despatches which will print themselves through a type writer at the other end of the line. A business man in this city can send a message direct to another city by dictating to the operator of his type writer. The manipulation of the keys of the writer here prints the despatch through a type writer in the office of a correspondent in a distant city in the same manner and at the same instant as the printing of the home instrument. It is all done on one wire.

The following diagram may enable the reader to understand the new invention.



A represents three keys of the type-writer keyboard here in New York, used in printing the letters *t*, *h*, and *e*. *B* and *D* are two sets of magnets with vibrating reeds, one situated in New York and the other at the other end of the line, in Washington. Each reed is tuned exactly in unison with the reed in the distant set that corresponds with it in number: 1 with 1, 2 with 2, and 4 with 4. *C* is the line wire from New York to Washington. *J* is a series of ten sliding plates, each of which is held up by a spring, but in working is pulled down by a magnet. The plates may be modified by shifting to sets of two, three, or more. The number of combinations that may be made in working the ten is over a thousand. Each plate is pierced with as many holes as there are keys in the keyboard in New York. These are so distributed over the plates, no two being alike, that when any key in the designation of plates is pulled down a hole is shown through all of them, and at the same instant one of a lot of brass pins, three of which are shown at *L*, is thrust through that hole, making electric connection at *G* with one of the magnets, not shown, that works a type hammer in the type writer, four of which hammers are shown at *F*, *G*, *H*, and *I*, are short wires connecting various parts of the apparatus. To print the word "the" on the type writer in Washington the operator in New York first depresses the key marked *t*. This turns the magnets *D* and *C* and these vibrate in unison with the reed in the distant set at Washington, where they cause the corresponding reeds at 1, 5, and 6 to vibrate, and so to cause magnets 1, 5, and 6 (not shown) to pull down plates 1, 5, and 6 in the sliding series. They are now ready to be in and so allow the type pin at *I* to go through and make a circuit that works the particular magnet that makes the hammer of *t* strike and print, when the finger is raised from the key of *t* the plates at *J* return to their original position. Then the key of *h* is depressed, which causes plates 2, 3, and 4 to be pulled down, another pin to be thrust through, and the hammer of *h* to print. Pressing down the key of *e* causes the hammer of *e* to print by pulling down plates 4, 7, and 9.

The great capacity of Mr. Munson's device, based on the almost numberless combinations, enables him to assign a separate keys to many of the most common words and phrases of the language, so that they may be printed by a depression of a single key. This is accomplished without altering or increasing the size of the type writer, and with slight addition to the cost of the machine.

Patents have been secured both here and in Europe.

Two Hunters Killing Seven Raccoons.

SALEM, N. J., Jan. 25.—Two well-known local sportsmen, while hunting near the lower point of Alloway's Creek, saw the other day an immense raccoon perched on a tree trunk, which had been placed across a creek. At the first shot one of them fell but the rest leaped from the log and ran toward the spectators. Another one was killed by a rifle ball quite far off, but one of the sportsmen peeled while the other fired, and they each apparently intended. They could not get out of the way, and ran up the log and before they knew it had run over several raccoons. The raccoon ran up the branch of one of the sportsmen and cut him badly on the hand. He had to use the butt of his gun to kill the raccoon, and in the meantime the other had been working rapidly, killing several of the raccoons, the remaining three leaving the creek, thus putting an end to the hunt. The sportsmen came home with seven raccoons and a badly torn up hand.

FASHION NOTES.

Bonnets grow a little smaller.

The rage for old gold is on the wane.

The same for new salmon is waning fast.

Peacoats show pretty colored plaid patterns.

The capote, of good size, is the coming bonnet.

Shrimp pink and shell pink will be much worn.

Peacock feather colors for evening are in high favor.

The newest shade of red takes the name of *Zare*.

Bilaterine pink is the rival of shrimp and shell pink.

The new sateens look like silk. They are finely finished.

Seersucker stripes are imitated admirably in the new American crinkle.

The ice-taping wraps will be short visite mantles, with long tales in front.

Bias silk and sun-ridered silk lace, bids fair to be the rivals of spanish.

Tiny landscapes appear as figures on some of the new printed cotton goods.

Scotch ginghams show the same heather mixtures that appear in the new cheviots.

The new ecrusite insertions are woven in large plaids, bars, and stripes of pure colors.

Large red rosebuds in clusters effects on a ground of shrimp pink are among lace sateens for spring wear.

The great importations of