The Sun.

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IS EVARTS A REPUBLICAN?

FACTS THAT THROW DOUBT UPON HIS FIDELITY TO THE PARTY.

The Light Mr. Blaine in 1877 Turned On the Man who is Now Represented as a Republican War Horse of the Highest Mettle—Evarts's Record in the South Carolina Business—His Work on the Stump.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 11.—There is a Blaine undertow in the New York Senatorial contest, which is likely to produce some commotion, if it does not materially affect the result. The withdrawal of President Arthur and the apparent effort to concentrate all opposition to Morton upon Evarts are causing some serious discussion here of the relations of the latter to factions and faction leaders. So long as Gen. Arthur seemed a formidable candidate, the lance of the Plumed Knight was in rest for him; for be it known that in the inner halls of that knight the assertion of Secretary Chandler's newspaper here, that the Administration was favorable to the Republican candidate for the Presidency last fall, is received with loud and bitter laughter. The course of the President in the matter of the Senatorship has been soothing to Mr. Blaine. It leaves him free to choose between the other candidates.

Whom will he choose? Will it be Evarts? This gentleman's friends clamor loudly that he is a war horse, and that the sound of his party's bugle has always caused him to prick up his ears and amble to the front. In his recent letter asking to be made Senator, he boldly claimed for himself a record of unwavering allegiance to his party. The audacity of this claim will be evident when a few facts of political history are recalled.

Being an eminent lawyer, Mr. Evarts was employed with others as counsel for Andrew Johnson in the impeachment trial. This was no reflection upon him as a Republican, if he acted only professionally, and for a professional fee. But the Administration of President Johnson became intensely Democratic, and he was a most active and earnest candidate in the National Democratic Convention of July 4, 1868, for the nomination which went to Horatio Seymour. It was after this that the Hon. William Maxwell Evarts was appointed Attorney-General under that Democratic Administration, was sworn in on the 15th day of July, 1868, and continued in office until March 4, 1869. The acceptance of a seat in the Cabinet of a Democratic President, after having been engaged as counsel for him in an impeachment trial, was suggestive of too close a relation between the two employments, and certainly was incompatible with that thick-and-thin adherence to the Republican party which is now claimed as one of Mr. Evarts's chief virtues.

In the winter of 1874 Mr. Evarts was the subject of high eulogy on the Democratic side of the United States Senate for the eloquent terms in which he had inveighed against the United States Government, at Cooper Institute, for interfering with the Louisiana White League Democracy, which had, by armed revolution, overturned the State Government that had then been in power for nearly two years. This, to the common observer, would appear to be what Betsy Trotwood would have called a slight "meandering" from the path of strict Republican partisanship.

It will be remembered that in the fall of 1876, just before the election, Mr. Evarts reappeared on the Republican stage for one night only, after an absence of more than eight years. It was then that he came as a non-partisan, with a commercial tendency, to express the strong desire of the solid men of the metropolis for the election of Rutherford Burchard Hayes. He spoke as the attorney of a large array of business men who signed an authorization to that end. His services as an attorney were again secured after the election, when fabulous sums were poured into his capacious pockets by the Republican National Committee for educating the Eight to Seven Commission in the art of keeping in front of the Louisiana, South Carolina, and Florida returns.

As in 1868, so in 1877, his Presidential client manifested his gratitude by bestowing upon Mr. Evarts a Cabinet office. It was on the third day of Mr. Evarts's term of service as Secretary of State that Senator James G. Blaine of Maine turned the strongest kind of a calcium light on some performances in which the former was engaged. The reader will find in the proceedings of the Senate, in special session, on the 7th of March, 1877 (*Congressional Record*, vol. 6, page 21), the following animated remarks on the subject of the admission of a Senator from Louisiana:

Mr. Blaine—Now, Mr. President, this is a simple question. It is a simple invitation to this side of the Chamber from the other to abandon the ground on which the people of the United States have accepted the election of Hayes and Wheeler. Yesterday I spoke of back door whisperings and talk in the corridors, and asked if any Senator knew that there was any sort of understanding. I asked then, and I ask now, if there is any gentleman on this floor who stands voucher or sponsor for that understanding? There has been put in my hands at this moment a telegram which I feel authorized to read, nay, which I am requested to read, and I think it may throw light on the subject. I want positions to be clear, taken and frankly avowed. I read this telegram, not exactly bearing on the Louisiana question, but kindred to it, and possibly hundred despatches are circulating in New Orleans this moment for the surrender and abandonment of that State. The despatch is handed me by the gentleman now on this floor and claiming to be a Senator elect from South Carolina:

COLUMBIA, S.C., March 6, 1877.

To the Hon. D. T. Corbin:

I have just had long interview with Haskell, who brings letters to me from Stanley Matthews and Mr. Evarts in support of the proposed letter. Haskell refuses to yield my rights or good of country. This situation is growing beyond endurance. If such action is desired I want to know it authoritatively.

Do not send Haskell; he wants to know it authoritatively.

I am not acting for myself, and I cannot assume such responsibility. Please inquire and telegraph me at night.

D. H. CHAMBERLAIN,

The Governor of the State of South Carolina. I asked who had been doing the whispering in the corridors, and the answer comes from Columbia. Is there any Senator on this floor who desires to stand sponsor for that despatch, or for the policy that it covers? Is there any Senator here who proposes to abandon the remnant that is left of the Republican party between the Potomac and the Rio Grande, and that it shall go down for the public good, as Mr. Stanley Matthews puts it? Being a little of a partisan, differing in that respect from the Senator from Delaware, I am not ready for that. I do not propose, either at the beck of Mr. Stanley Matthews or Mr. Evarts, to say that the remnant of the brave men who have borne the flag and the front of the battle in the southern States against persecution unparalleled in this country shall retire for the public good. (Manifestations of applause in the galleries.) I do not propose it. I am here to do battle with any one in my humble way who espouses that policy. I lay that gage down for any Senator who stands sponsor to the suggestions of Mr. Stanley Matthews and Mr. Evarts on this question.

Mr. Blaine is always interesting, but on this occasion, when belabouring Mr. Evarts for conspiring against a Republican State Government, he was above his usual standard of earnest eloquence.

On the following day, March 8 (*Congressional Record*, vol. 6, page 28), there was further reference to Mr. Evarts by Mr. Blaine. On that occasion he clinched what he had said the day before, and convicted Mr. Evarts out of his own mouth. Here is the extract:

Mr. Blaine—I desire simply to avail myself of the opportunity, before the subject passes away, to send to the Secretary's desk to have read a letter which, I presume, was addressed to me for the purpose of being used here (at all events I will construe it in that way) by Mr. Chamberlain, the Senatorial claimant from South Carolina.

The Vice President—The letter will be read.

The Chief Clerk read as follows:

WASHINGTON, March 6, 1877.

DEAR SIR: Hon. William M. Evarts asks me to say to you that he did not endorse the letter of Stanley Matthews to you. He was certain in the extent implied by the telegram of Gov. Chamberlain that Haskell has the letter. It was presented to him by Mr. Haskell of South Carolina, and he wrote upon it substantially as follows:

That he had read the foregoing letter; that he desired to see the troubles in South Carolina composed, and he desired to hear from Gov. Chamberlain upon the subject.

Very respectfully, D. T. CORBIN.

Hon. JAMES G. BLAINE.

Mr. Blaine—It is proper to state, for the information of those who may not know it, that Mr. Haskell, who was the bearer of this letter from Stanley Matthews and Mr. Evarts to Gov. Chamberlain, is the Chairman of the Democratic State Committee of South Carolina.

Mr. Thurman—For the sake of completing the history of the South Carolina transaction, I wish the Senator from Maine would be good enough to give us Stanley Matthews's letter.

Mr. Blaine—I would be very glad to give it if I had it, or if the Senator knows anything about where it is.

Mr. Patterson—Haskell has it.

Mr. Blaine—Then it is in Democratic hands.

Mr. Thurman—I thought it was addressed to Gov. Chamberlain.

Mr. Blaine—But it was a Democratic emissary or agent who came to Washington for it.

Mr. Thurman—I suppose he delivered it to Gov. Chamberlain.

Mr. Blaine—I suppose so. * * * The Senator from South Carolina (Mr. Patterson) says that it is still more within the keeping of the Democratic party, because it was a letter to Mr. Haskell, empowering him, as a Minister Plenipotentiary and Envoy Extraordinary, to treat with Gov. Chamberlain for a surrender of the State; and although I am not definitely informed, yet I understand it sufficiently to state it as a rumor that a similar one was carried to New Orleans by Mr. Burke, I believe.

In reply to a question by Mr. Thurman, whether it was the practice of the Administration to choose Democrats as Envoys Extraordinary and Ministers Plenipotentiary to Republicans, Mr. Blaine replied that probably they "could not find a Republican who was willing to undertake the errand."

A perusal of the foregoing record will satisfy the unsophisticated young men who are shouting about the unwavering Republicanism of Mr. Evarts that they do not know what they are talking about, and it will also teach them that Mr. Blaine cannot be expected to eat the words spoken by him in censure of Mr. Evarts in 1877.

Mr. Evarts made some speeches in favor of Mr. Blaine last fall, which, added to the one speech he made for Hayes in 1876, constitute the entire catalogue of his party services.

Whether Mr. Blaine will support Morton or not will depend on whether, by a dead lock between three or four candidates, he cannot finally make Mr. Whitelaw Reid the successor of Mr. Conkling's successor. The *Tribune*, it will be observed, is not as ready to concede great strength to Mr. Evarts as it was while using him to pull Arthur down.

With Mr. Whitelaw Reid a Senator from New York, W. Walter Phelps from New Jersey, Chairman Jones from Pennsylvania, to succeed Mitchell, and Elkins from the new State of New Mexico, the Blaine charm for 1888 would be wound up.

JOHN KELLY GOING SOUTH.

The Accounts Given of his Illness—Why he Gave Up the Daily "Star."

"Mr. John Kelly is nearly well now," said Police Justice Gorman to a reporter of THE SUN last night. "He has been a sufferer from indigestion all his life, and this was his main trouble recently. During the last campaign he worked too hard, and it made him ill. After Tammany came out for Cleveland and it was finally determined that he was to be supported, there was a great amount of work necessary to bring about his election. Mr. Kelly entered into this work with heart and soul. He worked at his office, at Tammany Hall, and at home, and had a great deal of charges being made that he had sold out. He had a stenographer at his side nearly all the time. The day before election he had a slight attack of vertigo at Tammany Hall, but did not notice it very much. He worked very hard to make the last Democratic parade a successful one, and he caught cold there also.

"After the election was over, and the excitement of the campaign had passed, he began to realize that he was ill. Three days afterward he put himself under the care of his physician, Dr. Austin Flint, Sr., who called in two others, and by their orders he gave up all business and politics for different periods. Years ago he was similarly troubled, and was then compelled to take a three years' vacation in Europe. His indigestion brought on loss of sleep, and he was in a very bad way. He has not been below Fourteenth street since his illness began, and I do not think he has visited Tammany Hall either.

"I have seen him several times recently, and he is now much better. He does not attend to any but private business, and when I introduced politics into my conversation a few nights ago he changed the subject. He receives very few callers, and does not even read the newspapers. His wife is very prudent, and carefully prevents anybody or anything from disturbing him. You see, he was bothered a great deal by friends who wanted places for their friends which he was often unable to give. He goes out driving every morning with his wife, and when they get into the suburbs he gets out and walks three or four miles. At noon he takes a horseback ride for an hour or two, and remains at home for the rest of the day. He retires about 9 P. M.

"He will take a trip South very shortly. He will probably be gone about two weeks, and will be within two days' ride of New York.

"In this matter of the *Star*, he thought it best to give up now, when the paper was in a good financial condition, than to wait, with the possibility of its losing money. The negotiations with Mr. McLean were satisfactory, but the latter concluded to postpone that purchase until was paying better at present than in New York. Mr. Kelly used to receive every morning a report of the financial condition of the *Star*."

Mr. H. A. Gambleton said: "Mr. Kelly had an incipient attack of malaria while at Saratoga last summer, and this was his trouble recently. He has no intention of going out of politics. He has had a number of callers, men who are connected with Tammany Hall, and keeps himself well informed as to the condition of affairs. When I visited him on Thursday night a large heap of letters that he had just read lay on a table at his side. Among his callers recently were Register Reilly, Alderman Kirk, Alderman Grant, and Fire Commissioner Croker. When he returns from his Southern trip he will pitch in heavily."

GEN. BUTLER'S LIBEL SUIT.

He Asks Damages from a Newspaper that Attacked his War Record.

BOSTON, Jan. 11.—Gen. Butler's libel suit against the Boston *Herald* is based upon an article which appeared in that paper on Nov. 13, 1883. Butler had just been defeated in his campaign for re-election as Governor, and, as he says, was not then a candidate for any public office. The article appeared in the editorial columns of the *Herald*, although signed "An Old Salt," and purported to be written by one of the crew of the steam transport Mississippi, which conveyed Gen. Butler and 1,500 troops from Hampton Roads to Ship Island in 1862. The occasion was the expedition against New Orleans.

The writer alleged that Butler became angry with the Captain of the transport because he did not put into Hatteras on the night of Feb. 26; that he put the Captain in irons, himself assuming command, and that because of his high-handed and ignorant course the ship the next morning struck upon Frying Pan Shoals, was badly damaged, and all on board narrowly escaped death. The article further charges that Butler had several barrels of liquor among his private stores on board, and that he permitted the soldiers to become drunk thereon when the vessel seemed doomed.

James Parton's "Gen. Butler at New Orleans" gives a circumstantial account of the ship's striking on Frying Pan Shoals, and blames the Captain for it. Major Bell records that "the resources of Gen. Butler seemed inexhaustible, and his seeming calmness and his clear judgment, in view of the responsibility which the ignorance of the Captain left upon him, were wonderful."

Col. Thomas W. Clarke, who acts as Gen. Butler's counsel in the case, said to-day that his client did not read the article until about two months ago. Col. Clarke said the General does not care how savagely an individual or a newspaper attacks him in a campaign, provided they do not accuse him of a felony. But he is sensitive about his war record, and when it is assailed so ruthlessly without excuse, he proposes to hold his traducers responsible. He was not a candidate for office when the article appeared, and it was venomously false in every particular. So when he had examined the story, he gave directions for beginning an action against the publishers of the *Herald*.

The damages were fixed at $25,000 and the writ of attachment was given to Deputy Sheriff Bayley three weeks ago. He was taken sick and died last week, so the writ was served on Friday. The case will not be compromised, and the trial will doubtless be a lively one. Massachusetts practice makes it impossible for Gen. Butler to plead his own case, and also to testify in his own behalf. It will therefore be managed by Col. Clarke, with Gen. Butler as the chief witness for the prosecution.

Spiteful Incendiaries.

Two new unoccupied cottages in Willow avenue, Clifton, Staten Island, were burned early yesterday morning. The fire is believed to have been started by the gang of incendiaries whose alleged leader, Red Scott, was arrested on Saturday night. The object is supposed to have been spite against the police.

ROSSA DEFENDS HIMSELF.

PRODUCING THE LETTER HE WROTE TO CAPT. PHELAN.

Why He Was Away When the Butchery Began—Where He Was—At the Post Office, at the Bank, at his Printer's, at a South Street Restaurant, and at Home.

O'Donovan Rossa swung from Centre into Chambers street at 1 o'clock yesterday afternoon, and walked hurriedly toward his office. His long brown overcoat flapped about his legs, and his slouch hat was pulled low over his forehead. He carried a bundle of newspapers in his left hand, and used the other hand in extricating a large bunch of keys from his pocket. He was putting a key into the lock of the outer door when he saw the reporter. He frowned, and said: "Mr. Rossa is not in."

Then he opened the door, ran up two flights of stairs, sprang into his office, and exclaimed: "Now Mr. Rossa *is* in! What do you want?"

"Capt. Phelan says that you were concerned in the plot to lure him on here and then assassinate him. Is that true?"

"Well, I hadn't ought to say anything," said Rossa, thoughtfully, "but I don't know as it's any harm to state that there wasn't any plot at all. He came here to my office, and met men here with whom he quarrelled. He got the worst of the quarrel, and that's all there is to it.

"Have you sent anybody to the hospital to inquire about the Captain's condition?"

"No, sir, never; and anybody who says he came from my office tells what isn't true.

"Do you think the Captain will prosecute Short for the assault?"

"I don't know anything about that, and if I did I wouldn't tell."

"Mr. O'Donovan," said the reporter, solemnly, "it has been publicly intimated that there was a plot to murder the Captain, and that you were out of the way on purpose."

"It's a lie!" said Rossa angrily, "and I'll settle it right here, although I know I hadn't ought to speak of it. I was a little short of money a week or so ago, and I wrote a letter to a good friend of mine named Tom Dwyer, who lives out of town, to lend me $100. I expected an answer on Friday morning, and went around to the Post Office and got it. There was a check for $100 along with it, and I went to the Park Bank to get it cashed. The cashier wanted to know if I had any dynamite in my clothes, and I told him he needn't fear, as we never blew up anybody who gave us money. I got twenty $5 bills, and then went to George E. Lafaye, my printer, at 25 Beekman street, and paid him a balance of $13.13 that I owed him for printing the last edition of my paper. Then I started home to give my wife the rest of the money, because there were some carpenters at work in the house and I knew she was short. I was very hungry, and as it was Friday I knot an eye out for meat, so I went to a South street fish. I saw a big sign in front of a restaurant in South, near Dover street. I went in and had a plate of fish and a cup of coffee for 20 cents. Then I started for the ferry, and as I was going on board the boat I heard a man say that Dion O'Banion had been shot, and that kind of frightened me. I went straight home, and gave my wife all the money I had left, and then started back to the city, after telling my wife that she needn't be frightened if I didn't come home, as I might be lodged in jail. I said that jokingly, d'ye see. When I got back to my office the first man I saw was a newspaper reporter, and that was the first I heard of the trouble, and very much surprised I was."

"Were your relations with Capt. Phelan always friendly?"

"Of course they were, and to prove it I'll show you a copy of the letter I sent him, and which is now in the hands of the police."

Mr. Rossa took from his pocket a piece of brown paper on which was written:

NEW YORK, Jan. 2, 1885.

DEAR CAPT. PHELAN: Here is that list of Kansas City sympathizers I promised you when you were in New York. I don't like to be asking my friends for money, but I think of writing to you now, as the papers are talking of an "interview" of yours in a Kansas City journal. I'ld like exceedingly to see that "interview." I want you to send it to me. Scratch out any part of it you do not recognize as coming from you. The enemy is in a pretty good funk just now, and I think we can frighten her out of Ireland by threatening her with Irish furies. I would have the Irish people throw the Irish furies at her. Your interview will add to her funk. Don't be willing to be a sucker. Perhaps subscribers in the enclosed list are paid up already. I know Denis Whaley has sent me money a couple o' times.

Yours, much the same as ever,

JER. O'DONOVAN ROSSA.

Capt. THOMAS PHELAN.

"Did you notice that I address him as dear?" asked Mr. Rossa, "and do ye think I'd dear anybody who wasn't a good friend of mine? I hadn't the slightest idea the Captain was coming on, and no man was half so surprised as I was when I heard he was here."

There was a heavy rapping at the outer door at this juncture, and Rossa sprang up hastily and bundled the reporter out. The man who rapped was a young man in a woolly overcoat who seemed anxious to see Mr. Rossa on very important business.

When Richard Short, Capt. Phelan's assailant, was first arrested, statements were published to the effect that he had formerly been known by the alias of Barter. This mistake arose from the fact that Thomas J. Barter and Short were at one time inseparable. There is not the slightest resemblance between the two men. Barter is about 28 years of age, and undersized. His face is smooth, and he dresses neatly in dark clothes. When Richard Short first began storing dynamite in the cellar of his butcher shop in the Cork market Barter was his most trusted aide. Barter made all of shipping the dynamite to the points where it could do the most good, from their point of view, was to pack it in small trunks and then start one of their agents off with it. In this way it passed as baggage. Short's family for a number of years had been butchers in Cork, and no suspicion attached to him. Barter was less fortunate, and English detectives pounced on him several times as a suspicious character, but he always escaped through lack of evidence. In March, 1883, they learned that Jim Melbermott had betrayed them. Short and Barter left Cork, and by a roundabout way reached Paris, where they remained for several weeks and then came to this country. Short went to Chicago. He returned to this city five months ago. Short's wife, to whom he was married in Cork, followed her husband here shortly after his arrival.

Counsellor Jimmy Oliver, who is looking after the interests of Dick Short, was asked yesterday what line of defence he would pursue. After informing the reporter that it would be unprofessional for him to say anything about it, he said:

"Our plea is not guilty, and we will let the other side bring forward the witnesses to prove otherwise. I am retained for John Feeney, the man who shot at the British Consul, and for Wm. Gaynor, who was accused of shooting Jim Melbermott. Feeney was sent to a lunatic asylum and Gaynor was discharged."

The only visitors who were admitted to Capt. Phelan yesterday were a lady who gave her name as Mrs. Welch, and who said she was a cousin of the Captain, and the Mr. Reilly who called upon him on Saturday. Late last night the Captain was doing well.

A certificate of Phelan's condition, saying that he was still unable to appear in the Tombs, was sent yesterday to Justice O'Reilly. Counsellor Frank Oliver went over to look at it, and was not satisfied. What they wanted, he said, was an exact statement of his condition and when he could appear. They wanted to make a motion to bail Short."

LIVERPOOL, Jan. 11.—It was undoubtedly the steamer British Queen, and not the Queen, which, it is alleged, Phelan and Kearney intended to blow up with dynamite. Several barrels, purporting to contain cement, which were on board the British Queen on June, 1883, were found to contain a number of infernal machines.

LONDON, Jan. 11.—Phelan visited Hull in June, 1883, whereupon the police of Newcastle telegraphed the Hull police, notifying them of his arrival. Phelan was carefully watched by detectives, who occupied adjacent rooms in the house where he stopped. During Phelan's absence the detectives examined his luggage, but found nothing of a compromising nature. Phelan went with several Irishmen and frequented taverns. He met Kearney and they spent an afternoon together conversing. Kearney's mother kept a small shop in Hull. The police of Glasgow telegraphed the police of Hull instructing them to carefully watch Kearney, and, if any tangible evidence against him was obtained, to arrest him. Kearney ultimately disappeared.

Phelan, with great assurance and audacity, hearing that he was being watched, visited the chief constable and complained of the espionage, and threatened to complain to Sir William Vernon Harcourt unless the police desisted from watching him. He represented himself as travelling on behalf of the Government on a secret and important mission. He produced a number of documents purporting to be signed by gentlemen of high position in New York, which proved to be bona fide papers. They seemed to indicate that Phelan had been a Captain in the United States army, and also a New York police officer. Phelan produced a revolver, and asked the constable whether, if arrested, the revolver would likely connect him with Fenianism, adding that he always carried a revolver for self-protection. The constable was not deceived by Phelan's professions, and telegraphed to London notifying the police of Phelan's departure thither.

Proposing Neutrality.

LONDON, Jan. 11.—Sir Edward Malet, the British Ambassador at Berlin, has been instructed to propose to Prince Bismarck that an agreement be made to maintain the neutrality of the Samoan Islands.

EXTRACTS FROM INGERSOLL.

Sentences Taken Here and There from His Lecture, "Which Way?"

Many persons paid $2 a seat to hear Col. Robert G. Ingersoll's new lecture, "Which Way?" at the Academy of Music last night. Many others paid $1.50. The poorest seats in the parquet brought $1, and no seat in the house sold for less than 75 cents. The house was crammed. A full report of the lecture would fill a page of THE SUN. Following are some of the sentences:

Nearly everybody insists that belief is an exceedingly essential thing; that no one can be good or kind or generous or loving or charitable or just without belief. Yet some of the worst men who ever lived have been believers in God, and some of the best men have been and are unbelievers. It was a belief in God that made the Jews kill Christ. The men who made the Inquisition were believers. The devil was a believer in God, but seems it to have had little effect upon his moral character.

Are ministers any better than anybody else? I will give you an easy one. Compare them with lawyers. Did you ever know of a poor, weak wretch going into a town and asking where he could find a Presbyterian deacon? Are ministers, as a class, better than railroad engineers? I would rather trust myself with a good railroad engineer and a bad preacher than with a good preacher and a bad engineer.

Religion had its origin with barbarians. They looked upon priests as God's recruiting sergeants. They held to the doctrine that God wanted to buy their souls on credit, but that the devil paid cash down. The devil, acting on better business principles, was generally ahead. They believed that a comet or an eclipse was a notice that they had been doing something wrong. The priests told them: "You have done wrong; you have spoken slightingly of me." Religion was born of the egotism of barbarism; without it the world would go on with its changing seasons. Yet the barbarians thought, "It is all on my account."

Misfortune makes us cowards. Pestilence is the providence of the priest; famine the friend of faith; calamity the sunshine of persecution. Therefore the foundation of your religion is in fear: therefore an earthquake would bring chants, censer, wailing, genuflexions, fasting, eye-shutting, and prayers. Yet the old questions remain unsolved. How shall we govern man? How shall we do away with crime and poverty? It is time enough to turn our attention to the other country when we get there.

How does the Christian God compare with the best people we know? What has he done for liberty, justice, charity, and what for fear, prejudice, and credulity? Look at his conduct to the first pair in the Garden of Eden. A God who spoke as he did to the first woman is not worthy of my belief. When God said, "Thy husband shall rule over thee," he established domestic slavery. God never built a school house or invented an alphabet.

God made a contract with Abraham and never kept it. He never kept his promises to the Jews. He turned sticks into snakes, and made water bigger than it was a prestidigitateur. The story about his being troubled by Pharaoh reminds one of the story of the Fenian who said there were 5,000 armed Fenians in Ireland, and when he was asked why they did not rise, replied: "Because the police won't let 'em."

Of the Ten Commandments, all the good ones were old, and all the bad ones were new. Take the commandment, "Thou shalt worship no other gods—" Were there any other gods? Were there? It seems to me that Jehovah gave himself away. Then it goes on, "For I am a jealous God." Indeed! Jealous of whom? The other gods, I suppose. All the good commandments were borrowed of the ancients, all the bad ones were original. If I had been on Mount Sinai, and this God would have stopped thundering as far as not to frighten me, I would have promised to give him nine of the commandments instead of ten. "Thou shalt not enslave thy fellow man." "Thou shalt not persecute for opinion's sake." "Thou shalt not wage war for glory." "A man shall have but one wife, and the wife shall have but one husband, and they shall love one another."

I would rather be annihilated than have the hope of sitting at the right hand of God and know that my mean enemy was suffering the torture of hell. I would rather be annihilated than be a winged seraph and know that a single soul was in eternal torture.

What has theology done? In a thousand years of Christianity literature perished, law perished, hypocrisy was triumphant, everything died from the human heart, this age was thick with devils, and the world at last became insane. Witches, wizards, and spooks and priests triumphed. Theology is the foundation of every despotism.

What has the Church done? Take the Episcopal Church, if you call that a church. When George III. died there were 223 offences punishable with death by the bloody English law, and not a solitary Bishop protested; not one of the 20,000 Episcopal clergymen raised his voice to prevent the bloody work.

The morality of this country saves the cross of Christ to be used as a whipping post for 200 years.

Theology is a poor foundation for government. What has the Catholic Church done for liberty? How can you make good, sensible Catholics or Presbyterians or Methodists? Simply by civilizing them.

Man has been ignorant enough to pray for impossible things. Possibly the frogs believe that their croaking brings on spring! We can't tell how far the frog idea has got.

I heard a chaplain once pray God to give Congress wisdom. It seems to me that the most orthodox minister in the world ought to know that his prayers have no effect. If you get anything, somebody has got to work for it.

The great men used to be Christians, because they got burned if they were not Christians. Now that we have got a little liberty, we are speaking out.

Compare the miracles of the Bible with the miracles of modern science. The miracles of to-day are small and contemptible compared with the miracles of man.

Theology wants us to receive all with open mouths, like swallows, taking in worms and hungle nails, it makes no difference.

NEWTON ON INGERSOLL.

The Cheap and Nasty Doubt, a Generation Old, which is Peddled for 50 Cents.

The subject of Mr. Newton's sermon yesterday in All Souls' Church was "Doubt." In the course of it he said: "There is a cheap and nasty doubt which goes through the land denouncing a hireling ministry on Sunday night, at 50 cents admission, and $1 for reserved seats, announcing with great flourish of very brazen trumpets that it has discoveries in Biblical criticism known to scholars a generation ago, but overthrowing only the studies of church history carried on in the intervals of professional duties not the most honorable, and seeming to say, 'If the Almighty had consulted me in a'ter the creation I could have given him some valuable points.'

"Chronic doubt is often dilettantish, shallow, frivolous, intolerant, and uncandid—of all which we need to beware. There is, however, a serious, earnest doubt, sorely perplexed in our epoch of transition, sincerely trying to build up a better faith through the ruins, questioning of what seems no longer believable.

"There is an answer to every doubt. There is no doubt which touches the essentials of faith to-day which cannot be sufficiently answered if men will only think long and hard enough and read wide and deep enough. What you want is not less light, but more light. Push your doubts out of the shadow into the light. Then you will find in what you thought a devil an angel to lead you to a higher life. This is the real hope of the Church. Out of it is to come the Christianity of the future."

DON'T YOU FORGET IT.

Mr. Collyer Finds One Point of Resemblance Between Ingersoll and Luther.

"Heretics and Hereses" was the subject of the Rev. Robert Collyer's sermon at the Church of the Messiah last night. "We find men," he said, "like the one who, when rebuked by a reverend old pastor for keeping company with one of the sunniest-hearted heretics in this city, said: 'His heart is so light that I can't help it. I know he is a heretic, so I suppose I shall only see him for this life. I want to make the most of it. I shall see you, no doubt, for all eternity, all I want.' In Scotland a religious revolution is in progress, which may turn the sternest of creeds into the sunniest, and in this country many are learning to laugh out of the gloom of Calvinism, and throw away the rest. The heresies of one age will become the orthodoxy of the next. The sunny heart will prevail. Some think that Robert Ingersoll, who speaks in this city tonight, is working the downfall of the churches. So they thought of Luther once. Men must have religion, and the men of the age, with broad minds and sunny hearts, will bring about a sweeter, deeper, brighter, higher, nobler, tenderer faith than we have ever seen. And don't you forget it."

BLOWN UP ON A TUG.

Two Men Killed and the Country Around Strewn with Fragments of the Boat.

ELIZABETH, Pa., Jan. 11.—The tug Mike Dougherty was completely demolished near here about 10 o'clock to-day by the explosion of her boiler. Two of her crew were killed and others badly hurt. The boat had put ashore near Bellevue landing to make repairs to some part of the machinery that had broken down, and the explosion occurred while she lay there. The killed and injured are:

William Boller, steward, Allegheny, killed.
William Matthews, deckhand, Allegheny, killed.
Gardner Jackson, Captain, Allegheny, badly scalded.
Hugh T. Porter, engineer, Allegheny, check bad, legs.
Thomas McQuain, deckhand, Pittsburgh, leg hurt slightly.

The engineer, in a broken voice, told his story. "We were coming up light," he said, "and everything was going right, when a valve stem broke. It was not a serious thing, and we ran ashore to fix it. This took about half an hour, and we had got just about finished when I sent the fireman down into the hold to get a bolt. I thought the fireman was staying too long, and started down to see for myself, when the boiler let go. The fact that I was below saved me from serious injury, as the force of the explosion was all upward. The fireman was in the hold and was the only one unhurt. The Captain was just where I had left, and was badly scalded. Matthias was blown clean out on shore, and thus had his leg hurt. The other two poor fellows had gone forward—the steward to get dinner, and Matthews to let the boat loose."

The Jail Leaks Badly.

DALLAS, Tex., Jan. 11.—The Sheriff of Denton to-day telegraphed to the sheriff of Dallas to look out for escaped prisoners, as there was a general jail delivery at Denton last night. All the prisoners, numbering 20, are at large. No further details have been received here. This is the third jail delivery at Denton within a year.

OFFERED TO MRS. U. S. GRANT

MR. VANDERBILT FREELY FORGIVES THE GENERAL'S DEBT.

Mrs. Grant's Refusal to Accept the Gift Terminates an Interesting Correspondence—Proposing that the General's Swords and Mementoes Shall Go to the Government.

The following letter was sent to Mrs. Ulysses S. Grant by Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt on Saturday:

640 FIFTH AVENUE, Jan. 10, 1885.

Mrs. Ulysses S. Grant:

DEAR MADAM: So many misrepresentations have appeared in regard to the loan made by me to Gen. Grant, and reflecting unjustly upon him and myself, that it seems proper to briefly recite the facts.

On Sunday, the 4th of May last, Gen. Grant called at my house and asked me to lend him $150,000 for one day. I gave him my check without question, not because the transaction was business-like, but simply because the request came from Gen. Grant. The misfortunes which overwhelmed him in the next twenty-four hours aroused the sympathy and regret of the whole country. You and he sent me within a few days of the time the deeds of your joint properties to cover this obligation and urged my acceptance, on the ground that this was the only debt of honor which the General had personally incurred, and these deeds I returned. During my absence in Europe the General delivered to my attorney mortgages upon all his own real estate, household effects, and the swords, medals, and works of art which were the memorials of his victories and the presents from Governments all over the world. These securities were, in his judgment, worth the $150,000.

At his solicitation the necessary steps were taken by judgment, &c., to reduce these properties to possession, and the articles mentioned have been this day bought in by me, and the amounts bid applied in reduction of the debt. Now that I am at liberty to treat these things as my own, the disposition of the whole matter must in accord with my feelings is this: I present to you as your separate estate the debt and judgment I hold against Gen. Grant; also the mortgages upon his real estate, and all the household furniture and ornaments, comprised only with the condition that the awards, commissions, medals, gifts from the United States, States, cities and foreign Governments, and all articles of historical value and interest, shall at the General's death, or if you desire it, sooner, be presented to the Government at Washington, where they will remain as perpetual memorials of his fame, and of the history of his time.

I enclose herewith assignments to you of the mortgages and judgment, a bill of sale of the personal property, and a deed of trust in which the articles of historical interest are enumerated. A copy of this trust deed will, with your approval, be forwarded to the President of the United States for deposit in the proper department.

Trusting that this action will meet with your acceptance and approval, and with kindest regards to your husband, I am yours, respectfully,

W. H. VANDERBILT.

GEN. GRANT DECLINES.

NEW YORK CITY, Jan. 10, 1885.

DEAR SIR: Mrs. Grant wishes me to answer your letter of this evening to say that while she appreciates your great generosity in transferring to her the mortgage given to secure my debt of $150,000, she cannot accept it in whole. She accepts with pleasure the trust which applies to articles enumerated in your letter to go to the Government of the United States, at my death or sooner, at your option. In this matter you have anticipated the disposition which I had contemplated making of the articles. They will be delivered to the Government as soon as arrangements can be made for their reception.

Papers relating to all other property will be returned, with the request that you have it sold and the proceeds applied to the liquidation of the debt mentioned. Justly and generously you have stated in your letter, with the minutest accuracy, the history of the transaction which brought me in your debt. I have only to add that I regard your giving me your check for the amount without inquiry as an act of marked and unusual friendship. The loan was to me personally, for the money you believed, to carry the Marine National Bank over a day, being assured that the bank was solvent, but owing to unusual calls needed assistance until it could call in its loans. I was assured by Ferdinand Ward that the firm of Grant & Ward had over $660,000 to their credit at that time in the Marine Bank, besides $2,500,000 of unpledged securities in their own vaults.

I cannot conclude without assuring you that Mrs. Grant's inability to avail herself of your great kindness in no way lessens either her sense of obligation or my own. Yours truly,

W. H. VANDERBILT, Esq. U. S. GRANT.

A TRUST FOR MRS. GRANT.

640 FIFTH AVENUE, Jan. 11, 1885.

Gen. U. S. Grant:

MY DEAR SIR: On my return home last night I found your letter in answer to mine to Mrs. Grant. I appreciate fully the sentiments which actuate both Mrs. Grant and yourself in declining the part of my proposition relating to the real estate. I greatly regret that she feels it her duty to make this decision, as I earnestly hoped that the spirit in which the offer was made would overcome any scruples in accepting it. But I must insist that I shall not be defeated in a purpose to which I have given so much thought, and which I have so much at heart. I will therefore, as fast as the money is received from the sale of the real estate, deposit it in the Union Trust Company.

With the money thus realized I will at once create with that company a trust, with proper provisions for the income to be paid to Mrs. Grant during her life, and giving the power to her to make such disposition of the principal by her will as she may elect. Very truly yours,

WILLIAM H. VANDERBILT.

Gen. U. S. GRANT.

TO THIS GEN. GRANT ACCEDES.

NEW YORK CITY, Jan. 11, 1885.

DEAR SIR: Your letter of this date is received. Mrs. Grant and I regret that you cannot accept our proposition to retain the property which was mortgaged in good faith, to secure a debt of honor. But your generous determination compels us to no longer resist. Yours truly,

W. H. VANDERBILT. U. S. GRANT.

BUT MRS. GRANT WITHDRAWS HER CONSENT.

NEW YORK, Sunday, Jan. 11, 1885.

My Dear Mr. Vanderbilt:

Upon reading your letter of this afternoon, Gen. Grant and myself felt that it would be ungracious to refuse your princely and generous offer. Hence his note to you. But upon reflection I find that I cannot. I will not, accept your munificence in any form.

I beg that you will pardon this apparent vacillation, and consider this answer definite and final.

With great regard, and a sense of obligation that will always remain, I am yours very gratefully,

JULIA D. GRANT.

To Mr. WM. H. VANDERBILT.

Shot by Barkeeper McNabb.

John Keefe, 22 years old, of Hicks and Centre streets, Brooklyn, while intoxicated last evening visited Taylor's liquor store, opposite his residence. Mrs. Taylor, the wife of the proprietor, was behind the bar, and when Keefe demanded drinks for himself and a friend she refused to give them. Keefe then began to upset the furniture, and, seizing a chair, he struck Andrew McNabb, the bartender, on the head.

McNabb ran behind the bar, and, picking up his revolver, fired at Keefe, wounding him in the mouth. Keefe and his friend then ran out and buried stones through the window, but they did not make their escape before the police reached the place. Keefe subsequently called at the Long Island College Hospital and had the bullet extracted. He then went away, and he has not yet been found by the police. McNabb was placed under arrest.

Murphy Too Much for Steele.

NEW ORLEANS, Jan