EXECUTIONS IN ENGLAND.

Use of the Hangman—How the Condemned are Housed and Buried.

LONDON, Dec. 19.—If you want to see him you must go to No. 1 Bilton place, City Road, Bradford, Yorkshire. It is a boot and shoe store. His appearance will not strike you; his size will not stop you. His intellect is unbuoyant. He must be about 30. He looks kindly. He cumulates two characters: a private one (he is the ordinary boot and shoe salesman) and a public one. He is the hangman. His name is James Berry.

When Marwood died Berry competed for the succession with some 1,250 others. The lot was strange and motley. The Sheriffs were perplexed. Soon, however, Binns, Berry, and Taylor became first favorites, and a hot contest came off, which eventuated in the ephemeral triumph of Binns, who briefly drank himself out of it. Binns was a navvy. An unaccountable particular is that Berry, like Marwood, and Marwood, like Calcraft, came from the same meek calling of which St. Crispin is the revered patron.

When an execution is to take place at Newgate, the hangman is written to by the prison officials, and becomes, from Saturday to Monday—the day on which the terrible act is habitually performed—the guest of her Majesty. "We don't like to be uncertain as to his coming," says Mr. Morgan, the surgeon of the jail, "and we must make it sure that he is fit."

"The day I saw Mr. Morgan at old Bailey was a busy one. The house was as stirring as a beehive. The 'males' waiting room," reserved for male witnesses, was crowded with peasants, clerks, artisans, citizens of all classes, and soldiers. Two Coldstream Guards were lying on the benches, and slept soundly through the noise. They were the comrades of Thomas Cooper, who had been killed in an affray between laborers and soldiers at Knightsbridge, and whose slayers were on their trial.

"Can I see Mr. Morgan?" I asked an usher.

"Not this moment, sir," was the reply. "The Doctor has gone to the cell of the cook, Patrick, who has just been sentenced to death."

I waited. The Doctor was not long in coming. He is young, prepossessing, and able. I asked if he had always to go immediately to the prisoners who have been condemned to die.

"I have always," he replied, "to be ready to attend the prisoners of that class as soon as they leave the dock, and I generally see them at that time."

Then the Doctor kindly told me (replying to further questions of mine) that he had to visit such prisoners daily, and could order for them, by applying to the Governor, all food and drink required to keep them in good health. He could not allow them to smoke, nor could the Governor, either. Such a permission is only to be granted by the Home Secretary, who has to see good cause to give it. The physician is in the cell before the hangman enters it to pinion the convict. He assists at the execution, but can, under no reason or pretence, interfere with the work of the hangman, even should he believe that matters are not satisfactory. The Sheriffs alone have that right. Should the Doctor, however, learn beforehand, which hardly ever occurs, the fall the executioner intends to give, and should he find fault with it, he may tell the Sheriffs, who will, or will not, act upon his recording. In 99 cases out of 100 the hangman is left alone. The hangman provides the cord, settles the fall, and altogether fixes everything.

The hangman is a common, ignorant man. Marwood was a most stupid fellow. Binns was worse, and Berry is not his superior. Everything, however, points to the necessity of employing a really competent person, for a great deal depends on the selection of the cord, the way in which it is placed around the neck, the extent of the drop, and the general way the operation is conducted. This is shown, for instance, by the case of the unfortunate Tye. Tye was hanged by a rope which three times broke, and that of Robert Goodall, who got such a disproportionate fall that hardly had he dropped before the rope whipped up to the very beam, having left at the bottom on one side his body and on the other his head.

The rope must be elastic as well as strong. The slip knot must be exactly placed under the left jaw. The fall must be proportionate to the weight of the body, a fourteen-stoner needing hardly half the fall of a seven one. A three-foot fall is generally allowed in this country, letting more uncertain and unequal than the swiftness of death among criminals executed here.

Dr. Gibson, a most amiable, kind, remembering man, who preceded Dr. Morgan at Newgate, and who has witnessed at least two scores of executions, tells me that never did a fellow life and sickly turn faint at the sights he witnessed. Mr. Briggs died in a railway carriage. He never moved after his fall, and became immediately as still as if he had been swung a couple of hours before. Not so with the Australian, Herbert, who had shot his sister-in-law in Pinsbury Park for repelling his wicked proposals. Dr. Gibson distinctly felt his pulse fourteen minutes after the execution. Quite lately Dr. Morgan had a similar case. English doctors, however, do not attach much importance to this action of the pulse, and the post-mortem vibration of certain muscles, which they consider positively proves death. Is not so? If the constitution of the sufferer goes far to explain the various phenomena which follow death by hanging, the way it is done has also much to answer for.

The superiority of the guillotine is that almost every one might work it, putting aside, of course, the executioner. The same cannot be said of hanging. I asked Dr. Gibson what he thought of the guillotine.

He replied that it was, no doubt, a most expeditious means of destroying life, but that the shedding of blood strongly repelled the people of this country.

I asked him if he approved of the methods recently suggested to do away with convicts' lives by inhalation or by electricity. He replied: "You must take care when you weigh their value, not to lose sight of the moral question. Undoubtedly, capital punishment does not reach those it is intended for. If you take away from it all the solitary terror it contains to-day, it will soon cease to possess the deterrent effect it is intended to exercise on the criminal classes. I find," he added, "that, though death by hanging is not perfect, yet it has something to say for itself. Thus, it unites in the two-fold punishment—the loss of life—the breaking of the neck and strangulation, each acting concurrently, each relieving the other. A curious feature of the hanging process," he observed, by the way, "is the supreme effort most convicts make just as they drop to gather their breath."

I asked what was the first and principal characteristic of this death.

"The lungs immediately become bloodless and ashy," said he, and he added: "Years ago the body of the convict was used for autopsy. It was at the time of the resurrectionists and grave robbers. Since then the practice has ceased. It necessarily involved a painful, nay a particularly shocking step—the demand, for dissecting, of the body of a person still alive; a special order having to be applied for in each case, before the execution, in order to reach the goal in time. Now, when science requires bodies, it gets them from the workhouses."

I interrogated him on the way criminals generally behaved at the last moment.

He said: "It may be that those who have killed naturally make light of life, or that they find in extinction the best means of escaping the torture of remorse; but they mostly conduct themselves with passiveness. It is true that I remember a convict—I forget his name—who, to avoid his punishment, threw himself on the fire of his cell. He was, of course, pulled back at once by his warders, but this did not bring him resignation. He was so violent on the scaffold that he had to be tied to a chair, and even this was not enough for him. At that time the legs of the convicts were not pinioned. When the floor gave way, by a desperate effort he somehow caught hold of the edge of it with his feet, which resulted in making him swing three times forward and backward, the miserable fellow trying each time to grasp the sides of the scaffold with his feet. Marwood had to descend and stop him from below. Never, on the other hand, have I seen a man more collected than Dr. Palmer, the poisoner, when he came up the yard. All murderers are not alike. Of the worst, for they cannot excuse themselves with the plea of a sudden impulse or provocation. They quietly plan and premeditate their crime, and perhaps do it twenty times over. Some criminals, per contra, are not so bad as they look. Given the sound prison diet and air with its moral surroundings, instead of their wretched food, their vile drinks, their unventilated slums, with their disorderly encouragements, and they would have lived like you and me."

The Doctor told me also about the time when the executions were public. No phrases, it appears, could convey an accurate idea of the shocking saturnalia, of the gruesome mob, so tightly packed that you only saw heads, of its noise, of its jokes, of its blasphemies, and of the commanding windows, not uncommonly alive with the youngest and prettiest faces of the aristocracy. A beard from the mouth of another surviving witness of those scenes a quaint and matter-of-fact description.

"We had to get up very early in those days," he said, "on account of the thousands and thousands filling up the neighboring streets, so early that often I did not think it worth my while to go to bed. Our climate holds out no entertainment to the early riser, and it was too matutinal to call for anything like breakfast, you can conceive how we had all become depressed by the time the ghastly procession was formed. The scaffold was just outside the prison walls, against a door leading straight out of the kitchen, a strange avenue to pass through, for such a corpse. The walls, it is true, were hung with black, but it only made it more grimly grotesque. The appearance of the doomed convict on the scaffold was ordinarily the signal for a storm of vociferations that made you think of hell. After the execution we had still to wait an hour for the unloosing of the two-fold cords. This passed very well. The sheriffs, with traditional city liberality, provided us with a most excellent breakfast; and, as we had all grown very hungry by that time and some of us knew good stories, matters generally went on comfortably and pleasantly. Next we had the inquest."

Now this is what occurs: The convict condemned to death is locked up in a cell much larger than an ordinary one, with two warders. His food and time of exercise are not habitually those of the ordinary prisoner. He wears his own clothes. He has a reserved seat in the chapel at the foot of the pulpit. The day before the execution he takes leave of his nearest relations. The chaplain, the priest, or the minister, who, like the doctor, visits him daily, if he so wishes, comes early to his cell on the last day. He is not forced to receive religious comfort if he declines it. The doctor afterward proceeds to the cell also. The Governor and the chief warder are near there. A little while after his breakfast the hangman enters and pinions him. The small procession starts for the shed in the yard, where the scaffold has been built, with as little show as possible. You would pass twenty times before that shed and not notice it. The prisoner is made to stand on a sliding floor. A high wooden chair is at hand should he or she faint when he or she is fixed on it. The legs are then pinioned. The rope, descending from a short iron chain hooked in a beam, is taken by the executioner, who, as rapidly as possible, places its extremity, ending in a noose, around the convict's neck, and subsequently puts a white linen cap on his face. The floor gapes, and the convict drops into eternity. The doctor descends the steps leading under the scaffold, and awaits the death. The convict remains hanging for a full hour. The object of the cap is to hide the features, which suddenly assume the most horrible aspect. The face turns black, the tongue comes out of the mouth, the lips swell, the eyes strike out of the sockets. Under the sliding floor is a coffin, and, the hour having expired, the body is laid in it. Then the inquest is held, and the coffin, which has been filled with quicklime, is closed by a lid, pierced with holes, and taken to a lonely corner of the prison, which is used as a graveyard for those who die by capital punishment. The corner is paved with large flags, each with some letters roughly cut in them indicating by initials those who have been buried there. One of them is raised, a trench is dug, and the coffin is lowered. Water is poured in it through the holes in the lid, earth and flag are refixed, and soon, owing to the moistened shroud of quicklime, which rapidly destroys body and coffin, the grave is ready to be used another time.

The hangman receives £10 for each execution, and only £5 should the convict be released at the ultimate hour. The last time Marwood was called to Newgate the execution was stopped. He died shortly afterward.

TWO STATESMEN AT HOME.

How Mr. Gladstone and Prince Bismarck Entertain their Guests.

LONDON, Dec. 19.—Monsieur Renan, in his last work, "Le Prêtre de Némi," says: "Who knows if truth is not sad?" However, there are two truths—one for men, the other for things—and the first is more comical than melancholy. The littleness of great men is almost incomprehensible, and impossible to account for by any process of reasoning. That Queen Victoria should never allow herself to read any part or portion of a publication not previously examined by an appointed court censor, and authorized for her perusal, is a precaution for which she may plead some excuse. She is a woman with a full share of a woman's petty spite and petty jealousies, and in her exalted and responsible position it is perhaps well that pique, anger, wounded vanity or pride should not be aroused, lest it prove the prelude to ungenerous and unreasonable retaliation.

But the plea which is admissible for a Queen cannot be advanced for a statesman, a public character, the head of a party, a patriot, and cause him to shrink with morbid terror from any mention of his name, good, bad, or ridicule. How can Mr. Gladstone expect that his countrymen will only respond by a unanimous amen to all his utterances and never raise their voice in dissent or opposition? Yet a quarantine is created around the old Minister. He dwells in a moral lazaretto, where the taint of liability to criticism is kept at a distance, and where around him is jealously and artificially created so as to surround him only with the breath of adulation. No pamphlet, no speech, no paper containing a satire or caricature on him is allowed. No irritating discussions are tolerated in his presence. At an unremunerating little dinner party in his own house some topic of a political nature was broached. One of the guests, a clergyman, ventured to disagree with him, and expressed himself with the frankness and freedom authorized by the occasion. An ominous silence ensued, which soon showed that the Premier looked dangerously angry and excited. Mrs. Gladstone hurriedly pencilled a few words on a piece of paper, and had it passed under the table to the unsuspecting person, who read with stupor and mortification: "We never contradict Mr. Gladstone." The too free-spoken guest finished his dinner in unfinished silence.

The simple geniality of the woodsman of Hawarden is thus only a feature of the self-imposed part which celebrities affect in public, and which as a rule is as contrary to their real nature as the buffoon's mask or the tragic face of the actor.

As regard is the supposed sternness and gruffness of the imperial Chancellor, whose cold, brusque, domineering manner melts to almost patriarchal tenderness and softness, not unmixed with humor and cheerfulness, as soon as he withdraws from the public gaze into his privacy of home. It is not true that strangers are admitted to the privilege of seeing Bismarck in such surroundings. Ambassadors and Foreign Ministers, who rarely even see the Prince in his official residence in the Wilhelm strasse, can speak only of his diplomatic reserve, but when it occurs that one of them, perhaps a long residence in Berlin, by his personal connections with the country, and by his being indeed a *persona grata*, is bidden to visit Bismarck at his country seat of Friedrichsruhe, this is what he can remember and tell of his stay under the Chancellor's roof:

The train from Berlin to Hamburg reaches Friedrichsruhe about noon. Leaving that latter city, at about 9½ P. M., and stops by special signal to leave within the domain any passengers whose destination it is. The Prince's son-in-law, Count Rantzow, with one of the Bismarck carriages, awaits the Ambassador on the station platform, and immediately conducts him to the manor, where the family is assembled, and an excellent supper served. The Prince, suffering from a sharp attack of his cruel and almost chronic neuralgia, had on that occasion been compelled to retire at 8, leaving his apologies and the warmest recommendations that his guest should visit him in his study. The Princess, a motherly, handsome woman, and her daughter kept up the conversation in a perfectly friendly and animated manner till it was time to conduct the Ambassador to the suite of rooms prepared for him, with a well-trained servant to attend on him and take his orders for the next morning.

An early breakfast was served up stairs, and at 10 o'clock the Chancellor went to inquire if his guest would receive him. Then the serious business part of the visit followed for nearly two hours, during which talking with the clear, concise, purposeful locality habitual to him, but with a frankness which surprised and charmed his interlocutor. Frequently a paroxysm of pain would cause him to press his hand to his cheek, but his interest and attention never once flagged. When he rose all business was concluded. No recurrence was made to it for the rest of the day, and the purely social intercourse began.

The second breakfast or lunch assembled the party in the plain, roomy, warm dining room. Immediately afterward the Chancellor took his guest for an hour's walk through the grounds, showing off his improvements, his trees, his flowers, talking of his favorite schemes, and being to all intents and purposes the beau ideal of a country gentleman. Later on Count Rantzow drove the Ambassador far into the splendid forests of the domain, forests famed not only for their vast extent but for the abundance of game, stags, deer, and wild boar, with which they abound. The Prince was once an indefatigable sportsman, and glorious shooting parties took place in those woods of Friedrichsruhe; but he remarks sadly, reverting to those past days, that the time was when a hare escaping from his gun would make him miserable, while now he does not even care to aim at a deer.

But it is after dinner in the large drawing room that Bismarck absolutely shakes off every vestige of the statesman and autocratic Minister and appears in his quiet, unpretentious, unassuming character of a homeman. He plays and romps with his three grandsons, and enjoys the gambols of the two huge hounds, who never leave his side. The dogs look up into his eyes, seem to seek in his glance an order or a warning, and lean up against him for a mute caress. The little Rantzows are bright, intelligent, healthy, active boys, the pride and joy of their grandfather. He has superintended and directed their education as well as their instruction, and, beyond the admirable early training in force in Germany, has been most particular to inculcate such lessons of courtesy, politeness, and deference as make them attentive to his guests as well as to him selves. With him they are perfectly fearless. To them the man of iron unbends. At Friedrichsruhe he is the kind husband, the indulgent father, the genial host. He is gay, amusing, boyish even in his conversation, and laughs heartily at the memory of some youthful frolic. He relates how, when many years ago he was assessor to a civil tribunal, some petitioner became importunate, and, being constitutionally impatient and quickly roused to ire, he suddenly exclaimed from his seat: "If you don't stop that row, I shall eject you myself."

The President reproved his subordinate, remarking that it was for him to eject offenders, not for young Bismarck. The future Chancellor took the reproof in silence, but some months later, during a disturbance in court, he was told by the President to insure order. In a loud voice he called, "If you don't stop that row, the Herr President will eject you himself."

In play and laughter and general intimacy the evening glided quickly away. The host withdrew a little after 10 with the dogs and the children, bidding the Ambassador a hearty farewell. For a while longer he conversed with the Princess and her daughter. Light refreshments were brought in. Count Rantzow was once more in readiness to convey the Ambassador to the private station, where the night train again stopped to take him up. A special saloon car had been attached by order to the train at Hamburg, and carried him off to his post, bearing away a new and even more agreeable image of Bismarck than he had formed after knowing him officially for more than twenty years.

M. DE B.

ABRAM NAVE'S CRIME.

Frank Vaughn Shot by the Side of his Bride—The Murderer's Suicide.

From the Kansas City Times.

The marriage of Eliza Stover and Frank Vaughn took place on Christmas eve at the residence of the bride's mother, Mrs. Abigal Stover, in Raytown, and scarcely had the ceremony been finished when the crack of a revolver was heard and a bullet crashed through the window, and, passing between the bridal couple, grazed the neck of Miss Mattie Stover, a sister of the bride. Suspicion fell upon Abram Nave, a cousin of the bride, although a search that evening failed to give any clue as to the party who fired the shot. On Christmas Day Mr. and Mrs. Vaughn went over to Argentine, where they expected to reside, and visited Mr. Stover, the bride's brother. Saturday evening Nave put in an appearance and held a conversation with Stover in relation to the suspicion that had attached to him in regard to the Christmas eve shooting and remarked that he wanted to settle it, fearing that his aunt would cause his arrest, as there had been talk of her doing so. It was then it was arranged that Mr. and Mrs. Vaughn, Mr. and Mrs. Stover, and Nave should visit Mrs. Abigail Stover on Sunday afternoon and talk over the matter. That night Mr. Nave slept at Stover's residence, and after dinner the next day the two married couples took a carriage. Nave was invited to accompany them out. Nave, at times, would ride up alongside of the carriage and engage in conversation with the occupants, and then fall in behind the carriage. Arriving at a point where the road turned to the right toward the Blue, Nave deliberately rode his horse up close to the rear of the carriage, where he was in the blind spot, and peering through the small pane of glass set in the curtain, coolly drew his revolver and placing it directly against the curtain, fired. Without waiting to see the effect of the shot, he spurred up his horse and rode off.

Vaughn fell forward toward the front seat, on which Mr. Stover, who was driving, was seated, with the cry of "Charley, I'm shot," and at the same time pulled out his revolver, but it slipped from his grasp. Mr. Stover was paralyzed for a moment and the ladies screamed. The murdered man never spoke again, and almost instantly after receiving the wound he was a corpse. The young bride, in her agonized anguish, realized the situation he was in, and, beyond the shock, was not affected. Stover then started into the city, but met Marshal Ike Jackson, who lives not far from the scene of the tragedy. Jackson at once mounted his horse and started in close pursuit of the murderer, being hardly more than fifteen minutes behind him. Others followed after, and in several directions pursuing parties started out. Deputy Marshal Silvers, at Independence, was also notified by telegraph, and he started in pursuit of the slayer of Vaughn. So closely were the pursuers upon his heels that young Nave could see them whenever a long stretch of road was exposed to view. He rode rapidly toward his home, and hardly spoke to any one on the way.

It was about dark when he reached home, and as he rode through the front gate Marshal Jackson was only about 100 yards behind him. Nave met his brother John in the yard, but only spoke a few unintelligible words to him. He then proceeded directly to a haystack about 100 yards east of the house and dismounted. Stover and many others came up to the place, he pulled from his pocket the revolver with which he had killed Vaughn, and, turning it toward his temple, he pulled the trigger and tumbled over a corpse. No one at the Nave homestead had heard of the murder until after Abram fell a bleeding corpse, and the effect on the household was of the most distressing character.

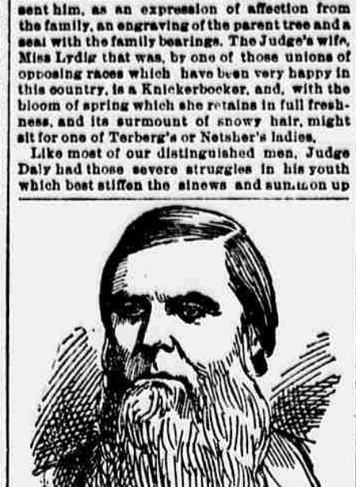
The cause of the murder appears to have been jealousy on the part of Nave, who is a cousin of Mrs. Vaughn and had formed an attachment for her which ripened into love, and his proffers of marriage being refused, he threatened to end his life or hers, and on learning that she was about to be married included the prospective bridegroom in his threat.

NEW YORK CELEBRITIES.

Chief Justice Daly.

Chief Justice Daly comes from the Dalys of Galway, one of whom, the Right Honorable Bowes Daly, Grattan pictured in the Irish House of Commons as "the first gentleman of his time." Another, Dominick Daly, who was a noted politician, and for a time first Minister in Canada, and subsequently Governor in Vancouver's Island and Australia, was much attached to the Chief Justice, and on a visit home sent him, as an expression of affection from the family, an engraving of the parent tree and a seal with the family bearings. The Judge's wife, Miss Lydig that was, by one of those unions of opposing races which have been very happy in this country, is a Knickerbocker, and, with the bloom of spring which she retains in full freshness, and its surmount of snowy hair, might sit for one of Terberg's or Netsher's ladies.

Like most of our distinguished men, Judge Daly had those severe struggles in his youth which best stiffen the sinews and sum up



the nerves for the war of life. He was a carpenter, and even now, like Parnell, delights to practise his craft, and with an engaging weakness exhibit some not very brilliant specimens. He has been a clerk and served before the mast. He was admitted to the bar in 1839, and after five years' practice was raised to the position he has so honorably filled for forty-one years. To speak of that career in the presence of the splendid endorsement of his profession and the acclaim of the whole public, is altogether unnecessary.

One of the brightest points in Daly's career has been scarcely brought out. When the country's life was in danger his heart was stirred instantly by her trumpet call. He pledged his purse and his influence in aiding the Academy of Music, and his enthusiasm in the national cause had considerable effect at a moment when Irish feeling was somewhat infirm.

"Daly and Brady, I am told," said Charles O'Conor, "have been marching at the head of a regiment down Broadway."

Above all the fame he has enjoyed what Bacon longed for, the good opinions of foreign nations. He has everywhere been received with great distinction. On one occasion Lord Campbell, when Lord Chief Justice, said in court: "We have here a very eminent Judge from across the water, and I am sure we would all like to hear his views;" and when he had given them there was what Lord Campbell styled as "a silent hurrah." At Venice, at a scientific congress, he was received, when presented, with something of the same enthusiasm which gathered round him at the bar meeting the other day. At Copenhagen he was received on terms with information and anecdote, with a sprinkling of that dialectic wit which plays with thoughts rather than images, and now and then a dash of natural and national humor.

It would be a great injustice to Chief Justice Daly's higher claims upon the attachment of his friends, which really include the whole people of New York, to enlarge upon the accomplishments of a mind embellished by the cultivation of the fine arts, directed by a correct taste, and imparting to his conversation that grace without effort, and talent without display, for which he is distinguished. His principles have been those of a Christian gentleman of honor high, his affections generous and kind, and in the dearest and closest of connections all that is too sacred to express. It has been said of him that he never made an enemy or lost a friend, yet this popularity has not been caused by the complaisance of a weak and or assenting character, but is a blending of firmness of opinion which makes it a pleasure to him to make others happy, and he shrinks from giving pain almost with the same instinct that man shrink from suffering it. This has made him prompt to approve and slow to censure, indulgent to error and ready to forget or forgive; yet there has been something about him that repelled whatever was sordid or mean, and when firmness was required his integrity has been uncompromising and his courage not to be shaken.

If any young lawyer upon whom the world is opening is desirous of the distinction and reward which attend the profession in New York, if he wishes to refine his tastes by liberal and elegant cultivation, and to expand his heart by the practice of all that is amiable in the social virtues, to be surrounded on his retirement by troops of friends and deserve the respect of the estimable and honorable, in short to be all that is commended by the character of a good man and a perfect gentleman, let him study as a model Charles P. Daly.

A HAUNTED HOUSE.

The Man was Not Responsible, Being Fast Asleep While Getting It Ok.

The old theatregoer had just told a story about a haunted house. The old comedian had puffed his cigar and listened attentively to the finish. He didn't smile and look incredulous. His fat face looked very much like the face of a thoughtful monk. It was evident something was working on his mind. Lighting a fresh cigar and tipping back in his chair till that ponderous stomach which, ever since the days of Edwin Forrest, shrewd managers had considered worth $50 a week on the stage, rose like an African ant hill above the horizon of the round table, he began stroking his long white hair and smoking very hard. Then he drew a long breath—longer than most men could draw to save their necks. That breath was a sure sign. He was going to speak.

"I slept in a haunted house one night," he began, "or, rather, I stayed in one. I didn't sleep much. I kept my eyes open and watched things while the haunting was going on. I found out all about it. I was scared a little at first; afterward I was interested.

"It was when I was playing at the Arch Street Theatre in Philadelphia, before the war. Then they had stock companies, you know. Well, some kind of show that didn't want the theatre company, engaged the theatre for a fortnight, and the manager, rather than have his company loafing around under pay, directed me to take them on a small circuit through some of the back towns in the State, and play 'Hamlet,' 'The Willow Copse,' and a few smaller pieces. The first town we struck was Lancaster. I decided to give them 'Hamlet.' When it was nearly time for the performance to begin, we found that the fellow who played a double part—the *Grave Digger* and the *Ghost*—had been taken painfully ill. He was subject to such attacks. He had a fresh case of delirium tremens.

"There was considerable lushing in the profession those days, but we didn't take off 'Hamlet' just for one case of snakes, you know. We could have run in a *Ghost* and a *Grave Digger* somehow, even if I had not found another man. But I was in luck. I found an old actor in town who was loafing that season because some property had fallen to him, and he wanted a little time to go through it. He was a devilish smart actor, too. I took a fancy to him, and after the performance invited him out to take a drink. He made one of the strangest replies I ever knew an actor of those days to make. He actually told me that he drank very little, and that little always at home. As a sure indication, he said, that my kindness was appreciated (he was as pompous a talker as old Ned Connor) he wished me to spend the night with him. I never missed an opportunity, and I accepted.

"He had comfortable quarters and a good wide bed. I take a pretty wide one myself, you know. Before turning in he took down from a little old-fashioned closet in the wall a quart bottle of whiskey, and we each took a drink. He invited me to drink just as much more as I wanted to. As for himself, he never took but one drink a day, and that just before going to bed.

"I hadn't been asleep very long when I was awakened. My friend was getting up. The light from a street lamp streamed in at the window, and I began to survey him.

"'What's the matter? Sick?' I asked.

"No answer. I pulled myself up in bed, rubbed my eyes, and looked at him still harder. There was no expression in his face as blank as the side of a barn. The deliberation with which he walked was blood-curdling. If he had played the *Ghost* half so well he would have frightened the audience out of the theatre. He was steering for the closet. The truth dawned on me. He was a somnambulist. He was somnambulizing. I had read of people who from somnambulizing, would do things when them there was what Lord Campbell styled as "a silent hurrah." At Venice, at a scientific congress, he was received, when presented, with something of the same enthusiasm which gathered round him at the bar meeting the other day. At Copenhagen he was received on terms with information and anecdote, with a sprinkling of that dialectic wit which plays with thoughts rather than images, and now and then a dash of natural and national humor.

It would be a great injustice to Chief Justice Daly's higher claims upon the attachment of his friends, which really include the whole people of New York, to enlarge upon the accomplishments of a mind embellished by the cultivation of the fine arts, directed by a correct taste, and imparting to his conversation that grace without effort, and talent without display, for which he is distinguished. His principles have been those of a Christian gentleman of honor high, his affections generous and kind, and in the dearest and closest of connections all that is too sacred to express. It has been said of him that he never made an enemy or lost a friend, yet this popularity has not been caused by the complaisance of a weak and or assenting character, but is a blending of firmness of opinion which makes it a pleasure to him to make others happy, and he shrinks from giving pain almost with the same instinct that man shrink from suffering it. This has made him prompt to approve and slow to censure, indulgent to error and ready to forget or forgive; yet there has been something about him that repelled whatever was sordid or mean, and when firmness was required his integrity has been uncompromising and his courage not to be shaken.

If any young lawyer upon whom the world is opening is desirous of the distinction and reward which attend the profession in New York, if he wishes to refine his tastes by liberal and elegant cultivation, and to expand his heart by the practice of all that is amiable in the social virtues, to be surrounded on his retirement by troops of friends and deserve the respect of the estimable and honorable, in short to be all that is commended by the character of a good man and a perfect gentleman, let him study as a model Charles P. Daly.

TIMES HAVE CHANGED.

Once the Proper Thing to be Able to Stand A Great Deal of Strong Drink.

From the Boston Herald.

In old times he was considered the best man who could drink the most, and even the ancients held the same opinion. The wisest sages of antiquity drank exceedingly hard, and Socrates is said to have been a regular soaker. The philosopher had an unusually strong head, however, and though he imbibed large quantities of intoxicants, was never known to be wholly affected. In his day drinking was mostly done in a very peculiar way. It was the custom to begin with wine, to warm the stomach, following this potation with a few gulps of light beer, as a refrigerant. Now, to relieve the balance heat, a little more wine was taken, and then a little more beer, and so on ad infinitum. Darius considered that no more commendatory epitaph could be placed upon his tombstone than an inscription recording the fact that he could drink any one of his loyal subjects under the table, and Cyrus urged that his claims to the throne of Persia ought to be preferred to those of his brother Artaxerxes, on the ground that he was not a finished actor, superbly inebriated, in master, he poured the last drop out of that bottle, drank it, and steered himself bowlé into bed, bottle, glass and all. He manifested an inclination at one time to bring a rocking chair and a tête-à-tête lounge with him also. He finally left them upside down in the middle of the floor. A bust of Bobby Burns, which was on a corner bracket near the bureau, got carried off on one of the somnambulist's arms during one of his startling zigzags in that vicinity, and after a few dexterous somersaults through the air struck head first on my stomach. I was reasonably satisfied that there would be no more somnambulism that night, but I laid Bobby's bust tenderly between my friend and myself, so that in case I went to sleep and he should somnambulize again there would at least be one chance that he would choke the bust and not me. And there, with the gray light of the morning creeping into the room, we lay—the sleeping somnambulist, the pallid bust, and myself.

"When I woke up at 9 o'clock I saw my friend, half dressed, before the mirror. I was a little surprised. The bust was still in bed, and the chair and tête-à-tête remained upside down in the middle of the floor. The bottle and glass were on the coverlet at the foot of the bed.

"'Good morning,' said I.

"'Good morning,' said he, pleasantly. 'Did you sleep well?'

"'Splendidly,' said I. 'Did you?'

"'Sound as a brick,' said he. 'Always do now, but I used to be troubled with insomnia.'

"'Ah!' said I.

"'I cured myself in quite a remarkable way,' said he, 'by getting up occasionally and taking a drink of whiskey.'

"'Never have to do it now?' I asked.

"'Oh, no. One drink before going to bed, and I'm all right for the night,' said he.

"I stroked the plaster hair of the bust significantly, and called his attention to the overturned furniture. By Jove, he didn't seem a bit surprised, and, while he calmly honed his razor, remarked: 'Stirred things up here last night, as usual, didn't they? I don't know whether you believe in spiritualism or not. I didn't once. But I was forced to. I guess this house is haunted a little, but I don't mind it so long as they let me alone.'"

Kossuth's Present Circumstances.

From the London Standard.

PARIS, Dec. 16.—In contradiction to reports that the Hungarian patriot Kossuth was destitute of means to provide the necessaries of life, a correspondent of the *Rappel* furnishes an interesting account of his present circumstances. The correspondent says that England will be pleased to learn that his political lectures delivered there many years ago were sufficiently profitable to provide a fair income. Subsequently, however, his capital was somewhat diminished by the failure of a bank, and Kossuth consequently published a volume of memoirs, of which the profits were considerable. He lives now in Italy with one of his two sons, both of whom are in a good position as engineers. They received their education and professional training in France and England, and distinguished themselves in the construction of the Mont Cenis Tunnel.

POPULAR EQUIPAGE.

Good Horses on Washington Avenues.

From the Washington Star.

The President's equipage is well worth looking at. The seal browns have improved very perceptibly under the care of Albert Hawkins. Each one weighs 150 pounds more than when the team came here. They are spirited, and are driven without checks, usually to an elegant landau, but sometimes to a Victoria. The men on the box have new light livery with big black fur capes. The President sometimes rides out behind the office team—a spanking pair of clipped bays.

Secretary Bayard's private team is a comfortable-looking pair of bang-tailed bays, driven to a large coach. The Secretary has a fine saddle horse of his own. His daughter, Miss Katherine, also owns a spirited riding horse. It is said that no man is able to sit on his back, but Miss Bayard has him under perfect control. With her he is as gentle as a lamb.

Secretary Endicott's office team is a nice pair of big bays to a large carriage. He has a very handsome pair of bays of his own, however, and a new brougham and landauler.

Secretary Whitney takes the lead among the Cabinet officers as a judge of horse flesh. He delights in fine turnouts, and spares neither trouble nor expense to secure the best possible. A magnificent pair of clean-limbed, big roans, clipped, with tails banged very short, are driven to a coupé, a Brewster brougham, and Victoria. The coachman and footman wear light livery. Next the roans stand a pair of road horses, clipped bays. He has two saddle horses, a black, with long tail and velvet coat, for private use, and a banged-tail bay, and besides he has a bay bugey horse that can trot in twenty.

The other members of the Cabinet do not pride themselves on their horses. A handsome pair of big grays, brothers, belong to the Post Office Department, one for the Postmaster-General and the other for his first assistant. Secretary Lamar has but one horse, a gray, driven to an open carriage. Attorney-General Garland prefers to travel afoot or in the street cars. Secretary Manning uses only the department turnout, but is understood to be on the lookout for a fine team.

Opposite Secretary Whitney's horses, at Downey's, stand Senator Don Cameron's three beauties. His two big clipped bays, valued at $2,500, are equal to any team in the city. They are driven to a coupé and a brougham. The white men on the box wear dark-green livery. His third horse is a big black, which is driven to both a coupé single and with one of the big bays, if either needs a mate.

Senator Sabin owns one of the finest stables, composed of nine horses. He has a pair of black Hambletonian horses, valued at $2,500, driven to both a coupé and landau. He has another horse valued at $1,200, a large black coupé horse, valued at $600, and a pair of handsome roadsters, that are first-class travellers.

Senator Leland Stanford keeps seven fine horses at Wash Nailor's. His principal team is a pair of handsome big blacks, with long tails, driven to either an eight-spring D'Orsay or a Victoria. The harness is silver mounted. The driver and footman dare white, in black livery, with black rosettes on their hats. These blacks are perhaps the largest carriage horses that ever came to the city. Each is 17 hands and an inch high. Senator Stanford's road team is valued at $40,000. They are both rich bays. The mare Helen is only a four-year-old, with a record of 2:18¾. Her mate, Record, by Electioneer, has a record of 2:20½. They are considered the fastest double team in the city. Their owner frequently takes long rides behind them in a buggy. He has here also another pair of carriage horses, bays, 16½ hands high, 7 and 8 years old. They are Mrs. Stanford's favorite horses. One has a record of 2:23¾ and the other of 2:24¾. The remaining horse is a brown or dark bay named Kemble, that trots in the twenties. He is generally driven single, though occasionally he is driven with one of the others. Besides the carriages already mentioned Senator Stanford has two pole wagons and a large sleigh, and will have a new Victoria next week.

Senator Warner Miller owns a pair of high-stepping Hambletonians that trot to the pole in three minutes. They are rather small, with long tails, and travel in great style. They are driven in plain harness to a landaulet for office use, but they have plated harness when driven in a handsome landau.

But two of the foreign Ministers accredited to this country keep private horses and carriages. These are the British Minister and the Japanese Minister. The establishment of the latter official is provided by the home Government. He drives back to a large barouche.

The British Minister is obliged to keep up his stables at his own expense. He has three nice clipped bays, all very much alike and interchangeable. They were bought in Washington, and are descended from some of Gov. Bowle's stock. The carriages—landau, Victoria, and coupé—and harness were brought from England. This turnout can be readily recognized. The English coachman and footman wear blue livery, with silver hat bands.

The rattling pair of big bays with white feet, driven nearly every afternoon on the avenue by a colored man almost as black as his big fur cape, belong to Mr. Lamont. They are worth $2,000. They are about seventeen hands high, and move with great style. They are driven to an elegant coupé. The turnout is one of the most striking that is seen here this winter.

Col. Jerome Bonaparte owns two magnificent teams—a gray and a bay and two sleek bays—all with clipped ears. He has a very large coach, built by Gibel of Paris, which can be turned into an open carriage. The turnout can be readily distinguished by the coat of arms on the carriage door and the red collars of the coachman and footman, who wear light livery, with rosettes on their hats. The headstalls of the horses are trimmed with red also. His carriages consist of a brougham, landau, Victoria and T-cart.

Ex-Secretary Robeson's turnout never fails to attract attention. It can be readily recognized by the broad patent leather hatbands of the men in the box. The horses are large, stylish and full of life and action. One is a dark red and the other a gray. In winter they draw a foreign-built coupé, and in summer a Victoria.

Mr. W. W. Corcoran's horses are very familiar to Washington people. They are dark brown, almost black. He has a brougham and landau and a Victoria, built by Hooper.

Mr. Geo. Bancroft, besides a fine saddle horse, has a nice pair of black horses, which are driven to both a landau and landaulet.

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