THE THIRD SEX IN POLITICS.

SENATOR JOHN JAMES INGALLS'S GREAT SPEECH ON MUGWUMPISM AND DEMOCRACY.

A Keen-witted Partisan's Essay on Neutral Politics—The Mugwump a Winged Lizard with Feathers on its Paws and Plumes on its Tail—Mr. Cleveland's Course Sharply and Sarcastically Reviewed.

From the Congressional Record of March 28.

Mr. President, the Republicans of Kansas are Republicans. They are neither afraid to be so classified nor ashamed to be thus described. They do not covet any qualifying or palliative epithets. Their attitude is neither apologetic nor defensive. They have an unconquerable pride in their political achievements, in the history they have made, in the triumphs they have won. For twenty-five years they have stood upon the skirmish line, neither asking nor giving quarter. They are Republicans, not by inheritance, not by tradition, not by accident, but from conviction; and they are as steadfast in defeat as in victory. They are partisans, intrepid, undaunted, uncompromising, and they can give reasons for the faith that is in them.

They believe and I believe that for the past quarter of a century upon every vital issue before the American people, secession, slavery, coercion, the public credit, honest elections, universal freedom, and the protection of American labor, they have always been right and that their opponents have always been wrong; and, while they concede unreservedly patriotism and sincerity to their adversaries, temporary repulse has not convinced them that they were in error. There is neither defection nor dismay in their columns. They are ready, they are impatient to renew the battle. Animated by such impulses, it is not singular that they should feel that no Republican can hold an appointive office under a Democratic Administration without either sacrificing his convictions or forfeiting his self-respect.

Accordingly, sir, when a little more than a year ago a Democratic Administration was inaugurated, those who were in public station began with one consent to make excuse to retire to private life. They did not stand upon the order of their going; they trampled upon each other in a tumultuous and somewhat indecent haste to get out of office. There was no craven cry for mercy; no mercenary camp follower fled for shelter to the bombproofs of the Tenure of Office act; no sutler crawled behind the fragile breastworks of civil service reform for protection. They lost their baggage, but they retained their colors, their arms, their ammunition, and their camp equipage, and marched off the field with the honors of war. If at the expiration of one year a few yet remain in office, *rari nantes in gurgite vasto*, it is because the victors have been unable to agree among themselves or have been unable to discover among their own numbers competent and qualified successors.

Mr. President, candor compels me to say that the Democracy of that State share the same temper and spirit. From 1854, when the Territory was organized, down to Jan. 29, 1861, when the State was admitted, if there was a Republican holding any appointive office it was an inadvertence; and if from 1861 down to 1885 there was a Democrat holding an official position requiring confirmation by the Senate, it was an oversight; it escaped the somewhat vigilant scrutiny of my colleague and myself and those who preceded us here.

Therefore, Mr. President, I am not of those who believe in non-partisanship in politics; and I should be recreant to the high trust confided in me were I to refrain from declaring my conviction that political parties, organized, vigorous, and well-defined, are indispensable to the success of free popular governments. Wherever the life of States is freest and most irrepressible, there party spirit is most active and aggressive. It is by the conflict and collision of political parties that the latent and richest powers of the State are made manifest and developed. I represent have no sympathy with the dogma that it reflects glory upon a statesman to affect independence of his party, or that it is an indication of virtue in a citizen to belong to no political organization.

PARTY RULE THE ONLY RULE.

Political parties are social groups in the nation, allied by common purposes and kindred aspirations for the accomplishment of beneficial results. When parties perish this Government will expire, for we all understand that this country the only Government is the party in power. Here is no dynasty, no ruling family, nothing corresponding to the functions of government under other systems except the party that is for the time being intrusted by the votes of a majority of the people with the execution of their will. And, sir, when a majority of the people declare that there shall be a change of Administration, it is necessarily implied that there shall be a change of those agencies through which alone political administration can be made effectual. It is useless to juggle and palter about this matter. A change of Administration is a change of policies and methods, and the Chief Magistrate is entitled to the coöperation of agents and Ministers who are in sympathy with his opinions and the doctrines which he is chosen to enforce and maintain.

Sir, unless the President of the United States is to be a mummy swathed in the cerements of the grave, he must have powers commensurate with his duties. He is charged to "take care that the laws be faithfully executed," and unless he has the power to select the agencies through which the laws are administered, through which the revenues are collected and disbursed, the Post Offices conducted, the Indians supported and controlled, the glory and honor of the nation maintained, that duty imposed upon him by the Constitution is an idle phrase; it means nothing; it is an empty formula. Charged with these great duties, liable to impeachment if the proper officers are not performed, how can it be claimed with justice that there shall be an interpolation of novel doctrines of reform, under which, while the Chief is still to be held responsible, he shall be deprived of all the agencies and ministrations under the Constitution by which they can alone be administered, in sympathy with him and the policy that he represents?

THE DEMOCRATS SHOULD HAVE THE OFFICES.

Therefore, sir, I am confident that when it was decreed at the polls in November, 1884, that a change of the political majority in this country had been registered, there was a general faith and conviction that a change of official holdings would follow. The Democratic party desired it; the Republican party expected it, and would have been content; and had it been done the people at large would have said with one accord, amen. But this generation has witnessed the genesis of a new political gospel; a novel organization has appeared upon earth; a new school of political philosophers who announce that non-partisanship is the panacea for all the evils that afflict the republic. Having no avowed opinions upon the great topics of the hour, they feebly deery the corruptions of the American system, and peevishly and irritably declare that the Government is degenerate and degraded, and that the sole prescription to elevate, reform, and purify the public service is to prevent the clerks from being removed out of their places in the departments. This brotherhood has not been hitherto very largely reënforced from the Democracy. If there has been an original civil-service reformer who has deserted from the ranks of the Democracy, history does not record his name. It has been left to the party to which I belong to afford conspicuous and shining illustrations of that class of political thinkers who are never quite sure that they are supporting a party unless they are reviling its candidates and denouncing its platform, who are not happy unless they are standing erect, unless they are leaning over backward, and whose idea of reforming the organization in which they profess to be classified is to combine with its adversaries and vote for candidates who openly spurn their professions and depreciate the stock in trade which they dominate their principles. Standing on the corners of the streets, enlarging the borders of their phylacteries, they loudly advertise their perfections, thanking God that they are not as other men, even these Republicans and Democrats; they traffic with both to ascertain which they can most profitably betray.

Mr. President, the neuter gender is not popular either in nature or society. "Male and female created He them." But there is a third sex. If that sex can be called which sex has none, resulting sometimes from a cruel caprice of nature, at others from accident or malevolent design, possessing the vices of both and the virtues of neither; effeminate without being masculine or feminine; unable either to beget or to bear; possessing neither fecundity nor virility; endowed with the contempt of men and the derision of women, and doomed to sterility, isolation, and nullity. Bees have two recognized functions. They sing falsetto, and they are usually selected as the guardians of the seraglios of Oriental despots.

And thus to pass from the illustration to the fact, these political epicenes, without pride of ancestry or hope of posterity, chant in shrill falsetto their songs of praise of non-partisanship and civil service reform, and apparently have been selected as the harmless custodians of the conscience of the national Executive.

Sir, I am not disposed to impugn the good faith, the patriotism, the sincerity, the many unusual traits and peculiarities of the President of the United States. He is the sphinx of American politics. It is said that he is a fatalist; that he regards himself as the child of fate—the man of destiny, and that he places devout and implicit reliance upon the guiding influence of his star. Certainly, whether he be a very great man or a very small man, he is a very extraordinary man. His career forbids any other conclusion.

The Democratic party was not wanting when its Convention assembled at Chicago in many renowned and illustrious characters; men who had led the forlorn hope in its darkest and most desperate days; men for whose character and achievements, for whose fame and history, not only the organization but the country had the profoundest admiration and respect. There was Thurman and Bayard and Hendricks and Tilden and McDonald and others, perhaps not les worthy and hardly less illustrious, upon whom the mantle of that great distinction might have fallen; but the man who at the mature age of 55 abandoned a liberal and honored profession to become the Sheriff of Erie, without known opinions, and destitute of experience or training in public affairs, outstripped them all in the race of ambition; and when, but little more than a year ago, he entered this chamber as the President elect of the United States, he encountered the curious scrutiny of an audience to whom he was a stranger in feature as in fame—a stranger to the leaders of his own party as well as to the representatives of all the nations of the earth, who had assembled to witness the gorgeous pageant of his inauguration.

THE MAN OF DESTINY.

Sir, the career of Napoleon was sudden, startling, and dramatic. There have been many soldiers of fortune who have sprung at one bound from obscurity to fame, but no illustration of the caprices of destiny so brilliant and bewildering is recorded in history as the elevation of Grover Cleveland to the Chief Magistracy of 60,000,000 people.

If when, he was inaugurated he had determined that the functions of Government should be exercised by officers selected from his own party the nation would have been content; but he did not so determine, and herein and hereon is founded the justification that the majority of the Senate can with perfect use and propriety in demanding that no action shall be had in connection with these suspensions from office until there has been satisfactory assurance that injustice has not been done. If it were understood that these suspensions and removals were made for political reasons the country would be content, the Republican majority in the Senate would be content. But what is the attitude? Ever since his inauguration and for many months before, by many utterances, official and private, in repeated declarations never challenged, Mr. Cleveland announced that he would not so administer this Government. At the very outset, in his letter of acceptance, he denounced the doctrine of partisan changes in the patronage, and through all of his political manifestos down to the present time he has repeated these assurances with emphatic and unchanging monotony.

He has decreed that there should be no changes in office, where the incumbents were competent and qualified, for political reasons, but that they should be permitted to serve their terms. Like those who were grinding at the mill, one has been taken and another has been left. Some Republicans have been suspended and others have been retained. What is the irresistible inference? What is the logic of the events, except that, in view of what the President has declared, every man who is suspended is suspended for cause, and not for political reasons? It is not possible to suspect the President of duplicity and treacherous deception.

MR. CLEVELAND'S PLEDGES.

For the purpose of illustration, let me call the attention of the Senate and through the Senate the attention of the country, which is to judge of this matter, to the basis on which this inquiry proceeds. I read from the letter of Grover Cleveland, dated Albany, Aug. 19, 1884, accepting the nomination for the Presidency of the United States. He says:

> The people pay the wages of the public employees, and they are entitled to the fair and honest work which the money thus paid should command. It is the duty of those intrusted with the management of their affairs to see that such public service is forthcoming. The selection and retention of subordinates in Government employment should depend upon their ascertained fitness and the value of their work, and they should be neither expected nor allowed to do questionable party service.

There is another utterance in this document to which I might properly allude further on, but which appears to me to be so significant that I will read it now. It has a singular fitness in connection with this subject that we have been discussing. Speaking of honest administration he says:

> I believe that the public temper is such that the voters of the land are prepared to support the party which gives the best promise of administering the Government in the honest, simple, and plain manner which is consistent with its character and purposes.

And now:

> They have learned that mystery and concealment in the management of their affairs cover tricks and betrayal.

Yes, they have learned that mystery in the administration of the patronage of the Government, by the concealment from the people of the documents and papers that bear upon the character and conduct of public officers and those that are appointed, cover tricks and betrayal. "I thank thee for that word." A "Daniel" has "come to judgment." No more pertinent and pungent commentary upon the facts of the present situation could be formulated than that which Grover Cleveland uttered before his election, that mystery and concealment in the management of the affairs of the people covered tricks and betrayal. There are tricks, and somebody has been betrayed.

Again, on the 20th day of December, 1884, after the election, some of the contingent of Democrats who had elected Mr. Cleveland to the Presidency, becoming apprehensive that there might be trouble about their thirty pieces of silver, formulated their uneasines in words and addressed him a letter calling his attention to the professions upon which he had been elected and demanding further guaranties. To this letter, on the 26th day of December, 1884, Mr. Cleveland replied, and from that reply I select certain paragraphs, not being willing to tax the patience of the Senate or waste my own strength in reading what is not strictly material.

> I regard myself pledged to this—
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> That is, to this practical reform in the civil service, this refusal to turn out competent and qualified officials and put in Democrats—
>
> because my conception of true democratic faith and public duty requires that this and all other statutes should be in good faith and without evasion enforced, and because, in many utterances made prior to my election as a Democrat and as a member of the party to which I belong, and which I have no disposition to disclaim, I have in effect promised the people that this should be done.

Not his party, but the people, Republicans as well as Democrats. Then he proceeds to castigate the Democratic party:

> I am not unmindful of the fact to which you refer that many of our citizens fear that the recent party change in the national Executive may demonstrate that the abuses which have grown up in the civil service are inextricable. I know that they are deeply rooted, and that the spoils system has been supposed to be intimately related to success in the maintenance of party organization, and I know that all those who profess to be the friends of this reform will stand firmly among its advocates when they find it obstructing their way to patronage and place.

He goes on thus, and this is a most significant promise and pledge:

> There is a class of Government positions which are not within the letter of the civil service statute, but which are so disconnected with the policy of an administration that the removal therefrom of present incumbents, in my opinion, should not be made during the terms for which they were appointed solely on partisan grounds, and for the purpose of putting in their places those who are in political accord with the appointing power—
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> And then follows that celebrated definition which lifted the lid from the box of Pandora—but many men holding such positions have forfeited all just claim to retention because they have used their places for party purposes in disregard of their duty to the people, and because, instead of being decent public servants, they have proved themselves offensive partisans and unscrupulous manipulators of local party management.

The letter closes with this somewhat frigid assurance of consolation to the Democratic party:

> If I were addressing none but party friends, I should deem it entirely proper to remind them—
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> That is, party friends—
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> that though the coming administration is to be Democratic—
>
> Strictly Democratic—
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> a due regard for the people's interest does not permit faithful party work to be always rewarded by appointment to office, and to say to them that while Democrats may expect a proper consideration, selections for office will enforce and illustrate the civil service rules so far based upon sufficient inquiry as to fitness, instituted by those charged with that duty, rather than upon persistent importunity or self-solicited recommendations on behalf of candidates for appointment.

"Here endeth the first lesson!" This was in the year 1884. I now come to the declarations of 1885, just as the Democratic State Convention which nominated the present Governor of New York for the position that he now holds, was about to assemble at Saratoga on the 24th. I think, of September, the President gave out for publication the letter of resignation of Dorman B. Eaton, a Civil Service Commissioner, which was dated July 28, 1885, and accompanied it with a letter of his own accepting that resignation which was dated Sept. 11, 1885. It was alleged in Democratic newspapers that the President held back these letters in order to give publicity to his reply at that time for effect upon the Convention, and it was remarked that it had caused a panic among the Democracy. His letter is dated, as I said, Sept. 11, 1885, and I will read a few paragraphs showing his opinion of the Democratic party and the course that they had pursued in attempting to force him off the civil service reform platform. After some rather glittering platitudes in regard to the work accomplished by Mr. Eaton, he proceeds:

> A reasonable toleration for old prejudices, a graceful recognition of every aid, a sensible utilization of every instrumentality that promises assistance and a constant effort to demonstrate the advantages of the new order of things, are the means by which this reform movement will in the future be further advanced, the opposition—

Now, this is an epithet to which I desire to call particular attention—

> The opposition of incorrigible spoilsmen rendered ineffectual and the cause placed upon a sure foundation.

But, not content with applying his scourge to the "incorrigible spoilsmen" of the Democratic party, the President took occasion to express his opinion in rather picturesque language of another class of politicians that had somewhat afflicted him, and to whom he was under bonds:

> It is a source of congratulation that there are so many friends of civil service reform marshalled on the practical side of the question; and that the number is not greater of those who profess friendliness for the cause, and yet, mischievously and with supercilious self-righteousness, discredit every effort not in exact accord with their attenuated ideas, deery with carping criticism the labor of those actually in the field of reform, and ignoring the conditions which bound and qualify every struggle for a radical improvement in the affairs of government, demand complete and immediate perfection.
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> "Supercilious self-righteousness, attenuated ideas, and carping criticism" cannot be regarded as complimentary phrases when applied to the apostles of this new evangel of political reformation.

He continues:

> I believe in civil service reform and its application in the most practicable form attainable, among other reasons, because it opens the door for the rich and the poor alike to a participation in public place holding. And I hope the time is at hand when all our people will see the advantage of a reliance for such an opportunity upon merit and fitness, instead of a dependence upon the caprice or selfish interest of those who impudently—

To whom does he refer?—

> Who impudently stand between the people and the machinery of their Government.
>
> You will agree with me, I think, that the support which has been given to the present Administration in its efforts to preserve and advance this reform by a party restored to power after an exclusion for many years from participation in the places attached to the public service, confronted with a new system providing the reinstatement of such places in its interest, called upon to surrender advantages which a perverted partisanship had taught the American people belonged to success, and perturbed with the question, always raised in such an emergency, that their rights in the conduct of this reform had not been scrupulously regarded, should receive due acknowledgment, and should confirm our belief that there is a sentiment among the people better than a desire to hold office, and a patriotic impulse upon which may safely rest the integrity of our institutions and the strength and perpetuity of our Government.

The first official utterance of President Cleveland upon the 4th of March, 1885, renewed the assurance that had been given. He declared:

> The people demand reform in the administration of the Government and the application of business principles to business affairs. As a means to this end civil service reform must be in good faith enforced. Office seekers have the right to protection from the incompetency of public employees who hold their places solely as the reward of partisan service, and from the overreaching influence of those who promise and the vicious who expect such rewards. And those who worthily seek public employment have the right to insist that merit and competency shall be the only passports to place as a reward for efficient and faithful party service in consequence of the retirement of thousands of patriotic Republicans; and when the Senator from Missouri attempts to convey the impression here that out of fifty-one thousand fourth-class Postmasters only eighty-six hundred and thirty-five have been changed during this past year he is entirely outside of the record.

It is to be observed that this is but a single department. How many have gone out of the State Department, how many have gone out of the Interior Department, how many out of the Army and Navy Departments, and out of that illuminated Hades, the Department of the Treasury, of course is entirely unknown, and probably will always remain unknown till the secrets of earth are revealed at the last day. They are carefully concealed; there are no lists furnished to the press for publication. Therefore, I trust that the friends of the Administration will be somewhat chastened in complaints which have been so frequent hitherto of the want of activity on the part of the Administration in finding places for their friends will be tempered by the consideration that they have done the best they could in the time at their disposal.

STRATIFIED POLITICS.

The Senator from Indiana (Mr. Voorhees) yesterday took occasion to advert with somewhat of animated hilarity to the suggestion of the Senator from Iowa about the evolutionary condition of the Democratic party, and dwelt with considerable unction upon a term that the Senator from Iowa had applied to the Democracy in very able and interesting speech—"a protoplasmic" cell. The Senator then proceeded to give us the definition of the term as it appears in the dictionaries, and suggested that if those facts had been known at the time when the canvass was pending Mr. Cleveland would undoubtedly have been counted out in New York.

The Senator from Iowa might have gone further in his application of the doctrine of evolution with much propriety. Geology teaches us that in the process of being, upward from the protoplasmic cell, through one form of existence to another there are intermediary and connecting stages, in which the creature bears some resemblance to the state from which it has emerged and some to the state to which he is proceeding. History is stratified politics; every stratum is fossiliferous; and I am inclined to think that the political geologist of the future in his antiquarian researches between the triassic series of 1880 and the cretaceous series of 1888 as he inspects the jurassic Democratic strata of 1884 will find some curious illustrations of the doctrine of political evolution.

In the transition from the fish to the bird there is an intermediate link, long since extinct, named by the geologists the pterodactyl, or the winged reptile, a lizard with feathers upon its paws and plumes upon its tail. A political system which illustrates in its practical operations the appointment by the same administration of Eugene Higgins and Dorman B. Eaton, may properly be regarded as in the transition epoch and characterized as the pterodactyl of politics. It is, like that animal, equally adapted to waddling and dabbling in the slime and mud of partisan politics and soaring aloft with discordant cries into the glittering and opalescent empyrean of civil service reform.

WHAT A SPIRITUALISTIC GIRL COULD DO

Ready to Sing a Song to any Tune or Subject.

From the Globe-Democrat.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., March 29.—The second day's session of the Southern Association of Spiritualists was opened to-day. Mr. Kates announced the programme for the afternoon exercises, and also gave a short speech expressed the gratification felt by himself and his co-workers at the interest manifested in the work of the association by the large attendance and an attentive spirit. He stated that Miss Sadie Brown of Atlanta would, while under control of the spirits, improvise a song and an address as on yesterday, the subjects to be furnished by the assembly. He called for suggestions as to the best way of selecting the subjects, so that the incredulous might have no ground for saying that they were selected by prearrangement.

It was moved that some brother pass around through the audience and collect subjects which any one feeling so disposed should write out on a slip of paper; that the Chairman then select five of these subjects and read them to the audience, who would then choose one by popular vote. This motion prevailed.

While the subjects were being written and collected Mr. Kates entertained the association with a poetical recitation.

Only four subjects were sent up to choose from. "The Bright Summer Land" was chosen as the subject upon which Miss Brown should improvise a song, and "Can Spirit Friends Assist Us to Resist Temptation" as the subject for an improvised address. The congregation then stood while Miss Brown offered a prayer. At the conclusion of the prayer the lady came to the front of the stand and the subject elected for her song was read to her by Mr. Kates, when she very readily launched forth into a medley, singing three verses and working in the "Bright Summer Land" quite effectively.

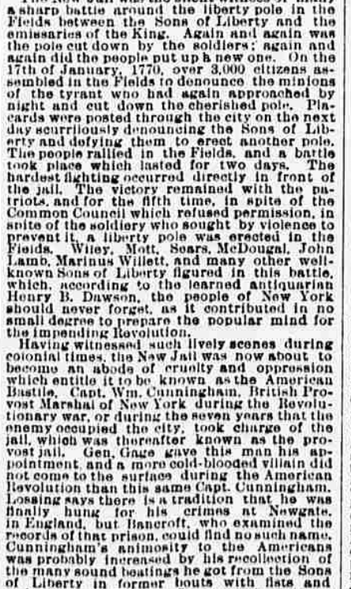
At the conclusion of the song the subject for the address was read, and the medium, with her eyes closed, talked for thirty minutes on the temptations of the material world and the constant solicitude of the ever present invisible spirits of loved ones gone before.

THE OLD HALL OF RECORDS.

A CHAPTER OF HISTORY KNOWN TO FEW NEW YORKERS.

Ethan Allen a Prisoner for Eight Months in the Ancient Structure in City Hall Park—The Vermont Whirlwind and His Jailer, the Notorious Capt. Cunningham.

Among all the surviving landmarks of old New York there is scarcely one left that has so ancient and eventful a history as the Hall of Records, or Register's Office, in the City Hall Park. Long before its massive marble and granite neighbors which to-day overshadow it were dug out of the bowels of the earth, when Broadway was but a country road, the old pile known as the Hall of Records lifted its head proudly over "the Fields," the most substantial building of the ancient town. Erected many years before the Revolution, as we learn from Onderdonk's "Incidents of the British Prisons and Prison Ships at New York," probably a little about the middle of the last century, it became the gloomy abode of debtors and criminals, and was the second jail in succession in the city of New York. Even under the colonial Government the New Jail, as it was called, with its bars and bolts, its cells and grated windows, was a disgrace to that age of despotism. Frequent notices in the provincial newspapers told of the sufferings of the inmates. "The debtors confined in the goal," says *Gaine's Gazette and Mercury* of July 27, 1772, "impressed with a grateful sense of the obligations they are under to the respectable public for the generous contributions that have been made for them, beg leave to return their sincere and hearty thanks for the same, particularly to the worshipful, the Corporation of the city of New York, to the reverend, the clergy of the English, Dutch, and Presbyterian churches and their respective congregations, by whose generous donations they have been comfortably supported during the last winter, and preserved from perishing in a dreary prison with hunger and cold." But the dreary prison of that day was a haven of delight to what it became in Revolutionary times.



A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

In the old maps of New York the New Jail occupies a prominent place. It appears in Montresor's plan of the city, showing the several streets and public buildings surveyed in 1775. It also appears in Ratzen's plan, surveyed in 1767, and inscribed to his Excellency, Sir Henry Moore, Governor of the Province of New York. The land upon a part of which it stands was first known as the Fields, afterward as the Common, and finally as the Park. This land, probably as famous a spot as any in American history, was ceded to the city by Gov. Dongan April 22, 1686, and a second cession to the city to remove ambiguities was made by the Montgomerie charter of Feb. 11, 1730. It has remained ever since in the uninterrupted possession of the Corporation of New York, and has always been inalienably the property of the people. Here they met to organize resistance to the Stamp act and to hang Gov. Colden in effigy. Here Alexander Hamilton, while yet a strippling of 17, made his first speech in the cause of freedom. Here Gen. Lamb addressed a great meeting called to denounce the Boston Port Bill, when Alexander McDougal, who wrote the handbill for this meeting, was arrested and lodged in the New Jail, the people rallied to his support, and daily crowded the jail to express their sympathy with him. The proceedings against McDougal were printed on the 45th page of the Assembly Journal. Forty-five was the watchword of the friends of John Wilkes. On this occasion, to show their defiance of their oppressors, the Sons of Liberty adopted the cabalistic phrase forty-five as their own countersign. The following item is from *Holt's Journal* of Feb. 15, 1770: "Yesterday, the forty-fifth day of the year, forty-five gentlemen, friends of Capt. McDougal and the glorious cause of American liberty, went in decent procession to the New Gaol, and dined with him on forty-five pounds of beefsteaks cut from a bullock of forty-five months old."

The New Jail was the silent witness of many a storm raised around the liberty pole in the Fields between the Sons of Liberty and the emissaries of the King. Again and again was the pole cut down by the soldiers; again and again did the people put up a new one. On the 17th of January, 1770, over 3,000 citizens assembled in the Fields to denounce the minions of the tyrant who had again approached by night and cut down the cherished pole. Placards were posted through the city on the next day scurrilously denouncing the Sons of Liberty and defying them to erect another pole. The people rallied in the Fields, and a battle took place which lasted all day, the barracks being barricaded directly in front of the jail. The victory remained with the patriots, and for the fifth time, in spite of the Common Council which refused permission, in spite of the soldiery who sought by violence to prevent it, a liberty pole was erected in the Fields. Way, Mott, Sears, McDougal, John Lamb, Marinus Willett, and many other well-known Sons of Liberty figured in this battle, which, according to the learned antiquarian Henry B. Dawson, the people of New York should never forget, as it contributed in no small degree to prepare the popular mind for the impending Revolution.

Having witnessed such lively scenes during colonial times, the New Jail was now about to become an abode of cruelty and oppression which entitle it to be known as the American Bastile. Ethan Allen, who was the first Provost Marshal of New York during the Revolutionary war, or during the seven years that the enemy occupied the city, took charge of the jail, which was thereafter known as the provost jail. Gen. Gage gave this man his appointment, and a more cold-blooded villain did not exist. Cunningham is known in the American Revolution than this same Capt. Cunningham. Lossing says there is a tradition that he was finally hung for his crimes at Newgate, in England, but Bancroft, who examined the records of that prison, could find no such name. Cunningham's animosity to the Americans was probably increased by his recollection of the many sound beatings he got from the Sons of Liberty in former bouts with fists and cudgels in the Fields. In attempting to cut down a liberty pole on the 6th of March, 1775, he had been severely handled. He took refuge in an outhouse, but was arrested and lodged in the New Jail, where of this no doubt rankled deeply, and when afterward he came to lord it over American prisoners in the same prison where he had been confined he proved to be a very monster of cruelty.

There were other places of confinement for the patriots in the city, such as the sugar-house in Liberty street, the new or middle Dutch Church at Nassau and Cedar streets, the North Dutch Church, &c., but the New Jail was specially reserved for the more famous prisoners, for civil, military, and naval rebels of particular note. He who entered this dungeon left hope behind. Cunningham's quarters were on the right of the main door. The guard-room was on the opposite side. The deputy's room was within the first barricade. This was another precious rascal, Keefe by name, fit associate of Cunningham. The entrance was guarded night and day by two sentinels. The first and second barricades, grated, barred, and chained, were similarly guarded; as was also the rear door. Sentinels were further stationed on the platform in front of the grated door at the foot of the second flight of stairs leading to the rooms and cells in the second and third stories. When a prisoner, escorted by a file of soldiers into the jail, was delivered over to Cunningham, that petty despot paraded the whole guard, then opened his record book and demanded the name, rank, age, size, &c., of his victim, which he duly entered, after which arms gleamed, bars and bolts were unlocked, chains clanked, and the prisoner was marched to a dark cell, which closed on him oftentimes for life, for many succumbed under Cunningham's barbarities. The chief prisoners were confined in the northeast chamber on the second floor, which was derisively called Congress Hall. So closely were they crowded together here, that at night when they laid down with aching bones on the hard floor, if they wished to change position they would turn all of them at once by word of command, "Right—left," being packed and wedged into an almost solid mass of human bodies. In this horrible den were imprisoned at various times many distinguished American citizens and officers. If those old walls could speak, what tales of agony and torture they could disclose which were suffered there by our forefathers over a hundred years ago.

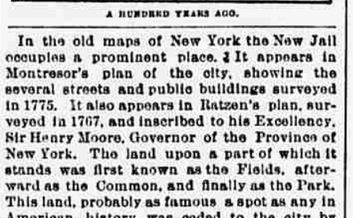
It was in this provost jail that the renowned Ethan Allen, hero of Ticonderoga, was imprisoned for eight months. Strange to say, his biographers have ignored the fact, and while the provost jail is mentioned by them, for Allen speaks of it by name in his "Narrative," where and what the building was, its interesting and gloomy history as a Revolutionary bastile, were facts about which his biographers are completely silent.

After having been carried as a prisoner to England, Allen was brought back and placed on parole in New York, being restricted to the city limits. While in this situation he was tempted by Gen. Howe with brilliant bribes of land in Vermont and a high command in the British army. "I replied," says Allen in his Narrative, "that if by faithfulness I had recommended myself to Gen. Howe, I should be loth by unfaithfulness to lose the General's good opinion. Besides that, I viewed the offer of land to be similar to that which the devil offered to Christ when the damned soul had not one foot of land upon earth. This closed the conversation, and the gentleman turned from me with an air of dislike, saying that I was a bigot, upon which I retired to my lodgings."

Ethan Allen, not long after, was consigned to the tender mercies of Capt. Cunningham. The gallant patriot was first cast into a cell, and ordered even bread and water for three days. Then a piece of fat pork and a hard biscuit were given to him, which he devoured as though they were the most tempting viands. The late venerable John Leveridge, who died at 94 only a few weeks ago, had a fund of anecdote about the provost jail and the distinguished prisoners there incarcerated. Mr. Leveridge used to relate a story of Cunningham, who it seems was a hard drinker. A prisoner was released, who sent back a treat to his fellow sufferers. Cunningham, though not invited, joined the circle, and addressing himself too deeply to the jug, soon became blind drunk. He reveled in a stupor on the couch of Ethan Allen, having first dropped the key of the bastile on the floor. The next morning, as his stupor began to wear off, Cunningham rubbed his eyes and looked around to find out where he was. Seeing Allen there laughing at him and pointing to the floor, he looked down, and was thunderstruck to behold the key of the jail. Thinking there had been a general jail delivery, he started up and clutched his key in great alarm. "Never fear, Captain," said the gallant Ethan Allen, "you were my guest last night, and, although there was the key ready to unlock the door and walk out, I could not abuse the rights of hospitality by escaping and leaving you here in this plight." Cunningham begged Allen to say nothing about it, snatched up his key, and retired to sleep off his debauch in more comfortable quarters. Among the more notable men confined in the jail with Allen, Lossing, who mentions Capt. Travis of Virginia, "a gentleman of high spirits," Judge John Fell of Bergen county, New Jersey, Wm. Miller of Westchester county, New York, Col. Otho Holland Williams, Majors Brinton Payne and Levi Weeks, and Capts. Vandyke (probably Van Zandt), Handy, and Chambers.

After a long and wearing imprisonment Allen was released and exchanged. He first visited Gen. Washington at Valley Forge, by whom he was received in the most friendly manner, and then set out for Burlington, where he was welcomed with unbounded manifestations of joy by the Green Mountain Boys.

When the British evacuated New York on the memorable 25th of November, 1783, it is said that Cunningham was one of the last to leave the city. He and his deputy lingered at the provost jail until Gen. Wagoner, and his gallant army had advanced down Chatham street and were entering Pearl street. Then the two birds of evil escaped from the jail and made off for the ships. As they were leaving, some of the British convicts, who were confined in the jail, cried out, "What is to become of us?" "You may all go to hell! Gen. Wagoner," said Keefe, throwing the ponderous bunch of keys upon the floor and hurrying off with Cunningham.



FIFTY YEARS AGO.

In the year 1831 the jail was converted into the Hall of Records, and set apart for the accommodation of various officials of the city Government. The bell was removed and placed over the Bridewell, which then stood in the Park, and the bastile of the Revolution was remodelled and renovated from a dingy prison into a handsome and imposing structure with a portico and six lofty columns ornamenting each end of the building. Massive and magnificent structures of granite and stone now tower up above it in the Park and adjacent streets, but this old eighteenth century jail contains beneath its ancient roof today the title deeds to all the lands in the city of New York, a deposit representing more value in dollars and cents than is to be found in any other single house in the civilized world.

WANDERINGS OF A BUTTERFLY.

An Instructive Illustration of the "Distribution of Animals."

From the London Times.

British entomologists are in a flutter of excitement at present. They have caught an insect in the act of accomplishing distributing itself. The insect is a butterfly, and we need hardly say that the enterprising creature and its ancestors have been reared in America, their origin being lost in the mists of prehistoric antiquity. In its native home it seems to be of a modest and retiring disposition, such, indeed, that we believe that it has not succeeded in obtaining from Americans any distinctive popular name. It is only a butterfly, or more probably a "bug," for by that ugly term are all insects indiscriminately designated in the States. Entomologists, however, have atoned for this, for they have identified it as a destructive pest, more imposing than that by which science knows the king of beasts himself—*Anosia plexippus*. The original home of Anosia, as we have said, is the American continent, where it has a wide range, extending from the Hudson's Bay Territory to the Amazon region and Bolivia.

It can be traced back about 30 or 40 years since Anosia began its wanderings. Unobserved by the early voyagers, it is now abundant and firmly established in the Sandwich Islands. In the Marquesas Islands, where it is now the commonest butterfly, the first specimens were collected by a Roman Catholic missionary about 1866. In the Society Islands and the Cook and Harvey groups Mr. James J. Walker, R. N., saw within the last few years both the butterfly and its food plant, *Asclepias curassavica*, in plenty. Across the seas it reached the remote little island of Oparo, far away to the southward. Throughout the Samoan, Friendly, and Fiji Islands it has been found, and is especially abundant in the latter group. It appears also to have reached the North Island of New Zealand, as well as Norfolk Island. In New South Wales, where it has been long established, it became very abundant some years ago, but is now comparatively scarce, owing, it would seem, to the destruction of nearly all the food plant by the larvæ. We first hear of its occurrence in Australia, in Queensland, in 1870; it now seems to have spread throughout all the warmer parts of this great island, and even to Robart (Tasmania), in latitude 42° south. In the New Hebrides, Solomon Islands, New Guinea, and other islands in that part of the Pacific it appears to be now firmly established and not rare. It has reached Ceylon, Sumatra, and Java. Starting from the east side of the American continent again, Anosia has made its way to the West Indies, where it is found in company with some curious local forms of the genus; and it has long been established in the Bermudas, 650 miles from the coast of the United States. Two examples in the fine collection of Messrs. Salvin and Godwin were taken in the Azores in 1864, but Mr. Walker cannot ascertain that any have since been found there. It does not seem to have reached Madeira, though the plant it feeds on has found its way to that island.

The first record of the occurrence of Anosia in Britain was in 1876, a specimen having been taken at Neath, in South Wales, on Sept. 6 of that year; this brave pioneer has found a fitting niche in the insects' Valhalla at South Kensington. In September, 1877, a specimen was captured at La Vendée, the only record Mr. Walker has found of its occurrence on the European Continent. Another specimen was captured in Kent in 1881. Meantime, however, it must have multiplied rapidly, for at least a dozen were bagged last year in our southern counties, Cornwall contributing quite half the number. It is certainly an interesting and well-authenticated instance of a process which plays so important a part in natural science—the geographical distribution of animals. In this process man and his inventions have been a powerful factor since he began to spread himself over the face of the earth. But the case of Anosia seems to indicate that even in the pre-human period dispersion was in some cases at least have been much more rapid than some naturalists seem prepared to admit.

The Beast that Barks in the Spring, Mohee.

Mr. P. T. Barnum has received this letter:

CONCAN, Uvalde County, Texas, March 1, 1886.

P. T. Barnum:

There is some animal that barks in the first wet nights of spring in the mountains for three years back. It can be heard one-half a mile, but no one ever saw it barking. They call it a huge lizard, and it says "Mohee," but we don't know. It would be a troublesome job to find it, as it lives in a cave; but if you will pay liberally I will try and get it, if it takes time. I shall have to fence in a wide fence and then cut off its retreat while out; but I can't go far, locate it, because the sound bounds all over the hills, and the nearer I get the further it seems off, and it only calls for a mate during the first wet nights. It says "Mohee" each fifteen minutes or so very regularly. Let me know if you want it. I am a laboring man, and I can't leave my work unless paid to do so. Yours truly,

MICHAEL H. JOHNSON, Postmaster at Concan, Texas.

BLAZING FOR SOCIAL REFORM.

Col. Pat Donan's Reflections After a Shopping Tour with a Chicago Girl.

CHICAGO, March 30.—Did you ever go a-shopping with a girl? No? Well, then, your life is a useless waste—not one of those "waist-places" which, it is said, a broad-cloth-enveloped masculine arm will make glad, but a regular old Arizona alkali waste. I have been, I have gone. I have veni-vidi-ed, and very nearly got vici-ed. I went the other day with a typical Chicago damsel, and ah, lawsy-mesy, but it was fun!

Tripping like a fairy, or a sunbeam, or a fly-up-the-creek, from store to shop, from milliners to mantua makers. Pattering and pattering to and fro amid prismatic labyrinths of man-distracting fabrics and incomprehensible wares. Gliding hither and thither and away over yonder. Holding mysterious discussions, in whispers, over unnumbered nameless flubdubberies. Chattering across counters, with pale-eyed and blue-necktied exquisites, in regard to quality, style, finish, durability, and price of a hundred do-funny articles, such as no well-regulated bachelor's optics ever beheld. Strange implements of torture, relics of the Inquisition, compounded of steel and whalebone, eyelet-holes and cords, resembling the strait-jackets used in hopeless cases of lunacy; cigar-shaped wire-gauze cushions of propellers; and fairy birds'-nests of metal and muslin, in pairs, that palpitate to the touch; all utterly beyond my power to imagine what they are for or where they go. Inspecting bottlecork-heel shoes, in which Diana of Ephesus or the Venus de Medici would hobble like a lame cow or a frosted-toed chicken.

Darting here and there and everywhere, a dozen cross-eyed ways at once. Bothering salesmen, crazing saleswomen. Tumbling and mussing the wondrous products of every loom and nation. Stirring around in endless masses of shattered rainbows. Marvelling at long-handled silk and cotton gloves, with barber-pole stripes and no place