CITY AND DISTRICT.

READY NOW FOR FEES.

Nearly Half a Hundred Young Lawyers Graduate from the National University—The Commencement Exercises at Ford's Opera House Last Evening.

Ford's Opera House presented a gala appearance last evening, the occasion being the commencement exercises of the law department of the National University. The stage was literally covered with flowers of every kind and arranged in innumerable fantastic designs. Behind the floral bank sat the members of the faculty, the graduates, and a few distinguished guests. The handsome decorations of the auditorium were set off to advantage by the immense audience, composed largely of ladies, which filled every seat in the theater. Banners, one for each President, with the name in gold letters, hung from the walls and gallery. Long streamers reached from the wall to the center of the auditorium and from the boxes to the front of the stage, where they met and were held in the beak of a mammoth gilded eagle, below which was the simple word "judicial" in golden letters. The gallery was literally covered with bunting, the graceful folds of which were pinned with large golden stars. From the gallery hanging baskets were suspended, adding to the effect. The boxes and entrances were draped with the stars and stripes. Excellent music by the marine band was interspersed through the evening's program. Rev. Byron Sunderland made the opening prayer, and Judge Arthur MacArthur, the president of the faculty, delivered the address in his most happy manner. It was full of good points and was listened to with attention and interest. Hon. E. John Ellis, of Louisiana, was on the program to deliver the address to the graduating class, but Judge MacArthur announced that although Mr. Ellis was under promise to deliver the address at the time his name was put upon the program, he had been unavoidably prevented from fulfilling it. At the last moment, however, one had bravely come forward to relieve them from their difficulty, and he took pleasure in introducing Hon. Samuel Shellabarger. His address to the graduates was replete with good advice, and he held the undivided attention of both graduates and auditors. Fidelity was the key note of his remarks, and he assured his hearers that with that as their watchword they could not fail. President Cleveland was on the program to confer the degrees, but Judge MacArthur announced that the continued demands of more important matters upon his time prevented him from appearing, and Justice Bradley acted as his substitute. After the diplomas were presented, Judge MacArthur announced the award of prizes as follows:—The university gold medal, for the best post-graduate examination, to Walter M. Wilson, of Pennsylvania. Mr. Wilson is private secretary of the Attorney General. The MacArthur gold medal, for best senior examination, was awarded to E. O. Leech, of the District of Columbia, who is a well known clerk in the Treasury department. The silver medal, for the best junior examination, was awarded to E. O. Weller. After the presentation, Hon. John Goode, of Virginia, the new solicitor general, delivered an eloquent address to the medalists, and the benediction was pronounced by Rev. J. G. Butler, D. D.

The graduates were: Masters of law—Walter H. Acker, D. C.; Chas. A. Burnett, Ind.; Campbell W. Bushnell, D. C.; Samuel M. Cutler, Kan.; Horace W. Eaton, N. Y.; James Gillin, N. J.; James W. Johnson, Ohio; Frank P. McDermott, D. C.; Patrick O'Farrell, Conn.; Edgar J. Pullman, Penn.; Thomas G. Steward, Ill.; Wattson Smith, Iowa; Stanton Weaver, Ohio; Walter M. Wilson, Penn.; Everett R. York, Neb. Bachelor of laws—Chas. F. Bacon, Mich.; Henry S. Berlin, D. C.; Oliphant B. Brown, Iowa; Edmund H. Brown, Md.; Samuel H. Chase, D. C.; Albert T. Coumbe, D. C.; Geo. P. Davis, Ohio; Henry P. Farnham, N. Y.; Thos. M. Fields, Penn.; Walter H. Foss, N. H.; Jas. Y. Hazlett, Iowa; Alonzo E. Helm, Ind.; James D. Holman, Miss.; Melien C. Hooker, Vt.; George V. Jennings, N.Y.; Thos. T. Knox, Tenn.; George W. Koonce, N. C.; Frank A. Law, D. C.; Edward P. Leech, N. Y.; Edward O. Leech, D.C.; Lawson Lindsley, D.C.; Gustavus B. Maynadier, D.C.; Perry G. Michener, Ind.; Wm. H. Myers, Ohio; Geo. F. O'Hair, Ind.; Louis E. Philips, N. Y.; Edward I. Pool, N. C.; Daniel Ramey, Penn.; Robert H. Read, Penn.; Alexander H. Semmes, D. C.; Frank A. Warner, N. Y.; Chas. H. Williams, Ohio.

Transfers of Real Estate.

Deeds in fee have been filed as follows: C. C. Duncanson to W. S. Hixson, lot 17, block 6, H. &.'s sub. Mt. Pleasant; $375. Anna Bonhnke to J. E. Prout, sub. lot H, sq. 494; $3,300. J. M. Johnston to John Miller, part 2, sq. 580; $——. E. Temple et al., trustees, to C. Carrington and I. Williamson, lots 20 to 23, sq. 753; $1,616.84. W. B. Hartley to J. S. Swormstedt, part 15, sq. 873; $2,027.20. Jannie M. Crummell to A. Crutchfield, parts 12 and 13, block 30, H. & E.'s sub. Mt. Pleasant; $250. H. McGoines to Ida May Pierce, part "Aaron;" on Marlboro' road; $200. David Mahoney to C. S. Shreve, part 17, sq. 479; $700. E. T. Knox to Charles F. Reed, lot 32, Gunnell's sub sq. 305; $1,000. Edmund Cammack to John Cammack, lot 24 and pt. lot 25, sq. 543; $1,400. Anna Bohnke to John B. Prout, lot H, McGuire's sub of sq. 494; $3,300. James M. Johnson, trustee, to John Miller, pt. lot 2, sq. 580; $10. Bank of Washington to Campbell Carrington and Irving Williamson, lots 20, 21, 22 and 23, sq. 753; $1,616.84. Reginald Fendall to J. Davenport Wheeler, lot 17, Fisher and Sharon's sub of sq. 153; $7,500. Thomas J. Fisher (trustee for Thomas Sunderland) to J. Davenport Wheeler, lot 75, Fisher and Sharon's sub of sq. 153; $3,500. Thomas J. Fisher (trustee for Thomas Sunderland) to Kate Fellows Wheeler, lot 76, T. J. Fisher's sub of sq. 153; $2,400. Charles C. Duncanson to Wm. S. Hixson, Meridian Hill lot 17, block 6, Hall and Elvan's sub; $375. Jennie M. Crummell to Albert Crutchfield, Meridian Hill, parts of lots 12 and 13, block 17, Hall and Elvan's sub; $550. Henry McGoines to Ida May Pierce, part of tract called "Aaron," on Marlborough road; $200. Nicholis Auth to Mary Connors, Meridian Hill, lot 14, block 12, Hall and Elvan's sub; $4,300.

Stop the Flower Thieves.

To the Editor of The Evening Star:

Cannot something be done to stop the depredations of flower thieves? Friday afternoon some bold thief ravaged the flower bed in front of my house; and this is not the first time it has occurred. Probably I will be stopped on the street to-day and asked to buy some of my own flowers. It is rather discouraging to rear flowers and then have them stolen if one should happen to leave the window for a few minutes.

MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE.

Repair the Pumps.

To the Editor of The Evening Star:

The action, or rather the want of action, on the part of the District Commissioners in relation to the supply of Potomac water, has led many persons to resort to well water where the pumps are available. It seems, however, that the Commissioners are determined that Potomac water, whether pure or otherwise, must be the drink of the people. Several pumps, some of them furnishing excellent water, among them those at 10th and K, 10th and N, 10th near O street, and 12th and N northwest, have recently been out of order, and the Commissioners having refused to repair them, with the exception of the first-named, they are useless.

X. Y. Z.

Cutting Down Beautiful Trees and Putting Up Unsightly Telegraph Poles.

WASHINGTON, June 3, 1885.

To the Editor of The Evening Star:

I wish to show the inconsistency of the present Commissioners of the District of Columbia in allowing the telegraph companies to put up their unsightly poles, and then turn around and cut down the beautiful trees on our streets as they have done in the last two days on C street northwest, between 4½ and 6th streets, when there had been protests of the property holders on the streets. If that is the way the present Commissioners are going to disfigure our beautiful city, the sooner the President makes a change the better.

A CITIZEN OF THE SQUARE.

The National Game.

BASE BALL YESTERDAY—THE CHAMPIONSHIP RECORD.

At Newark—National, 9; Newark, 1. At Trenton, N. J.—Virginia, 12; Trenton, 5. At Baltimore—Baltimore, 3; Cincinnati, 4. At Philadelphia—Athletic, 12; St. Louis, 10. At Detroit—Detroit, 4; Chicago, 7. At Brooklyn, N. Y.—Brooklyn, 2; Pittsburg, 3. At New York—Metropolitan, 5; Louisville, 4. At Lancaster, Pa.—Norfolk, 20; Lancaster, 15.

The following is the championship record:

AMERICAN ASSOCIATION.

	Won.	Lost.		Won.	Lost.
St. Louis	25	7	Baltimore	13	19
Pittsburg	21	12	Athletic	13	21
Cincinnati	20	15	Brooklyn	12	20
Louisville	18	17	Metropolitan	11	22

NATIONAL LEAGUE.

	Won.	Lost.		Won.	Lost.
New York	19	5	Boston	8	14
Chicago	18	6	St. Louis	9	15
Providence	15	7	Buffalo	6	17
Philadelphia	15	10	Detroit	4	20

EASTERN LEAGUE.

	Won.	Lost.		Won.	Lost.
Virginia	18	4	Lancaster	9	12
Trenton	17	6	Norfolk	9	13
National	14	7	Jersey City	6	16
Newark	12	10	Wilmington	3	20

Huxley on the True Weight of Man.

Prof. Huxley asserts that the proper weight of man is 154 pounds, made up as follows: Muscles and their appurtenances, 68 pounds; skeleton, 24 pounds; skin, 10½ pounds; fat, 28 pounds; brain, 3 pounds; thoracic viscera, 3½ pounds; abdominal viscera, 11 pounds; blood which would drain from the body, 7 pounds. The heart of such a man should beat 75 times a minute, and he should breathe 15 times a minute. In 24 hours he would vitiate 1,750 cubic feet of pure air to the extent of 1 per cent—a man, therefore, of the weight mentioned, should have 800 cubic feet of well-ventilated space. He would throw off by the skin 18 ounces of water, 300 grains of solid matter, and 400 grains of carbonic acid every 24 hours, and his total loss during that period would be 6 pounds of water and a little more than 2 pounds of other matter.

TEN YEARS FOR RECEIVING STOLEN GOODS. Harris Weinbaum, a Baltimore dealer in second-hand clothing, was on Thursday found guilty on one indictment for receiving stolen goods. He pleaded guilty on two other charges and was sentenced to ten years in the penitentiary. The goods were the booty of the numerous burglaries perpetrated by the negro Butler.

WANDERING WHEELMEN.

A Trip to the Sea by Bicyclists of the Capital Club.

A PLEASURE JAUNT TO VIRGINIA BEACH—SCENES ON THE WAY—HOW A STEAMBOAT VOCALIST WAS EXTINGUISHED, ETC.

It was a merry crowd of bicyclers from the Capital club that boarded the comfortable George Leary Friday evening, bound for a visit to Norfolk and the seashore. The threatening weather had deterred a few from starting, but those who were on deck paid no attention to the rain, being determined to have a good time, rain or shine, and they succeeded admirably. The men rode their bicycles through the drizzling rain clear to the wharf. Machines were carefully stowed away along with the freight, and their owners distributed themselves about the boat, of which they were given full possession. The trip down was devoid of any startling event, and the majority of the excursionists turned in at a seasonable hour. They lived to regret it, however, for there were some people aboard without state rooms and they kept up a racket until a pretty late hour. The jangling of the piano was interrupted every now and then by a weird refrain of "and the wind blew through his whiskers," emanating from a sleepless crowd in one end of the cabin, who seemed desirous of informing all the passengers asleep or awake of the fact. Finally the piano janglers and singers became tired out and all was quiet. When the boat reached the Norfolk wharf there was a delegation of the Seaside Bicycle club waiting to receive the visitors, and, with their accustomed courtesy, to accompany them on their run. The rough streets of Norfolk had no terrors for the wheelmen, who, reinforced by a hearty breakfast, were soon picking their way over the pavements, anxious to be on

THE SMOOTH SHELL ROAD

leading to the sea shore. A great deal of rain had fallen, but, nevertheless, the road was in fair condition, and once upon it the wheelmen made very good time. They were frequently forced to dismount, however, to allow restive horses to pass. These were in nearly all cases colts, driven by farmers, on their way to town. Neither wagons nor harness would permit of any hard usage. The reins were always only pieces of rope, and the wagons not new by any means. The drivers invariably had a pleasant word for "you all," and expressed regret at causing so much trouble. The eight miles to the point where the shell road is crossed by the narrow gauge railroad were made in fifty-five minutes; very fair time considering that a considerable portion of it was spent in working out of Norfolk. Here a halt was called, and in a few minutes the train came along and was stopped. Bicycles were put aboard and the rest of the journey to the beach, ten miles, was made by rail. The whole distance was not ridden because of the impassable condition of the latter part of the road. It was too early for many visitors at the beach and the excursionists were given a whole section of the hotel to themselves.

AT THE BEACH.

Their visit was short, but every minute of it was enjoyed. The immense pavilion adjoining the hotel furnished a splendid bicycle track, and the riders seemed to enjoy darting about on their wheels and in practicing the drill in which the club used to be so proficient. Rex Smith, who happened to be in Norfolk, joined the party, and in the evening gave a splendid exhibition of trick riding. Now that he has turned his attention entirely to fancy riding on an upright machine he will soon have no equals in his specialty. Canary can surpass him now, perhaps, but many of his best tricks were originated by Rex Smith, who is much the superior athlete and gymnast, and who will improve rapidly with practice. He has but recently resumed fancy riding, and is therefore not as proficient as he will be.

A number of the wheelmen took a ride on the beach when the tide went down. It was all right so long as the machines were kept exactly upright, but the slightest deviation caused a tumble. One young man was dumped just as a big breaker came rolling in, and he was completely submerged, much to the enjoyment of the spectators. Sunday was warm and pleasant, and nearly all went in bathing. The surf was fine, although the water was a little cold at first. As the men emerged from the bathing-rooms they were carried bodily to the beach and gently laid upon a breaker. The pranks that were cut by the most staid of the party would have astonished their friends.

ALL ABOARD FOR HOME.

At 3 o'clock Sunday afternoon the little train was boarded for the return to Norfolk. It was the intention to ride the eight miles of shell road again, but a rain storm which suddenly came up prevented it, and the only wheeling was from the station to the wharf. Just as the gang plank was pulled in a young man standing on the wharf remarked, rather absently looking up at the deck: "I think it will blow through them to-night." A rush was made for him, but it was too late. The piano started before the boat did, however, and there was every prospect of too much music again. Seated at the instrument was a flaxen-haired dame of uncertain age and faded appearance, who sang every verse of every one of Moody and Sankey's hymns in a voice that was sort of gone in spots. Every now and then it would swell out and as quickly die away again.

HOW THE VOICE WAS HUSHED.

When the passengers could stand it no longer the Capital club were called to the rescue. Ranged three and four deep around the piano, they stood apparently in rapt admiration. The fair singer of the Leary was in no wise disconcerted, but, on the contrary, felt complimented. She plumed her feathers, cleared her voice with a flourish and was ready to sing anything that was mentioned. She would be delighted to sing "Dixie," but didn't remember the words. She knew them, though, when the song had its day, during the war. But, then, she could sing "tramp, tramp, tramp the boys," which would be very appropriate the day after Decoration day. The singing was excruciating. "Triomp, triomp, triomp" was the pronunciation, and the notes swelled and died away without regard to sentiment or expression. The crowd drowned the voice in the chorus, but it came out even stronger in the next verse, expressing a feeling of entire satisfaction on the part of the owner. Heroic methods became necessary and the chorus was sung in utter discord. The persistent musician was finally vanquished and vacated the piano. It was quietly closed and carefully covered. A notice of "closed for repairs" was pinned upon it and the concert was over, for no one dared touch the keys afterwards.

A WASHINGTON QUARTETTE.

A great deal of amusement was created by four well known Washingtonians who had taken the trip together to Fortress Monroe and Virginia Beach. At the start one of the party had volunteered for the sake of convenience to act as cashier. His companions interpreted every payment as a treat, and were very profuse with their thanks for his kind and generous hospitality. On the way home they held a meeting, and adopted a set of resolutions expressing their appreciation of the hospitality extended them, and their readiness to accompany the liberal companion on any excursion in the future that he might desire to make, whether to Niagara falls or Saratoga Springs. The resolutions, which were framed and tendered in the most formal manner, were accompanied by fitting testimonials in the shape of guide books of summer resorts on the Pennsylvania and B. and O. railroads. The recipient was allowed to spend a restless night before expenses were divided up and shared all round. The boat arrived at her wharf at about half-past 6 o'clock Monday morning, and was soon deserted. The bicyclers mounted their wheels and sped in different directions to prepare for the work of the day, all vowing to take the trip again if opportunity offered.

Fire Escapes Needed.

To the Editor of The Evening Star:

While the engineer Commissioner of the District is investigating and preparing his report regarding the means of escape from the Corcoran building in case of fire, as represented to them by Mr. Allan Rutherford a few days since, allow me a little space in your valuable paper to say a few words in reference to the matter.

The building is six stories high and is without a fire escape proper in the building. True, there are two stairways—one on the north end and one about the middle; but in case of fire, say in the elevator shaft, or any considerable fire in that neighborhood, it would be practically impossible for those persons in the south end of the building to escape.

There are a great many occupants in the building, including many young girls and young men, employed principally on the upper floors—some of whom work at night—and in case of fire, without any fire-escapes, a repetition of the recent Cincinnati horror would be the probable result. I have been a witness to such heartrending scenes, and in the cause of humanity appeal to the Commissioners to enforce the law and require the necessary permanent fire-escapes to be placed on the building.

HUMANITY.

"Jesus Nazarenus Rex Judæorum."

[The following poem of the well-known poet, Francis De Haes Janvier, was written only a short time before his death, and is now for the first time published, and will, no doubt, be prided by his many friends here and elsewhere.]

In the gray twilight of a dreary morn,
A prisoner stood, defenseless and forlorn,
While, to a Roman judge, with boisterous breath,
His fierce accusers clamored for His death.

It was The Christ, rejected and abused;
The King of Kings, His sovereign claim refused;
The Son of God, abandoned and betrayed,
An Outcast, in the world which He had made.

It was His chosen people whose demand
That timid judge was powerless to withstand;
And, while their baseless charges he denied,
He gave their Victim to be crucified.

His chosen people! Those He loved and blest;
Whose little ones He folded to His breast;
Who cried more fiercely, as unmoved He stood,
"On us, and on our children, be His blood!"

Oh, Holy Saviour! May Thy grace reverse
The dreadful import of that reckless curse;
And, on their children, Thy atonement prove
"The Blood of Sprinkling," through Redeeming Love!

FRANCIS DE HAES JANVIER.

Philadelphia, July 16, 1884.

AMATEUR ORCHESTRAS.

Those That Existed Before the Present Georgetown Organization.

THE PERFORMERS WHO PLAYED UNDER THE LEADERSHIP OF KOPPITZ AND BENKERT—PROGRESS OF MUSICAL CULTURE IN WASHINGTON—GREAT NEED OF A MUSIC HALL.

"You are doing a good work in compiling the histories of the various musical organizations that have been formed in the District," said a prominent musician to a STAR reporter, "and the musical people appreciate it. The publication of these sketches shows the gradual development of musical taste here, and the progress that has been made in the art. But the association of amateur instrumental performers dates back of the period you fixed in the sketch of the Georgetown Orchestra."

"How much earlier?" was the query of the reporter.

"Well, as near as I can remember, it was sometime in 1862 that a quartette, consisting of Mr. Will Gunnell, who was a brother of Dr. Gunnell, surgeon general of the navy, a Mr. Noyes, Harry Sherman and Mr. Hoffmann used to assemble weekly at the residence of Mr. Gunnell, at the corner of 20th and G streets, to practice concerted music. Mr. Noyes played first violin, Mr. Gunnell second violin, Mr. Hoffmann viola and Harry Sherman the violoncello. These gentlemen continued their practice, being sometimes joined by others for about two years, and their proficiency induced the formation of

THE FIRST AMATEUR ORCHESTRA,

which took place in 1864, and was under the leadership of Koppitz, who, at that time, had charge of the orchestra of the National theater. Koppitz himself was a flute and piccolo player of considerable prominence, and he had a very fine orchestra at his command. The new organization was largely composed of amateurs, together with the theater orchestra and other professional musicians. It was but short lived, and died out after an existence of a few months. It gave no public performance, although it held regular rehearsals for practice each week, and these were frequently attended by the friends of the performers in large numbers."

THE PIONEER PERFORMERS.

Further investigation showed that this first amateur orchestra included in its membership Messrs. Gunnell, Noyes, Fouche and Geo. K. Finckel, violins; Samuel Carusi and Gen. Gerhardt, violas; Harry Sherman and Henry Eberbach, 'cellos; Henry Fries, double bass; Benisch, clarionet; Schutter, Justh and Roderiguez, flutes; McNamee, cornet; Jno. B. Woodworth, horn; Mr. Sousa, sr., the father of the present leader of the Marine band, trombone, and Ed. Droop, drum and cymbals. Their meetings were first held in Carusi's saloon, now the Theater Comique, but they subsequently removed to Temperance hall, on E street, now Marini's hall.

SCATTERED INTO SMALL PARTIES.

After the failure of this first attempt at an amateur orchestra the amateur performers seemed to split up into little parties, and several trios, quartettes, &c., were formed, so that, although all the amateur musicians were not united under one leader or in one organization, nearly all were found playing in some one of these small parties.

Perhaps the largest gatherings met weekly at the residence of Dr. W. G. Pope, who was himself an enthusiastic musician, as was also his wife, and it may be said that the nucleus of an orchestra was nursed by Dr. Pope and his wife from the encouragement they extended to amateurs to meet once a week at their home. Among those who availed themselves of this weekly practice were Weiler, Quin, Pearson, Moorhead and Fouche, violins; Geo. Finckel and Delacamp, viola; Dr. Pope and Eberbach, 'cellos; Adams and McNamee, cornets; Schutter, flute; Woodworth, horn; Fries, double bass; Dr. Kimball and Mrs. Pearson, piano. This practice continued for years, and, in fact, some of those who in the early days found so much pleasure still gather at Dr. Pope's residence and indulge in an evening's enjoyment of instrumental music.

THE NEXT ATTEMPT

at an amateur orchestra was in 1867, with George Felix Benkert as the moving spirit. Benkert was a finished pianist and an excellent musician generally. He possessed great enthusiasm, and the orchestra that was formed largely through his exertions performed some excellent work under his leadership. As near as can be ascertained the following were among the members: Weiler, Pearson, John P. Sousa, Kickhoefer, sr., Burr, Hoffman and Bullard, violins; Finckel, Gen. Gerhardt and Dr. Kimball, violas; Eberbach and Julius Ulke, 'cellos; Fries, Droop and Tyler, double bass; Justh and Schutter, flute; Benisch, clarionet; Woodworth, horn, and Henry Ulke, tympani. The rehearsals were held over Ellis' music store, and during the existence of the organization it gave three concerts, one at Odd Fellows' hall and two at Lincoln hall. These were all well attended, and the orchestra received warm praise for its work. Notwithstanding its apparent prosperity this orchestra lasted less than two years, and then the players divided up into small bodies again, and there was no attempt made to form another amateur orchestra until the Georgetown organization sprang into existence. Many of the players in this present orchestra performed under Benkert and under Koppitz, and hope that they have now found rest in an orchestra which is destined to exist for many years. During the life of the Benkert orchestra it gathered together a large and valuable collection of music, to which the Georgetown orchestra legitimately fell heir.

The number of trios, quartettes, &c., that have been formed and had longer or shorter lives can hardly be told. As musical knowledge increased in the District large accessions were made to the amateur performers, and friends would meet together for practice and mutual improvement. The chamber concerts that were given under the auspices of Anton Gloetzner at Marini's hall two or three years ago, proved the high proficiency which had been attained, and though they did not yield great pecuniary success, showed the rapid progress that musical culture had made here in the past twenty years.

MUSICAL GROWTH OF WASHINGTON.

"Washington," said Prof. Kaspar, "has grown more rapidly in musical intelligence and taste than any other city in the country. I know from my experience as a teacher, and other teachers will bear similar testimony. Five years ago there was only one lady in this city who played the violin, now I have fifteen girl pupils, and other teachers have many female scholars. There is a large yearly increase in the number of those who desire to become proficient upon various musical instruments, while those who seek vocal instruction are more numerous each year. There is no reason why the national capital should not ultimately set the standard of musical excellence."

A MUSIC HALL NEEDED.

"But what is greatly needed," he continued, "is a music hall of sufficient proportions to give large orchestral concerts, oratorios, &c.; a hall built with special reference to its acoustic qualities, where the best effects of musical effort may be produced. There isn't a musical organization that would not aid the project to build a music hall to the full extent of its power, and the Wagner society has already offered $100 to start a subscription. It can hardly be accomplished in that way, however. Some public spirited citizen, or two or three of them, will have to undertake the erection of a suitable building and trust to the future for reimbursement of the outlay, for I believe that an enterprise of that kind would ultimately yield a handsome revenue in the increased number of musical attractions that would come to this city."

A Sonnet and a Song of June.

Written for The Evening Star.

BLACKBERRY BLOOM.

With blackberry bloom the woods and wolds are white;
Like drifts of snow it gleams along the hills,
And to the boscage bending o'er the rills
And dusky valleys lends unwonted light—
An earth-born galaxy, like that of night,
Whose softened splendor half the mid-heaven fills;
Or, fringing fields the careful farmer tills,
It streams a wind-waved meteor on the sight.
Methinks the wild, winged minstrels pipe and flute
Prophetic praises of this living snow,
That soon will melt, disclosing emerald fruit,
Which summers' sun to ebony will transmute,
Luscious and full of juice—a tempting show—
Lauded by many an insect's tinkling lute.

The Rose.—To——.

The air is filled with the scent of the rose,
And my soul is filled with the thought of thee;
Than that no flower more lovely blows,
And the rose of maidens art thou to me;
The swelling bud in thy lips—in those
Soft cheeks of thine the full bloom, I see;
I think of thee when I view the rose—
I think of the rose when I look on thee.

My queen art thou, and the whole world knows
That queen of the floral race is she;
While round the earth in her orbit goes
The rose will retain her sovereignty;
And my heart, while thine image memory shows,
Thy loyal liege will rejoicing be:
I think of thee when I view the rose—
I think of the rose when I look on thee.

June 3, 1885. W. L. SHOEMAKER.

Should be Extended Beyond the Municipal Boundaries.

To the Editor of the Evening Star:

Washington is becoming every year a more popular and prosperous city and is fast justifying the foresight of those who laid it out in the admirable manner which adds so much to its attractiveness. But already the city is overleaping its municipal boundaries and new streets are being opened which will in time form populous suburbs. It was to be expected, and facts prove that private land-owners would not continue to extend the same system in their additions to the city without official regulation, and the government should take steps as soon as possible to prevent the new thoroughfares being laid out haphazard and to enforce the extension of the unrivalled arrangement in the city itself. After all, the boundary is merely arbitrary, and on every account the city plan should be carried out at least to the limits of the District of Columbia if not farther. Every year that this is delayed it will become more expensive and impracticable. Already in the case of Mount Pleasant and other suburbs recently built upon it is impossible, and will be on every side if not soon taken in hand, at least without fabulous outlay.

X.

WOODEN MANTELS.

One of the Features of Modern Interior Decoration—An Improvement Upon the Woodwork of the Elizabethan Age—Some of the Houses in Which Elegant Mantels Have Been Placed.

"Fancy wooden mantels have been taking the lead in popularity for some years now," said a dealer in mantels to THE STAR man the other day, as he leaned on the broad shelf of one of the handsomest of pieces of his own handiwork, and glanced admiringly at the highly polished carving or looked at his features in the heavy beveled glass. "Most of the fine houses built now have very expensive mantels, made of the finest quality of woods. They are not the tall painted affairs of a hundred years ago, with their black groved sides and little narrow shelves away out of reach. Some persons who affect old fashioned airs have mantels of the Queen Anne or Elizabeth pattern put in their houses, but they are generally made of a very much better quality of wood than it would have paid people of that age to have used. But the most popular mantels are made after new designs, the pattern frequently being drawn exclusively for the one house by the architect designing the building. Some are plain and heavy, but the most of them are very elaborate. They are made of the finest woods, highly polished, and they are essentially a part of the furniture. Mahogany, rosewood, oak, cherry and ash are the most used. Cherry is used more than any other wood because so many different shades may be had, and it takes a beautiful rich polish. We can make as many as twelve different shades in it. Mahogany and rosewood are the most expensive. Quartered oak—that is oak cut so as to show the quarter grain—makes up beautifully."

"Very few of the modern mantels, you see," he continued after a short pause, during which he took a lot of drawings out of his desk and laid them before the scribe. "Very few of those you see stop at the shelf, as the old fashioned ones do. Scarcely any are made without the mirror of heavy plated glass, and a pile of little fancy shelves for ornaments. Some of them reach almost to the ceiling, and the shelves, too, are very broad. Sometimes, instead of the pile of shelves or brackets, they have a set of little cabinets with little beveled glass mirrors in the doors, fastened with lock and key, almost as handsome as jewel caskets. The pillars and face are generally carved in some rich design."

"Are there many houses in Washington with fine mantels?" asked the scribe.

"Yes. Nearly all the new houses of any pretensions have wooden mantels, but they are not all particularly handsome. Many, however, have very elegant mantels, some of which are almost as expensive as any article of furniture in the room. About the handsomest mantels I have put in any house in this city are those in Wm. M. Galt's house on Vermont avenue. They are of solid mahogany, and cost Mr. Galt about $400 a piece. Some very fine mantels are going to be put into the house Judge Richardson is building for his son-in-law, Dr. Magruder, at 18th and H streets. One will cost $250 and the other $200. Mr. Galt's Connecticut avenue house, though it was built some years ago, is finished with some very handsome wooden mantels. Mrs. C. B. Keyworth's house on Rhode Island avenue has some $200 mantels in it that are very handsome. Anthony Pollock's house, 17th and I streets, is another that is well furnished in this respect. Col. Anderson's house on K street is intentionally plain, though rich in its internal finish, and the mantels are old-fashioned and plain in design. The house of ex-Senator Pendleton, the new minister to France, which is now occupied by Secretary Endicott, is not as elegantly finished inside as one might expect from the external appearances. The wood work is poplar, and the mantels are not particularly elaborate. The next house, that of ex-Secretary Robeson, is handsomer in this respect. The house of Mr. Van Wyck (brother of the Senator), at the corner of 18th and U streets, has beautiful mantels, as has that of Senator McPherson, on Vermont avenue. The mantels in the house Capt. Wheeler is building on the corner of 16th and K streets will be very fine, and Senator Palmer will not spare expense on those in his new brownstone house on K street, opposite McPherson square.

"There are lots of other fine houses, with expensive mantels, I might mention if I could think of them," he added, as he placed his drawings back in the desk, and led THE STAR man back to look at a fine cherry mantel reaching almost to the ceiling. "Pretty large prices are paid even by builders of ten or twelve thousand-dollar houses, and even some of the new office buildings, such, for instance, as the 'Kellogg,' are furnished with hardwood mantels. The average price for these is from $80 to $150."

A CURIOUS SHOP.

An Odd Man and His Strange Collection of Old Debris—Relief for Persons Who Have Lost Their Night Keys.

Six flint-lock horse-pistols, a tin weathercock with its tail gone, a small section of lightning-rod, a bunch of big iron keys, a dented tin horn, the linch-pin of a wagon, three links of a chain, a broken chair leg, half of a fishing-rod, numberless broken bolts, rusty screws, nails and little scraps of brass, lead, iron, tin and all sorts of odds and ends and parts of things, was the stock on display in the big glass show window of a dingy little store that stopped THE STAR man as he passed through one of the back streets the other day. After taking a casual inventory of the stock, and becoming satisfied that there was nothing in the window that anybody would buy, or even a Billy goat would eat, he stepped inside to learn something of their use from the dealer. The store was a reproduction of the window, on a grander scale. It was quite a large room, one-half of which was given up to the heavier class of goods, such as a broken bed post, a few feet of rusty gaspipe, split all the way down, a small section of an iron fence, an anvil, and a thousand and one things of like character. On the other side was a row of glass showcases, arranged as they might be in a jeweler's shop, though not so well kept. In these was the collection of smaller articles, bits of wire, rusty screws, small fragments of brass, old cartridge shells, clock works, pieces of keys, bits of wood that looked as if they might at some time have been the part of something. Everything was in a fragmentary condition, and some of the bits were so small that they did not suggest what they might be pieces of. The only things that seemed to be all there were some keys and a few fishinghooks. The stock seemed to consist of a collection of the fragments of every kind of ware, metal, wood, or crockery, that was ever made and broken. They were all arranged in the case as if they were attractive wares to tempt purchasers.

"Who buys your wares?" asked the scribe of the proprietor, who came reluctantly forward, wiping his hands on his apron and scowling, as if he did not like to be disturbed. He was a thin, cadaverous-looking person, with a fragmentary air about him, as if, like his goods, he was only a part of the original design. "Who do you find to buy your curious wares, and what use are they put to?" asked the scribe, smiling blandly and becoming very much interested in the head of a brass tack that had no tack on it.

"Nobody," was the short reply.

"Oh, you don't sell; you buy?" suggested THE STAR man.

"No." And the dealer eyed his questioner suspiciously.

"You seem to have an immense stock in your show cases," insinuated the scribe, looking admiringly at the big glass case. "What do you do with it?"

"Don't do nothing with it," he replied, moving closer to the case and keeping a keen eye on his treasures.

"But how did you ever get such a remarkable collection?" pressed THE STAR man.

"Didn't get 'em."

"What?"

"They just happened; kind o' came there."

"How did they happen—?" started the scribe. But the dealer broke him off with:

"I don't know."

"Have you any business in connection with this?" again asked THE STAR, with a conciliatory smile, intended to soften even a scrap-iron man.

"I mend locks, too, and replace keys."

"Night keys?" suggested the scribe, grasping an idea.

"Yes."

"People lock themselves out of their houses, lose their night keys, and have to come to you to let them in?"

"Yes, lots of 'em. They are always doing it."

"Do they drag you out of bed at midnight or in the small hours in the morning to break into their houses for them? Don't the police ever mistake you for a burglar and—?"

"Hold on," cried the dealer; "they don't do that. I don't allow it. I won't work at night. When folks gets locked out at night I make them walk the streets till morning if they depend on me to let them in."

"Then people come to you to open old strong boxes full of valuable papers. Haven't you opened lots of curious old chests for folks who had lost their key?" insisted the scribe.

"I have opened lots of satchels and trunks," was the matter-of-fact reply. "I don't know nothing 'bout no valuable papers."

"Do you rent this store expressly to keep this collection in?"

"Yes, that's my business." And the dealer watched the scribe as he went out, to see that he didn't take anything.

Ross Challenges Courtney and Conley.

Wallace Ross, the oarsman, has issued the following challenge to Courtney and Conley: "I will select a man for a mate and row double Peter H. Conley and Charles E. Courtney double on any suitable water in the United States or Canada for $1,000 a side, the race to take place in September. Conley and Courtney can name the distance. If they accept this challenge let them send, without delay, a forfeit of $250 to Hamilton Busbey, at the *Turf, Field and Farm*, who will act as stakeholder. Any distance that they name will suit me.

"I will row, single sculls, Charles E. Courtney from two to five miles, for $1,000 a side, on any good water, providing that Courtney will deposit $1,000 with Hamilton Busbey, to be forfeited to a charitable institution to be named by the stakeholder in case Courtney does not start against me. I make this stipulation for the reason that I want to make it cost Courtney something should he resort to his usual tactics and disappoint the public. WALLACE ROSS."

During the voyage of the steamer Caspian from Baltimore to Liverpool Chief Engineer Browne disappeared and is supposed to have jumped overboard.

OUR BLUE-JACKETS IN KOREA.

How Outrages on the American Flag Were Avenged by Admiral Rodgers.

THE STORY OF THE EXPEDITION AS TOLD BY AN EX-MARINE—HOW THE BRAVE BUT POORLY ARMED KOREANS WERE ROUTED BY A SMALL FORCE.

"I see by the papers," said Policeman Daniel Williams to a STAR reporter, "that all the particulars have at last been learned about the loss of the American schooner Sherman in Korean waters in 1866. It made very interesting reading to me," he continued, "for I was a member of the expedition under Admiral Rodgers in 1870-71, to Korea, to try to learn what had become of the Sherman and to avenge the firing upon the Shenandoah, which went to Korea in 1868 for the same purpose."

"You must have been very young," said the reporter.

"I wasn't of age then," was the reply. "I was a drummer boy during the war, having entered the army when I was only twelve years old. After the war was over I enlisted in the marine corps, and was a drummer on the Colorado when that vessel sailed from New York in 1870 with sealed orders. We arrived at Nagasaki May 12th, 1871, and the vessels of the Asiatic squadron proceeded to Korea together, for there was no use sending a single vessel there. That had been tried. The squadron under command of Admiral Rodgers consisted of the Colorado, Alaska, Benecia, Monocacy and Palos. We were the remainder of the month in making our way into

THE KOREAN WATERS.

They were almost unknown to us, and we had to make surveys as we went along. We had a chart that helped some. It was given to us by the French. You see, in 1868, a French vessel went up the Seoul river to see about some French missionaries. They were received by the Koreans, but nearly all were beheaded. Those who remained with the ship managed to get away, and made this rude chart.

We came to anchor May 19th at the southwest entrance of Korea, having 125 miles yet to go to reach Boise island, our destination, all of which had to be surveyed.

After anchoring at Boise island there were several junks in sight. A boat was lowered, and, with an interpreter, was sent within speaking distance of one. The Koreans on the junk consented to communicate with us, and the junk came alongside the Colorado. The natives came aboard and were shown through the ship. They were greatly astonished at the armament and heavy guns. From their dress we took took them to be officials of rank. Their costume was white, the higher officers wearing white silk of a very superior quality. They left the ship finally on friendly terms, hoping that we intended them no harm. The next day the admiral received

A COMMUNICATION FROM THE KING,

which said, 'there was a man from your country came here to form a treaty. He was told to go away, and he did so. Why can't you do the same? We don't want any intercourse with your country. You come thousands of miles to destroy our land and people. Do you come for satisfaction for the Sherman? Her people were treated well and protected until they broke the laws of our country by committing piracy, and then they had to suffer death. You have the story, and I will hold no further intercourse with you.' Two days following a surveying party was sent out under Capt. Blake, of the Alaska, to make soundings up the river Seoul. There were fortifications on both sides of the river, and when about nine miles from the fleet the party was fired upon from them. This meant that we were to go no further. The fire was returned with effect, and the natives were soon driven from the works to the woods. In twenty minutes not a Korean was to be seen. The party rejoined the ship, and preparations were made for active operations. The natives in the meantime busied themselves in throwing up breastworks. On the 7th of June a Korean junk came alongside with a boat load of cattle, poultry, eggs, &c., as a present, accompanied by

A REQUEST TO GO AWAY.

The admiral declined the present, remarking that he had enough provisions to last a year. The visitors immediately departed and were soon out of sight. Haversacks made in six days, canteens, sixty rounds of ammunition, and two days' rations were issued to the men. The landing force was to consist of 500 men under Capt. Kimberly. The weather was simply perfect. I never saw such beautiful days. On the morning of June 10th the Palos and Monocacy weighed anchor and towed the landing party. When about five miles from our anchorage a Korean junk was seen not a great way off, and one of the launches was ordered to go over to find out what she wanted, as she was flying a flag. The interpreter brought back a letter to the effect that they wished to apologize for insulting our flag, but no notice was taken of it. The natives soon opened fire on the Monocacy, which was ahead. The fire was returned with great slaughter. At noon the forces commenced landing. The marines landed first, and then advanced upon the fort, but as there appeared to be no one in or around it they waited for the main body. Our landing place was nothing but a mud flat, and we stuck in the mud nearly up to our waists, and it took us some time to get out. The artillery was almost buried in the mud. It was lucky that the enemy had retreated to the woods and left the fort and its contents in our hands, for the men were all much fatigued with their exertions. In the fort, which we designated as No. 1, we found guns of various kinds, ranging from 8 to 32 pounds, all made fast to trees. We went into camp there for the night. We broke camp the next morning and proceeded to attack fort No. 2, but there was not a soul in it. We destroyed the fort and spiked the guns and then proceeded towards fort No. 3, which was the most important defense of the Koreans, and at a distance seemed hard to take. The Monocacy was doing good work sending grape and canister into the center of the fort. We signaled to be careful of their shooting, as we were going to

CHARGE THE FORT.

The order was given to charge, and in less than no time we were inside the fort fighting hand to hand. The guns and other weapons of the enemy were of old style, and were not very effective. There were no heavy guns inside. They were all down on the river front lashed to port holes and trees, and trained only to fire in one direction. While entering the fort Lieut. McKee fell with a bullet and a spear through his body. The enemy saw that their time had come, but yelled defiantly, and rolled heavy stones upon our boys. A few of our men were killed, and about thirty slightly wounded. The Koreans killed in and around the fort numbered 246. Twenty-five wounded and twenty unhurt Koreans fell into our hands as prisoners. The enemy could be seen flying far back into the country, leaving their homes and property in our hands. There wasn't a woman or child to be seen in the country. We camped there for the night, taking every precaution against a surprise. We were not molested, and in the morning we could see the Koreans emerge from their hiding places at a distance, and in groups watch our movements. The officers were satisfied with the punishment inflicted upon the natives, and the force reembarked, being watched by a large force of Koreans. The prisoners were put in single irons, for they were very desperate and needed close watching. The Koreans numbered nearly 3,000, but their reinforcements were so cut off that they did not number more than 500 at any one place. They were a very brave set of men and fought like devils. They were all nearly exactly the same size, not very tall and all dressed alike. Had they been provided with better weapons they would have made a better fight. After we rejoined the fleet the admiral did not know what to do with

THE PRISONERS.

So he communicated with the native officials by posting a letter on a board stuck in the ground. It was taken and answered in the same way. The admiral was told to kill them if he wanted to, but he didn't, and sent them all ashore. About that time a Korean junk came alongside the Colorado, the people on board claiming to be Christians and asking for protection. The Koreans, they said, were murdering all Christians, and over 10,000 had been executed in the past three months. Their request was granted and their junk was burned, so that there would be no trace of them. They were taken to Chefoo, whither the fleet proceeded. I suppose that the present friendly treaty with Korea resulted from that expedition, which was followed by Admiral Shufeldt's visit. It's a good thing to know that any American vessels that get into Korean waters will not meet with the fate of the Sherman."

Outdoor Life for Women.

From Vick's Magazine.

The redemption of woman's health, I am more and more convinced, depends on their taking to outdoor life and activities. Reading high-class memoirs which are in every one's hands nowadays, of the Caryles, the Sterlings and F. D. Maurice, one is distressed to hear the continual story of weak health, and women who, brought face to face with the realities of life, immediately droop, languish and are a long time dying. If they have a house to keep and a share of the actual work, like Mrs. Craigenputtock and Chelsea, they sicken mysteriously, and their life is a time of wrestling with household affairs, alternating with refuge on the sofa, or months in the doctor's hands, in that wretched, unimprovable state which justified the sigh of a much-tried husband who "wished his wife would get better, or something!" Have I not, through the ignorance of my day and generation, wasted life enough in attacks of the familiar household demon, nervous prostration, which only vanishes on turning the patient out of doors. Twice and again, friends have looked pityingly on me as good as gone, but taken out of doors ten hours a day, as good for nothing else, sun and wind wrought their spell of healing, and health came again. Henceforth no more indoor life than must be for me, and I would urge other women to fashion their lives so as to spend them more in the open air.

Not George's Evening.

From the New York Sun.

Her head was pillowed on his breast and looking up in a shy way she said:

"Do you know, dear George, that——"

"You mean dear James, I think," he interrupted, smiling fondly at her mistake.

"Why, yes, to be sure. How stupid I am! I was thinking this is Wednesday evening."

The last of the marines sent to the Isthmus of Panama during the recent troubles there have returned to New York.

ART NOTES.

Mr. J. H. Witt, who formerly had a studio in this city, has been elected an Associate of the National Academy of Design.

—Mr. Frederick E. Church, the well-known painter of tropical scenery, has returned to New York from Mexico, where he spent the winter.

—Mr. Saint-Gaudens has modeled for the Marquand Chapel, at Princeton College, a medallion likeness of the late Prof. Joseph Henry, of this city. The slab is of marble 6 feet by 4.

—Miss Grace Hayter has recently completed portraits in crayon of Mr. and Mrs. O. G. Staples, of Willard's hotel, which give much satisfaction to their friends, who regard them as characterised by strength of touch, fine expression, and rare fidelity to nature.

—Sculptors and architects will be interested in the announcement that there is to be erected a "State Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument" in Indiana, and that a law has been passed by the legislature of that state enabling counties to erect county monuments with public money.

—Circulars are already issued for the autumn exhibition of the National Academy of Design, which will be opened in New York, on November 23, closing on December 19. Pictures will be received at the academy from Monday, November 2, to Wednesday, November 4, inclusive.

—The city of Lexington has purchased the ideal group of statuary entitled "Woman Triumphant," the masterpiece of the late Joel T. Hart, the Kentucky sculptor, which has been on exhibition at Tiffany's in New York for a long time. It is to be placed in a room specially set apart for that purpose in the new court-house at Lexington.

—Mr. W. V. Birney, whose professional success in New York has entirely surpassed his expectations, intends to spend the greater part of the summer in this city, at the pleasant home of his parents in Le Droit Park. While here Mr. Birney will take charge of a limited summer class for outdoor sketching, etc., for which he is well qualified by his long and thorough European training.

—A somewhat novel departure in art has been made by Mr. L. P. Spinner, of this city, who shows, at Ryneal's, on 7th street, a very attractive portrait head of a lady, in black and white oils. The subject is well chosen, being quite classic in form and feature, and the effect of the picture is much like that of a well-executed crayon drawing from a marble bust. It attracts much attention, and deservedly, for it is at once a pleasing and meritorious effort, and will doubtless attract notice to Mr. Spinner's other work.

—Mr. L. M. D. Gillaume, of this city, recently painted a portrait of ex-Judge Erskine, of the United States District Court in Georgia, which is intended as a gift from the bar of Savannah, to be hung in the room of that court. The portrait is regarded by the friends of Judge Erskine as a fine likeness as well as an excellent work of art. Mr. Gillaume has also a a commission to paint the portrait of Judge Nicoll, Judge Erskine's predecessor, which will likewise be presented to the same court by the Savannah bar.

—A statue, heroic in size, of the late General John C. Breckenridge, intended for his native city, Lexington, upon which Edward Valentine, the Virginia sculptor, has been at work for several years, is now almost completed, and an effort will be made to have it arranged to erect and unveil it in that city with public ceremonies on the 4th day of next July. It will probably be placed in the rotunda of the new court house. The Kentucky legislature appropriated $15,000 for the statue, and this sum was largely augmented by private subscriptions.

—Ward's typical statue, representing the New England Pilgrim, the gift to New York from the New England Society, of that city, is to be dedicated with appropriate ceremonies in Central Park this afternoon. Mr. Ward will unveil the monument, which will be received on behalf of the city by Mayor Grace. The commemorative address will be delivered by George William Curtis. The figure, which is of heroic proportions, is of bronze, and is pronounced by critics a graceful and spirited work of art. But by and by some old hunter will come along and observe that the way to hold a gun is to keep the hand off the muzzle.

—It is not often that a statue, once erected, is destroyed or removed for want of artistic merit, but this is what befel the effigy of Gen. Custer, by J. W. McDonald, which was erected at West Point several years ago. The statue never gave satisfaction to the friends of the gallant cavalryman, and after long and patient efforts to that end by his widow, with the approval of the principal subscribers to the fund raised to procure it, the statue has at last been pulled from its pedestal, boxed up, and stored away as rubbish. In the light of these facts it is not likely that Mr. McDonald's proposition to execute a statue of Washington for Mount Vernon will be favorably considered.

—American artists appear to be honored abroad, whether they earn fame and riches at home, or not. A few weeks ago we noted the fact that Mr. Healy's portrait had been added to those in the gallery of the famous painters in the Uffizi Palace, in Florence, and now we are able to chronicle the intelligence that Mr. Larkin G. Mead, the distinguished American sculptor, has been selected by the President of the Academy of Fine Arts of that city as the Professor to have the direction of the nude class in that institution for the current month. In a city where so many eminent sculptors reside this distinction is by no means a small compliment.

—The paintings of both Mrs. Anna Lea Merritt and Mr. John Sargent in this year's Royal Academy exhibition are highly praised by the London *Times*, which is usually very chary of kind words for Americans. Of the former picture, representing "Eve," that journal says: "Eve has tasted the apple, which lies on the ground by her side; with the taste has come the knowledge of 'good and evil,' and with the knowledge remorse, expressed by the head bowed down between the knees and by the hands tightly clasped. Several times before we have had occasion to mention Mrs. Merritt, both as a painter of the nude figure and as an etcher; but she has never done anything so fine as this 'Eve.'"

—For some time past there have been indications of a falling off in the popularity of Meissonier, who was at one time so great a favorite as to be badly spoiled, and the decline seems to be emphasised by the results of a sale which lately took place in Paris, where three of his pictures were knocked down at auction for the trifling sums, respectively, of $280, $180 and $150. There was a time, not long ago, when anything from Meissonier's pencil would have brought five times the highest of these amounts. His son-in-law, Detaille, will probably be the next to feel a change in public favor, although the untimely death of De Neuville, who was greatly his superior in the same line of art, will doubtless be to his professional advantage.

—The late Prize Fund Exhibition in New York was such a pronounced success in every way that the projectors of the enterprise are already taking measures for the second competitive display, which it is intended shall be even more interesting and important than was the first. The present plan is to raise a fund of $20,000, which is to be divided into awards of $2,000 each and set apart for distribution among the pictures contributed to the exhibition by American artists. It is also proposed to award ten gold medals, of a bullion value of not less than $100 each, to the ten pictures considered by the committee of award as next in merit to those receiving the $2,000 prize. The exhibition will open in March next, and will be held, as was the first, in the splendid galleries of the American Art Association, on 23d street.

—De Neuville, the French painter of military scenes, recently deceased, carried his love of the realistic so far as to smash the windows of his studio, tear the doors off, and riddle the walls with bullets. His models, most of them soldiers who had made the campaign, were often nearly suffocated by being piled upon one another; the horses that came to him from the knacker's yard still alive were shot in the workshop itself, so that they might fall naturally. All this was to the great dismay of his neighbors, who, in the beginning, not knowing what to make of all this noise, frequently ran to the police. The guardians of the law, in their turn, invaded the premises in order to prevent what they imagined to be wholesale slaughter. They only found De Neuville with dishevelled locks, pistol in hand, arranging his scene, and retired with a handsome *pourboire* to wash down the smoke of the gunpowder, with which they they were almost choked.

—A bronze statue, heroic in size of Commodore Oliver Hazard Perry, by Mr. William G. Turner, is to be unveiled and dedicated at Newport on the 10th of September next,—the seventy-second anniversary of his famous victory on Lake Erie. Of Mr. Turner as a sculptor not so much has been heard in this country as his merits deserve. After gallant service in the Union army during the rebellion, he went abroad and entered as a student the studio of Mr. Larkin G. Mead in Florence. After some time spent there he entered upon a career for himself, and has since executed a number of ideal groups of much more than ordinary merit, all of which found not only appreciative admirers, but ready purchasers. We remember with great pleasure one in his studio in marble representing Sabrina, the nymph so charmingly described in Milton's Comus, which struck us as a particularly graceful and pleasing creation. The figure of Perry above referred to is described as a remarkably spirited and excellent work of art. He is shown bare-headed, just as he sets foot on the "Niagara," with his right arm uplifted and the index finger extended, as if ordering the vessel's course to be changed for the purpose of bringing her into action. He wears a jacket adorned with epaulets; his sword hangs from his belt, and in his sash is stuck a large old fashioned pistol of the period, while over his left arm is thrown the flag brought from the "St. Lawrence," upon the folds of which are inscribed the immortal words "Don't Give Up the Ship."

Circumstances Alter Opinions.

From the New York Citizen.

When England is up to the eyes in difficulties she always looks lovingly to her "Anglo-Saxon sister," and murmurs, "blood is thicker than water;" when, on the other hand, England is gay and festive, and in danger from none but savages, she says, "the Yankees are a low type of humanity, any way."

One of the marvels of Dresden to American visitors is its clean streets. The law forbids them to be made dumps for refuse of any kind, even scraps of paper, and, as strange as it may seem, the police see that the law is enforced.

LITERARY NOTES.

DOWN THE RAVINE. By CHARLES EGBERT CRADDOCK; author of "In the Tennessee Mountains," etc. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Washington: Robert Beall.

Of all the later accessions to the ranks of writers of American fiction no one took a higher position at the start, with the promise of maintaining it, or in fact of accomplishing better things, than Miss Mary N. Murfree, who first became known to the literary world under her *nom de plume* given above. This promise was fairly fulfilled by her second effort, "Where the Battle was Fought," and the third, now before us, is even better than that. Although written for juvenile readers, it is well worth reading by older people, for it is distinctly one of the best of its class, and is marked by the distinguishing characteristics of the author's happiest style. The scene is laid in a wild country and among a strange people, in the description of which Miss Murfree is peculiarly at home, and the story, abounding in dramatic interest and striking characters, is thoroughly enjoyable from beginning to end.

THE RUSSIAN REVOLT: Its Causes, Conditions, and Prospects. By EDMUND NOBLE. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Washington: Wm. Ballantyne & Son.

The author of this readable volume qualified himself for his task by a long and careful study of Russian history, supplemented by a two years residence in the country, observing her people, their ways, aspirations, &c. While his treatise is not a profound one, and does not throw much light on the subject that could not be gained from other sources, it is still a well digested and compact presentation of facts and theories concerning the great social upheaval in that country known as nihilism. The volume is a timely and useful one, in view of the extent to which Russia and her affairs are just now attracting the attention of the rest of the world.

BIRDS IN THE BUSH. By BRADFORD TORREY. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Washington: Robert Beall.

A very agreeable little volume, this, made up of a scant dozen of essays, most of which have appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*. Popular rather than technical in purpose and style, they throw a good deal of new light on the feathered songsters of New England, and tell in a pleasant way many things already known to most observers of nature, thus combining in an attractive manner entertainment and instruction. For a person going to the country for a vacation, and especially for the young, it will make a most excellent companion.

NEW LIGHT ON MORMONISM. By Mrs. ELLEN E. DICKINSON. With Introduction by Thurlow Weed. New York: Funk & Wagnalls.

Notwithstanding the great interest now felt in all quarters in regard to the doctrines, practices and probable future of the Mormons, comparatively few of the present generation know anything of the beginnings and early history of that sect. Those who desire information on these points will find in Mrs. Dickinson's book much of interest and importance, based on entirely reliable foundation,—much of it derived from an examination of original papers and the evidence of men and women still living who were personally cognizant of the facts set forth.

SNOB PAPERS. A Humorous Novel. By ADAIR WELCKER (Sacramento, California). Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

Under the guise of fictitious names the author of this book paints a somewhat amusing picture of one phase of life in San Francisco. The author shows himself to be a pretty shrewd observer of human nature, with fair powers for satirising the salient features of character and society that fall under his notice, and the sharp points he makes will be appreciated everywhere, though the story seems to be better adapted for California readers than this side of the great divide.

PROSE WRITINGS OF NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS. Selected by HENRY A. BEERS. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Washington: Wm. Ballantyne & Son.

Professor Beers, whose biography of Mr. Willis we recently had occasion to commend, has done well to give to the present generation some of the best examples of that versatile and graceful writer's prose productions. They make one of the most readable volumes recently published, and can hardly fail to be as popular with the present generation, to whom Mr. Willis and his fame are strangers, as to his old time admirers.

From Shillington, the publisher, we have an attractively written *brochure* entitled "Country Homes, and their Improvement," by Commodore Ammen, the purpose of which, to use the author's own words, is "to indicate to those concerned the conditions pertaining to an intelligent and rational country life, to aid those who are adaptable, and to discourage those who are not adaptable from putting on themselves 'a burden more than they can bear.'" With the latent hope in nearly every bosom of some time leading a dreamy life of pleasant leisure in the country, such papers as this are of more service than might at first be supposed, and Commodore Ammen's experiences, both as a man of the world and a retired gentleman, qualify him to speak as one possessing knowledge, and give to his reflections and observations upon the advantages and drawbacks of rural life more than ordinary interest and value.

Under the general title of "Our Living World," Mr. Selmar Hess, of New York, has commenced the publication of "an artistic edition" of Rev. J. G. Wood's Natural History of Animated Creation, revised and adapted to American Zoology, by Joseph B. Holder, M.D. As naturalists Mr. Wood and Dr. Holder are so well and favorably known that nothing need be said of the text, so that the only concern of the public is with the typography and illustrations of the projected edition. These, it is a pleasure to be able to say, are all that could reasonably be desired, so that within its limitations the publication will become at once a standard authority and a popular presentation of its subject. The work is to be published in forty-two numbers, of about fifty pages each, of which the first four have been issued. The price will be 50 cents per number.

The Messrs. Scribner are about to add to their fifty-cent paper-covered edition of standard literature Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's earliest and best story "That Lass o' Lowrie's." Over twenty-five thousand copies of this story were sold directly after publication, in a form three times as expensive as the one now proposed, and there yet exists for it a steady demand.

The fourth volume of Dodd, Mead & Company's "Tales from Many Sources," (received through Robert Beall,) is quite as attractive as those which have preceded it, containing representative stories by such popular writers as Wilkie Collins, Daudet, Walter Besant and James Rice, James Payne, and others hardly less widely known.

Mrs. Emily T. Charles, of this city ("Emily Hawthorne"), who has been in ill health for some time, has sufficiently recovered to resume her literary work, and is now engaged on a second volume of poems, which she hopes to have ready in time for the holidays.

Death of the Emperor.

A HORSE WHICH CARRIED MANY GRAND MARSHALS IN MILITARY PARADES.

From the New York Sun.

When the military procession formed in 5th avenue on the morning of decoration day, Gen. Green, chief of cavalry, looked gloomy. In answer to an inquiry of a friend he said that Emperor had sprained his leg, and there was no horse to take his place. Yesterday Emperor died, and Gen. Green is gloomier still.

Every soldier and Grand Army man who ever served on the staff of a grand marshal has known the proud, intelligent Emperor, but there were but few who could ride him. Gen. Shaler, however, at the head of his National Guard division, knew exactly how to handle him. He had virtually to be left alone. Any one who tried to control him to any extent would soon find himself on the pavement. Prouder than the commanding general, Emperor let even his own rider know that he knew his business thoroughly. Standing perfectly still when the various divisions were forming in side streets, watching them until the time for marching arrived, when the bugle sounded he would begin to prance. Then, without any orders, he marched along, changing his step whenever the drum corps relieved the music of the bands. When passing the reviewing stand he made his salute by gracefully prancing before the reviewing officer, but immediately returned to his ordinary step when the reviewing stand had been passed.

Toombs on the Negro's Future.

HE SAYS THE BLACK RACE IS A SCRUB RACE AND BOUND TO DIE OUT.

The Atlanta *Evening Journal* publishes an interview with ex-Senator Robert Toombs on the future of the negro. They are his views as they would have been given in the *North American Review* had not bad health prevented the preparation of an article for that periodical.

He says that his speech on slavery in Tremont temple, Boston, is as true to-day as it was then and will be for all time. The negro race is an inferior race. He was so created, and if God had not intended to make him inferior to the white man he would never have created him black. All history shows him to be incapable of governing himself. He cannot, therefore, govern countries or anything else. The position of the Rev. Dr. Haygood that the two races must rise or fall together, he says, is very foolish. The negro race is dependent on the white for everything. He does not think they can be educated. It will be found in the end that as a race they are uneducationable. He says education is increasing crime among them. A negro is out of his element at the blackboard. His natural home is the cotton patch and the plough. There he has always done best; there he will always do best. As to the future of the negro race in the south, he said:

It is the plainest thing in the world, he will die out. He is dying out now. I think I ought to understand the census. I have studied enough. I tell you that it is being falsely interpreted by certain people in this country. The negro is dying out as a race; he is bound to die out. That is what will become of him. It is the history of all inferior races, and here is the broad distinction. The negro race is a scrub race; the white race is a thoroughbred race. In time the scrubs are bound to die out, but the thoroughbreds live on to procreate the species. It is a law of God and cannot change.

A clergyman indignantly announces that all the salaries of religious teachers in the country added together would not amount to so much as the sum which the country spends annually in keeping dogs. And the worst of it is a goodly percentage of the brutes are "yaller" dogs.

GERONIMO'S MURDEROUS BAND.

Their Fiendish Torture of the Living and Shocking Mutilation of the Dead.

ARIZONA LIKELY TO BECOME A HOWLING WILDERNESS IF THE OUTRAGES ARE CONTINUED.

ARIZONA, May 30, 1885.

Correspondence of The Evening Star:

Your correspondent, on the eve of his departure from Arizona, where he has spent the past twelve months, hastens to send you a few notes on the situation. The press dispatches have kept you posted touching the rise and progress of the Apache hostilities in this territory. But one who is in close relations to these thrilling events has a more vivid idea of the insecurity and terror attending such raids than it is possible for those to have who are remote from the field of operations. It was on Sunday night, the 17th inst., under the soft light of a southern moon that a band of Indians, headed by Geronimo, their chief, quietly and quickly moved out from the San Carlos agency and took their old trail to the Sierra Madre. The movement was promptly reported to the military headquarters of this department, and from thence on Monday the startling intelligence was flashed to all the posts in Arizana and New Mexico and troops ordered to advance immediately to the various mountain passes to intercept the renegades. The writer spent the following night in the midst of the busy preparations by three companies of the fourth U. S. cavalry, who moved at early morn to meet the hostiles. The troops from Forts Apaché, Grant, Huachuca, Thomas are in vigorous pursuit by the invaders and have struck them at several points with small losses on both sides. In a recent skirmish the bucks placed the squaws in front of the line to receive the fire of their pursuers. Was this a piece of strategy, or an exhibition of cowardice? The path of the Indians, as usual, is marked by a succession of bloody horrors. It is reported that twenty-four persons have already been cruelly murdered within a radius of twenty-four miles. Their bodies were so fearfully mutilated as to prevent identification. No one can realize the horrid atrocities of these savages, who has not witnessed the mangled remains of the men and women whom they have slain. Their vengeance is not glutted by inflicting the most fiendish tortures on their victims while living, but when life becomes extinct they are accustomed to continue these outrages, which are too shocking to mention.

If some measure is not adopted to stop these Indian raids this rich and beautiful region is in danger of being converted into a vast howling wilderness. People will not settle in a country which is constantly exposed to the inroads by savage hordes, and the present inhabitants will be compelled to flee to other parts for protection of person and property. The army is entirely competent to adjust the difficulty if it had control of the Indian question, and the citizens are so aroused at the present time that they threaten to combine for a war of extermination of the red race. But outrages on either side are always to be deprecated by the wise and the good. And yet every consideration of humanity, justice and religion calls loudly for a speedy settlement of this gigantic trouble. A sentiment of false philanthropy must not interpose to prevent a prompt redress of outrages and grievances.

The end of the Indian troubles is not yet. The army on the frontiers is still an indispensable necessity. Much remains to be done in the way of Christian civilization before the blessings of peace and security are enjoyed by all the people of this land of the free.

W.

RELIGIOUS NOTES.

CHURCHES HERE AND ELSEWHERE.

—The joint committees of the A. M. E. and the A. M. E. Zion churches will meet in this city in July, to consider plans for an organic union of these two branches of African Methodism.

—Information has been received here that the wife of Rev. C. W. Rudisell (late presiding elder of the West Baltimore district of the M. E. church), who accompanied her husband to India, has broken down in health, and will return home at once.

—Rev. Hobart H. Smith, now of Henshaw Memorial P. E. church, Baltimore, who was last Sunday ordained a priest by Rt. Rev. Bishop Paret, is a native of this city. He was brought up in the Foundry M. E. church, and entering the conference served for twelve years in some of the best appointments allotted to young men. He withdrew at the conference of 1884.

—The Free Methodists have sent six missionaries to Congo.

—The Northern Presbyterian church has absorbed the Reformed Presbytery of Philadelphia.

—Rev. A. J. Fristoe, who has been serving the Flint Hill and Washington, Va., Baptist churches, has also accepted a call to the Sperryville church.

—The United Brethren have purchased land on the ocean front at Cape May Point, N. J., for a camp meeting site, and will at once erect suitable buildings there.

—It is estimated that there were 40,000 additions to Methodist and 25,000 to Presbyterian churches in the western states in the first three months of this year.

—Among the camp-meetings to be held this season are those at Mountain Lake Park, Md, July 11th; Chester Heights, Pa., July 15th, and Ocean City, N. J. (National), July 18th.

—Rev. J. Clarke Hagey, who has served Union and Grace M. E. churches, now stationed at North Capitol church, has received the degree of D. D. from the East Tennessee Wesleyan University.

—The Presbyterian board of foreign missions received during the year over $700,000, which was $7,000 more than in any previous year. Nevertheless, the year ended with a debt of about $50,000.

—The general assembly of the Presbyterian church has designated the second Sabbath of June as "Children's Day," and recommended that special services be held on that occasion to secure a more general observance of the day, as well as uniformity in the exercises.

—Dr. Brown has retired from his position of permanent clerk of the Southern Presbyterian assembly, and Dr. J. Leighton Wilson from the secretaryship of the board of foreign missions. Dr. Wilson was for eighteen years a missionary to Africa, then one of the secretaries of the Old School board of missions.

—The Rev. D. L. Rathbun, of Sweet Air (Chestnut Grove church), Baltimore county, has been unanimously elected principal of the academy at Darnestown, Montgomery county, Md. It is believed Mr. Rathbun will also be called to the pastorate of the Presbyterian church at Darnestown at an early day.

The Newspaper Always.

From the New Orleans Times-Democrat.

"What style of bustles do ladies like best?"

"To tell you the truth, sir, the home-made article gives more satisfaction that any other. I mean the newspaper bustle, which can be made in a few moments and does not cost a cent. A great many ladies will wear no other kind, because when the papers are properly wrapped around a piece of baling twine it will retain its shape, no matter how severely it is crushed, whereas a close seat in a street car is death to a wire bustle, and that is the reason why ladies, when they ride in the cars, spread their dresses over the seat and usurp as much room as they can."

Saturday Smiles.

The revised version will, no doubt, have a great effect on modern Sheology.—*Puck.*

'Twixt Bessie Cleveland and good Dr. Crosby,
What shall, O men of law, our liquor laws be?—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

"No Washington correspondents ride the bicycle." Too much wear and tear on the head.—*N. Y. Commercial.*

It is announced that 700 persons have been poisoned by eating ice cream in a Georgia town. N. B.—Young ladies please notice.—*Boston Post.*

Employer to clerk—"I don't object to your going to a funeral once in a while; but I think you might bring me home a fish or two." Sunblush on the end of the clerk's nose extends rapidly to his ears.—*Roxbury Advocate.*

A teacher in one of the Altoona schools recently electrified her pupils, who were annoying her with questions: "Children, I am engaged." Noticing the general look of astonishment, she added: "But not to any fool of a man," and the excitement died away.—*Altoona Tribune.*

"I see," remarked Brown at the tea table the other evening, "that they propose to subject butter to the microscopic test." "H'm," grunted Fogg, "nothing new about that. I have frequently to use a microscope in order to be certain that I have been helped to butter." If Fogg should be informed by the landlady that his room is wanted, he will probably understand the reason.—*Boston Transcript.*

Miss Florence Maryatt says: "Let our sex continue to do for men what it has done in the past. Sit on them. I repeat it. They will be the better and wiser for it. Sit on them." That's it, Florence; but in addition let them always bear in mind that they should do so when the old gentleman is asleep, and also never fail to make the usual inquiry: "Am I too heavy?"—*Boston Post.*

DOES ADVERTISING PAY?—The proprietor of a household article recently informed the publishers of a well-known monthly magazine of large circulation that the insertion of a small advertisement twice in the pages of their magazine had brought in more than eight thousand inquiries. And yet some people are still wondering if newspaper and magazine advertising pays!

THE HOUSEHOLD was in great tribulation. Jimmy Tuffboy had been indulging at an infrequent Sunday school festival.

"I hope he is not dangerous, doctor. Do you think so?" said his anxious mother.

"No, not dangerous, exactly. He has a slight attack of peanutico bananaria, with some symptoms of ice-creamitis and cakurium. I guess he'll pull through."

"You bet I will, Doc, old son," said Jimmy, feebly. "There's 'nuther festival over to the Methodist next week."

His mother was so much encouraged that she fed the mustard plaster to him in a spoon and bound a wintergreen "sling" on the most painful portion of his anatomy.—*Hartford Post.*