# ONE OF THE SIX HUNDRED

## Capt. Thomas Morley, of the Light Brigade.

### HISTORY OF THE CHARGE

**Rode With Gen. Cardigan "Into the Jaws of Hell," and Captured the Only Gun Taken During That Terrible Fight—Was in Libby Prison and in Ford's Theater Disaster.**

Capt. Thomas Morley still lives, and he lives in Washington. Who is he? A man who has dared death as few men have. He has survived war, famine, and wreck. He is a survivor of the charge of the Light Brigade, Libbey prison, and the Ford's Theater disaster.

The main feature of interest about the grizzled veteran is that he rode with Gen. Cardigan into the jaws of hell, and broke through the Russian lines at Balaklava, in the Crimea. He is a bona fide survivor of that fight.

Thomas Morley enlisted in the Seventeenth Lancers, famed in British military history as the "Death or Glory Lancers," at Dublin, Ireland, on June 30, 1849. He was born in the parish of St. Mary's, county of Nottingham, England, in 1830, and at the age of eighteen left his home to enlist in the Seventeenth Lancers, then stationed in Ireland. He continued with this famous regiment till December, 1854. These facts were taken out of his regimental account book by a reporter for The Times, this morning. His name also appears on the roll of the Balaklava Commemoration Society.

Following is a copy of a letter to Capt. Morley from Lord Tredegar, who commanded the Seventeenth Lancers at the Battle of Inkerman, fought between the English and Russians on November 5, 1854:

Tredegar Park, Newport, England, April 6, 1889.—Morley: I remember quite well that on the field of Inkerman you asked permission to fall out to go and try and bring in Cornet Cleveland, who had been seriously wounded a short time previously. I gave you permission, and you went, with two other men, and brought Cornet Cleveland into camp. I also know that you displayed great gallantry in the light cavalry charge of Balaklava. Yours sincerely,

TREDEGAR,
Late Captain 17th Lancers.

Morley is the wearer of the Queen's "Death or Glory" medal, inscribed: "Sebastopol, Inkerman, Balaklava, Alma." He also wears the Sultan's medal for gallant service in the Crimean war.

The Times called on Capt. Morley at his home, No. 230 First street southwest, this morning. He bears his age as easily as his honors and his scars. He speaks with a decided English accent. He stands 5 feet 8 inches, is deep and broad chested, erect, and wears a long white beard and moustache, while his hair is scarcely tinged with gray. He has a direct, blue-gray eye, an aquiline nose and a firm jaw. The reporter found him a willing talker, and in fighting his battles over this is what he said of the famous charge of the Light Brigade:

CHARGE OF THE SIX HUNDRED.

"I recall the fearful charge of the Light Brigade as though it occurred but yesterday. The charging column was composed of the Fourth Light Dragoons, the Eighth R. I. Hussars, Eleventh P. A. O. Hussars, the Thirteenth Light Dragoons, and the Seventeenth 'Death or Glory Lancers.' In the engagement I was corporal, and later sargeant. I was at the end of the line on the right flank of the second squadron of my regiment.

"We went in with 145 men, and at roll-call after the fight only forty-five answered. The strength of the brigade was 670, and of these only 195 cried 'here' when their names were told off. Every man had blood on him with the exception of our commanding officer, Lord Cardigan. Though his clothes were cut and torn, yet I do not think that he received a wound, and I am quite certain that he was the only man who escaped unhurt.

"I received a slash over the head from the sword of a Russian officer, and a wound in the right hand. During the morning of the 25th of October we were stationed in the South Valley, close to the Heavy Brigade. We witnessed their engagement with the Russians, but were not ordered to participate in it.

"The attack of the Russians on this brigade was unexpected. It came while the English soldiers were at breakfast, and while some were watering their horses, but they rallied, and after some tangled fighting charged the enemy, who were scattered by the courage and discipline of the men and the greater weight of their horses, the Russian horses being very light. It was a thrilling engagement, but the list of fatalities was not long.

"The order came for the Light Brigade to go into the North Valley, and after some maneuvering we entered it. It is a little valley about 500 yards wide at its narrowest and with a slight declination towards a Russian battery which obstructed it at the lower end about one mile away. The main body of the Russian forces lay behind this. The Causeway Heights were on our right, and the Fediukine Heights on our left. Along these elevations there were plenty of Russian batteries.

"The men of my regiment did not know of the arrival of the order to move. None of them knew what our destination was to be, though no one would have believed that we had been ordered to charge through that valley, fringed and blocked by guns.

"The brigade struck a good trot, and Lord Cardigan headed it straight down the valley. I saw Capt. Nolan, our regimental commander, who had brought the moving order from Lord Raglan to Lord Cardigan, waving his sword toward the latter, and indicating that it was the batteries on the right which had been intended in the order. Capt. Winter, my troop leader, saw this, too, and understood the signal and ordered 'Second squadron, threes right,' and we obeyed.

"Just then Nolan was killed by a fragment of shell. Then Corp. Nunnerly, who is also a survivor and is still living at Ormskirk, Liverpool, shouted, 'Threes left, forward!' In obedience to this order, we went to the left and headed straight down the valley, every foot of which is now such historic ground. Just as this movement was executed, a shell dropped in the midst of our troop, and a dozen men went to their eternal home.

SLAUGHTER BEGINS.

"The shock of the explosion felled my horse, but he arose without dismounting me, and onward down the valley we rode.

"We had then proceeded but a few hundred yards, but the batteries were opening on us, and the roar of guns as they belched death and destruction was deafening. Men were dropping all around by this time, and although the gaps in the ranks were promptly closed, yet there was so much noise and smoke and confusion that nobody really could tell what was going on or where we were going.

"Captain Winter, our troop leader, fell next, and close after him Captain Webb fell mortally wounded. This left our troop without a commissioned officer, but we rushed on with the rest of the brigade. The guns on the heights were doing good work against us, but, being at the disadvantage of having to shoot down hill, they were not nearly so effective as the batteries directly ahead, which raked us with terrific effect, for the Russians were good gunners.

"At the very instant that we came upon these guns, a volley was discharged with horrible result, but, in a moment more, we dashed against and through the guns, driving the men before us, but receiving a good deal of fight from straggling groups of gunners. In the din and confusion, while I was looking for an officer of my regiment, I came across Lieutenant Jarvis, of the Thirteenth Light Dragoons, for the uniforms of the Thirteenth and Seventeenth were very similar—blue uniforms and white facings—and I called his attention to Lord Cardigan and his white legged horse a little distance off; but Lieutenant Jarvis, who was one of the bravest of men, said:

'Never mind; let us take this gun.' It was the nearest to us, and the Russians were already driving off with it. Jarvis shot one of the horses and slashed away at the gunners. It was in this way that we got the gun, and this was the only gun captured in that memorable engagement.

"We did not get far away with the captured piece before the Cossacks rallied and came at us full tilt. They were armed with lances about twelve feet long. We managed to get through them, but a body of them chased me into a number of Russian cavalry and after struggling through them, I was viciously set upon by a Russian officer. My lance had been shot away, but with my sword I saved my skull. He made a drive at me which cut half way through my sword and would have cleft my skull but for the heavy dress cap which I wore. I cut him across the face.

"Then the fighting became confused and promiscuous. I could see a small body of our troops driving a brigade of Russians before them. Half a mile beyond the guns the Russian Hussars came to a halt, turned and made at us.

BETWEEN FIRES.

"A regiment of lancers with flags flying were coming down the valley and I thought that they were French lancers about to reinforce us, but on closer approach their long gray coats showed them to be Jopotkine Lancers. They fired at us. We were then between two fires. The Hussars were coming from one direction and the Jopotkine Lancers were rushing from another.

"I rode back and rallied our troop, or what was left of it, and we cut our way through the Russian cavalry. After this we passed a body of infantry and they fired into us. A number of our men went down in this retreat. The guns which we had passed had in the meantime been manned and we had to go through them a second time. This was not accomplished without heavy loss. After passing we struck down the valley, not following the track we had used in coming up. Our regiment was the last to come in and the skeletons of the regiments which had gone down the valley were on parade and Lord Cardigan had concluded his famous speech.

"The ride up the valley occupied, I should say, about five minutes, and the time spent in fighting behind the guns amounted to about twenty. Nolan had understood the order, as was proved by Winter's command, 'threes right.' It was very easy for Cardigan to lay the blame on him, knowing that he was dead.

"The battle of Inkerman followed ten days after. As Balaklava was within the Russian lines, and as the Russians fell back in the spring, I walked over the ground where the fighting of the Light Brigade had been done. The Russians had not buried our dead, but had merely thrown dirt over them, and the rains and storms of winter had washed a number of bodies out, and many of these were gathered up and sent back to England.

"The Commemoration Society, of which I am a member holds an annual banquet. At present, I think, there are about seventy survivors of the Light Brigade. There are a large number of survivors of the 10,000 general troops that were around Balaklava, but membership in the Balaklava Commemoration Society is restricted to those who rode in the charge of the Light Brigade. The relics of the fight which I have shall, at my death, be bequeathed to the National Museum."

Capt. Morley came to the United States in 1862, and through the influence of Gen. Havelock, inspector-general of cavalry for the District of Columbia, brother to Sir Henry Havelock, was made drill instructor to the Twelfth Pennsylvania Cavalry. For this service he has never been paid. Soon after the second Battle of Bull Run he received a commission as second lieutenant of the regiment.

In an effort to rally his regiment his horse was shot from under him, and he was made prisoner, being transported soon after to Libbey Prison, where he remained six months before his exchange.

AGAIN OPTURED.

He was once more captured and lodged in Libbey, where he shared the same bed with Gen. di Cesnola, who had been an Italian engineer in the Crimean war. Gen. Cesnola is now director of the museum of art at Central Park, N. Y. Morley was again exchanged, and rejoined his regiment at Harper's Ferry. His commanding officer ordered him with thirty men to capture fifteen Confederate cavalry, supposed to be in the vicinity of Charlestown. Morley undertook the task, but ran into 2,000 cavalry and artillery.

There was a red-hot running fight, and before the Federal detachment got back to Harper's Ferry twenty-one out of the thirty had been killed or captured. Morley escaped. Through the influence of Gen. Congdon he was appointed second in command of the dismounted camp at Pleasant Valley, and later was made second assistant inspector of cavalry for the Department of Western Virginia, under Maj. Gordon, of the Second Dragoons.

In January, 1865, he received his commission as captain, and rejoined his regiment, resigning at the close of the war. He then returned to England and became regimental sergeant major of the Ayershire Yoeman cavalry.

During his residence in England he leased and lived in the Robert Burns cottage. This lease he still has. Ten years ago he returned to Washington and secured a position in the War Department, and was in the record and pension division in the Ford's Theater building when the crash came.

In that accident he received injuries which compelled retirement to private life. Since then he has held no position, and his pension is not a princely one.

### WHERE COLORS COME FROM.

The cochineal insects furnish the gorgeous carmine, crimson, scarlet ermine, and purple lakes.

Sepia is the inky fluid discharged into the water by the cuttle-fish to render him obscure when attacked.

Indian yellow is procured from the camel.

Ivory chips produce ivory-black and bone-black.

Exquisite Prussian blue comes from fusing horses' hoofs with impure potassium carbonate.

Various lakes (colors) are derived from roots, barks, and gums.

Blue-black comes from the charcoal of the vine-stock.

Turkey red is made from the madder plant which grows in Hindostan.

The yellow sap of a Siam tree produces gamboge yellow.

Raw sienna is the natural earth near Sienna, Italy, and raw umber is an earth found near Umbria.

India ink is made from burned camphor.

Bistre is the soot of wood ashes.

Very little real ultramarine is in the market, it being obtained from the lapis lazuli.

Chinese white is made from zinc; scarlet is iodide of mercury, and vermillion is from the ore cinnabar.

### Out of It for Good.

Citizen—I see that Senator Quay isn't in it any more.

Excited Politician—Not in it! Why what are you talking about. Haven't you read——

Citizen—He's not in it, I repeat. I mean the soup.—New York World.

### He Wanted Rest.

She (intensely musical)—"Oh! You can't think how I love this song; listen, now he's coming to the refrain."

He (intensely bored)—"Refrain? How I wish to goodness he would."—Half-Holiday.

### Before Taking.

Although reports to-morrow may
Be sadly contradictory—
Both sides may feel, throughout today,
That each has won the victory.
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Mrs. Ray—Why are you so despondent over your cook leaving you? Aren't there others?

Mrs. Ray—Yes; but when I asked her to give me a good recommendation the wretch absolutely refused.

# SOME ILLUSTRIOUS VAGS

## People Who Have Been Sent to the District Workhouse.

### BEN BUTLER'S NEPHEW ONE

**William P. Lasselle, Who Was the Youngest Brigadier in the Union Army, a Regular Caller—Tragic End of Oswald C. Allen—Trial of Father Columbia and Jules Wallace.**

There is an act daily enforced in the District branch of the police court, under the provisions of which almost any man, no matter what his worldly position, may be held and required to give bonds. It is the vagrancy law, and it is responsible for a very large percentage of the boarders at the institution on the banks of the Eastern Branch for the care of the morally unhealthy, known as the workhouse.

Of course, the vast majority of "vags" are of the poorer class; tramps of all descriptions who drift into the city and are unable to find work. After staying out the time limit at the lodging houses, they are compelled to beg, and in a short time they are caught at that by the police and sent down.

Very frequently, however, men are arraigned under the act who have been at some time in their lives prominent in official and social life, and whose downfall has been caused by a too free and frequent indulgence in beverages that intoxicate.

One of the most conspicuous of these at the present time is Gen. William P. Lasselle. He was the youngest brigadier general in the Union Army during the war, and, with a splendid education and a brilliant mind, he gave every promise when he left the Army of a brilliant career. He took up the practice of law and soon became prominent and wealthy.

DRINK CAUSED HIS DOWNFALL.

Drink caused his ruin, however, and now he is brought up before the police court almost as soon as he gets out of the workhouse. He gets drunk, falls down in the street, and his debauches are as dangerous to himself in endangering his person, as they are in jeopardizing his liberty.

In the earlier days of the police court there were several very notable people who frequently rounded up in the police court to plead to the vagrancy act. One of these was George H. Butler, a nephew of Ben Butler, and one of the most brilliant correspondents and writers in the city during his palmy days.

He was a periodical drinker, and whenever he got on a "tear" he would sooner or later march down to the police court, state his case to the judge, get a commitment to the workhouse for himself, and carry it down in person to the intendent. This was during Judge Snell's tenure of office. He would remain in the workhouse thirty or sixty days at a time, just as he desired, and it was while in this self-imposed confinement that many of his best letters were written. He finally died in a house on H street during a wild debauch.

Oswald C. Allen, whose chief claim to prominence lay in the fact that he was the son of very wealthy parents, was at one time, up to the time of the tragedy that startled Washington and ended his life, a familiar figure in the dock at the police court. Drinking always took him there and vagrancy was the charge to cover him. He nearly always managed to find a bondsman, however, and to the fact that he was not always sent to the Workhouse is due the tragic ending of his misspent life.

ALLEN'S TRAGIC END.

Shortly after he had been arraigned and given bonds for a certain period, he got on another tear, and his bondsmen started out to look for him in order that he might deliver him up under bail-piece and prevent a forfeiture. He turned up at the police court, but went from there to the Jefferson School, where his wife was employed as a teacher. Entering her room, filled with boys and girls ranging from ten to thirteen years of age, the two started a quarrel, in the midst of which he drew a pistol from his pocket and threatened to kill her.

She grasped his hand and a struggle followed, she trying to obtain possession of the weapon and he endeavoring to retain it. He finally managed to break from her, and, stepping back a couple of paces, fired a single shot. With a scream of pain, the unfortunate woman fell to the floor and lay writhing in a pool of blood. Allen gazed for a moment, horrified at the fearful crime he had committed, and then, placing the pistol to his own head, he fired, killing himself instantly. The wife lingered for a few hours in great agony.

"Pegleg" Clark, a veteran of the rebellion, was one of the most picturesque and eccentric vagrants ever seen around the police court, and the officials of that place really mourned his loss when alcoholism resulted in his death at the workhouse. He had lost both his legs in the war, and drew a pension of $72 a month.

When pension day came around, every three months, he would take his $216 and go on a terrific tear, that invariably resulted in his being taken before Judge Snell as a vagrant. He hated to go to the workhouse, and when arraigned he would use the most profane and contemptuous language, in the hope of being sent to jail. Judge Snell soon tumbled to his racket, however, and made his workhouse sentences all the longer.

CLARK'S CLEVER RUSE.

The last time he was sent down Clark, who had quite a bank account, prevailed upon one of the prisoners to cash a check. After his death his obliging friend secured a release, and presented the check at the bank. He was very much chagrined, however, to find that he had overlooked the fact that Clark had neglected to sign the order.

Branch P. Wright was the name of another conspicuous vagrant, since deceased, who used to turn up at court with great frequency. He was of good family and had considerable means, but could not overcome his love for strong drink. Every time he was convicted he would stick a tin tobacco tag in the floor of the cellroom, and when he died he had a record about a yard long.

One of the most noted female "vags" ever rounded up in the police court was Ellen Ale. The clerks there roughly estimate the number of times she has been incarcerated at a little over a hundred. Her name figured on the old court index so frequently that when a new one was ordered they were considering the advisability of having her name printed in it at intervals of once a month. Before this had been decided upon, however, she surprised them all by reforming. She started a mission, and afterwards became identified with the Central Union Mission and the Salvation Army. She is now engaged in mission work in England.

FATHER COLUMBIA AND JULES WALLACE.

Two more recent vagrancy trials that attracted national attention were the cases of "Father Columbia" an all-round crank, and Jules Wallace, a spiritualistic medium. The former lasted ten days, and was hotly contested by Prosecuting Attorney James L. Pugh for the District, and W. P. Williamson for the defense.

"Father Columbia" styled himself the originator and head of the "Columbia League," an institution destined to revolutionize and elevate the world. His proper name was Walter H. Shupe, but he had had it changed by special act of Legislature to "Father Columbia," and one of the by-laws of the league was to the effect that when he died his successor in the League should legally adopt the name.

CARLISLE A WITNESS.

He beat a number of people out of various sums, and a peculiar fac tin connection with the case is that the prosecuting witness was J. Kenneth White, the young man who, a few days ago, married Miss Gertrude Bislop, with the assistance of Warrant Clerk Washburn and the police.

Among the scores of witnesses who testified against Columbia was the Secretary of the Treasury, Carlisle, and a number of other prominent personages were connected with the case. The old man's defense was that he was a man of immense wealth, but when asked to produce a few assets, he showed a number of promissory notes, signed by himself. He was finally convicted and after giving bonds, departed for green fields and pastures new.

Jules Wallace was arrested during a raid on a spiritualistic seance given by him at Typographical Temple, and was charged with being a suspicious character. Ethelbert Blair, a correspondent, was the prosecuting witness. It was during his trial that Judge Kimball allowed Mr. Pugh to introduce a newspaper article as evidence against the defendant's character, and accepted an anecdote, read from a calf-bound volume of reminiscences by Mr. Pugh, as an authority, referring to it in his summing up, under the impression that it was a law book. It was also at the conclusion of this trial that Mr. Pugh made a speech that attracted considerable attention, winding it up with the famous declaration:

"He's a vagrant, by God."

Wallace was also convicted and required to give bonds to leave the District.

### NEW USE FOR MESSENGER BOYS.

**The Man With a Jag Hired One to Take Him Home.**

A messenger boy, with a portly, gray-mustached, well-dressed man in tow, got aboard a Sixth avenue Harlem train at Rector street the other afternoon, says the New York World. The man was drunk. The two had hardly seated themselves in opposite cross-seats, before the bibulous gentleman began a series of loud-whispered confidences with another passenger who sat across the aisle from him.

"Wha'd'je think my sheen—scheen?" he remarked. "I'm going t' 'stend the utility of the mess'ger service of the metropolish. Mess'ger boys been carryin' letters and parcels altogether, so far. Idea struck me t'day. Why not give 'em human packages t' take care of? Decided to put my 'venshun to practical test. So I hired No. 66,451 t' take me home. Say, I'm n-e-ver goin' to a bucket shop again s' long's I live. 'F I win I get full 'cause I feel so good, an' 'f I lose I must drown my sorrow."

The messenger boy meanwhile was reading a well-worn copy of a work of fiction, whose exciting nature could be guessed by the boy's sparkling eyes and tightly pressed lips. The wood-cut on the first page showed the juvenile hero throwing two redskins over a cliff into a yawning gulf below.

"Where did I tell you to take me, sonny?"

"Sixty-eighth street," answered the boy, without raising his eyes.

"Didn't you promise me that you'd be my guide, companion an' f-frien' 'f I hired you? An' didn't you say that you were goin' t' Fortysecoustree with a letter an' you had lots o' time?"

The boy cast a nervous glance about him and nodded his head.

"How much money d' I give you? Dollar, wasn't it? Lord, how dry I'm gettin'. Tell you what I'll do; I'll give you 'noder dollar 'f you'll let me off at Fortysecoustree. Just happened to think I've got very 'mportant 'gagement with a p'ticular frien' at 4 o'clock an' it's mos' that now."

The man searched his pockets and succeeded in finding but two nickels and three pennies. The messenger boy's cupidity and the sense of duty had been having a hard struggle, but at the sight of the 13 cents duty triumphed and he said with severe emphasis:

"No, colonel, youse can't bribe me. I said I'd see you safe home for $1, and it's home you go. Hully jee! I wisht you'd go ter sleep and let me read. I borried this book off a feller an' I've gotter give it back to him as soon as I git down town."

A little later a series of gentle snores announced that one at least of No. 66, 451's wishes had come true.

### A CONTENTED MIND.

1—Oh, no! You won't make a good dinner, will yo'? Oh, no! Yum, yum, yum!

2—I'll set the trap agin. Can't hab too many like you.

3—But (as Bunny gets in a knockout blow with his hind legs)—but—

4—salt pork's jest ez good ez rabbit ef yer only mind ter think so.

# TARRED AND FEATHERED

## Washington's Game Market and How It Is Supplied.

### FROM PRAIRIE AND FOREST

**Duck and Other Wild Fowl Supplied by the Chesapeake and Potomac. Venison from the Plains—Where the Grouse and Quail Come From.**

Shall the chef prepare you a jack snipe? Or will you take a red head in a tempting nest of a few sprigs of parsley? Perhaps you would prefer a Bordeaux squab as brown as the piece of toast beside it, and which Monsieur Chef will delight to arrange just as he was taught before he left home to come across the waters to cook for you.

Be it what it will, the game markets of Washington have it and it can be obtained but for the asking. Of course, a pecuniary consideration must be given as an indication of good faith, but that is a secondary matter to the modern Epicurus.

Just as the oyster makes his annual debut as the September "r" begins to glow on the calendar, so the fatted game bird and quadruped prepare themselves for the slaughter. Their season is of about equal duration as that of their distant bivalvular cousin, too, and it is only the representative of the feathered tribe that has been branded as unpalatable that can assume an air of independence after October 1.

The crackle of the underbrush, the fall of the trap, the report of the gun and the muffled stroke of the oar have all broken the marsh's stillness for more than a month now, and the same sounds will be heard until nearly April Fool's Day.

As a result the cold storage boxes in the game dealers' stands and the green grocers' counters are filled full and piled high with the feathered bodies that are numbered among the dainties of the menu.

ANYTHING YOU WANT.

Almost every bird to be found in the market this winter is there now, and it is not uninteresting to know what Washingtonians eat, that is, Washingtonians who live in mansions or in the palatial uptown hotels, for it is only the names of these that appear each week on the game dealer's order book.

The jack snipe and all of his cousins probably lead in point of number. They all belong to the suction family. That means, the game sellers say, that their anatomy is so shaped that they get their daily food by suction. They all have long bills. That of the jacksnipe himself is on an average two and a half inches in length. When his snipeship feels the pangs of hunger growing over him he flutters to a marshy soil and thrusts the long, needle-like bill into the soft earth.

In this manner he draws insects and worms from the ground. He comes from the neighboring fields of Virginia and Maryland.

All the plovers belong to the same family, though they have scarcely as lengthy bills. Nearly all the family are found in this vicinity, and include the common plover, the golden plover, the stilt plover, so called because of his legs that look not unlike the lightning rods of a Chicago office building, and the common flock plover. Then there is a Southern brother named from his native, sand-strewn heath, the Florida plover, while the curlew plover hails from the free and spacious West.

DAINTY SNIPE AND PLOVER.

The sandpiper claims kinship with the above, and points with pride to the fact that after his term of animate usefulness is at an end he will make every whit as enjoyable a dish as his neighbors. He is as partial to the seashore as the summer girl, and may always be found at home in marine marshes. The Wilson and gray snipe and the woodcock also are heirs of the same characteristics as the others.

The autograph of the last named bird is one of the most common on the menu card. It is particularly partial to the thickest underwood. Its eyes are large and set far back in a flat head, that makes the bird as stupid looking as it really is on its native hazelbush.

Pheasants and their near relations come from almost everywhere. On the same cake of ice on which the body of a member of one of the best blooded Virginia Bob Whites reposes will doubtless lay that of foreigner, from Brazil or Europe, for those from those two countries are most in demand.

The mountain grouse, the Swedish pheasant, the Norway bartholican, the prairie chicken, the cock of the plains, and squabs all come under the pheasant family's escutcheon.

They are all rasorial birds, which the game men say means that they have feathered feet and scratch in the earth for insects and seeds. The chicken is of the same household, but he has become in a manner estranged by taking on some of the habits of civilization.

The Norway bartholican is a bird calculated to receive honorable mention at a beauty show. It is pure white and hides in Scandinavian snows. The cock of the plains is marked by a white stripe down the side, like the water line on a cruiser, and struts about with as much self-respect as the gobbler aristocrat of the barn yard.

SUPPLY OF SQUABS.

Squabs, which every one knows, are pigeons that have been pre-ordained to be cut off in the innocence of their youth, come from Alexandria, and are called native, from Pennsylvania, and are called Philadelphia, or from Bordeaux, France, and are called choice. They are in season throughout the year.

There is another large and interesting family, distinguished by its webbed Trilbies. All the duck, from the time-honored canvas-back, that the countryman expected to find covered with something like Defender sailcloth, down to the spoonbill with a mouth like a pair of swinging doors, come under this head. The Potomac and the Chesapeake are favorite haunts of these fowls, and the vast majority of those in the market come from these waters.

They are all cousins, whether they be the plump, stripped widgeon, the retired and pleasure-seeking mallard, the red-neck, the sprigtail, the barduck, the green-winged and blue-winged teal, the tiny teal, the crow duck and the poachard, that so closely resembles the canvas-back. Black heads and rook ducks rank along with the rest and only the connoisseur in the arts of the table is able to tell in most cases one from another.

There is a difference in the price; all go by the pair, but as said before, the consideration is not important to the steady patron of the game counter.

The smaller birds are all retailed by the the dozen. One of the most prized is the ortolan, with an extremely delicate flavor. He comes of French ancestry. By his side in the frigid air of the storage chest lies the white, picked body of the blackbird, that has been stuffing himself all season in order to make the better showing on a bit of China in November. He is a native of the neighboring counties of Maryland and the Old Dominion.

REED BIRD AND ORTOLAN.

Strewn all around the two and packed in the corners of the chest is the reed bird. That is, he is the reed bird just at present, but he changes his name annually as many times as the average operatic star in a half-dozen seasons. When he grows tired of being the reed bird and fattening among the reeds of the Lower Chesapeake, he becomes the bobolink and rice bird in time and then takes a sea voyage over to the Bermudas.

The change of air is so agreeable to him tha the becomes as corpulent as an alderman and styles himself the butter bird. He is more or less prized as a table delicacy during all the trying intervals of change of name.

Quail will not appear in the market until next month. The dealers say that from the advance offers of birds the supply will be an average one. Wild turkeys, wild geese, and white swans are just coming in. The former sell by the pound like the domestic fowls. The latter are bought by the piece.

The birds mentioned are what may be called the stock birds of the market, and at the best stands may be found throughout the season. Any other bird, from the buzzard to the peafowl, may be speedily had by the placing of the order.

Among the animals that bear the name of game, are the deer, antelope, and wild bear, in the large species, and the rabbit, squirrel, and opossum among the lesser lights. Every one could be bought in the market yesterday, and there will be more there to-morrow.

Venison is sold in quarters and in steaks, and antelope, which is considered a bit more choice, is dealt out in the same manner. The former comes largely from the Virginia and West Virginia mountains, and an occasional antelope strays down from there. But generally, like the wild bear, makes his mark in life in the wilds of the far West and comes East after his demise.

The little quadrupeds are all trapped or shot on the other side of the Potomac or the Eastern Branch. An occasional Jack rabbit, with auditory reservoirs like the fans of a windmill, is transported from his prairie retreat.

The opossum is each season growing in demand as a table delicacy, say the men that sell him, and the demand of the large hotels is greater this fall than ever. Others are beginning to find out what the negro learned long ago, that "possum am very, very fine."

### CAN THIS BE TRUE?

**Jack Kerins Tells About the Corbett-Fitzsimmons Fight.**

Jack Kerins, the old Louisville baseball catcher, who is now employed as a bartender by Golden & Brown, at Sixth and Green streets, gave out a statement last night that, if correct, puts an entirely different light on the Corbett-Fitzsimmons wrangle.

From what he says, Corbett, Fitzsimmons, Brady, Julian, and the others connected with the much-advertised fight, are hippodromes of the worst sort, and the scheme they worked, if reports be true, is the biggest in the history of the prize ring.

One of the warmest friends Corbett has is authority for the statements given out by Jack Kerins. This friend of Corbett was in the city during the baseball season, and he passed considerable time at the saloon at which Kerins is a bartender, because Tom Brown, the old Louisville player, who is now a member of the Washington club, is a part owner.

This friend and Kerins are also warm friends. The story Kerins tells is strengthened by the action of Corbett and Fitzsimmons and their managers in the past few days. Here is what Kerins said:

"The last time Corbett's friend was here he said to me, confidentially: 'Jack, this Corbett-Fitz fight will never come off. If it does it will be the biggest farce you ever saw, for I know Corbett is to win. It was all arranged that way before the fight was talked of by Brady, Corbett, Fitz, and Julian. Brady put up the money guaranteeing Fitz's presence in the ring, and also added to Fitz's stake money from time to time as was required to keep up the appearance of a fight on the square.

"'All the bluffs that have been published in the newspapers were arranged before hand. So was the meeting at Green's, in Philadelphia. The nose-tweaking that Corbett gave Fitz was a stage tweak. This carefully laid programme has been carried out to the strict letter from the time they first met and arranged it to the present day.

"'I know it is the agreement between Corbett and Fitzsimmons to try and prevent a fight, but it was settled that if the matter became such that they were compelled to fight, Corbett was to win easily without hurting Fitz. In the event the fight did not come off, Fitz was to be put on the road, with Brady and Corbett as his financial backers.

"'It was just a combine between all the men concerned to work the entire country, get a great deal of advertising, and then go into the show business and make money easily.' The man who told me this has fought Corbett. The fight took place a long time ago in California. Since then he and Corbett have been the best of friends. I would not have told this had there been any likelihood that the fight would ever take place."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

### Knew She Was Pretty.

The man with the V-shaped nose tilted his plate to get the last struggling remnant of soup.

"Our new lady boarder is pretty," he observed, confidently.

"Indeed!" smirked the man with the barbed-wire beard, glancing pleasantly at his own reflection in the gravy dish. "What makes you think so, since we haven't had the pleasure of seeing her as yet?"

"Well——"

The man with the V-shaped nose tucked his napkin carefully around his collar-bone.

"I noticed as I came down stairs that a heavy mat has been placed on the floor in front of her mirror.

At this juncture the door leading from the kitchen and day before yesterday's roast beef came in with the servant to make another Patti farewell tour.

This time it took the form of a stew.—New York World.

### The Ruling Passion.

The sufferer slowly raised his eyelids.

"Where am I?" he asked.

"You were run into by another bicyclist," answered the attendant.

Later, as he was about to breathe his last, he asked in a touching manner, "What was the name of his machine?"—Judge.

# HOW A STATUE IS MADE

## Sculptor Ellicott Explains the Long and Difficult Method.

### CASTING IT INTO BRONZE

**Transformation From Clay to Pure White Plaster of Paris Is a Very Important Feature of the Work. Sectional Duplicates Are Made for the Bronze Founders.**

Few if any people outside of sculptors or their assistants know how a statue is made and cast into bronze. The process by which it is done is long, tedious, and expensive, the least defect often causing the whole work to be gone over. The castings are also very brittle, and if they are bumped together or dropped they smash like an egg-shell.

Henry J. Ellicott, the distinguished sculptor of this city, who has just finished an equestrian statue of Gen. Winfield Scott Hancock, which will be erected at the corner of Seventh street and Pennsylvania avenue northwest, explained the process to a Times reporter.

Mr. Ellicott has just completed his plaster model of the statue, and the building of this is quite an intricate piece of work. The clay model has been finished for some time, but the transformation from the clay to that of pure white plaster of paris model is a very important feature of statue building.

The clay model of the sculptor would be useless without a sectional duplicate of it in plaster of paris, because the sections of the latter are the models for the bronze cast.

The clay statue is solid, so it must be divided into perfect solid sections. They must fit together so well that the joints cannot be seen, and be as strong as though it was solid.

HOW IT IS FINISHED.

The sculptor then must be able to build it up, placing one section into the other on the keystone plan, until the whole is finished up. When it is built up on this plan, if there are any alterations or changes or touching up to be done, he does it while it is standing. The standing statue is then taken apart, section by section, packed in straw and shipped to the bronze foundry.

The building of the white statue after the completion of the clay model is a curious and remarkable process. Work is begun at the base of the statue. A solution of plaster and India red is sprinkled over the section to be cast. This prevents the cast from sticking to the clay.

When the portion is dry, plaster of paris is applied on top of it to the thickness of about two inches. Only a very small portion of the statue is cast at a time, as it is necessary to divide the plaster into divisions which can be removed without breaking.

The clay surface governs the size of the divisions. When the plaster is dry it is removed by strips of tin two inches wide, which stick into the uncovered clay and separates the dry divisions from the one to adjoin it.

After the division has been removed little holes about the size of a marble are bored into the dry part, and when the other part is put on the plaster runs into these little holes and forms a ball and socket joint. About ninety divisions were made in the Hancock statue before the model was completely covered.

When the divisions of plaster contained in each of the sections are fastened together a hollow mould of the section is formed. Into this mould plaster is poured. The mould is then shaken and roled around to prevent the wet plaster from setting solid, the object being to cast the mould hollow. When about two inches of the plaster has dried about the sides of the mould, the mould is torn away and the plaster section remains, an exact reproduction of the clay model.

CAST WITH A CAVITY.

A Roman joint is then cast on it where it connects with the adjoining section. One section is cast with the mounting, which is wedge-shaped, and the adjoining section is cast with a cavity, into which the wedge-shaped piece fits, thus forming the Roman joint.

The plaster must be of pure white and free from all imperfections. Its surface must be smooth before it goes to the bronze founders, and the sculptor spends considerable time in dressing each section and applying retouching plaster on the surface. The edges of the joints must be so smooth that they cannot be seen, except on the closest inspection. If they were apparent in the plaster, so they would also appear in the bronze; the bronze would not then present the appearance of having been cast in one piece—the aim desired.

It is in the joints that the founder gets in his finest work. He casts the final bronze in imported French sand direct from the plaster of Paris. This entails a great deal of labor, and in some instances a sculptor has had to do his work all over because of an accident happening to his plaster cast at the foundry.

Mr. Ellicott is now at work on a standing figure of ex-President Franklin Pierce, which was ordered by the State of New Hampshire. He also has in preparation a bust of Commodore Melville, chief engineer of the Navy, for the Loyal Legion.

The Hancock statue will be returned to this city from the foundry within the next four or five weeks.

## Unlucky Speeches.

"What a lot of people there were at the Wortleburys last week, and yet how dull it was."

"Yes, dear. But it was much brighter after you left."

—Punch.