

KNIGHT OF THE GNP

At the Home of the Hoosier Poet.

A Cluster of Curiosities from Greenfield, Indiana.

Incidents Connected with the Bygones Days of Jim Riley—Private Theatricals in a Barn.

The Invention of the Gaiting Gun, and the Birthplace of the Democratic Hoosier—James Whitcomb Riley in Later Life—How He Poems—Circus—Words of Wisdom about Wives—Get Married.

Left Richmond and took the Pan Handle west, which, by the way, is one of the best roads, to take it in every way, I have ever been over. The coaches are clean and neat, road in excellent condition and train men all accommodating gentlemen. All along the road, at intervals of about the same distance as telegraph poles, are planted on either side magnolia trees, and in some places, beds of flowers are planted between these trees. In a few years it will be a long shady avenue in summer, and with the smoke burner engines the passengers will not be troubled with smoke and cinders, but will ride along through this long lane of magnolia trees perfectly free from these annoyances to travel.

The country from Richmond to Greenfield, where we remained over Sunday, is delightful. It is densely populated, and the oldest portion of the State. The old national pike passes through this section.

Greenfield is situated about twenty miles east of Indianapolis and is a pretty little place of about 3,000 inhabitants. It is the birthplace of James Whitcomb Riley, the Hoosier poet. He is known at home as plain Jim Riley, and in talking with his old associates they invariably called him "Jim." Being an admirer of James I naturally was eager to learn what I could about him, and upon inquiry was directed to his home. I called and found the poet away, but his father welcomed me and invited me to remain for tea—it was then about 5 p. m.—and he would give me what information he could about his son, and said he "I have been more or less connected with James all his life and I think I know as much as any one else about him." The old gentleman was a very genial old man and made me feel at home from the start. He is a man of 77 years of age and is a retired lawyer; was elected to the Indiana legislature twice and has held various other positions of honor.

"James," said he, "has always been an eccentric character. He would never go to school and consequently his education is such as he has obtained elsewhere. He always brought out the ridiculous in whatever he said or did. At the age of sixteen he showed a marked talent for sketching and painting. I accordingly put him under the charge of one of our best artists, and he soon surprised both his teacher and myself by his extraordinary natural ability in this direction. He soon surpassed his instructor and with this ended his lessons in art. He never paid any more attention to it, except occasionally to sketch some humorous character, or transfer to paper some wild, inhuman scene that no one had seen or ever heard of, which had been conjured up by his most vivid imagination. On one occasion I remember we had a vacant lot building on our lot, and James conceived the idea of holding a series of circuses there, as he was always an inveterate circus goer. He was also much given to athletic sports and could surpass any of the boys in town in bodily contortions and acrobatic feats. On public occasions it was quite customary to have 'Jim' Riley to amuse the people by some of his athletic performances.

"James arranged this old building in a way best adapted to his use, decorated the walls with numerous accurate drawings of boats, birds, and reptiles, and was soon prepared to give his first circus. He had informed the boys of town of his project and when he announced his first show quite a respectable sized audience reported at 'circus hall.' His patrons were boys of sixteen and under, who could obtain two cents to pay the admission fee. His show was evidently a success, as quite a number of subsequent performances were given, all with an increased attendance.

"When did your son first manifest the literary talent he now possesses?" said I.

"Well," said Mr. Riley, "he has written more or less since he was twelve. I remember he wrote several poems of some merit when about sixteen, and I believe one of them was published in our paper here. However, he or any one else at this time recognized no particular literary talent in him. It was about five years after he became recognized by the people as one of the literary characters of the State, and some pages called him the 'Hoosier Poet,' by which name he has been known since then."

"I suppose he has lectured nearly all over the country?"

"Yes, he has been nearly over our land on his lecturing tours, but says he is going to quit it soon. I think he pre-

fers writing and dislikes public life. Bill Nye and James were together during his last work at lecturing, and I think they made a good team."

From this we discussed some of Riley's poems and the circumstances under which they were written, and at a reasonable hour I took my departure.

In speaking with one of the citizens of the place, he told me that "Jim" Riley when a boy was always loafing around the court house or public square, or wherever he could hear the old Hoosier farmers conversing together. He would listen for hours at a time to these old farmers, apparently unconscious to all else. The Hoosier dialect seemed to have a charm for him, and it became his chief delight to repeat the stories after these farmers, imitating their peculiar pronunciation. At one time he made the acquaintance of a certain old Indiana pioneer and went out to his home and remained a week with him for the sole purpose of hearing him relate his adventures and anecdotes in the peculiar Indiana dialect. When he returned he wrote one of his best poems, founded on his experience with this old man, and sent him a copy of it. The old gentleman was very much engaged to think his guest would take advantage of him in this way to expose his Hoosier dialect, and threatened to thrash him on sight.

Mr. Riley spends most of his time, when not lecturing, in Indianapolis. He usually comes home three or four times a year, and the people of Greenfield know this means a festive affair for "Jim." He occasionally gives an object lesson in intemperance and always comes home to celebrate. This is contrary, I believe, to the rule; most people go away from home to get on a drunk, but James prefers to have his good times at home.

James Whitcomb Riley is the author of several books, among his later ones are "The Boss Girl and other Poems," and "The Old Swimmer's Hole and 'Leven more Poems,'" besides other smaller publications that have been issued in pamphlet form from time to time. Mr. Riley enjoys the reputation of being the most perfect imitator of the old Hoosier dialect and the most faithful impersonator of the Indiana pioneer that has ever come before the public. As a humorist he is ranked high by the people and is entirely different from others of this class. He is perfectly original and possesses that drollery that never fails to make one laugh. As a poet and literary character Mr. Riley has deservedly received many flattering compliments from our most competent judges, and many of his compositions are almost as familiar to readers as the productions of some of our older poets. He who has not read "That Old Sweetheart of Mine" has missed a rare literary treat. "When the Frost is in the Pumpkin, and the Fodder's in the Shock," is a poem that possesses merit as a rural production. However, to fully appreciate Mr. Riley's poems one ought to hear the author himself recite them. None can bring out the melody and meter so well, and imitate the dialect in which they are written so perfectly as he. Personally Mr. Riley is a genial, good hearted fellow full of love and sympathy for the oppressed and generous to a fault. Like Josh Billings he feels nearer his fellow beings through their faults and frailties than through their perfection and godliness. He is liberal and always gives freely to the needy. But one thing lacked "Jim": He possesses not the one important concomitant to man, that gives a silver lining to every cloud but a loving, sensible wife. James, take my advice and go and get married. You can never know the importance of woman till she is your wife. How often do single men come home with \$25 in their pocket, and worry and fret and puzzle their brains over the question of how to dispose of that money. It wears holes in their pockets and is the burden of their lives. They become miserably and dependent over the unsolved question of how to dispose of that money. Now suppose the married man comes home with \$25. He doesn't distract himself in thinking how to get rid of the money. Oh, no! he has scarcely reached home till his dear companion and help-meet comes to his assistance and bravely consents to shoulder the burden of disposing of the shekels all by her little self. No sir, she is a true, brave woman and comes right up to the front, relieves her husband of the burden and at the same time pays for her tenth new spring hat. I call this business ability. But seriously I believe in wives. I don't think there is a man living who is at all times proof against feminine fascinations, who has not at some time in his life's history indulged in the hope of realizing his dreams of domestic happiness, in which the face of some real or ideal woman shown forth as the guiding star to brighten his life. No man ever indulges in dreams of happiness outside of his ideal home. The world is his at all times in which to roam at his own sweet will. His experience teaches him that in all the world can offer there is nothing so sweet as the love which lives in the home, gives rest to the soul, and that peace of mind which the world can not give. His innermost soul craves for it, so satisfying is it in its tenderness. True love is the very mainspring of happiness, and no outward gain "can wreck

HEIDELBERG, And Surrounding Villages With Jaw-Breaking Names.

Whose History Is Intertwoven With Legend and Romance.

The Cemetery of Konigsstuhl and the Welfenbrunn Well Whose Waters Supply Heidelberg.

The Eccentricity of Dilsberg—A Diligent and Thriving Idiot-Factory—Invisible in Time of War and Hard to Get into in Time of Peace.

HEIDELBERG, June 28th, 1886.

EDITOR NEWS-HERALD—It seems almost superfluous to speak of the great variety of lovely walks which form, perhaps, the chief attraction of Heidelberg. Nature herself, presses them upon our attention. On all sides the forests extend far down into the valley and plain, and a few steps transfer us from the busy town and narrow, crowded streets to the delightful woodland solitudes. The Castle, the Molkenkur and the Konigsstuhl invite us to enjoy their magnificent prospects and panoramas; westward, in the plain a cluster of thriving villages attract our notice, while to the eastward the curve of valley and river coyly repel our inquisitive gaze, and provoke in us, in so much greater degree, the desire to explore their recesses. We can proceed but a short distance in any direction before a conveniently-placed bench offers rest, and enjoyment of the view it affords; and at frequent intervals we can, if so inclined, avail ourselves of the opportunity for refreshments at the numerous rural inns. We lazily recline on benches, or slowly traverse the long, level, shaded paths, or climb the hills, or glide in a skiff on some pleasant, starlight night down the river. On all sides the railroad is at our service to convey us back in case our feet tire or if up yonder in the valley of the Neckar or on the Bergstrasse the charms and bounties of nature have detained us too long. The most attractive walk that Heidelberg has to offer will always be that to the Castle, which also forms an intermediate station between the town and a number of other favorite spots. The Molkenkur, on the right of the first castle, may be reached from the town in half an hour, with the aid of the numerous guide boards, or from the Castle, by various paths in about fifteen minutes.

It affords an interesting bird's eye view of the castle ruins. From here, several roads wind up the heights to the Rindenaehauchen, the Felsenmeer, the Konigsstuhl and Kohlhof; all of which are frequented by the summer excursionists, the towns-people and the peasantry, on Sundays and holidays, where, in the shade of the trees they eat their lunches, chatter, laugh and make merry. The Konigsstuhl, so called because a couple of Emperors saw fit to visit it a century ago, is about a thousand feet above the town and from the tower erected fifty years ago, an extensive view is had of the surrounding country. With a telescope and during clear weather, the top of the Strassburg Minter may be easily recognized. The walk can be continued to a half day's length, through the splendid beech forest that has grown up where the evergreens have been cut away, returning by some one of the various other routes. From the Speyerstein, which is a favored resort on account of the gradual ascent of the road leading to it, a fine view of the cemetery is obtained and in the distance the cathedral of Speire. The former we visited for a short time the evening of our arrival; not that it was the consolation we coveted, or because there is anything especially cheering or pacifying in a strange graveyard; but on that evening (Easter Sunday) many of the graves were newly decorated and crowds of people were constantly going and coming. Located on the hill-side, its well-kept grounds planted with trees and shrubs, it would still be deserving of a visit even if we were not aware that a man's bold combatant with intellect and sword here rests from the strife.

Surrounding the obelisk, erected in commemoration of the Franco-German war are the carefully tended graves of the soldiers, who died in the military hospitals here. Descending the hill we everywhere meet with famous names: Friedrich, Voss, Stark, Holtzmann, Simon, Renaudier, who have played no insignificant part in the development of the national life of Germany in the nineteenth century. Several of the monuments are adorned with busts or medallions. The tomb of the philologist, Kochly, bears a Greek dialect composed by himself on his death-bed, while on the grave of the Palatine poet, Nadler, we read a tribute of affection from a brother poet. The Welfenbrunn, a famous spring, three-quarters of an hour from the Castle, figures in many a romantic story. The one that gives it its name is the legend that the enchantress, Jeta, was here torn to pieces by a wolf. The water of this spring was, in 1873, brought down to supply Heidelberg. The heights on the other side of the Neckar abound in walks and drives. The principal one is the Philosophen-

weg, which, leading by the dwelling-ground of the students, traverses half the height of the mountain, then turns to the west—here the surroundings are as well as the prospects are beautiful indeed. To the right, the summit of the mountain with its tower rises far above us, an unbroken forest; to the left the town, with two or three hundred yards of rapidly descending hillside covered with vineyards and the Neckar between. On the opposite mountain and about on a level with us, are the Castle ruins, and on its summits another stone tower. This road terminates in the village Neuenheim, which is joined to Heidelberg by the new bridge. The only thing unusual claimed for this town is that Luther spent a night at one of its inns in the year 1518. Then follow, besides insignificant villas, Handschuhheim, once the domain of nobles by that name, Dossenheim, Schriesheim, and Weinheim. The second named possesses most of interest, and is most familiar to us, not because a mad King or robber baron ever lived there; but because we have spent many happy hours there. It was on our ocean trip that we made the acquaintance of a New York merchant whose destination was so near Heidelberg. Our friendship at once grew confidential and when we parted an earnest invitation was given us to call; one that before and even after we had made other acquaintances we were only too glad to accept. Suffice it to say that a few weeks ago we had the pleasure of seeing him married and wishing him and his happy wife "bon voyage" to America. Of all the spots in the plain of the Palatinate the most attractive is Schwetzingen, with its celebrated castle ground laid out by Charles Theodore, the large fountain, the statue of Galathea by Crepello, and that of Apollo by Verschaffel are of particular interest. The combination of every style of architecture and sculpture is neither graceful nor elegant, but some parts of the gardens, nevertheless are of great beauty. A walk up the valley of the Neckar is more picturesque in its scenery and quaint in its legend and history. Shortly after passing through the Carls Thor we see on the hillside opposite the Convent of Neuberg, founded in the twelfth century. Originally a monastery, then a seminary for noble ladies, later passing into the hands of the Jesuits and Lazarists, in the present century it has become a private property. In an hour Neckargrund is reached, a very small town, with very dusty, dilapidated, uninviting ruins. It has the reputation of having imitated Heidelberg in the building of a gate corresponding to the Carls Thor, which is certainly a freak peculiar enough to immortalize it. Already in the distance are seen Dilsberg and Neckarsteinach, and another half-hour brings us to the latter, and at the foot of, but on the opposite side of the river from the former. A German town is not anything if it does not possess a peculiarity. If the situation, the single castle or the many legends sink into insignificance Dilsberg would sink down in history. The reason will be given the anxious reader soon. It is built on the top of a single mountain—one with steep slopes on all sides like an inverted bowl, and is protected still further by a huge stone wall which is the outer wall of the outside row of buildings. Climbing the hill by a path that is not visible ten steps ahead of us, on account of the short turns and thick growth of bushes, and dodging the ragged, saw-toothed men, women and children, who dash by us and disappear, we at last stand inside of this impregnable town. For it was twice besieged—by Tilley and the French—but was never taken, whether it was because it was not within their power or that they, on better acquaintance, concluded that they had no earthly use for it, history does not say. Inside the walls all the ground not utilized by the small, steep-roofed, mud-colored houses serves as streets, which are filled with children, chickens and geese. Hastening through these as best we can, we arrived at the castle, which with its tower and ivy-clad crumbling walls, its deep draw-well, and ancient linden tree in the Court, is the redeeming feature of the squalid, repulsive appearing town. It is believed by some that the well was a subterranean outlet and through it the inhabitants were furnished food and ammunition during the long sieges, because at the end each seemed as plentiful as at the beginning. The linden tree is three or four centuries old and three feet from the ground, divides into a dozen branches, each as large as a man's waist. But if all these should fail to excite interest in Dilsberg, the fact that the seven hundred inhabitants who have been inter-marrying for fifteen hundred years have won for it the title of "a thriving and diligent idiot-factory," would still make it an object of curiosity at a distance.

Neckarsteinach has four castles, one of which is threateningly situated on the ledge of a rocky precipice; and it has four times as many legends as the others; in other respects it is a homely, unassuming town.

Very truly yours,  
J. G. HIBSON.

That Terrible Drain

Which scrofula has upon the system must be arrested, and the blood must be purified, or serious consequences will ensue. For purifying and vitalizing effects, Hood's Sarsaparilla has been found superior to any other preparation. It expels every trace of impurity from the blood, and restores new life and vigor upon every function of the body, enabling it to entirely overcome disease.

H. L. G. On the Booming Business of Birmingham.

Magnificent Landscape Mounted on Minerals.

A City Where Speculation Spreads Itself Like a Green Bay Tree.

Peculiar Politics—Democrats and Split-offs—Saw-Mills, Girls and so forth—The Curtain Rises to Reveal J. N. and Drops with a Congratulation.

The NEWS-HERALD of last week made the startling announcement that the "Immortal J. N. was about to swoop down once more on the defenseless people of the Model Town."

That reminded me that it was high time I should "lift the pressure and assume the veil," lest you should be carried away with him on the wings of his glowing imagination into his vast realm of practical philosophy and wind-achanted circus jokes, and forget that there is a noble work resting on our devoted shoulders. I fear we wielders of the "mighty quill" don't fully realize with what childlike simplicity the people look upon us, and with what unwavering confidence they take in our food. We should always be ready to enlighten men, do our duty as it seemeth best, love our neighbors (both sexes) and enemies, and then, like the "good boy" of the Sunday School book, we will die young, and be forced to go from whence to where for news for a famishing people, or "basket spring poetry" for a livelihood. (How's that for an introduction?)

Since writing my first letter from here I have gathered up some few facts concerning Alabama which I will try to tell as briefly as possible, avoiding the use of big words as far as practicable.

As far as I am able to judge, the wealth of, at least central Alabama, consists in its wonderful deposits of mineral—coal and iron. Upon the manufacture of iron, the foundation of the booming city of Birmingham rests, and to give some idea of the boom that city is at present enjoying, one example will be sufficient. While I was there, three weeks since, a lot, vacant, 50x150 feet, sold for the nice little sum of thirty-one thousand dollars, or six hundred and twenty dollars per foot, front. It has had a wonderful growth in the last five years, being transformed during that short period from a town of five thousand people, into a busy, bustling city of thirty or forty thousand. Birmingham is destined, at no distant future time, to be one of the largest and most wealthy cities in the South. Chattanooga and Knoxville both grow steadily and, no doubt rest upon a firm foundation. Both of them are supported by, and draw a great deal of their sustenance from, agricultural districts surrounding them.

Not so with Birmingham. The land surrounding is altogether mineral and upon that basis does the future weal of the city depend. Of course it is a grand field for speculation and one may look over his hotel register and find the names of persons from all corners of the United States, who, upon inquiry, he will find to be speculators, either in rolling-mill stock, mines, or real estate. Therein is one great drawback to the place. Everything is speculation. The unprecedented value placed upon real estate in a city of its size, frightens many men of moderate means away, for they can't afford to buy, and rent is enormous. No doubt it will one day be a beautiful place. The city proper, is situated in a level valley between two ridges running east and west. These hills bear some resemblance to the beautiful elevations surrounding Cincinnati. They are fast being ornamented with palatial residences and mansions, or lots, rather, on their summits is at a very high figure. Already there is a line of steam street cars running out to the southern elevation—a distance of two miles from the business portion of the city. Owing to its rapid growth the municipal improvements in the matter of streets are far behind. Many of the streets have no sidewalks, and when I was there the streets, owing to the abundant rains then falling, were almost impassable except for mules and mud-boats. Three railroads now pierce the city limits, and in the course of a year three more will be built, one of which, the Birmingham & Memphis, is already in the course of construction.

The city surely has a grand future before it and I don't get anything for saying so. Now a few more words concerning minerals and I will tell you something funny, if I can think of anything. Aside from the great iron deposits there are some of the finest coal mines now in operation in this State that there are in the Union. At Blockton, about twenty miles from this place, there are immense coal fields. There are at least twenty-five loads of coal go past here daily from the Blockton mine, and no doubt as much or more goes up the road to Birmingham and other cities. In my hunting excursions, through the woods, I have at numerous times found a dark hole in Mother Earth where some one has, in time past, attempted to rob her of some of her hidden treasure. Most of those veins which were opened here proved too small to work profitably.

Over on the Warrior River, of which I spoke in a previous letter, are the finest coal mines I ever saw or heard of. Several veins have been seen cropping out in the banks of the river from six to eight feet in thickness. Not one of these has ever yet been worked. Land, containing these rich deposits can be purchased at from two-and-a-half to five dollars per acre, containing also a fine covering of timber.

I predict that before five years, all that wild country will be opened up either by railroad or the cleaning out of the bed of the Warrior, and that the wonderful stores of coal there deposited will be opened up and the happy owners of the land will take a trip around the world and finally purchase a lot, build a stone front and settle down to live—all in the "Model Town."

"Be ye yet patient, I have but a few more words to say." (I never thought of that until just now.) I will now desist from writing more concerning coal mines for I may need some of my stock of information on that subject as "fill-in" for some future letter.

I want to say a few words concerning politics.

There are a great many Democrats in Alabama and those who are not Democrats belong to the Democratic party. The regular convention was held at Tuscaloosa some time in June for nominating Representatives from Tuscaloosa county to the General Assembly. There has for several years back been a "split-off" from the party, calling themselves Independents, who have proven a source of much irritation to the old Democracy of the county. This year they found exceptions to the convention which nominated Brown and Foster and their indignation finally blossomed into a convention two weeks since, when they nominated an opposition ticket. They base their action on the assertion that irregularities occurred in the original convention, and term themselves the "Free Democracy" of Tuscaloosa county. There are very few Republicans in the State, *Radicals*, they call them here, and in most of the counties, this one included, they don't presume to even nominate a ticket. That party is insignificant and is never mentioned only incidentally. Well, I have been attending some of their meetings and it would do you good to hear them prove how much rottenness and general corruption there exists in their own party. They carry on their campaign meetings in the form of debates exclusively, and each division with all the thunder of a Demosthenes, denounces its opponent as being undemocratic and undeserving of support by honest Democrats. Newton Sey is the nominee for Governor and as far as I know will have no opposition. So I apprehend that Alabama will be under Democratic rule for at least two years longer.

I had intended writing something about girls and saw-mills this time but with a few words concerning the former will stop and study my Sunday School lesson. I place Alabama second to none as the home of the fairest of the fair sex. They are all pretty and some of them are simply the sweetest essence of sweetness. I can find but one fault with them; they seem to have a sort of antipathy toward newspaper men. Yet with time and indomitable perseverance and with the help of these nice little newspaper notices it may be possible that even that downtrodden specimen of human greatness may receive a smile of approbation from these angelic Alabamians.

With these few exhortations and many congratulations to my old friend, Tom Head and his estimable wife, I will drop the curtain.

H. L. G.

Fits—All fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No fits after first day's use. Marvelous cure. Treatise and \$2.00 trial bottle free to fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 381 Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Without beautiful hair no woman is beautiful. Parker's Hair Balm will preserve your hair and give back its gloss and youthful color. Clean, elegant, perfect. Prevents dandruff. July

When is a clock on the stairs dangerous? When it runs down

Life will acquire new zest, and cheerfulness return, if you will use the East India remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a consumptive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Rorer, 149 Foster's Block, Rochester, N. Y. P. 5-see-10m

The government is paying \$113,401 every year for rents in Washington.

Consumption Cured. An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by one East India missionary the formula of a simple and vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a consumptive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Rorer, 149 Foster's Block, Rochester, N. Y. P. 5-see-10m

The wine cup is the father of sin; and the whiskey jug is the step-father.

TRAMP PRINTER Among the Relics of the Revolution and the Rebellion.

An Abridged Description of New York's New Capitol Building.

The Stairways of the State-House and Its Legislative Halls.

A Mistake in Identity—The Ellsworth Relics—Famous Order of General Dix—A Patriotic Family—The Tin-type—Mans of the Hotel de Vicksburg, 1863—The Summary.

MIDDLETOWN, N. Y., July 13, 1886.

MR. EDITOR—You have of course often heard of the elegance and grandeur of the New York Capitol buildings at Albany, but when you see it, it will doubtless surpass your expectations as it did mine. They don't call it a "State house" over here; they call it

"THE CAPITOL,"

As though it was the Capitol of the Union. But it is a superb structure, the grandeur of which can hardly be comprehended, except after close inspection. The building is constructed of almost white Massachusetts granite, and is situated "on a hill" as it were. Albany is all situated on the slope, as the ground rises from the river, in some places pretty steep. Perhaps less than half a mile from the river, and fronting toward the head of State street, towering high above the grove of ancient forest trees of the park stands New York State's gubernatorial headquarters.

Upon first entering the stranger is pretty certain to feel lost in the big corridor with its labyrinths of massive pillars and diverging halls, and just which way it would be best to turn is a question hard to settle. If you inquire of an attendant who will be directed to an elevator that will take you up as high as the structure is open to visitors (though I did get higher). But if you ever visit the place let me advise you to scorn the elevator and ascend the massive stone stairways, which are so beautiful you will scarcely ever tire looking at them. The first staircase on the left from the north entrance is of some variety of brown stone elaborately carved, and looks so heavy you will wonder what in the deuce holds it up, anyway. By its turns it forms a sort of square court into which as you ascend you can look down. I don't know what would better make one realize how poor a writer he is than to attempt to describe these stairways. I've a notion to quit.

Upon the second floor are a lot of department offices all splendidly finished, and the chambers of the two houses of the legislature.

"THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES," On the north side of the building, is almost beyond description. There is so much to describe in this room that I plead inability. Imagine mahogany furniture, granite supporting pillars, and frescoing such as (they say) may be seen in the old cathedrals of Sunny Italy. I would refer the reader for more elaborate description, with illustrations of the frescoes, to one of the bound copies of Harper's Monthly (I think) to be found in the Hillsboro Public Library.

THE SENATE CHAMBER Is on the south side of the building, and even surpasses the room of the House. It is similarly furnished, and around the walls at about the height of the railing of the visitors' gallery, squares of Mexican onyx are laid into the wall. At a rough guess I should say there are about two hundred of these squares, and as they cost the State two hundred dollars each, you will realize that they don't care much for expenses over in York State.

The worst looking things about the whole concern are the chandeliers, which are clumsy and gaudy looking, and not in keeping with the other appointments.

The south stairway is of red stone, and what I should call Moorish in design. It reminds me of pictures I have seen of the Spanish Alhambra or Andalusian castles. It is grandly beautiful. I made two visits to the building, and still I feel as though I hadn't done it justice.

I WAS MISTAKEN.

On my first visit I was walking through one of the upper corridors containing the war flags and other relics, reading the little cards attached to various articles, feeling very patriotic, and had just halted before a cabinet containing the Ellsworth relics, where I was writing them down in my original short-long-hand system, when a stern voice requested me to step aside. The voice belonged to a gentleman who was piloting a young lady and gentleman through the institution, and as I supposed he was probably a Senator from down in Wayback, Hoopole county, showing his niece and nephew the sights, I fell back as ordered, though I didn't see, being as it was a public place, that I (representing the NEWS-HERALD, of Hillsboro, Highland county, Ohio), should stand aside for anybody. But I wanted to ask some questions, I thought the honorable gentleman from Wayback

[Continued on eighth page.]