D. C. - PORTFOLIO 3

The Sunday Herald.

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GATH'S LETTER.

THE PLACE OF THE CONVENTION.

A Bustling Common-Place Town—Its Few Distinguished Dwellers and Its Salty Enterprise—Fenimore Cooper and His Savage Libel Suits—Some Notes of the Great Gathering.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., September 9, 1879.

At breakfast at the Vanderbilt House this morning I saw John Moore, who furnished so much lumber to pave and build Washington. Moore is of general popularity and cleanness of character and successful in business. He was a college student under the Methodists in Maine, intended for the ministry, but he felt that his parents had mistaken his bias, and darted off to New York to engage in the lumber business instead of the bark business. He did an enormous trade for years, bringing his lumber by the shipload from the forest rivers of Maine and the British Provinces. He became a stockholder and business man after the collapse of Washington improvements in the New York Graphic, and was a householder in Brooklyn. With John O. Evans he is now building breakwaters at Cleveland and Buffalo, and lives at Congressman Dr. Piercey's big Palace Purgative Hotel, Buffalo.

You may wonder why I am at Syracuse. To see the Democratic menagerie, of course! Syracuse is a place Washington city might well make a study of. It has about 70,000 people, all admitted, and is situated in what was once a swamp, considered unfit for human habitation. The pioneers of New England passed above it to the tops of the high hills in sight of the subsequent Syracuse and settled first on Onondaga Hill, overlooking the lake of the same name, which flows into the Oswego river and Lake Ontario. There were born many distinguished men, and the bar and politics had good repute. Poor old, impulsive Jim Nye was of that stock. A still higher hill to the south, called Pompey Hill, was the birthplace of Horatio Seymour, Maj. Gen. H. W. Slocum, W. G. Fargo, of Buffalo, and many more distinguished people. In that region rise the springs of the Mohawk, the Oswego, and the Susquehanna rivers; it is just north of the largest of the inland New York lakes.

All this while it was known that Onondaga lake was full of salt, because the Indians boiled it long before white men arrived. Everybody said that the salt was worthless for commerce until the Erie canal, conceived by two men called Norman and Geddis, of this region, was built right past the lake. Instantly the salt became an article of distant commerce, as it could now be carried either to Ohio and Canada or to the Eastern and Middle States. Consequently Syracuse city arose a short distance from the lakes, and has become one of the most driving places in the country. The people are not of as much cultivation as in Rochester or Utica, but have double the energy of both places to get railroad facilities and start mills and factories. Bishop Huntington, of the Episcopal Church, who lives here, says that in going from Utica to Syracuse you go from Boston to Chicago. It is true to some extent. Utica is old, prudish, and stiff; Syracuse has broad streets and broad sidewalks, paved with Nicholson or stone, and two or three canals with swing bridges, and the Erie canal is as big as the Chicago river. Think of canal boats carrying 2,000 barrels of flour apiece! Syracuse is only three days' inland from the good harbor but decayed city of Oswego, on Lake Ontario, a place superseded by Buffalo merely because the Welland canal was too small to pass big steamers into Lake Ontario, and also because railroads, in which Buffalo is rich, neglected Oswego.

Free from all political patronage, Syracuse hardly ventured out for enterprises. Her salt trade now amounts to 9,000,000 or 10,000,000 of bushels a year, at fourteen cents or more the bushel at the springs, worth $1,500,000 to $2,000,000. This is the basis of Syracuse's wealth, but to enjoy it her salt-makers have had to subsidize the Ohio salt works in West Virginia and come to an agreement with the Saginaw salt interest of Michigan, thus proving the possession of an intelligent mercantile diplomacy. The supply and distribution of salt are regulated; otherwise all would starve.

In Syracuse the great establishments are Greenway (an Englishman's) great brewery, which lies on both sides of the Erie canal, eight feet deep, and is connected by a tunnel underneath; Yates's huge wholesale clothing factory, which does a million of business a year and keeps the largest retail clothing store in the Middle States, at Philadelphia; Hon. Dennis McCarthy & Sons' immense dry goods stores, and the English steel works and the glass works. Thirteen railroads head in here, chief of which are the New York Central, Lackawanna line, and New York Midland; they have thus four competing routes East and West, besides the Erie canal. Hence they are ready to manufacture anything and everything and put it cheap in any market, although 170 miles from the coal fields. It costs as much to haul a ton of Pennsylvania coal in Syracuse—$1.75—as to put a ton of Syracuse salt in Chicago. Yet the rail freights to Chicago are cheaper now than the canal and lake freights were ten long years ago. Lumber is also very cheap at Syracuse.

I saw here yesterday what I had never heard of before—the operation of cutting clothing by steam machinery. The power comes up through the floors by belting, which, at last as big as a whip-cord, enters a sort of top, and is held to the human hand. This top is moved on rollers close to the cutter's table, and the plate, or bottom, glides beneath the cloth, piled eight or ten inches, and only the top piece marked to measure. A small knife plays in the stem of the top above the cloth power; the top is connected with a rail at the rear of the table by a metal arm, and can therefore glide steadily. The cutter in five or ten minutes will cut out eight suits of clothes. Space as well as time is thus economized. These machines were invented seven years ago on Staten Island. The largest cost $1,200, the smaller $700; besides, a royalty of $300 has to be paid for using the big, and $150 for using the little machines. Clothing cut by hand is nervously and raggedly done compared to this steam cutting.

Syracuse is just a night's ride from New York, or between 8:30 P. M. and 7 A. M: fare, $6.05; distance, 300 miles. The fare from Washington to New York is about $8; distance, 240 miles. Sleeping berth to Syracuse, $1.50; to Washington, $2. All fares on the Central railroad are regulated by charter at two cents a mile.

The great edifices of Syracuse are the two savings banks, which cost $200,000 and $300,000 apiece; the White memorial office building, erected by Hon. Andrew White and brother on the site of their father's bank at a cost of $200,000, and the Methodist College. On Fayette square, the nearest public square to business, are seen the birthplace and home of Elliott, our greatest portrait painter; the home of D. Plait, ex-Attorney General; Dennis McCarthy, Congressman; Mrs. Davis, an old flame of Roscoe Conkling; the brothers Horace and Hamilton White, father and uncle of the Minister to Berlin; Crouse, the largest wholesale grocer in interior New York; Wickes, the noted lawyer, and the dwelling where Gen. Sumner, the great soldier of the Army of the Potomac, breathed his last during the war. On James street are seen the stald old brick mansions of the Burnetts, Alfred Wilkinson's villa, the Norman timber house of Bruce, the editor; Hon. Andrew White's red-brick towered villa, the Englishman Barnes, whose daughter is to marry the son of that Hiscock killed by Gen. Cole; Dennison, the prosperous canal contractor; Lynch, the coal operator, and Judson, bank president. James street is one of the best villa streets in this country. The railroad runs on the level both through Syracuse; nobody is much alarmed. "As lily day, so shall thy strength be!"

AN IRATE AUTHOR.

While I was walking in the neat, cross-shaped church at Cooperstown which Fenimore Cooper, the novelist, attended so many years, and looking at the inscribed windows of stained glass along the nave and in the transepts, one of Mr. Cooper's acquaintances said to me: "Out here in the churchyard you will see the tomb of one of the best pastors this church ever had—Mr. Tiffany. He left the church on account of a quarrel with the novelist. Cooper was a man of fixed dogmatic faith, and as he grew old his dogmatism became intolerable. He always believed that he was honest and right, and on things where he was interested he would tolerate no difference of opinion. About that time Alexander Slidell Mackenzie, who commanded one of the United States naval vessels, (the Somers,) had hanged at the yard-arm for mutiny the son of Spencer, Secretary of the Navy. The youth of the sufferer, the precipitancy and haste of the execution, and the utter want of consideration on the part of the naval officer for his civil superior produced great excitement throughout the country. Cooper was a stickler for naval honor. He wrote his history of the Navy in his town, and he held that the naval officer had done just right. Mr. Tiffany, on the other hand, being a clergyman, thought it an outrage that a mere boy should be tried up with several of the sailors on almost frivious suspicions. He said that in his judgment Mackenzie was a scoundrel. Cooper heard of this, and meeting Mr. Tiffany on the street charged him with having uttered words to the prejudice of an upright naval officer. "I did say," said Mr. Tiffany, "that Mackenzie had acted disgracefully and that he is a scoundrel." "You are a liar, sir," exclaimed Cooper to the clergyman. Immediately a quarrel followed in the church, and as the Cooper party had the most influence there the preacher had to go. But he always held to the last of his life, and his family continued to do so afterward, that Mr. Cooper was one of the most upright and cruel men in the country." My informant resumed: "That feeling against Mr. Cooper extended to a good many people. I was in Albany a few years ago and I met a young man there, to whom I said, in course of conversation, 'Have you ever read any of Cooper's novels?' 'No, sir,' he said with bitter expression, 'and I never mean to read any of them.' I found out that he was the son of one of the editors whom Cooper broke up with his libel suits.

"Up here, overlooking Cooperstown, is a little house, now closed, where Barker, one of our village editors, spent his last years clouded and perplexed by the judgments obtained against him for libel by Mr. Cooper. William L. Stone, who learned to set type in Cooperstown, was one of the editors whom Cooper sued for libel. Stone was a fellow-author with Cooper and wrote the life of Brandt. When the suit was brought by Cooper, Barker, as a fellow-writer, defended Stone, and said some rough things on his neighbor, the great novelist. Forthwith Cooper put him in the list of men to be sued, and it broke him up absolutely. Many of these men had to go into bankruptcy to avoid the collection of judgments against them. Stone struggled for years, and after Cooper's death the judgment was set aside by the Superior Court, or he too would have been sold out."

I asked how it was that Cooper could so submerge the whole newspaper press?

"Well sir, the laws of libel at that day were stern compared with what they are now. It is true that the jury system prevailed, but Cooper had a great deal of popularity with county readers, who thought that he was persecuted by the editors. In some cases he stood up in court and argued his own case from the witness-box. Although his judgments made a good deal of money, the cost of the prosecution about satisfied them."

BAD EGGS.

A person who was a few years ago a Washington correspondent for one of the Cincinnati newspapers, and signalized himself, as he supposed, by claiming to be a reformer and promoting all sorts of investigations, was recently turned out of the Parker House, in Boston, where he had been given accommodations, for trying to climb over the transom of the door of a lady's chamber. One of his former fellow-correspondents, who was at the time doing editorial work for one of the Boston journals, suffered materially in the estimation of the hotel people for accompanying such a character. Tom Murphy says that when he was a young man he thought that everybody was innocent until proved guilty. But now he believes everybody a reformer until proved innocent.

THE DAY OF THE CONVENTION.

At breakfast—ten minutes of nine—I sat down with John Kelly and Augustus Schell, and had the following conversation:

"What will be the solution? Who will be nominated here?"

"Robinson, I think." A pause.

"Mr. Kelly, what is to be the attitude of Tammany Hall?"

"Oh, we will go out. We will support all the ticket but Robinson."

"But, Mr. Kelly, if you do not nominate another man how will the opponents of Robinson know what to do? Won't Tammany Hall's vote just fall in behind Robinson's name?"

"Oh, no; our vote always goes in one channel—never dividing."

"Mr. Kelly, I have thought it was the intention of Tilden to conciliate the whole system of Tammany Hall, to get done with opposition from that quarter."

"He might as well try to break up the system of the United States or the Atlantic Ocean." Silt with Mr. Kelly. After a little while Mr. Kelly said: "Do you know that there were only three Democratic counties in the State at the last election? New York, Kings, and Westchester." "Why, I think," he said, "Albany county gave the Greenbackers more votes."

"You infer from this that Robinson can not be elected?"

"No; he will be beaten out of his boots."

"That will be the end of him. Anyhow, Mr. Kelly, the defeat of Robinson will be the end of Tilden's Presidential pretensions."

"Yes; it will get us rid of the chief enemy of Democratic unity."

"However, Mr. Kelly, the Democracy always was divided, more or less, up to the beginning of the civil war, with Barn-burners, Hunkers, Softs, Softs, softs."

"Yes, there was always more or less contention; but these fellows who are nominating Robinson were the disorganizers of other days. It is the old Albany regency, which governed the State with a rod of iron until they were beaten, and then, as Barn-burners, they bolted."

"You mean that the Albany Argus, Tilden, and Robinson were in the regency of that bureau?"

"I do. It is the same old rule, and the same crowd."

"What will your country colleagues do, Mr. Kelly? Will men like William Purcell, of Rochester, support Robinson?"

"This disaffection goes all over the State, Mr. Gath. It includes the best men in the Democratic party. A large vote will be cast against him, not only in New York, but everywhere."

"I suppose the whole cause of the quarrel is your refusal to be a part of Tilden's Presidential programme."

"Nothing else. We are sacrificed and plundered because we won't help Tilden build up a new party, and himself on the summit of it. We refused to support Governor Seymour, Governor Parkhill, Bigelow, etc., for renomination at Albany in 1871. They were part of his personal bureau. Robinson then threatened us."

I resumed my questions:

"Does McLaughlin looks to me like a Methodist class-leader. They say he and John Fox were shipcarpenters together, and that Fox has influenced him very much for Robinson?"

"I don't know about that. When I knew John Fox first he was a block-maker in the Brooklyn navy yard—put there by Taylor, a member of Congress. Robinson has tired McLaughlin, I think, for some time past."

"You regard your position as entirely just?"

"Yes, to support Robinson would be immaginings and suicide. He has made no apology for the past, no promise for the future, and we are asked to elect him that he may destroy us. Our warning was fair—it was not dictation. We had a right to say that this man we would not support because it would destroy us."

State Senator Godwin, of Utica, who is very close to Horatio Seymour, told me that Robinson and McLaughlin made their coalition at White Hall, on Lake Champlain, sometime ago. He expressed the opinion that the result of the conspiracy would finish Mr. Tilden's Presidential programme.

I asked John Kelly if he detected the hand of Tilden in the Convention, or whether Robinson had not taken the bit in his teeth. "Tilden directs—he is the main spirit," said Kelly.

SCENES AND INCIDENTS.

An eccentric, white-haired man, elected to support Robinson from Saratoga county, arose. His name was Patrick H. Cowen. He said he had been a soldier of Slocum, and loved him, but he loved the Democracy more. He moved to nominate by acclamation John C. Jacobs, of Brooklyn, the presiding officer. This was first greeted with laughter, but Cowen called to the Secretary, Major Quincy, to put this question.

At this a grand demonstration was made by the anti-Robinson men. All Tammany Hall was up, one-third of the other delegates and half the gallery. The Secretary put the motion to nominate John C. Jacobs by acclamation, and declared it carried. Then the storm of applause was tremendous, and continued nearly fifteen minutes, all the Tammany men standing up, led by Dorshimer and Sam Cox, and all Jacobs's own delegation sitting still and sober, with two-thirds of the country delegates.

It was in the young chairman's power to execute a coup d'etat and make himself Governor of the State, or at least the regular nominee, and force the Robinson men to be the bolters. Poor, ambitious, and dependent, he might well feel the color steal up his cheek but by a quiet effort of self-restraint he remained motionless, kept his place and refused to leave it. At last he said: "The Chair regrets that the Secretary of the Convention has usurped the duties of the Chair before it had been given up. Under no circumstances will the Chair accept the nomination for Governor."

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Mr. Field drew a parallel between Tammany's threat against Robinson and that of a patriotic Republican who announced that if Grant was nominated for a third term he would not support him. (Field is the most of the Republicans of New York, only part of which was adopted. He desired to have the remainder adopted as a matter of honor and legal fame, but Robinson vetoed the bill. Field then declared war on Robinson.) His speech made no impression, though he is a grand-looking old man, hale at seventy.

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Dorshimer next asked that a recess be allowed to let the Tammany delegation withdraw without disturbing the Convention. He said they desired not to behave offensively. It was not pressed as a motion, and not granted.

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GATH.

"COPE" IN THE FAR WEST

WILD AND VARIED ADVENTURES.

He Tells of Many Former Washingtonians—Dorsey's Ranch, Kilbourn's Experiences, Delano, Dwyer and Caldwell—Why Chinamen Shun Leadville—Lynching of Two Outragers—The Tourists Observe the Red-Headed Girl.

MOUNTAIN SPRINGS RANCH,
COLFAX COUNTY, N. MEX., September, 1879.

This place, the finest ranch east of the Sierras, and probably the finest in America, is the home of ex-Senator Dorsey. It is a charming spot. He bought it three years ago, and has erected a large house, capable of comfortably accommodating twenty-five people; a large barn, stables, carriage and wagon-sheds, milk-house, butcher, blacksmith, and carpenter-shops, houses for the workmen, and has almost finished a large billiard-room, with two sleeping-rooms over it. His billiard-table is in the house now. His cellar is a first-class grocery stock of all sorts of things you see at stores like Cornwell's and Magruder's, and his wine-cellar is something very remarkable for a place so remote, and very good indeed even for a large city. The table furnished for his friends is, including some of the fresh vegetables and fruits that cannot be obtained nearer than Trinidad, seventy-five miles, as good as can be found in New York. It is absolutely surprising how this can be accomplished, but it is done.

Mrs. Dorsey has been here some time. Her sister, Mrs. Peck, and Capt. John Peck, her husband, have been here since the ranch was built. Mrs. Dorsey and son will probably go to Europe this fall, and Mr. Dorsey may go with them.

This is a great cattle country. In fact, it is the centre of the great cattle region extending from Texas to Montana. Mr. Dorsey's range, which he has recently added to by further purchase, is eighty miles long and forty-five miles wide. He owns all the water for that distance, and can therefore occupy all the surrounding strips of land, they being useless to anybody without the water. Mr. Dorsey has another ranch about twenty miles from here, where most of his men stay.

This is a lovely country. The climate is dry, but the altitude is not too great for comfort. Some days in summer it is quite warm at mid-day, but it is always cool at night, and here they are spared the severe snows of more northern latitudes. You can look from the door of this ranch down the prairie between two ranges known as the Sierra del Algre without encountering an obstacle as far as you can see with a field-glass; and the *mesas*, or flat-topped mountains, on the one side, and the round-topped mountains on the other, hemming in a bovine paradise, present a scene of continuous wonder. Below, above, about, and beyond, everywhere, are cattle and sheep ranges, unending in number and varying in size. Cattle raising is probably the safest and most profitable industry in the United States at present.

Mr. Dorsey has on his range about 13,000 cattle and 300 horses. These horses are mostly required to attend to the stock, but a large number are breeding mares. I would like to go into a description of the cattle-raising business, but it would make my letter too long. As Dorsey is about to extend his lines and scope of operations and buy more stock, he will probably in three or four years be the cattle king of New Mexico. He is now possessor of the largest range in the Territory, and is the largest single owner.

As I write the wind is whistling around the prairie at the rate of about a million miles a minute, and its plaintive wail around the ranch is almost as deafening and reminds one of the continuous pig-squeal in a pork-packing factory, where, in the course of dispatching hogs from the pen to market, a pig is seized, killed, scalded, separated, and ready for the butcher's stall before he is done kicking. Indeed, it is said that the sawage in the pen has shown life of the uncanniest porker. But I stray. This strong wind is mentioned only because my journal was put up for renomination at Albany in 1871. They were part of his personal bureau. Robinson then threatened us."

I resumed my questions:

"Does McLaughlin looks to me like a Methodist class-leader. They say he and John Fox were ship-carpenters together, and that Fox has influenced him very much for Robinson?"

"I don't know about that. When I knew John Fox first he was a block-maker in the Brooklyn navy yard—put there by Taylor, a member of Congress. Robinson has tired McLaughlin, I think, for some time past."

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PERSONS AND THINGS.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwards Pierrepont have returned from Europe.

Oliver Wendell Holmes is writing a new book, which is good news.

Matters relating to the Astly belt contest are a good deal mixed up.

E. B. Washburn indorses De Lesseps in his Darien canal project, which is of no consequence.

The illustrations for Mark Twain's new book have been designed by Walter F. Brown, of Paris.

The Duke of Argyll is about to marry a Mrs. Anson, who is the widow, daughter, and niece of notables.

A number of fashionables still remain at Narragansett to talk over the latest phase of the Cookling-Sprague scandal.

A son of Cyrus W. Field is said to be engaged to a young lady of social prominence in New York and at Newport. That's all.

Mark Twain gave a lecture on board the steamer which brought him home, and realized from it $150, which was given to charity.

St. John's Church wants a new coat of paint inside. In view of a recent society affair had there, it is suggested it should be a "mahogany" color, to match.

Bishop Pierce, of Arkansas, and wife are guests of Rev. Dr. Townsend, of the Church of the Incarnation. The Bishop will preach at this church this evening at 8 P. M.

A cold shell last week brought out about as many home in crowds. The quantity of house painting, house cleaning, and redecorating going on in town is unusually large.

Mr. William M. Hunt, who committed suicide at Owen Shoals last week, was formerly a resident of Newport, where many of his best pictures are owned and highly prized.

One of the New York City marshals, John Purroy by name, brother of an ex-Alderman of course, serves a legal process pistol in hand, and for so doing has been locked up.

Tennyson, the poet, has fallen heir to an estate in England yielding one or two thousand pounds, which he declines to accept because to do so requires him to take the name of Turner.

Mr. Louis Lorillard's new yacht, just launched at Newport, is only thirty-two feet by twelve, but has a cabin high enough for a man to stand up in. She's called there "small potatoes."

A trip on the elevated railways in New York is now as much a matter of course to tourists as is a visit to Central Park. At one point the level of one of these roads is fifty-six feet above the ground.

Don Carlos says he has not and will not renounce his rights to the Crown of Spain. This is only important in view of the coming marriage between King Alfonso and an Austrian Archduchess.

A scion of a rather distinguished Jewish family, the Montefiores, of London, died last week at Newport. He was only twenty-seven and rather conspicuous in society by reason of his name and fortune.

The Palace Hotel at San Francisco, otherwise known as Senator "Sharon's Folly," is getting up a reputation for suicides, fights, and scandals, which sogreatly to relieve the monotony of existence there.

Gen. Roger A. Pryor is doing a large business in New York at his old profession, the law; as is our one time Washingtonian, Neil Price, ex-prize fighter, ex-sport, etc., and now a leading criminal lawyer in that city.

Miss Pauline Hoffman, of New York, who was recently married to Count Ferdinand Stone, of St. Petersburg, is a granddaughter of the once celebrated lawyer of New Orleans, John R. Grymes, and a niece of Sam Ward.

A rather swell party, consisting of Lord Dufferin Hardy, his daughter, of Leadville, Earl of Wicklow, of Ireland; Count and Countess Linden, of Germany, and the Count Reunion, of Havana, were at Niagara Falls last week.

Gen. G. T. Beauregard and wife, the Concern were at the New York Hotel in that city last week. Both were good, honest, consistent secessionists during the war, and that house was well known as the headquarters of all Southern sympathizers.

It looks as if there was trouble ahead. England is going to call Russia to account about the Afghan matter, and while the Czar and the Emperor are shaking hands Gortschakoff and Bismarck are making faces and shaking their fists at each other.

Dr. Kidwell seems to be a little unfortunate in his tenants. Some years ago yours the leading gambling house in town was over his drug store, on E street, and when he removed to I street the gang of moonshiners who were recently captured there managed to obtain a lease of the premises from him.

That idiotic jackass, Capt. Goldsmith, who sailed some months since with his wife as crew in a miniature vessel for Europe, was picked up by a British ship, with his crew seriously ill, and taken to Liverpool. The crew seems to be the free for such foolish voyages.

Mrs. Belva A. Lockwood has raised hob and stirred up the bones of that rather aristocratic country-seat used by President Hayes, known as the Soldiers' Home, to see if she can get the pensions of the old veterans who have occupied it rightfully since its establishment they have been wronged out of $500,000.

What do the men at Richfield Springs lack—brains or muscle? They've been getting up tournaments there. Why don't they introduce pus in the corner? What a contrast to the manly games of polo, yachting, La Crosse, etc., at Newport, and the gallant runs of the Queens county hunt on Long Island.

A. A. Selover was in town last week. Selover some years ago got in the Mariposa ring with Fremont, sold out in time, and realized a fortune. Jay Gould hit him hard in some stock transactions a year or two since, and Selover, in consequence, threw him over an iron railing into an area, and it was almost a miracle that he was not killed.

The Fire Department of the city started at large have been doing things up here in fine style the past week. A most noticeable feature in their personnel was their good looks, good dressing, and an entire absence of the rowdy element which used to be so prominent in the department. Things now to have been pretty generally expunged from it.

Moffat and Chaffee are now the owners of the three-fourth interest in the great Leadville mining property in Colorado, the former having recently paid $1,300,000 for the latter's interest, and according to the most careful calculations and measurements it is estimated that there are in one mine alone over $6,000,000 of ore in sight already to be taken down and marketed.

There's a grand row just now among the members of the Newport Club; some of them do not speak to each other, so sharp is the quarrel. The progressive and younger portion of the members go in for extensive improvements in the way of large buildings, a suitable racket court, grounds for lawn tennis, possibly a ball-room, and restaurant. The older members are opposed to all this, and hence the row.

Mr. Tilden now skips gaily up the stairs after his visitors to show that there is life in the old man yet. This will remind every one how, by an influence (not for Mr. Tilden) conscience, Chief Justice Chase, not very long before his death, walking in from Edgewood and telling of it with innocent pride. When a Presidential candidate gets down to this hippodrome business it is a sign that his chances are doomed.

Judge Freedman, of New York, used some rather plain talk to a lawyer of prominence in that city, William R. Martin, who, as executor of a valuable estate, was charged with conspiracy, etc., to defraud. In making up his decision in favor of the complainants, he says: "All that I can, therefore, with propriety say is, that I sincerely wish that W. R. Martin may on a final trial succeed in making his conduct appear in a more favorable light."

There is no one subject on which the public at large more generally agree than the fitness of Grant as president of the projected canal. His friends think he will be in the right place, while the politicians don't want to be bothered any more by him, and the capitalists will back him. All right so far; go ahead. But what if he spends millions of money with the same fatal facility he did the lives of his millions of men during the war, too? The money kings cry, "halt!"

The West End cottages at Long Branch will be completed and ready for occupancy in the spring. They are to be three stories high, four hundred feet front on Ocean avenue, and facing the West End. Surely the hotel proprietors at the Northern watering places can't complain of a lack of visitors this season, let both come and see for themselves. Two persons but still all the first-class houses have kept open, and are now making numerous changes and preparations for the welcome home that was the advent of Congress here.

American Oyster Statistics.

Phila. Times.

Oysters are planted and grown in the bays, deltas, and river inlets of more than three thousand miles of our Atlantic coast. Three thousand acres are occupied in the Chesapeake bay alone, for instance. These Chesapeake beds yield to our commerce over 25,000,000 bushels annually.

In the one city of Philadelphia, I estimate, there are over four thousand places where oysters are sold for consumption on the premises. One Philadelphia oyster cellar, three years ago, sold 7,000 oysters on the first day of September. Twenty dollars would be a moderate average for the sales of all these 4,000 oyster restaurants, saloons, and cellars. This would bring the total daily sales up to $120,000 a day. Multiply the daily sales by 240 days would swell the yearly aggregate to $28,800,000 a year for oysters in Philadelphia. And yet this estimate is probably considerably below the actual figures.

New York city probably sells twice as many as Philadelphia; and Boston and Baltimore together more than New York again. Aside from the home consumption, the shipments to our inland, Western, and even Pacific states are enormous. The appetite of all inland and mountain men for all sorts of shell fish is a matter of wonder. Baltimore employs more than $15,000,000 in the canning of oysters. More than 20,000,000 bushels of oysters are canned a year in that city.

On account of their superior excellence American oysters are now exported in vast quantities to England, France, Germany, and other European countries. These exportations are increasing steadily in case, but immense quantities are now shipped abroad in the shell. After to-morrow you will not see an ocean steamer go out of Philadelphia, Baltimore, or New York which does not contain a hundred barrels or more of American oysters still in the shell. The total of our oyster trade approaches much nearer our annual crop of cotton and wheat than any one who does not make these things a special study would be willing at first to credit. I am satisfied in my own mind that our total oyster trade, domestic and foreign, exceeds 200,000,000 dollars a year, while the total annual consumption in this country, and our shipments abroad, would exceed the amazing total of 50,000,000,000 oysters.

No TRAMPS have been drowned while bathing this season. The reason is obvious—none have bathed.—Atlantic Monthly.

SOCIETY CHAT.

Mr. H. May Irwin, one of the brightest and kindliest of the journalistic profession in Washington several years ago, and a valued contributor at that time to the editorial department of this paper, returned to this city last week, and on Thursday evening was quietly united to Miss Mary Louise, second daughter of the late H. P. Leech, Esq., formerly of Dubuque, Iowa. The wedding, which took place at the residence of the bride's mother, in Summit Terrace, Capitol Hill, was private, but that did not prevent a number of warm personal friends of the bride and groom testifying their regard by their presence and hearty good wishes. After a brief ceremony by the Rev. J. R. Wheeler, the family and guests joined in an informal collation, and the happy pair drove off for their new life and the Philadelphia train under an energetic shower of the conventional slippers. After a tour they will settle down in Franklin, Pa., where Mr. Irwin has been assisting his father, one of the most highly respected citizens of that place. It is not impossible that they may eventually return here to live.

"Old Loudoun" writes us as follows: "Old Loudoun county, Va., with her magnificent scenery and healthy mountain air, is gradually beginning up as a place of summer resort for our leading citizens, who prefer solid comforts to show and excitement. Yatton, Springdale, the James mansion, and the many private boarding-houses scattered all over the county were well patronized this year, as they have been the past three or four years. Among the many Washingtonians who spent the past season we met Secretary Thompson and wife, H. Browning and family, Capt. Moyle of the Boat Club & Cyclists, Mr. Sweet and wife, Capt. Adams and family, Rev. Dr. W. P. Harrison, Chaplain of Congress; G. A. Dearing and family, W. E. Chandlee and family, W. S. Hoge and wife, Senator Lamar paid us a short visit, and seemed well pleased with our country."

Gen. Beale, with his family, are located at No. 6 Cliff Cottage, Newport, which they have engaged for the balance of the season. The health of his daughter, Miss Emily, which has been for a long time quite serious in its character, has been greatly improved by the mild sea air. "Dixon," their major-domo and old servant for many years, both here and in California, and whose face is so familiar to all visitors of the Beale mansion, lately resigned his place, and is now working on his own account in New York.

The ball given by the New Hampshire Veterans' Association at the Weirs, in that state, a few days since, was one of the most brilliant ever known in the Granite State. Among those present was Mrs. Gen. Ward B. Burnett, of this city, whose eloquent toilet attracted general attention. She was escorted to the grand banquet table by Governor Prescott, of New Hampshire, followed by Maj. Gen. Joe Hooker and Mrs. Dr. Moore, Senator and Mrs. Blair, Gen. Burnett, and other distinguished guests.

Mr. William Freeman, a nephew of Miss Coleman, of H street, whose entertainments during the season are so conspicuous for their elegance, and a gentleman who is a great favorite in society, being especially noted for his quiet and unobtrusive manner, is engaged to a Miss Brown, the daughter of an Episcopalian clergyman in the county in Pennsylvania, where the large and valuable coal mines belonging to the Freeman family are situated.

At the ball given last Monday at Newport by Mr. and Mrs. Pierre Lorillard, for which over one thousand invitations were issued, and where more than seven hundred guests were present, the admitted beauties were from this city. Where so much beauty was gathered together as on that occasion, this is a most noticeable fact. The entertainment was of marked brilliancy, the grounds illuminated, and the music delightfully enjoyable.

Mrs. Col. Johnson, of 1721 H street northwest, was registered on the 24th of August at the Grand Hotel St. James, in Paris. She will sail for home on the 7th of October on the steamer Baltic, of the White Star line, from Liverpool. Her daughter, Mi