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GATH'S LETTER.

The Schoolmaster in Politics—Sketch of Garfield.

From Our Own Correspondent.

NEW YORK, June 11, 1880.

I am with difficulty able to send you any letter, even a skeleton one, this week, as I returned last night from Chicago nearly used up, having written there in thirteen days nearly one hundred columns of descriptive and conversation matter. The Cincinnati *Enquirer* took nearly 100,000 words of special despatches in eleven of those days, more than any newspaper in the Union. The New York papers have long ceased to be of any importance as telegraphic factors, and the empire of news, as of government, is in the West.

The result of the Convention was to dispose of the oldest politician in the country, Blaine, and of the greatest living reputation, Grant, and of the pet of the Senate, Edmunds, and of the head of the patronage, Sherman, and of the old double-dealing stallion, Washburne, in order to raise to the eminence of the greatest nomination the foremost schoolmaster in the country, James A. Garfield.

I said to a man coming home, who had, like me, favored Gen. Grant: "There is a relevancy in this nomination to the school-house on every hill and the church by every school-house. All this public education ought to bring some fruit. Here, at last, is that public school-boy and the master of school! Our politics has been aloof from our institutions, and more and more it has been the disdain of the machines to see a bookman rise. In the confusion of the politicians the people have found their revenge, and put our most ardent reader in the breach. His election will be the triumph of civilization, and put the stamp of mind and culture upon the Government."

How weary has been the path of a man of intelligence among politicians! Old John Quincy Adams found nobody in Congress of the least interest in establishing an American meridian of longitude, and the National Observatory was regarded as a piece of craziness. The flying post office has been attacked within one year just by a Georgia ignoramus, living suspiciously near the cemetery of Andersonville. Clay states from Indiana denounce every appropriation to observe the transit of Venus or the total eclipse of the sun. Men of learning dislike politicians in this country only more than clergymen, and the great literature of the Government press is read by public men less than by the boors at muddy country cross-roads.

The cultivation of Congress is a reflection upon the genius of our Government. Culture embraces both the manners and the mind, and people who pick their noses in the Senate, throw their feet over their writing desks before ladies in the gallery, cut with a knife, and spit on white marble viciously, are only one-half cultivated. They are in the rudimentary condition of civilization, and have not the politeness of cats.

Therefore is the cry glad that a mild-natured, receptive-minded, reverent, and womanly being has a prospect of the Presidency, to make learning a little comfortable in high places. Garfield is the first student since John Quincy Adams to be aimed for the great office, which has been in intellectual retrograde many a year. Lincoln was no friend of any literature but Joe Miller. It was said of Grant that his only novelist was G. W. M. Reynolds, of yellow-cover fame. Johnson read the Constitution, and thought there was nothing else necessary, except a bottle and Mrs. Cobb. It was considered a crazy speech of the late Thaddeus Stevens when he demanded national correction and a certain inscription to be placed over every school-house door. Yet without education how shall we cease to be sectional? Our differences and hates are based on ignorance.

There was a cry in all the land of protest against the barbarism of American politics, and in the darkest hour the lottery wheel of the Convention threw up the ticket of the Schoolmaster. Now, it will be said that this schoolmaster, like Eugene Aram, had only one piece to his life, and that was *Credit Mobilier*. My experience of men is that every one of them has an imperfection, and I never expect to get a holy President. If Garfield is to be set aside for the stigma left on him by that period after the war when there was hardly an honest name in Washington, we shall have to await a new generation for a President. Who is the man who came past it unscathed, journalist, or Congressman, or judge? Judge not yet that ye be not judged! For with what measure you mete it shall be measured to you again.

At the time Gen. Garfield was being severly assailed for his retention in a pavement case at Washington city the following prophetic lines were published in the Washington *Evening Star* by the present writer:

TO JAMES A. GARFIELD.

Thou who didst rise from the ditch amazed by day,
All solitary down the fery line,
And saw the ranks of battle rusty shine,
Where grand old Thomas held them from dismay,
Regret not now, while the storm of factious play
Their brief campaigns against the best of men;
For these spent balls of slander have their way,
And thou shalt see them fall as they fell then!
Weary and ragged, though thess broken lines
Of party reel, and thine own honor bleeds,
That mole is blind that Garfield undermines,
Who dares strike Garfield! Let the hired mole speak,
That man will live whose place the State assigns,
And whose high mind a mighty nation needs!

The writer has known Gen. Garfield pretty well for thirteen years. He is a large, well-fed, hale, ruddy, brown-bearded man, weighing about two hundred and twenty pounds, with Ohio German colors, blue eyes, military face, erect figure and shoulders, fine calves and thighs, and broad chest, and evidently bred in the country on a farm. His mouth is full of strong teeth. His nose, chin, and brows are strongly pronounced. A large brain, with room for play of thought and long application, rises high above his clear discerning, enjoying eyes. He sometimes suggests a country Sunday—strong beyond his base edge. Just now he is modest and silent as he pays little attention to the affectations by which some men manage public opinion, and has one kind of behavior for all callers, which is the best for the country and for years. The clerks began to blubber, too, and people to whom they afterward told it. This sense of real great heart will be new to the country, and will grow if he gets the Presidency. His wife was one of his scholars in Ohio. Like him, she is one of a New England family, transplanted to the West, a pure-hearted, brave, unaccomplished woman, the mother of seven or eight children, and, as he told me only a few weeks ago, she had never by any remark brought him into the least trouble, while she was unstampedable by any clamor.

He is the ablest public speaker in the country, and the most serious and instructive man on the stump. His instincts are liberal and right. He considers it his duty to be a student in our politics: his aims are ingenous, and his piety comes by nature. He leads a farmer's life and receives the congressional news, working like a dead-hand, and respecting the mind by resting it. If elected, he will give a zone of culture and intelligence to the Executive office it has never yet had, while he has no pedantry in his composition, and no conceit whatever. Gen. Garfield may be worth $25,000, or a little more than Mr. Lincoln was when he took the office. His old mother, a genial lady, lives in his family, and his kindness to her on occasion bears out the commandment of "Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land."

GATH.

The Late Lieut. Zellin.

No man ever knew Lieut. Zellin without feeling happier for having met him, and the man he called his friends will mourn his loss throughout their lives. His death deprives the Navy of one of its most zealous and efficient officers and the world of a man. Officers who have been officially associated with Zellin bear witness to his intelligence in the conception of duty and to his thoroughness in its execution. Generous and noble, affectionate and self-forgetting, he was a loyal friend and a true man. Long will the memory of him keep tender and confident so many hearts. While we cannot grasp the necessity for the death of such a man, let us bow to the Infinite Wisdom and be patient and athletic head. Garfield is simple as a child; to the serpent's wisdom he is a stranger. Having no use nor aptitude for the weapons of coarse natures, he often avoids mere disputes, does not go to public receptions where men are familiar or vulgar, and the wife from his home in Washington to the Capitol, and on occasional dinner out, comprise his life. The world public servant aspectably applies to him. He has been the drudge of his state committees, the public, the public schools, the moral societies, and of his party and country since 1863. Aptitude for public debate, and public affairs are associated with a puissancy rare in him. He is on a broad scale a schoolmaster of the range of Gladstone, or Agassiz, or Gallatin. With as honest a heart as ever beat, and above the competitions of sordid ambition, Gen. Garfield has yet so little of the worldly wise in him, that he is poor, and yet has been accused of dishonesty. He has no capacity for lucrement, nor the rapid solution of money, nor refound respect for the money in and out of pound, and still is neither careless, improvident, nor dependent. The great consuming passion to equal richer people, and live nicely, and extend his social power, is as foreign to him as scheming or cheating. But he is not a suspicious nor a high-mettled man, and so he is taken in sometimes, and suffering from his obliging, pitching politics. Men who were scheming imposed upon him, as upon Grant, and other crude-eyed men of affairs. The people of his district, who are quick to punish public venality or defection, heard him in his defense in 1878, and kept him in Congress, and held up his hands, and hence he is, by their unwavering support for twenty-five years, claimed for President and a national character. Since John Quincy Adams no President has had Garfield's scholarship, which is equally up to the age of wider facts. The average American, pursuing money all day long, is now presented to a man who had invariably put the business of others above his own, and worked for that alleged nondescript—the public—all his life. But he has not labored without reward. The great nomination came to him as to pure and loving a man as ever wished well of anybody and put his shoulder to his neighbor's wheel. Garfield's big, boyish heart is pulped with the weight of his obligation, affection, and responsibility. Last Tuesday, as hundreds of telegrams came from everywhere, saying kind, strong things to him—such messages as only Americans in their rapid, good impulses pour upon a lucky friend—he was with two volunteer clerks in a room opening and sorting them, and suddenly his two boys sent him one—little fellows at school—and as he read it he broke down, and tried to talk, but his voice choked and he could not see for tears. The clerks began to blubber, too, and people to whom they afterward told it. This sense of real great heart will be new to the country, and will grow if he gets the Presidency. His wife was one of his scholars in Ohio. Like him, she is one of a New England family, transplanted to the West, a pure-hearted, brave, unaccomplished woman, the mother of seven or eight children, and, as he told me only a few weeks ago, she had never by any remark brought him into the least trouble, while she was unstampedable by any clamor.

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GATH.

LEADVILLE.

News from the Great Carbonate Camp—A Snow Storm for Decoration Day—The Rush for the Gunnison Country—Washingtonians Among the Adventurous Prospectors.

LEADVILLE, COL., May 31, 1880.

Might not some of your readers be interested in a few lines from the high-pinched camp? I believe that many of them would willingly exchange all the comforts of home, with its uncomfortable heat, for the lack of luxuries in Leadville, but blessed are it is with coolness. I picture the weather on our National Decoration day on your Eastern seaboard—the thermometer averaging 90°—while here the snow commenced falling in the evening and has not ceased after twenty-four hours. It is the last day of May, and everything in and about the Carbonate Camp lies under seven inches of snow, and the "blizzards" still energetically swirling. Reflect, however, that we are two good miles in actual altitude above Washington.

This past week has been one of unusual excitement in Leadville, the event being the great "strike." About 7,000 miners have been in enforced idleness for the past five days through the efforts and machinations of a few Leadville exponents of "Molly Maguirerism." The miners have been receiving $3 per "shift" of eight, ten, or twelve hours. With this they became dissatisfied, and on Wednesday last "struck" for $4 per day and eight-hour "shifts." The consequence was the immediate shutting down of work on all the producing mines and most of the prospects in the camp. The managers and mine owners refused to accede to the demand, and to-day commenced work at the old rates, many of the sensible men wishing to return to bread-and-butter earning. All the week and now the mines and buildings are protected by guards behind heavy barricades and in portholed fortifications, armed with "Winchesters" and revolvers. The anxiety felt lest some serious outbreak calculated to be extremely detrimental to the camp might occur has subsided and Leadville is peaceful.

Decoration day was observed this year, for the first time in this youthful city, with enthusiasm and decorum. An immense procession consisting of prominent citizens, Leadville militia, and local associations, with accompanying bands, marched through the streets, listened to the well-known style of speeches, and with the usual beautiful ceremonies decorated the graves in our cemetery.

Leadville has to-day a larger population than ever before, though miners and prospectors leave it daily by the hundreds. There seems to be a growing belief that the camp will be a permanent one, if one can judge from the large brick blocks of handsome storerooms and pleasant offices recently finished and still building. The idea of its permanency is, however, a divided one; but the opinion of one of our most prominent and intelligent mine managers, that the late discovery of rich gold-bearing quartzites in the camp will in a few years give it a leading position as a gold-producing district, carries much weight. The railroad, which is expected to reach us within a few months, will naturally help our mercantile interests. But "beyond the Alps lies Italy," which in Leadville parlance means that to the west of us, beyond the Continental Divide, lies the new El Dorado, the wonderful mineral region of Southern Colorado, where rugged, mineral-filled mountains, in whose gold-bedded streams and gulches, on whose fertile and beautiful pasture lands, and beneath whose "Italian" skies dwell many of us are hoping to find large and easily obtained fortunes. If the East is excited about the Gunnison, Leadville is fairly crazy over the news that unless the necessary capital of $200 or $400 either goes out prospecting himself or "grub-stakes" a man who grub enough and tools to last for five or six months, sending him into the region to "prospect" in the Roaring Forks or Ruby districts in Gunnison, or into the Indian reservation on the Grand river, in Summit county, is left behind in the race for the spoils throughout most of that region; but the hope of finding a rich fissure vein or carbonate deposit before the next man, thrifty making the "strike" that we all are waiting and watching for, buoys the "prospector" and inspires him to undergo untold sufferings. It seems hard to credit the stories of some of the frightful hardships and privations which the hardy prospectors have undergone in that section during the past winter endeavoring to develop their prospect holes sufficiently to secure a sale his summer, or in the efforts to keep possession of the claims they had honestly discovered and located. The Roaring Forks country in the North and Ruby district in the centre of Gunnison county attracted the greatest crowds, thousands of prospectors lining the roads and trails to those places on their eager search for a "royal road to wealth." It is estimated that 50,000 men will enter that region this summer. Judging from the crowds already entering and on the way thither, the estimate is not a large one. The "Utes on the warpath" will prevent many of them from entering the reservation, but enough brave, determined fellows will force their way in, of whom the Utes would do well to beware. The insane, childish policy of the Government in settling the Ute troubles is severely censured by every man who knows the status of affairs in Colorado, as it has been and as it now exists. The crimes committed by the Indian bad fall have been winked at and hushed up; the instigators and actors—shrewder far than their white brethren—have been feasted and courted. So wavering has been all action in their direction that they have no reason to fear punishment for future crimes and atrocities. The Government never before treated with vengeance for such acts; indeed it has seemed to be carefully concerting for years a systematized plan for the extermination by every lawful and unlawful means. It can only be gathered, from the present puerile conduct and incompetent acts of those who are responsible for the non-existence of some plan of action, good or bad, toward the Utes, that the Government intends to keep these Indians safe, and the reservation for a home for them, differing from what are generally known to the world as such, in that the "game" here preserved may during the summer rob, murder, and torture the whites who live near them, and then retire to hibernate under the fostering care and at the expense of the Government, until they gather strength for the next annual excursion on the trail of blood, body, and scalps. Bah! it is disgusting to think of, and it will be maddening too, when the death roll of brave, noble-hearted fellows, commencing the names of dear friends, I may say, is called at the summer's end. But these young men are resolved—they are here to drag out from these gold and silver-seamed hills and carbonate beds the treasure that will enable them to add comforts to the lives of old and loving parents dependent on them for support, or to provide homes for young and loving wives and prattling-to-lee, eagerly waiting and longing for them at home. They are resolute, and "the Utes must go!"

There is quite a number of Washington boys here, all of them hardy, enterprising, and looking forward to a trip to Washington next winter. Some will remain here, colleges will lead the van into the new mining fields. Messrs. Will Davis and James Robinson, young gentlemen of the best families in Washington, left last week with a number of prospectors in their employ. "Jim" is now in camp, recruiting men to fill the places of several men bolted from the reservation in fear of reservation. They are general favorites here as at home, and good luck to them is the general wish. More anon. "WILL WEST."

PERSONS AND THINGS.

The Czar is expected to marry, morganatically, the Princess Dolgorouki.

Paymaster John H. Stevenson, of the Navy, is at Wekeer's for a few days.

Lieut. W. F. Low and Cadet Midshipman Atwater arrived in town yesterday.

Mr. D. N. McClellan and family, of this city, but now of St. Louis, is in town visiting friends.

Senator Edmunds is an enthusiastic angler, and spends a good part of his summer in that sport.

United States Treasurer James Gilfillan, by the advice of physicians, has gone to Cobb's Island for a long stay.

Capt. McCoy, of St. Louis, is in the city on a short trip. Capt. McCoy commands the State Guards of St. Louis, the crack company of the West.

Niagara Falls have the electric light flood turned again upon them, and the view from the Clifton House is truly magnificent.

When Wellington's eldest brother, the Marquis Wellesley, died, Count d'Orsay was engaged on his portrait of the Great Duke. The day after the Duke presented himself at the Count's studio as if nothing extraordinary had occurred, and took his accustomed seat with the remark: "You have heard of the Marquis Wellesley's death; a very agreeable man—when he had his own way."

Lady Sebright, the story of whose gambling parties at her residence at Lowndes square, kept up until 7 o'clock A. M., and in which large sums were won and lost, as developed in the Lambi vs. Labouchere case, has stirred such a tumult in the velue of London society, is the youngest daughter of Lord Castletown of Grantstown Manor, in Queen's county, Ireland. Lord Castletown was an illegitimate son of the last Earl of Upper Ossory, whose large estates he inherited, and after representing Queen's county for many years was made a British peer by Mr. Gladstone in 1868. The family are very quiet in their habits. Lady Sebright's mother being the daughter of a clergyman, and much respected. The lady's husband, who seems to have been unconscious of the revels at his house, is a Hertford baronet of good estate, very diminutive in size, and of the Dolly Spanker school. Mrs. Labouchere, who figures among the players, was Miss Harriet Hodge. She is well known as a lady and manageress. Both Lady Sebright and Mrs. Labouchere were partners with Miss Kate Field in a laundry speculation.

As the query how Lord Beaconsfield's name should be pronounced occurs from time to time in the American press, the following anecdote may prove useful: When Mr. Disraeli chose his title he chose a name of which the local pronunciation is beyond doubt "Beckonsfield." Nobody in Buckinghamshire, where this quite village is situate, ever thinks of pronouncing the word otherwise. But it happened that when the new peer had his first audience of the Queen her Majesty, in addressing him by his title, pronounced it Beaconsfield. From that moment local usage and immemorial custom went for nothing. Lord Beaconsfield gave it to be understood that her Majesty had settled the matter once for all. He was too good a courtier to dispute the royal orthoepy. If Louis XIV's blunder sufficed to change the gender of *carrosse*, the Queen's ignorance of Buckingham's speech was an equally good reason for metamorphosing the sound of a syllable. And since Beaconsfield as sounded of old is associated with Burke, it is well that a new connotation should be invented for the title of Mr. Disraeli. Among his near associates his will is always followed. In society the pronunciation varies. On the platform it Midlothian last November Mr. Gladstone invariably pronounced it Beaconsfield.—*Cor. Tribune.*

BORDENTOWN, N. J., June 12.—General orders from the headquarters of the New Jersey Grand Army of the Republic fixes the period from August 29 to September 3, inclusive, as that when the encampment at the Bonaparte Park, in this city, shall take place. On the last mentioned day there will be a grand sham battle between land and naval forces.

OLIVE LOGAN.

Among the Fashions and Follies of Parisian Boulevards—The Lilies of the Gay World—A Letter which Treats Almost Entirely of the Intricacies and Wonders of Fabrics in which Women Adorn Themselves.

PARIS May 9, 1880.

It was with quite a thrill of joy that I saw the four smoke stacks of the new "twin" Channel steamer, the Calais-Douvres, lying in wait for us at Dover pier, on the day I crossed. I had heard so much about this vessel, and of her entire power to do away with all the well-known inconveniences of the wretched little strait which separates these two countries, that I was fairly delighted to think that without my looking into the matter at all, the Fates had been kind to me, and had arranged for my transport by the Calais-Douvres. Ah, well! what matters one disillusion more or less? I simply found that the new steamer is rather cleaner and something more commodious than the usual horrible tubs which do this channel-service duty, but as for her construction doing away with seasickness, that is all a delusion. I am not ill on shipboard myself, though I am intensely wretched; but the plaintive calls for help around me were as piteous and as numerous as ever I heard them, and cheeks that, when we started, were as red as roses, became blanched with the dreadful nausea exactly as usual, before we had been dancing over the waves more than ten minutes or so.

The rush of Americans has set in with terrific power. The London hotels are crowded with Americans, the train for the Continent are full of them, the language of the boulevards is more American English than any other. In many ways it is a misfortune to select that season for one's tour abroad which is characterized by a rush. Prices are increased on every hand, much less satisfaction is attained in all orders for clothing and such things, hackmen are insolent, the food at the restaurants is not so good, and so on to the end of the chapter of petty annoyances. If I had any relations coming over, I should beg them to come in a dull year, quite sure that any lack of animation on their summer visit would be more than offset by the additional peace and comfort in Europe. But in this matter one cannot always choose, but must come when one can. I find the boulevards one blaze of color. What makes it? The superb displays of flowers in the great shops devoted to this charming trade! The numbers of palmings, of fine art hangings, in the windows. Not so much these as the brilliant hues in which gay and fashionable women are to array themselves during the coming summer. Never since the dating point for all French seventeen—before the Commune—have so many high colors been seen; and such jetting and beading. Women sparkle in the sun with almost as much iridescence as if their garments were studded with diamonds. For economically-minded women these periods of jet furore are very trying epochs. Jet trimmings are the meanest things on earth to wear. They are so heavy a woman is weighted down like a chained galley slave with them; they catch and pull in everything, and finally, they are shockingly costly, and absolutely useless for retrimming another garment, once the rage is over. But they are very effective, in fact, more so than any other trimming, even embroidery; and not to have them when they are in vogue is to argue oneself quite out of the fashion. I predict a short life for the new color brought to prominence by the Princess of Wales, who is so much in mourning and half mourning that she is rather put to it to find changes of color. This is the shade of a faded mauve, and very ugly indeed. Dots are the favorite figure for foulards, grenadines, and washing prints: no stripes or checks are seen. This is another idea which I predict will go down the moment it is put on purchase, so that next year it will look completely out of fashion, and drive you to buy another. Oh, hard lot! I have this whole subject of dress every day ever come when women can dress themselves in stout garments that will wear a reasonable time, and cost a moderate sum, in the first instance? I wish some practical reform could be inaugurated in this regard. I cherish beauty in woman, and would not advocate anything to injure that equitable boon, but only think how well the women look who are living but six, and yet with cloth jackets and such things, as durable as they are relatively inexpensive. Now what do you think I was doing all yesterday afternoon? I am almost ashamed to confess it, but such a waste of time going about from shop to shop, and dressmakers' rooms to other dressmakers' rooms with a relation of mine, who wanted to order a handsome silk poplin dress, and who was anxious to find a fabric that would not fray all to pieces the first time she put it on. These silk grenadines are very expensive, as much so as the finest silks, and they are indispensable for the dress of the Eastern States. Nevertheless, they are frail, as all gauze must be, and there we were pulling at one piece after another the whole afternoon, trying to decide which would wear the most time and look the least ugly in my set, and distributing my already half-maddened pen. I wonder if I had not better tear this up, and write you a letter which shall touch upon topics of more importance? There is Paris, for instance. I gave an afternoon's study to that, and made a few mental notes, upon which I was going to enlarge for the benefit of those interested in painting sculpture. But how can I transcribe them, when the air is quivering with the exciting details of wonderous bargains to be had at the Bon Marche, or stories how Anna has just secured the last cloak at Pingat's, of information to the effect that Paris furriers hire out seal jackets for the winter for $50 to ladies living in Paris, of the ugly rumors of the prevalence of typhoid fever in consequence of the crowd of American travelers who are down with it?—*Olive Logan in San Francisco Call.*

COULISSE CHAT.

Sara Jewett has gone to the White mountains.

Chatterton, the English tenor, has been engaged by the Emma Abbott Opera Company for next season.

Laura Joyce's ex-husband, James Valentine Taylor, who paid her $7,000 alimony, was married last Tuesday week in Boston to a Mrs. Davis.

Sarah Bernhardt who is engaged by Henry Abbey for an American tour, commencing next November, is guaranteed $1,000 a night, and a share of the profits, besides. Abbey has gone to Paris to engage the rest of the company.

Manager Albaugh is making extensive preparations for the coming dramatic season, and has engaged for the National all the attractions which proved profitable last season, leaving out those which proved unremunerative. He is a prudent and sagacious manager.

The friends of Mr. Edwin Booth intend to commemorate his departure from home for a long residence in Europe by a tribute which will mark the high honor and affectionate admiration in which he is held in the community in which he lives, and also to express the cordial good wishes for his success and happiness which will follow him to the Old World. The tribute will take the form of a breakfast at Delmonico's, in New York, on Tuesday, June 15, at 12 o'clock. It is thought that such a testimonial, at such a time, may gracefully be accorded to the foremost representative of tragedy upon the American stage—one whose public career, during so many laborious and brilliant years, has been honorable to his country, and whose platform is Midnight last November Mr. Gladstone invariably pronounced it Beaconsfield.—*Cor. Tribune.*

SOCIETY CHAT.

The San Francisco *Chronicle* of the 30th ultimo, contains the following: The latest event of interest that has taken place in society circles has been the marriage of Miss Marion McAllister, the daughter of Hall McAllister, and Edward Everett Wise, formerly ensign of the Navy, and relative of the late Governor Henry A. Wise, of Virginia, which was solemnized on Thursday evening at the Church of the Advent. The high-contracting parties met at the portals of the church, which was filled to its utmost capacity by the elite of the city long before the hour appointed—at precisely 8 o'clock. First passing up the aisle were the gentlemen who acted as escort; then next in the procession was the observed of all observers, the bride, clinging to the arm of her father, whose features betrayed a thoughtful meditative expression, as though he would fain peer into the future of her, his eldest child, whose happiness he was so soon to confide to the keeping of another. Following the father and his daughter was the mother, who leaned with real grace and elegance upon the arm of the groom. Next came the bridesmaids in couples: first Miss Edith and Eva McAllister, Miss Alice McAllister and her cousin, Miss Julia Peyton, Miss Maitland and Miss Terry, Miss Nonie Smith and Miss Carmelita Meacres, Miss Parrott and Miss Flora Low, Miss Mattie Barada and the youngest Miss McAllister. Owing to the severe and sudden illness of a sister of Miss Jennie Selby, she was obliged to forego the honor of standing as one of the bridesmaids, and to make up the even couples, the little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. McAllister was called to the position, which she assumed with charming dignity. Immediately after the ceremony, which was performed by the Right Rev. Bishop Kip, assisted by the Rev. Mr. Gibbens, the rector of the church, the bridal party repaired to the mansion of Mr. McAllister, No. 517 Mason street, where, after the usual congratulations to the newly-made husband and wife, dancing was inaugurated, which was indulged in up to a late hour. The collation was in the same elegant good taste and keeping with the entire arrangements. The presents were of the most elegant and costly description, many of them consisting of solid gold and silver and precious stones, mostly diamonds. The floral offerings were also as *recherche* and expensive as could be imagined. The happy couple left Friday afternoon for their future home in Los Angeles, where a lovely cottage has just been erected and furnished for them. The bride wore a rich brocade dress made perfectly plain, high neck and long sleeves, while the bridal veil, which was of rare, rich lace, drooped from her head to the bottom of the robe, just caught in the left side of the neck by a small bunch of white flowers. The bridesmaids looked beautiful in simple white mull dresses and short English veils reaching only to the elbows. Among the guests present were Commodore and Miss Spotts, Capt. and Mrs. Folsom, of Angel Island; Rear Admiral Rogers, Lieut. Terry, Lieut. R. A. E. Meiggs, and several other officers of the Pensacola; Gen. and Mrs. McDowell, and Miss McDowell, of Black Point. The Presidio was represented by the leading families and officers of that station.

The excursion of the Columbia Club on Wednesday evening was a finely-attended and much-enjoyed affair. Notwithstanding the threatening appearance of the skies, the steamer W. W. Corcoran never went down the Potomac freighted with so much beauty as graced her decks on this trip. Marshall Hall was in a blaze of lights, heralding the approach of the steamer long before she came in sight of the courteous members. Everything considered, the club is to be congratulated on the success that attended their first venture on the waters, and they may feel they be as successful with the oar. Among the many present were Mrs. Howgate, Mr. and Mrs. Gibson, Mr. and Mrs. Rosea Gordon, Mr. and Mrs. Hoyt, Mr. and Mrs. Collins, Mr. and Mrs. Corson, Mr. and Mrs. Middleton, Mrs. Stevens, Mrs. Evans, and the Misses Miller, Davis, Williams, Collins, Harbarin, Howard, Hilton, Hopkins, Bishop, Pickett, Marbury, Robinson, Pendleton, Rhodes, Cummings, Getty, Moore, Cochrane, Paulding, Seymour, and the Messrs. McKenny, Douglas, Riddle, Whiting, Johnson, Fox, Wilkins, Ward, Bradley, Hollingsworth, Parvis, Johns, Coon, Cochrane, Hardee, Miller, Towers, Olds, Lake, Wilcox, Page, McCarthy, Harding, Hoover, Knox, Kimball, Hollingsworth, Rowser, Kerr, Deeble, Thomas, Mackall, McFalls, Smith, Atkinson, Berthrong, Rothrock, and Maj. McFeeley. The Columbias were much gratified at the passing salute tendered them by the Alabama.

The Vermont-avenue Baptist Church was filled Tuesday evening by a large and fashionable audience to witness the marriage of Mrs. A. Leslie Reynolds and Mr. Francis J. Cowling. The altar was tastefully decorated with flowers, there being hung in the centre a beautiful horseshoe with the initials of the bride and groom and the word "Luck" in the centre. As the bridal party entered the church they were preceded by two little girls elaborately dressed in red and blue silk, bearing bouquets. Rev. F. D. Powers officiated at the altar and performed the ceremony in the presence of Messrs. Wilson, S. S. Young and J. R. Hutchinson acted as ushers. After the ceremony at the church a reception was held at the residence of the bride's parents on Eleventh street, when Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds took the train for the North.

The excursion of the Fanchons on Thursday evening last, notwithstanding the bad weather, was a complete success. The steamer Corcoran was crowded by the friends of the club, who braved the rain to mingle in the enjoyment that usually follows anything this club has a hand in. Fifteen pieces of the Marine Band, in full uniform, supplied the music. The display of fireworks, as the boat neared Marshall Hall, was the prettiest ever seen on the Potomac, and seated from the decks of the boat was beautiful beyond measure. At Marshall Hall the guests enjoyed the dance until a late hour, unwilling to leave such a night behind them. Among the ladies present were the Misses Todd, Chapman, Jones, Riley, Durnin, Schlegel, Farrnage, Vanetta, Ball, Hawkshaw, Smith, Elwell, Kreach, Mattresse, particularly Blanche Pierson, of the Vaudeville, whose dressing in every piece is a marvel. Some idea of her prices may be obtained when I say that the entire wardrobe purchased for her principal fitter, $20,000 a year salary, and furnishes a private coupe for her use as well. Felix, the great gun of the Faubourgh St. Honore, was only a hundred or so ahead of her in the matter of dress, and in another domain by the clever dodge of patenting a wreath of flowers or fruit as a bonnet, thus monopolizing the market for the next twelvemonth will enable them to add comforts to the lives of old and loving parents dependent on them for support, or to provide homes for young and loving wives and prattling-to-lee, eagerly waiting and longing for them at home. They are resolute, and "the Utes must go!"

There is quite a number of Washington boys here, all of them hardy, enterprising, and looking forward to a trip to Washington next winter. Some will remain here, colleges will lead the van into the new mining fields. Messrs. Will Davis and James Robinson, young gentlemen of the best families in Washington, left last week with a number of prospectors in their employ. "Jim" is now in camp, recruiting men to fill the places of several men bolted from the reservation in fear of reservation. They are general favorites here as at home, and good luck to them is the general wish. More anon. "WILL WEST."

PERSONS AND THINGS.

The Czar is expected to marry, morganatically, the Princess Dolgorouki.

Paymaster John H. Stevenson, of the Navy, is at Wekeer's for a few days.

Lieut. W. F. Low and Cadet Midshipman Atwater arrived in town yesterday.

Mr. D. N. McClellan and family, of this city, but now of St. Louis, is in town visiting friends.

Senator Edmunds is an enthusiastic angler, and spends a good part of his summer in that sport.

United States Treasurer James Gilfillan, by the advice of physicians, has gone to Cobb's Island for a long stay.

Capt. McCoy, of St. Louis, is in the city on a short trip. Capt. McCoy commands the State Guards of St. Louis, the crack company of the West.

Niagara Falls have the electric light flood turned again upon them, and the view from the Clifton House is truly magnificent.

When Wellington's eldest brother, the Marquis Wellesley, died, Count d'Orsay was engaged on his portrait of the Great Duke. The day after the Duke presented himself at the Count's studio as if nothing extraordinary had occurred, and took his accustomed seat with the remark: "You have heard of the Marquis Wellesley's death; a very agreeable man—when he had his own way."

Lady Sebright, the story of whose gambling parties at her residence at Lowndes square, kept up until 7 o'clock A. M., and in which large sums were won and lost, as developed in the Lambi vs. Labouchere case, has stirred such a tumult in the velue of London society, is the youngest daughter of Lord Castletown of Grantstown Manor, in Queen's county, Ireland. Lord Castletown was an illegitimate son of the last Earl of Upper Ossory, whose large estates he inherited, and after representing Queen's county for many years was made a British peer by Mr. Gladstone in 1868. The family are very quiet in their habits. Lady Sebright's mother being the daughter of a clergyman, and much respected. The lady's husband, who seems to have been unconscious of the revels at his house, is a Hertford baronet of good estate, very diminutive in size, and of the Dolly Spanker school. Mrs. Labouchere, who figures among the players, was Miss Harriet Hodge. She is well known as a lady and manageress. Both Lady Sebright and Mrs. Labouchere were partners with Miss Kate Field in a laundry speculation.

As the query how Lord Beaconsfield's name should be pronounced occurs from time to time in the American press, the following anecdote may prove useful: When Mr. Disraeli chose his title he chose a name of which the local pronunciation is beyond doubt "Beckonsfield." Nobody in Buckinghamshire, where this quite village is situate, ever thinks of pronouncing the word otherwise. But it happened that when the new peer had his first audience of the Queen her Majesty, in addressing him by his title, pronounced it Beaconsfield. From that moment local usage and immemorial custom went for nothing. Lord Beaconsfield gave it to be understood that her Majesty had settled the matter once for all. He was too good a courtier to dispute the royal orthoepy. If Louis XIV's blunder sufficed to change the gender of *carrosse*, the Queen's ignorance of Buckingham's speech was an equally good reason for metamorphosing the sound of a syllable. And since Beaconsfield as sounded of old is associated with Burke, it is well that a new connotation should be invented for the title of Mr. Disraeli. Among his near associates his will is always followed. In society the pronunciation varies. On the platform in Midlothian last November Mr. Gladstone invariably pronounced it Beaconsfield.—*Cor. Tribune.*

BORDENTOWN, N. J., June 12.—General orders from the headquarters of the New Jersey Grand Army of the Republic fixes the period from August 29 to September 3, inclusive, as that when the encampment at the Bonaparte Park, in this city, shall take place. On the last mentioned day there will be a grand sham battle between land and naval forces.

The ball given by the class of '81 to '80 at the Naval Academy, Annapolis, on Thursday, was a signal triumph and complete in every detail. As this was the first June ball in two years, doubtless extra efforts were made to render it a duplex success. The night was cool, and a pleasant breeze constantly swept through the well-arranged apertures of the gymnasium. The appointments of the room were unique and *apropos*. In the centre an arbor, constructed of evergreens, ivy, holly, running pine, smilax, and dainiest ferns, enveloped a fountain of running water, which served to freshen the wooded and rocky bed of moss, on the surface of which flowers were placed in symmetrical and fantastic shapes. Around the room at intervals grottoes were constructed, from the summit of which fell little cascades of sheeted water into a pool below. Beds of flowers and choice cactus were arranged all about the circular-shaped room, and added their grace, beauty, and fragrance to the scene. The Naval Academy band of thirty-two pieces furnished the exquisite music for the occasion. Supper was served in the armory, which was draped and festooned in truly nautical style, the table extending for fifteen feet, in the centre of which was a pyramid of richest flowers. The toilettes of the ladies were marvellously rich, tasteful, and becoming. The programmes were exceedingly unique and original, consisting of a pilot wheel, with the inscription "Farewell Ball, June 10, 1880," for '81, "pendant from which was a dainty pencil with silken cord. At least eight hundred persons were present, including prominent society people from New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington. Among the numerous guests from the latter city were Secretary Thompson and daughter, Miss Mollie West, Miss Virgie Niles, Miss Patterson, Miss Rodgers, Misses Katie and Ella Thompson, Miss Wilkes, Miss Redfern, Miss Gillis, Miss Meigs, Miss Gussie Sutherland, Miss Halstead, Miss Lockwood, Miss Campbell, Miss Hodge, the Misses Jenkins, Miss De Kraft, Miss Davis, Miss Burch, the Misses Bleecher, and Messrs. Dent, Quimby, Rogers, Miller, Russell, McCartney, Spofford, Addix, Gillis, Baxter, and others.

Late California exchanges bring the following about movements of Army and Navy people: Mrs. Harry I. Spotts, accompanied by her two daughters, Mrs. Theodore Blakeman and Mrs. Charles M. Keeney, have gone to Tubbs's Hotel, Oakland, where they will remain till the latter part of June, when they will return to San Francisco and join Commodore Spotts and family and proceed to Monterey, there to rusticate the remainder of the season.... Lieut. Taylor, of Alcatraz island, in company with his family, anticipates a trip the coming week to Oakland, where they will remain one month and possibly six weeks.... Mrs. Commodore Phelps, and her two daughters, Mrs. T. B. B. Mason and Mrs. J. Dexter Adams, are now in Oakland, where they will remain until about the 15th of July, at which time they will go to Santa Cruz for the remainder of the season.... Mrs. Lieut. Bally, of Angel island, is now visiting friends in Napa.... Mrs. Lieut. Miss Emily Torbert sails for China in company with her relatives, Mr. and Mrs. John F. Swift, on the 17th of June.

The *Critic* "Social Gossip" chronicles the following: The wedding of Miss Annie Rodgers and Mr. Nelson, of New York, will take place in October. She will be married here in the midst of her relatives and old friends, for Admiral Rodgers has leased Admiral Howell's house on H street for the season. Of the sweet young bride-elect no need to