The Sunday Herald.

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OLIVE LOGAN.

Life at the Capital—Philosophy and Fans—Luxury and Light Literature—Topics of the Hour in Drawing-Rooms of Wit and Intellect—The Dramatic Queens of the Present and the Humorists of the Past.

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 2, 1880.

The topic of the heat has become as unendurable as the senseless replique "hardly ever" which there are people yet existing shallow-minded enough to employ. It is a cruel cross, this temperature, but it is an aggravation of our physical troubles to reduce the intellectual standard as low as the thermometer is high. After all, summer heats are no novelty; and when we have looked in the face of the morning and recognized that we shall be disturbing on Old Sol's golden grill by mid-day, there is a certain heroism in accepting the situation without lamentation, or in uttering impotent expostulations against the decree of the inscrutable Allwise in weather, as in every other circumstance.

It may be that I am in the enjoyment of exceptional facilities for keeping cool, which enables me to issue a small philosophy of this sort in perfect good faith. The fact is, I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls, and I awoke every morning to discover that such indeed was the case. It is an odd sensation to find oneself in a splendid house like the Arlington, with numbers of servants, white and black, at command, a delicious cuisine, rooms furnished with an elegance that is proverbial, the lower floor one sheet of marble paving, and yet to see the whole tenantry of the place reduced to a handful of guests, scarce larger than a sizable family. All the hotels here are about depopulated. The Washington season is over, and will not begin again before October. I have the sensation of sojourning in some nobleman's castle in the off season, when only a few dear friends are bidden, and gather to feast three times daily in the baronial hall. With true Southern provision for the intolerable weather, every material adjunct which may serve to attemper the heat has been made available. There are awnings at every window, shutters with practicable blinds, to admit the light or shut it out, and as for bath-tubs their taps are forever flowing.

Our favorite beverages are tea *a la russe*, lime juice from the lime orchards of Montserrat, and iced coffee. Black men fan us with palm-leaves at table, and for little or nothing we should address them in Hindoostani, fancying ourselves begums and nabobs from the Bungaloo Presidency.

Now and again, however, the new arrival, seeking to install himself comfortably in his apartments, experiences a gust of heated temperature which is not explainable by any rise in the thermometer. In vain seeking the drawers of the desks and tables he has come upon relics of the departed Congress. Nothing more convicting than blank stationery, to be sure, but sufficient to remind one of the warm debate, the hotly-disputed points of last winter in Senate and in House. Even a broken pen may lead to a long train of thought when we know it has served to trace the autograph of a creature of genius; and as for a half-empty inkstand, an epic poem might be evolved from it in every case, were epic poets as frequent as half-empty inkstands are.

To foster the pleasant idea of living here in a nobleman's castle, we have on either hand a lovely park, green and fragrant, with none of that parched appearance I observed in the vegetation about New York. This Washington is a very bower, and architecturally it strikes one with a thousand times greater force than New York. The public buildings are simply superb—yes, noble. They hold their own, and more than that, in the estimation of the most critical eye, fresh from the contemplation of all that is most magnificent in Europe.

The principal topic of light conversation both here and in New York, I find, is Sara Bernhardt.

"Tell me about Sara Bernhardt," people say to me on all sides, their features assuming an expression of the utmost interest, as they sit down quietly to listen. I am requested to predict whether she will be as great a success here as she has been in Europe. I have no prophetic talent whatever, yet I will say this much: I should not myself care to risk the sum upon La Bernhardt's drawing power that Mr. Abbey has. It must be remembered that a knowledge of the French language is much more general in England than it is in this country, and that the great mass of spectators who gather at Sara's performances in London are able to appreciate her incomparable *diction*; or, as we say in English, her magnificent "reading." Charlotte Cushman was a superb reader. Yet what effect would her reading have had on an audience who did not understand what she was talking about? Another fact that will, if I be not mistaken, prove a drawback to Sara's entire success in this country is her moral character. The spirit of personal propriety is far deeper in America than in England. It is a sentiment which sometimes takes pains to suspect and even punish hypocrisy, a sentiment which hates all of it which is not confessed, but even stoutly denied, while Sara openly revels in her ultra-Bohemianism, and introduces her boys as "*un accident d'amour*." Fancy such a speech as that issuing from the drawing-room of a respectable lady in the United States, who had captured the lion for an evening or afternoon reception! It was the social fever of Paris which contributed with more power than anything else to Ristori's histrionic triumph. She was the Marchioness del Grillo, a woman of spotless character, traveling with her husband, an italian noble, and accompanied always by her two beautiful, innocent children. Rachel always attributed her failure in America to the prejudice felt by Americans against a life of gallantry in a woman. Persons who know her tell me she never uttered words strong enough to express her contempt for a nation that must needs mix up its ideas of genius with its notions of respectability. "It is not art they want, but virtue," said the great tragedienne. "And yet if they themselves are so good, where is the novelty in that?"

Mme. Modjeska is another whose stage career was rendered much more brilliant in America than it would otherwise have been, by the purity and perfect propriety of her domestic relations. Sara Bernhardt has the contempt of her opinions, and those who receive her must make up their minds to forget everything about her except her artistic talent.

Now, if you ask me whether this talent, as relates to its dramatic side, is such as to commanding a character as to sway American audiences with irresistible force, I must frankly answer "No." Her voice is molten gold; her attitudes are statuesque; she is the only woman I ever saw who can wear bel-roun negligé on the stage and look well in it; she is a sort of emaciated Cleopatra, a little one for two sous, her empire not larger but the same in kind as that the golden dust she brings strange creature of another order of life than ours; I will not say a snake, because I am too polite to Sara; besides a snake of moral principles might object to the comparison; she fascinates the gaze; people's eyes are riveted upon her: it is difficult to withdraw them. Yet I venture to say at no single moment does she appeal so strongly to the best feelings of the heart as to make the spectator long to take her in his arms and kiss her. Here is Ellen Terry's power.

Oh, the lovely woman! She is merged in the charming Ophelia, the pretty Portia, the sweet Olivia! Did they abuse you, sweet, sweet girl? No, no, they shall not; there! Rest thy lovely head upon my breast, and I will defend thee with my life! Never a Yorkshire nor a Smith dares mention the name of Sara thus to the lovely Terry, while as to Bernhardt, *oh bah!* She is the last new Paris Revival nicknack, a really wonderful article *de Paris*. Or rather, I might liken her to dry champagne, which is the peculiar delight of the palate of the *gourmet* has especial charm, but which finds no favor among the honest masses who prefer a wholesome draught of milk or a crystal pint of fresh from a babbling mountain brook. In literature, in art, above all on the stage, it is the touch of nature—is it not my confidant and reader?—which makes the whole world kin.

Walking in the vicinity of the post office this morning—the goddesses in Paradise having kept so tee the parched earth so thirsty, their sweet tears refreshing the plains, my soul was in a state of calm, when a sight whereon was inscribed, "Carusi, Attorney-at-Law." Did I not hesitate to put you to the expense of another musical cut, Mr. Editor, like Prudhomme, with your piquant lady correspondent from New York favored you last week, I should jot down here crochet and quaver to express to you the rhythmic melody which my heart sang, when my eyes very read the legend, "Carusi, Attorney-at-Law." I beg the gentleman's pardon for the liberty I take with his name. The law is no laughing matter, and why, let I hear you ask, should Carusi be? Why, upon my life, to elucidate that matter it may be necessary, as Artemus Ward used to propose, to call privately at a fixed hour at all your residences and explain the exact point for laughter. But years ago, when Artemus was lecturing the best public room in Washington was called Carusi's Hall, and was owned by a gentleman of Italian descent, no doubt the ancestor of the present bearer of the name, who let it out to lecturers and performers of respectability. One day I met Artemusen Broadway and told him I was going to Washington, and thought of lecturing there.

"Oh, going to Washington, eh?" returned he, looking hard at me with that indescribably humorous twinkle in the sapphire eye; "well, if your are going to Washington you must—See Carusi and Die!"—*Olive Logan in Cin. Enquirer.*

Female Living Models—Who "Stand" For Artists in Berlin.

The Berlin *Tageblatt* reports: "Living models" for artists and sculptors constitute as a class a peculiar vocation, although they are not enumerated as such in the business directory of the city. These people receive for their services, according to their utility, a salary ranging from fifty pennies to two mark per hour; for instance, for an expressive head, a beautiful hand, or a well-formed leg; but the combination of all these beauties in one person is more expensive. The largest salaries are usually paid to the female models who are at once the happy possessors of beauty and of thorough symmetrical forms. The mart of these models, to which infants likewise belong, is in the hall of the Art Academy, where regularly every Monday morning, between 8 and 9 o'clock, the artists assemble to select the proper models for the objects of their contemplated works. The best known of these models, who have served for years daily in the capacity of "standing to artists," are classed as the aristocracy, the gentle folks, among them, who only "work" to order. Until a few years ago there was a head-model living here who received the popular by-name of "Christus Kopf," (Christ's head.) He left to his family an inheritance of 15,000 marks, which he earned by his "standing to artists." Among the male models at present there are two, H. and W., who are particularly distinguished in their profession.

Some of the female models have arisen from this sphere to prominence and distinction by becoming the wives of celebrated artists, as for instance, Mme. Professor B. and Mrs. H., wife of the distinguished sculptor H., and in other stations of life not a few of these female models have made a conspicuous career. A certain model of celebrated beauty and who enjoyed an unblemished reputation, is now the happy wife of a wealthy judge of one of our courts. At the request of a celebrated sculptor she "stood" several times after her betrothal in the presence of her bridegroom.

The sister of a noted thief, L., from the dregs of the populace, but possessed of the forms of a Venus, supports herself and family with the vocation of standing as a model. Her daughter is at present in one of the most celebrated *bolldiewes* of Europe. A specialty among the models is a girl from the poorer class, who supports a sick mother and two little sisters with the earnings of this vocation. She is very fond of dancing, and a constant visitor of balls and parties frequented by the not over-scrupulous class of ladies. Her beauty became famous, and the most careful attentions were bestowed upon her by many of the sterner sex, without ever receiving the slightest favors from her in return. She even, by her decent and modest bearing, enjoys the highest esteem of the officers of the police, under whose supervision these localities are placed.

He Showed Up the Dogs.

A Waterbury officer, the other day, called at a house and asked if the family had any dogs to be registered. "No, sir," was the prompt reply. He therefore imitated a dog's bark so effectively that he started up three dogs that were in the cellar, thus disclosing their whereabouts.

IN CANADA.

A Letter From Walt Whitman About What He Sees During a Summer Jaunt.

I am here almost 600 miles west-by-northwest of New York city, in a beautiful country ("The Dominion" they call it all—not that "Old Dominion" of Virginia I was years ago quite familiar with, but having its own charms and amplitudes.) After crossing the Niagara river, topography the whole way, 120 miles, is pleasantly broken, attractive, and thrifty, seldom much woods, the usual farm sights dotting the landscape from the car windows in every direction, and passing some handsome and busy towns, St. Catherine's, Hamilton, Paris, and Woodstock. Take it throughout, I should be at a loss to mention any portions of the States, East or West, with a more prosperous show, and of fairer comfortable human living.

June 4.—For really seizing a great picture or book, or piece of music, or architecture, or grand scenery—or perhaps for the first time even the common sunshine, or landscape, or maybe the mystery of identity, most curious mystery of all—there comes now and then some lucky five minutes of a man's life, set amid a fortuitous concurrence of circumstances, and bringing in a brief flash the culmination of years of reading and travel and thought. The present case, about 2 o'clock this afternoon, gave me Niagara, its superb severity of action and color, and majestic grouping like some colossal cluster of Greek statuary; in one short, indescribable show. We were very slowly crossing the Suspension Bridge—not a full stop anywhere, but next to it—the day clear, sunny, still—and I out on the platform. The Falls were in plain view about a mile off, but very distinct, tumbling green and white, far below me; the dark high banks, the plentiful umbrage, many bronze cedars, in shadow, and tempering and seeling all this immense materiality, a clear sky overhead, with a few white clouds, limpid, spiritual, silent. Brief, and as quite as brief, that picture—yet a remembrance always afterwards.

Such are the things, indeed, I lay away with my life's rare and blessed bits of hours, mostly reminiscent, past—the wild seasterm I once saw one winter day, off Fire Island—the elder Booth in Richard, that famous night forty years ago in the Old Bowery—or Albani the children's scene in "Norma"—or night views, I remember, on the field, after battles in Virginia—in or the peculiar sentiment of moonlight and stars over the Great Plains, Western Kansas—or scooting up New York bay, with a stiff breeze and a good yacht, off Navesink. With these, I say, I henceforth place that view, that afternoon, that combination complete, that five minutes' perfect absorption of Niagara—not the great majestic gem alone by itself, but set complete in all its varied, full, indispensable surroundings.

June 6.—Went over to the religious services (Episcopal) Malm Insane Asylum, held in a lofty, good-sized hall, third story. Plain boards, whitewash, plenty of chairs, no ornamentation or color, yet all scrupulously clean and sweet. Some two hundred or more present, mostly patients. Everything, the prayers, a short sermon, the firm, ordinal voice of the minister, and most of all, beyond any prayer or singing or suggesting, that audience, deeply impressed me. I was furnished with an arm-chair near the pulpit, and sat facing the motley, eager, pitiful, huddled, yet perfectly well-behaved and orderly congregation.

The quaint dresses and bonnets of some of the women, many of them girls, some very old and gray, here and there like the heads in old pictures. Or, the looks that came from those faces! There were two or three I shall probably never forget. Nothing in all marked repulsive, or hideous—always excepting, I did not see one such. Our common humanity, mine and yours, everywhere:

"The same old blood—the same red, running blood;"

yet behind most an inferred artifact of some terrible wrecks, some mysteries, crimes, love, wrong, greed for wealth, religious problems, remorse, perhaps from those crazed faces, (yet temporarily so calm, like still waters,) all the woes and sad happenings of life and death—the woman over me the strange contrast radiating—was it not, indeed, that peace of God that passeth all understanding, strange as it may sound? I can only say that I took long and searching eyeseeps at that there, and it seemed as if some of the excelentest thoughts, problems unanswerable. (How, sometimes, a flash of the living sight, magnetic, confounds all previous statements, and reams, folios of arguments!)

A very fair choir and melodian accompaniment. They sang "Lead, Kindly Light," after the sermon, Mave joined in the responses, in fact, in him, to which the minister read the introductory text, "In the day time also He led them with a cloud, and all the night with a light of fire." Then the words:

Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead thou me on.
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead thou me on.
Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou
Shouldst lead me on:
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead thou me on.
I loved the garish day, and spite of fears
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

I felt as I came out in the verdant June forenoon that the singing and the closed reverence, tears, sighs, deepest emotions, of which the statelier church I had ever seen, with all their ceremonies, stained glass, pealing organs, and velvet and sumptuousness, gave no such sublimeness.

A couple of days after I went to the "Refractory Building," under special charge of Dr. Reemer, and through the wards pretty thoroughly, both the men's and women's, and I have seen other visits of the kind through the asylum, and around among the detached cottages. As far as I could see, this is among the most advanced, perfected, and kindly and rationally carried on of all its kind in all America. It is a town in itself, with many buildings and a thousand inhabitants. I learn that Canada, and especially this ample and populous province of Ontario, has the very best and plentiest benevolent institutions in all departments.

Some of the more liberal of the presses here are discussing the question of a Zollverein between the United States and Canada. It is proposed to form a union for commercial purposes—to altogether abolish the frontier tariff line with its double sets of Custom House officials now existing between the two countries, and to assess and levy the duties on the proceeds of this tariff to be divided between the two governments on the basis of population. It is said that a large proportion of the merchants of Canada are in favor of this step, as they believe it would materially add to the business of the country by removing the restrictions that now exist on trade between Canada and the States. Many of the prominent men who favor the measure believe that it would increase the material welfare of the country, but it would loosen the bonds between Canada and England; and this sentiment coupled with the desire for commercial prosperity. Whether the sentiment in question can continue to bear the strain put upon it is a question. It is thought by many that commercial considerations must in the end prevail. It seems also to be generally agreed that such a Zollverein, or common customs union, would bring practically more benefit to the Canadian Provinces than to the United States.

June 8.—To-day a letter from Mrs. E. L. L., Detroit, accompanied in a little post office roll by a rare old engraved head of Elias Hicks (from a portrait in oil by Wood, painted for J. J. Gurney, my life was above been sixty years or more ago, in New York)—among the rest the following excerpt about E. H. in the letter:

"I have listened to his preaching so often when a child, and sat with my mother at social gatherings where he was the centre, and every one so pleased and attired by his conversation. I hear that you contemplate writing or speaking about him, and I wondered whether you had a picture of him. As I am the owner of two, I send you one."

In a few days I go to Lake Huron, and may have something to say of that region and people. From what I already see, I should say the young native population of Canada is growing up, forming a hardy, democratic, intelligent, radically sound, and just as American, good-humored, and individualistic race, as the average range of best specimens among us. As among us, too, I please myself by considering that this element, though it may be not the majority, contains in it the leaven which must eventually leaven the whole lump.—*Cor. London (Ont. Advertiser.*

MARY ANDERSON.

Her Wheat Crop and Her Step-Pa.

I hear that Dr. Hamilton Griffin, the modest and retiring stepfather of Miss Mary Ann Anderson, is in despair at having lost his entire crop of wheat, etc., on his estate at Long Branch, through the ravages of the army worm. The singular caterpillar invaded the Doctor's estate about nightfall, and when the proud cause of Mary Ann's fame awoke the next morning there was not even a blade of grass on the estate. As no tree grows there it is to be imagined that the present aspect of the estate is not inviting. It looks not unlike, and, in fact, reminded me forcibly of Ben Maginly's head, the likeness being perfected by the little fringe of hair that runs round that gentleman's occiput, and which bears a close resemblance to the waving corn that clusters outside and about the Griffin-Anderson estate. The Doctor just at present has no other occupation than to go down to the hotel quarter and tell his misfortune. He starts off early all thivated up even by the white long hand of Mary Ann herself. He is allowed two dollars a day. The first invitation to smile is a signal for the Colonel, and he starts off to tell about the loss his estate has suffered. As he goes on "smiling," his estate becomes bigger and the losses greater. In the afternoon proceeds, the gallant Doctor pours more and more applejack into that mouth the sole uses of which seem to be liquor and tobacco juice. His shirt front gets dirtier, and a demoralization of the whole appearance ensues, until toward evening the estate has assumed Arabian-Nights-like proportions, the army worm has become an animal of fabled and monstrous growth, and the losses have been such as would even shake a Bank of England director. The crop itself having been destroyed, the Doctor gives it enormous proportions. A stranger walking into the Ocean bar-room at, say, a quarter to ten o'clock, would imagine the Doctor to possess broad acres, nay, miles of land, beside which those of the Astors would appear small. At ten precisely the Doctor, no matter how drunk he may be, and generally with seventy or eighty cents left of the two dollars he was allowed, wends his way home. Mary Ann sits up for him, lets him in, and, when very drunk, lectures him severely, threatening to turn him into the street. The fact is that the army worm did not down that way, and did do some damage around about. The actual damage done the Griffin-Anderson estate was the disappearance of some beet-root tops. The young man who unites in the function of other things of errand-boy, coachman, waiter, scullion, gardener, and housemaid, says these beets were stolen by boys, but the Doctor persists it was the army worm.. The market value of the vegetables was about $1.75. Mary Ann herself has treated the matter lightly, and is reported to have said when she heard of the loss that only one beet remained on the place now. This was a witty and delicate allusion to her stepfather, who laughed very heartily over it and tried to make an extra $5 out of the good humor—but it didn't work. Mary Ann, by the way, I am given to understand, is blushing upon having the Long Branch property put in her name. She thinks it has been in the Doctor's long enough.

THE FOURTH AT OLD POINT.

Society at the Fort—A Delightful German—Manners and Customs—News, General and Personal.

HYGEIA HOTEL,
OLD POINT COMFORT, July 6, 1880.

I aspire to write you a "real gossipy" letter, and it is said only woman is capable of accomplishing this achievement, and if I fail you must ascribe it to lack of material, or for want of gossip tea, which is said to create inspiration.

Yesterday was a "blue ribbon" day at Fortress Monroe. "Honor and society" met in the German during the afternoon at the hotel, and in the evening at the Fort to witness really a grand display of fireworks, that was most creditable to the boys in blue, for they were of home manufacture, which greatly enhanced their value. On Friday night we had a German at the Hygeia that reflected glory upon all interested; even the "wall flowers" seemed to renew youth in watching a dance that is regarded one of the mysteries only to the initiated. The Artillery School Band was on duty and performed in a most creditable manner. The ladies were elegantly dressed; the short dress being generally adopted, made the dancing much more graceful and the gentlemen much more assured than the regulation train dress, that has so often brought gay revelers to grief, causing pride to have a fall. The ladies apparently reserve their brightest smiles for the gallant sons of Mars, and evidently come many a blue coat to palpitate with pleasure. Miss Halcombe, the charming young daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Halcombe, of New Orleans, was the star of the evening, and yet there were many others in the galaxy radiant in the brilliancy.

We have many distinguished guests at the Hygeia, but all local renown seems swallowed up in the multitude, and even those enjoying national honors have to forget their greatness in the crowd, when it is impossible to make room even for distinguished personages who seek Old Point without announcing their intended advent. Recently President Hayes arrived and found he was one of many who could not receive honor to whom honor is due from this reason. It is said he accepted the situation gracefully—as a gentleman always does under such circumstances—congratulating the host upon his success. The Army and Navy evidently regard Fortress Monroe summer headquarters from the numbers who report here for pleasure duty. Admiral Porter was here recently and received the warm welcome his genial presence always invites. Capt. Smith, of the Navy, and wife are here for the season; they are delightful guests. Col. Worthington and his two lovely daughters have filled a prominent place on the social calendar. Gen. and Mrs. Day left yesterday. He is an old veteran on the retired list after forty years' service. Col. Lane and family are here for the season; he is on the retired list, having served his country in two wars. We are informed several others are to be placed thereon, whether they will or not, which causes much discussion in military and social circles. My opinion is, "old men for counsel, young men for war." An officer remarked to me, "It is the Staff Corps who are never ready to retire." "It is not the almanac that ages or incapacitates a man, but his own feelings, augmented by the life he had led," was my reply. He mulled my reply, but was not convinced. It is eminently proper old veterans should enjoy the sunset of life before their eyes become darkened; still some of the young officers think they are bound to remain in office and "go it blind," rather than make place for Young America. The French Consul and family, from Richmond, are noticable guests from their distinguê manner and rich style of dressing. Gen. Bradley Johnson, of Confederate renown, and family are welcome guests here. He looks much as he did twenty years ago. Time has not dimmed his eye, nor dared touch the form of the warrior. He was with us through the Hancock campaign with his usual "vim." Mrs. Clayton, of Baltimore, is the richest and most conspicuously dressed lady at the Hygeia. She is very handsome and has a commanding figure, but is somewhat overdressed for life at Old Point Comfort, for as a rule the ladies dress richly but plainly; black silk is the regulation uniform for the dames, and white for the belles. J. D. Townsend, the eminent lawyer from New York city, and family, Hon. S. S. Guthrie and daughter, from Buffalo, and many others whose names I do not know make society here most agreeable. Capt. Darling, of Washington, who has been very ill, is improving. She receives much attention from her old Southern friends, and evidently finds pleasure in recalling episodes and reminiscences of Confederate days. A Northern gentleman remarked to her: "Madam, you have no bitterness in your composition; you are as free from it as the gentlemen of the South whom I have met; it exists only with the ladies so far as I discover."

"It may be as you say," she replied, "and it is easily enough explained. The gentlemen did the fighting; the ladies only the talking, and it takes much longer to sheath a woman's tongue than it does a gallant soldier who draws his sword to maintain his rights, for, as a rule, when he sheaths his sword he does his tongue."

We are all delighted with Gen. Hancock's nomination, and believe it will be ratified with a vengeance next November. It is said it is all the rage just now drinking to the success of the Democracy in Han-cock tails, instead of gin; that it is the regulation beverage at all summer resorts, and Old Point Comfort is not behind in this loyal duty. Gen. Upton, post commander, bade adieu to Fortress Monroe, having been assigned to duty on the Pacific Coast; the garrison, the Hygeians, and the band were on the wharf in full force to do honor to the occasion. Gen. Upton was very popular here, and his departure is a matter of regret. Dr. Hoff, post surgeon, is a delightful gentleman and much admired. He must be regarded a conquering hero from his success in routing general debility, which he does in double-quick time, and no doubt captures hearts with the same celerity. Rev. Mr. Herrick, post chaplain, is a bright and shining light, attracting good Christians to the sweet little chapel in the fort, where they can do religious duty with pleasure and profit. The band plays pretty Catholic church, "Star of the Sea," which is a most appropriate name, being built upon this tongue of land that becomes a harbor of refuge to many—a tempest-tossed mariner, where they can return thanks to the God of Old Ocean upon the sands of time that they have escaped the sea of eternity.

Last week I noticed the correspondent of the New York *Herald* in our midst, and to-day the correspondent from Washington to the New York *Tribune*. I know they will give happy accounts of life at the Hygeia. Yachting, boating, and bathing are prominent features among the pleasures enjoyed. The pretty little yacht Hygeia is an "institution" and dashes many patrons. Bathing cannot be regarded a secondary attraction; all seek the surf. Many of the ladies wear the French style of bathing suits—low neck without sleeves—and no doubt in time this will become the regulation uniform for all bathers. It will be a glorious reform when the ugly bathing suit so generally worn gives place to a more graceful style. The truth is, there is very little grace to be maintained by bathers; it is therefore a duty to cultivate, so far as possible, the most becoming style. Of all the summer resorts I have ever visited this is the most independent. It is the rule to go as you please, do as you please, and should be named Liberty Hall. MIGNON.

The Pessimist Abroad.

Every day new horrors are added to existence. But a few weeks ago we had no Byron status standing with folded arms, and a month has passed since Mr. Bradlaugh and the Oath began to make life hideous. The youngest of us can remember the time when costermongers' cries and the jangling of iron bells they fastened to their carts were repressed by the police. There are middle-aged persons who were born before steam "whoopers" or "devils" were invented to waken the workingman from his morning slumbers. Penny "society" journals are only the creation of the year before last; and Christmas cards are scarcely more ancient. The custom of delivering recitations from the poets, in season and out of season, is but in its nonage. Five years ago we knew not professional beauties, nor traction engines, and the Special Correspondent had not developed his full capacity for evil. Telephones and phonographs, and many another dire invention that lovelt and maketh a noise, slumbered in the womb of Time, with the electric light, and the name and fame of Mr. Edison. Bicycles, and the game of "Boss," and the pastime of rinking are all comparatively recent additions to the woes of this troublesome world. A French company at the Gaiety has not always been among the sorrows that afflict humanity, nor even talk about the Grosvenor Gallery a form of weariness foreseen by our ancestors. The additions which science has made to our comforts are lately made to the original burdens borne by man since the Fall are without name or number. In short, if civilization goes on at the present rate, and if the march of progress cannot somehow be retarded, death will soon be eminently well worth dying.—*London Saturday Review.*

Western Food Crop.

ST. PAUL, MINN., July 10.—It is difficult to get the exact facts as to the condition of the crop in the Northwest, in the midst of the panicky rumors. The average of all evidence seems to be about this: In the southern portion of Minnesota and the river country, embracing the harvest-farming districts of Northern Iowa and Northern and Western Wisconsin, the crop has suffered severely since the heavy rains of the first week of June. The hot sun that follows these rains induced rust. Olmstead, Houston, Winona, and Wabash have also suffered from the ravages of the chinch bug. In localities that have suffered the most, thirty to forty per cent. is probably a moderate estimate of the loss from the combined causes. The average for the whole State will be less. The western and frontier counties, too, have suffered much less from wet weather and rust, and not all from bugs, while reports from the Northern Pacific country and the Red River Valley are uniformly favorable.

Secretary Ramsey's Tour.

ROCK ISLAND, ILL., July 10.—Secretary of War Ramsey visited the Rock Island Arsenal to-day and this afternoon he was shown the principal points of interest here and in Moline. To-night he was the recipient of an informal reception at the Harper House. Mayor Corse tendered him the freedom of the city. He left this evening for the East.

SOCIETY CHAT.

Our English cousins have copied the American idea of social entertainments given by a number of gentlemen, like those of our Bachelors' German Club and Washington Assembly. A bachelors' ball is to be given at Kensington House, London, about the middle of July by 100 bachelors in fashionable society. Mr. Augustus Lumley and Mr. William Gillett are credited with having organized the list of subscribers. The Prince and Princess of Wales and several other members of the royal family will be present, and the fête will be of usual splendor. A cotillion, led by Mr. Lumly and Sir J. Lister Kaye, will be a leading feature of the ball, and a profusion of presents will be provided for the ladies. The ball-room suites consists of Mr. Lumley, Mr. W. Gillett, Hon. Edward Dawson, Mr. P. Beresford Hope, Mr. Anthony Ashly, and Lord George Nevill. Among the subscribers are the Duke of Portland, Earl of Shrewsbury, Earl of Lewes, Earl of Compton, Earl of Mountcharles, Earl of Yarborough, Lord Cremorne, Lord Sandhurst, Lord Rossmore, Sir Charles Western, Sir Henry Meyrey Thompson, Col. Henry Wellesley, Capt. Alan Gardiner, Mr. Henry Manners, Mr. James Saumarez, and Mr. Philip Currie.

Among those sojourning at the Colonnade Hotel, Atlantic City, are the following Washingtonians: Mrs. Admiral Lee, Blair Lee, Frederick Smith, W. H. Bailey, H. D. Bailey, Mrs. R. V. Robinson, Miss Louise Robinson, Mrs. E. F. Stocking, Miss Seidmore, Wash. B. Williams, Mrs. Williams, Charles Williams, and Mrs. Sue Williams. The Colonnade is the property recently bought by Mrs. Rines, of Twelfth street. The amusements are without end at this "city by the sea," hops every night at the hotels, cottagers' hops, a series of art entertainments by Professor Pennwell, "Pinafore," "Pirates of Penzance," and "Boccacio," by the D'Oyley Carte troupe, safe surf bathing, a ten mile beach to drive on, and perpetual brass bands and cool breezes. An average of 5,000 gentlemen come down Saturdays, and the young ladies are never without partners and instructors in the fashionable dance of the "flacket."

"Miss Grundy" writes from Long Branch to the Philadelphia *Times*: "Mr. and Mrs. Flood, of California, and their daughter, were here recently, accompanied by Mr. Ulysses Grant, Jr., who seemed to be considered altogether a member of the family. The party has now gone. I am informed by what should be excellent authority that there is now no doubt whatever about the engagement between the young gentleman (Gen. Grant's second son) and the young lady just named. When I saw Mrs. Grant and her son last December, in Washington, they denied that he was engaged to any one, so it is presumed the betrothal has really occurred since. Miss Flood wears a little diamond ring and shows the ring accepted as a *gage d'amour*.

A very pleasant fourth of July was spent at the beautiful country residence of Mr. A. Jardin, at Contee's Station, Md. Among the guests were a party of eight young ladies and gentlemen from Washington. The day was spent in croquet playing, dancing, and pistol practice, in which some of the ladies took part and demonstrated they are expert marksmen. In the evening the genial host treated all to a fine display of fireworks. All returned home highly delighted with their visit and the handsome manner in which they were entertained by Mrs. and Mr. Jardin and their accomplished daughters.

Miss Kate Hurkamp and several other young ladies of Fredericksburg, Va., will arrive in town to-morrow on a visit to Mrs. T. L. Cropley, of Georgetown. During the stay of the Potomac Boat Club men in Fredericksburg their headquarters was at the painful residence of Mr. Hurkamp, and it is their intention to reciprocate now for the many acts of kindness shown them in a manner as only the Potomacs can.

Miss Maud Banks, the youngest daughter of the General, will shortly sail for Europe with her mother, with the intention of studying with M. Delsarte, in Paris. The young lady has not finally determined to go upon the stage, though she has thoroughly prepare herself for the work. She has already made some progress in dramatic study. Her schoolmaster, Miss Blanche Banks, late be married next month.

The many friends of Mrs. Kate Macomber will be glad to learn that she has so far recovered from her late severe illness as to be able to resume her duties, leave to-morrow for Block Island, in company with her sister, Mrs. Ordway. The kind wishes of a host of friends accompany her.

Mrs. R. M. Reynolds, the wife of the First Auditor of the Treasury, will sail for France the last of August, for the purpose of placing Master Frank J. Reynolds in a German school in Paris for two years, that he may acquire the German and French languages.

On the evening of June 30 the marriage of Miss Josephine K. Clark, daughter of Col. J. C. Clark, of the Army, to Mr. Charles E. Kingston, was celebrated in the pretty village of Mount Holly, N. J. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. T. H. Culbin.

Among the arrivals at Berkeley Springs last week were Commissioner Dent, Mrs. W. J. Ward and family, Mrs. R. Dletz, Mrs. G. Brown, Mrs. F. A. Jordan and Miss Jordan, Mrs. Capt. P. Goff, Mr. Sickles, W. R. Davies, James D. Davis.

Miss Addie Clark, who has been visiting her friend, Miss Mida Massey, at Valley View, in the county, has returned to the city looking as rosy as a country lass. *On dit*, that Miss Mida Massey will soon kneel at Hymen's shrine.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Evans, who are summering at the "Wiltberger Villa," have gone to the "Woodmont Hunting and Fishing Park" to spend a week in catching black bass and to enjoy the mountain air.

Mrs. Richard McAllister, Jr., in company with the wife of Commander Theodore F. Kane, is summering at the Logan House, Altoona, Pa. The latter part of August they go to Richfield Springs, N. Y.

Maj. Thomas H. Bradley, of the Army, and family returned home from Atlantic City on Friday, and will leave this morning for Berkeley Springs, where Mrs. Bradley and son will remain several weeks.

Among the most fashionable weddings of the season at Newport, will be that of Mr. Cavendish Bentinck, of England, to Miss Lorillard Livingstone, of New York, which will take place next month.

Miss Jennie Free, of I street, left Wednesday last to visit friends in Wilmington, Del. After a short stay in that city she will visit Ocean City for the balance of the school vacation.

Maj. Joseph G. Tilford, of the Army, who arrived here June 28, left on Thursday last for West Point, N. Y., where he goes to join his family and spend part of the summer.

Mr. James Gordon Bennett will arrive from Europe in a few days, and will be accompanied by his sister, Mrs. Isaac Bell, Jr., who will preside over his Newport residence.

On the 30th, at Norfolk, Va., was quietly celebrated the marriage of Dr. J. C. Byrnes, of the Navy, and Miss Lotie Dunn Cook, daughter of Mordecai Cook, of that place.

Among the passengers who sailed in the Gallia last week for Europe were Sir Edward Thornton, and Miss Thornton, Miss Emma Thursby, and Maurice Strakosch.

Gen. Spear and family and Rev. George O. Little and family, of Washington, D. C., are at the Cliff House, Bald Head Cliff, York Beach, for the season.

The marriage of Mr. George Van Syckle to Miss Lou Rupp will be celebrated the 22d instant at the residence of the bride's parents on O street.

The family of Mr. Denby, of the Navy Department, will go to Prince George's county, Md., this week, to remain during the heated term.

Mr. and Mrs. Irving are in Massachusetts with their relative, Mrs. P. C. Winthrop, the daughter of Frank Granger, of New York.

Mr. Arthur Stem, of Indianapolis, Ind., is in town on a visit to his cousin, Mr. Harry Thompson, son of the Secretary of the Navy.

The Minnette Club will give their first excursion to their friends on Wednesday evening next on board the steamer W. W. Corcoran.

Gen. Hancock has engaged rooms for himself and family at the Brighton, Long Branch, and will take possession on July 20.

The family of Col. Enoch Totten, of this city, left on Monday for the Chalybeate House, near Bedford, Pa., for the summer.

Rev. W. F. Watkins, D. D., and wife, W. F. Watkins, Jr., and J. H. Watkins, are registered at the Stockton, Cape May.

Miss Minnie Mason is spending a few weeks with her aunt, Mrs. William Dodge, at her delightful home, Stafford Hall, Md.

Mrs. H. Clay Ford, Ella Chapman, and George W. Denham are at the River View House, Oxford, Md.

Mrs. Robert H. Ward, of Corcoran street, with her children, are spending a month in Frederick county, Md.

Lieut. Bolles, of the Navy, and sister, left the city Wednesday last for a sojourn in New England.

Mrs. Robert G. Ingersoll with her children will spend the present month at North Shore, Cape Ann.

Miss Alice Brown, of New Jersey, a former resident of this city, is in town on a visit to Miss Chubb.

Senator and Mrs. Morrill sailed in the Celtic for Liverpool Wednesday from New York.

Count Galli, the Italian Consul at Philadelphia, is at Newport for the season.

Mrs. B. H. Bristow and Miss Bristow are at the United States Hotel, Saratoga.

Mrs. Dr. Garnett with her sons are at the Hygeia Hotel, Fortress Monroe.

Miss Emma Bond is spending school vacation in Howard county, Md.

Mrs. E. A. Draper and son are at the United States Hotel, Long Branch.

Mr. P. T. Dodge and family will leave on Thursday for Cobb's Island.

Mr. William H. Vanderbilt and family are at Aix-les-Bains, in Savoy.

The Misses McKelden left on Thursday for Bedford Springs, Pa.

"Vanity Fair," in the *Critic*, says: "The presents at the McClellan-Marmion wedding were the most elegant seen since the marriage of Lieut. Thackara and his bonnie bride. Among other things Mrs. Marmion received a thousand dollars' worth of silver from Mr. and Mrs. Hutchinson, one of whose children retained and regained its sight under the doctor's treatment; silver of exceptional elegance from Senator and Mrs. Jones, whose aged mother was cured of her blindness; and the title deed of the house now building on H street, near Wormley's. This last was her husband's gift, together with a pair of handsome solitaire ear-rings. But the bride's white robe is shadowed with crape, her venerable grandmother having died a few days after the ceremony. This loss will be peculiarly felt, for it was with this dear relative that Mrs. Marmion made her home from her earliest infancy."

Lieutenant Governor and Mme. Cauchon gave a reception