Weekly Interior Journal

rd, Ky., -- September 23, 1884

W. P. WALTON.

We give on our first page Blaine's version of how and when Harriet Stanwood became his wife, which we ask our readers, both democratic and republican to read carefully and see if they can any longer hold a doubt that he seduced her. It has not occurred to us that this matter should take any great place in the discussion of the fitness of Blaine for President until we read this silliest, flimsiest and thinest lie ever concocted and published for reasoning people to believe. He first states that he was married without license in the presence of a few trusted friends, taking care not to say who performed the ceremony. That a year or so afterwards, learning that a license was required to make a marriage legal in Kentucky, he went to Pittsburg, Pa., and was married again, this marriage occurring but two months prior to the birth of his first born. Singular indeed was it that neither he, the parson nor his trusted friends knew anything of the marriage laws of Kentucky and he a school-teacher, too! A ten-year-old boy could have invented a more plausible lie and we arraign Mr. Blaine not so much for what he did then as what he does now. This letter proves him a miserable liar and his other letters, to be found on our fourth page, proves him to be a venal, corrupt and dishonest man, totally unfit to be President of this United States. Can any honest man read them and cast his vote to make him the first man in the nation?

THE New York *Post* takes a rosy view of the situation. It says: "Assurances reach us that Ohio, Wisconsin, Michigan, Illinois and even Iowa are as likely to go democratic as republican, and while we receive all such information with reserve, we are convinced that even the most extravagant democratic claims are not impossible of fulfilment. There is revolution in the air in the East as well as in the West, and if anybody doubts it let him take a careful survey of the disheveled columns of our esteemed contemporaries, the Blaine organs. They are hung all over with signals of distress."

ALTHOUGH the presidential election is but six weeks off no apparent interest has been developed in this section and the same seems to be true of nearly every other point. Of course Kentucky's vote will go for Cleveland in any event, but it won't do to let the usual large majority be cut down and for this reason the democracy ought to go to work. Cleveland and Hendricks' clubs should be organized everywhere and every effort be made to draw out a full vote. We have good material here for a club and one ought to be organized at once.

THE Blaine letter in regard to his pretended marriage with Miss Stanwood was given to the public just at the time it was to break the effect of the last batch of the so called Mulligan letters. But his friend William Walter Phelps, has reckoned wrongfully. No revellation could overshadow them. It is said that a man that will steal will also lie and it has been strongly verified over Blaines own signature in regard to himself. The people could forgive a youthful indiscretion but they hate and abominate a dishonest man and a liar

THE directors of the Southern Exposition have hit on a happy plan to draw the most tremendous crowd ever in Louisville. They have fixed Oct 1st for "Office-holders day" and have sent out invitations to the countless number all over the State. If they all accept the city wont hold them and they will have to go into the big Exposition in detachments.

AN anxious people are longing to read the first epistle of St. John, the prohibition candidate, but knowing that his first will be his last, the saint is taking his own time for writing. It may be some consolation to a waiting world to know, however, that he is coming to Louisville on the 27th to deliver a tirade against our favorite beverage.

WE do not get the *Apostolic Times* we are glad to say, but we note from our exchanges that its editor advises his readers not to support Cleveland, because of the Maria Halpin charge. Sensible people do not need any advice for this pharsaze. We doubt if he has the right to throw a stone himself

THE double issue of the Louisville *Times* Saturday, was a genuine daisy and the best of it is we are to have one every week. There are few better papers in the country than this lively, sprightly youngster and we are glad of the repeated evidence that it gives, that it has come to stay.

WE say it and say it boldly that Belva A. Lockwood is by far the prettiest of the numerous presidential candidates now before the people. Her picture in the current *Harper's* is just a little too-too sweet for anything.

BLAINE'S letter comes as near confessing the whole matter as it could without making it in so many words. Perhaps he is beginning to find out that it is always best as Gov. Cleveland suggests to "tell the truth."

THE Queen City Suspender Company has suspended and now some of the fellows will have to suspend their breeches with one suspender, a kind of one-gallowed set as it were.

BLAINE "tuk up with" his wife like the colored population did in slavery times.

—The democratic State Committee at Columbus is in receipt of information from counties bordering on the Ohio, that leaves no doubt that the republicans are importing negro voters.

NOTES OF CURRENT EVENTS.

—Henry Clay was in a very critical condition at late reports.

—Isaac Jacobson was hanged at Chicago for the murder of George Bedell, April 28, 1884.

—George Denny, of Lexington, has been retained by the prosecution in the Blaine libel suit.

—The ticket now stands: For President, Mrs. Belva A. Lockwood; for Vice-President, Mrs. Dr. Clemence Lozier.

—"Vote for Cleveland and we close our works," is the lying cry being started by thieving protection manufacturers.

—An Indiana postmaster has been arrested for destroying democratic newspapers sent to his office for delivery to subscribers.

—Of the 260 republican members of the New York Stock Exchange 151 are against Blaine, 99 are for him and 10 are on the fence.

—Allen Coburn, the attendant at the Anchorage asylum, who was struck in the head by a patient on the 16th inst., expired at 11 o'clock Sunday.

—The packets Bonanza, Morning Mail and the Government vessel Lily, were destroyed by fire at Cincinnati, Saturday morning. Loss $105,000.

—An earthquake shock, of no great violence and lasting but a few seconds, was felt in Louisville, Cincinnati and various points in Indiana and Ohio.

—Chicago upper-tendom is all torn up over the elopement of Miss Ella Turnbull with Alex. Nervan, a butcher-boy employed in her father's packing-house.

—Judge Stites decides that there is no law requiring wholesale liquor dealers to take out a State license, or any law requiring them to pay a State license tax.

—Miss Regel, crossing a field containing cattle, near Quebec, became frightened at a demonstrative ox, and died from nervous exhaustion on leaving the field.

—The immigration into the United States in August amounted to 33,148, and in the first eight months of the current year to 340,583. In 1884 the totals were respectively 38,388 and 406,453.

—A primary election has been ordered in the 2d district to settle which shall be the democratic candidate for Congress, Clay or Lafloon, a convention having cast 959 ballots without being able to do so.

—At Kansas City, a roller coaster car containing sixteen persons, was derailed. Miss Taffy suffered a fractured arm, Wm. Taylor had his shoulder dislocated, and half a dozen others received painful injuries

—Thomas M. Jackson, of Atlanta, Ga., suspicioning for some time that his wife was unfaithful to her marriage vow, set a trap and caught her and a bar-keeper *in flagrante delicto*, and shot them to death, through a window.

—One of the best speeches of the campaign must be credited to Roscoe Conkling. The story goes that upon being asked if he would take the stump for Blaine, he replied: "I am not engaged in criminal practice."

—Mrs. Lot M. Morrill, the widow of a former Maine Senator, in a recent interview, says: "Mr. Blaine went into Congress twenty years ago a poor man, and is now worth a million dollars. What has Mr. Blaine done for the country but defraud and dishonor it?"

—Gid Henderson, a farmer, while feeding hogs at his home, near Hopkinsville, Ky., was assassinated. Some one concealed in the woods fired thirty buckshot into him killing him instantly. James Reynolds, a neighbor with whom he had a quarrel, is suspected.

—Annie Nutt, 16, second daughter of the late Capt. Nutt, and sister of Wm. Nott, who killed Dukes for slandering his sister, died suddenly at Uniontown, Pa. It was at first thought she was poisoned, but the doctors now agree that it was cramp colic that took her off.

—Gen. Logan is in Ohio talking his ignorant and inexhaustible drivel about the tariff. Logan in the beautiful act of adorning Blaine's person with the tariff fig leaf in a hopeless effort to hide the letter's tattoo is a spectacle that should tempt the pencil of the political cartoonist.—[Chicago Times

—Senator Bayard, in a speech in Brooklyn, N. Y. referring to the Mulligan letters, said, "If any man could doubt after reading them, the guilt of Mr. Blaine, particularly in view of the last 'fresh wave of overwhelming and damning evidence,' he could not understand the processes of such a man's mind.

—The frenzied prediction by a woman on a Missouri railroad train that an awful accident was impending might not have scared anybody had she not immediately afterward fallen from her seat dead. Most of the passengers quit the cars at the next station, but nothing happened to those who continued their journey.

—Henry Clay, a Louisville lawyer and grand son of the "Great Commoner" was perhaps fatally shot Sunday morning by Councilman Wepler, in his bar-room. Clay was drunk and when Wepler refused to lend him four dollars he abused him soundly and went for a pistol. When he returned with it, the shooting occured.

—Thomas Simpson, aged about 35 years, while in a canoe with one or two other parties, on the Cumberland river near the old Cumberland coal banks, was suddenly attacked with heart disease, and fell out into the water. When he was pulled back into the canoe he was dead. He leaves a wife and six children.—[Somerset Republican.

—Mr. Blaine's attorneys filed answers to the 22 interrogatories pronounded by the Indianapolis *Sentinel* in the libel suit against that paper. The answer claims a secret marriage at Millersburg, Ky., June 30, 1850, witnessed by Sarah Stanwood and S. L. Blaine; and a second marriage at Pittsburg, Pa., March 29, 1851. The first child, a son, was born June 18, 1851, at Augusta, Me.

REV. GEO. O. BARNES.

LETTER FROM ENGLAND.

"PRAISE THE LORD"

CARE OF TOD BROS. & CO. 26 FENCHURCH STREET, LONDON, Aug. 23d, 1884.

Dear Interior:

We live in beautiful Highgate, down the prettily shaded Hampstead Lane, taking the name of the historic "Heath" to which it leads, from the top of which one can look down and see the elms, oaks and acacias arching over the roadway, until the grand drive is lost in the cool vista. "4 Park Terrace" is the number and name of kind Bro: Piper's "semi-detached villa" where the dear LORD has housed us for "the present distress" and where, if you visit London soon, you will find as happy a family as any in it, big as it is. Praise the LORD for the quiet temporary retreat—much more pleasant than lodgings which we joyfully accept, because He knows we have not the least idea of ever "settling down" anywhere, but rather as "pilgrims and strangers" wait the joyful period when we shall be caught up to meet the dear LORD "in the air." to be forever with HIM. Our house is furnished from top to bottom with everything needful sent in by the loving friends, whose names have been so often mentioned in my letters home, that all know who they are. The dear Pipers, Greens, Ellises, Tods and Bartlets, of Highgate, all sent in appropriate contributions, while our "cousin Judie" in her loving zeal, so stripped her own house to furnish ours, that Will plessantly tells her "Gloucester Villa" is not worth burglarizing now. The dear Burys, from far off Barnet, and the Limmers, of Bexley Heath, did not forget to add their quota in the general make up; and so from cellar to garret we cannot turn without a reminder of what we owe to these dear ones for their fellowship in the gospel.

When I returned from the continent, it was to find everything in "apple-pie order" and no signs of a new and disordered establishment. Our "little maid" who waited on us at "Woodstock Road," was easily engaged—being out of service—and nothing is lacking in any department.

Speaking of "Woodstock Road," reminds me that you know nothing about it. Our good sister Griffith in Shacklewell Lane, continuing in such precarious health that she could no longer undertake the care of lodgers, we had to look out for a new home and found it for a while at 95 Woodstock Road.

FINSBURY PARK.—Here we had most pleasant rooms, a good landlady and light rent. One insurmountable drawback, however. Two lines of railway ran back of the window of our sleeping department and the roar and rattle of the many trains in the early morning and late at night were too much for me. I couldn't get sound sleep and after two weeks it became such a serious matter, threatening chronic insominia, that we were obliged to leave. Just then the Guinness imbroglio occurred and our dear friends, the Burys, took us all in at Welland House for 10 days. Then the Greens at Highgate did the same, until we were ready to move into Bro. Piper's comfortable villa, as narrated in a previous letter. I had no difficulty in getting back to the *statu quo* on the sleep question after leaving Woodstock Road. But 100 trains thundering by within 50 yards of one's chamber window, between the hours of 5 and 8 in the morning, not to speak of frequent ditto up to midnight preceeding were rather too much of a good thing in the locomotive line, for sound sleeping. We retired generally between 11 and 12, and the morning hours are therefore very precious for rest.

Our appointed meeting began on the evening of Sunday the 27th of July, in a small tent at Upper Clapton. It was as great a "plunge" from Charrington Great Assembly Hall to this, as the transition from Danville with its crowded house on the 99th day—to Greensburg and its 50 to 75 attendants in a little country church. Or as marked as the change from the Frankfort Major Opera House, with its packed audiences, to the "little flock" that only served to set off the unfilled vastness of the Dayton Skating Rink. The lesson of "first the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear" has been so constantly repeated in our simple ministry that we have no time to get conceited by popularity. What a mercy for which we praise the LORD infeignedly, when we think of the weakness of the flesh!

So we began in the dingy little tent, seated with comfortless benches, dimly lighted by a few kerosene lamps and with only the capacity of holding 250 or 300 people, with same old unfeigned joy that has become the blessed habit of our lives now. Praise the LORD that his service is so delightful as to leave no room for wounded *amour propre* and that we have been spirit-taught never to "dispise the day of small things." And a glorious meeting we had in that "wee" canvass tabernacle. The glory of the LORD filled the little "establishment" in the wilderness just as full as the glorious Temple of Solomon. The weather was rather hot, but admirably suited for tent services, and we soon had everything as full as it could hold, and an overflow in the darkness of the "outer court." The dear LORD gave renewed liberty and power in preaching the word and many souls were saved and blessed. I have stopped the counting business, so don't look for any more "statistics" until we get to heaven, where we shall be able to reckon accurately.

We made some charming acquaintances among christians. The "Mission" in the tent is an "outwork" of a neighboring congregational church and conducted by a Mr. Beddow, a "solicitor" connected with a well-known legal firm in the city—who with his devoted wife and a noble band of helpers, labor "in season and out of season" for souls. I think they all learned, during that 10 days' meeting, the "way of the LORD more perfectly." We count the friendship of these latest "fellow-laborers whose names are in the book of life," as precious beyond expression. We had the pleasure of twice taking tea with the Beddows and seeing their sweet little family circle, while cultivating the new acquaintance. They are young people yet, with only 3 little "chicks" to care for; but it is a great pleasure to see how beautifully they are rearing them, "in the nurture and admonition of the LORD." Marie taught the two elder ones some of her songs and they were soon devoted to her. The youngest is just beginning to toddle, and has nothing developed yet but a good appetite, and perhaps the all pervading instinct of a true Briton—Israelite to appropriate everything in the world to his own use. On the occasion of our first visit—it may be mentioned in illustration of this after a period of omnious silence, when the voice of "baby" had not been heard for several minutes and it occurred to us to make search for the missing darling; we at last found him in the dining room, before the open door of the buffet, sitting on the floor, with legs wide apart, a great piece of cake in each hand, saltcellar overturned (mistaken for powdered sugar, doubtless,) butter plate with marks of five fingers on its contents, (another disappointment evidently); face smeared with various articles of jam and preserves he had "sampled" and an expression of beaming joy as he innocently offered to share the cake with his mama, when we appeared upon the scene. It was a tableau never to be forgotten.

By the time that meeting was over our dear George Wood had arranged for another.

What this dear brother has done for the cause and us, its representatives, I will not shock his sensitive nature by recounting in print. But I will not only say that with him and our dear "cousin Judie," it is the old story of what once happened as He "stood over against the treasury" and marked what was going on. Out of their "penury" they have given as nearly all their living as any I have ever known. Well, they "know whom they have believed" and I praise the LORD for teaching them usefulness in service, rarely seen in this selfish age.

(Continued next issue.)

H. C. RUPLEY.

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H. C. Rupley

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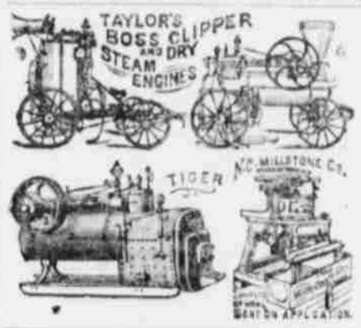

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