THE HERALD AND MAIL.

By ALFRED S. HORSLEY. COLUMBIA, TENNESSEE, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1877. VOL. XXIII. NO. 16.

LAW CARDS.

J. N. BARNETT. G. T. HUGHES
Barnett & Hughes,
Attorneys at Law,
Columbia, Tennessee.
Office:—On West Main Street, formerly occupied by Thomas & Barnett. [jan. 1-76-ly

WALKER GREEN. H. S. THOMPSON.
Green & Thompson,
Attorneys at Law,
Columbia, Tennessee.
Will practice in all the various courts of Maury and adjoining counties. Special attention given to collections. jan. 1-76-ly.

J. B. Bond,
Attorney at Law,
Columbia, Tennessee.
Will practice in Maury and adjoining counties. jan. 21-76-ly.

C. W. Witherspoon,
Attorney at Law,
Columbia, Tennessee.
Will attend with promptness to all Legal Business entrusted to his care, in Maury and adjoining counties. Strict attention to collection and settlements of all kinds. Office:—Whithorne Block. jan. 28-76-ly.

P. H. Southall, Jr.,
Attorney at Law,
Columbia, Tennessee.
Special attention given to collections. Office:—Whithorne Block. jan. 1-79-ly.

A. M. LOONEY. W. J. SYKES.
Looney & Sykes,
Attorneys at Law
And Solicitors in Chancery,
Columbia, : : : Tennessee.

W. C. Taylor,
Attorney at Law
And Solicitor in Chancery,
Columbia, Tennessee.
Office:—With McDowell & Webster, Whithorne Block. jan. 1-76-y.

GEO. C. TAYLOR. R. H. SANSOM
Taylor & Sansom,
Attorneys at Law
And Solicitors in Chancery,
Columbia, Tennessee.
Will practice in Maury and adjoining counties, and in the Supreme and Federal Courts at Nashville. Special attention given to the collection of claims. Office:—South side public square. jan. 25-76-ly.

John V. Wright,
Attorney at Law
And Solicitor in Chancery,
Columbia, Tennessee.
☞ Office:—Whithorne Block, Up-stairs. May 4th-76.

A. M. HUGHES. A. M. HUGHES, Jr.
A. M. Hughes & Son,
Attorneys at Law
And Solicitors in Chancery,
Columbia, Tennessee.
Will practice in the Courts of Maury and adjoining counties, and Supreme and Federal Courts at Nashville. The strictest attention will be given to all business entrusted to their care. Office:—South side West Main Street, 2nd door from the square. April 4-tf.

E. C. M'DOWELL. W. J. WEBSTER.
McDowell & Webster,
Attorneys at Law
Columbia, Tennessee.

J. T. WILLIAMSON,
Attorney at Law,
Columbia, Tennessee.
Aug. 20-1877.

ROBT. M. McKAY. H. P. FIGUERS.
McKay & Figuers,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.
Columbia, Tennessee.
Will practice in Maury and adjacent counties. Prompt attention given to business entrusted to them. Office:—Brown block, up stairs, No. 44½, south side public square. Aug. 20-1877.

J. T. L. COCHRAN.
Attorney at Law
And Solicitor in Chancery.
Prompt attentions to collections. Office—No. 17, West Seventh Street, Columbia, Tennessee. sept 77 ly.

LEMUEL PADGETT,
Attorney at Law and Solicitor in Chancery,
Columbia, Tennessee.
Office:—On the South side of the Square with Wilkes & Bullock. feb16-74-ly

ALBERT AKERS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Room No. 26 Colonade Building,
NASHVILLE, - - - TENN.
Will attend to all business entrusted to his care with promptness. Refers to Third National Bank of Nashville. may18-ly

J. W. McKISSACK,
Attorney and Counselor at Law.
Columbia, Tennessee.
Will attend strictly to business entrusted to him in any of the courts of Maury and adjoining counties, and to the Supreme and Federal Courts at Nashville. Collections and settlements of all kinds attended to with promptness.
Office—Whithorne Block. may12-76

W. R. JOHNSTON, M. D.,
DENTIST.
Has returned to Columbia and resumed the practice of Dentistry in all its branches. Office: At the residence of Mrs. E. G. Dew, Eighth Street. sept. 14-tf.

Doctor Harlan
Has removed from New York to Columbia, Tennessee, where he will in the future, practice his profession. He can be seen at all hours, when not professionally engaged, at the office of Dr. Towler, North Main Street, Columbia, Tenn. nov.17-76-ly.

GUEST HOUSE,
South Main Street,
Columbia, : : : Tennessee.
Board Two Dollars Per Day.
Carriages, buggies or saddle horses furnished on application to the proprietor.
JAMES L. GUEST.

First National Bank
Of Columbia, Tennessee.
Capital, $100,000.
Does a General Banking and Exchange Business.
T. W. KEESEE, President.
LUCIUS PRITCHETT, Cashier.

PURE BRED POULTRY.
Partridge Cochins
—AND—
Brown Leghorns,
A SPECIALTY.
The undersigned offers for sale a few very fine Cochrels of the above varieties. Stock directly from W. H. TODD. Also a few very good light and dark Brahma Cochrels. Eggs for hatching in season, from all the above varieties. My Fowls are kept in separate yards, and bred pure. Prices reasonable and satisfaction guaranteed.
A. A. LIPSCOMB,
Oct. 13, 1877.-ly. Columbia, Tenn.

FALL AND WINTER, 1877.

T. H. & W. H. WILLIAMS,
NO. 25 PUBLIC SQUARE,
COLUMBIA, - - TENNESSEE,
Respectfully announce to their customers and the trade generally that their assortment of
FALL AND WINTER
CLOTHING
Is Complete, and will be kept so through the Season.
Novelties in Cut and Fabric are constantly being added. Their stock in the City, and comprises every grade of goods, from the lowest to the highest, being adapted to the wants of every buyer.
Youths' and Boys' Clothing,
In Great Variety,
TO WHICH THEY INVITE SPECIAL ATTENTION. sept14-ly.

GREETINGS FROM THE
WHITE HOUSE!
H. CRONE
Announces to his customers and the public generally that he has just opened his MAMMOTH STOCK of
FALL GOODS!
—EMBRACING FULL LINES OF—
Dress Goods, Prints, Brown and Bleached Domestics, Cassimeres, for Men and Boy's Wear, Embroideries, Hoisery, Ladies' and Gent's Underwear, Ready-made Clothing, Hats, Boots, Shoes, Etc., Etc.
EACH AND EVERY ARTICLE BEING A BARGAIN!
☞ SPECIAL ATTENTION IS CALLED TO THE PRICES OF ONLY A FEW LEADING ARTICLES.
Lonsdale 4-4 Bleached Domestics at 9 cents per yard.
Brown 4-4 Heavy Sheeting at 6¾ cents per yard.
Extra Good Red Ticking at 10 and 15 cents per yard.
Latest Styles Dress Goods at 8 and 10 cents per yard.
100 Pieces Red and White Flannelat 20 cents per yard; below value.
500 Latest Style Ladies' Cloaks at Manufacturers' cost.
Good Jeans from 12½ cents per yard and upwards.
Canton Flannels from 7½ cents per yard and upwards.
100 Dozen Latest Style Hats at One Dollar a piece.
I have bought Five Hundred Suits of Clothing at Fifty Cents on the Dollar and they must be sold. I have the largest and by far the best made stock of BOOTS AND SHOES. Every pair warranted.
NO TROUBLE TO SHOW GOODS!
Messrs. HENDLEY and DALE, my very accommodating and gentlemanly salesmen, will take pleasure to show you through.
H. CRONE,
WHITE HOUSE,
COLUMBIA, TENN.
☞ CARD. In order to buy goods low, I have made my Fall purchases late, having waited until the rush at the East was over, by which means I was enabled to secure the most of my stock at almost one-half their original cost, consequently those in want of Dry Goods will find their pockets materially benefited by purchasing them at the White House. sept21-ly. H. CRONE, Proprietor.

BOOKS, STATIONERY, WALL PAPER, SHADES,
Picture Frames, etc.
I have moved my stock of Books, Pictures, and in fact, everything to be found in a first-class Book Store to my Old Stand, next door to the Post Office, opposite Nelson House
COME ONE! COME ALL!!
To the People's popular low price Book Store.
S. G. COMSTOCK

LOOK OUT FOR THE
New Fall Stock
—AT—
A. ROSENTHAL & BRO.,
—AT—
Lower Prices than ever Offered in Columbia!
We are determined to do a Large Business this fall, and cordially invite all to inspect our stock and prices. Our stock in our
Wholesale Department,
is now complete, and country merchants can buy their goods from us as cheap as they can buy in Louisville, Nashville or Cincinnati.
A. ROSENTHAL & BRO.,
COLUMBIA, TENN.
September 28, 1877.

Watkins & Gifford,
Wholesale and Retail
Grocers,
PRODUCE DEALERS,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
And Brokers.
Will cheerfully inform the citizens of Maury, Marshall, Hickman, Lawrence and Lewis Counties, that we buy, sell and exchange all kinds of Country Produce for Cash or Groceries; and the citizens of Columbia that we keep on hand a full supply of provisions of all kinds—Butter, Eggs, Chickens, Fresh Fruit and Oysters in seasons. We also wish to supply the citizens of Columbia with coal, and we will keep a full supply on hand the coming winter. In fact send us your order for something to eat or coal to burn, and we will deliver the same to your house at the lowest cash prices. sept15-3m

HEADQUARTERS FOR GROCERIES!
WHOLESALE

AND RETAIL.
FULL STOCK OF STAPLE AND FANCY GROCERIES!
—Imported and Domestic—
Wines and Liquors.
SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS OFFERED TO MERCHANTS
E. W. GAMBLE,
Cor. Main and Eight Sts., COLUMBIA, TENN
Wheat, Corn and Cotton,
AND ALL KINDS OF COUNTRY PRODUCE.
—YOU CAN ALWAYS SELL TO—
A. GOODMAN!
I, the undersigned, call the attention of the farmers and the public generally that I am now
EXCLUSIVELY
—IN THE—
GRAIN AND COTTON BUSINESS!
I now devote my entire attention to Grain, Cotton and all kinds of Country Produce, for which I am paying the Highest Market Price in cash, and I am always in the market no matter whether it is high or low. So farmers or dealers will always do well to see me before selling their produce. I also desire to inform the public that I have removed my entire stock of Groceries into No. 31 Public Square, formerly occupied by J. L. Bond, Famous China House, and have taken in Thomas J. Tucker as a partner in the Grocery Business only, and invite my old customers and friends to examine that large and well selected stock. I am very thankful to my friends and the public generally for the liberal patronage extended to me in the past, and would bespeak for the new firm of Goodman & Tucker the same courtesy in the future. Respectfully,
augst-1m. **A. GOODMAN.**

PIANOS ORGANS. MUSIC.

A. D. FRIERSON,
—Wholesale and Retail Dealer in—
ALL KINDS OF BOOKS!
AT BOTTOM PRICES!
WALL PAPER,
CHEAPER THAN ANYONE!
BLANK BOOKS!
And all kinds of Plain and Fancy Stationery, at prices to suit all customers. ☞ Agent also for the finest and sweetest toned Organs—THE SMITH AMERICAN.
CALL AND SEE HIM—NO. 20 PUBLIC SQUARE, COLUMBIA, TENN
jun29-77.

J. F. McKwen. W. T. Criswell. J. T. Akin.
J. T. Akin & Co.

We have bought W. H. Faris' interest in the Undertaking and Furniture Store of J. T. Akin & Co., and will keep a
GOOD SUPPLY
Of everything in our line. ☞ Our friends will please give us a call. oct5-3m

H. C. CLUTSAM,
TUNER
—AND—
Piano Repairer!
Orders left at S. G. Comstock's will be attended to at once. Satisfaction given. sept8-1m.

Alexander's Hotel!
☞ New Throughout! Refitted and Refurnished in Elegant Style!
Corner of Market and Seventh Streets,
LOUISVILLE, . . KENTUCKY.
Fare $2.00 Per Day.
JO. B. ALEXANDER & CO., Proprietors. sept7-ly

MILLINERY
—AND—
FANCY GOODS!
Wholesale and Retail.
—AT THE—
Emporium of Fashion,
MRS. M. J. BRYANT, Ag't.
☞ Butterick Patterns for sale. Stamping and Pinking done to order. june22-tf

COLUMBIA
FEMALE INSTITUTE!
COLUMBIA, TENN.

The Fall Term
WILL BEGIN
SEPTEMBER THE 3, 1877.
Circulars stating course of study, and other particulars, will be sent on application to REV. GEO. BECKETT, Rector, july15-ly. Columbia, Tenn.

JOHN T. TUCKER. W. F. TUCKER.
J. T. & W. F. TUCKER,
Wholesale and Retail
Grocers
—AND—
Commission Merchants
North-east Corner Public Square,
Columbia, : : : Tennessee.
Dealers in cotton and all kinds of produce. Liberal advances made on goods in store. Nov. 18-76-ly.

A CERTAIN CURE FOR
Menstrual Disturbances,
Such as
Irregularity, Exaggeration, Suppression. Etc.
A large number of testimonials could be furnished, but I select only one, because all the readers of this paper know him. It is from Dr. E. E. Goodlett, an experienced druggist and a man of the highest integrity. He says:
NASHVILLE, TENN., Nov. 18, 1867.
Rob. Mr. McElree—
Dr. Blake, of the Cumberland Presbyterian Publishing House, Nashville, gave me a bottle of your "WINE OF CARDUI." As I have been in the drug business in this city for a number of years, I knew of several ladies who were great sufferers in consequence of menstrual disturbances, and one in particular, whose sufferings were so great at her "monthly periods," that she frequently had spasms. I felt that this would be a good test, and I gave the medicine to her. She took it as directed by you, and it entirely relieved her. It is certainly a wonderful remedy, and I trust that the day will soon come when all the women who suffer thus will have access to your medicine.
Yours very truly, E. E. GOODLETT.
Manufactured and sold by R. L. McELREE & CO., Wythe Depot, Tenn.
☞ For sale by all Druggists.
Price One Dollar Per Bottle. oct26-3m.

Titcomb & Towler,
DRUGGISTS
At the Old Stand, Corner South Main St. and Public Square,
COLUMBIA, - - TENNESSEE

IN MEN'S CLOTHES.

The Young Woman Who Dressed, Smoked and Was Shaved "Like a Man."

[Bangor (Me.) Commercial]

In the early part of July Mr. Jesse Hinks, a farmer on Main Street, near the Brewer Brick Company works, in Brewer, was called upon by a good-looking young man who desired to assist in haying. Mr. Hinks engaged the person, and Charles Works, as he gave his name, commenced to do all the work of a common laborer on the farm. Haying was in operation, and he took hold with readiness and was a thorough and efficient farm hand. After remaining with Mr. Hinks till the busy season was over, about a month, and being out of work he went to Orrington, where he engaged board with Mr. Lewis Bolton, about a mile below Orrington Corner. He remained there some little time, and about the first week in September was taken sick.

Several physicians were called at different times during the sickness, Dr. Baker, of Hampden; Dr. Woodcock, of Brewer Village; Dr. Walton, of this city; Dr. Thomas, of Brewer; all visited the patient. The disease was pronounced inflammation of the bowels and in two or three weeks the sick person was up and around all right. He told the doctors who had been to the trouble of visiting him that he had a brother, a physician in Aroostook County, who owed him some $300. He had a friend in Bangor, however, who would settle the bill. The gentleman when seen told them something that let a strange light on the affair. The aforesaid Charles Works, although the semblance of a man, was in reality a woman. This soon spread, and the person of whom a feminine pronoun must now be used soon found herself the subject of a deal of gossip. The surprise was very great, and many could not believe the report, but various suspicious things were taken into account, and last week it became a settled fact that she was a woman, and she acknowledged it after sometime.

She had, however, succeeded in disguising herself very perfectly, and none mistrusted she was other than a man. She wore men's clothing, and assumed most of the habits of young men. She smoked and chewed with the rest of them, and Manley Rankin, the wielder of the shears in Brewer, has shaved her several times. She has been around with the boys most of the time, and spent one week on the blue-berry plains with them. On all these occasions no incident occurred which would lead any one to suppose that she was other than her dress indicated.

She is spoken of as a person of free, open countenance; possessing by no means coarse or masculine features, and is of dark complexion, wearing her hair, which is curly, cut close. Nothing but down grew on her face, but since being shaved the skin has become rough and the growth of hair encouraged. She has been in company constantly during the season, and has seemed to be much inclined to flirt with the girls, thus inducing the jealousy of some young fellows. She has been especially attentive to a young lady of Orrington and has called on her several evenings, doing the "courting" in good shape.

The reason given by her for her strange conduct is that her mother, who, according to the girl's report, lives in Dixmont, told her, as her father was dead, they would have to look to her for support, and thinking she could get better wages by assuming the garb of a man she did so. She is about twenty years of age, stout and strong, and as a farm laborer gave good satisfaction to her employer. Saturday night she left Orrington without telling where she was going.

Dancing.

The following is the experience of a lady whose name is withheld, but who has distinguished herself in literature, and made a world-wide reputation:

"In those times I cared little for polka or varsovienne, and still less for the old-fashioned "Money Musk," or "Virginia Reel," and wondered what people could find to admire in these slow dances. But in the soft floating of the watz I found a strange pleasure, rather difficult to intelligibly describe. The mere anticipation fluttered my pulse, and when my partner approached to claim my promised hand for the dance, I felt my cheeks glow a little sometimes, and I could not look him in the eye with the same frank gayety as heretofore.

"But the climax of my confusion was reached when folded in his warm embrace, and giddy with the whirl, a strange, sweet thrill would shake me from head to foot, leaving me weak and almost powerless, and really obliged to depend for support on the arm which encircled me. If my partner failed from ignorance, lack of skill, or innocence, to arouse these, to me, most pleasurable sensations, I did not dance with him the second time.

"I am speaking openly and frankly, and when I say that I did not understand what I felt, or what were the real and greatest pleasures I derived from this so-called dancing I expect to be believed. But if my cheeks grew red with uncomprehended pleasure then they grow pale to-day with shame when I think of it all. It was the physical emotions engendered by the magnetic contact of young men that I was encouraged of—not of the dance, nor even of the men themselves.

"Thus I became abnormally developed in my lowest nature. I grew bolder, and from being able to return my glances at first, was soon able to meet more daring ones, until the waltz became to me, and whom-soever danced with me, one lingering, sweet and purely sensual pleasure, where heart beat against heart, hand was held in hand, and eyes looked burning words which lips dared not speak.

"All this while no one said to me, 'You do wrong;' so I dreamed of sweet words whispered during the dance, and often felt while alone a thrill of joy indescribable, yet overpowering when my mind would turn from my study to remember a piece of tenerity or unusual grandeur on the part of one or another of my cavaliers.

"Married now, with home and children around me, I can at least thank God for the experience which will assuredly be the means of preventing my little daughters from indulging in any such dangerous pleasure. But, if a young girl, pure and innocent in the beginning, can be brought to feel what I have confessed to have felt, what must be the experience of a married woman? She knows what every chance of the eye, every bend of the head, every close clasp means, and knowing that reciprocates it and is led by swifter steps and a surer path down the dangerous, dishonorable road."

THE arrival of Dr. Bliss at Indianapolis, Sunday night, to visit Senator Morton, created the impression that there was another unfavorable change in the Senator's condition.

LATE information from Georgia states that 131 counties out of 137 are for the re-election of General Gordon to the United States Senate, and have not the fear of Toombs before their eyes.

AN Arkansas man who had an invalid wife concluded to get rid of her. He loaded both barrels of a shot gun and attempted to shoot her while in bed, but the cap only snapped. Then he reversed the weapon and attempted to dash out the sufferer's brains. The stock struck the bedpost, the loads were discharged, and the two charges of shot entered his lungs. There were few mourners.

A DRUNKEN MAN AND HIS PISTOL.

Firing at Six Persons and Hitting Three—None Dangerously Hurt.

YORK, PA., Oct. 21.—Last evening a young man named Frank Frey entered the laundry of the National House at this place, and, drawing a revolver, shot a girl employed there, Miss Gaybrill, in the breast. He then fired at a woman named Kelley, the bullet striking her in the breast also. On leaving this place he fired at a man named Neeley, but the ball struck a buckle on his suspender and glanced off. Frey then met Thomas Craig, a colored man, and shot him in the breast. Running across the street, he shot another man, Joseph Erney, the ball, however, merely grazing the body. He then entered a cigar store, firing one shot there, but without injury to any one. He was then seized by one Sponsler, and in the struggle which ensued Frey was himself shot in the hand. None of the victims are considered dangerously hurt. The only explanation given of Frey's conduct is that he had been drinking.

The Case Plainly Stated.

On October 14th, Governor Thomas A. Hendricks returned to his home in Indiana, and was received with much enthusiasm. The address of welcome was delivered by Hon. George W. Julian, who, among others, said:

"They all remembered what a hard fight they waged on behalf of the policy of reconciliation, and the campaign of 1876, in which Mr. Tilden and Mr. Hendricks were unquestionably elected President and Vice-President of the United States, was but a new and enlarged edition of the conflict waged four years before Mr. Greeley. The feeble words which are now being constantly repeated by Gov. Hayes throughout the country are but a very poor imitation of the strong Saxon words of Greeley when he appealed for justice and fair treatment for the South, but was hounded to death as a rebel sympathizer by the very men who afterward try to restore him to life by strewing flowers on his grave. It is true that that policy has now been adopted and carried out in regard to the South of which Mr. Hendricks, in behalf of the Democratic party, had been such a zealous advocate."

Mr. Julian asked: "What does the Ohio election mean?" And answered: "It means that the eleventh-hour champions of the reconciliation policy shall not run away with the honor which rightfully belongs to those who have been its advocates for so many years. The people of Ohio believe it giving honor to whom honor is due."

Condemning His Own Administration.

Mr. Hayes opens his message with a statement of his reasons for calling Congress together in extra session. The last Congress, he says, adjourned "without making appropriations for the support of the army for the present fiscal year," and "the Constitution wisely provided that no money shall be drawn from the Treasury but in consequence of appropriations made by law."

Yet notwithstanding the fact herein stated, and the provision of the Constitution herein quoted, Congress has hardly adjourned last Spring, without making an appropriation for the support of the army, before Mr. Hayes' Secretary of War went to work to evade this prohibition contained in the Constitution of the United States by providing for the support of the army by a Syndicate—a body as unknown to the Constitution as the Electoral Commission was. And this bold evasion of the Constitution was countenanced and approved by Mr. Hayes and all the members of his Cabinet.

If the extra session should have been called at all, it should have been called at once. Will Congress pass over in silence the act of the Administration in temporarily substituting a Syndicate in place of the national Legislature?

In this citation of the Constitution Mr. Hayes condemns his own conduct and that of his Cabinet.

Republican Leaders Downcast and Predicting Defeat.

Washington special to the New York Tribune.

People who are not active politicians, and who only take a mild interest in the result of elections when they think there are no great principles at stake, can hardly imagine how disturbed the Republican Congressmen feel about the triumph of the Democrats in Ohio. Many of them have become woeful Jeremiahs, prophesying the utter downfall and complete ruin of their opponents, not only in 1878, but in all of the subsequent elections to the end of the century. The Democratic party has taken defeat piled on defeat for nearly twenty years, and after each successive buffeting it has come up smiling and resolute for the next contest; but the moment the Republicans hear they are going to lose their hold on the General Government they have no more courage than a seasick man when he imagines that the whole universe is out of gear and is devoting its energies to making him uncomfortable.

Most of the disheartened machine Congressmen charge the whole blame of the defeat upon the President.

The Dying Party.

N. Y. Herald

Our thought is that the Republican party is in a state of dissolution. It is with regret that we notice certain peculiar invariable signs of disintegration in this party, one of the greatest that has ever existed under a legislative Government. The greatest party in our history is the Republican. Its career can only be compared to that of the Whigs of the Revolution, who began by resistance to an arrogant Ministry and ended by founding one of the dominant Governments of the earth. If the Whigs of the Revolution founded the nation the Republicans saved it. To the Republicans we owe our existence not merely as a free people, but as a self-respecting and world respecting people. The sympathy of the people will go rather with the President, who has done a noble and difficult work, than with those, however illustrious and esteemed, who use their rare powers to undermine and sap the Administration knowing that if it fails the Republican party must be buried in its ruins.

Mr. Moody's Indorsement by the Episcopalians.

Boston Herald.

Whether Mr. Moody has been converted to the Episcopal faith, or has converted the Episcopalians to his idea, the fact is certain that the Episcopal Convention has indorsed with great heartiness the system of lay preaching and the work of evangelists, which Mr. Moody has brought prominently into notice, and proposes that every parish minister shall select fit and proper persons to act in this capacity. This is much for a religious body to do. It shows that the Episcopal Church intends to make an earnest effort to reach the masses, and it is evident, from the spirit of this convention, that the whole power of the organization is behind the effort.

Ten Broeck and Parole are to run again at Jerome Park, November 3d.

Ten Broeck's Defeat.

In Thursday's New York *World* appears the following graphic and readable description of the great race between Ten Broeck, Tom Ochiltree and Parole, at Pimlico, which, we take it, is from the pen of its accurate and capable turf representative, Mr. Crickmore. The judges of the race were August Belmont, of New York, Rolie Peyton, of Tennessee, and D. Logan, of Maryland. The timers were H. P. McGrath, of Kentucky, and John Smith, of Ohio:

Out to Pimlico by way of Madison avenue and Druid Hill Park is a pleasant ride in spite of the cobble-stone pavements.

The track is of the usual oval shape, with stretches rather shorter than customary. There is a fine two-story club-house at the first turn, and opposite the judges' stand a couple of public stands, mostly composed of flights of stairs, and offering the worst accommodation in the Union to reporters. In the inner field, for some hundreds of feet on either side of the winning-post, are drawn up against the rails the carriages of members and visitors; the horses removed, each vehicle converted into a private box, where the beautiful daughters of Baltimore receive the homage of their cavaliers, watch the races or lunch, extremely natural, comfortable and at their ease.

The track is crowded to-day. People in carriages, mounted or afoot have long been pouring to the gates in such throngs and so eager that in despair the ticket-sellers abandon their posts and the crowd sweeps in and overflows everything. There is a buzz of conversation on all sides, though no noise, and fifty per cent. of the conversation is made up of the names of the three horses to run to-day, for the American championship. There are two races before the big event, but they are only a whet, oysters and clubs as it were, and people barely tolerate them.

But they are over, and the track is cleared and every one takes a deep breath and settles himself or herself for the day's sensation—all but the betting men, to whom the horses are only counters in a game. The crowd around the pool-stand as if it were a savings bank on which a lively run was in progress, and when at the last moment operations are suspended there is a long queue of unsatisfied buyers, and a small forest of arms with greenbacks for foliage is despairingly agitated.

Ten Broeck, the mighty victor over the scythe bearer, is the first horse out, and stranded in blankets till he looks like the pet charger of Pharaoh. He gallops a couple of miles slowly "to open his pipes," and by that time the other horses are stripped for the fray. With business-like promptitude the boys, in their gray silks, have been weighed and given a leg up, and in a few moments the three meet in front of the stand. Ten Broeck canters past, a big bay who does not look as big as he is, and goes faster than he seems to be going, quiet as a thoroughbred should go, and with a business-like carriage of the outstretched neck.

Tom Ochiltree, as he comes sweeping by with head and tail up, looks a much bigger horse, though the difference between them in height is not so really great. Both horses are loudly acclaimed, less attention being paid to the little brown gelding that comes last, business-like in his action and with waves of muscle undulating under his glossy coat at every stride, but overlooked rather in the presence of the two big horses.

So the three walk, trot and canter round to near the corner diagonally opposite the judges' stand and club-house, where they meet and skirmish a second, a tiny flag is seen to fall suddenly, and at the instant the three horses seem to grow each a foot lower and three longer, and shoot into the rack. Everybody draws a deep breath. Every one says "They're off!" The great race has begun.

Coming round the bend and they look oddly like overgrown cats at the distance—the horses settle into position, and they sweep past the stand for the first time, the negro in front, Big Tom a couple of lengths behind, Parole four lengths further away, the jockeys pulling hard, with their eyes fixed on their horses' ears, the animals beginning to breathe more deeply and the tracery of veins on their sides beginning to come out. Their eyes are large and lustrous. Each horse is like an engine steadily and relentlessly at work, but with the steam ever rising.

As they go past the club-house to the back-stretch Barlee telegraphs to Tom Ochiltree, and the big horse loses on the leader a little. Almost instantly Ten Broeck stretches away visibly faster, and in a hundred yards Parole is seen to quicken his pace. It is just the reverse of a race in which the blindest is last to feel the wind. The galloping has turned to running, and the crowd grows loud as stride after stride Ochiltree cuts up the gap between him and the leader. His nose is at Ten Broeck's tail; then the pair become a very long horse, with two riders and six galloping legs then there is only one horse visible; then Tom Ochiltree emerges from behind Ten Broeck like the moon after an eclipse, and amid the delighted shouts of his friends takes a clear lead.

As they come up the stretch for the second time running has given place to racing in dead earnest. The horses' sides begin to heave and are red with sweat, their deep breathing is distinctly heard is like the beat of a steam engine, and their expressive eyes are determined, angry, full of the delight of battle. The riders are as unconscious of the crowd as if they were deaf and dumb, and you can hear the wind flapping stiffly as they pass. Kentucky yells for Ten Broeck and the East shouts for Ochiltree, while the little brown horse that gallops behind them like a shadow is hardly noticed.

Past the club-house again. Beyond it, near the stables of the Western horses, is a little knot of Kentuckians, the General and his staff, and as Ten Broeck passes a signal is waved to him. A second after the horse bends over to the ground, and the little patch of daylight between him and the leaders disappears as suddenly as if a door had closed and shut it out. A few seconds more and a delighted yell with the shrill Western accent goes up from the crowd. "He's got him!" "He means Ten Broeck and 'him' Ochiltree. "It's all over!" "Now you'll see him leave them!" At the half the positions are reversed, Ten Broeck is leading by a length. As they race to the big tree Ochiltree charges at him like Ney with the Old Guard at Waterloo, and the Kentucky cheering that had hardly reached its height wavers. Another second and Tom is seen to falter and visibly to come back, and the shouting relenting.

Almost at that instant, with a few bounds the almost unnoticed Parole ranges up to Ochiltree. As they come into the stretch, Ten Broeck leads by a length only, the others yoked, then the little brown horse begins growing nearer—that is the effect as they come up the stretch head-on—visibly faster than the king. A connoisseur shuts his glasses, remarks: "He's got him now!" (the referring to Parole, and "him" to Ten Broeck, and starts a shout of "Rah for Parole!" For twelve seconds there is a nightmare. Everybody is yelling and jumping up, mad with the fever of the race, this one for Ten Broeck, that one for Parole, the others on general principles, when suddenly a black pace with the whip goes up and the hoofs falls shortly on Ten Broeck. It is the recognized signal of defeat. The cries for Ten Broeck go out suddenly like a candle blown out and the whole crowd begins to thunder "Parole!" "Parole!" With his backers delirious with joy the little horse slips past the post an easy victor, fifteen yards behind comes Ten Broeck and a long way behind him Ochiltree. No one sees them or pays the slightest attention to them, and before the Kentuckians have fairly looked in each other's pale face to find out whether they are dreaming or awake the crowd has boiled over all the barriers and is surging round the heaving, reeking victor as he walks slowly back to the stand, and the breathless boy on his back lifts his hand for permission to dismount.