OUR PARIS LETTER.

LIVELY TIMES AT THE CAPITAL.

Winter Receptions—Society Gossip—The Mysteries of the Wine Trade of France—The Time for Americans to Commence the Business, &c.

Special Correspondence of THE REPUBLICAN.

PARIS, Nov. 26.—The capital seems especially gay and lively after a sojourn in the provinces. Up where we rich denizens reside, in the bright quarters of the Champs Elysees, Bois de Boulogne, Rivoli, and St. Germain, the streets are clean, and bright, and cheerful. Winter receptions on a more or less extensive scale are everywhere in course of preparation, and a flutter of eager expectation is beginning to animate even the "American colony." Already Consul-General and Mrs. Walker have made known their day "at home," while Mrs. Lucy Hooper, Dr. Warren, Mrs. Mackay, Mrs. Eakin, and all the old residents, and recent arrivals are extending real American hospitality to their exiled or pilgrim friends and countrymen. Vice-Consul-General R. M. Hooper has just sailed to the States, and will no doubt visit Washington. Down in the St. Antoine quarter, and up in the region of Montmartre, squalor and eking poverty hold their own. The blue-blouse brotherhood indulge in their periodic strike for higher wages in the former locality, leaving their lathes to rust and their families to starve, while they run in debt at their enemy's grog-shop. Lean and lank Bohemians of the art clan wend their way toward the studios of Boulevard Clichy and the Rue de la Pie, where they toil with more or less hope of success toward the lofty round of the ladder of fame that Puidias and Raphael attained. Among them are many earnest young

AMERICANS OF NO MEAN TALENT,

who come here for an "artistic atmosphere" which can't be found at home. Said atmosphere often seems somewhat unwholesome, however artistic it may be. Henry Bacon, after his magnificent article on Parisian art and artists, published in Scribner's recently, was boldly to work on a series of French sea-side sketches, some of which will no doubt figure in next year's Salon. C. E. Dubois is at work on another of his charming landscapes; Mr. Heaton is planning a masterpiece for the Salon of '82; W. P. Brown, who has spent the summer at Venice, is taking in experience that will enable him to equal Nast or Keppler as a caricaturist; while all the others, both professionals and tyros, of whom I shall give a full account in a future letter, are industriously elaborating a great variety of more or less interesting subjects. Before leaving Bordeaux I went deep into the mysteries of the wine trade, and into wine cellars; and after this paragraph on the capital will invite the reader's attention back to the banks of the Garonne, Between that river and the Sea or Bay of Biscay there extends a peninsula nearly one hundred miles in length, known as the "Medoc." The most costly wines are produced by the vineyards of this fertile district, and on account of their fame and high price the proprietors have been enabled at an enormous expense to keep them pretty

FREE FROM PHYLLOXERA,

while growers of cheaper varieties have been obliged to succumb to the attack of this dreadful plague. Bordeaux is situated on the Medoc side of the river, about forty miles from the sea, or at least from the point at which the Garonne empties into the sea, and is therefore the natural as well as the actual centre of the wine trade. As a consequence, nearly one-half of the population is engaged in this industry, directly or indirectly, and, if not all, of the wealthy families there have made their money, or had it made by their ancestors, in the wine trade. These facts must be fully appreciated before any idea can be formed in regard to the heart-sickness which prevails on account of the gradual and alarming decrease of the wine crop. This decrease began to be apparent about ten years ago, and has gone on from bad to worse since that time, till at present the most despondent reports are coming in from what used to be the most productive districts. In many places the vineyards have been totally destroyed by the phylloxera, in spite of every species of insecticide and treatment that was obtainable. In some instances the destruction of the vines has been accelerated by the use of chemicals that were meant to kill only the pestiferous insects, which has caused the increase of scepticism among wine producers as to the virtue of any artificial process. The "last ditch," so to speak, of the wine-growers is reached in the introduction of hardy varieties of American vines, of which I spoke in a former letter. The usual method of employing them is to plant the root, which resists phylloxera, and graft upon it the native varieties. This process is expected to preserve the original quality of the wine, but the tests thus far made are not sufficiently compr hensive to enable those interested to form any conclusion.

IN SOME CASES THE HYBRID VINE

has produced fine and abundant fruit, from which an excellent quality of wine has been made, while others have borne meagre and dry fruit of no value to the wine-grower, and others still have given a wine of a totally different quality from that formerly produced on the same land. "What's to be done for the vineyards?" is therefore the leading industrial question with a very important part of the population of France, and it is a long way from being solved. At first sight it seems that any vine that will produce plenty of sound and juicy grapes might take the place of the old vines and so solve the problem; but those who are informed tell us that the distinguishing feature of French wine is its freedom from alcohol, and its consequent lightness and slight tendency to intoxicate; while Spanish and other wines are of quite an opposite character, especially in the matter of containing too much alcohol. But wine merchants and shippers cannot afford to let their trade decline because of the failure of crops in the localities from which they usually draw their supplies; so, while they count on the fame of Bordeaux and the Gironde to keep up the demand, they bring huge cargoes of new wines from Farragona, Valencia, Portugal, &c., store it in their cellars, bottle it and cork it with their branded corks, after which it goes on the market according to custom. I was informed, on very good authority, that this system is not in the least prejudicial to buyers, as the choicer brands are never amalgamated with outside productions, and the native supply, especially in the Medoc, is always sufficient to keep up the stock in the most celebrated and reliable cellars, while the much-watered "ordinary" becomes the beverage of the working and poorer classes, who will have wine of some sort, and seldom, if

EVER, DRINK ANYTHING ELSE.

The other day your correspondent had the pleasure of inspecting one of the most celebrated wine-cellars in Bordeaux, and perhaps in the world—that of Messrs. Barton & Guestier, founded by the great-grandfathers of the present proprietors more than a hundred years ago, and destined to remain in the possession of the descendants of its founders as long as their line continues. For thirty years or more the wines and oils shipped to the United States by that firm have been noted for their superiority, and their trade has extended to all parts of the Union. Their cellars, located in the center of Bordeaux, are like a vast and endless labyrinth, extending, in two separate stories below ground, over a surface about equal to that covered by the Capitol at Washington. Ricks of plump bottles, some miles in length, and covered with a mass of cobwebs and fungi, reach to the ceiling on each side of the narrow avenues in one series of vaults, while in others ricks of barrels and casks of such numbers as to astonish the uninitiated native of the Western wilds give some hint of the extent and importance of the wine business. Mr. Tolson, an English gentleman in the employ of Barton & Guestier, informed me that it was not so much the brand as the year of the crop that must be taken into consideration in the selection of wines. For instance, the wines known as "Chateau Lafitte," "Chateau La Rose," and "Chateau Leoville" are of extra fine quality, and are much sought by connoisseurs. Yet either of these may vary greatly in quality, and hence in value, from one year to another, according to

THE CROP OF GRAPES

from which it is produced. Thus a "La Rose" of '74 may be worth three francs a bottle, and the same of '75 may bring five francs. These wines are named from the estates on which they are produced. They are among those in the Medoc on which the vines have been artificially protected from phylloxera. Now is the time for some really enterprising American to start a boom in the American wine trade. The wilderness of New Jersey could no doubt be made to produce as fine a quality of wine as was ever grown in the Gironde, while North Carolina's idle lands and those of many other States and Territories might be turned to good and profitable use in the same direction. My temperance friends may not like this idea, but the sage's opinion is that wine and lager beer are the best temperance lecturers going, and there is nothing so intemperate as total abstinence. Once make wine a cheap and common beverage, and the people will become temperate, for it is a notable fact, granted even by bigots, that the people of wine producing countries are less given to inebriety by some millions on the population than those of countries which import their ardent spirits, or to get them cheap indulge largely in alcoholic stimulants. In a glass of Bordeaux let's drink to the American wine trade. By the time this reaches you the news will probably have been received that the embargo on American salt meats has been taken off in France, as very active efforts are being made by natives who are interested in the trade, and the

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE OF PARIS

has made application to the Government for its abrogation. It is stated in the Chamber's request that the price of food for the poorer classes is considerably increased by the existence of this embargo, and that other branches of trade are affected by it. But little space remains for the discussion of political points, but one very interesting feature of M. Paul Bert's policy may be briefly mentioned in closing. At present the only lawful religious congregations in France are the Catholics, the two Protestant parties known as Lutherans and Calvinists, and the Hebrews. Any of the offshoots of these are not tolerated except by treaty, the Russian Church for the people of that nationality residing in the Capital, and the American, English, &c., under the same restrictions, and without the right to disseminate their doctrines or to make proselytes. It is understood that M. Bert will endeavor as soon as convenient to make a huge breach in the wall of prejudice, and let all the sects come in and share the honors and prizes they can find here. Whether such an innovation will be possible in his life-time is matter for speculation, but that such an event must eventually transpire if the Republic is to stand is beyond a doubt, for the sooner every man has a sect and a creed to suit the necessities of his own views and constitution the sooner will the world be safe from theocratic tyranny and crime.

The world is still deceived with ornament.
In law what plea so tainted and corrupt
But, being seasoned with a gracious voice,
Obscures the show of evil? In religion,
What damned error but some sober brow
Will bless it, and approve it with a text,
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?

MacK.

A MISSING POET.

"Do you ever print poetry in the *Tribune?*" asked a young lady as she came into the editorial room yesterday afternoon.

"I suppose," continued the young lady, "that the literary editor is the person to whom I should apply for information, but I thought perhaps some of the other gentlemen in here might tell me."

The horse reporter, who had been compiling some exciting statistics regarding the number o animals that had trotted in 2:30 during the past season, abandoned his fascinating pursuit, and, after indicating to the poet by a wave of his hand that she was at liberty to occupy a chair, spoke as follows:

"'In answer to your question, miss, I may say that not only does poetry sometimes appear in this paper, but that we now have on our staff of contributors some of the most gifted songsters that the Golden West has produced, and that they are allowed to trill their melodies for the benefit of our readers every Saturday or Sunday. We aim to afford all persons who feel within their minds the surging of a flood of metrical melody an opportunity of depleting in vivid world-pictures the beautiful images that Fancy has limned with delicate touch upon the rose-tinted chambers of the imagination. It matters not whether the horny fist of the sweat-crowned son of toil or the dimpled fingers of a patrician maiden guides the pen which gives expression to these thoughts—all are alike welcome. From out the stately chimney that frets the sky in the rear of this establishment come forth in curious curl and with fantastic quirk great clouds of fleecy smoke that wrap the structure in a white filmy mantle. Within one year after the establishment of its free-for-all poetry bureau the *Tribune* abandoned the use of coal for fuel. I dislike to give away the game, but you are so pure and beautiful, and your eyes have such a wistful, trusting look that I could not find it in my heart to deceive you. Go in peace, and by way of the stairs, gentle maid, and take the fruits of the God-given genius which enabled you to produce 'Save Our Mother's Hoops for Clara' to some other shop," and with a pearly tear dimming his bright eye the biographer of Maud S. again turned to his work."

"Has anybody been in to see me?" inquired the literary editor as he entered the room half an hour later. "I had an appointment with one of our best-known poets."

"I guess she was here," said the horse reporter, "and I may say, without divulging any professional secrets, that when you pull up your string of suckers at the end of the season there will be one poet missing."—*Chicago Tribune.*

A GARBLED DOCUMENT.

How the President's Message Reached Dayton, Ohio, by Wire.

The President's Message came yesterday, just as we expected, and yet not as we expected either. It was in a terrible jumble, telegraphically. The editorial force of the *Journal* worked from two in the afternoon until ten at night trying to get it in shape for the printers, and then it was done by no means satisfactorily. The message came by six wires, so 'twas said, out sixty wires couldn't have done worse. The Dayton operators received it just as it was sent. No fault lies at their door. The New York manager is the man who caused all the bitter tears and hard feelings, and worse words of the editorial fraternity throughout the West last night. When it was all over with we were in no condition to examine dispassionately and review critically the document. Our readers must bear with us until to-morrow. We know that President Arthur writes well and must have put some good things in his message, and our minds can rest easy on that point until our bodies rest also. To make "confusion worse confounded" (this is new) an abstract of the able report of Judge Folger was mixed all up with the message. At times we had to discover by the matter, and again by the style of composition, which was which. None of the force being given to profanity, that job was tendered to Colonel W. who called, but emphatically declined, as beyond the reach of any ordinary language. If Guiteau had been in the neighborhood his neck wouldn't have been safe a minute. At an unusually knotty place, the foreman would be very apt to come in and suggest a new plan, but always retired in a shower of epithets. Occasionally a printe r would be heard in the composing room shouting "Who has 77?" at which the editors would chuckle, for they knew that nobody had "77" and that that typo would never find out the last word of the previous "take." If General Keifer or President Arthur has half as hard a time deciding who shall have the offices, we fling ambition to the winds. Give us a lodge in some vast wilderness, some boundless contiguity of shade, where we can cool off and feel like a Christian once more.—*Dayton Journal, Wednesday*

AN INDIGNANT MINISTER.

He Objects to Having His Countrymen Called Mail-Robbers.

M. Martinez, the Chilian Minister, has addressed the following communication to the Secretary of State:

SIR: My attention has been called to an article in Thursday's Washington *Post*, purporting to convey information that the International Postal Bureau at Berne, Switzerland, had notified the United States postal authorities, at the instance of the Peruvian postal administration, that during the war between Peru and Chili and the subsequent occupation of the former by the Chilian troops the European mails for Peru had been opened several times by the Chilian military authorities and a number of registered letters so requestered. This information is intended to warn the American public against the dang r of transmitting articles of value to Peru through the mails.

I have no hesitation in pronouncing this calumnious statement false, and would not stoop to its consideration but for the superscription of the article cited stigmatizing "the Chilians as mail-robbers.

After the occupation of Lima by our troops the Peruvians were at first left in undisturbed control of the postal administration; but when it became notorious fact that letters addressed to Chilians never reached them, the necessity became obvious of changing the system to one more reliable and suitable to the needs and rights of military occupation. An order was issued, therefore, requiring the mails to be delivered at general headquarters for the purpose of separating the mail for Chilians, the rest being returned unopened to the Peruvian authorities, as a matter of course. The necessity of this measure and its justice will require no explanation with fair-minded people.

Other statements have been published from purposes of malice and suspicious motives, which I must declare emphatically false, like the report of the detention of a letter said to have been sent by the Bolivian Minister to his government and not forwarded, as alleged, until four months later, from San Pas to Valparaiso. The statements concerning notes sent by the American Secretary of State to Lima and Santiago belongs into the same category.

I deem it my duty to prevent such misstatements spread before the American public from going uncontradicted, and to unloccke it as to the malignant and suspicious sources from which they emanate. I am, sir, &c.,

M. MARTINEZ,
Chilian Minister.

General Kilpatrick.

General Kilpatrick was twice married. His first wife, a Miss Shaler, died during the war, and he remarried in Chili in 1868, his second wife being a niece of the Archbishop of Santiago. When General Grant recalled him Mrs. Kilpatrick left an infant in her mother's keeping, fearing to risk the journey here with it. During the eleven years of her residence in this country her family at home has met with reverses. Three years ago Mr. Evarts was urged in vain to send General Kilpatrick back to Chili, and General Kilpatrick's application in the spring for the mission was induced solely by the anxious desire of his Chilian wife to return. Between his two terms of service as a Minister he took a lively interest in Chilian affairs, and at the outbreak of the recent war, being bitterly hostile to Peru, he offered his sword to Chili. He reached Chili about the middle of June, and all that is really known of him since is that he has been ill almost without interruption since the 1st of July.

Almanacs.

In a small German town an innkeeper, to get rid of a book-peddler's importunities, bought an almanac from him, and putting it in his pocket left the inn, his wife just then coming in to take his place. The woman was then persuaded to buy an almanac, not knowing that her husband had one already. The husband shortly returning and discovering the trick, sent his porter to the railway station after the peddler, with a message that he wished to see the latter on important business. "Oh, yes," said the peddler, "I know, he wants one of my almanacs, but I really can't miss my train for that. You can give me a quarter and take the almanac to him." The porter paid the money and carried the third almanac to the innkeeper. Tableau!—*German Funny Item, Designed and Erected by Carl Schurz.*

Indignation Against the President.

ST. PETERSBURG, Dec. 8.—The *Novoe Vremeet* expresses indignation at reference in President Arthur's message to the representations made by the United States government to Russia on the subject of the Jews. It says that President Arthur has departed from the principles of the American policy of non-interference in the affairs of foreign countries, and it remarks that the message does not refer to England's treatment of Ireland. It further says that President Arthur recently repelled interference in regard to the Panama Canal, but yet allows himself to judge Russian affairs, which he does not understand.

The Crown Jewels of France.

PARIS, Dec. 9.—The committee on the bill for the sale of the crown jewels inspected them Wednesday. It is proposed to retain an assortment including certain present from foreign monarchs and a sword valued at 250,000 francs, and possessing artistic value. The committee are also disinclined to sell the regent diamond, fearing it would be bought by enterprising Americans for exhibition. They are in favor of disposing of diamonds, to the value of 12,000,000 francs, possessing no historical value.

Prices for Old Books.

LONDON, Dec. 9.—At yesterday's sale of the Duke of Marlborough's Sunderland library Boccaccio's "La Ruine" sold for £320; a copy of the Bible authorized by Archbishop Cranmer in the reign of Henry VIII. sold for £135; a copy of the "Vinegar" Bible sold for £255. The total sum realized by the day's sale was £4,179.

A Beer Syndicate.

MILWAUKEE, WIS., Dec. 8.—Arrangements are pending between the brewers of Milwaukee, Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Detroit, and Louisville to organize an independent association to be known as the "Western Brewers' Association." The price of beer is to be fixed at $9 per barrel and $2 a keg.

Five Millions to be Redeemed.

The Secretary of the Treasury has authorized the Assistant Treasurer, at New York, to redeem $5,000,000 of bonds of the one hundred and sixth call on each week until further orders, beginning with Wednesday next, and to pay interest on the bonds to maturity, January 20, 1882.

Look Out for This.

The editor of *Dye's Counterfeit Detector* has placed in possession of the Secret Service division a counterfeit $5 photographic note, which purports to be the issue of the Boyleston National Bank, of Boston, Mass.

BEAUTIFUL TOILETS.

THE LADIES' BALL AT DELMONICO'S.

A Brilliant Gathering of the Wealth, Talent, Beauty, and Fashion of New York City—The Handsomely-Decorated Ball-Room—Names of the Ladies Present.

The long-talked of ladies' ball, given at Delmonico's, New York, on Thursday evening under the management of the ladies of New York, was a brilliant affair. The second and third floors of the establishment were used. On the second floor the large dining-room was used as the parlor, while dancing was carried on in the large hall. The effect of the decorations was exceedingly delicate and graceful. They were apparently simple, but in reality elaborate in the ball-room, while a metamorphosis was made in the reception-parlor, which last evening resembled the drawing-room of some private house in Fifth avenue. The walls of the ante-room were green with ferns and palms, save where portieres of dark, rich texture fell over the entrances. Passing through this extemporized bower the reception-room was reached. Here the gaslight, tempered by shades of yellow, contrasted with the delicate green of the smilax with which the crystal chandeliers were entwined, and harmonized with the varied colorings furnished by Parisian dresses, flushed cheeks, flashing jewels, and flowers worn at the waist or in the hair. While the ball-room was all light, here everything was subdued, from the hues of the Oriental rugs strewn on the floor, and the rich screens and hangings which formed the background, to the light of quaint old lamps placed on the tables and stands of a bygone generation. Here and there were pots, stands, and rare china, and bronze vases containing ferns and flowers, while further appearance of a private drawing-room was given by articles of brie-a-brac placed wherever a vacant spot could be found. There was no special opening, as the ball was more like a private party than an entertainment given by subscription. There was a cotillon at one o'clock led by Colonel De Lancy Kane and Mrs. J. Bowers Lee, and with Mr. Ward McAllister dancing with Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, and Mr. Sydney Colford with Mrs. Fernando Yznaga. Supper was served at midnight in the lower restaurant. Lander, with a full orchestra, was in the balcony. There were no programmes.

THE TOILETS.

Mrs. Paran Stevens wore a Worth dress of satin the color of a lake by moonlight. The front was draped in costly lace, the train was supported by several rows of ruchings; diamond ornaments.

Mrs. Fernando Yznaga was dressed in a shell-pink brocaded satin, trimmed with point lace. Mrs. Yznaga wore Prince of Wales plumes, with diamonds and pearls.

Mrs. F. C. Barlow wore a toilet of white moire antique, with the front of plain satin, garnitured with crushed cardinal roses. She had wrinkled gloves of white Spanish kid, which reached to the elbow.

Mrs. S. V. R. Cruger wore a dress of tulle and satin, with white satin sash draperies. Ornaments, three rows of Cleopatra pearls, clasped with a buckle set with diamonds surrounding a magnificent ruby.

Mrs. Butler Duncan wore black thread lace over black satin, with knots of cardinal roses here and there; diamond ornaments.

Mrs. James A. Burden wore an imported dress of white satin, embroidered with gold in field-flower design.

Mrs. Charles A. Post wore white satin and brocade, with silver mixed with the floral designs, which glistened under a veil of exquisite point de gaze lace; diamonds and garlands of crushed roses.

Mrs. G. Griswold Gray, perle gray silk with point lace overdress, embroidered with small snowballs. A boutonniere of white lilacs was held by a ruby-eyed diamond-backed lizard.

Mrs. Fred. R. Jones, a charming dress of silk, the color of a Marechal Niel rose, combined with black velvet, the train and waist being of the latter material. The Marechal Niel silk formed the front, which was veiled with black thread lace; diamond ornaments.

Miss Sarah Lazarus, a rich, black satin en train, with black lace overdress, with garnitures of pink roses; boutonniere of pink roses.

Miss Louise McAllister, black and *perle de jardin* silk with a tablier of Turkish pearls and opals; garnitures of crushed tea-roses.

Mrs. Fred. Roosevelt wore a cloud of white point de gaze lace over white satin; diamonds and pearl ornaments, feathers and wrinkled gloves.

Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, white brocaded silk and point lace, the latter falling in the folds of a long and heavy folded train; the lace was draped diagonally across the front.

Mrs. J. Bowers Lee, white satin, trimmed with point lace, with garniture of apple blossoms; diamonds.

Mrs. James L. Barkley wore pink silk and brocade, with point lace garnitures.

Mrs. R. H. Derby wore white silk, combined with white satin, the French train being laid in heavy folds.

Miss Oothout, plain white satin, with square corsage, filled in with exquisite point d'Angleterre lace; diamond feather ornaments.

Mrs. Charles Oelrichs wore white satin and point lace, the lace draping the front; her ornaments were diamonds.

Mrs. Chester Griswold, white satin, with the front of silver brocade; running through the satin train were wavy lines of silver.

Miss Fannie Remsen, white tulle, with garlands of poppies, and lace, in the folds of which, at the throat, nestled a diamond brooch.

Miss Tinie Livingston, white tulle, with garnitures of lilies; white satin sash draperies and white satin tablier over three plisses of satin-bordered tulle.

Miss Perkins, white tulle and lilacs, with white satin trimmings.

Miss Newbold, black tulle, with the front of jet veiled over black satin. Down each side were revers of black satin dotted with tiny bows of the same.

Miss Edith Clift, blue crape de gaze over baby-blue satin, with garlands of crushed tea-roses.

Mrs. Robert G. Remsen, old gold brocade mixed with a slight shade of old gold satin; point lace garnitures. Mrs. Remsen wore at her throat a splash of diamonds, necklace of diamonds, and diamond ear pendants.

Mrs. Ogden, a floriated dress of pink surah, with light brown revers of velvet; point lace and diamonds.

Mrs. Henry G. Chapman, scarlet satin, with trimmings of pink, brocaded velvet, and point lace.

Miss Emily Hoffman, white tulle, with trimmings of scarlet satin.

Miss Moran, baby-blue cachemire, with blue-chenille fringe trimming.

Mrs. Carroll, white satin, with crystal trimmings and lace.

Miss Colville, white satin de Lyon, with deep lace draperies.

Miss Corse, white satin, with the front veiled with cut crystal.

Miss Soward, light-blue silk, with front in fan-shaped ruches.

Miss Kneeland, ivory satin, with an inverted pyramid of light-blue silk in the front.

Miss Kneeland, cardinal satin, with trimmings of point de Venise lace.

Mrs. John Taylor Johnston, white satin, with the front draped in cut crystal fringe.

Miss Johnson, Marechal Niel brocaded silk.

Mrs. C. F. Chickering, white satin veiled with Spanish lace.

Mrs. William B. Rice, white satin and point lace.

Miss Duncan, cream brocaded satin with draperies of Duchesse lace and garnitures of roses.

Miss Perkins, white tulle, with a cataract of white satin ribbons.

Mrs. Walter Suydam, white satin, with trimmings of Duchesse lace.

Mrs. Duncan Harris, white satin, with the front of white brocade.

Mrs. Hugo Fritsch, white satin, with front veiled with lace.

Miss Cora Smith, white tulle and satin, with lace trimmings.

Miss Leontine Jerome, white tulle, with the front of white satin.

Miss Constance Schack, white brocaded silk, with front draped in lace.

Miss Augusta Lorillard, white satin and lace, with garnitures of crushed roses.

Among other ladies who were also conspicuous for the elegance of their toilets were Mrs. Henry B. Livingston, Mrs. C. A. Russell, Miss Fannie Russell, Mrs. George Hoffman, Miss Mary E. Talcer, Mrs. William Oothout, Miss Ida Ruyter, Mrs. G. S. Bowdoin, Miss Chamberlain, Mrs. E. J. Woolsey, Miss Endicott, Mrs. Bayard Cutting, Miss Sherman, Miss Helen Iselin, Mrs. Waterbury, Mrs. N. F. Hadden, Mrs. W. Lawrence, Miss Helen Beekman, Mrs. de Neufville, Mrs. G. C. Clark, Miss A. Parsons, Miss Sybil Kane, Miss Corinne Roosevelt, Mrs. William Turnbull, Miss Moller, Miss J. Turnbull, Miss A. Turnbull, Miss Newbold, Miss Rhinelander, Mrs. Samuel Ogden, Mrs. Marle, Miss Marle, Mrs. G. L. Rives, Miss Anita Carroll, Mrs. Arthur Wolman, Mrs. De Lancey Kane, Miss Grace Stebbins, Miss Edith Potter, Mrs. John Kane, Mrs. Sidney Webster, Mrs. Kernochan, Miss Kernochan, Mrs. B. Winthrop, Mrs. B. Emmet, Miss Annie Emmet, Miss Luckemeyer, Mrs. T. A. Emmet, Miss Lombard, Miss Steward, Mrs. Henry J. Hoffman, Mrs. Columbus O'D. Iselin, Mrs. Edward R. Jones, Miss Alice Ashmore, and Mrs. S. F. Cushing.

A Curious Custom.

Monsieur X.—I discovare one curious gustom in your countree, madam!"

Madame—"What is that, Monsieur?"

X.—"It ees zis: Ven a young ladies she get—vot you call it—married, she bag her game, I tink I hear you say?"

M.—"We sometimes so remark, Monsieur."

X.—"And ven a young ladee she tells a young man she no haf beem, you say she geet heem de sack?"

M.—Quite true, Monsieur."

X.—"Now, Madame, when I read in ze die—in ze dicshun—ze vat you call eet?—I find ze sack and ze bag are ze same thing. So, madame, I find me dat it is ze gustom in zis countree ven a young lady she will marry she put ze young man in ze bag; and ven ze young lady she will not marry she make of ze bag a present to the young man. Zis is one curious gustom I find in your country, Madame; and it mooch interests me."—*Oil City Derrick.*

John Brown.

John S. Wise, another of Mahone's lieutenants, is a worthy son of his brilliant father who was one of the most gifted sons of Virginia.—*Rutland Herald.* Yes, the son of the man who hung John Brown, and who was an indefatigable plotter of treason, is certainly "worthy" to lead a party of repudiation. This is a curious sort of praise from a journal of the *Herald's* stamp.—*Windham County (Vt.) Reformer.* As a matter of fact John Brown committed treason against the State of Virginia and the United States. The principles he enunciated were grand, his methods wicked and unlawful.

TREMBLING IN THEIR BOOTS.

The Georgia Bourbons Fearful of a Mahone Outbreak in that State.

The Bourbons of Georgia are beginning to fear a Mahone movement in that State. A correspondent of that Bourbon-Democratic sheet, the Charleston *News and Courier*, writing from Atlanta, says: "Among the prominent men who have been retired are ex-Governor Smith, ex-United States Senator H. V. M. Miller, ex-United States Senator T. M. Norwood, and ex-United States Senator Joshua Hill. They may be denominated by the general name of "soreheads," but they still possess a great deal of power, and will stand together in any effort to break up the present Democratic organization. As a proof of the general feeling of disquietude in the Democratic party I mention again the strong

GROWTH OF INDEPENDENTISM,

which has resulted in the capture of several of the congressional districts and in the election of a number of Independents to the State Legislature. The chances all are that in the next gubernatorial election the issue of Independentism will be tested to the fullest extent, and, unless the present portents are deceptive, the Democracy will have to bear the heaviest strain to which it has ever been subjected. There is already formulating

A MOST PERILOUS ISSUE

for the Democracy—the repeal of the poll-tax law, which is daily disfranchising more and more colored voters by reason of the non-payment of taxes. This measure was adopted in 1877, and upon this issue, at any rate, the negroes will be solidly united. Of course they will go with any organization which has for its object the repeal of an act so obnoxious to them and so destructive of all their rights as citizens. The policy adopted by Mahone in Virginia will be used in Georgia, and the colored voter who is not able to pay his taxes will have his taxes paid for him. Money, and arguments more demoralizing even than the use of money, will be presented to the colored people, who will stand solidly by those who will stand by them. There are about 91,000 colored voters and 134,000 white voters, according to the last election returns. It is estimated that at least 30,000 white voters who have heretofore worked with the Democracy will join the new party movement, and a simple sum in subtraction and addition will give the dreaded result. In other words, if the conjectures of those who have watched the trend of political events are worthy of consideration

THE NEXT VOTE IN GEORGIA

will stand about as follows: For a Straightout Democratic State government and Legislature the vote will be 130,000, and for a Compromise or Independent ticket 124,000. It must be borne in mind, however, that the next colored vote in Georgia will be largely in excess of 91,000; that every step will be taken to secure the thorough political reorganization of the negroes, and that the secession of voters from the Democratic ranks will very likely exceed the number assigven above. It is fair to say that no negro will be deprived of the right of suffrage in the next election by a failure to pay his poll-tax, and that all the money necessary to set him right with the Government will be easily at command.

"Such, I am convinced after a careful review of the situation, are some of the dangers confronting the Democratic party in Georgia. It may pull through all right, but the future is full of danger."

THE "JERSEY LILY."

Mrs. Langtry Enthusiastically Received at an Amateur Entertainment.

Mrs. Langtry, the beautiful English woman, appeared last Saturday in amateur theatricals at Twickenham, England, before a highly intelligent audience. "Plot and Passion" was played at the entertainment first. A writer says: "As 'Plot and Passion' came to an end the audience warmed up to a tremendous pitch of excitement, the sources whereof might be attributed to the joint influence of Mr. Tom Tayor's drama and of anxiety to see Mrs. Langtry. This anxiety was heightened by some little delay in setting the scene for 'A Fair Encounter;' but at last the act-drop rose, and Mrs. Langtry was seen in a tastefully-furnished room. Opera glasses, nervously rubbed by their owners for fifteen minutes past, were all at once presented, and the audience was gratified by seeing the Jersey Lily actually on the stage and charmingly dressed in a frock which may be variously described as of roses half hidden by snow or of strawberries and cream. It was a very pretty gown at least, and Mrs. Langtry has rarely looked better, except in her deservedly favorite white. To the astonishment of some and the delight of all, her performance as *Lady Clara St. John* was marked by none of the embarrassment of the debutante. Not only did she appear quite at ease in all her movements on the stage, but her voice never betrayed the slightest tremor or weakness. Full, round, and vibrant, beyond the expectation of those who have heard Mrs. Langtry's voice only in society, it amply filled every corner of the large hall, containing at least a thousand spectators. This art of filling a large space with the voice without any apparent effort is one of the most important stage gifts or acquirements, and is certainly possessed in great perfection by the beautiful debutante of Saturday last. It is needless to say how brilliant and effective was the *Mrs. Cèlia Grenville* of Mrs. Henry Labouchere, in what high good humor the audience remained till the end of the performance, and how heartily it was applauded. Then there was the usual bustle of departure, to get carriages or catch trains; and the hall was filled with exclamations of 'I should not have expected this,' 'quite perfect and self-possessed,' and other remarks to the effect that those who had come to see Mrs Langtry on the stage were surprised into hearty admiration."

TOM CORWIN.

How the Great Ohio Statesman Died—Dalzell's Error.

On the night of the 10th or 11th of December, 1865, there was a social party of Ohio men in Washington, at the house of Mr. Wetmore, State agent of Ohio. There were probably forty or fifty gentlemen present, including the Ohio members of Congress and others. Mr. Corwin was one of the most conspicuous persons there. Owing to his age and superabundant flesh he sat in a large chair most of the evening, and was constantly surrounded by a circle of gentlemen, engaged in conversation or listening to his brilliant flow of talk. It had been remarked that Mr. Corwin seemed to be feeling unusually well. When refreshments were served he ate heartily, still remaining seated. Some time after supper, as he sat thus in the large chair, conversing with those around him, he suddenly ceased talking, turned pale, his head fell on his breast, and the drooping position of his body showed that something serious had happened. It was determined to place Mr. Corwin in bed and send for a physician. He was large, and it took several persons to carry him to a front room, the writer being one of the number. He was placed on a bed, speechless and unconscious, and never rose from it. Under good medical attendance he rallied a little during the next few days, but sank again, and died on the 18th of December. The writer saw him every day till his death, and from the time of his attack till his death he was entirely helpless and only partly conscious. The error in Mr. Dalzell's statement, attributed to General Garfield, is in saying that Mr. Corwin was on his feet and vociferating a comical speech when his death-stroke came. He was sitting and talking quietly, though we do not remember what he was saying.—*Indianapolis Times.*

THE PAINTED CAVES OF TEXAS.

Blending the Romance of Antiquity and Practical Modern Life.

Mr. J. Van Wie informs the reporter of the San Antonio *Express* that his grading forces on the Mexican extension of the Sunset Railway are now at Painted Cave on Devil's River, or about two miles beyond. There are three caves at this locality, all of which are painted, the figures being buffaloes, bears, Indians with bows and arrows in warlike attitudes, Indians mounted and on the chase, squaws, &c. The caves have been tatooed entirely within, and many of these figures are still in a good state of preservation. This work was done by the red men in years long gone by, as the oldest white citizens remember these paintings, and say they look very much now as they appeared thirty and forty years ago, indicating the great age of the paintings. Mr. Van Wie has occupied one of these caves for kitchen and dining-room purposes. It is about forty feet long and ten feet wide. It is approached by climbing a hill, when the cave is entered from the side of the hill. Its mouth is covered by clusters of vines pendant from the branches and boughs of a clump of blackberry trees. In the top of this cave is a hole extending to the surface, through which Mr. Van Wie has run two stove-pipes. Another cave still, its shape being round, and of capacity to hold seventy or eighty people, is used for storage purposes. The third cave opens in a solid rock bluff, being about six feet in diameter at the mouth, and extends backward a distance of about one hundred and fifty feet.

A Witty Answer Turneth Away Bores.

The man who travels on the railroad and sits down by the side of lone females while laboring under the impression that he recognizes a likeness in their faces to his wife's aunt's cousin met his match on one of the roads in his vicinity lately. He sat down in the half of a seat, the other half of which was occupied by a pleasant-faced young lady. His first question was:

"Pardon me, Miss, but is your name James? I have a cousin of that name, whom you greatly resemble."

"No, sir;" was the reply, "my name is not James. But, pardon me, is your name Zinc or Copper?"

"Zinc or Copper? No, ma'am;" said the astonished man. "What led you to suppose I had such names?"

"Excuse me," was the quiet reply, "but I thought you must be first cousin to a brass foundry."

The man fell over two seats and kicked a birdcage half way down the car in his haste to get into the smoker, while the young lady smiled a gentle smile behind her handkerchief. It was a proof of the old adage that a witty answer turneth away bores.—*Oil City Derrick.*

From the Various Mints.

The Director of the Mint has caused an examination to be made of the accounts of the United States Coinage Mints from the 1st of July, 1878, to June 30, 1881, to ascertain the exact amount and cost of the silver purchased by the Government, and the profits on the coinage of silver during the three fiscal years named. The profits have been $3,752,230.54, which, with the profits on hand at the mints July 1, 1878, $424,724.47, and $4,589.30 profits on trade-dollars, and surplus bullion credited to the same account, make a total of $10,181,696.31. Of this amount $6,774,374.83 has been deposited in the Treasury, $221,124.18 paid for "expenses of distribution," and $46,351.29 paid for wastages and losses by sale of sweeps, leaving in the mints July 1, 1881, $3,161,845.43, which was verified by actual count on the 30th of June last by representatives from the Treasury Department.

REAL REFORM.

THE RECENT BROOKLYN ELECTION.

How the So-Called Civil-Service Reform Salvation Army Were Beaten—Where Real Reform Stepped in and Carried the Day—An Instructive Lesson.

The recent election of Mr. Seth Low to the mayoralty of Brooklyn, N. Y., and the very important contribution to that result by the Young Republican Club of that city, furnishes an admirable lesson of the way to reform corrupt political practices by the application of legitimate means to worthy ends. No event scarcely could have been less expected, though none was more earnestly prayed for, than the election of an honest young Republican, a gentleman, and a wealthy property-holder, to the head of a great city, so completely boss-ridden as Brooklyn. Especially was this desirable in view of the abuses so openly denounced by Republicans and reluctantly confessed by Democrats of the more honorable type.

FOR YEARS THE CIVIL-SERVICE REFORMERS

have been forming a sort of political salvation army. They have deluged the country with theories and tracts in almost equal profusion. Their associations were to move upon Congress in solid columns from the East and West and extreme North, bearing the superlatively perfect plan of a political cure-all, demonstrated on the largest map of the country, and warranted adapted to every political change in the weather. We have had years of talk from Messrs. Curtis, Schurz, Godkin, volumes of platitudes and no result, except some experiences under a late Secretary of the