GOTHAM GOSSIP.

A RESUME OF NEW YORK NEWS.

The Loubat-Turnbull Affair—James Gordon Bennett—"Josh Billings"—His Life and Habits—Tilden for Governor—About the Weather.

Special Correspondence of THE REPUBLICAN.

NEW YORK, May 19.—Society and club circles are all agog over the Loubat-Turnbull affair, of which the papers have been full for the past few days. The departure from the city on Monday of Mr. Loubat and a friend and their subsequent appearance in Richmond, from which place they suddenly decamped yesterday, has given rise to any number of rumors and exaggerated accounts relative to a duel or the arrangements for one. Mr. Turnbull, however, still remains in the city, and last night gave a very *recherche* dinner party to a select company of friends at his residence in Thirty-second street. Men who are who are going into deadly strife do not generally celebrate such gory events by preliminary feasting and wine. Such scenes of jollarity ill accord with the awfulness of the occasion. The public is not at all nervous or apprehensive over the prospect of coming hostilities, however much the two principle actors therein may be. The governor has not yet seen fit to call out the National Guard, and there seems to be no occasion for immediate alarm. Everything at present is quiet on Spuyten Duyvil Creek, however it may be on the Potomac. The newspaper scribes who scented the battle from afar and posted off to Maryland to see and write up the battle are the only ones connected with the affair who have been injured thus far and who deserve our sympathy. But how utterly foolish and ridiculous the whole business! Two club men, with more money than brains, meet when each is half-seas over and neither is responsible for the words he utters. One of them so far forgets himself as to speak of a mutual lady friend in a way that the other thinks insulting, when the latter so far forgets himself as to take notice of what should be beneath any man's attention. A war of words follows; the lie is given, compliments are exchanged, and the interchange of blows is only avoided by the intervention of friends. A few months afterward club man No. 1 discovers that he has been insulted, and that nothing but blood will wash out the stain upon his character. A correspondence follows in the usual diplomatic style, ending in four men meeting at a retired spot in an adjoining State, firing a few rounds into the air, and then, with honor appeased, they embrace lovingly, the seconds imitating their chiefs' example, and all return to the metropolis in the first train, where they have a glorious champagne supper, and get into a delightful state of exuberance, and the curtain falls on the tragic comedy or comic tragedy to the liveliest kind of music. The belligerents are the heroes of the hour, and for a little time enjoy their triumph, until some other brace of idiots steal away their laurels by a display of idiocy even more idiotic. Such is the New York way of retrieving one's honor. At least that is the style adopted by members of the Union Club, as witness

THE BENNETT-MAY AFFAIR.

Bennett has kept very quiet of late, and while in the city, which has been only at rare intervals, has comported himself like a gentleman, very different from his former reckless behaviors. I who some regard for the live and for the good opinion of his friends has evidently held him in check. The youthful pranks and *escapades* of "Young Jim," as he is familiarly called, have been the stock in trade of old gossipers for years. Just at present he is contemplating a trip around the world in his yacht, Namouna, which is now lies fresh from the hand of the builder, at the foot of Twenty-third street. The start is to be made next week, and the final preparations are now being made, the commissaries being stowed away and everything gotten into condition for the final send-off. A rollicking party of personal friends and his favorites accompanies him in his nautical cruise. In straying about New York the Bohemian often

RUNS ACROSS STRANGE CHARACTERS

whose fame is world-wide, but whose habitations and daily walks and conversations are as unknown as the grave of Moses. One occasionally touches elbows with celebrity without knowing it. For instance, the bent form and whitened locks of Josh Billings are frequently seen among the throngs on Broadway. The famed writer of the Yankee proverbs has chosen New York as his home, after achieving his reputation elsewhere. A dozen years ago and he was a country auctioneer in Poughkeepsie, with the ready wit and humor so characteristic of the profession. He had a certain droll way of telling a story that was very taking, and his funny anecdotes and proverbial wisdom seemed inexhaustible. From a public speaker he suddenly jumped into authorship and became a public writer. He passes a quiet life with his family in sixty-third street, occupying a plain and unpretentious house, the garret of which is made to serve the double purpose of store-room and sanctum. As he grows older he seems to become more and more than ever supremely indifferent as to the opinions of others and to all outside influences. As he greets you with an automaton-like grasp of the hand and murmurs a mechanical "How-de-do," "Good day," in precisely the same manner whether you be one who has reached the summit of his ambition, with little else to attain or care for. He is very taciturn and reticent to everybody except his friends, to the latter of whom he is social and affable. His royalty from his publications and proverbs yields him an income approximating $5,000; from the proceeds of his labor he has amassed the comfortable competence of $50,000 or $60,000. He is an occasional and willing lecturer, but not a highly attractive or successful one. The Young Men's Democratic Club have been seriously discussing the advisability and feasibility of running

SAMUEL J. TILDEN FOR GOVERNOR.

of the State this fall with a view to his being entered for the presidential race in '84. He has been "recommended" to the State convention soon to be called as worthy their serious consideration. What such a "recommend" may be worth it is difficult to foresee, and yet it is growing evident that the control of the coming convention will be in the hands of Mr. Tilden or his friends, and that he "can do as he likes with his own." Be that as it may, it is certain that he has not captured the New York board of aldermen, as that distinguished body recently voted down a motion to purchase the ex-Governor's portrait to be placed in the rog—I mean in the city hall gallery of celebrated citizens. Such is fame. The great defrauded is just now engaged in building. The famous mansion in Gramercy Park has been demolished, together with its adjoining neighbor, and from the ruins is arising, Phœnix-like, the walls of what is to be a "palatial residence," fit for a king, or future President, or a great martyr. He may be seen almost any day hovering about the place like an evil genius, directing the plans and superintending the details of the construction.

JAY GOULD IS SUDDENLY DEVELOPING

literary tastes. I am told that he is a great reader and well-informed withal—something of a student. As he began his life as a book agent it is not unnatural that he should show some fondness for the objects which brought him his first competence and gave him a start in the upward career that ended in Wall street. He recently bought a very valuable collection of books from a collector who spent years in and a fortune in making the volumes a literary treasure. They number over six thousand volumes, and will constitute a library at his new home on the Hudson. Gould has a pleasant family and a delightful home. His domestic life is charming. He is congenial, generous, affable, and kind—at home. We are having very uncommon bright weather, it has been a very unusual and unpleasant May thus far. The "oldest inhabitant" cannot remember its equal, or if he can he puts it so far back that we of the present generation cannot, from our own experience, dispute the assertion. What is one to say when an ancient

WEATHER PROPHET REMARKS

that "in the spring of '42 we had just such weather" as we are now experiencing? He can only give his doubtful credence to the remark and sit down or be sat on. The amusement season is now on its last nights, and nothing very interesting is presented. Light comedy and comic opera take the lead. It has been a very good season. There have been no great or decided hits (always excepting Patti and the festival), and, on the other hand, no disastrous failures. FAYE ELLE.

Longfellow's Visit to the Queen.

Miss Blanche Roosevelt gives the following as Longfellow's account of his interview with Queen Victoria at Windsor Castle:

"An imposing lady in black, with flowing drapery, came quickly forward to greet me. It was Her Majesty Queen Victoria. She extended her hand and I offered to take it."

"What!" I interrupted, "did you not bend and offer to kiss it?"

"No," he said timidly; "I was not then familiar or acquainted with court etiquette as I am now. She offered me her hand evidently to shake and I shook it."

"Why," said I, "she is the most inexorably *exigeante* of all sovereigns. You must have horrified her."

"I presume I did," said he simply. "Now I think of it, she was disconcerted; I suppose for that reason, but she rallied graciously, and asked me about America and myself. She explained:

"'We speak of America first, because you are America's poet. Tennyson is ours.'

"'Tennyson is the world's poet, Madam,' said I, bowing gravely. She smiled in gratified acquiescence, and continued:

"'You are very generous.'

"Her Majesty was then pleased to converse on general topics, but persistently got back to the subject of myself. I felt she was piqued about something at first, and her last words were:

"'We shall not forget you,' adding with a laugh, 'why, even all my servants read your poems!'

"The poet then glanced up, and with an almost comical expression, he said:

"'What do you think she intended by it? I was nonplussed, and to-day, although many years have passed, I am undecided as to what her Majesty's real meaning was.'—*Boston Traveller.*

The Names of Two Persons.

To make it comprehensible to English readers, this is the way the fashionable journals announced the recent marriage at Windsor: "The marriage of His Royal Highness Leopold George Duncan Albert, Duke of Albany, Earl of Clarence, Baron Arklow, Duke of Saxony, Prince of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, Knight of the Most Noble Order of the Garter, Fourth Son of Her Majesty Queen Victoria and of His Royal Highness the Prince Consort, Duke of Saxony and Prince of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, with Her Serene Highness Princess Helen Frederica Augusta, Fourth Daughter of His Serene Highness the Reigning Prince of Waldeck and Pyrmont, was solemnized in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, Thursday, April 27."

DR. G. K. GILMER.

A Talk With the Postmaster of Richmond About General Mahone.

Special Correspondence of THE REPUBLICAN.

RICHMOND, VA, May 18.—THE REPUBLICAN correspondent called on Dr. G. K. Gilmer, the worthy postmaster at this place and one of the most staunch and influential Republicans in the State, and asked his views on the future outlook for Virginia, politically and financiellly.

The Doctor said: "I am a poor politician, and as postmaster I desire to avoid any offensive allusion to political matters, or make any remarks which might be offensive. I am a public servant of the people, and have to deal with all parties. Still I do not think this fact should prevent one from speaking his honest convictions on public matters. From that standpoint I feel at liberty to give my individual views as to the situation of things in my own State."

"Have you observed any depression in business circles since the Coalition party came into power?"

"I have no figures, but I am under the impression that business never was more prosperous throughout the State than to-day, as most of our moneyed men are concentrated in the cities engaged in banking speculation and mercantile pursuits. There may have been for a few days after the election some depression in certain lines of business, but reaction soon took place, and from all that I can see there never was greater business confidence between man and man, and a brighter hope for the future prosperity of our old State. Preparations to extend business on a solid basis are now everywhere. We may have made some mistakes, but we have accomplished the greatest for the good of our people. There have been some little flurrys in the party, but I feel sure they are but temporary, and will soon pass away, and the party will enter the fall campaign stronger than ever. The failure to redistrict the State may have cost us something, but I feel confident we can elect a majority of the members to the next Congress. Everything that was promised to the colored people by the coalition party has been carried out in good faith. As to what the Richmond *Dispatch* says about the white leaders of the party having sold themselves so cheaply, I suppose they are the best judges of their own business. As to myself, I care but little as to what name the party goes by. I go with the party which promises the best results for my State and country. We have thousands of good, honest people in Virginia who have been running in the old ruts so long that they have become conscientious in the belief that they are right in their views they hold. I think any change would be for the better which would change them out of the beaten paths of Burbonism, and give them new ideas and new things. Holding these views I have heartily co-operated with the coalition movement, and propose to continue to do so.

"Could any other man than General Mahone make coalition a success in Virginia?"

"I think not. In him there is a rare combination of the elements of success. His previous history, his war record, his great talents, his boldness, his unflinching energy, and his aggressive character all combine to make him a power in the land. At this time he is perhaps the best hated man in the State by the Bourbons, and simply because he has been successful in spite of Bourbon dictation, and has overthrown the tables of the money-changers and scattered the rings and combinations that aspired to dominate the State. He treated their advice with contempt, and wrenched from them the test of lucre which they had been enjoying to undisputed possession for so many long and happy years. H.

SENATOR MAHONE.

He Gives His Views on Anti-Bourbonism in Old Virginia.

"Virginia has given the independent men of the South an example of what can be done in opposition to Bourbonism. They can look there and see the fruits of hard, conscientious labor. We have won the battle, and, although the fight has been a long and bitter one, the victory is well worth the struggle. There are one or two facts that do not seem to be appreciated by people who talk about overturning the Southern Democracy. I can best tell you what they are by citing as an illustration the case of Virginia. There are 100,000 negro voters in that State, and about 10,000 white Republican voters. For years past

THE NEGROES HAVE REGARDED

the Republican office-holders as saints, perfectly spotless angels, who were the embodiment of the Federal power that freed them, and to whom they were bound to render allegiance. These Republicans were sure of the Federal offices as long as a Republican administration was in power, and naturally quite content that the Bourbons should manage the State offices. The negroes are not the ignorant, dumb creatures that a stranger to the Southern people might imagine. They realized the use to which they were put by their officeholders, but there was no road out of the wilderness. The Virginia Readjusters pointed the way to freedom. We told them to vote as they please and that they would be given protection at the polls, and the result was surprising. The solid negro vote gravitated as naturally to the Readjusters as water flows down hill. Many of the old Republican office-holders kicked, and did all in their power to

DESTROY THE NEW MOVEMENT,

but without avail. We had in Virginia a number of Republicans who were Republicans on principle, and to whom the triumph of those principles was a matter of far greater moment than the possession of an office. The Democratic Readjusters were men identified with the State, owners of the soil, and interested in the development and advancement of her resources. The negroes perceived that there was a foundation beneath the new party not based on Federal patronage and the sale of black votes. When they espoused the Readjuster cause they did so deliberately, and they came to stay. Our campaigns have not been mismanaged, and by hard, practical labor the State has been completely freed from Bourbon rule. Had the Apportionment bill passed the legislature eight Administration Congressmen would have been elected next fall and two Democrats."—*From an interview in the Philadelphia Press.*

FROM ROANOKE.

To the Editor of THE REPUBLICAN:

Your issue of 13th contains an article favoring an appropriation of $100,000 for the erection of "public buildings" in this town in preference to Lynchburg, as proposed in the bill now before the Senate. For this change of place the writer assigned five reasons—four of them embody facts, and we believe are correct; the fifth is of a personal nature, and from our personal knowledge, does less than justice to the views and feelings of a large majority of the citizens of Lynchburg. The people of this whole section would welcome to their midst all law-abiding citizens, without reference to their political affinities, and certainly no section of the State affords greater advantages of climate than this lovely valley. We do not think that any claim can be made for Lynchburg which will not apply with equal force in favor of Roanoke. Roanoke was lately only a pleasant village, now it is a town, and soon will be a city, rivaling Lynchburg in population and general commerce, and almost certainly excelling it in manufacturing enterprises.

The united efforts of many Northern capitalists, acting in concert with resident native born citizens of intelligence and wealth, to make this place (next to Atlanta) the largest inland manufacturing town in the South, bids fair, to be a complete success. Arrangements have already been made for the employment of upward of two thousand operatives. The Shenandoah Railroad (with a different gauge from the Norfolk and Western) has its terminal point here; and these roads have under contract, within the corporate limits of the town, permanent improvements to cost upward of two million dollars, probably not less than three million. The town is located in the midst of a fertile valley, and has a large area of productive lands, extending from North Carolina to West Virginia, tributary to it, and which find here their natural outlet to the markets of the world. The town affords nearly equal facilities for reaching Norfolk, Richmond, Washington, Baltimore, or Philadelphia, and is in daily communication with New Orleans. It will surely be the shipping market for the cattle of Southwest Virginia and East Tennessee.

Its population will continuously represent an increasing portion of the labor, enterprise, and wealth of the Eastern, Southern, and Western States, so that the proposed appropriation would be not only a sectional but also a national benefaction. Facilities for the construction of the proposed buildings will be afforded by the proper authority equal to those tendered by any other locality. Roanoke is also the most central point, and is almost actually a central point, and will afford means of easier access, and less necessary expenditure, to a much larger number of persons than if the proposed buildings were erected in Lynchburg, or at any point nearer Danville. For these, among many reasons which might be assigned, we trust that the proposition to erect these public building at Roanoke, may be favorably considered by those authorized to make such appropriation. CONSERVATIVE.

ROANOKE, VA., May 15, 1882.

Falling from a Trapeze.

"Of course I had to let go, and then I began to turn spirally like a corkscrew and then go down. I instantly realized that I must not land all spread out. I gathered my left arm close to my body, pushed my head forward and drew my legs together, struggling to get into shape to fall on my side. I did fall just that way forty feet on a wooden stage. My arm was driven into my side and a rib was broken. The arm was shattered, and I was laid up for many months. While I was going down in an instant I saw over again, as vivid as life, every fall I ever witnessed. They came up in my mind, one right after another, like successive flashes of lightning, and I seemed to be experiencing all of them in my own person. But, worse than everything else, a great deal worse than the shock of arriving, was the terrible shriek of agony that went up from the audience. It was like one heart-breaking wail of agony. I can hear it yet, and I do hear it every time I think of the accident. That is a peculiarity of our family. We all heard that shriek and none of us ever forgot it." "How did that accident occur?" "My brother Tom made a mistake in the measurements because of a miscalculation of his space in a round dome. The rope was two feet further away from the ladder than it ought to have been."—*Louisville Commercial.*

What She Took in Hers.

There was displayed near the soda water fountain, in an up-town drug store, the sign, "Bovine Vaccine." A young man accompanied by a young woman, who might have been his country cousin or sweetheart, entered and in response to the inquiring look of the boy who tended the fountain, said: "You may give me bovine." The young woman's eyes had been resting on the unusual sign near the fountain and when her companion turned to her and asked how she would have hers, she said, timidly, "I guess I'll try a little vaccine."—*Springfield Republican.*

BLAINE'S PREDICAMENT.

The Condition in Which He Is Placed by Robert Randall's Testimony.

The testimony of Jacob R. Shipherd and of Robert E. Randall leaves Mr. Blaine in an unenviable predicament. Shipherd swore, with particular attention to details, that Blaine encouraged him for several months to believe that he favored the so-called Peruvian Company, and that he instructed General Hurlbut in that sense. Shipherd was completely dumfounded on receiving the note of December 3, 1881, wherein Blaine, on the eve of retiring from office, denounced him and his scheme. Senator Blair, who figured as "counsel," with $100,000 of Peruvian Company scrip in his pocket, sustained Shipherd in the main.

MR. RANDALL SWORE

that in all his intercourse with Blaine, from first to last, the latter favored the proposals of the Credit Industriel Company, of Paris; and that Blaine informed him, after General Hurlbut's appointment to Lima, that the instructions were "in accord with your views and plans, and satisfactory to your clients." Subsequently, Randall says, when Trescot was made special envoy, "he [Blaine] again told me, or intimated, or treated the subject as settled, what Mr. Trescot's instructions would be, which I understood were to carry out the Credit Industriel programme." Randall was asked:

Q.—Have you read the report of the testimony of Mr. Blaine, in which he says he declined having anything to do with giving instructions as to the Credit Industriel?

A.—I think it is a misprint. I did not hear him say it. I never understood him to say in his intercourse with me or Mr. Soares that he rejected any proposition we made. *I understood the contrary.*

IT APPEARS FROM THIS

explicit and careful evidence that Blaine led Randall to believe, down to the time of Trescot's appointment in December—and they had been in constant and confidential communication from the preceding March—that his views were entirely favorable to the Credit Industriel. The original instructions to Hurlbut and the last instructions to Trescot, as he voluntarily assured Randall, were prepared in the interest of that company. Yet the official record shows that while these negotiations were going on at Washington, and while frequent conferences were held to further this special object, the following telegram was sent to Lima:

HURLBUT, Minister, Lima:

Influence of your position must not be used in aid of Credit Industriel or any other financial or speculative association. BLAINE.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 27, 1881.

THERE IS NO POSSIBLE WAY

in which these conflicting positions can be reconciled. There is rank perjury on the one side or the other. Blaine had the advantage over Shipherd, who stood before the committee in the light of a desperate adventurer, whed, with his customary bluster, he swore him down. Audacity triumphed then, as it did in the case of the Mulligan letters. But Mr. Blaine now stands confronted with the testimony of a responsible person, who has shared his intimate confidence and whom he has deceived with fabricated statements and false assurances. The testimony goes to show that Mr. Blaine held out the strongest encouragement both to Shipherd and to Randall, for two opposing interests. At that very time Mr. Blaine was pushing with the most ardent zeal the Landreau claim, a job which was never entitled to the least recognition, or notice, or action by this Government. Both the Landreaus were French subjects when this claim against Peru originated. The alleged American citizen, John C. Landreau, never naturalized, if at all—and no record of his naturalization can be found in Louisiana—nearly nine years after he bought a share in the pretended rights of his brother.—*New York Sun yesterday.*

JENNIE CRAMER.

A Poor Moth Who Died in the Flame—Sketch of the Girl.

When the body of Jennie Cramer was discovered by Uncle Asa Curtis, the clam-digger, early on the morning of August 6 last, in the waters of Long Island Sound that skirt Savin Rock, it was encased in clothes quite characteristic of the girl. The dress was of pure white, trimmed tastefully, and cut low at the neck. Her hat was of the Gainsboro' style, turned back from the forehead and embellished with feathers and flowers to add to its attractiveness. Her stockings were of fashionable hue, and her shoes were new and of the best make. Around her neck was a double row of silver beads, and on her fingers were several rings, one of them having a gold dollar pendant on which was engraved her initials. As seen a few days before her death, in this costume, Jennie

LOOKED VERY ATTRACTIVE,

but did not give one the impression that she was possessed of an overabundance of modesty. It could be seen at a glance that she was fond of admiration, and if not approached too boldly by a young man of prepossessing appearance, though a stranger, an acquaintance would be formed. The girl was of a striking type of beauty. Her eyes were black, large and lustrous, with drooping dark eyelashes. Her features were regular, the mouth particularly pretty, with cherry lips, and just a trifling inclination to pout. Her teeth were regular and white, and her skin of a remarable whiteness and purity. This gave evidence to the report that she was an habitual arsenic eater, but those who knew her in early childhood say that her skin was always white and clear.

HER FORM WAS WELL ROUNDED

and her carriage graceful. It is no wonder that such a girl had hosts of admirers and that she attracted the attention of young men above her in social station. Though not possessing more than an ordinary education, and having no gift of conversation, she was fond of gayety, and at times vivacious. Her mother allowed her a wide latitude, much to her regret now, doubtless. She was taken from school at an early age, and for five years before her death, her age then being 21, she had little to do but nurse her beauty and receive the flattery of young men. She attended her father's cigar store sufficiently to enable her to form an extensive acquaintance with the youth of the city. Her facilities in this regard were enlarged through the indulgence of her mother and the sociability which prevails

AMONG THE GERMANS.

Mrs. Cramer accompanied her daughter to balls, sociables, and picnics, and frequently left her to be escorted home by a male escort. At German dances and sociables here as elsewhere it is not considered out of the way for young ladies to indulge in an occasional glass of wine or beer, and Jennie was no exception to the rule. She enjoyed a glass of cool lager after a waltz, and did not hesitate to drink it at the bar. At many of these German dances she attended, young men of the town and students frequented, and Jennie was an attraction for them. It is said that on more than one occasion she has been seen smoking cigarettes, surrounded by male admirers, in the refreshment room of the dance hall.—*Boston Globe.*

ABOUT INDIAN HEADS.

Educating the Young Savages—Who Conceived the Idea.

To the Editor of THE REPUBLICAN.

In your issue of April 29 a writer, who signs himself "Honoris," says:

The statements made by General Armstrong, of Hampton Institute, a few evenings ago at the Congregational Church to the effect that Captain Pratt, U. S. A., almost ten years ago, first suggested the bettering of Indian children into civilized centers for their education is an error. This idea was first publicly put forth by Captain T. J. Spencer in a lecture delivered in 1868.

This statement in regard to T. J. Spencer's lecture, delivered in 1869, and Captain Pratt may be true. We conceived the same idea in 1864, after taking the heads of several Indian chiefs. As they all had the same organs developed we suspected it was due to their mode of life which had cultivated the same organs in each head. We then conceived the idea that in order to

CIVILIZE OR CHRISTIANIZE THEM

we must change their mode of life, and knowing as we do from experience the great difficulty of putting new dogmas or beliefs into the head of an adult person, we were led to the conclusion that if they were to be civilized or Christianized it must be done while they were children. We approached Professor Henry with this new idea. He thought the idea good, but not feasible; did not know how it could be done. Some time after we spoke to Professor Baird of the peculiarity of the Indian head, and he proposed to purchase the heads for the Institute. Some time after that I received a commission to go to Fort Marion, Fla., and take casts of the heads of sixty-four Indian prisoners.

WHEN I FOUND THE SAME ORGANS

developed as in the heads taken in Washington. I wrote at once to Professor Baird, then in Massachusetts, informing him of the fact, and asking if it would not be well to have casts taken of New York Indians, who had been civilized for a hundred years. And if we should find the same development of the head again the wild Indian, we might then safely say for a fixed fact they were made Indians and cannot be changed. But if, on the contrary, we find the organs called into action in the wild state have become depressed, and those which indicate civilization have become enlarged, then we might say all they requ re is education; they have as much brain power as the white man. The subject was brought to

THE ATTENTION OF THE ETHNOLOGISTS

and it resulted in sending among the wild Indians and taking their children, males and females, and bringing them to Hampton to be educated. We received a commission to take casts of the children's heads, so that when educated casts might again be taken to ascertain what change, if any, had taken place in the formation of their heads. In conclusion I will say that few men have the phrenological organization to govern men like Captain Pratt. He has a large head, showing brain power; he is self-reliant and has great will-power. He would have made a good "Moses," but more humane than the one of old.

CLARK MILLS.

A Practical Joke.

A Nebraska man named Goudy played a practical joke on his wife the other day. Mrs. Goudy hates Indians, and when her husband is away from the house locks the door to keep the begging braves out. So Goudy gave his pass-key to an Indian, told him to ask for a pair of old trousers when he got in, and promised to give him one dollar if he would put them on in the parlor. The red man went in all right, and Goudy and a friend watched at a little distance to see fun. Pretty soon the door opened again and the red man came out. He had one leg in Goudy's go-to-meeting trousers, while the other was quite uncovered, and he seemed pressed for time. He was started at the utmost speed for his wigwam, six long miles away, and as he shot by Goudy he exclaimed: "Dam squaw! Heap spunk! Ugh! Hot water!" And the joker found that his better half had suspected the trick and given the savage the best trousers she could find, and then interrupted the toilet with a dipper of hot water.

Gail Hamilton's Latest.

Miss Dodge (Gail Hamilton) is accredited with a neat postscript in a letter to a friend: "Anna Dickinson is playing Hamlet. She ought to play his uncle, for she *murders* Hamlet. Nothing else new. With love."

ON THE ST. LAWRENCE

MAKING READY FOR SUMMER EXODUS

Increased European Travel—Echoes from the Beautiful Thousand Islands—The Adirondacks and the White Mountains—Nice Resorts for Summer.

Special Correspondence of THE REPUBLICAN:

OGDENSBURG, ON THE ST. LAWRENCE, May 16, 1882.

The unprecedented European exodus from the States of those seeking recreation from the toils of an active and prosperous winter's business, with all its toils and vexations, and the invalid who seeks a land of health-giving properties, as is offered in many localities of Europe, is attracting public attention, and the metropolitan press daily contains articles giving the large number and names of some of our prominent citizens, both in public and private life, the actor, the artist, and the soldier, who have already left our shores. Every vessel that leaves the ports of New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore are crowded to their utmost with the tourist. While all this is the case, it must be borne in mind that our own unsurpassed summer resorts are receiving thus early equally as much, if not more, attention, and the reports from all the Northern resorts which I have visited indicate the most active and brilliant season ever known at any of them.

AT SARATOGA EVERYBODY

is busily engaged in making ready for an early opening, which, on account of the backward spring, will commence briskly as soon as the weather becomes thoroughly settled. The United States, Congress Hall, the Clarendon, Columbian, Grand Union, American, and in fact all, have undergone thorough renovation, and now present a fine and inviting appearance. The White Mountain resorts have also undergone the same preparations, and many decided changes have been made. The popular Fabyan House and Profile House have added much to their attractiveness, and promise to do a better business than ever before.

AT THE THOUSAND ISLANDS

I observed the most decided and elegant improvements. Many new and expensive cottages are being erected, some of them princely in their architecture and furnishings. The Crossmore House has been thoroughly overhauled—repainted, new carpets, furniture, and other requisites added. The grounds have received particular attention also. But probably the most noticeable improvements are seen at the famous Thousand Island House, which looms up from a massive pile of rocks within three or four rods of the steamboat landing, and is one of the most imposing and beautifully situated caravansaries the world contains. Mr. O. G. Stapley, the proprietor, tells me that the applications received for rooms up to this time exceeds anything known in the history of the house. I found on his registry of last season a number of Washingtonians. The other hotels scattered through this region of grandeur give the same good report. I have just returned from a flying visit to the resorts of the grandest of all regions,

THE ADIRONDACKS,

the "sportsman's paradise." Much has been written of this wonderful wilderness, but there yet remains untold more by a thousandfold than that which we have already read. Few fully understand what the Adirondack Wilderness really is. It is a mystery even to those who have crossed and recrossed it by boats along its avenues—the lakes—and on foot through its vast and silent recesses. Nearly every stream, fed by cool mountain springs, is alive with the daintiest and choicest fish that the most exacting angler can wish.

THE PURE MOUNTAIN AIR,

fragrant with the balmy odors of the cedar and spruce; the cool, sparkling water, bubbling from a thousand hidden springs; the freshness and charm of nature, are all here offered as a free gift to any who will enjoy them. Truly, here is the fountain of perennial youth! The most prominent resorts of this region are "Ralph's," on the Upper Chateaugay Lake; "Chase's," on Lake Clear; "Fuller's," on Meacham Lake, and the famous "Paul Smith's," on Upper St. Regis Lake, of whom pages have been written in some of our leading monthly publications, as well as columns in our great dailies. All of these resorts are first-class establishments in many of their details, being elegantly furnished, having an unsurpassed cuisine, and possessing other facilities that cannot be obtained elsewhere by those seeking sport and pleasure and the recuperation of the system. They are all reached

BY WAY OF MALONE AND CHATEAUGAY,

on the Ogdensburg and Lake Champlain Railroad, and but a twenty-four hours' ride from Washington. I also found upon their books names of some Washingtonians, and I am sure when more are known in the National Capital of this region a greater representation will be on hand this season. My object in this, my first communication, is to call attention to these places in an informal way, for I know you now have many in your midst who are anxiously awaiting their opportunity to lie away to some place of perfect pleasure and rest from busy scenes of a long session. In my future letters I will be "more explicit," and hope to afford your readers some interesting matter from the glorious regions of the North, and the grandest of all waters, the St. Lawrence. Hoping soon to see some of my Washington friends, with a promise to display, perhaps, the "beauties and beauties of nature," I remain, McK.

Proposed Monument to General Garfield.

At the last meeting of the Society of the Army of the Cumberland a committee was appointed to raise funds for the erection of a monument in the city of Washington in memory of the late President Garfield. This committee has issued the following address:

To the PEOPLE through the Press:

At the last meeting of the Society of the Army of the Cumberland it was proposed that under its auspices there should be erected in the city of Washington a statue or monument in memory of our former comrade, the late President James Abram Garfield. With that end in view, a committee was appointed by Lieutenant-General P. H. Sheridan, president of the society, which organized and proceeded to work, and it is with much pleasure that the committee announce that its efforts have met with such liberal response from all parts of the country as to warrant the assurance that the work will be consummated.

The question now is, and to you we submit it, shall the statue be such an one as we can build with the funds on hand, or will you come to our aid in such a manner as to enable us to erect a work of art in size, design, and workmanship in keeping with the glorious name with which it will forever be associated, as well as an ornament to our already magnificent Capital City. It is proposed that the work when completed shall be no longer the property of the society, but be formally transferred through their Chief Magistrate to the people of the United States, to be a monument of their affection for all time.

We therefore present to you the opportunity to unite with us in the work, and thereby enable us to make the structure in every respect worthy the name of America's foremost people. To that end, we request that on the 30th instant, a day when all hearts turn in love and graceful remembrance to the soldiers of the Republic, and we strew their graves with flowers, that a feature of that day shall be the offering and soliciting of contributions to the end set forth. But few can enjoy the privilege of placing a flower on his grave on Decoration Day, but all can contribute the cost of one, and thereby enable us to stimulate genius and exhaust art in the endeavor to plant here a statue that will testify to men of all time the great love the people bore him.

It is the desire of the Committee that this work be *general;* one in which *all the people* can take part without feeling it to be a tax; and it is therefore suggested that no contribution from any one person on that day shall exceed one dollar.

The press and postmasters throughout the country will receive and forward subscriptions; or, if preferable, a committee of citizens may take charge of the work under such plans as they may deem most efficacious. In either case it is desired that a complete list of subscribers be kept, as all subscription lists, as well as copies of papers publishing the same, are desired for deposit in the corner-stone of the statue, and will be carefully retained for that purpose.

JAMES BARNETT, Cleveland, Ohio;
J. C. SMITH, Chicago, Ill.;
ANSON G. MCCOOK, New York;
WM. A. ROBINSON, Pittsburg, Pa.;
A. B. UNDERWOOD, Boston, Mass.;
JOHN RUHM, Nashville, Tenn.;
HENRY M. CIST, Cincinnati, Ohio;
J. G. PARKHURST, Coldwater, Mich.;
H. C. CORBIN, Ass't Adj't Gen'l U. S. A., Washington, D. C.,
Corresponding Secretary and Treasurer.

As requested by the committee, THE NATIONAL REPUBLICAN will receive, at the counter of its business office, on the 30th day of May, such subscriptions as may be offered for the above object. The people of Washington will no doubt respond liberally to the call.

Old Pap Thomas.

General Joseph S. Fullerton, in a bright speech at the reunion of the Army of the Tennessee in St. Louis the other day, spoke of General Thomas as the man who as a brigade, division, corps, and army commander never once sustained a reverse. Of Chickamauga he said that the facts now known show that it was at least a drawn battle, if not for us a victory. Of the battle of Franklin he said that "on the little earthworks which we hurriedly threw up as the enemy approached—indeed, after he was in sight—within the short space of two hours fell seven general officers of the confederates."

Poor Thing!

"Poor little thing," said Mrs. Shuttle. "Here it tells in the paper of a baby seal that lost its mother and went swimming in the great lonely Pacific until some kind sailors picked it up. It's a real touching little story." "Well, you needn't feel bad about it. It wasn't the kind of seals they make fur cloaks from," said Job Shuttle, gruffly. "Oh, then it don't make so much difference," and she turned to review the marriage and death notices.—*New Haven Register.*

STRANGE LIFE HISTORY.

The Lady Who Announced Her Own Death—Woman's Blighted Love.

NEWPORT, R. I., May 15.—A few additional facts relating to the late Miss Abbie Taylor, the announcement of whose death appeared in the *Herald* of to-day, will perhaps be of interest. The report that she had summoned her friends to attend her funeral was confirmed by a *Herald* correspondent this evening. Two weeks ago Miss Taylor returned from New York, where she had gone to bury her aunt, whom she had tenderly cared for at her home in this city. She returned from New York on Thursday, May 11, and a few days afterward she was stricken with pneumonia and died May 13. A few hours before her death the attending physician sounded her lungs and told her that there was no hope of her recovering. The doctor, when leaving, stated that he would return at eight o'clock in the evening.

SEEING HER APPROACHING END.

At half-past seven o'clock she requested to be raised in bed, and then, noticing that the flesh under her nails was tinged with blue, she said: "My nails are turning blue and I can plainly see that there is no hope. I will surely die. Hand me paper, pen, and ink. I will write the names and addresses of those whom I desire to be acquainted with my decease, and when I am dead I desire that they be forwarded." She then called for the keys to the drawer containing her papers, money, &c., and counted the money in a business-like manner. The deceased lady had always expressed a desire to retain possession of her senses before she died and was determined to use her pen, as she wanted to write the announcement of her death with her own hand. Her wish was fulfilled to the letter, and she breathed her last just after she had performed the final act of her life. Her face and hands were cold in death, and she knew that the end was at hand. She then quietly laid down the pen and, with a smile, recognized the grim messenger of death.

WOMAN'S DEVOTION.

A sad romance in connection with the deceased lady was brought to light this evening, which in a great measure shows the constancy and devotion of woman. Miss Taylor was reared in luxury in New York, and was brought up as a gentlewoman in every sense of the term. Forty years ago she accidentally met John C. Phillips, a noble specimen of a man, who was poor and who followed the sea for a living. The acquaintance soon ripened into love, and in due time the engagement ring was placed upon her finger by young Phillips, who was in command of a ship. Their vows were plighted, and the hopeful couple looked forward to a happy union. The gallant skipper, on a return voyage, was taken ill, and was brought to Newport, where his relatives resided. The disease proved to be consumption, and for weeks and months he vainly struggled against the decree of fate. The young lady whom he had promised to marry left her home of luxury and ease, and, against the advice of those who were dear to her by the ties of kindred, hastened to his bedside.

DEATH ENDS THE ROMANCE.

Here she remained and waited on him for many weary months, and did all that was possible to comfort and console him. She watched, hoped, and prayed for him, but the seeds of the disease were too firmly rooted, and after a long but patient struggle the spirit of her lover departed. The blow came with peculiar sadness. For weeks and months she was in a critical condition. She did not return to her home, but remained in the city, and that, too, within a few rods of the place where her fondest hopes had been blighted, in order that she might daily strew his grave with flowers and drop a silent tear on the marble which marked his last resting place.

DOING GOOD TO THOSE AROUND HER.

For fifteen years after the death of Captain Phillips she lovingly and tenderly showed her devotion to the dead by personally nursing an invalid sister of local fame. She devoted the remainder of her life to the welfare of others, and daily proved herself a friend to the poor and unfortunate of the city, in which she had not a single relative. She worked in the "Master's Vineyard" in that quiet manner which is so peculiar to those who are in earnest and who have a mission to perform. Strange as it may seem, she was not known outside of the section of the town where she resided. She kept herself aloof from all social festivities, simply attending service at the Episcopal Chapel, which was built for those who could not afford to worship elsewhere, it being a branch of Trinity Church. It was among this class that she preferred to labor, in addition to the consciousness of doing good, she had the associations of her lover ever about her, and she never manifested a desire to reside in any other part of the city.

REST FOR THE WEARY HEART.

Her funeral was largely attended by those whom she had befriended, and her remains when taken to the cemetery of the dead were laid by the side of him whom she had loved and for whom she had left home and friends. Here, in sight of the spot where he had died, she lived for upward of forty years, and it was fitting that in death she should occupy the place which had been reserved for her and where she longed to lay her weary heart.

DISPOSAL OF HER PROPERTY.

Her wishes were complied with to the letter. She leaves the