# The National Republican.

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Weekly edition (postage prepaid), per year, $1.50; six months, 75c.

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THE NATIONAL REPUBLICAN,
Washington, D. C.

*Entered at the P. O. as second class mail matter. Postage on single copies, 2 cents.*


Amusements.

NATIONAL.—The Hess Acme Opera company.
FORD'S.—Marie Prescott.
COURTZ.—Comedy Four Combination.
FOX'S MUSEUM.—Matinee and evening performance.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1883.

A NEW YORKER, named Cleveland, is searching for a little presidential boomlet eleven months' old.

THE fish commission is preparing to distribute 350,000 German carp among the lakes, ponds, and rivers of the country.

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE COLERIDGE arrived at the capital yesterday and was entertained last evening by the secretary of state.

UNDER democratic rule St. Louis is becoming almost as vile as Chicago. Gamblers seem to have owned the city government for some time.

THE New York morning *Journal* calls it "the modern Dred Scott decision." So it is, in a sense. The democratic party made it a necessity.

TWO MEMBERS of the dynamite brotherhood have been arrested at Halifax, N. S., and great excitement prevails in that city in consequence.

GEN. LONGSTREET was entertained last evening by the veterans of the Bull Run battles, in whose company he visited those memorable fields last Monday.

FORTY thousand visitors witnessed the Newburg (N. Y.) centennial celebration yesterday. The city was full of distinguished strangers. It was a great day for Newburg.

A COUPLE of colored canal hands fought two rounds near Alexandria last evening for a purse of $25. The contest was brief but decisive, one of them being knocked insensible.

THE claim of the United States against the Central Pacific Railroad company has been compromised, the defendants promising to pay nearly $95,000 in settlement of the case.

MARYLAND has been a democratic hereditament for a long time. The republican party is about to acquire title to it in fee simple. The contract will be signed on the sixth of November.

THERE was a good track, good racing, and a good crowd at the Ivy City track yesterday. The winners were Pizarro, Mittie B, Duke of Montalban, Mark, and Beaverwyck. The veteran Parole was defeated.

NELLING, the murderer of Ada Atkinson, was spirited to Lafayette yesterday by the officers of the law, to get out of the way of an enraged Indiana mob. The atmosphere of Indiana is unhealthy for murderers of young girls.

NOTHING can accomplish the defeat of Candidate for the Speakership Cox except his modesty. Concerning the Ohio election, he naively remarks: "The democratic gains were mostly in places where I visited and spoke."

GEN. WILLIAM TECUMSEH SHERMAN has been re-elected president of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee, and Gen. Grant has been invited to be the orator next year. The next annual reunion will be held at Lake Minnetonka, Min'n.

THE latest Beecherism is anent Benjamin Franklin Butler. The Rev. Henry says that "he is an apocalyptic vision, with ten horns and as many eyes. There is but one Gen. Butler in all the world. There is no other man in the world like him."

THERE is a rumor to the effect that Mr. Tilden, the man who wouldn't take a nomination if it were dished up to him on a golden salver by the queen of Sheba, has sent a lot of henchmen into Massachusetts to kill off the possible candidate from that state.

GEN. GREEN B. RAUM's paper on the civil service of the government is a document well worth the careful perusal of thinking people, who are honestly trying to inform themselves on the subject. The paper was published in the last number of the *North American Review* and is reproduced in this issue of THE NATIONAL REPUBLICAN.

COLORED citizens are now to a great extent independent of any special legislation for their benefit. They are fast becoming competent to hold their own. Thousands of them, however, are as yet but little advanced beyond their ante-bellum condition. If an amendment to the constitution is necessary to secure them from their bourbon foes in the south, the republican party will endeavor to give them that aid.

THE Philadelphia *McClure* tickles its fat soul under the fifth rib and proclaims that civil service reform is a fixed fact, and "any attempt to return to the old method of favoritism would be fatal to the party which should inaugurate it. Civil service reform comes slowly, but it has come, in a measure. It will stay and be improved." All of which sounds well enough, but if there should ever chance to be a change of administration the departments would be placarded with the reform legends, "No republican need apply," and "Let the locusts in."

IT is said that August Belmont will renew the offer he has made several times previously to contribute enough to pay all legitimate national campaign expenses in consideration of the nomination of his friend Senator Bayard. The democratic convention that nominates the gentleman from Delaware would do well to collect the assessment in advance and bank it. It will be remembered that Mr. English promised to "take care of Indiana" once upon a time. It will also be remembered that the promise could not be discounted for cash at the bank.

### There Will Be No Exodus.

It is interesting to note the variety of opinions expressed throughout the country concerning the recent decision of the supreme court on the civil rights bill. One of the most unique comes from Ohio, via the Cincinnati *Enquirer*. That paper suggests that the decision will not have a tendency to check the exodus of colored voters from the republican party. This is one of the boldest of assumptions. It presupposes that there has been "an exodus of colored voters" from the party which gave them liberty and equality before the law. It is a gratuitous insult to every man of intelligence whose skin is black. The masses of the freedmen are as staunch, true, and grateful to the republican party as they are unalterably embittered toward the party which held them in bondage, ignorance, and degradation. The party which made it possible for the supreme court of the United States to declare that "a negro has no rights which a white man is bound to respect," and which made the recent decision of the supreme court a necessity, cannot hope by any subterfuges nor by assumptions to secure an iota of the regard or support of the people upon whom it trampled for so many years. The colored people of to-day know beyond doubt that the democratic party undertook to disrupt this union and establish a new government upon American soil, the basis of which was to be African slavery. They know that their ancestors were scourged, debauched, degraded in the most fiendish manner by the democratic party. They have tasted the sweets of liberty, and they know that their rights were procured by the shedding of the republican blood of white men, aided by their republican kindred of the old ninth and eighteenth corps, as well as by those in minor organizations. They are no longer in that state of ignorance to which the democratic party had bound them. They are conversant with the history of the present and the agony of the past. They have been guilty of no such ingratitude as is intimated by the *Enquirer*. They have indulged in no exodus from the party which freed them. They will engage in no such exodus. They will remain with the party of freedom and progress until it shall be settled beyond all question that "the war for the union was *not* a failure."

### Not Set Back Ten Years.

Frederick Douglass says that the United States supreme court has thrown the colored race backward ten years. Does he forget what the schools and colleges, the ambition of the young men and women of his race, have done in the last ten years? His people today stand upon a far different footing from that of ten years ago. When the civil rights bill was passed Mr. Douglass and a few others like him might alone claim, by reason of education, intelligence, and refined manners, all the advantages which belong to cultured American men and women. All his people might indeed claim them as a matter of strict right, as might also the crowd of uneducated emigrants who came to America that year, but neither the one nor the other were fitted to enjoy and appreciate those advantages. Ten years of education and ambitious work have wrought great changes. To-day there are hundreds, perhaps thousands, of colored men and women who would be barred out of the best theaters, the best hotels, the best churches, if at all, for no other reason than that they were dark skinned. In charge of the schools of this city are young colored men and women who are as refined in manner, as cultivated in speech and in thought, as careful in dress as are the white men and women who hold similar positions. To say that these young men and women shall not occupy seats in a respectable theater for which they are able to pay is to slavishly bend to an absurd race prejudice, the reason for which no longer exists. The supreme court has not decided, and will not decide, that white men have greater rights than colored. It has simply decided that a faulty method for securing equal rights to all citizens was selected. It is now necessary to do that work over again, and the same men who carried the ineffective measure before will unite to carry the effective one now. This means that, with this issue, the republican party of ten years ago is the republican party of to-day.

### Medical Ethics.

The New York doctors are again quarreling over their code of professional ethics. That code of professional ethics seems, at first sight, to be scarcely worth quarreling about, and there has been no second sight thus far to prove the contrary. According to this code physicians of a certain school of medicine will decline to attend a patient who is still professionally attended by a physician of a certain other school of medicine. The friends of the sick man desire that he shall be cured. They care nothing about schools of medicine. They know of two physicians, each of whom professes great skill. They want and are willing to pay for the combined skill and experience of both men. They cannot get them. The sick man's necessities are overshadowed by a code of ethics. One physician says: "You must discharge that other man, whom I do not recognize as a physician, because he belongs to a different school, before I can give you the benefit of my skill. I cannot consult with him, and until he leaves your house I will not enter it. The code forbids it." To the common layman, unacquainted with codes, this is discouraging. It seems to him that the business of a physician ought to be to heal the sick, and if any good can be gained from any source the sick man ought to have the benefit of it. Many physicians appear to have different views. In the meantime sick men die, and the doctors continue to quarrel.

## NEW BOOKS.

WHISPERING PINES. Poems by JOHN HENRY BONER. Washington, D. C.: Brentano.

The old southern life was picturesque, and the graces of poetical possibilities shone with brilliance over southern society, but the southern intellect did not sparkle into song or flow into metrical rhythm. The chivalry of the south, the single heartedness of its men, the beauty and tenderness of its women, its beautiful land, its picturesque and varied social conditions, were all fountains of poetry, but fountains inclosed within the solid rock of a singularly cool, practical humanity, and seldom indeed appeared a Moses whose passionate smiting could burst the rugged casements and let flow the limpid currents of song. The popular idea of the north about the south was that its men were recklessly passionate, prodigally generous, headstrong, improvident, imaginative, and unpractical, and its women dark-eyed, languid beauties, helpless, ignorant, and visionary as children, with all the fitful caprices, the beautiful fancies, the winning and tender caresses of childhood. This was a very pretty, but a sadly untrue picture of southern humanity. There were few dreamers in the southland. The southern intellect was keen, calculating, and alert; the southern temper was cold, unbending, and passionless. The southern intellect dealt chiefly with the practical; the southern heart found scope enough for its activities in the real. There was not much play of fancy in the southern life, still less of the imaginative. Save only in Louisiana and South Carolina, and a few isolated families in Maryland and Virginia, the parent race of the south was the most prosaic and practical of peoples, Scottish Lowlanders, and Saxon Englishmen. Great lawyers the south had in abundance, statesmen of broad and comprehensive thought, soldiers of the first order, politicians unmatched in their resources of subtle finesse, profound scholars, but no poets. Now and then, indeed, some delicate plant of poesy would lift its head above the uncongenial soil, but only to perish in the cold, dry, harsh winds of that utilitarian clime. Edgar Poe, the grandest imaginative genius of the south, was expatriated by necessity, and at length died a homeless stranger in the streets of his native city, where, in his wonderful youth, he had wheeled clay at a brick yard for his daily bread. Edward Coote Pinkney, first of American lyric poets, was frozen into a premature grave by the icy atmosphere in which he lived. Philip Pendleton Cooke breathed out his life in its earliest manhood, chilled by the icy incapacity of his friends and neighbors to understand or appreciate him. Even in the more genial Hugenot atmosphere of South Carolina poor Henry Timrod, one of the truest children of genius whose life ever flowed in song, wilted and withered away, actually dying of starvation, a fate that Harry Lyndon Flash probably escaped only by abandoning poetry for potatoes, and devoting himself to groceries instead of garlands. The odor of salt fish and bacon was an orthodox one to the realistic southern taste which failed to appreciate the delicate odor that breathes, like a fragrant atmosphere, from such exquisite poems as "The Three Violets." There was no constituency in the south for poets. The practical southern intellect defined poetry as verse making, and felt that such trivial wasting of time did not become men and women.

There was a literature, however, published and unread, except by author and proof reader. Trash of the dreariest, most ineffable kind was written and published, mostly by women; and by women, too, who were only representatives of the brightest, keenest, most practical women on the continent, the best of housekeepers, the very models of all the domestic virtues; women, whose pure hearts, religious instincts, and well ordered lives, no less than their clear, sagacious minds, lent a charm to every southern household, and were at once the glory, the comfort, the salvation of their section.

All this was before the war. Since that time the south has changed a little, though only a little. Out of the fiery furnace of war and affliction could no race emerge without being purified, at least of some of their material dross. Writers occasionally spring up in the southland who meet with a happier fate than the Pinkneys, the Poes, the Cookes, or the Timrods of the past. The south has not altered its nature or changed its tastes; it has but broadened the range of its vision and enlarged the scope of its ideas. The advent of a new southern writer, therefore, is to be eagerly watched and his elements analyzed. If the metal of such be the pure gold, they should be warmly welcomed to the "Table Round" of letters; but if of the baser sort, then speedy should be their contemptuous and derisive introduction to the "limbo" of oblivion.

"Whispering Pines," by John Henry Boner, a native of North Carolina, but now a Washingtonian, is the latest addition to southern literature. Mr. Boner's childhood and youth were spent in the beautiful valley of the Yadkin, in that fertile and lovely part of North Carolina which lies between the mountains and the great central and eastern plain. It is a region of idyllic beauty, with a picturesque and admirable population, and a climate as serene and lovely as the Atlantic slope north of the subtropical portions can present. The impress of that region is stamped upon our poet's soul. Its pastoral loveliness, its varied picturesqueness, its capacities for the poetic, have become a part of his nature. Yet the spell of its people clings over his spirit and weakens his utterance. Its white populace is a noble example of the southern race. Rich in cool, calm, practical sagacity, yet blind to the glimpses of the inner heaven which the poet sees, deaf to the breath of Faerie which the poet hears, the influence exerted by them on the sensitive spirit of the youthful dreamer was withering and repressive. He dares not strike his lyre with that free, bold touch we feel assured is his by nature's gift. The notes of his song rise clear and musical, sweeping the atmosphere with a melody that startles us, but ere the ear catches the full tone his voice sinks to a feeble cadence. The spell of the practical clings to his heart, and he has not strength to cast it off. This is the reason why here and there he bursts into a strain of glorious song, and then, as if abashed and afraid, feebly gives us a bit of didactic moralizing, of utilitarian aphorism, of common place sermonizing that disappoints and enrages. Occasionally he begins a picture of descriptive beauty, in which, with a few light touches, with a few quiet colors, the southern landscape glows upon our enchantered gaze but ere the the artist draws the curtain of incompleteness from his easel, the picture is covered up with the neutral tints of feebleness. This is why undoubtedly he sings so often in the key of Tennyson and Longfellow, and sometimes gives us a palpable imitation of Poe—of Poe's mannerism without Poe's unearthly fires. He longs for the sheltering ægis of one strong enough to defy the spell which enfeebles him.

There are sixty-five poems in the collection, and perhaps a third of that number should have been omitted, some of them being prose of the flattest kind. Generally they are finished with exquisite art. Indeed, exquisite ear and delicate hand are palpable gifts of Mr. Boner, and hence we can but conclude that where the verse is rough and the discord mars the melody, it is gross carelessness for which there is no excuse. It is evident, however, that the poet needs culture. Not yet to him in a dream hath Apollo shown himself. Not yet is it his to give up the weary tugging at the oar of labor in the sea of art, and rest in dreamful quiet in the hollow Lotos-land of perfectly symmetical completeness. Taste is well nigh perfect, sense of melody true and pure, touch is light and free and bold, but the hand is yet unpracticed, and the eye not yet has the perfect power which comes of use. Years of labor and study await him ere the Doric taste becomes faultless, and the sense of the true artistic grows a part of his very soul. The opening poem, "Moonrise in the Pines," is a beautiful piece of word painting, but it is nothing more. There is also too great an echo of Tennyson and of Poe breathing from its "iridescent" numbers for any strain of its own to be recognized. Poe cannot be imitated. He only can wear the Roman armor who has the Roman soul.

"Autumnal" was intended to be the expression of one of those ghostly imaginative dreams that often wreak their passion on the poet's soul, but the spell of the southern utility strangled it in its birth with a mass of didactic commonplaces. In "Gather Leaves and Grasses" the poet triumphed over his weakness, and we have an exquisite lyric, in whose simple, melodious rhythm the very soul of poetry rejoices. "A Sketch," commencing with the line—

They sit on the porch together—father and daughter fair—

is a genre picture of exquisite beauty. One turns to it again and again. Although strictly original, it brings to memory poor George Arnold's beautiful poems of similar vein. "The Silver Wedding" is a piece of personification too much like the strained conceits of the old time southern versification to be tolerated, although its rhythm is perfect and its melody superb. "The Moon Loved Land" is an exquisite poem, full of music and light and buoyancy. What Mr. Boner can do when he gives his powers free vein is seen in "The Sweet Little Fool," a poem destined to become classic, which is simply unexcelled by anything of similar vein ever written in America. Had Mr. Boner always written thus there were no question about his niche in the pantheon of poets. "Midsummer Night" is a fragment palpitating with beauty, clear cut as a cameo, and as gloriously suggestive. Very good are "Long Ago," "The Dreamer," "A Phantom Moon," and "The Stormy Day." "O, Gladly They Fly" deserves a place in church poetry by the side of "Jesus, Lover of My Soul" and "Come, Ye Disconsolate." It is a refreshing oasis in the usual dreary desert of religious songs. "Christmas Eve in the Country" is another exquisite picture—a landscape that once seen will never be forgotten.

But Mr. Boner has struck another chord in this volume with a master hand. He has tuned his lyre in dialect and swept from its strings strains unsurpassed by any other singer of negro quaintness and originality. His poems of the negro dialect of North Carolina are well nigh perfect. With thorough understanding of the negro character, and correct knowledge of the tongue that he speaks, he has given us several poems that are superior to anything of the kind hitherto published. This is a new, almost untrodden field, and one which the cold, calculating southern intellect will neither disdain nor repress. In such a field the poet is also an explorer, and his work has not merely an imaginative, but a scientific value. The life of the rural southern negro is picturesque in the extreme. The union of Africa and Europe on the shores of America has resulted in a humanity which is of neither, but is of scarcely less interest than that of Europe, and at present of much more fascination. "Christmas Times Is Come" is at once a poem, a picture, and a revelation. Its dialect is true and natural, its dramatic expression perfect. It is to be hoped that Mr. Boner will continue in this field, where he shows himself so thoroughly and gloriously at home.

To conclude, there is some trash in this volume, a great deal of common place feebly expressed, and not a little echoing of the music and thought of others; but there is quite a deal of genuine poetry—poetry of a high order—which fully justifies its publication. And the few—too few—specimens of dialect poetry prove the author a master in that walk. The volume is specially creditable as being a first one.

## AMUSEMENTS.

NATIONAL THEATER.

The performance of "Martha" by the Hess company at the National theater last night was especially noticeable in presenting Miss Abbie Carrington in a role wherein the purity of her voice and the excellence of her vocalization had full scope, and her rendition of Lady Henrietta was the most enjoyable that has been heard here for many years. Her execution of the "Last Rose of Summer" elicited a pronounced encore, and the encore of the spinning wheel quartette was mainly due to her brilliant efforts. The work of the chorus was a marked feature of the evening, many choral numbers being encored, while the quintette chorus which closed the fourth act elicited such enthusiasm that not only was the curtain raised and a repetition required, but the soloists were twice called before the curtain. Mr. Appleby gained an encore in his "How So Fair," and so did Mr. Mark Smith for his rendition of the porter song.

"Maritana" will be given to-night.

### River and Harbor Estimates.

The secretary of war has had presented to him by the chief of engineers his estimate of river and harbor work for the next fiscal year. Gen. Wright submitted the figures thought necessary for the continuation of improvements to the officers in charge of the several works, and the aggregate amount is higher for the next than for the present year. In many cases the figures of the officers were reduced by Gen. Wright before submitting the estimates to Secretary Lincoln. Among the works where the figures of the officers in charge were not reduced is that of the Potomac flats improvement, for which an appropriation of $1,000,000 is asked.

### A New York Silk Industry.

A party, consisting of Messrs. H. E. Tremain, F. W. Cheney, William C. Wyckoff, B. A. Armstrong, Lewis Franke, and Philip Wamsley, representing the silk manufacturers of New York, called at the treasury department yesterday afternoon, and had an interview with Secretary Folger relative to the duty imposed by the new tariff on silk yarns and thread.

## DEPARTMENT DOTS.

The national bank notes received for redemption yesterday amounted to $265,000.

The receipts from internal revenue yesterday were $402,378, and from customs, $625,013.

The light house board has been informed that the sections of the electrical tower which is to be erected in Hell Gate, New York, will probably be shipped from Mount Vernon, Ohio, this week.

Another sale of condemned material at the city postoffice will be made about the first proximo, and probably hereafter every month, as the material accumulates rapidly. Larger prices than elsewhere are paid in Washington for such stuff, and it is thought that much which should be sent elsewhere is transmitted here. Many bidders from abroad will be here at the next sale and stiff prices will probably rule.

Geo. F. Noyes, of Maine, has been appointed to a $1,000 clerkship in the surgeon general's office under the civil service rules. In the sixth auditor's office Mr. Ellis is made chief of the collection division, vice Maj. Evans reduced to fourth class; Dr. Lippincott, disbursing clerk, vice Mr. Ellis, and Mr. Clifford, chief of examiners' division, vice Lippincott. In the city postoffice Edwin D. Jones was appointed a substitute clerk from the list of eligibles.

## A BRILLIANT WEDDING.

### Nuptials of Miss Blanche K. Campbell and Mr. D. E. W. Towson.

Trinity church, at the corner of Third and C streets northwest, witnessed a brilliant wedding last evening, the contracting parties being Miss Blanche K. Campbell, daughter of Mrs. L. C. Campbell, and Mr. D. E. W. Towson, both of this city.

The church was very handsomely and tastefully decorated. A huge floral arch was spanned over the space before the altar, under which the bridal couple stood, and suspended from it hung a large floral bell, while upon the altar lay a handsome floral book representing a Bible. The pillars and railing were ornamented with garlands of leaves and evergreen, while tropical plants, tastefully grouped about the altar, added to the beautiful appearance of the sacred spot upon which the nuptial knot was tied.

At 7 o'clock the church resounded with the melodious strains of Mendelssohn's "Wedding March," while the bridal party entered the church in the following order, each bridesmade being accompanied by one of the gentlemen acting as ushers: Miss Mamie Campbell, Miss M. Lantzinger, Miss S. English, of Virginia; Miss Matthews, of Maryland; Miss Dora Kendig, of New Orleans, accompanied by Messrs. Montus, of New York; Dr. Riddelle, of Virginia; Mr. J. R. Ringold, Mr. Chas. Towson, and Mr. Wheeler. Following closely upon them, and while they took their position in a semi-circular group around the altar, came the lovely bride, a handsome brunette, dressed in white Ottoman silk, trimmed with duchess lace, and interspersed with orange blossoms, with a handsome diamond set as her only ornament. She was accompanied by the first bridesmaid, Miss Edith Campbell, and her escort, Mr. Chas. E. Barber, and supported by Col. John Wilson, U. S. A., who gave the bride away.

The groom, accompanied by Mr. William Hopkins, advanced toward the bridal party from the direction of the vestry room and met the bride in the center of the group, when the Rev. Dr. Addison proceeded to perform the marriage ceremony, according to the impressive rites of the Episcopal church. A large audience filled the church and witnessed the interesting ceremonies.

At the conclusion of the marriage ceremony the party repaired to the residence of the bride's mother, Mrs. L. C. Campbell, No. 610 E street northwest, where a reception was held, which was very largely attended. Mrs. Campbell was assisted by her mother, Mrs. J. C. Kennedy, Mrs. J. Wilson, Mrs. Tillinghast, of Massachusetts, and the Misses Maggie Chew and Edith Campbell. The numerous presents were both handsome and costly. Among those present were Capt. John Russell, U. S. N.; Mr. Heiskell, of Baltimore; Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Curriden, Rev. Dr. Addison, wife, and daughter, T. L. Moore, R. B. Tenney and wife, W. Penn Lewis, of Baltimore; Thomas Brown, Miss M. Kendig, Mr. Hendricks, of New York; Mr. and Mrs. Ringgold, Dr. Ingles and wife, Prof. Claughton, Dr. James M. Youngs and wife, Dr. Johnson, and Miss Minnes.

## THE TRAMP KING.

### A Dwarf Who Has Footed it Over This Country and England.

One of the oddest characters that perhaps ever visited Washington arrived yesterday morning, and is now quartered at one of the 10 cent lodging houses which abound in the neighborhood of the Baltimore and Ohio railway depot. The party in question is a veritable dwarf, and reminds one of the goblin dwarfs described in old time story books. His right name is Sandy Moore, but among his class he is known as "the tramp king." An officer of the seventh precinct, who was leaning against a lamppost idly swinging his club as the dwarf emerged from his rickety quarters, told the reporter that Sanday was one of the most famous tramps on record. It was he who attempted to organize the "tramp brotherhood," some years ago, with headquarters at Chicago, from which participation he gained his kingly title. He has tramped through every state and territory, taken a turnpike tour through England, deserted from a United States man-of-war at Rouen, France, and "worked the lay" there, and is known to the police in every city of this country. He is very seldom "broke," and although he travels from town to town on freight cars, is rarely without money enough to "put up" at some cheap hostelry. He claims to have served under four flags—the United States, confederate, English, and Cuban—and says he has counted ties on every railway in America. As the reporter left the locality Sandy was discussing the next presidency with his Celtic landlord, and the latter was declaring in an emphatic manner that "Tildun would shurely be nomenated be the dimycratic party, as the b'ys wuld worruk solid for 'im."

### Senator McDonald on Civil Rights.

Senator McDonald, in a recent interview with a Chicago reporter, said he was glad that the supreme court had decided the civil rights act unconstitutional. He claimed that the decision was but in accordance with the principles maintained by the court since the foundation of the government, and that the civil rights act was never intended by the court to arrogate to itself the powers of the state in the matter of police regulation or the administration of those internal powers of state government that belong to the state exclusively and do not come within the domain of federal jurisdiction. Mr. McDonald did not think any trouble would arise from the decision, because it was in accordance with law and would stand.

## ARMY AND NAVY.

The resignation of Lieut. Gradon, U. S. N., has been accepted, to take effect Oct. 26, 1884.

The leave of absence granted Lieut. Thomas G. Townsend, 6th infantry, department of the Platte, is extended two months.

Lieut. Frank B. Andrus, 4th infantry, is detailed for instruction at the school of application for infantry and cavalry at Fort Leavenworth, Kan., and will report for duty accordingly.

Lieut. Col Henry M. Roberts, corps of engineers, will proceed from Oswego, N. Y., to Fort Montgomery, N. Y., on public business, and on the completion thereof will return to his proper station.

Lieut. Thomas Cruse, 6th cavalry, now on leave of absence at Owensborough, Ky., will report in person to the superintendent mounted recruiting service, Jefferson barracks, Mo., to conduct a detachment of recruits to Santa Fe, N. M.

The navy department received telegrams yesterday reporting that the United States steamship Pensacola would leave La Union on the nineteenth instant en route for Panama, and that the United States steamship Powhatan arrived at Boston this morning.

Capt. Thomas B Hunt, assistant quartermaster, will report by letter to Brig. Gen. Alfred H. Terry, president of the retiring board convened at Fort Snelling, Minn., by special orders, No. 228, Oct. 4, 1883, and will hold himself in readiness to appear before the board for examination when summoned.

By direction of the secretary of war Capt. Charles Bird, assistant quartermaster, will be relieved from duty in the department of Dakota by the commanding general of that department, and will then proceed to headquarters department of the Columbia and report to the commanding general of that department for assignment to duty at Fort Spokane, W. T.

Capt. John E. Greer, ordnance department, will be relieved from duty at the national armory, Springfield, Mass., by the commanding officer of that armory, and will report in person, as soon as practicable, to the commanding general department of the Missouri for duty as chief ordnance officer of that department and commanding officer of the ordnance depot at Fort Leavenworth, Kan., to relieve Capt. Daniel M. Taylor, ordnance department. The journey required in complying with this order is necessary for the public service.

The following changes have been ordered: Lieut. George A. Bicknell, to do duty at the navy yard League Island; Medical Director J. M. Browne, as a member of the national board of health; Passed Assistant Surgeon A. C. Heffinger, to temporary duty at the navy yard, Portsmouth, N. H.; Lieut. Lucien Flynn, detached from duty on the coast survey, and ordered to hold himself in readiness for sea service; Medical Inspector A. C. Gorgas, from the naval hospital Chelsea, and ordered to the naval hospital Mare Island, Cal.; leave of absence for three months has been granted Passed Assistant Surgeon Robert Whiting.

The following changes in the stations and duties of officers of the ordnance department are ordered: Maj. Isaac Arnold, jr., ordnance department, is relieved from the command of the Indianapolis arsenal, Indianapolis, Ind., and will repair to San Antonio, Texas, and assume command of the San Antonio arsenal. Capt. John A. Kress, ordnance department, is relieved from the command of the San Antonio arsenal, and will be relieved from duty as chief ordnance officer of Texas, by the commanding general of that department upon receipt by him of this order, and will then repair to Indianapolis, Ind., and assume command of the Indianapolis arsenal.

## CURRENT GOSSIP.

BALLADE OF THE DECLINING YEAR.

The butterfly has left the lea,
Where golden rods and asters blow;
No more the little honey bee
Swings on the lily to and fro.
The leaflets now in scarlet glow,
And from the poet's innermost
Recesses doth this songlet flow:
There are no quail on last year's toast.

No robin carols in the tree,
The garden wears the weeds of woe,
And o'er the cornfield circles free
That pirate of the air—the crow.
And now the happy schoolboys go
Chestnutting in a merry host;
Sad is the hazy afterglow:
There are no quail on last year's toast.

Upon the lonely shore the sea
The livelong day is moaning low,
Where 'neath a silken canopy
We once saw soft eyes soft'er grow.
Where are they—Maud, Louise, and Jo
We met upon the Jersey coast?
Those days again we'll never know—
There are no quail on last year's toast.

ENVOI.

Poets that "note," "mark," "ween," and "trow;"
The summer soon gives up the ghost—
The circus is a fleeting show.
There are no quail on last year's toast.

—*R. K. Munkittrick.*

THE saddest days of all the years: When the leaves begin to burn.

A SON of Bret Harte is said to be playing minor parts under Dion Boucicault's tuition in California.

SIX thousand tourists have visited the Yellowstone park since it was opened to travel in March last.

PROF. WILLIAM DENTON, geologist, intends to lecture. It has been given out that he was destroyed by the Java earthquake.

THE man who sighed for a "neat little cot by the sea" was not satisfied with one put up in the billiard table of a Newport hotel.

BECAUSE a man stands at the head of the bar in his town it does not follow that he is the bar tender. He may be candidate for congress.

ONLY men of original ideas can make a speech. One cannot get up and make a speech that some one else has made. It is not his make.

"DEAR, dear America," gushed Nilsson to a reporter on landing in New York. "I think I shall never leave it again." What is the lady offering us?

NONE of the property distributing communists clamor for an equal distribution of brains, and yet one scheme would be as reasonable and just as the other.

THE Dakota mission conference of the Methodist church takes in all that part of south Dakota lying east of the Missouri river and south of the forty-sixth parallel.

A MAN never knows what he may run into when he goes out of politics. It may be business with borrowed capital, or it may be a jail with nothing but experience.

MISS C. E. CLEVELAND, the Woman's Christian union representative in Dakota, is confident that prohibition will be incorporated in the constitution of South Dakota.

BY interviewing cistern builders it has been discovered that the large cistern holds more water than the smaller one when it is full. When both are empty there is no difference.

MANCHESTER, England, isn't the kind of a commercial town for O. Wilde to lecture in. A special cable dispatch says he was a dead failure and most of the audience walked out.

STANDING wheat was cut, the wheat ground into flour, made into batter, and handed out in the form of griddle cakes, in exactly three minutes and fifty-five seconds, at Carrollton, Mo.

MOODY and Sankey are meeting with considerable difficulty in holding their meetings in Limerick. Large crowds have attempted to break up the meetings, but have thus far failed.

THE annual interest on the debt of the Brooklyn bridge is stated to be $760,000. At present, the net earnings are not over $40,000 a year, where the $760,000 will come from remains to be seen.

LIBRARIAN SPOFFORD and Proctor Knott are writing a work on wit and humor. Knott should insert in his "where's Duluth." In view of later developements it is the most boomerangly witty thing of the day.

IT is a blessed thing to live in a country where the humblest person can call the president a dude and an unprincipled rascal. It is freedom. When the king of Spain is insulted the whole kingdom must be disturbed.

MAINE law forbids hunting deer with dogs, and limits the number that one person may shoot to three. Maine also has a liquor law which undertakes to limit a man in his drinks, and keep him from going to the dogs.

EX-MINISTER SCHENCK is made to say in *Life*: "Will you please state that Miss Anderson is not the only dignified American. I, too, have in my day refused to see the Prince of Wales, although at the time I held three jacks."

THE chief of police of Buffalo defines a suspicious person as "a man standing on the street corner with his hands in his pockets." If he were standing in a crowd, with his hands in some other man's pocket, the chief would not notice him.

AN Albany undertaker has sent out a circular to the people of that city informing them that he keeps a nice stock of coffins and inviting them to call if they want anything in his line. He says "this is business with me, as it may be with you."

IT is said the insulting conduct of the Paris mob on the occasion of King Alfonso's visit was due chiefly to the king's previous acceptance from Prince Bismarck of the colonelcy of a regiment of Uhlans. The Uhlan troops managed during the Franco-Prussian war to make themselves particularly hateful to the French people. Why a king should want to be a "colonel" is incomprehensible, unless one is better treated in a bar room.

THE New York *Tribune* seizes "Peck's Bad Boy" by the scruff of the neck and the slack of his trousers and chucks him into the horse pond, where he belongs: "The boy is hideously precocious and vulgar, full of slang and profanity, and as ready with jeers at churches and Sunday schools as he is with jokes at his father's drunken habits. In a word, he is a most disgusting little animal, and the fact that such books have a ready sale is in itself a curious feature of American life, and not a pleasing one.

JIM LUNG, a wealthy Salt Lake Chinaman, has petitioned the city council to colonize the Chinese in that city at some convenient place just outside the city limits. There is great indignation among the latter in consequence. One of them said to a reporter: "Me no like him. Jim Lung Chinese banker and diam rascal. He no scratch name of sleet he glo up. Chinese must glo out town, he no make money, clost too muchee to take close out; we do washee anybody wantee; he no washee; he blad boy alle same Melican man."

A MAN who was convicted of theft and sentenced to state prison in Philadelphia the other day astonished the judge by making these pointed remarks in court: "I worked three years in your state prison making shoes, and I know as much about making shoes as I do about watches. They taught me to be dishonest. My principal work was to paste leather and pasteboard together to make a thick sole to impose on the public. The man who had the contract was a Christian, a member of the church, and at the time I called his attention to the pasteboard business he was foreman of the grand jury."

THE London *News* tells a good story of two well known Americans who were accustomed to visit Europe in May, and had competed with each other for the best berths in the Germanic or Britannic. A having been done by B two years in succession, thought he would be all right in 1884. Accordingly in March last he wrote, engaging the captain's room and three of the best state rooms for the first voyage of the Germanic in May next year. Flushed with the certainty of triumph, he incautiously mentioned the circumstance to a friend. Pleased with this stroke of real smartness, the friend spread the story, which came to the ears of B, who immediately cabled to Liverpool to secure for himself "the captain's room and three best state rooms on the Germanic's first voyage out from New York in May, 1884." When in due course A's letter arrived, by mail, an answer was sent by return, expressing profound regret that the berths named had been already allotted.