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THE NATIONAL REPUBLICAN CO.,
Washington, D. C.

Advertisements.
NATIONAL—Boston Ideal Opera company.
FORD—The Templeton Opera company.
CONROY—Female Minstrels.
DINE MUSE—Musical and evening performance.

SATURDAY, MAY 31, 1884.

CHICAGO is enjoying a monopoly of politics these days.

The Richmond Whig speaks flippantly of the "Blaine thunder pumps."

If the democrats are going to nominate a tradition, why not dig up the skeleton of Andrew Jackson?

DEMOCRATS admit that Tilden is dead, but they are satisfied that his estate still remains. They are after that barrel.

SIX men were killed and a dozen or more buried under the ruins of a Baltimore warehouse that caved in yesterday.

It is now in order for some convention to nominate Gen. Butler for the presidency. He has been neglected for an entire day.

The spring trotting meeting at Ivy City was moderately successful. There was excellent trotting every day, but only a fair attendance.

A HUNDRED newspaper correspondents, more or less, left Washington yesterday for Chicago, and the national capital is left in the black darkness of despair.

MR. BLAINE is once more subjected to the annoyance of having to deny an ugly story on the eve of a presidential nomination. He will get used to this sort of thing in time.

TRUTH draws a picture of the Blaine delegations from the Pacific slope crossing the plains with banners flying to the astonishment of buffaloes and the discomfiture of the red man.

GEN. BUTLER'S nomination for president by the greenback convention lifts a load from the mind of the nation. Fears were entertained that the convention might nominate Senator Sherman or J. E. McDonald.

YOUNG Mr. Eno has skipped gayly to Canada, and the detectives are stauding guard over his house for fear that he may also vanish from their gaze. Detectives are great people, and useful too. They can see less more successfully than any set of men on the footstool.

HENRI ROCHFORD, who has been wasting printers' ink maligning Gen. Grant since the Grant & Ward failure, explains that he is against Grant because the latter sympathized with Germany in the Franco-Prussian war. That is going back a long way for an excuse. Henri should allow himself to cool off.

WHEN Senator Brown gets through explaining the presence of so many mulattoes in the highly moral south, he can enlighten the people with regard to the horrible barbarities that are practiced in nearly all of the southern states under the existing convict system. Human beings are treated worse than wild animals in the convict slave pens of Senator Brown's own state.

GEN. GRANT is again a target for the mud-throwers who can never forgive him for the part he took in putting down the rebellion and brushing away several belonging traditions that stood in the way of the nation's progress for nearly a century. He has been more roundly abused than any living man, but fifty millions of free Americans will believe and trust in his honesty through good repute and ill. Historians will record naught against him, and the writers of to-day who are doing their little best to besmirch his great name will fill forgotten graves when future generations are singing the warrior's praises. His place in history has been made.

GEN. BUTLER has not yet accepted the greenbacker's nomination, but as his orich stomach takes in anything and everything that comes along without revolting, there is no danger he will decline the honor. Backed by three or four nominations, Gen. Butler becomes a formidable candidate before the democratic convention. He will represent a powerful and untractable class vote in several close states and his claims can not be coughed down. If he is ignored he will unquestionably throw the weight of his influence against the democratic ticket in Ohio, New Jersey, New York, Connecticut, Delaware, Maryland, and Pennsylvania. He is to-day the greatest existing obstacle in the way of the old ticket scheme. The democrats cannot win with him, and they cannot win without him. They can pay their money and take their choice.

THE Boston Traveller is of opinion that the great masses of business men of the republic and the conservative, thinking men do not want Arthur. To be sure, they say they want him and act as though they want him, but they don't. They only think they want him. They really do not know what they want, but if they should happen to find out what they want they would be surprised to discover that, instead of wanting Arthur, whom they know, respect, and esteem, they want some inoffensive creature of the neuter gender whom they do not know and never heard of. The man without either friends or

enemies is the man the republicans want, if they only knew what they wanted. This earnestness for Arthur is all a delusion. It is the man who is not called for either west, east, north, or south that the republican party really wants, only it doesn't know it. A few wise men know it, but beyond this charmed circle the party gropes in darkness, wholly unconscious of its great necessity. Thus the Traveller rattles innocently on, enlarging upon the idea at considerable length, and winding up by advising the nomination of R. B. Hayes as the ideal candidate the readers after the unattainable are hunting for. The suggestion is cruel.

Wanted—A Winner.
The national convention will not do its duty next week if it does not nominate a ticket that can be elected. Delegates naturally have their preferences, but they should not let their likes or dislikes run away with their cooler judgment to the jeopardy of the party. The convention can easily nominate a successful ticket, and it can nominate a ticket that will be fore-ordained to almost certain defeat.

THE NATIONAL REPUBLICAN has a strong preference for President Arthur, because it believes he can be elected; that he is stronger in New York than any other man the convention can name; that he has earned a nomination, and that the party and the country owe him an election to the high office he so ably filled for nearly three years; that he can carry any other state outside of New York that any other candidate can, and that he is the undoubted choice of the party. It does not pretend that President Arthur is the only republican who can be elected next November. It will not insult the intelligence of the party by any such absurd claim, but it does say in all candor that the convention can put a ticket in the field that will be a temptation to fate and an invitation to disaster at the polls.

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LOGAN AT ANTIETAM.

Warblers Give the General a Hearty Welcome—Decorating the Graves on the Battlefield.
SHARPSBURG, MD., May 30.—There was the usual gathering of the patriotic people of western Maryland and the adjoining counties of Pennsylvania at the Antietam national cemetery. Extra trains were run on the Washington county branch of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad and on the Shenandoah Valley, while thousands from the immediate neighborhood came in their own vehicles. Rene post of the grand Army of the Republic (Hagerstown) had immediate charge of the ceremonies, and was assisted by the Hagerstown Light Infantry, Capt. Lane, and the Williamsport Light Infantry.

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TALMAGE AT GREENWOOD.

Each Grave an Oath of Loyalty and Patriotism—For All Time Let the Immortal Day be Kept.
NEW YORK, May 30.—At Greenwood cemetery this afternoon Rev. Dr. Talmage delivered the address. He said: Fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, wives and children of the men who died for their country, I give you my right hand in brotherhood, condolence, and congratulation. In Greenwood to-day three armies are assembled. The one army you behold. The two others are invisible. Here is a great host of sympathetic souls. Their hands and eyes and lips all expressing gratitude for what our departed brothers did for us in agony and tears and blood. If there be but one man in this audience a soul so base as to feel no tenderness or thanks, let him be gone now and take his polluted foot out of this holy dust, but hail all the sympathetic souls who have come here to-day. Hail the living soldiers who have come here to look upon the resting places of their comrades! The second army in Greenwood is the army of the dead. Walk softly about their pillow of dust. Their arms of war are those now sleeps in this soldiers' plot. Be careful as to what you say against our government in the presence of a woman whose husband fell in the frightful charge at Ball's Bluff. Count the cost before you insult the dead in the presence of a young man whose father was starved to death at Andersonville. Malign your country in the presence of that old man whose home was desolated in the war, and the blood will come to his colorless cheek and the fire to his listless eye and the tears to his pallid brow. Stand close with its hand on the brow of its slain fathers and brothers and sons, hath solemnly sworn before high heaven that the institutions for which these men were martyred shall be forever. Standing here to-day, all sectional and political differences are laid aside—north and south in complete brotherhood. When Joseph Sherman's army of 100,000 men and Gen. Sherman's army of 100,000 shook hands near Raleigh that was the strife of the strife and the blood was ever again he said or done to excite collision. Surely there was blood enough shed and groans enough uttered and families enough destroyed, and if amid these holocausts of the north and south, ever before lifted to tear down the peace-establishing work, may sacrifice, may that hand turn white with the snow of an incurable leprosy? He referred to his trip to Lookout mountain, saying: "I never saw so far as from the top of Lookout mountain. Why, sir, I looked back seven or eight years ago, and I saw rolling up the side of that mountain the smoke of Hooker's storming party, while the foundations of Eternal rest quaked with the cannonade."

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CURRENT GOSSIP.

THE EARLY FLY.
Peace, buzzing harbinger of balmy spring!
General Grant's fly is ever withering.
Can only cripple the fly's thematic wing,
Or leave this but a poor, frost-bitten thing.
Thou art too pretentious!
Go, bid thee to some sunny winds a ledge,
And dream of June,
Of sunburned noses, bald and shaven heads,
Of tanned priests, or restless sinners' beds.
Thou art too soon.

Wait till our flesh be cooked to suit thy taste
Lest thou roast it.
Forbear this greasy and unseemly haste;
Thou'rt out of season, wanton, and unchaste,
And don't forget it!

Wait, fell destroyer of our slumber sweet,
Till by-and-by,
Till summer airs our blood to fever heat,
And frozy trails from thy persistent feet.
Thou art too fly.

—Exchange.

A BONNET BONNET.

The fashions in bonnets are constantly changing. In style and material, texture and hue. And somebody's fancy is ever withering. Inventing, of course, some atrociously new fashions are quite hateful and others delightful. In broad-brimmed and narrow-brimmed, round-topped and flat.

But the latest invention is certainly frightful. The conical, sugar-loaf, six-story hat.

—Somerville Journal.

THE DRESSEST JERSEY THIS YEAR WILL BE A WHITE SUIT.

SENATOR JONAS's successor, Mr. Eustis, is described as a typical southerner, rich, indolent, fond of fashionable life and full of caste prejudices.

WHEN eggs are 50 cents a dozen the farmer never enjoys an egg breakfast. His own feel as if he were eating money, and his throat is uncomfortable.

It is said: "The new style of bathing suit for women will be composed of a red serge knit with acorned pleats." The wild waves will play on the acorned.

It is claimed that Canada is the poor man's country. Some hundreds of thousands of Canadians who are tired of being poor men have come to this country to better themselves.

WHEN a woman comes into a store, looks at a piece of goods, and says: "Isn't that beautiful and so very cheap?" the clerk should her like an April fool parcel. She is a professional shopper.

NATHAN KENNEDY, the great chicken fancier of the south, died recently at New Forest, Ky., aged 90 years. Every state of the union has representatives of his famous breed of game cocks.

It is rumored that W. V. Esmond, the Chicago detective who worked on both sides in the Carpenter case at Lincoln, will marry Miss Fanny Carpenter, daughter of the man he tried to have convicted of the murder of Zora Burns.

EMILE ZOLA denounces current English fiction as sickly sentimentalism, "castrating exclusively for young girls," but he may console himself with the reflection that his own books are by no means calculated for that class of readers.

It is said that during the closing years of the late Judge P. Benjamin's practice in London his fee for consultation at his own house was 300 guineas, and that he habitually refused to go into any court other than the court of lords and the privy council for less than 100 guineas.

An old lady of Chicago, 94 years of age, boasts that she used to sit in Washington's lap. This refutes the historical slander that the father of his country was so low-legged that when he was "keeping" company that he had to put a shingle across his knees for Martha to sit on.

MINCK—"Why, where have you been, old boy? Haven't seen you about for some time." FINKS—"No, I am no longer connected with the brokerage firm of Ward & Ward." MINCK—"What has happened?" FINKS—"I got to thinking very deeply on the subject, and concluded I would never again have anything to do with Wall Street." MINCK—"You don't say so?" FINKS—"Yes. I reformed and have started a fair bank."

MR. ROSEWELL SMITH, president of the Century company, says: "When we started the Century magazine, we had no idea that we would have to depend upon the south and west for our new writers, and that New England could no longer monopolize the literary men. America, in fact, is going to be the great literary producer for the next twenty-five years. Already England and acknowledged that we have the best novelists in the world."

CHARLES J. B. WILLIAMS, a London physician, has lately published his personal experiences. During the first ten years (1825-1840) of his establishment as a physician in London his expenses exceeded his receipts at an average of \$6000 a year. In 1840 the scale began to turn in his favor. In 1841 his professional income amounted to \$10,000. In 1842 he was \$15,000. In 1843 he was in the full private practice, it varied from \$4,000 to \$7,000 a year. It never exceeded the latter amount. He adds: "My largest receipts, handsome as they were, did not equal those of fashionable physicians of older times, most of the two or three special favorites of the present day."

ONE of the smallest men in the United States lives at Cedar Key. His name is Abnerham Livingston Sawyer. He is 22 years old, forty and one-half inches high, weighs thirty-nine pounds, and the captain he come over with from Key West says he can eat more than any two men in the state. The midget was born and reared in Key West. He is built in perfect proportion, and has a clear, high voice, which sounds like a child's. He was at one time a reporter on the Key West Democrat. At present he is clerking in a grocery store. He has a sister who is just a quarter of an inch taller than he is, and is just 17 years old.

The fallen money kings of New York live in houses remarkable for their magnificence and luxury. A. S. Hatch resides in a granite castle at Tarrytown. This edifice was built in imitation of a castle described in one of Walter Scott's novels. George L. Seney's palace in Brooklyn outshines many establishments of the proud European nobles. General Grant's home on Park avenue is a brown stone front on Sixty-sixth street. John C. Eno has a brown stone mansion on Park avenue. Russell Sage lives in a rather modest house on Fifth avenue. Nelson Robinson, D. B. Hatch, A. W. Dimock, O. M. Bognar, Robert Donnell, and Leonidas Lawson all have fine establishments, and it will take millions to keep them up in proper style.

MR. WILLIAM H. VANDERBILT'S treasure vault, in which he recently stowed away some \$100,000,000 in securities, is one of the most respectable works of defense on the American continent, though you may not be entirely certain of that by surveying his mansion from the outside. Its foundations were blasted out of the rock; the front wall is five feet in thickness, and the side and rear walls are three feet, the materials used being pressed brick with brown-stone trimmings. The beams, girders, and main pillars are iron, laced in fire-proof material. The doors, window-frames, and the custom-made iron safe, are made of glass. No wood is to be found in the structure. The great vault is thirty-six by forty-two feet, of wrought iron, steel, and Franklinite iron, is imposing in strength and proportion, and is situated on the ground floor. Its four outer doors weigh 8,300 pounds each, and have every device and known improvement in defensive devices. A massive wall of masonry surrounds the iron work. The vault, which is burglar, fire, and water proof, constitutes a distinct building in itself.

The good quality of Roman mortar has been proverbial for centuries, and it is believed that the processes now followed in its preparation are identical with those in use by Italian masons 2,000 years ago. The custom-made Italian mortar is, in beginning work on a new building, to dig first a pit large enough to contain all the mortar required for the work, into which is put lime water to fill it within a foot or two of the top. Water is then poured in until the pit is filled, and the mixture is left to itself, care being taken only to add water as the first part of the mortar is absorbed. As mortar is wanted, a portion of the lime is taken from the top of the mass, but the lower portion, which will be used to mix with the plastering mortar, remains undisturbed for years, and acquires a smooth, pearly quality, much prized by the Italian architects. The mortar thus produced never swells or cracks in defensive devices. These disfiguring evils are common in this country. With lime treated in this way work can be accomplished which would be impossible with such materials as we employ.

WARD WANTS TO DIVIDE RESPONSIBILITY.

NEW YORK, May 30.—Ferdinand Ward was visited in Ludlow Street jail to-day by his counsel, Mr. Sheppard. In reply to a question he said: "The responsibility of Gen. Grant and John D. Fish in the arm of Grant & Ward was the same as my own."

LOGAN AT ANTIETAM.

two Continentals, carrying garlands of flowers, stepped forward and twined them about the tomb. From the cemetery the troops marched back to Sharpsburg and proceeded to the new opera house, where the ladies had spread a sumptuous banquet. The following ladies comprised the entertainment committee: Mrs. John Taylor, Mrs. Joseph Hall, Mrs. John T. Goodrich, Mrs. John Hazard, Mrs. Charles P. Choate, Mrs. Jane Taylor, Mrs. Fleming, Mrs. Dr. Droggett, Mrs. George W. Shepherd, Mrs. H. M. D. Martin, Misses Jones and Freeman, Mrs. William A. Little, Mrs. Charles E. Hunter, and Mrs. J. L. Green.

The visitors left Frederickburg about 5 o'clock, and the commands from this city arrived here about 9 o'clock, tired, but well pleased with their journey.

During the decorating of graves in the national cemetery a tall Virginian said: "I stood here during the last battle. I was a member of the 22d Virginia regiment, and should like to meet a man who stood on the other side that day."

"And who came back and drove you out again?"

"Yes, you did," said the other.

The speaker was W. C. Fuller, a carpenter of Richmond, and Major F. A. Conrad, also a carpenter of this city. The gentlemen exchanged cards and proposed to visit each other occasionally.

CORRESPONDENTS IN COVER.

The trip of the Newspaper Delegation to Chicago.

GRAFTON, W. VA., May 30.—A troop of Washington newspaper correspondents as guests of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad company, left the capital city this morning on a special train to write up the Chicago convention. They are forty in number, with W. B. Shaw and their march order is expected to reach Chicago before noon to-morrow. The hospitality of the company is not limited to the mere transportation and entertainment of its guests to and from Chicago, but the special train is to serve as a hotel all the time of the convention.