The National Republican.

VOL. XXVI.---NO. 56. WASHINGTON, D. C., MONDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 1, 1886. THREE CENTS.

LATEST FOREIGN NEWS.

GLADSTONE SUMMONED BY THE QUEEN TO FORM A CABINET.

Lesseps and the French Commissioners at the Panama Isthmus—Panic at Massowah—The Powers Agree to Prevent Warlike Steps.

LONDON, Jan. 31.—Mr. Gladstone, who has been summoned by the queen to form a cabinet, will visit her majesty at the royal palace at Osborne to-morrow.

The Press Association states, on authority, that Lord Hartington will not join the new cabinet.

LONDON, Feb. 1.—The *News* believes that Lord Hartington will remain neutral, and will not seek to trammel Mr. Gladstone in his efforts to settle the Irish question. With the exception of Lord Hartington, it says, Mr. Gladstone will not find a serious defection among his former colleagues. The suggestion that Mr. Parnell be given a place in the cabinet cannot be acted upon, as he could enter the cabinet only on the basis of the bringing of a bill granting complete legislative independence to Ireland.

The *Times* this morning says it believes that Lords Selborne and Derby and Sir Henry James will decline to accept positions in the new cabinet.

BRUTAL ATTACK BY MOONLIGHTERS.

THALEE, Jan. 31.—A party of "moonlighters" last night attacked a process server named Rae, aged 70 years, cutting off one of his ears and a portion of one cheek.

LESSEPS AND FRENCH COMMISSIONERS ARRIVE AT ASPINWALL.

PANAMA (via Galveston), Jan. 31.—M. Chas. de Lesseps and the French commission arrived at Colon last evening.

PANAMA, Jan. 30 (via Galveston).—An Italian named Ernesto Cerruti has been taken as a political prisoner from aboard the Pacific Steam Navigation Company's steamer Ilo in Panama bay by the Colombian authorities.

THE POWERS AGREE TO PREVENT WARLIKE STEPS.

BELGRADE, Jan. 31.—In the latest collective note the powers agree to prevent any warlike steps in the Balkans or territorial modifications.

LONDON, Jan. 31.—The *Times'* Athens correspondent telegraphs that the king of Greece has become tired of the politics of the Athenians, and especially of their present bellicose attitude respecting the Bulgarian question, and that his majesty will likely soon abdicate and retire to Copenhagen.

ATHENS, Jan. 31.—A government clerk to-day violently assaulted a representative of the Havas agency, who telegraphed to Paris that Greece had submitted to the powers.

BOYCOTTING DENOUNCED.

LIMERICK, Jan. 31.—At a league meeting to-day the mayor announced that the executive had instructed him to discountenance boycotting.

TERRIBLE MUTINY ON AMERICAN SHIP.

LONDON, Jan. 31.—A dispatch to the *Daily News* from Madeira states that a German vessel, which arrived there from St. Helena, reports that a terrible mutiny took place on board the American ship Frank N. Thayer, Capt. Clark, from Manila, Oct. 31, for New York, which was before reported was burned at sea. The mutineers are said to have murdered some of the officers and then set fire to the ship.

PANIC AT MASSOWAH.

ROME, Jan. 31.—A panic has been caused at Massowah by a report that Osman Digna is advancing on the town with a large army.

Eight cases of cholera are reported at Battaglia, near Padua.

A Handsome Brunette—A Tragedy.

HOUSTON, TEX., Jan. 31.—A fatal shooting affray occurred here last evening between Jack Crowley, a sporting man of this city, and Jack Hanlon, a Galveston gambler. Crowley was almost instantly killed, and Hanlon was seriously wounded, two bullets entering his body. One of them penetrated his lung and the other lodged in his groin. The shooting occurred in the parlor of the residence of John Delaney. Both men had been paying attention to Miss Delaney. It appears that the lady sent Crowley to Galveston on Friday bearing a sealed missive for Hanlon. Both men came here on the same train yesterday and Hanlon took a carriage for the Delaney residence, where Crowley followed on foot. Crowley entered the house a few moments after Hanlon and was apparently unknown to the latter. Miss Delaney says she was in the rear part of the house when the shooting occurred, and that she is engaged to marry Hanlon. She is a very handsome brunette. Hanlon will probably die from his wounds. Both Hanlon and Crowley were widely known among sportsmen.

Murdered His Wife and Her Companion.

CLEVELAND, OHIO, Jan. 31.—Alfred Smith, a sailor on the lakes, murdered his wife and her companion, Louisa Jane Wilson, some time last night, and then attempted suicide by cutting his throat. The razor failed in its work, however, and he will recover. Mrs. Smith is a clairvoyant, and for two years occupied rooms in the Crocker block on Superior street. She and her husband came from Oswego, N. Y., where they were born and reared. She was 35 years old and quite a good looking woman. The pair had two children, a girl 16 years old and a boy 10. Smith has been a worthless fellow, and has compelled his wife to support him. Lately he has been very brutal, and his wife on Friday applied for a divorce. Last night or early this morning he entered the room by means of a window, and killed the women by beating them over the head with a carpenter's hammer.

Theaters Closed on Sunday.

CINCINNATI, OHIO, Jan. 31.—It was expected that all the theaters would be closed to-day, but this morning's papers announced that performances at Heuck's two theaters would be given, both in the afternoon and to-night. The performances were not interrupted. In explanation of a breach of an agreement made last week, Heuck's manager said that they gave their promise to close upon the pledge of the Law and Order League that all concert saloons should also be closed. They were all open to-day and to-night. The league, on the other hand, claimed that it did not agree to close the concerts in one week, and that it is using due diligence in that direction by making arrests. It is probable that more arrests will be made to-morrow. All the theaters except Heuck's remain closed to-day.

Bloodhounds Chasing a Murderer.

EVANSVILLE, IND., Jan. 31.—A special to the *Courier* from Rockport, Ind., says: About 6 o'clock on Saturday evening as Stephen Ellis, a young and wealthy farmer of this county, was on his way home and when but a short distance from town he became engaged in a quarrel with a man named Cisney, hailing from southern Illinois, who has been visiting in the neighborhood for the past few weeks. During the altercation Cisney drew his revolver and shot Ellis in the heart, killing him instantly. Cisney then fled. The news of the murder spread rapidly, and by 7 o'clock several hundred determined men and half a dozen bloodhounds were scouring the country for Cisney, who, if found, will be lynched.

Cause of the Newburg Mine Disaster.

WHEELING, W. VA., Jan. 31.—The coroner's jury, which has been inquiring into the cause of the death of the thirty-nine miners killed by an explosion of fire damp in the Orrel Coal Company's shaft at Newburg, W. Va., Jan. 21, finished taking testimony last night. The jury finds that the accident was caused by leaving an open door in the air passage in the mine, thereby impairing the ventilation and allowing gas to accumulate. They report the accident was due to the failure of the superintendent to obey the instructions of the state mine inspector, and pronounce the penalty affixed by the act of the legislature of 1883 for such neglect inadequate.

Rumor About Mr. Parnell.

NEW YORK, Jan. 31.—A rumor which appears to have originated in Boston was prevalent in some quarters to-night to the effect that Mr. Parnell had been assassinated. Inquiry was made of London concerning the report and a prompt response was received that it was untrue.

Burned to Conceal a Murder.

CHICAGO, Jan. 31.—The *Daily News'* Allendale (Ill.) special says the residence of Valentine Kyser was burned to the ground last night, and in the ruins the body of Kyser was found buried to a crisp. It is believed the building was fired to conceal a murder.

WHERE PUBLIC MONEY GOES.

Virginia People Making Inquiries—Local Option Wrangle—What Virginians Fear—Afraid of Officeseekers.

RICHMOND, Jan. 31.—In the senate yesterday a report from the treasurer was read, showing that the amount collected from the sale of delinquent lands since 1865 was less than $28,000.

On motion of Mr. Heaton, the senate adopted a resolution requiring the auditor to furnish a statement of the receipts and expenditures of the state government. He said he was determined that taxes should not be raised by his vote.

Mr. Keesell, of Rockingham, offered a resolution requiring the auditor to furnish an itemized account of receipts and expenditures to every general assembly.

These resolutions indicate that the people want to know where the public money goes.

In the house of delegates yesterday Mr. Fulkerson offered the following, which was agreed to:

"That the auditor of public accounts report to this house the county treasurers who were in default to the state at the time prescribed by law for the last settlement of their respective accounts, and the amount from each due the state; also, a statement showing the amount due from previous treasurers and their counties, and what action, if any, has been taken against them."

THE LOCAL OPTION WRANGLE.

In the house a number of bills of little importance were introduced and referred, and the special order, which was the local option bill came up, and the members talked over it nearly four hours. The fact was developed that there is a growing want of unity of action among the friends of temperance which will hurt their cause. To-morrow the wrangle will continue.

WHAT VIRGINIANS FEAR.

The rumors heard here for two days that the bondholders have agreed to accept the terms of the Riddleberger bill cannot be traced. They have excited many, but Senator Rhea told the REPUBLICAN correspondent that he could give no new son the subject. Mr. Rhea is chairman of the special debt committee. Virginians generally clear that the decisions of the United States Supreme Court to-morrow in the state cases will be adverse to the state. These fears may have originated the rumors re ar.ed to.

AFRAID OF OFFICESEEKERS.

The changes of the circuit court districts, which were suggested months ago, have been abandoned. The reason is said to be that so many persons were looking for places on the bench that the disappointed would be too strong a nucleus in future.

A REQUEST REFUSED.

The chairman of the committee for courts and justice asked in the senate to allow three members of the same to constitute a quorum, saying that for two weeks there had been no meeting of the committee. The senate refused the request.

AN EXTRAORDINARY STORY.

Congressmen and Former Officials of the Interior Department Alleged to Have Been Corrupted by Mormon Money, Liberally Dispensed.

NEW YORK, Jan. 31.—A special from Washington last evening made the following statements:

Richard S. Dement, of Illinois, who was appointed surveyor general of Utah last fall, arrived here Thursday afternoon, and was up all night and most of yesterday with Commissioner Sparks at the land office, and has had a long interview with Secretary Lamar. Mr. Dement in his way has brought with him a trunk full of documents and a most extraordinary story.

It appears that when he went to Utah he was instructed by the Secretary of the Interior to make a thorough examination of the land offices of Utah, and was authorized to employ whatever assistance was necessary. Mr. Dement says that before he went to his post he secured the services of four skilled detectives, who went at work at once. They had not gone far in their investigations of the land offices when they discovered clews which led to an inquiry into the official conduct of the other branches of the government there, and Mr. Dement claims to have secured evidence which will fill all the jails of Utah with officials and ex-officials. He says that within the last ten years there have been committed in Utah the most astounding frauds that were ever perpetrated on the American continent, and his discoveries not only cover the officials in the territory, but involve senators, members of Congress, and former officials of the Interior Department. He claims to have secured through his detectives documentary evidence to substantiate these remarkable assertions, and that Secretary Lamar and Commissioner Sparks have already been convinced by the evidence. These mysterious documents are said to disclose the transactions of the Mormon agents in Washington, and the means they have used to prevent legislation and secure favorable decisions by the Supreme Court of the United States. According to Mr. Dement's story he has covered all the Mormon iniquity in two months' work by himself and four detectives.

Referring first to the discoveries in the land office, Mr. Dement says he has proofs to show that nearly all the public lands in Utah have been stolen, either by the railroad companies or the settlers. He says that about 50 per cent. of the entries of Mormons have been fraudulent, and about 25 per cent. of those that have been made by Gentiles are of the same character. Mineral lands have been entered as homesteads, and rich farming country as desert lands. These frauds, Mr. Dement claims, have been not only winked at but participated in by the federal officials in and outside of the land office, and there is a ring to which have joined all the federal officials from the governor down for the plunder of the government. Mr. Dement says that the Mormons have spent an enormous amount of money in Washington during the last four or five years in attempting to defeat legislation and prevent adverse decisions by the courts, and has secured documents to show to whom the funds have been paid. When asked what congressmen are involved Mr. Dement said that most of them were Democrats, but there are several Republicans on the list, one of whom, a western Republican senator, received $25,000 for opposing the Edmunds bill. Other senators have received small sums from time to time, the payments having covered several years, and the money being disbursed by a well-known lobbyist here, who has rendered an account quarterly. Several prominent members of the House have received sums of $1,000 at a time for several years for looking after the minor interests in Congress, and have also been rewarded by financial assistance in the payment of their private expenses.

Mr. Dement has shown his documents and told his story to an old Republican senator, and that is Gen. Logan, who, he says, expressed the greatest amazement at the disclosures. He will have an interview with the President to-day, to whom he will submit a brief of his discoveries. Several people who have heard Mr. Dement's statements regard them as somewhat wild, but he claims to be able to prove all he says.

SURPRISE AND INCREDULITY.

SALT LAKE CITY, Jan. 31.—Surveyor General Dement's interview, which was bulletined here as soon as received, caused great surprise and many expressions of incredulity. Crowds of Democrats and Republicans surrounded the bulletin boards, and asserted that Mr. Dement was incorrectly reported.

Levee Broken by Flood.

STOCKTON, CAL., Jan. 31.—The cross levee which separated the lower division of Roberts's island from the middle division gave way yesterday, allowing the water to cover 35,000 acres of land, of which 13,000 acres were in wheat. The levee, which surrounds the island, broke at the middle section several days ago, flooding the section which comprised 12,000 acres in grain. The water has been heavy pressure of water against the cross levee, which was being constantly strengthened, but, as it proved, without avail. Most of the inundated land is owned by the Glasgow-California Land Company, composed principally of foreign capitalists. The entire loss is estimated at $600,000.

Great Damage by Storm.

CONCORD, N. H., Jan. 31.—The storm which ended last night had raged for forty-eight hours, and has caused great damage throughout the state. Reports received from some of the largest fruit growers in the state say that their orchards are entirely ruined.

PORTSMOUTH, N. H., Jan. 31.—The damage done by the storm of ice and sleet is unparalleled. The injury to garden and fruit trees is beyond calculation. It is believed that every peach tree in Portsmouth is killed. Similar reports are received from other towns. In Nottingham one man lost 1,000 peach trees.

Revengeful Chinese.

ST. LOUIS, Jan. 31.—Quite a crowd of Chinese made demonstration on the lodgings of James C. Baptiste between 9 and 10 o'clock last night and threatened to do him violence. A squad of police soon arrived on the scene, dispersed the crowd, and now have Baptiste under their protection. Baptiste has been very active in the prosecution of the Chinese who are now on trial for the murder of Law Johnson, and for this they sought to wreak their vengeance on him. A motion for a new trial was made last evening in the case of Chyo Chiack.

Land Slide—Many Men Buried.

DENVER, COL., Jan. 31.—At Telluride, Col., on Wednesday morning last, a snow slide demolished four cabins at the Sheridan mine, burying twenty-two men under seventeen feet of snow. Four men were killed, two others were fatally injured, and two others less seriously injured.

IN HARMONY OR OUT OF TUNE

TALMAGE TALKS ABOUT MARITAL MISUNDERSTANDINGS.

The Home in Its Relations to the World, the Nation, and Its Own Component Individuals—Marriage as an Institution, and How to Sanctify It.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Jan. 31.—This morning fully six thousand persons were present inside the Tabernacle, and as many vainly attempted to enter the building, representing the usual attendance when the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., is at home. The musical exercises were exceedingly interesting, and included a performance on the organ of Thiele's Concert-Satz No. 1, in C minor, by Prof. Henry Eyrie Brown. The congregation sang the hymn beginning:

Joy to the world, the Lord is come!
Let earth receive her king."

Dr. Talmage founded his remarks on the subject: "Husband and Wife in Harmony, or Out of Tune," on Amos iii: 3—"Can two walk together, except they be agreed?" He said:

No, Amos, they cannot. They will be tripping each other up, or pushing each other down. Married life under such circumstances will be the sounding of perpetual warwhoop. In this course of sermons on "The Marriage Ring," I will to-day speak of the mutual duties of husband and wife, preparatory to discourses on their individual duties.

A church within a church, a republic within a republic, a world within a world is spelled by four letters—Home! If things go right there, they go right everywhere; if things go wrong there, they go wrong everywhere. The door-sill of the dwelling-house is the foundation of church and state. A man never gets higher than his own garret or lower than his own cellar. In other words, domestic life overarches and undergirds all other life. The highest house of congress in the domestic circle; the rocking-chair in the nursery is higher than a throne. George Washington commanded the forces of the United States, but Mary Washington commanded George. Chrysostom's mother made his pen for him. If a man should start out and run seventy years in a straight line, he could not get out from under the shadow of his own mantelpiece. I therefore talk to you this morning about a matter of infinite and eternal moment when I speak of your home.

As individuals we are fragments. God makes the race in part, and then he gradually puts us together. What I lack you make up, what you lack I make up; our deficits and surpluses of character being the cog-wheels in the great social mechanism. One person has the patience, another has the courage, another has the placidity, another has the enthusiasm; that which is lacking in one is made up by another, or made up by all. Buffaloes in herds, grouse in broods, quails in flocks, the human races in circles. God has most beautifully arranged this. It is in this way that he makes a trunk full of contents and a most extraordinary story.

Never be ashamed to apologize when you have done wrong in domestic affairs. Let that be a law of your household. The best thing I ever heard of my grandfather, whom I never saw, was this: That once having unrighteously rebuked one of his children, he himself having lost his patience, and, perhaps, having been misinformed of the child's doings, found out his mistake, and in the evening of the same day gathered all his family together and said: "Now, I have one explanation to make and one thing to say. Thomas, this morning I rebuked you very unfairly. I am very sorry for it. I rebuked you in the presence of the whole family, and now I ask your forgiveness in their presence." It must have taken some courage to do that. It was right, was it not? Never be ashamed to apologize for domestic insecurity. Find out the points; what are the weak points, if I may call them so, of your companion, and then stand aloof from them. Do not carry the fire of your temper too near the gunpowder. If the wife be easily fretted by disorder in the household, let the husband be careful where he throws his slippers. If the husband come home from the store with his patience all exhausted, do not let the wife unnecessarily cross his temper, but both stand up for your rights, and I will promise the everlasting sound of the warwhoop. Your life will be spent in making up, and marriage will be to you an unmitigated curse. Cowper said:

The kindest and the happiest pair
Will find occasion to forbear;
And something every day they live
To pity, and perhaps forgive.

I advise, also, that you make your chief pleasure circle around about that home. It is unfortunate when it is otherwise. If the husband spend the most of his nights away from home, of choice and not of necessity, he is not the head of the household; he is only the cashier. If the wife throw the cares of the household in the servant's lap, and then spend five nights of the week at the opera or theater, she may clothe her children with satins and laces and ribbons that would confound a French milliner, but they are orphans. Oh, it is sad when a child has no one to say its prayers to because mother has gone off to the evening entertainment! In India they bring children and throw them to the crocodiles, and it seems very cruel, but the jaws of New York and Brooklyn dissipation are swallowing down more little children to-day than all the monsters that ever crawled upon the banks of the Ganges!

I have seen the sorrow of a godless mother on the death of a child she had neglected. It was not so much grief that she felt from the fact that the child was dead as the fact that she had neglected it. She said: "If I had only watched over and cared for the child, I know God would not have taken it." The tears came not, it was a dry, blistering tempest—a scorching simoon of the desert. When she wrung her hands, it seemed as if she would twist her fingers from their sockets; when she seized her hair, it seemed as if she had, in wild terror, grasped a coiling serpent with her right hand. No tears! Comrades of the little one came in and wept over the coffin; neighbors came in, and the moment they saw the still face of the child, the shower broke. No tears for her. God gives tears as the summer rain to the parched soul, but in all the universe the driest and hottest, the most scorching and consuming thing is a mother's heart. Death has neglected her child, when once it is dead. God may forgive her, but she will never forgive herself. The memory will sink her eyes deeper into the sockets, and pinch the face, and whiten the hair, and eat up the heart with vultures that will not be satisfied, forever plunging deeper their iron beaks. Oh, you wanderers from your home, go back to your duty! The brightest flowers in all the earth are those which grow in the garden of a Christian household, clambering over the porch of a Christian home.

I advise you also to cultivate sympathy of occupation. Sir James Mackintosh, one of the most eminent and elegant men that ever lived, while standing at the very height of his eminence, said to a great company of scholars, "My wife made me." The wife ought to be the advising partner in every firm. She ought to be interested in all the losses and gains of shop and store. She ought to have a right—she has a right—to know everything. If a man goes into a business transaction that he dare not tell his wife of, you may depend that he is on the way either to bankruptcy or moral ruin. There may be some things which he does not wish to trouble his wife with; but if he dare not tell her, he is on the road to discomfiture. On the other hand, the husband ought to be sympathetic with the wife's occupation. It is no easy thing to keep house. Many a woman that could have endured martyrdom as well as Margaret, the Scotch girl, has actually been worn out by house management. There are a thousand nerves in the kitchen. It is very annoying, after the vexations of the day around the stove or the table, or in the nursery, or parlor, to have your husband say: "You know nothing about trouble; you ought to be in the store half an hour." Sympathy of occupation! If the husband's work cover him with the soot of the furnace or the odors of leather or soap factories, let not the wife be easily disgusted at the begrimed hand or unsavory aroma. Your gains are one, your interests are one, your losses are one; lay hold of the work of life with both hands. Four hands to fight the battles; four eyes to watch for the danger, four shoulders on which to carry the trials. It is a very sad thing when the painter has a wife who does not like pictures. It is a very sad thing for a planist when she has a husband who does not like music. It is a very sad thing when a wife is not suited unless her husband has what is called a "genteel business." So far as I understand a "genteel business," it is something to which a man goes at 10 o'clock in the morning and from which he comes home at 2 or 3 o'clock in the afternoon, and gets a large amount of money for doing nothing. That is, I believe, a "genteel business;" and there has been many a wife who has made the mistake of not being satisfied until the husband has given up the tanning of the hides, or the turning of the banisters, or the building of the walls, and put himself in circles where he has nothing to do but smoke cigars and drink wine, and get himself into habits that upset him, go-ing down in the maelstrom, taking his wife and children with him. There are a good many trains running from earth to destruction. They start all the hours of the day and all the hours of the night. There are the freight trains, they go very slowly and very heavily; and there are the accommodation trains going on toward destruction, and they stop very often, and let a man get out when he wants to. But genteel idleness is an express train; Satan is the stoker, and death is the engineer; and though one may come out in front of it and swing the red flag of "danger," or the lantern of God's word, it makes just one shot into perdition, coming down the embankment with a shout and a wail and a shriek—crash, crash. There are two classes of people sure of destruction; first, those who have nothing to do; secondly, those who have something to do, but are too lazy or too proud to do it.

I have one more word of advice to give to those who would have a happy home, and that is, let love preside in it. When your behavior in the domestic circle becomes a mere matter of calculation; when the caress you give is merely the result of deliberate study of the position you occupy, happiness lies stark dead on the hearthstone. When the husband's position as head of the household is maintained by loudness of voice, by strength of arm, by fire of temper, the republic of domestic bliss has become a despotism that neither God nor man will abide. O ye who promised to love each other at the altar, how dare you commit perjury? Let no shadow of suspicion come on your affection. It is easier to kill that flower than it is to make it live again. The blast from hell that put out that light leaves you in the blackness of darkness forever.

Here are a man and wife; they agree in nature the law of forbearance. Prayers in the household will not make up for everything. Some of the best people in the world are the hardest to get along with. There are people who stand up in prayer meetings and pray like angels who at home are uncompromising and cranky. You may not have everything just as you want it. Sometimes it will be the duty of the husband and sometimes of the wife to yield, but both stand punctiliously on your rights, and you will have a Waterloo with no Blucher coming up at nightfall to decide the conflict.

Never be ashamed to apologize when you have done wrong in domestic affairs. Let that be a law of your household. The best thing I ever heard of my grandfather, whom I never saw, was this: That once having unrighteously rebuked one of his children, he himself having lost his patience, and, perhaps, having been misinformed of the child's doings, found out his mistake, and in the evening of the same day gathered all his family together and said: "Now, I have one explanation to make and one thing to say. Thomas, this morning I rebuked you very unfairly. I am very sorry for it. I rebuked you in the presence of the whole family, and now I ask your forgiveness in their presence." It must have taken some courage to do that. It was right, was it not? Never be ashamed to apologize for domestic insecurity. Find out the points; what are the weak points, if I may call them so, of your companion, and then stand aloof from them. Do not carry the fire of your temper too near the gunpowder. If the wife be easily fretted by disorder in the household, let the husband be careful where he throws his slippers. If the husband come home from the store with his patience all exhausted, do not let the wife unnecessarily cross his temper, but both stand up for your rights, and I will promise the everlasting sound of the warwhoop. Your life will be spent in making up, and marriage will be to you an unmitigated curse. Cowper said:

The kindest and the happiest pair
Will find occasion to forbear;
And something every day they live
To pity, and perhaps forgive.

I advise, also, that you make your chief pleasure circle around about that home. It is unfortunate when it is otherwise. If the husband spend the most of his nights away from home, of choice and not of necessity, he is not the head of the household; he is only the cashier. If the wife throw the cares of the household in the servant's lap, and then spend five nights of the week at the opera or theater, she may clothe her children with satins and laces and ribbons that would confound a French milliner, but they are orphans. Oh, it is sad when a child has no one to say its prayers to because mother has gone off to the evening entertainment! In India they bring children and throw them to the crocodiles, and it seems very cruel, but the jaws of New York and Brooklyn dissipation are swallowing down more little children to-day than all the monsters that ever crawled upon the banks of the Ganges!

I have seen the sorrow of a godless mother on the death of a child she had neglected. It was not so much grief that she felt from the fact that the child was dead as the fact that she had neglected it. She said: "If I had only watched over and cared for the child, I know God would not have taken it." The tears came not, it was a dry, blistering tempest—a scorching simoon of the desert. When she wrung her hands, it seemed as if she would twist her fingers from their sockets; when she seized her hair, it seemed as if she had, in wild terror, grasped a coiling serpent with her right hand. No tears! Comrades of the little one came in and wept over the coffin; neighbors came in, and the moment they saw the still face of the child, the shower broke. No tears for her. God gives tears as the summer rain to the parched soul, but in all the universe the driest and hottest, the most scorching and consuming thing is a mother's heart. Death has neglected her child, when once it is dead. God may forgive her, but she will never forgive herself. The memory will sink her eyes deeper into the sockets, and pinch the face, and whiten the hair, and eat up the heart with vultures that will not be satisfied, forever plunging deeper their iron beaks. Oh, you wanderers from your home, go back to your duty! The brightest flowers in all the earth are those which grow in the garden of a Christian household, clambering over the porch of a Christian home.

I advise you also to cultivate sympathy of occupation. Sir James Mackintosh, one of the most eminent and elegant men that ever lived, while standing at the very height of his eminence, said to a great company of scholars, "My wife made me." The wife ought to be the advising partner in every firm. She ought to be interested in all the losses and gains of shop and store. She ought to have a right—she has a right—to know everything. If a man goes into a business transaction that he dare not tell his wife of, you may depend that he is on the way either to bankruptcy or moral ruin. There may be some things which he does not wish to trouble his wife with; but if he dare not tell her, he is on the road to discomfiture. On the other hand, the husband ought to be sympathetic with the wife's occupation. It is no easy thing to keep house. Many a woman that could have endured martyrdom as well as Margaret, the Scotch girl, has actually been worn out by house management. There are a thousand nerves in the kitchen. It is very annoying, after the vexations of the day around the stove or the table, or in the nursery, or parlor, to have your husband say: "You know nothing about trouble; you ought to be in the store half an hour." Sympathy of occupation! If the husband's work cover him with the soot of the furnace or the odors of leather or soap factories, let not the wife be easily disgusted at the begrimed hand or unsavory aroma. Your gains are one, your interests are one, your losses are one; lay hold of the work of life with both hands. Four hands to fight the battles; four eyes to watch for the danger, four shoulders on which to carry the trials. It is a very sad thing when the painter has a wife who does not like pictures. It is a very sad thing for a pianist when she has a husband who does not like music. It is a very sad thing when a wife is not suited unless her husband has what is called a "genteel business." So far as I understand a "genteel business," it is something to which a man goes at 10 o'clock in the morning and from which he comes home at 2 or 3 o'clock in the afternoon, and gets a large amount of money for doing nothing. That is, I believe, a "genteel business;" and there has been many a wife who has made the mistake of not being satisfied until the husband has given up the tanning of the hides, or the turning of the banisters, or the building of the walls, and put himself in circles where he has nothing to do but smoke cigars and drink wine, and get himself into habits that upset him, going down in the maelstrom, taking his wife and children with him. There are a good many trains running from earth to destruction. They start all the hours of the day and all the hours of the night. There are the freight trains, they go very slowly and very heavily; and there are the accommodation trains going on toward destruction, and they stop very often, and let a man get out when he wants to. But genteel idleness is an express train; Satan is the stoker, and death is the engineer; and though one may come out in front of it and swing the red flag of "danger," or the lantern of God's word, it makes just one shot into perdition, coming down the embankment with a shout and a wail and a shriek—crash, crash. There are two classes of people sure of destruction; first, those who have nothing to do; secondly, those who have something to do, but are too lazy or too proud to do it.

I have one more word of advice to give to those who would have a happy home, and that is, let love preside in it. When your behavior in the domestic circle becomes a mere matter of calculation; when the caress you give is merely the result of deliberate study of the position you occupy, happiness lies stark dead on the hearthstone. When the husband's position as head of the household is maintained by loudness of voice, by strength of arm, by fire of temper, the republic of domestic bliss has become a despotism that neither God nor man will abide. O ye who promised to love each other at the altar, how dare you commit perjury? Let no shadow of suspicion come on your affection. It is easier to kill that flower than it is to make it live again. The blast from hell that put out that light leaves you in the blackness of darkness forever.

Here are a man and wife; they agree in nothing else, but they agree they will have a home. They will have a splendid house, and they think that if they have a house they will have a home. Architects make the plan, and the mechanics execute it; the house to cost $100,000. It is done. The carpets are spread; lights are hoisted; curtains are hung; cards of invitation sent out. The horses in gold-plate harness prance at the gate; guests come in and take their places; the flute sounds; the dancers go up and down, and with one grand whirl the wealth and the fashion and the mirth of the great town wheel amidst the pictured walls. Ha! this is happiness. Float it on the smoking viands; sound it in the music; whirl it in the dance; cast it on the snow of sculpture; sound it up the brilliant stairway; flash it in chandeliers! Happiness, indeed! Let us build on the center of the parlor floor a throne to happiness; let all the guests, when come in, bring their flowers and pearls and diamonds and throw them on this pyramid, and let it be a throne; and then let happiness, the queen, mount the throne, and we will stand around, and, all chalices lifted, we will say: "Drink, O queen! live forever!" But the guests depart, the flutes are breathless, the last clasp of the impatient hoofs is heard in the distance, and the twain of the household come back to see the queen of happiness on the throne amidst the parlor floor. But, alas! as they come back, the flowers have faded, the sweet odors have become the smell of a charnel house, and instead of the queen of happiness there sits there the gaunt form of anguish, with bitten lip and sunken eye and ashes in her hair. The romp of the dancers who have left seems rumbling yet, like jarring thunders that quake the floor and rattle the glasses of the feast, rim to rim. The spilled wine on the floor turns into blood. The wreaths of plush have become wriggling reptiles. Terrors catch tangled in the canopy that overhangs the couch. A strong gust of wind comes through the hall and the drawing room and the bedchamber in which all the lights go out. And from the lips of the wine breakers come the words, "Happiness is not in us!" And the arches respond, "It is not in us!" And the silenced instruments of music, thrummed on by invisible fingers, answer, "Happiness is not in us!" And the frozen lips of anguish break open, and, seated on the throne of wilted flowers, she strikes her bony hands together and groans, "It is not in me!"

That very night a clerk with a salary of a thousand dollars a year—only one thousand—goes to his home, set up three months ago, just after the marriage-day. Love meets him at the door; love sits with him at the table; love talks over the work of the day; love takes down the Bible, and reads of Him who came our souls to save; and they kneel, and while they are kneeling—right in that plain room, on that plain carpet—the angels of God build a throne, not out of flowers that perish and fade away, but out of garlands of heaven, wreath on top of wreath, amaranth on amaranth, until the throne is done. Then the harps of God sounded, and suddenly there appeared one who mounted the throne, with eyes bright and brow so fair that the twain knew it was Christian love. And they kneelt at the throne, and putting one hand on each head, she blessed them and said, "Happiness is with me!" And that throne of celestial bloom withered not with the passing years; and the queen left not the throne till one day the married pair felt stricken in years—felt themselves called away, and knew not which way to go, and the queen bounded from the throne, and said, "Follow me, and I will show you the way to the realm of everlasting love." And so they went up to sing songs of love, and walk on pavements of love, and to live together in mansions of love, and to rejoice forever in the truth that God is love.

PENSION RECORDS IN DANGER.

Fire in a Branch of the Surgeon General's Office.

The agitation for the erection of a hall of records in which to store government archives, which has been in progress here for the last twenty years, received an emphatic indorsement last night. The alarm from box 154, turned in at 9:20 o'clock by Fireman Rawlinson, of No. 2 company, was for fire in the basement of 497 F street. The building, with the adjoining ones, is occupied by clerks of the surgeon general's office, the house where the fire occurred being used by the western division of records. In the basement was stored a lot of blank books. On the first floor was over 1,000 books, containing valuable hospital records of the war. These were placed on trucks, the device of Dr. Pope, and on the outbreak of the fire were quickly run out. The fire originated in the cellar of the building from overheated furnace pipes. On the arrival of the department the fire was located, and the flames were confined to the cellar. Some parts of the flooring on the first floor were burred through, and a portion of the steps leading to the second floor. No papers belonging to the office were lost or injured during the excitement. The damage to the building by fire and water is estimated at $600. The property belongs to St. Patrick's Church, and Mr. Robert Holtzman is the agent. It is insured in the Arlington Fire Insurance Company.

Mr. Frech, who is in charge of the division, said that no material damage was done to his office and that work would be immediately begun.

During the fire John Lynch, of No. 6 company, fell down the cellarway and was badly cut about the head.

ON WITH THE MILLENNIUM.

The Church Responsible for the Advent of the New Jerusalem on Earth.

At All Souls' Church yesterday Rev. Dr. Shippen filled the pulpit. It was evident by the large and attentive audience that among the variety of distinguished ministers with whom the congregation is treated throughout the year they enjoy none better than their own pastor. His subject was: "The New Jerusalem," or, as the modern understanding has it, "The Millennium." He said heretofore the church had been content largely to leave the world as it was, satisfied with the prospect of a grander existence behind the skies. Now it was also occupied by bringing about a condition of society which would prove the prophecies true.

There is still among some in the political arena the impression that the strict morality exercised in private life cannot be maintained in the manipulations of state matters, but there is a determined intent no longer to accept the sophistry of the politician. The progress in the temperance cause, the elevation of woman, the labor and other reforms are evidences of it. The church has a chemistry which will properly and conscientiously use wealth, cause the employer and employe to shake hands, which will be a great step toward the millennium—the New Jerusalem.

Not Gen. Hazen's Accounts at All.

Gen. Hazen called on Second Comptroller Maynard on Saturday at the Treasury Department. An understanding was come to by which all action will be deferred until the return of Capt. Mills, who has been in India to witness the maneuvers of the English army there, and who is the disbursing officer who made the most of the expenditures that are criticised.

"These accounts," said Gen. Hazen last evening, "are all straight, the only thing is a difference in understanding the certain construction of the law giving the authority in these expenditures. I have never been responsible for a penny of public money since I have been in Washington, and have not an account of any kind. There are a great many matters which the second comptroller does not seem to have understood with regard to the authority for the expenditures."

The Hebrew Fair.

The Hebrew fair will be visited on Wednesday evening by the Washington Continentals. There will be an auction sale of the articles remaining over at the fair on next Friday afternoon. A large attendance was present Saturday evening.

The most desirable article at the fair Saturday evening was the Montefiore handkerchief. Nearly every visitor procured one as a memento of the fair. Another novel feature was the dropping of a diamond pin, valued at $50, into the fish pond. The maneuvers of those who attempted to find it were highly amusing. It was not found, and the search will be continued Monday evening.

The Week in Congress.

The coming week in Congress will be an interesting one. Tuesday will be devoted by the House to the delivery of eulogies of the late Vice President. The Dingley shipping bill will come up on Wednesday, as will the State pension bill. The general bill, applicable to the Fitz-John Porter case, will probably come up on Thursday, while private bills will consume the session of Friday. The Dakota bill and the electoral count bill are on the special calendar, but the order of their coming up has not been settled.

AN ADMINISTRATION ORGAN.

POTENTIAL PERSONS WHO PRESCRIBE THE POLICY OF THE PAPER.

Position of Mr. Randall and the Administration on the Tariff—Beecher Family Reunion—Col. Donavin, of Ohio.

NEW YORK, Jan. 31.—From a trustworthy authority, who is posted on the inside history of the *Star* (United States District Attorney Dorsheimer's alleged organ of the President's administration), the NATIONAL REPUBLICAN'S correspondent learned to-day an interesting bit of news. It was to the effect that, since the *Star* was resuscitated, its chief backer has been, and is now, C. P. Huntington, the well-known railroad man. His substantial support of the "administration organ" was, it is said, secured through the instrumentality of Secretary Bayard, and it is further said that he and other Cabinet officers have influence in controlling the policy of the paper. The *Star* is not paying yet, and Mr. Huntington has had to supply thousands of dollars to keep it going. Neither does it seem to grow in popularity, although it is quite readable and noticeably conservative. A change has been made in the managing editorship. Cook, who had the place since the new issue, has been succeeded by a man named Crosedale, an alleged henchman of Secretary Bayard, to whose influence the change is said to be due.

COL. DONAVIN, OF COLUMBUS, OHIO, who is charging bribery against Senator Payne and others, left his hotel here to-night saying he was going home. He was evidently soberer than for the past few days.

BEECHER FAMILY REUNION.

There will be a family reunion during the week at the home of Rev. Henry Ward Beecher. All his children and most of his grandchildren will be present. His household has just been increased by the arrival in Brooklyn of his son, Mr. Herbert Beecher, collector of customs at Port Townsend, W. T., who will remain with his father some time.

IT IS RUMORED

that Gov. Hill would be petitioned to remove Gen. Shaler from his position of division commander in the National Guard. Secretary Johnson, of the 23 brigade headquarters, said that any officers signing such a petition could be removed for insubordination. In Gen. Shaler's case there had been no verdict against him, therefore a petition for removal would be absurd. Gov