METROPOLITAN MEN.

A Group of Languages, Among Eminent Ones of the New York Bar.

Social and Personal Influence Affecting Professional Success—Belligerency as a Lawyer's Trait.

Chauncey M. DePew, Algernon S. Sullivan, the Late Wm. A. Beach and John D. Townsend.

[Special Correspondence of the Sunday Globe.]

NEW YORK, July 3, 1884.—You would hardly credit as probable or even possible that lawyers of standing and experience in other cities would make inquiries of a stranger whom they know only through this correspondence as to what qualifications or influence was necessary to success in their profession in New York, and what are the average incomes of lawyers in active practice here. Yet I have received, since writing you regarding the large fees earned by lawyers practicing in the Surrogate's court of this county, certainly as many as a score of such letters of inquiry. At first I thought them of no interest and regarded them as probably annoymous, but the number increasing, I made inquiry as to the alleged writers and found that they were actually lawyers of fair repute in their homes, and I concluded that the subjects on which they wrote might have considerable interest for all members of the legal profession outside of the city. I do not know how many lawyers there are in other cities who may be interested in those practicing here, but the latest compilation for a business directory made during the last month gives the number here at about 4,500. Another conclusion which I reach from my correspondence and from observations by lawyers with whom I have conversed is that nearly all lawyers outside of New York are eager to add their personality to the already overcrowded profession within the metropolis. I should advise all such who are disposed to come not to do it,—until a client not only inssists upon their doing so, but is willing to pay the cost of an experiment which will be doubtfull ninety-nine cases out of every hundred. There is room here—at the top, but the top of the pedestalis is very narrow and already crowded.

The qualifications necessary to success in the legal profession here I cannot pretend to describe. Those who succeed may possibly know, but they won't tell. Personal or political influence has something to do with it—of this there is no question in my mind, but the men thus favored by influence must have also great merit of their own. Many others have been elevated largely by influence not political. What would you say of lawyers succeeding by social influence solely? Such things have been, and two of the most successful lawyers at present in New York owe sudden success, which would have required years to accomplish under ordinary circumstances, to their social influence. Others owe success to natural gifts of pleasing eloquence; others to mental peculiarities which fit them for a particular branch of the profession; while still others owe success to their belligerent dispositions. I had it in my mind to write of two of the first class, Chauncey M. Depew and Algernon S. Sullivan, when one of them suddenly departed the country, and of two of the latter class, William A. Beach and John D. Townsend, when one of them suddenly departed this life. However, their peculiarities remain behind to serve as illustrations of these ideas, and their features I had had delineated very faithfully before their departures.

Chauncey M. Depew is a very remarkable illustration of the influence which social position may have upon a man's professional career. He is a man who, with great wit, fine presence, charming manner, a smooth

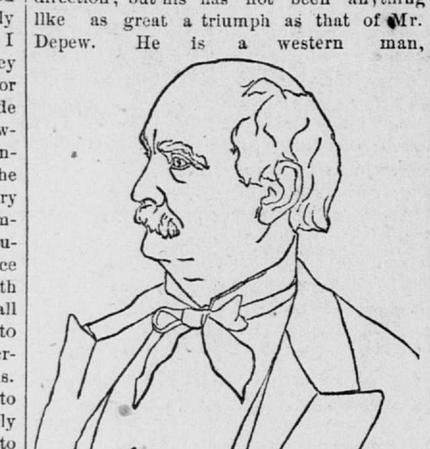
Hon. Chauncey M. Depew.

and yet brilliant eloquence, and a good knowledge of common law, and a special acquaintance with the laws affecting corporations, is by no means profound, hates the court room, and has a profound contempt for the illustrations of the industrious bee and the early bird which he found in his suggestive spelling books forty years ago. He would rather digest a good dinner than an elaborate brief; and the flow of good wine bottled by others is more interesting a process than the uncorking of any amount of eloquence he may have bottled up in himself. The club, not the court house, is his favorite resort; and the speech which closes a banquet, not that which sums up a cause, is the more attractive to him. I may add, that he appears to better advantage at the board than the bar. Indeed, he appears very often at the first, and seldom at the latter. Nevertheless, he is one of the most successful lawyers in America, and has a yearly income of probably $50,000 from his undivided attention to the affairs of a single client—William H. Vanderbilt's railway companies. He is at the head of the law bureau of this great corporation, with his offices in the Grand Central depot, away from the center of legal business in Wall street and from the courts in the city hall. Indeed, Mr. Depew appears much more frequently before legislative committees than before the justices of the courts. The irreverent who hear of him so frequently as engaged in argument in the capitol at Albany insist, every time Depew is talked of for office, that he is professionally a lobbyist; but it is only in the sense of the lawyer who affects legislation by arguments in the interest of his clients.

Mr Depew has several times come very near to success as a politician, but has not quite succeeded. If he has any strongly absorbing passion it is in the direction of his political ambition; yet while be is ever apparently about to clutch office he seldom seems to reach it. He once came near to being collector of the port in 1865. President Johnson sent General Lovell H. Rousseau to New York to sound Depew on this subject, and they met for the first time at my house, where General Rousseau wss on a visit. When Depew left after a several hours' interview, I asked the General what was the result of the conversation. "He would like to be collector," Rousseau replied, and then added, a little vaguely, "but *he* wants to be the collector." This he subsequently interpreted by saying that Depew would not assent to several conditions which President Johnson required as to the disposition of the patronage of the office. In this Depew showed his good sense, for the subsequent incumbent, Henry A. Smythe, who conceded Johnson everything and was a mere figure-head as collector, found his political career cut short by the failure of Johnson's administration. Johnson, in order not to offend Depew and his friends, nominated him for minister to Japan, but old Commodore Vanderbilt put his foot down on that proposition and would not hear of Depew leaving the country. Several times he came near to being United States senator from New York, but his personal popularity could not overcome the opposition which existed toward the great corporation he is so closely identified with. He was elected secretary of state on the Republican ticket away back in 1863, but that was at a period when the party's nomination was equivalent to an election, and the office was not an important one even in war times. In those days, war governors filled the public eye, when cast on anything less than national events and persons.

Mr. Depew is one of the most delightful impromptu speakers in the country. He can talk at a moment's notice on any subject, or all around it. His after dinner eloquence is something wonderfully clever, witty and pointed; and few public dinners of important societies or occasions are complete without a speech from him. Like most witty men, he deprecates the reputation he has won of being funny, and wishes it understood that the serious and sentimental are his strong points, which, it is needless to add, they are not.

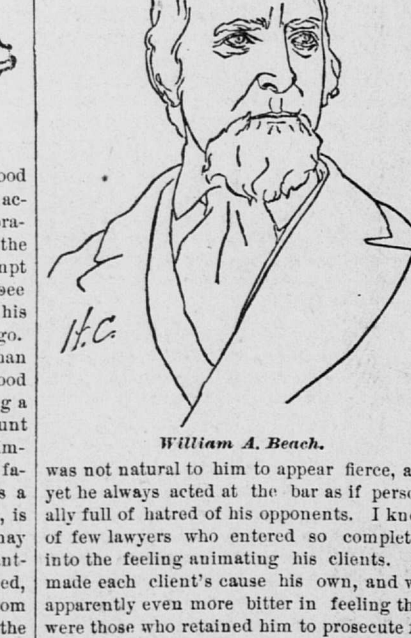
Algernon S. Sullivan is another illustration of professional success in this same direction; but his has not been anything like as great a triumph as that of Mr. Depew. He is a western man,



Algernon S. Sullivan.

Indianian, I think, transplanted shortly after the war, and he has been in public office almost constantly ever since. His office has a high-sounding name—it is that of the public administrator—but its importance is slight and its revenues little. Practically, he has to administer only on the estates of men who are too poor to make wills, and very few rich men in this city choose to die intestate. But Mr. Sullivan, in another sense, is a public man. No public movement is allowed to proceed far without his figure appearing prominently in the vanguard of the procession; and the procession seldom passes until he has had something to say about its destination. He leads in the opening dances at all the big charity balls, does the introducing of other speakers at political and social meetings; is invariably one of the signers of every declaration of political reform and partisan good intentions; is familiar in half a score of clubs; and no society news is complete unless his name is conspicuously mentioned. He is aware that this continual prominence renders him a little ridiculous at times and he mildly deprecates it, but still it goes on unceasingly. He once asked me if I thought this social prominence likely to injure him professionally, and I had to reply rather evasively that I did not believe it was calculated to unless clients got an impression that he was too busy with public affairs to attend to private business. I added that I believed that holding a worthless office like that of public administrator was calculated to injure him professionally, for I believe the holding of any office is temporarily a financial and professional injury to any incumbent. The time spent in public office is usually thrown away; the salary of such position is generally spent while holding it; years of time are wasted, and considerable expense is incurred after an official term has expired in regaining the professional prominence abandoned for the office, and if while in office the professional man has made money other than his salary, either by business, investment, speculation or professionally, he is sure to be set down as having corruptly obtained his wealth. Ours is the most ungenerous of people in this suspicion of public servants.

William A. Beach, who has just died, attained his prominent position as a lawyer through his belligerent disposition chiefly. It

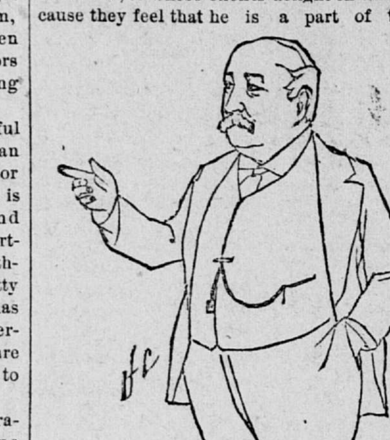


William A. Beach.

was not natural to him to appear fierce, and yet he always acted at the bar as if personally full of hatred of his opponents. I know of few lawyers who entered so completely into the feeling animating his clients. He made each client's cause his own, and was apparently even more bitter in feeling than were those who retained him to prosecute for them or to defend their causes. It is a very fascinating light in which to appear to clients, and is sure to bring a lawyer other retainers. Beach would act throughout a long trial as if he really believed that his opponents, the lawyers, clients and their witnesses, were the most unblushing of perjurers and scoundrels, knowingly seeking to defeat justice. His fierce look was quite as strong as his denunciations were bitter. He would glare at a witness with all the intensity with which he would utter an invective. For six long months, day after day, he thus confronted, frowned on and inveighed against William M. Evarts, Thomas G. Shearman, Austin Abbott, and their client, Henry Ward Beecher—four as mild-mannered men as ever sat in court; and he actually seemed to believe that the absurd theories of Tilton as to his imaginary wrongs were facts, and that the testimony of Moulton, with his manufactured confessions and distorted letters, was gospel truth. I do not mean to say that this identification of himself with his client's cause was all assumed when I say that Mr. Beach's seeming fierceness was not natural to him; on the contrary I am satisfied that for the time being he felt all the rage and animosity he displayed and expressed. But it was not William A. Beach's nature to be harsh or unjust. The truth is that his was a loveable mood, a generous disposition, a confiding nature. Yet, with all his overreadiness to succor others in trouble, he had few steadfast friends. His confidence was shared almost exclusively with his son Miles. And, in spite of his ardent, loveable nature, he knew nothing of domestic happiness in his own home, but that, he was always the first to declare, was nobody's fault save his own.

After the close of the Tilton-Beecher trial, for which service Mr. Beach had been paid nothing, Theodore Tilton one day went to his office, on returning from a lecturing tour, and, explaining that he was too poor to adequately pay for the long service rendered him, offered Mr. Beach a check for $1,000. "No," said the lawyer, "pay it to Roger A. Pryor" (the junior counsel of Tilton.) "I fear that he needs it most." This is not a sample of the fees Mr, Beach habitually earned in his profession, but it illustrates the generous nature of the quiet, reserved, fierce old counsellor. I have no means of accurately estimating what his professional income was, but it is generally thought to have been quite $25,000 a year.

Here is still another example of the belligerent lawyer whose clients delight in him because they feel that he is a part of their



John D. Townsend.

cause, for the time being. He is even more remarkable an illustration of success growing out of this peculiar nature than Mr. Beach was; for Townsend has won success in fighting not only the opposing counsel but the judges also. It does not always follow that to be a favorite with the judges is to secure the greatest number of clients. In this city of probably the worst judiciary in the country, the reputation of not being afraid of the judges is of very great value to some lawyers; this reputation Townsend enjoys quite universally, and it brings him many good clients and also retainers as counsel for other lawyers who, finding their cases are to be tried before judges in whom they have no confidence, engage Townsend for his characteristic fearlessness in arguing with them and excepting to their rulings. Most lawyers are content to note exceptions to a wrong ruling with a view to appealing; I have several times known judges to weaken under the arguments of Townsend and reverse themselves rather than run the risk of having him go to a higher court to secure the reversal there of their rulings.

Townsend's prominence in this particular was brought about by one of his first cases—away back in 1869. He saw in a morning paper a letter purporting to be from two women in the Toombs who claimed that they had been incarcerated there, with the infant girl of one of them, for eleven days, without examination or any knowledge of the charges against them. Townsend went to the prison and demanded to see the women. They told a remarkable story. The elder was the proprietress of a public house and the other, her sister, a young widow who had been driven by hard necessity to act as the housekeeper of the den. A prominent Police Justice named Joseph Dowling had visited the house and made approaches to the widow, and on her refusal to accept his advances, he had had the house raided by the police and the women thrown into the Toombs, in which prison Dowling's Court was located. Satisfying himself that this story was true, Townsend sued out a writ of *habeas corpus*, brought the women before Supreme Court Judge Albert Cardozo, and was about to state their case when Cardozo, who was a boon companion of Dowling, called him to the bench and told him "not to defend those women if he expected any favors from him." Townsend replied that he asked no favors from him and was about to explain the application he made in behalf of the women, when Cardozo, to avoid publicity, discharged the women without a hearing. But Townsend stated the case in the papers and for a few days they were filled with the sensation; then they dropped the matter. But Towasend never did drop it, and finally brought charges against Dowling and Cardozo. Others followed with charges against Barnard and McCunn, two other corrupt judges; and after three years of hard and constant fighting, Barnard, McCunn and Cardozo were impeached; the first two were convicted; Cardozo escaped the same fate by resigning, while Dowling and seven other police justices were removed from office. With them perished the "Tweed Ring." It was a great judicial and political reform which had its small beginnings in the case of the two unfortunate women in the Tombs who found a friend in this young lawyer. Townsend has never wanted for clients since, and in many of the legislative investigatians of official corruption here he has been employed by the committees as their legal adviser because of his known antagonism to official wrongdoing. He has been engaged in many of the most prominent civil and criminal trials of the last fifteen years, and won increased reputation in each. His income from his profession, to which he devotes himself exclusively, is from $20,000 to $30,000 a year.

WILLIAM F. G. SHANKS.

THE STATUE OF LIBERTY,

Progress of the Work on the Foundation

The work upon the foundation of the great statue of Liberty on Bedloe's island, New York harbor, has proceedsd so far that the concrete footing is now complete, and the first courses of granite will be laid in a few weeks. According to an account in the last issue of The *American Architect*, the concrete base, as finished, weighs 24,000 tons, and is said to be the largest mass of artificial stone above the ground in the world. The form of the base is that of a stepped pyramid, ninety one feet square at the bottom and sixty-seven feet at the top, the sides falling back in steps, each three feet high. The pyramid is entirely solid, with the exception of two arched passageways, each ten feet wide, which pass through it at right angles to each other, forming a square chamber at the centre, which is continued vertically upward to the top. An extension of the inner shaft will occupy the middle of the granite superstructure, and will connect directly with the cavity in the statue, so that an elevator can run, as is intended, from the ground line to the head of the figure, a distance of 350 feet. the concrete block itself, being rather unsightly in appearance, will be concealed when the work is finished by a vaulted passageway which is to be built around it, and covered with earth and grass, so that the granite upper portion of the pedestal will appear to stand on a low pyramid of earth covered with sod, and occupying the whole space now enclosed with the stone walls of the redoubt, in the center of which the statue is to be erected. The vaulted passageway, which should rather be called a series of rooms, is thirty-five feet wide and thirty-five feet high, all formed of concrete hals-arches, leaning against the main concrete mass. Although in a measure protected by the covering of earth and grass, these concrete vaults will be in a position very trying to artificial stone, and if they resist the effects of the weather, to which they will be somewhat exposed, the engineer who designs and coustructs them will have reason to be proud of his skill.

"The Sun Does Move."

The Rev. J. Jasper (colored) who insists that "the sun do move," is so popular in Richmond, Va., that when a stranger inquires the way to his church, the directions are to take a car to a certain corner and then follow the crowd. The evidence of success of modern discoveries being their popularity, "follow the crowd" to your drug store and get a bottle of Bigelow's Positive Cure, which cures coughs, colds, cousumption and all throat and lung diseases speedily, thoroughly and permanently. Trial bottles free, of P. J. Dreis, corner Ninth and St. Peter streets, St. Paul.

SOMEBODY'S MOTHER.

The woman was old and ragged and gray
And bent with the chill of the winter's day;
The street was wet with a recent snow
And the woman's feet were aged and slow.

She stood at the crossing, and waited long,
Alone, uncared-for, amid the throng
Of human beings who passed her by,,
Nor heeded the glance of her anxious eye.

Down the street with laughter and shout,
Glad in the freedom of school let out
Came the boys like a flock of sheep,
Hailing the snow piled white and deep.

Past the woman so old and gray,
Hastened the children on their way,
Nor offered a helping hand to her,
So meek, so timid, afraid to stir,
Lest the carriage wheels or the horse's feet
Should crowd her down in the slippery street.

At last one of the merry troop—
The gayest laddie of all the group—
He paused beside her, and whisper low,
"I'll help you cross if you wish to go."

Her aged hand on his strong, young arm
She placed, and so, without hurt or harm,
He guided her trembling feet along,
Proud that his own were firm and strong.
Then back again to his friends he went,
His young heart happy and well content.

"She's somebody's mother, boys, you know,
For all she's old, and poor and slow;
"And I hope some fellow will lend a hand
To help my poor mother, you understand,
"If ever she's poor and old and gray,
When her own dear boy is far away."

And "somebody's mother" bowed low her head
In her home that night, and the prayer she said
Was: "God be kind to the noble boy,
Who is somebody's son and pride and joy!

TIMELY TOPICS.

THE intense hatred of Gen. Hazen, chief of the signal service, against the negro race, recently found vent in his refusal to admit a young negro graduate of the college of the city of New York to the signal service, basing his decision exclusively on the color of the applicant. An appeal was taken to the Secretary of war, and Mr. Lincoln has done himself great credit by reversing the decision of the snob, Hazen, and ordering the young colored man to be admitted to the position sought for in the signal service. This snub of the supercilious, pompous chief of the Signal service is fully deserved. There is not a more unworthy, and undeserving official in the service of the government than this Hazen. He was scarcely loyal at the breaking out of the rebellion, and so intense was his negro-phobic spirit at that time, that he haughtily refused to appoint an anti-slavery clergyman, chaplain of his regiment. But at that time it was well known that he was punishing large quantities of very bad whisky. Probably he indulges in more costly potations at this time. Who is this aristocratic W. B. Hazen He was a low-born scrub on a seven-by-nine farm in Northern Ohio, and happening to have "friends at court," he was assigned to West Point, where he barely squeezed through to a low graduating grade and has disgraced the service ever since. His appointment to the position of Chief of the Signal Service, was a censurable act of personal favoritism on the part of President Garfield, which afforded no favorable argury, of the popularity of his administration, which was so suddenly and tragically brought to a close. Hazen was not fit for the place either by qualification, competency, or character. He is a disgrace to the service, as some of his acts already demonstrate. The tolerance of such unworthy characters in office, only intensifies the desire for a change of administration, that corrupt and incompetent officials, may give place to worthy and respectable appointees.

IT is getting to be quite fashionable to play games of base ball on the Sabbath, in various portions in the country, and Minnesota is not an exception. Manifestly this is an infraction of law, where laws exist, as is the case in all or nearly all the Sates, to preserve the sancity of the Sabbath. Recently a gang of base ball players were arrested in Columbus, Ohio for violating the Sabbath, statute law, by playing their games on Sunday. The judge held that the phrase breach of the peace in the statues extends to all indictable offenses and that the arrests on Sunday are legal. He therefore refused the writ and remanded the prisoners to the custody of the constable. The president of the base ball club says this is a death blow to the game in Columbus as it cannot be supported without Sunday games. As a retaliatory measure the Columbus management states that the cases against the Consolidated road running street cars on Sunday will be prosecuted under the same law, and intimate that warrants will be sworn out against the *State Journal* company to stop the issue of a Monday morning paper, as the principal part of the work has to be done on Sunday. This matter is assuming, at last serious proportions. There has always been neglect in enforcing laws against Sabbath desecration. If rigidly enforced in one direction, there will now, no doubt, be a resolute demand to enforce it in all.

THE Ottawa (Canada) *Daily Free Press* of a late date, has the following important information in regard to a newly discovered source of coal supply, for the great Northwest. Says the *Free Press*: The question of a fuel supply is one that has caused no little anxiety to those who are interested in the development of our northwest territory; but recent experiments with coal from the Saskatchewan valley should have the effect of setting this question at rest. The Canadian Pacific railway company which it goes without saying is greatly interested in this question, recently caused a comparative test to be made of Pennsylvania and Saskatchewan coal, the result being overwhelmingly in favor of the latter. As the Saskatchewan coal fields are particularly inexhaustible, and it having been decided that their product is a first-class article, the question of the northwest fuel supply may be considered as directly settled. Our northwest prairies have now the recommendation which the American prairies have not of being near an inexhaustible supply of coal.

The activity, the audacity and perfect system of secrecy with which the Nihilists carry on their schemes in Russia, is something marvellous, and affords a constant menace full of terror in the reigning dynasty, and all high officials. In a single night recently the city and the whole province, of Moscow were placarded with an incendiary proclamation, warning the Czar that he has had three years to reflect that his father's fate was the penalty of refusal to yield to the popular demand for a constitution and a representative parliament. The popular discontent is deepening into sullen bitterness and ferocity. Matters are every day growing worse and worse. The Czar's only safety lies in concession, but the question is, "How much will it be safe for him to concede? Russia, a vast conglomeration of half-savage tribes and provinces, is not yet prepared for the radical reforms demanded by the Nihilists.

JEFF DAVIS has a show for his Mexican pension at last. The new pension bill just passed by the senate embraces Davis, as it repeals section 4,716 of the revised statutes so far as it relates to that bill, and that is the section that forbids pensions to those who voluntarily engaged in rebellion. The bill was passed, no doubt, with the direct purpose of benefitting Jeff Davis. There is an itching desire on the part of many to free him from all disabilities though he scorns to ask such favor. The United States government, is the only one in the world where treason is, practically, no crime, and where traitors are rewarded instead of punished.

IN one of the St. Paul parishes, last Sabbath, the pastor preached on "Contentment. "Godliness, with contentment is great gain." Contentment, the fruit of intelligent resignation to the divine will, he said, was always desirable. The contentment of stolid ignorance was a false contentment. The school boy may boy may be contented in his ignorance, but he who has mental illumination, reaches forward to something better. The contentment enjoyed by reason of a trusting, abiding faith in an overruling Providence, is always to be desired and reached after. To be contented, or at least resigned to the various severe allotments of Divine Providence is one of the gracious triumphs of the trusting Christian. "No cross no crown," he beautifully and touchingly illustrated by the graceful remark: "The head that wears a crown once rested on shoulders that had borne the cross."

A LATE telegram from Chitopa, Indian Territory, says there is great consternation in that territory. The sheriff of the Cherokee nation with a squad of Indians, has been taking down all wire fencing that encloses larger tracts than fifty acres, that being the limit allowed by act of the Cherokee council. The sheriff confiscates all wire he takes down. The sheriff began work south of Coffeyville and is taking down clean as he comes east. Thousands of miles of fencing has been removed. The Indians seem to mean business, and evidently propose to eject all intruders. The barbarous invention of the barbed wire fence is a blot on our civilization. The constant havoc it is daily making with human and animal life, ought to drive it promptly out of use. Legislation ought to be invoked to banish this dangerous engine of destruction from use.

THE sale of Part IV. of the late Prof. Anthon's numismatic cabinet was held by Messrs. Bangs & Co. last week. Among the gold coins disposed of, a Persian doric, incased, and exceedingly rare, was sold for $40. The collection of twelve Cæsars, beginning with Julius Cæsar and ending with Domitian, brought $286, being sold to different dealers and not in one lot. Faustina Junior, wife of Aurelius Cæsar, classed as a superb coin, brought $17. The highest price realized for a single coin was $66, which was paid for one bearing the head of Otho. The Greek coins in bronze, 69 in number, were sold at from 15 cents to $9 each, the latter being paid for a Cleopatra. A Judæan coin, bearing a representation of Jehonathan, the high priest of the Jews, sold for $4.

IN Paris De Lesseps declares the rumors of the failure of Panama excavation works false. The latest advices he had from one to the effect that there were less obstacles to overcome than expected. The canal will be finished at the latest in 1888. In regard to the Nicaragua canal De Lesseps said he favored a project which in no way interferred with the Panama canal, but be a fresh water feeder to Panama, with regard to which he had no possible rivalry to fear.

A GREAT innovation in the education of Eastern women is to be introduced at Constantinople, where a day school is to be established for instructing girls in the useful arts and trades, under the Sultan's especia patronage. The charges will be merelo nominal.

WATERLOO.

A Graphic Account of a Visit to the Famous Battle-Field.

A Buffalonian Abroad.—The battle-field of Waterloo as it lies to-day is an unspiring spectacle—a good place to sit down and muse on life and men and the vanity of human things; but we had a vivacious little guide who spared no time or musing, but engaged us with a very dramatic recital in broken, though quite intelligible, English of the stirring things that happened on the bloody Sunday in 1815, when Bonaparte's brief candle went out and the European kaleidoscope rattled itself into a fresh combination. I can't help sympathizing with the bottom dog. The dramatic symmetry of Napoleon's career wins us against our reason.

I went out to Waterloo with some English men, and I took solid comfort in giving them my opinion of that Iron Duke, although we must allow that he did this business very handsomely.

But that guide. I shall not soon forget him. He made more of an impression on me than all the books I have read on the subject of Waterloo. He omitted nothing; he opened his soul to us, and he suited the action to the word. He gesticulated; he attitudinized; in short, he fought the battle over again for us His English was doubly English. He was especially happy in his "hup, guards, had hat 'em." He recited this thrilling incident over his shoulder as he led us down the two hundred and odd steps that mount to the summit of Mound of the Lion, and it was only by the most extraordinary presence of mind that I grasped the railing in time to escape a fall. The Mound of the Lion is an artificial elevation which has been reared (very ill advisely, I think) in the midst of the field and of its earth, thereby modifying the configuration of the landscape, so that one can not now gain so accurate an idea of the battle ground as might have otherwise been obtained—unless, indeed, the loss is compensated by the fact that the summit of the mound affords a commanding view.

The tranquility of the scene is impressive, and one is reminded of Byron's line:

How that red rain has made the harvest grow!

I never saw a fairer stretch of country—hills and valleys and winding roads and shining villages. Every feature of this sweet landscape played its part in the drama of that day. On the right is the chateau of Hougomont, against which all day long the French lines beat like the waves of the sea—the key of the English position, held to the last by the gallant Coldstream Guards, though the house was burned over their heads. The old brick wall around the orchard still stands pierced with loop-holes, worn away by the pelting rain of musket balls. If you have any sort of imagination you can stand there to-day and see the fight. I suppose there has scarcely been a closer, hotter, bloodier battle in modern times. The lines were posted only a mile apart, and from the moment of the first assault upon Hougomont to the low, despairing cry of the French General: "Tout est perdu! Sauve qui peut!" the battle was like the straining struggle of well-matched wrestlers.

Griggs' Glycerine Salve.

The best on earth, can truly be said of Griggs' Glycerine Salve, which is a sure cure for cuts, bruises, scalds, burns, wounds, and all other sores. Will positively cure piles, tetter and all skin eruptions. Try this wonder healer. Satisfaction guaranteed or money, refunded. Only 25 cents. For sale by P. J. Dreis, St. Paul, Minn.

An Annimated Snow-Plow.

Crested Butte Gazette.

A few days ago a hunter known as "Uncle Bob Giddings," started up Slate river to interview a den of bears known to exist on the mountain side some distance above Cloud City. Just after passing Cloud he came upon a trail in the snow which appeared to be from ten to fifteen feet in depth. The trail was as wide as though an ox had been dragged sideways, and the snow was pressed so hard that a pony could easily have been driven over it. Bob threw away his snow-shoes and followed this trail, which led along the mountain side in a northerly direction. Reaching the ruins of the bear den he found nothing but the bones of the bears left. While he stood in blank amazement, his eye was directed to the valley beneath, where he saw a huge serpent making its way down Slate river, until it disappeared in a fathomless lake near the ranch of Frank Nichols, some three miles from here. The terror-stricken man, on his return to town, said that the snake was all of fifty feet long. Its propelling power seemed to exist in its tail, which streamed behind several feet.

There is an old Indian tradition about this serpent, and an old Indian belonging to the Uncompahgre Ute nation, in speaking about this monstrous sea-serpent, described it as having a neck fully ten feet long, and as large around as the body of a pony, its head the size of a tepee, and eyes like sancers, about one yard and a half apart. It lives in a subterranean passage, which has an entrance in an unexplored part of the Dark canyon, on the opposite side of the range.

Bucklin's Ar nica Salve.

The greatest medical wonder of tne world. Warranted to speedily cure Burns, Bruises, Cuts Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Cancers, Piles, Chilblains, Corns, Tetter, Chapped Hands and all Skin Eruptions, guaranteed to cure in every instance, or money refunded; 25 cents per box. For sale by Lambie & Bethune.

A SONG OF LONG AGO.

[Indianapolis Journal.]

A song of long ago,
Sing it lightly, sing it low,
Sing it softly—like the lisping of the lips we used to know
When our baby laughter spilled
From the hearts forever filled
With a music sweet as robin ever trilled.

Let the fragrant summer breeze,
And the leaves of locust trees,
And the apple buds and blossoms, and the wings of honey bees,
All palpitate with glee,
Till the happy harmony
Brings back each childish joy to you and me.

Let the eyes of fancy turn
Where the tumbled pippins burn
Like embers in the orchard's lap of tousled grass and fern,
And let the wayward wind,
Still singing, plod behind
The cider press—the good old fashioned kind.

Blend in the song the moan
Of the dove that grieves alone,
And the wild whirr of the locust, and the bumble's drowsy drone,
And the low of cows that call
Through the pasture bars, when all
The landscape faints away at evenfall.

Then far away and clear,
Through the dusty atmosphere,
Let the wailing of Kildee be the only sound you hear.
O sweet and sad and low,
As the memory may know,
Is the glad pathetic song of long ago.

—*James Whitcomb Riley.*

SUNDAY GLOBLETS.

PLUTARCH: Hatred is blind as well as love.

BYRON: Hatred is the madness of the heart.

BYRON: Hell has no fury like a woman scorned.

SOCRATES: Happiness is unrepented pleasure.

BYRON: Men love in haste, but they detest at leisure.

CONGREVE: Heaven has no rage like love to hatred turned.

SPENCER: Noisless falls the foot of time that only treads on flowers.

JOHNSON: Happiness consists in the multiplicity of agreeable consciousness.

FRANKLIN: Fraud and deceit are ever in a hurry. Take time for all things. Great haste makes great waste.

JOHN FOSTER: In a great majority of things habit is a greater plague than even afflicted Egypt; in religious character it is a grand felicity.

STERNE: People who are always taking care of their health are like misers, who are hoarding up a treasure which they never have spirit enough to enjoy.

LOCKE: Habit work more constantly and with greater facility than reason which, when we have most need of it, is seldom fairly consulted, and more rarely obeyed.

COLTON: Anguish of mind has driven thousands to suicide; anguish of body none. This proves that the health of the mind is of much more consequence to our happiness than the health of the body, although both are deserving of much more attention than either of them receives. [And, yet, the author of the above was driven to suicide by bodily anguish. To avoid a painful surgical operation, he killed himself. This shows on what a flimsy basis, often rest philosophical deductions, or sentimentalisms, or apothegms. Colton, the astute, terse paragraphist, wrote of the suicide, "he abandons earth to forfeit heaven." Showing how little, even with his acute, philosophical mind, he knew of himself.]

The Presbyterian church at Wyandotte, Kansas, has voted to erect a new house of worship.

Forty students, members of the senior clall in Yale college, have the gospel ministro in view.

The Presbyterian church at Fredricktown, Ohio, has raised over $15,000 to erect a new house of worship.

Four things come not back, remarked Hazlett: The spoken word, the sped arrow, the past life, the neglected opportunity.

The Florida Democrats in convention expressed regrets at the inability of Mr. Tilden to receive a nomination, and declared fn favor of Cleveland.

While drilling for oil near Butler, Louisiana, a heavy vein of gas was struck, and the pressure was so great that the roar of escaping gas was heard for several miles.

Bethany Presbyterian church in the city of New York, will be kept open all summer, and not closed up as many, or most city churches are for a summer vacation.

Immense numbers of insects have appeared in the woods near Asbury Park, New Jersey. The farmers are greatly alarmed by the probability that the insects will attack the crops.

The *Congregationalist* says that there are now fewer pastorless Congregational churches in Kansas than there have been in twelve years, and thirty of them receive no aid from the Home Missionary Society.

Bishop Hurst, (Methodist) has already sailed for Europe and India. He will attend during the ensuing year, both the Oriental and European conferences. Bishop Wyley will soon sail from San Francisco for Japan and China.

"Are you having much practice now?" asked an old judge of a young lawyer. "Yes' sir; a great deal, thank you." "Ah, I'm glad to hear it. In what line is your practice particularly?" "Well, sir, particularly in economy."

Twenty years ago William Penland shot and killed Lieutenant Saffell, of the United States army, at Ellis, Texas. He escaped, and has remained in hiding ever since. He has recently been found and arrested, and will be tried for his crime.

The *Current*, of Chicago, keeps-standing from week to week at the head of its page of editorial paragraphs the sentence "Pay the teachers better wages." It is a good idea to keep that piece of sound advice before the people. Persistency often accomplishes wonders.

A woman applied to a doctor for a prescription for her husband's rheumatism. "Get that prepared," said the medical man, as he handed her a prescription, "and rub it well into your husband's back. If it does any good let me know; I've got a touch of rheumatism myself.

A quack doctor, named George Hall, has been arrested in London, Ontario, for manslaughter for killing a deaf and dumb child, He undertook to effect a cure by administering hypodermic, injections, and splitting open the child's tongue. The child died eight hours after the operation.

Ellen Thompson, the 17 year old daughter of a Scranton, Pennsylvania, druggist, committed suicide recently by swallowing a grain and a half of strychnine. Before her death she confessed she had prepared the poison for her step-mother, but on second thought had concluded to take it herself.

The Boston *Journal* did not quite do justice to the facts in its report of the procession at the laying of the corner stone of the new Episcopal church at Concord, Mass. The anthem or chant begun with the Latin words. "Lætatus sum," I was glad, but the *Journal* quoted it, "Lactatus sum," I was *milked*.

The *Advance* claims to have in its office a photograph of the largest Congregational church in the world. The church is in Sweden, where Congregationalism is only half a dozen years old, and where there are now over one hundred thousand members. The building referred to, seats 5,000 and the church has a membership of 1,100.

The *Chrestian Statesman* says: "During the past seventy or eighty years the French missionaries (Roman Catholic) have been secretly propagating their doctrines in Corea. The government strictly prohibited their religion and the converts were put to death without distinction of age or sex. But they held to their faith and died triumphantly. Those who have been thus executed are more than 100,000. It shows that the people are ready to receive the Gospel. The priests also were often persecuted, but they heeded not the dangers."

The majority of the pew owners of Plymouth church and parish, Portland, Me., have voted to sell their meeting-house for $20,000 to the Casco street Free Baptists. The church will disband, as there seems to be a sufficient number of Congregational churches in the city, with those formed in the suburbs within a few years, to meet the needs of the people.

The Presbytery of Ft. Wayne can claim an honorable place among the Presbyteries in the way of building new churches. One year ago they met in a new church which had just been completed (Lagrange). Last April they met in another beautiful new church at Warsaw, and next spring they will be invited to meet in still another new church to be completed at Bluffton.

Catholics the world over will rejoice to hear of the great success of their Belgian brethern in the recent elections. It was a great victory won in the face of great difficulties. The Liberal party has received what we hope is a death-blow. Belgian Catholics have been oppressed for many years, and their late success ought to be an incentive to their brethern in other countries to follow their good example and to strive for freedom. N. Y. *Catholic Review.*

Robbery with violence is a common offense in the London streets now-a-days. But the character of the violence is sometimes very uncommon. In a case heard at Bow street recently it appeared that the prisoner seized the prosecutor, an Italian waiter, by the neck and trousers, turned him upside down, "stood him upon his head, and while in that condition, shook him until some money fell out of his pocket." The money was only 6d. in coppers.

Tusker Eelphant In England.

Those who are interested in the varieties of the Indian elephant will be pleased to hear of the arrival of the two very good specimens of the tuskers at the royal aquarium Westminister. The elder is one of the largest individuals of the Indian species that I have ever seen, exceeding in height I should imagine, any of those that we have had in the zoological gardens. He is almost as much entitled to the appellation of a white elephant as the individual that lately attracted so much attention having a large blaze of pinkish white on the forehead, white margins to the ears, and a considerable amount of white on the under side of the trunk.

But he is chiefly remarkable for the possession of a pair of splendid tusks about four feet in length, very cylindrical, but slightly tapering in their form and beautifully symmetrical in size and curvature. They are so long that the mahout who has the elephant in charge ascends to his place on the neck by standing in front of the head, then, seizing the margins of the ears, he walks up the oblique tusks to the forehead, and so reaches the required position. This elephant is said by Mr. Wilson, the proprietor of these animals and the jumping horses and lions accompanying them to have been formerly in the possession on of one of the Indian rajahs but be its previous history what it may, I think it may be regarded as the finest tusker ever brought to Europe, and it is certainly the best I have ever seen.

There is also at the aquarium a second tusker; this is a small animal, some five feet in height, said to have been procured from Java. It has very well-developed, sharply pointed tusks, of a thickness quite proportionate to its size. The variable history of animals in performing circuses is always difficult to obtain, and I could get no satisfactory evidence as to whether this animal is of a dwarf race or a mere individual variation but it is interesting to see the tusks so perfect in so small a specimen. The animal has been well trained and goes through an interesting series of performances. In connection with these animals I may call attention to the leaping feats of three Walers as the Australian horses are termed, that are imported into India. These are remarkable for their jumping powers; one, a dark brown gelding, 14.3 leaps over a solid wooden fence five feet four inches high, some dozen times in succession, the take off and landing being the wooden floor of the promenade covered with a layer of cocoanut matting, and the rider a man of ordinary build.—London *Field.*

An Answer Wanted.

Can any one bring us a case of Kidney or Liver Complaint that Electric Bitters will not speedily cure? We say they can not, as thousands of cases already permanently cured and who are daily recommending Electric Bitters, will prove. Bright's Dieease, Diabetes, Weak Back, or any urinary complaint quickly cured. They purify the blood, regulate the bowels, and act directly upon the diseased parts. Every bottle guaranteed. For sale at 50c a bottle by Lambie & Bethune.

Trouble Over in Brooklyn.

From the Brooklyn Eagle.

There is trouble in Alva Pearsall's photograph gallery. On Sunday last a New York paper published four columns about "Brooklyn Relles." The article dealt very personally with wives and daughters of some of the most highly esteemed citizens of Brooklyn, and woodcuts claiming to be portraits of the ladies in question were profusely dispersed throughout. Among others the wife of Gen. A. C. Barnes and the daughters of Gen. Jourdan, Mr. John P. Martin and Mr. John A. Nichols were thus treated.

On Monday morning, before Mr. Pearsall opened his gallery, there was a crowd of infuriated citizens waiting for him, for the belief was prevalent that the woodcuts had been made from photographs of which he alone possessed the negatives. The privacy of fourteen families had been invaded and a representative of every one of those families was on hand. There was a stormy scene when Mr. Pearsall arrived. His assurances that he had not connived at the publication of the young ladies, photographs were only accepted after his visitors had made the air blue with threats of actions at law and assault and battery. Gen. Barnes sent a letter threatening to spill Mr. Pearsall's blood if his daughter's photograph came out in the New York paper subsequently, and Mr. John A. Nichols, of Clinton avenue, was equally sanguinary.

When Mr. Pearsall got rid of all his visitors he took his innings and indulged his accumulated wrath. The photographs had been stolen from his reception-room tables. He summoned all his employes before him and asked them whether they were willing he should put detectives on the track of the thief. They were eager that this should be done, and it has been Two detectives are working on the case now and think they have "spotted" the very fellow who procured the photographs for the newspaper. This arrangement once made, Mr. Pearsall, still breathing threats, went to the editorial rooms of the paper in question. He got no satisfaction at all. The editor he interviewed said the young ladies themselves had given their photographs. He added that another batch of "Brooklyn Belles" would appear in next Sunday's issue, and the cuts were being made. Mr. Pearsall managed to get a look at one of the photographs. It was his own chemical proof.

Business was actually suspended at the gallery yesterday, and to-day matters are almost as much upset. The citizens whose daughters have thus been dragged before the public are very indignant. Mr. Nichols, Gen. Barnes, Gen. Jourdan, Mr. Martin and Mr. Pearsall declare their intention of spending as many thousand dollars as may be necessary to detect and punish the men who stole and aided and abetted the stealing of the photographs.

The True Test.

If a man is hungry within an hour, more or less, after a meal, he is a dyspeptic. It shows his stomach is not able to dispose of what he has eaten. But to eat and thus impose more work is an absurdity. Take Dr. Jones' Red Clover Tonic, which cures dyspepsia and all stomach, liver, kidney and bladder troubles. It is a perfect tonic appetizer, blood purifier, a sure cure for ague and malaria diseases. Price 50 cents. P. J. Dreis, corner Ninth and St. Peter streets, St. Paul.