PLEASANT SIGHTS AT NEWPORT.

Famous Mansions and Edifices Erected a Century and a Half Ago.

HOMES OF OLD SEA CAPTAINS.

General Forrest, the Illiterate Negro Who Was Befriended and Educated by Phil D. Armour—Presidential Possibilities—Lincoln's Early Allusions to His Boy "Bob."

Special Correspondence of THE SUNDAY CALL.

NEWPORT (R. I.), May 30, 1890.—It is pleasant to occasionally come to Newport. The vulgar display on the part of the limp and halting aristocracy is hateful to see; but there is a good and olden face shining benignantly out of unpretentious plenty and a mellow perspective of historic age. Go where you will the eye ranges along mossy walls, by lane and by street; catches shimmerings of light beyond vistas of overarching elms; rests genially upon stone cappings to which the architecture of our time is a stranger; sees amplitude and hospitality behind great colonnade porches; lights upon dormer windows and "hipped" roofs of such ponderous measurement as could alone have been the outgrowth of sea captains' "square-rigged" dreams; and rests here, there and everywhere, upon time-softened base, capital and arch as were only wrought in this country in such a place when our young, but buxom and aggressive, commerce by sea was winked at for a spice of privateering, and in its soberer days still laid its hands upon the riches of the Indies, West and East.

Then, again, what a real age for our land is here. Professor Rafn of Copenhagen believes the Old Stone Mill of Touro Park to be 800 or 900 years old, and a genuine relic of ante-Columbian Norse colonists. The City Hall dates back to 1763. On Clark street is the old Baptist Church, erected in 1735. The ancient Honeyman mansion, at the corner of Church and Thames streets, was built in 1704. Trinity Church, where worshiped the colonists, the British army of occupation, and finally the successful revolutionists, has stood 144 years. The Channing House on Thames street was built in 1720. Scores of mansions are here built in the earlier part of the last century, while the famous Coddington House on Spring street has stood 249 years just as you will see it to-day.

One can almost close his eyes and see the ancient folk as they were once here; so much that was theirs remains. No o'er-quick fancy is required to revive the very scenes in which they moved. The flavor, the incident, the sight and sound of it all, come easily enough as one wanders here. The stately ways of the colonists; the rugged earnestness and often the arrogance of the British occupants; the daring and sacrifice of the revolutionists; the lordly swagger of the rich old sea captains; the pleasance and grace of the French, when De Segur, De Lauzun, Destouches, De l'Estrapade, the Counts de Barras and Noailles, the Marquis de St. Simon, the unfortunate Chevalier

DE TERNAY, AND ROCHAMBEAU

With his dainty, muff-coddled wrists, and with half-caught silhouettes of Washington and Howe and pretty Polly Letton, and the sound of dancing at Mrs. Cowley's famous assembly rooms—all irresistably live with the old, old trees, thoroughfares and mansions, as if waiting here by the sea in this olden sun and air for the coming of one whose genius through glowing fiction shall rehabilitate them and move them, with all their customs and ways, before an unlooking later age, as though in stately minuet and song.

Because I believe there is as great a proportion of rich men as of poor men who are endlessly doing good for good's sake, and absolutely without other motive, it was a genuine enjoyment the other day to sit alongside "General Forrest," the colored smoking-car porter on the "Congressional limited" train between New York and Washington, and hear his radiant story how the richest man of Chicago, P. D. Armour, had taken him out of bondage of inexpressible ignorance and made an educated, hopeful, happy man of him. "General Forrest" is probably the best-known and best-liked railway-car porter in the world, and his life has been almost a romantic one. He was a picaninny slave, bought in New Orleans with his mother, Ann Burr (and if black old Ann Burr is living this little story may give her yet a bit of earthly heaven), a few years before the war by the afterward famous Confederate cavalry leader, General N. B. Forrest, for his Coahoma County (Miss.) plantation. Though but a mite of a lad, Forrest was fond of him, and kept him at his side as a sort of diminutive valet until the General's surrender at Gainesville in 1865. For a good many years "General Forrest," who thus honestly came by his sobriquet, knocked about like all the rest of the freedmen flotsam and jetsam of the war, finally securing in 1872 a position as smoking-car porter on the through New York and Chicago trains of the Pennsylvania Railroad. In eighteen years he never was discharged and never left the company's service but once. P. D. Armour was responsible for that.

He had been to Washington and was on his way West. He had been enjoying a cigar in the smoker, and on nearing Altoona wrote a telegram which he directed the "General" to be very particular about with the operator at Altoona, as one word was not very clear. The "General" filed the message; returned to the car; and began his usual avocation, when not waiting on passengers, of studying his primer. Armour saw the with some alarm for the fate of his message; questioned him sharply; found that he could not read, but that his wits and memory served him in such exigencies; and on leaving the car turned to the porter with, "'General,' have you got sand enough to go to school and be a man if somebody would start you?"

"Golly!" responded the "General," "jess let somebody try!"

"All right. Go to school."

With this Armour left the car. Some two months later, on his way to New York, he found

THE SMILING "GENERAL"

Attending to his duties as usual. Regarding him with severity, Armour brusquely asked:

"How's this, 'General'—I thought I told you to go to school?"

"So you did, for sure, Mr. Armour. But I—I—well, I jess thought you was a-funnin' me."

"No, I don't 'fun' anybody. I tell you to go to school."

"All right. I'll go sure this time if you say so."

"Well, I say so. Go to school at once—anywhere you like."

Not another word was exchanged on the subject. But the "General" left the road; first located at Hamilton College, Va.; changed from this to Wilberforce College, near Xenia, Ohio; where he remained six years, leaving the same a well-educated man, and, as he says, "with no airs to be a preacher or an editor," in the summer of 1888; and at once secured a car on the "Congressional limited," between New York and Washington. During all those six years, and to this day, Mr. Armour's tremendous interests have never interfered with his writing this black man, at least once a month, letters containing expressions of friendship, encouragement, approval, and drafts ranging from $20 to $50. He has expended fully $4000 on the "General's" education and support; has made an educated and sensible man of him; keeps his picture on his desk in his office; both he and his son who, the "General" says, is as "plain as a shoe," treat him with the greatest friendship and esteem, and have neither ever asked so much of the "General" as to brush their clothing or clean their boots. Every story should have a happy ending. This one will be so provided on the 19th of June. On that day "General" Forrest will wed one of the colored belles of Wilberforce. Their bridal trip will be to Chicago for their benefactor's blessing, and I would like to be one to see them ascend the great marble stairs which lead to the millionaire's La Salle street office, and witness the handsome reception when "General" Forrest and bride are announced within.

While in Paris a few days since a member of the present French Cabinet, anxious to secure any sort of intimation as to American Presidential possibilities for 1892, pressed me so closely upon the subject that out of politeness, as a makeshift, I combined a reminiscence with the best guesses I could make upon a matter subject to such deep complications. The result of the conjuring may have interest to others. Along in the last half of the fifties such Illinoisans as Abraham Lincoln, E. B. Washburne, Richard Yates, N. B. Judd, Stephen A. Hurlburt and my own father, had a custom of frequently coming together at the old Tremont House, Dearborn street, Chicago, for political consultation. My father had an odd habit of taking me with him to these meetings; seating me in a huge arm-chair, and becoming utterly oblivious of my presence, while the political wisdom and cigar-smoke of these affairs regularly forced me into a half sea-sick, sodden sleep. On one occasion, I think

IT WAS IN THE SUMMER

Of 1858, when I had attained the advanced age of 10 years, I was in this usual comatose condition, when I awoke and found myself in Mr. Lincoln's arms. He held one of my hands in his left hand, and, while discussing certain plans which were about concluded, with his right hand was stroking my head in a gentle, fatherly way. Startled at engrossing so much attention from so great a personage, and blushing confusion at being found asleep, I made effort to escape, my father meanwhile offering ample irrelevant excuses for my somnolent condition. Mr. Lincoln held me closely, and at once quieted me with his simple, tender words. Among his reassuring expressions were these: "Do not be ashamed to sleep anywhere, my boy. Sleepy boys make the greatest men. Why, now, we've got a boy down home, about your age. That boy of mine just sleeps all the time. We call him 'Sleepy Bob,' to fun him a little. But I often tell him, 'Bob, sleep all you like. If you'll sleep hard enough you're bound to be President of the United States some day! Who knows, Bob?'" I stopped my story to the French Cabinet officer right there where Lincoln stopped his kindly prattle to me, but I have thought of what he said a million times since, and I told the curious Frenchman that it was possible, as the West must hereafter set the pace in these things, and would doubtless insist on controlling nominating conventions, that there could be many less available Republican tickets named than Robert T. Lincoln of Illinois for first place and Chauncey M. Depew of New York for second. Then, as to the possible Democratic nominees, I told him I thought there was just one man in that party in the West impregnable from any previous doubtful associations; a man who would, if any Democrat could, secure a large and sympathetic following from among the veteran war organizations; and who was as nearly as possible the one man the Democratic party could regard as an invincible leader. That man was ex-Postmaster-General William F. Vilas of Wisconsin. With him a wise political management would mate Governor Hill of New York. While the friends of Mr. Cleveland would never permit either the nomination or election of Governor Hill at the head of the ticket at this time, they would be easily reconciled to giving Governor Hill second place; and with such a ticket a tremendous Western and Eastern enthusiasm, effecting a "united Democracy" in reality, would result, while the South, as usual, could be relied upon to take care of itself. True this is but a quick conjecture, impelled by foreign curiosity in a high place, making obligatory the best answer possible from an American. But it will do no harm to put these

CONJECTURAL TICKETS

Into "small caps," and let people look at and think about them a little:

PRESIDENTIAL TICKETS FOR 1892.

REPUBLICAN.
For President,
ROBERT TODD LINCOLN of Illinois.
For Vice-President,
CHAUNCEY MITCHELL DEPEW of New York.

DEMOCRATIC.
For President,
WILLIAM FREMONT VILAS of Wisconsin.
For Vice-President,
DAVID BENNETT HILL of New York.

There is probably no word more effusively or irradically fixed in the vocabulary of American slang than that one now exclusively and universally signifying a mysterious, dubious, yet powerful and all-sufficient influence with, or over, political combinations or dispensers of political patronage. Its use is quite as common and comprehensive in all active business, and not unusually in social, and even in ecclesiastical, affairs. I refer to the word "pull." One has a "pull" at the White House; another has a "pull" in municipal affairs; a clever clergyman has a "pull" at local or general conferences, with presbyteries, in church and missionary boards, indeed with his bishop or archbishop; and the schoolboy of 10 strives for a "pull" with his teacher or among the juvenile crowds whose affairs comprise the most important considerations of his daily life. The word has been editorially deplored, assailed and unmercifully scourged and pursued, but always comes out uppermost and goes straight on in its sententious work and uses with hardy knuckles and sturdy legs. Like one of those grim and hardy waifs of the street, that, homeless, parentless and without ancestry, pushes himself, from the very aggressive power of his usefulness, into position and place, "pull" may be now regarded as a permanent fixture, and important enough in its hard-fisted place to deserve attention to its ancestry. Various philologists have already written essays giving "pull" distinctively American origin. By the purest accident of research upon another subject, I discovered this to be incorrect. For its immediate parentage we must charge its eulogy, or results upon, to the Irish. While recently in Ireland, engaged in an investigation upon certain of its resources, I came upon an old work entitled, "A Statistical Survey of Roscommon," printed at Dublin in 1832. Among the quaint and interesting recitals of a local nature to be found in this "survey" is an account of the rise and fall of the Arglina Coal and Iron Company, in 1824, known as the "bubble year" of English and Irish speculation; and particularly of the remarkable manipulations among London nobility and capitalists in a nearly successful effort on the part of an Irish engineer, architect and builder with the significant name of Flattery, to float a Roscommon bog and hole in the ground upon London investors for $1,500,000; Flattery's share on which booty was to be $100,000. Although it was uphill work, and eventually became so glaring a fraud that Parliament investigated and put a quietus upon the scheme, the radiant enthusiasm of Mr. Flattery found frequent vent, by letter, to his Roscommon friends. In one of these, dated London, November 26, 1824 (Appendix, p. x.), is found our American "pull" in its robust force of application and incisiveness.

MR. FLATTERY WRITES:

"I have not signhed anything for them yet, tho' I have humbuged them out of £250, and got them to send of the work of the engine, which comes to £1000. I have now a pull on them, and will make them do whats rite."

The announcement of Stanley's engagement of marriage to Miss Dorothy Tennent, the London painter, will recall to the memory of older working journalists of New York his earliest known dream of domestic bliss. His inamorata was a truly sweet Philadelphia girl, daughter of a well-known family of that city. It was a wonderful love match, flaming gloriously along through 1867, 1868 and 1869, while Stanley was simply an ordinary sort of correspondent and utility man on the New York Herald. He was a furious and ardent lover: kept the railway car-seats warm between New York and Philadelphia visiting his betrothed; and the balance of the time drove Felix de Fontaine and the rest of his companions among the old-time Herald boys wild with his rosy schemes for future domestic joys. The greatest source of their discomforture was in his perennial and gorgeous architectural fancies. He drew hundreds upon hundreds of plans, each one for a residence to cost anywhere from $100,000 to $500,000, though the generous and improvident fellow seldom had more than enough money on hand for "a bowl" at "Cobweb Hall" and before he would mail these to his Philadelphia sweetheart, as he almost daily did, his set among the Herald boys must invariably examine and pass judgment upon them. "Going over to discuss the changes in our future home," came to be the explanatory remark as the party went into council. This was something fearful on the other fellows, all forgiven, however, for Stanley had a big heart for the fraternity; and he would never forget his fellows, not he; nor his lovely wife to be, not she. One great, grand room was to be theirs forevermore. Indeed the wonderful mansion was to be built all around this grand room. It was to be filled with broad, cool, leather lounges. A great library was to cover its walls. It should have half a dozen fire-places and at least a dozen cosy corners. Tables and all material for writing should be everywhere—yet nothing "shop-like" in sight. There should be loads of splendid rugs. A sideboard provided with such galore of inspiration and wealth of cigars as never was in any other man's home should be there for his newspaper friends. By George! they should eat, drink, sleep and work there, if they liked. In a word, it was to be, and be called, their "Soul's Rest."

This dream was broken in upon by his African search for Livingstone. On his return, the most famous man of his time, in 1872, he found his betrothed married and already a mother. The "Soul's Rest" dream was done. The heads of the old Herald boys are already well silvered. The Philadelphia lady is the mother of young men looking about for wives themselves. And Stanley, still hale and hearty, realizing his dream in another way, with one woman who could work and wait, is to be a sort of king of the vast Congo Free State.

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THE CHIEF AND HIS CAPTAINS.

Pen Sketches of Men Prominent in the Police Department.

Chief of Police Crowley and Captains Isaiah W. Lees, William Y. Douglass, John Short and Andrew J. Dunlevy.

SAN FRANCISCO'S Police Department is efficient and well disciplined. It now has a maximum strength of 401 men, 336 of whom are patrolmen. The city has an area of 41½ square miles, and not less than 1000 miles of streets, nearly all of which are patrolled by her policemen. This work is carried on under the direction of five police captains and the general supervision of the Chief of Police. Captain I. W. Lees has charge of the detective force composed of twelve men. Captain A. W. Stone presides over the City Prison. Captain William Y. Douglass is stationed at the Central Station in the old City Hall; Captain Andrew J. Dunlevy at the North Harbor Station, 522 Davis street, and Captain John Short at the Southern Station, 829 Folsom street.

P. CROWLEY.

In stature Chief Crowley is somewhat above the average-sized man. He is strongly and compactly built. He has a pleasing address and a manly, military bearing, which at once impresses one with his strong individuality of character. For a number of years he has held the highest office in the Police Department with signal honor and distinction. He was first elected Chief of Police in 1866 and served in that capacity until 1873, when he was succeeded by T. G. Cockrill. Under the new administration in 1880 the Board of Commissioners appointed Mr. Crowley, Chief, and he has held the office continuously ever since, being regularly re-elected every two years.

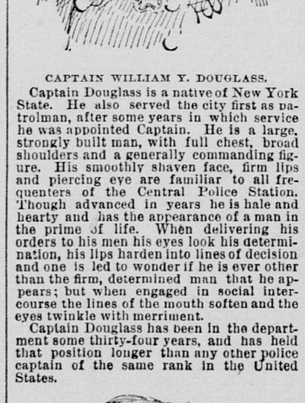
CAPTAIN ISAIAH W. LEES.

Captain Lees of the detective police is by profession an engineer, but nature evidently designed him for another pursuit, as subsequent developments have eminently proven. He first served the department as patrolman, and has been in the city's service for upward of thirty-five years. In his position of patrolman he distinguished himself for the readiness and cleverness with which he ferreted out criminals and frustrated their plans, and so, finally, his ability in this respect received the well-merited recognition of appointment to the position which he now holds. Captain Lees, as may be seen by his portrait, is one of the fine-looking men of the department.

CAPTAIN WILLIAM Y. DOUGLASS.

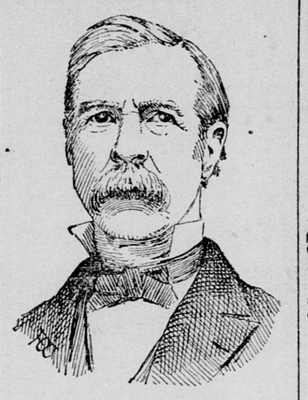
Captain Douglass is a native of New York State. He also served the city first as patrolman, after some years in which service he was appointed Captain. He is a large, strongly built man, with full chest, broad shoulders and a generally commanding figure. His smoothly shaven face, firm lips and piercing eye are familiar to all frequenters of the Central Police Station. Though advanced in years he is hale and hearty and has the appearance of a man in the prime of life. When delivering his orders to his men his eyes look his determination, his lips harden into lines of decision and one is led to wonder if he is ever other than the firm, determined man that he appears; but when engaged in social intercourse the lines of the mouth soften and the eyes twinkle with merriment.

Captain Douglass has been in the department some thirty-four years, and has held that position longer than any other police captain of the same rank in the United States.



CAPTAIN ANDREW J. DUNLEVY.

Captain Dunlevy started out in active life as a ship-carpenter, and after coming to San Francisco he drifted into the Police Department, about 1868, in which service he has been engaged for the past twenty-one years. He, too, began as a patrolman, in which position he proved a most excellent officer. His many admirable qualities as an officer endeared him to his fellow-patrolmen, and won the respect and admiration of his superior officers. Upon a vacancy occurring in the captaincy of the North Harbor Station he was appointed to that position, which he has held since. His piercing, deep-set eye plainly indicates that determination of character to which no doubt is due the success he has attained in his chosen vocation.



CAPTAIN JOHN SHORT.

Captain Short of the Southern Station is a native of New York State. He has been in the department for the past twenty-one years. Captain Short is one of our well-known pioneers. During the early days here he held the position of clerk in the Postoffice, then located on the corner of Waverly place and Clay street. He remained in the Postoffice in several capacities up to about 1859 or 1860, when he received an appointment in the Sheriff's office. After some years of service as Chief Jailer he was appointed directly to a captaincy on the police force. He is a man of but few words, but excellent executive ability, giving his orders in plain, unmistakable language and a marked tone of authority, as one used to commanding absolute compliance with his instructions, and, as a friend of him remarked, "He is the youngest old man in California."

FREMONT WOOD.

AN ISLAND FARM.

One of the Curious Places in the County of Sonoma.

"CALIFORNIA is a land of wonders," once remarked a visitor from the East upon his return from the Big Tree Grove, the Yosemite Falls, the Caves and the Natural Bridge of Calaveras County and other places of interest. He spoke in eulogistic terms of the vast ranches, the great tracts of grazing lands, the broad and fertile meadows and the grand scenery that his eyes had rested upon, and expressed astonishment that the natural beauty and the magnificence of the State was not set forth with more minuteness than has been done. "Why, there are thousands of people who cross the Atlantic yearly," said he, "who go to see the beauties of Alpine scenery, who, if they knew how much grander is the scenery of California, would turn their steps toward the land of the setting sun and witness sights that are nowhere else to be met."

While there are thousands of people in America who have no idea of the magnificence of the Golden State, there are many in California who are ignorant of the large number of beautiful places that are to be found in various counties of our State, at points off the usually traveled lines. A few days since an acquaintance, in conversation with the writer, who has been a resident of the Bay City since "the days of old, the days of gold," suggested a visit to Tubbs Island.

"And pray, where is Tubbs Island?" asked the writer.

The only reply was: "Meet me in the morning and I'll pilot you to one of the curious places in Sonoma County."

Agreeable to appointment there was a meeting at a place designated, which was followed by a pleasant three hours' ride from this city to Sears Point.

On the train we fell in with and the writer was introduced to Mr. Hiram Tubbs, a pioneer of California and prominent citizen of Oakland, the owner of the place which was the objective point of our visit. In those parts he is known as the "Prince of the Island," and he did all in his power to make the visit an entertaining and instructive one.

The island is a tract of land of about 1500 acres, situated some distance from Sears Point, and cut off from the main land by the waters of Petaluma and of Sonoma creeks. It is reached by row-boat and, viewed from a craft of this character, the sight of an island on which there is nothing in the shape of trees or verdure other than that which has been produced by the skill and patience of man is a singular one. Once upon the island one is reminded of Robinson Crusoe's home, for while there is every side evidence of comfort and prosperity, there is a sense of loneliness by being cut off from the rest of the community, but the superintendent, J. G. Stout, and his family and those who work under him have the satisfaction of knowing that, isolated as they are, they need not, like Enoch Arden, watch day after day for a sail, but can, when the spirit moves them, reach the mainland and mingle with the people of the county of Sonoma.

This island is to the owner what to many on the mainland is a country site, where he with his family and friends can when desired enjoy perfect rest from the life of a busy city. The dwelling complete in all its appointments faces the east and commands a fine view of the surrounding country, and from it may be seen many small craft that ply up and down the creek. The land, which has proved that it is susceptible of the highest cultivation, is covered with acres of waving grain and in one portion is an orchard in which are to be found fruit trees, all in bearing and of every variety. Some time ago there was discovered on the place wells of natural gas, and at present the product is used for illuminating purposes and is the only fuel used for cooking and heating the house. It is piped from one of the wells and held in a reservoir. "The discovery of this product of the earth," said Mr. Tubbs, while showing his visitors the source of supply, where he threw a piece of lighted paper, which ignited escaping gas and sent up a bright stream of flame "was an accident. One of the men came across it while digging for water. This find has proved of great value and is proof to my mind that if existing at this point it must exist in other parts of the county."

On the island were sunk six artesian wells, out of four of which flows gas. The water which flows from these wells does not appear to be affected by the gas, as the cattle drink it. In another portion of the island artesian wells produce excellent water. The pride of the owner of this island farm is the splendid collection of cattle and poultry of the finest breeds.

The presence of people on this island and the changes that have been made have not driven away the flocks of wild ducks that are in the vicinity. Through the courtesy of the owner, friends who are fond of sport have been permitted to go on the island and bag the tender teal and the luscious canvasback.

This place, as was remarked, is a curious one upon which to locate a farm, but it has turned out a success in every way. It is in a region where the climate is equable, and there everything flourishes. On the beach there are to be found clams, and in the creek the angler can fish to his heart's content. This place proves what results can be produced in absolute isolation from, with enterprise and energy, a desert island can be made to bloom like a garden of flowers.

MARGERY.

STATE BOARD OF TRADE.

Fine Wheat Grown by Irrigation—The New Ramie Plant.

The finest bunch of wheat ever exhibited in the rooms of the State Board of Trade has been received. It came from the ranch of Y. R. Stevens of Huron, Fresno County, and was grown on land once thought to be uncultivable, but which has been reclaimed by irrigation. The heads are seven inches in length, and the wheat yields from sixty to seventy-five bushels per acre.

A specimen of ramie plant was also put on exhibition yesterday from George D. Fiske of Yolo County. This plant, the growing of which is a new undertaking in California, has a silk-like fiber that is very strong and capable of being woven into all sorts of fabrics. It is supposed to be superior to flax.

The Marion's Turn Now.

Another phase of the Spreckels-Marion libel on account of the collision off the Farallone Islands cropped up yesterday. The owners of the barkentine Marion filed a bill against the brigantine, alleging that she ran into the barkentine instead of the barkentine running into the brigantine, as was alleged in the libel filed on the day before against the Marion. The owners of the Marion claim $5000 damages and the Spreckels vessel was released on a bond of $5500.

The stockholders of the Walla Walla Creamery have decided to close up business as it does not pay sufficient interest on the capital invested.

AN ANECDOTE OF THE WAR.

Miss Nancy's Wonderful Silver She So Dearly Treasured.

An Incident of the Three Days' Battle at Gettysburg—Shelter in a Cellar—Closely Guarding a Precious Bundle.

Written for THE SUNDAY CALL.

WHO that lived in quaint old Gettysburg, before the war but knew one of its most prominent characters, Miss Nancy, the maiden sister of a prominent Judge? She was then the sole survivor and representative of the aristocratic house of Dalrymple. A scion of an old Southern family, who, a century ago, wrote that magic trinity of letters, F. F. V., after the family name, she had removed to Gettysburg with her brother and his family in her girlhood, reigned a belle among the sophomores and seniors of Pennsylvania College for nearly a generation, and on the death of her brother, a college professor, renounced the "pomps and vanities of the world and all the sinful lusts of the flesh" except her admiration for and faith in Southern chivalry.

Not to have "tead" with Miss Nancy at her hospitable board, on which the solid-silver plate of the family, monogramed and crested, was even more conspicuous than her dainty tea-biscuit and Southern sponge-cake, was to have missed the "setting" of a picture of old-time luxury and refinement as beautiful and suggestive in its way as is "The Angelus."

Beside the sugar-bowl, creamer, coffee and tea urn which adorned the table, were two solid and elaborately carved candlesticks, a snuffer-tray, pair of snuffers, and an extinguisher, which always stood on the east and west end of the high, old wooden mantel in the parlor, to be looked at and polished to the highest point of effulgence, but never used. "The candles in them were extinguished the night after the Marquis de Lafayette supped with us in 1825," said Miss Nancy, "and father said they should never be relit for one less great than he."

Among Miss Nancy's most intimate friends were my brother-in-law and his wife, who, at the breaking out of the war, were the most pronounced adherents to Northern sentiments and Northern policy.

Not so Miss Nancy.

"The South will win, you'll see, Professor, because its army are all chivalrous Southerners from the first families of the South," said the now dried-up, wrinkled old spinster, as her faded eyes kindled with the patriotic "light of other days."

It was the 28th of June, 1863. News had been flying four days previously of A. P. Hill's corps that had just crossed the Potomac and was marching through Pennsylvania's border. The wildest excitement had seized upon the hitherto quiet,

SLEEPY LITTLE TOWN OF GETTYSBURG.

The Twenty-sixth Regiment, P. V. M., of which Company A was composed wholly of students from Pennsylvania College, were sent, under instructions from General Couch to guard the approaches toward the town. However, at 3:15 o'clock in the afternoon the advance guard of the enemy, consisting of 180 to 200 cavalry, rode into Gettysburg, shouting and yelling like savages, firing their pistols, indifferent whether they killed or maimed man, woman or child, and rushing from stable to stable in search of horses. These were soon followed by 5000 infantry, being General Gordon's brigade of Early's division of Ewell's corps. Their route was past Miss Nancy's house. Most of the men were exceedingly dirty; some ragged, without shoes, and surmounted by the skeleton of what was once an entire hat. In fact, their scanty wardrobe needed replenishing in every department; hence, they rushed eagerly to shoe, hat and clothing stores, freely offering their rolls of "Confederate scrip," which, they said, would in a few days be better than our own currency.

Of course, these again were but the forerunners of the entire invading army, which with the Union army were all moving on to the focus of both hostile and friendly forces—Gettysburg.

Soon after the awful three days' battle—now of world-wide renown—had begun, the residents of the west end of the town were advised by General Reynolds to leave their houses that the shot and shell of the enemy might not reach and injure them. In my brother-in-law's house, as in very many others, all was surprise, confusion and terror. Shot and shell were whistling and tearing and crashing through the streets and against the brick walls of the sturdy old houses; dead and dying men were falling upon the door stoops; groans rent the air and "hell and its furies" indeed seemed let loose. "To the cellar, Julia, with the children," shouted the professor, himself as brave a man as ever lived.

In a very short time mattresses and blankets were rolled down the long flight of cellar steps after them, and such cooked provisions followed as could be hastily found in the pantries. In the midst of all, a loud pounding was heard at the rear door, and a woman's voice, pitched in shrillest soprano, screaming:

"Let me in, Mrs. J.—For God's sake open the door!"

The professor went to the rescue. There stood Miss Nancy, bonnetless and terrified. Upon her thin arm, almost cutting into the bone by reason of its weight, hung a large white linen pillow-slip, through the broad hem of which a heavy tape had been run. It was filled to the top.

IT SEEMED TO WEIGH A TON.

"Why, Miss Nancy!" began my brother. What——?"

"Sh! Not a word, professor. I am alone; Jim has fled" (he was man-of-all-work). "My yard is full of rebels. I know they come to plunder, poor wretches! I throw all my silver into this bag and fly through the front door. It is not even locked. Who'd have thought that war was so dreadful?"

Thump, thump, thump, went the massive contents of that bag adown the cellar steps, as, trembling, Miss Nancy joined my sister, and fell exhausted upon one of the mattresses. The battle lasted three days. During all this time that bag never left Miss Nancy's arm, but reposed by her side as she sat moaning and weeping over the uncertain issue.

It was not until the dawn of Sunday morning, July 4th, that news came of the Union army's victory and that but a few rebel pickets remained in the country except the multitude of stragglers from General Lee's army and the immense number of his wounded, which were literally emptied out of his wagons into farm-houses and barns in his hasty retreat. Oh, the long breath of relief to those in the cellars.

"I've lived a century in these three days," said Miss Nancy, "and I expect my house is pillaged and ruined."

"But I am glad that you have saved your silver," said my sister. "Did you get it all?"

"All but the spoons. They were in a separate chest. I collected what is here, candle-sticks and all, in three minutes." And for the first time that tape had been drawn she opened the bag and looked in.

The contents were eight heavy flat-irons a wooden rolling-pin, a stove lifter and a small iron coal-scuttle. When, accompanied by the professor, who guided her trembling steps, she entered her own dwelling, all was just as it had been when she fled. No human foot had crossed the threshold, but on a shelf in the kitchen cupboard, where the eight flat-irons were wont to stand, was all of "Miss Nancy's silver," minus the spoons and candle-sticks, which were in their respective places.

"It is strange how one gets turned upside down when ejected," Miss Nancy was wont to say afterward, "but all that saved my silver was the chivalry of those Southern rebels, poor fellows!"

NELLIE BLESSING EYSTER.

Dr. James Murphy's Will.

The will of Dr. James Murphy, who died in this city on the 7th inst., has been filed for probate, but the value of the estate is yet unknown. The beneficiaries are: James Murphy, a son, $20,000, to be paid when he is 28 years of age, being now 16; Mrs. Mary Galwey, a sister, $5000; Rev. Father Thomas O'Neill, O.P., of the Dominican Church, $500, and the residue to Frances E. Murphy, the widow, who is executrix.

Mortuary Report.

The death rate of this city last week is 113, as against 127 for the previous week. Fifty-four of the decedents were foreigners, 2 suicides, 5 casualties and 21 deaths in public institutions. Consumption caused the death of 22, pneumonia 11, heart disease 6, convulsions infantile 5, bronchitis, apoplexy, cancer and encephalitis 4 each, inanition 5, Bright's disease, cholera infantum, diarrhœa, diphtheria and paralysis 3 each.

DRY GOODS.

KENNEDY'S

We Underbuy **IT IS BUSINESS!** And Undersell

FOR YOUR INTEREST AS WELL AS OURS.

Our Prices Are The Lowest For Equal Goods.

During the next ten weeks we will offer the best values ever placed in the market, in order to materially reduce our well selected immense stock to its normal capacity for inventory July 1st.

HERE ARE SOME OF THE BARGAINS FOR THIS WEEK,

Not All by Several Hundred, But Enough to Show How Our Prices Run.

BLACK SURAHS!

A 75c quality and good value for that price, 22 inches wide, at **50c.**

A $1 25 quality, very heavy, extremely good value, **75c.**

A $2 25 quality BLACK GROS GRAIN SILK, at **$1.50.**

COLORED SURAHS.

A 75c quality, all the new desirable shades, at **50c.**

A $1 25 quality PLAID SILKS, in all the new colorings, at **75c.**

HOSIERY.

LADIES' PURE SILK RIBBED VESTS, all sizes, in Ecru, Pink, Light Blue and Black, at **$1.00.**

Regular price $1 50. Only three to each customer.

LADIES' EXTRA QUALITY FAST BLACK COTTON HOSE, at **12½c A PAIR.**

LADIES' FAST BLACK RIBBED COTTON HOSE, sizes 7 to 10, at **25c A PAIR.**

COLORED DRESS GOODS

Two Special Bargains

No. 1—80 pieces GENUINE ENGLISH MOHAIR BRILLIANTINE, an excellent quality and rich luster, in all the new spring colors and glace effects, imported to retail at 75c, will be sold at **50c Per Yard.**

No. 2—89 pieces ALL-WOOL FRENCH INDIA TWILLS, 42 inches wide, at **50c Per Yard.**

BLACK DRESS GOODS!

3—GREAT OFFERS—3

40 pieces 38-inch IRON-FRAME ALPACA, worth 60c, at **35c Per Yard.**

58 pieces 44-inch RICH LUSTER ENGLISH IRON-FRAME ALPACA, worth $1 25, at **75c Per Yard.**

35 pieces 46-inch ALL-WOOL HENRIETTA, fine goods, our regular $1 quality, at **75c Per Yard.**

☞ **WASH FABRICS** at the Lowest Prices ever known.
☞ **REMNANTS** and **SHORT LENGTHS** at about one-half regular prices.
☞ **PAROSOLS** in every variety of style and material to suit the wants of all.

☞ Mail orders promptly attended to. Goods forwarded C. O. D. or on receipt of remittances by express or mail. Samples free on application.

PHILIP KENNEDY & CO.,

Southwest Corner of Market and Fifth Streets.

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FIRE COMMISSIONERS.

A Hoseman Suspended for Insubordination—Resignation Accepted.

The Board of Fire Commissioners met yesterday.

John Turrill, an extraman of Hose 8 was suspended from duty for fifteen days for insubordination.

A communication was received from the "Red Dot" Cable Cotton Rubber-lined Hose Company asking that a test be made of its hose.

The resignation of James W. Kentzel, who on last Saturday was transferred from Truck 4 to Engine 9, was accepted. Kentzel had been connected with the department for twenty-five years.

Commissioner Schmitt announced his intention of asking the Supervisors for a four weeks' leave of absence, as he intended going out of the State for that length of time.

Six vacancies in the department were also filled.

COMMERCIAL RECORD.

SATURDAY EVENING, June 14.

SUMMARY OF THE MARKETS.

Oilcake Meal higher.
Wheat dull.
Barley in fair demand.
Oats very quiet.
Corn lower.
No change in Hay.
Beans dull and easy.
Canned Salmon weak and dull.
Flaxseed held higher.
Potatoes sell well.
Onions lower.
Butter and Eggs unchanged.
Poultry nominal.
No receipts of Vacaville Fruit and Vegetables.
Mexican Dollars higher.

English Wheat Market.

LIVERPOOL, June 14.—The spot market is easy at 6s 10½d@7s 1½d. Cargoes are lower at 35s 3d for off coast. 35s for just shipped and 35s 3d for nearly due.

FUTURES.

The Produce Exchange cable gives the following Liverpool quotations: June, 7s 1¼d; July, 7s 1½d; August, 7s 1d; September, 7s 1¾d; October, 7s 2½d; November, 7s 2½d; December, 7s 2¾d.

SECURITIES.

LONDON, June 14.—Consols, 97½; United States Bonds, 4's, 124; 4½'s, 105; Silver, 47¾d; Rentes, 98f 22½c. Bullion out of the Bank of England, £12,000.

New York Markets.

NEW YORK, June 14.—There was scarcely any stock market to-day, while fluctuations were strictly upon a parity with trading. Speculators showed a general indisposition to trade pending a settlement of the silver question. The market started in with a drooping tendency, but when the bank statement was issued early losses were in almost all cases made up again. Governments steady. Petroleum, spot, opened at 89 and closed 89⅝. July opened at 90¼ and closed at 90½.

NEW YORK, June 14.—United States Bonds: 4's, 122; 4½'s, 103½; Northern Pacific, 37¾; Canadian Pacific, 82½; Central Pacific, 34¼; Union Pacific, 66¼; Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe, 47¾; Wells-Fargo, 143 bid, 145 asked; Western Union 85⅜; Silver, 104¼; Sterling, $4 86@4 88½.

Wheat, cash, 95½c; July, 93⅞c.

Flour—Quiet.

Coffee—$17 50.

Sugar—4¾@5 9-16c.

Hops—California, 19c.

Hides—California, 13½c.

Copper—Lake, $15 80.

Tin—Spot, $21 60.

Lead—Domestic, $4 40.

Iron—$14.

Petroleum—89⅞c.

Chicago Markets.

CHICAGO, June 14.—The opening of the Wheat market was firm and at full yesterday's closing prices, to a shade better, but became easy under fair offerings and only a limited demand and prices gradually eased off, declining from 1c to 1½c, with only very slight fluctuations, improved slightly and held steady, closing about ½c to ⅞c lower than the closing figures of yesterday. The daily movement of Wheat shows a grand total of receipts 206,000, shipments 101,000 bushels. Rye easy at 45½c. Barley steady.

CHICAGO, June 14.—Wheat, cash, 88⅞c.

Corn—34¾c.

Pork—$12 75.

Lard—$5 85.

Ribs—$5 40.

Whisky—$1 09.

Fine Silver.

Nominal at $1 03½@1 07 ⅌ ounce.

Mexican Dollars.

Quotable at $2@83½c.

New York Exchange.

New York exchange, 15c for sight drafts and 20c for telegraphic.

Treasure Shipment.

The City of Peking took for China yesterday a treasure list of $192,507, as follows: Mexican Dollars, $181,869; Gold Coin, $10,598; Gold Dust, $40. It has been some time since we shipped any silver to the Orient.

The Clearing-House.

Local bank clearings last week were $17,108,161, against $17,678,433 for the same week last year.

Shipping Notes.

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