GOSSIP FROM THE CAPITAL.

Alphabet Barlow, Proprietor of the Democratic Party.

Democratic Jobs and Jobbers--Cotton-Tax, McGarrahan, Cuba, and Pacific Mail.

The Legal-Tender Case and the Supreme Court.

A Good Story b Bret Harte.

From Our Own Correspondent.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 23, 1874.

If, when, and perhaps the Democratic party comes to power: what then will be its relations to BARLOW?

Do you know Barlow? He is one of the silent rulers, the underneath jobber of jobbers, the great unknown iridescence of the Democracy. He belongs to the standard of Caron de Beaumarchais, Creuzot, De Lesseps, Ralston. His pot is the Democracy; the world is his oyster.

"Barlow will fix it," says the incautious Democrat. If Seymour must get up and Pendleton get down, Sickles leave Spain or Gould leave Erie, Pacific Mail flop, or the mines of Montezuma declare a dividend, Barlow will fix it.

Barlow is Dean Richmond with variations. He is Jefferson without the humanities. He is at once Miranda Expedition, a corner in Wall street, a court on Fifth avenue, and all parts of the Tichborne claim, from old Sir Roger down to the Lord-Chief-Justice. He is no adventurer, but the employer of adventurers.

This brilliant emissary goes under his patronage to Nicaragua, and parleys with the hyena of Guatemala. That one ascends the rivers of Grenada to pierce form ship-canal. A third rings in with the Vera Cruz & Mexico Railroad. A fourth is a quiet spy on the inlets of the South Sea, where Webb and Holliday expect to conduct, some day, a line of back-action, scud-around propellers for the benefit of yams, cocoa, and missionaries. Barlow's man is in Yeddo, in Pekin. He has the refusal, any day in the year, of several first-class but indigent Kingdoms.

He has so many schemes, all magniloquent, that he is called Alphabet Barlow. He is not, however, the man who kicked the penny pieman. "You spell his name," said the Englishman, "with a Hess, a Hell, and a Hem: S. L. M. Barlow, proprietor of the Democratic party, *vice* Dean Richmond and Peter Cagger.

"Rove you oye back," as the Bowery poet said, to the Santo Domingo expedition, and, although you may not have seen it, the name of Barlow shone in characters of living light midway between Baez and Cabral. Did not the author of the term Kakophagous, and other alcoholic bits of etymology, proceed thither on the fated bark? Has he any identity, except in Barlow? He shuts back into Barlow, like a blade.

There also is Dunan: S. H. Dunan! Some time ago, in the dilemmas of the Erie Railroad, there were called forward to New York some of the conservative and careful workmen of John W. Garrett, to see if it was possible to get any honest service in the road successively prostituted by Drew and Gould. Dunan had been Auditor of the Baltimore & Ohio Road. He took a like position in Erie. Soon afterward he reported to the London stockholders that the management of the Watson party was irregular; and forthwith Barlow, assisted by that press on which he can always rely,—the Union of Bliffl and Black George,—showed his hand.

Dunan was denounced, routed, and, with mock patronage paid to his relative poverty, relieved from the house of Erie. It made no difference that the English interest found afterward that Dunan had been candid and correct. He was too poor to get the ear of the stock-jobbing press. Hugh Jewett took charge in general, but Dunan is outside.

Without vouching for Dunan, it is evident that he ought to please, as Auditor of two of the four great railways from West to East,—and Erie has, of late, been an appendage of Pennsylvania, with Barlow on the outside,—and Dunan an investigator after the heart's wish of the Democracy, shows that the railways, advised by great political middlemen, like Barlow, McClure, et al., have proceeded in the line of the water-pail and the overseuse as follows:

Vanderbilt's roads, tidewator to Chicago; scant $140,000,000 stock.

Garrett's roads, tidewater to Chicago, scant $1C,000,000.

Thus the Baltimore & Ohio Road has to meet dividends only on one-ninth as much stock as the Central. And yet do we see New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, proceeding to Baltimore like the Magi, to say, in the most innocent way, to the returning Garrett:

"Where is he that is born King of the (railway) Jews?—for we have seen his star in the East, and are come to worship him!"

Barlow is a fine, dashing, well-behaved fellow. But inquiries are in order. Who is to be the mercantile and legal adviser of the Democrane party, if it comes to power. Is it Barlow? Then look out for the most elegant Federalism ever seen at Washington, under the ostentation of Home Rule and State Rights! The revival of Barlowism, instead of Jay-Cocklism, at the Federal Capital, will mean just this:

Instead of the expenditure of public moneys prodigally upon domestic schemes, there will be prodigal expenditures upon distant countries and in distant seas, in the name of a foreign policy, American influence, and American shipping. Besides, National politics will be forbidden to take cognizance of such things as Tweed, Barnard, and Erie, as they are "Home Rule." That is to be Barlow Democracy. The next-door neighbor must mind his own business while we run the man without a country.

New York Democracy is hollow kid-glove,—ostensibly a mild form of gauntlet, really a purse to defray the expenses of naughtiness. The sensibilities of men are yet alive to the late remembrance of the part of the Barlow press in the Brooklyn abduction. Home Rule is good enough, except by the Master of the House. In short, the saturated Socialism of New York, with its minister-keeping morals, is the Democratic Higher Law on and about Manhattan Island. It marches on the Rights of Man and the Seventh Commandment, with the well-known rogue's stave:

Don't you know that I'm the man that kicked the penny pieman?
Hi! Hickety Barlow! (All together, please!)

DEMOCRATIC JOBS AND JOBBERS.

Ben Holliday, the celebrated overland trader in the Administrations of Pierce and Buchanan, is housed in Washington, waiting for mails and opportunities. A life-long Democrat, he stands ready for the gathering of the faithful, to serve his country when released from the thraldom of the Radicals.

Sam Smith, Esq., of Marysville, Cal., a life-long Democrat, is the pioneer and manager of the great Jurisprudence Lobby for the return of the cotton-tax, involving $70,000,000 at one stroke, principal and interest, all delivered in forty-year 7-per-cent bonds. This scheme is based upon the tax of 8 cents a pound imposed on cotton at the close of the War. The point was raised, that to tax cotton was to impose an export-duty, which is unconstitutional. A part of the Bench held that this quibble had bottom to stand on. Forthwith the cotton claims are bought up, and the refusal of the rest obtained. All we are waiting for now is a Dimmycratic success.

The McGarrahan claim, funded amongst certain ornithoax Democrats at $15,000,000, and long abetted by Montgomery Blair and the Blair family, is ready to share in the first fruits of a Democratic success. Mac has got a new suit of clothes, and uses such cabalistic remarks as "Dinnah ye hear the slogan?"—meaning, it is supposed, We can jump any man's mine we like.

The old Cuban lobby holds on, waiting for the success of the great party of Invasion; but it is embarrassed by the small matter of consistency, —a part of the regular Democratic press being edited by the Spanish attorney in New York. This is of no account, however. Organs are cheap, while Ben Wood, Brick Pomeroy, and their kidney live. There are lots of embargoed estates in Cuba, and Slavery is unsuppressed there. To steal a drove of niggers from the Dons, drive them into the cane, and boil drove and cane down into sugar, is the easy part of Filibuster. The money is ready in New York, in the hands of the Executive Committee. Address "*Sheni per sheni.*"

Lastly, there is [Pacific Mail; the Importers'

pot line around the world to nowhere particularly. The regular-line Democrat, Jay Gould, is said to be bearing it. It has no politics until the Democracy is due, and then, for Sailors' Rights, it will have been overwhelmingly, immemorially Democratic all the while. This Company, subsidized doubly, is still the fast man of Wall street.

THE LEGAL-TENDER CASE AND THE SUPREME COURT.

Clifford and Field are said to have been the two Justices dissenting from the opinion of the Supreme Court in the last Legal-Tender case, where the heir of Maryland, the wandering heir, the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad Company, refused to pay specie interest to the parent granny of the State. They believe in specie on both sides, but corporations never surrender.

These two men, Clifford and Field, are the only members of the Judiciary who hold with tradition, rather than vigor, to ultra-radical strict construction. It is amusing to the country to know that, whatever political changes may be made, the Supreme Tribunal is, to a great degree, the conservator of the National party's policy. Miller, Swayne, Davis, Hunt, Bradley, Strong, and Waite,—all men of quiet habits and relative youth,—will keep that high tribunal in the course prescribed by the spirit of the War that broke the pretensions of the Provinces.

Clifford is the oldest sitting member on the Bench. His life and privacy are strictly judicial. Little or nothing is known of his daily walks and talks. His enormous size and stature prohibit him from much exercise. He is a diligent Judge. Behind him stretch the years of public action far away to the City of Mexico, where he made the treaty of peace when Texas was the public question, and her annexation the policy of the party to which Clifford belonged. Faithfully the old man—his skin, and hair, and the light of his eye, of almost muscular strength—stands by the opinions he formed as a Van Buren Democrat. Nobody imputes anything but high conscientiousness to him, yet he differs with the majority less on the facts than on the flavor of the Constitution. What a commentary on the finite mind. A little primer of laws, called The Constitution, does not read the same way to two equally pure, equally wise Judges.

While Clifford boards by Davis at the National Hotel, Field keeps house on Capitol Hill. He is a wonderful home-body, and is always repairing or adding something to his establishment. There, in a part of the same building where Calhoun died, and Congress met, and prisoners-of-war were kept, the Judge reads everything under the sun, now or old, and is a little more in love with his home every day. How could he go against the Legal-Tender decision, being so much that way himself?

The Court is a queer little world. Its greatest practitioner is dead, Curtis. He was a natural lawyer. His mind could cross an ocean on stepping-stones, so exact and so all-abounding was it. He used to sit on this Bench, but resigned to practice and make a competence; and every day, going to and fro, from law to humor, from ethics to toddy, he described with his elbows, by repeated bendings of the same, several circumnavigations of the globe. The vast processions of common law, the stately tile of the Roman statutes,—which Legare labored so hard to reconcile with the common law, and thus mingle the classical and Gothic arches,—rose all the clearer to Curtis' sight on the vulgar compound called a cocktail. He was a good old Democratic toddy-taker. He died in the recess, when the Court was off at leisure. We shall not look upon his like again.

Judge Miller is finishing a law-book, made up, I believe, of the decisions of the Bench whereof he is a worthy member.

"He is a good man to have around," says Mrs. Miller. "He can just take a book, and sit and read good-humoredly all day, and be interrupted by the children while writing his decisions."

When a new man is to come on the Bench, they chatter together like a number of great clucking hens, each of whom expects a new hen to sit mutually on the general eggs which she had no part in laying. They look at him when he arrives, and make up their minds, and go home and report to their wives every day. Of course their wives know very little about it, but it is quite a subject for a great while. The new man, meantime, is advised by his wife on the subject of his gown. There she is a great authority, on the subject of backstitch and the size of the sleeves. It is not every woman who can get her husband into petticoats. She goes to Court slyly, to see if he gowned as well as the rest of them; and sometimes, perhaps, suggests that it is time he had a new one,—intimating that her old silk is also shabby.

Bret Harte told me a good story about his visit to Washington a year ago. He had not been in the city at any time previously.

"I was delighted with that Capital," he said. "It is so wide-reaching, so pure, so worthy of the country! I strolled up and down, knowing little about it all, until I saw a sign, 'Clerk of the Supreme Court.' Then, guessing the door, I entered that awful Tribunal of which I had heard so much. Sure enough, there they were in their silk gowns,—large, grave, Greek-looking fellows, all in a row, with one lawyer talking, two listening, and no spectators.

"I sat down, the solitary intruder, in a far corner. The sounds of the pleader monotonously arising, made the only disturbance besides.

"In a few minutes, one of the Judges, automatically turning his head, looked at me. He said something to the next Judge. The next to the third. So along the whole line the mysterious communication went. They all faced from the advocate and looked right at me. Then the Judge nearest me winked. I could not have believed it, but he winked twice!

"I blushed like Ann Page when Falstaff winked.

"The awful Presence winked three times.

"Suddenly I remembered that it was Field. This was the Bench he was on. I had been acquainted with him in California."

"Well, Harte, it is the first time a joke ever went round the Supreme Court. They couldn't even take the joke of Cushing's confirmation."

GATH.

TAKING THE VEIL.

The veil was taken. And nor calm pale face
Smiled sadly on me as she said good-by;
No quiver on the lip my gaze could trace,
No tear drop glistened in her young bright eye.

'Twas the black veil. And yet I could not see
Upon that radiant face one sign of sorrow.
She parted; just as oft she'd said to me,
"I'll meet you at the same place, dear, to-morrow."

But now the veil was taken. And she said
With just her olden thrill of girlish laughter,
"I can't come out to-morrow; but instead
"I'll meet you here, dear Charlie, the day after."

And so the veil was taken. All in vain
I'd tried to put her bonnet-top to cook it;
So drew it on, to kiss; ran for the train,
And took the veil—Jane's veil—home in my pocket.

Two hairpins to her chignon fastened it,
Which very quickly I had disconnected;
On these incontinent I chanced to sit—
Then how I took the veil I recollected!
—*Tinsley's Magazine.*

Talleyrand's Memoirs.

The approaching publication of the memoirs of Prince Talleyrand was announced the other day, but it appears the reading public is not to be gratified with a sight of them for twenty-two years yet to come, owing to a compact made with his late Majesty Napoleon III. This astute sovereign, desiring some eight years ago to know what these memoirs contained, requested that a portion of the manuscript should be sent to him for perusal. This was accordingly done, and the Emperor discovered that the memoirs were in flagrant disaccord with the Memorial of St. Helena, a fact which was exceedingly annoying to him. He sent, therefore, for the Baron Charles de Talleyrand, grandson of the Prince, and requested him to interfere with the Valencay family, who were Prince Talleyrand's heirs, in order to obtain a further delay in the publication. It was therefore decided upon that, in accordance with the wishes of the Emperor, the memoirs should not appear till after another postponement of thirty years. As this took place in 1866, we have, of course, twenty-two more years to wait before catching a glimpse of these very interesting revelations. It was in return for this concession on the part of the Valencay family that Napoleon III. caused the title of Duke de Montmorency to be revived in favor of the second son of the house.—*Paris Letter.*

How a Conductor Got His Thanksgiving Turkey.

From the Dubuque Times.

On Friday evening as Conductor Carney's train, of the Illinois Central, was passing through the timbered region of Centro Grove, a flock of wild turkeys were noticed running along on the track a considerable distance ahead of the engine. The conductor stationed himself on the pilot, and, as the train approached the birds, they took to the wing, raising directly in front of the engine. For a few seconds, which seemed like minutes, there was a most exciting race, but the train was too fast for the birds, and as it caught up with them the smoke-stack knocked three or four of them to grass, and Mr. Carney caught one, a monstrous gobbler, by the legs, and so strong was the bird that he made such a struggle that it was only by desperate effort Mr. C. could retain his place on the pilot with one hand and hold the bird with the other. He succeeded at last in getting him safely back to the baggage-car, where it was found that his turkeyship weighed 22 lbs. The bird is fat and in fine condition for Thanksgiving Day, and for that day he will be served up with oyster stuffing.

UTAH.

The Attempt to Force the Mormons into Communism.

Growing Strength of Political Anti-Mormonism.

The Indictment of Elders Ricks and Cannon for "Lascivious Cohabitation."

The Mountain-Meadow Massacre---Prosperity of the Mining Interest.

Special Correspondence of The Chicago Tribune.

SALT LAKE CITY, Utah, Nov. 18, 1874.

The salient feature of Mormon policy the past season was the attempt to force the entire membership of the Church into

COMMUNISM.

Five to ten years ago it might have been successful; but the time for it, if it ever was, would seem to have forever passed. Here, in the Capital, it didn't begin to succeed, nor for 50 miles and south. But, in the extreme north and south, where the light of the age has not yet penetrated, the people generally assented, at least so far as to turn over their stock. This was at once branded "71," which they have so soon got far enough along to interpret "Seven to one you never get it back again.' It is producing, even in the most benighted districts, the expected dissatisfaction; while, in the more enlightened, Brigham has been obliged to change his tactics. It is no longer "consecration" that is urged, but "co-operation;" which is a horse of quite another color. Even that drags; for it is hard to convince even the Mormons that a set of idiots individually will constitute a community of wise men.

Brigham's policy is

PROTECTION, CARRIED TO THE EXTREME.

A man might raise wheat enough in Utah for, say, $10, to trade for his year's stock of coffee and sugar; while, if he undertook to raise his coffee and sugar himself, it would cost him $100. Any person who retains his common sense can see this; but one who has exchanged that commodity for "religion," as religions go out here, of course cannot. Brigham's "religion" aims, even more than the organization and rule of an army, to make the individual nothing, the community everything, and to completely isolate it at that. He has largely succeeded; and now, on the brink of the grave as he is, he sees the bitter fruit of it in the absence of all individual enterprise among his people,—sees the result, but fails to detect the cause.

Heretofore, if any man was getting his head above the dead level, by reason of native force, it has been the policy to rein him, send him off somewhere on one pretext or other, and break him up. In consequence, the general level of poverty and squalor has been

GRADUALLY LOWERED,

instead of raised. In 1869, twenty-two years after the Territory was settled, its assessable value was, in round numbers, $11,000,000. The railroad came, "outsiders" followed, mines were discovered and wrought, and in four years it became $22,000,000. The railroads are built chiefly by Gentile money; the mines, worth at present $25,000,000, have been discovered and developed almost entirely by Gentiles and apostate Mormons; and the Gentiles support the railroads, while the Mormons go on tilling their little potato-patches, obeying counsel, paying their tithing, and marrying,—living their religion," and growing poorer and more wretched every year.

When Brigham came from his winter-capital in the extreme south, last spring, he told the people that they were the most miserable peasantry in the world. True, he said it was because they were wasteful and extravagant; but he failed to tell them how one could waste what he never had. His remedy was another step in the wrong direction,—the last that could be taken. Everything was to be deeded and handed over to about 125 Bishops, and the people were to put themselves, as well as their possessions, absolutely at their disposal. Which, could it have been done, would have left 125 men in Utah, not very bright at that, and

ABOUT 100,000 SLAVES.

Now, having played the last card in that hand, and lost, let Brigham change his system, and give the individual a chance. In that case, Utah would soon be another country. But this is not to be expected. It would cut off tithing and weaken the "Kingdom," or the chiefs of it. The Fall Conference, while it was, probably by reason of Brigham's precarious health, a very tame affair, comparatively, was improved to urge upon the people the old false idea: the individual is nothing, the community is everything; as though an enterprising, prosperous, powerful community could be built up out of emasculated, slavish individuals, a marble city be made of brick houses. Yet that was all that was said of any pith or interest.

In 1867, the Opposition have first attempted a political fight. The man they supported for Congress got about 125 votes. In 1870, their candidate got about 1,500 votes; in 1872, perhaps 2,000; in 1874, 4,500. Their first meetings were taken possession of by the Church people, their next practically suppressed. The past summer they held them undisturbed in the streets of Salt Lake, and thousands listened to as plain political talking as ever was uttered,—such as it would not have been safe to utter five years ago in one's private lodgings.

At the last election, the Liberals

CARRIED ONE COUNTY,

Tooele; the county officers canvassed the vote, and certified to the result according to law; then, after taking "counsel," began a filibustering war to keep the successful candidates out of their offices. They wouldn't accept their bonds, and, when forced to by the District Court, they would not give possession of the records, etc., until compelled to by process of the Court. Their law requires one to be a resident in order to vote, and to be a tax-payer in order to be a resident. Construed literally, this would enable the county tax officers to disfranchise the Opposition entire by simply postponing the assessment and collection of taxes till after the election, each year. The Judges of Election in the mines construed "tax-payer" to mean one who was liable to pay taxes when called upon to do so; and, of course, this allowed everybody having the necessary qualifications to vote, although certainly no more than one in four of the Liberal voters had actually paid taxes this year. On the other hand, the Mormons voted illegally, (1) on their first naturalization papers; (2) polygamous wives of foreign birth, and their children, whether of age or not; (3) people purporting to have been naturalized by the Probate Courts. One-half of their votes throughout the Territory come from these three classes, which cannot legally vote under their own and the laws of Congress. But the law provides for cases of contest, and it is not by the incumbents arbitrarily excluding successful candidates from their offices. There was much trouble and considerable excitement about it for a time, there being symptoms of forcible resistance to the verdict at the polls; but the new officers

WERE FINALLY INSTALLED,

and there was no outbreak. If Congress would revise the Election laws of Utah, so as to give all citizens a fair show at the polls, we would redeem this Territory from Theocracy by legitimate political agitation, discussion, and action, in a very few years. This is the only way we have made any substantial progress, and the only way in which there is any hope of so doing.

Upon the meeting of the District Courts, and the impaneling of juries under the Poland law of last session, the District Attorney challenged off all who, on their *voir dire*, declared that they would conscientiously scruple to indict a man for violation of the anti-polygamy act of 1862. At last, perceiving that they would all be excused from serving, the polygamists reconsidered, and concluded that, while they believed it to be right; so long as it was contrary to law they would not scruple to indict for it. At all events, let the law be tested. So that, on all the Grand Juries, there are not only Mormons,

BUT POLYGAMISTS.

One Elder Ricks, drawn as a Grand Juror, on being questioned, although an extensive polygamist, denied it point-blank, and so was impaneled as one of the jurors. Whereupon the jury retired, and immediately presented Elder Ricks for lascivious cohabitation, under the Territorial statute made famous in 1871 by its attempted use against polygamists. Delegate Cannon was also indicted under the same statute, and this because he denied, in his contest for the Delegate's seat last winter, that he practiced polygamy. And these are the only two indictments known to have been found under that statute. The men are each notoriously living with several women as wives; and, since they deny on oath that they are polygamously married, I suppose the Grand Jury saw nothing else to do but indict them for the other thing. Elder Ricks is also indicted for murder, and Elder Cannon for polygamy. The latter will probably go to Congress under this indictment, as the District Attorney finds it impossible, from press of prior business, to proceed to trial at present. Cannon is under bonds from day to day; Ricks, in default of bail, is in quod. As Cannon has not taken a new wife within two years, he may escape conviction, under the statute of limitations; but there is one indictment for polygamy entered into within two years, in which it is claimed that the proof on all points is such as to insure conviction. Whether it has been agreed upon as a test case, I do not know; but it will answer the purpose of one, for it will be appealed under the Poland law. The decision we must get from the Supreme Court as to the law of 1862—in other words, how, when, whereby, and how much, "religious freedom" may be restrained by law under the Constitution of the United States—will be very interesting, and it will

BREAK THE BACK-BONE OF POLYGAMY.

Among other recent indictments is one against John D. Lee, the militia-Major in command at the Mountain-Meadows massacre. He has, of late years, lived in hiding, away from the settlements; but, coming out recently, was surprised and captured by Deputy-Marshal Stokes, and is now in custody at Beaver, awaiting his trial. It is understood that witnesses are on hand to fix the responsibility of that fearful crime, and to secure the punishment of some at last of the chief actors. Many think it will be brought home to Brigham at last. He is morally responsible, for the deed was in exact accordance with the sulphurous fulminations of his pulpit at that time; and he was accessory after the fact, received part of the plunder, &c.; but I do not believe he ever gave orders to commit the massacre. He would have been too politic, if nothing else, for that. Lee is a more-married man than even Brigham,—the latter having found sixteen women enough, while the former required eighteen, and is the father of nearly half as many children as old Rameses the Great himself. This trial, and others soon to come on, will be fruitful of interesting developments illustrating the beauty of those Mormon twin tenets.—

POLYGAMY AND BLOOD ATONEMENT.

The late State elections made the Saints very jubilant at first. But they reflected upon their past history, and upon the situation at present, and concluded that there wasn't much turkey in it for them, after all. Mormonism is at all points antagonistic to Democracy as well as to Republicanism, and, until it abandons that antagonism, has nothing to expect but opposition from either. The policy of the country has always been the same on this point, and always will be. And, should the Democrats again really come into power, and attempt to change that policy, it would matter little, because the reform in Utah from within is getting too strong to be much hindered or retarded from without.

Meanwhile, business—and by that I mean mining—

GROWS STEADILY MORE PROSPEROUS.

The mines are generally producing more and better ore than last year, and their product will exceed that of 1873 by 50 to 100 per cent. At two places in the south, the native coal is being coked successfully; iron-works are building at Ogden, and iron is being made far south in Iron County; while, at Soda Springs, the extreme north of the Mormon settlements, large deposits of almost pure sulphur have been discovered, and are about to be utilized. The floating population, which has made it lively in the saloons and club-rooms the last two or three years, has pretty much gone; the mining towns are filling up more with families, and their improvements are gradually assuming a more substantial character; while railroads are being extended south and west. There is much talk of "hard times;" but the real business of the country is going ahead. The great scheme of co-operative merchandising, devised by Brigham six years ago to keep out the Gentiles, is slowly passing away. The parent institution here is step by step retiring, and by spring will have ceased to be. The Presbyterians have just completed a fine church, capable of seating 500; the Methodists will soon have one finished, of twice that capacity. So that we are getting on, even in the American Asia. DOUGLASS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

What the Governor of Arkansas said to the Governor of Louisiana: "There are too many of us."

—Col. William Wilson, of the Sixth New York Volunteers, familiarly known during the War as "Billy Wilson's Zouaves," died Friday in New York.

—There is a rumor all along the line of the Boston & Albany Railroad that Judge Colt is to be the successor of Mr. Chapin as President of the corporation.

—The last Massachusetts Democrats in Congress were Banks and Rantoul, who were chosen more than twenty years ago. Rantoul died in his first term of service, and Banks soon after left the party.

—Gov. John A. Dix and family will leave Albany in January, and take possession of their residence in New York City, No. 3 West Twenty-first street. They will subsequently spend a part of the winter in Florida.

—A weekly paper in Illinois describes the editor of the other paper as "a blear-eyed hitching-post, a goat-faced gunny-sack, a wart-eared bung-hole for a cider-barrel, and a plaster-cast for the peep-dock on a canal-boat." There must have been a dearth of society-news that week.

—The magnificent mansion at Norwalk, Ct., erected by the late Legrand Lockwood at a cost of more than $1,000,000, is now offered for sale by the agent for the bankrupt estate at $110,000. It is proposed to purchase the property for a town hall and convert the grounds into a public park.

—One of the editors of the Milwaukee *Sentinel* tells us that he has been struggling with his mustache for two years, and yet it now consists of but nine hairs. He ought to know, occupying the position he does, that a respectable mustache can't be produced without brains.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

—Col. L. J. Du Pre, late of the Memphis *Appeal*, has disposed of his interest in that paper to Felix M. Jones (a son of the late Gov. Jones, of Tennessee), and designs removing to Texas. The *Appeal* will hereafter be conducted by M. C. Gallaway, J. M. Keating, and Mr. Jones, as sole remaining stockholders in the Company.

—Miss Harriet De Witt Mitchell, eldest daughter of the late Gen. Ormsby McKnight Mitchell, earlier known as Professor of Mathematics at West Point, Director of the Cincinnati Observatory, and author of popular works on astronomy, died Thursday at the residence of her sister, Mrs. William Hoak, in New York City.

—The Republican stampers in the Seventh Congressional District, it has transpired, had a hard time of it. As they reached each town, "the leading men" besought them not to mention Dr. Ayer and not to denounce the Democratic party. There wasn't much left but the third term or the price of hay to talk about.—*Boston Globe.*

—Abd-el-Kader-El-Kerim, one of the wealthiest inhabitants of Constantine, Algeria, has arrived in Paris. He possesses thousands of acres of land, has 250 sporting dogs, 2,500 horses and mules, 17,000 camels, and 120,000 head of cattle. In case of war he furnishes 1,200 soldiers and horses to the French Government.

—The oldest tailor in the world has just died in Paris. He was 109 years of age. He was called Father Fipps. He began his trade at 9 years of age, and continued at it till his 103th year. He worked for ninety-one years! Three months ago he made a pair of pantaloons for his youngest great-great-grandchild. It took him a fortnight. "And to think," he said, "that once upon a time I could make a pair in half a day!"—*New York Mail.*

—A correspondent says of Smith, Baxter's late Lieutenant in the Arkansas administration, that he turns out to be a son of Delazon Smith, formerly known as Delusion Smith, of Oregon, who once contested Williams' seat as United States Senator. Delazon Smith was a violent enemy of Christianity, and christened his young hopeful, who now aspires to be Governor of Arkansas, Voltaire Smith.—*Cleveland Plaindealer.*

—Miss Elizabeth Ellery Dana died at her residence in Chestnut street, on Thursday, at the age of 85 years. The deceased lady was a daughter of Chief-Justice Dana, and grand-daughter of William Ellery. A great many persons of all ages, from the youngest to the most aged, and of all conditions in life, will learn of her death with true sorrow, and cherish her memory with affection, gratitude, and deep interest.—*Boston Advertiser.*

—Unfortunately for the rumor about the approaching marriage of the Russian Grand Duchess Marie to the Prince Imperial, there's no such person in the market. There are two Russian Grand Duchesses bearing the name of Marie. One of these, seven years older than the Prince's own mother, has a husband yet living; and the other, who is only 21 years old, is already married, and only last month obtained the honors of maternity.

—A Pittsburg shopwoman has been sued by her landlord for libel, because, when he seized her household goods for arrears of rent, she hung in the window of her store the following conspicuous notice: "Attention all: A widow woman to be sold out for the mere sum of $22; being for one month's rent, and cost of suit. My child being sick, caused me to be in arrears. I appeal to the public to help me. My ruthless landlord, ——, will sell me out and make me destitute. 'Vengeance is mine and I will repay, saith the Lord.'"

—Hammatt Billings, who died at the home of his brother in New York Saturday night, was well and favorably known throughout the country as an artist and architect. He was successful as a book illustrator, and in this branch of his profession did much excellent work for Messrs. Osgood & Co., at Boston. As an architect he designed the Pilgrim Monument, which has not yet been erected at Plymouth, Mass.,—a massive granite structure surmounted by a figure of Hope. Mr. Billings also furnished the model for the elaborate and tasteful case of the great organ formerly in the Boston Music Hall.

—A cable telegram from Vienna announces the death of the Archduke Charles Ferdinand. He was the second son of the celebrated Archduke Charles, and was born on the 29th of July, 1818. His military record is very distinguished. He was a General of cavalry, commander of the Fourth Army Corps, and Commander General in Silesia and in Moravia; proprietaire of the Fifty-first Regiment of Infantry, and was Chief of the Eleventh Russian Regiment of the Bjelgorod Lancers. He married in 1854 the Archduchess Elizabeth Francoise Maria, daughter of the Archduke Joseph, Palatine of Hungary, and widow of the Archduke Ferdinand.

—By the European mail of Nov. 6 we have an announcement of the death, in London, of Sir Denis Le Marchant, Bart., of Cobham, late Clerk of the House of Commons, and brother of Lieut.-Gen. Sir John Gaspard Le Marchant. The deceased Baronet was born at Newcastle-on-Tyne, July 3, 1795, and was called to the Bar at Lincoln's Inn in 1822. In 1830 he was appointed principal Secretary to Lord Brougham, then Lord Chancellor. In 1841 the Queen, on the recommendation of Lord Melbourne, conferred a Baronetcy on Mr. Le Marchant. In July, 1840, Sir Denis was elected Member of Parliament for the City of Worcester in the Liberal interest, and held the seat until July, 1847. In the latter year he was nominated Under Secretary for the Home Department, and in the following year reverted to his old position as Secretary of the Board of Trade. In 1850 he was appointed Clerk to the House of Commons, which position he resigned in 1871.

American Officers in Egypt.

From the New York Mail.

The following list of Americans now in the service of His Highness the Khedive of Egypt, and the posts at which they are stationed, kindly forwarded to us by an officer of the Etat-Major-General, will be of interest to their friends in this country:

GENERALS OF DIVISION.

Charles P. Stone, Chief of the General Staff, Cairo.
Wm. W. Loring, commanding Army of the Coast, Alexandria.

COLONELS, GENERAL STAFF (ETAT-MAJOR).

Alexander W. Reynolds, Chief of Staff, Army of the Coast, Alexandria.
E. Sparrow Purdy, engineer duty, Cairo.
Edward Warren, M. D., Surgeon-in-Chief Egyptian Army, Cairo.
R. E. Colston, fitting out expedition for Soudan, Cairo.
William McE. Dye, Chief First Section War-Office Bureau, Orders, Reports, etc., Cairo.
Robert. M. Rogers, Chief of Fifth Section War-Office, Bureau Engineer Records, Maps, etc., Cairo.

LIEUTENANT-COLONELS, GENERAL STAFF.

Charles C. Long, Chief of Staff, Gordon's Expedition, Central Africa.
A. Macomb Mason, special duty, Alexandria.
Horatio B. Reed, Chief Fourth Section, War-Office, Bureau of Cavalry, Inspections, etc., Cairo.
James Bassel, engineer duty, Cairo.

MAJORS, GENERAL STAFF.

Chancellor Martin, Chief Fifth Section, War-Office, Bureau of Military Administration, Cairo.
Henry G. Prout, engineer duty, in the field.

COLONEL (ARTILLERY).

F. A. Reynolds. On leave of absence in the United States.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL (ARTILLERY).

William H. Ward, torpedo duty, Alexandria.

CITY REAL ESTATE.

FOR SALE—GREAT AUCTION SALE OF REAL Estate.—We have had placed in our hands some of the most valuable property in Chicago and its suburbs, embracing stores, hotels, and residences, situated in all parts of the city; also, Hyde Park and Washington Heights acre property, which we shall sell without reserve on Monday, Jan. 11, 1875. WM. A. BUTTERS & CO., Auctioneers, 108 Madison-st.

FOR SALE—BARGAIN HUNTERS WITH $300 TO $1,000—Attention—We are doing an extensive loaning business. There are some who cannot pay their incumbrance and must sell for what they can get or lose their property. TRUESDELL & BROWN, 108 Fifth-av.

FOR SALE—80 FEET, MICHIGAN-AV., NEAR Forty-second-st.; one-tenth cash, balance long time at 8 per cent; a fine residence lot at a bargain. S. E. GROSS, Room 14, 106 Fifth-av.

FOR SALE—200 VERNON-AV.—NEW OCTAGON-front; will take a lot in part payment; will rent.

FOR SALE—THAT ELEGANT CIRCULAR-FRONT residence, No. 60 Ashland-av., near Adams-st.; go and examine it. MEAD & COE, 152 Dearborn-st.

FOR SALE—200 FEET NEAR CENTRAL PARK, between Lake and Madison-sts.; one-fourth cash, balance 2, 4, and 6 years.
House and lot near Union Park.
Lots near Northwestern Locomotive works.
E. H. CASTLE & SON,
Room 3 Methodist Church Block.

FOR SALE—AT A BARGAIN, LOT 100x200 FEET ON northwest corner Ashland-av. and Jackson-st. Inquire at 135 South Clark-st., in bank.

FOR SALE—A NICE COTTAGE, SIX ROOMS, closets and water; lot 25x125; a bargain if you have money. Inquire at 1177 Jackson-st.

FOR SALE—AT A GREAT BARGAIN, 100 FEET on Calumet-av., between Thirty-fourth and Thirty-fifth-sts., west front, $20 per foot, subject to taxes of 1874; $2,250 cash and $5,150 in June, 1875. This is $45 a front foot less than its cash value. Inquire of J. HENRY & JACOBS WELL, 144 and 146 Dearborn-st.

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE—NOW IS THE TIME to buy a two-story cottage containing 11 rooms for other city property; private sewer and water in house. Inquire on premises, 137 Noble-st., between Chicago-av. and Second-st.

FOR SALE—BUILDERS, ATTENTION!—WE HAVE 211 feet cast front on Wood-st., at a bargain, corner of Garfield-av.; good place for a brick block. MILLARD & DECKER, Room 5, 157 LaSalle-st.

FOR SALE—AT A BARGAIN—120 FEET ON SHERman-st., between Harrison and Polk. Apply to owner, No. 138 Sherman-st.

SUBURBAN REAL ESTATE.

FOR SALE—$100 WILL BUY A LOT AT PARK Ridge, $15 down and $5 a month until paid; one block from depot; property known as Cheapest property in market. IRA BROWN, 152 LaSalle-st., Room 4.

COUNTRY REAL ESTATE.

FOR SALE—AND TO EXCHANGE—
6 farms in Iowa and Illinois.
Fruit farm in Michigan.
2 houses and lots at Downer's Grove.
240 acres land in Iowa and money for stock of goods.
$10,000 stock of dry goods and boots and shoes for city real estate.
2,500 acres land in Iowa for sale at $2.50 per acre.
Apply to E. H. CASTLE & SONS.
Room 3, Methodist Church Block.

FOR SALE—OR EXCHANGE—120 ACRES OF good land within 1 mile of railroad station in Missouri; also two notes for $233 each, due July 1, 1875 and 1876. Will exchange for residence, unimproved suburban lots, or mechandise. Address C 31, Tribune office.

FOR SALE—VALUABLE PINE LANDS—I OFFER a quantity of pine lands situated in the Counties of Oconto, Wis., and Marquette County, Mich., comprising in all about 12,000 acres. The timber now standing thereon has been estimated at over 150,000,000 feet. For particulars apply to JOHN J. MACDONALD, Trustee of Dodge & Co., 9 Nassau-st., New York City.

FOR SALE—967 ACRES EXCELLENT GRAZING land in Northern Indiana, 60 miles from Chicago; three railroads within 6 miles. Address O. E. THORNE, Salina, Clark Co., O.

FOR SALE—CHOICE IMPROVED FARMS NEAR Chicago. Also some choice land suitable for subdivision. G. G. WHIPPLE, 153 South Clark-st.

TO EXCHANGE.

I WANT A LITTLE CASH AND BALANCE OUT-side property in exchange for frame house of 17 rooms, well located on leased ground. E. F. HEAD, 98 Washington-st.

MERCHANDISE OF EVERY DESCRIPTION CAN be exchanged for money at the auction house of WILLIAM A. BUTTERS & CO., 108 East Madison-st.

TO EXCHANGE—80 FT. MICHIGAN-AV., NEAR Forty-second-st., equity $2,500; can make a fair trade, with a party wishing a residence lot. S. E. GROSS, Room 14, 106 Fifth-av.

I WILL EXCHANGE IOWA AND MISSOURI land, in tracts of not less than 80 or more than 640 acres