GOTHAM GOSSIP.

A RESUME OF METROPOLITAN NEWS.

Small Talk from the Big City—Theodore Tilton—His Past and Present Career—Burial of a Beautiful Magdalene—Jerry McAuley—Ned Stokes.

Special Correspondence of THE REPUBLICAN.

NEW YORK, May 24—The whirligig of time brings about great changes, mused the Bohemian during one of his strolls about town a few days since; and nowhere is the fact more strikingly illustrated than in this great city—a little world of itself—filled with its conscless round of changes. It is like the kaleidoscope—each individual or object typified by the pieces of glass which fall about and jostle each other in the narrow cylinder in which they are confined. Just as your correspondent was buried in these reflections he turned a corner and was suddenly brought in contact with a living illustration of their truth, in the person of Theodore Tilton, who was just entering the house of his old friend, Frank B. Carpenter, the artist and painter of the historical group of Lincoln and his Cabinet. Since the famous trial Mr. Tilton has largely sunk out of sight, and has been almost forgotten. An occasional literary production or lecture has brought him again before the public temporarily, only to be followed by an interval of oblivion. At present he is engaged in writing another book, and has, for the time being, given up lecturing, hence his seclusion. I was struck with the

GREAT ALTERATION IN THE MAN.

It was like coming upon the ghost of another generation. And so he is. He is not an old man in years, having barely passed the boundary of young manhood. He is still under forty-five and in the very prime of life, yet he looks like a man ten or fifteen years older. His fine figure is bent, his classical face seamed and furrowed with wrinkles, his hair white, and his whole demeanor that of one prematurely old, and made so by care and trouble beyond that which falls to most mortals of his years, all of which is true. Twenty years ago and how different did this particle in our kaleidoscope appear. Then no young man in New York had a brighter outlook than the young

AND BRILLIANT TILTON.

He had just graduated at the New York College with the honors of his class. He was known as a facile and forcible writer. He was active in church and society circles, and, with his young, charming, and accomplished wife, was the lion of Brooklyn social circles. His name was on the lips of all, and his fame was becoming world-wide. Then came domestic troubles and the era of his free-love tendencies, the "gilded age" of short life, his affiliations with the Woodhulls and Claflins *et id genus omne*, all culminating in the final climax of the Beecher trial and—oblivion. And here he is, an old man before his time, the laurels ruthlessly torn from his brow, his home broken up, his wife and children scattered, and he a wanderer on the face of the earth. "It is a strange world, my masters!" Mrs. Tilton is living in seclusion in Brooklyn. For a time she was supported by Plymouth Church, but of late she has not been loath to receive a periodical stipend from her husband, and he has always shown the willingness and desire to furnish it. The children (who, by the way, have followed their father in his wanderings) are now married and comfortably settled in life, so that the home circle is now broken, never again to be reunited. This sad spectacle quite naturally leads us to speak of a rather strange funeral which occurred in the city last week, and which again illustrates the point which we are trying to enforce. In this instance the particle was a young, handsome, but fallen woman, who, while in the last stages of consumption, had been heartlessly turned out of a notorious house of prostitution on Twenty-ninth street at an unseasonable hour of the night and in most inclement weather. She had become a burden to her employer, and hence she must go. Go she did at 4 o'clock in the morning of a bleak and stormy day; and "Alas for the rarity of Christian charity; Oh, it was pitiful, in a whole city full home she had none." And yet once she, too, had a

HAPPY AND COMFORTABLE HOME.

She was a young wife, by name Bella Allen, who with her husband had recently come to New York from Delaware County. She had been carefully nurtured and trained as the daughter of respectable and well-to-do parents. She was given good advantages, and was singularly beautiful and refined. But the temptations of the metropolis were too much for her. She gradually fell from grace, and soon ended her career in shame and disgrace. She had been brought up in the Methodist faith, and had formerly been a Sunday school teacher in that church. When ejected from the house mentioned her first desire was to find a church of her former faith, and thither she traced her weary steps, and besought the aid of its pastor. He placed her in charge of the Cremorne Mission, from whence she was removed to the Magdalene Asylum in Eighty-eighth street, where she

DIED A FEW HOURS AFTERWARD.

The death, funeral, and the attendant circumstances have caused quite a deal of comment about town, and has had a marked effect in the quarter where it occurred. The funeral was held at the Cremorne Mission (formerly a well-known concert saloon, on Thirty-second street). Considering that the deceased was such a beautiful woman, and that the shame of her life and manner of her death might serve as a warning to others of her class, it was decided to hold a public funeral at the mission, and, accordingly, cards of invitation were sent out to all the disreputable houses in the neighborhood, which were as follows:

"You are kindly invited to the funeral of Bella Allen, who, after being turned out of her home, on West Twenty-ninth street (Mag Smyth's), died in the Magdalene Home, on Thursday, May 18. The funeral will take place at Jerry McAuley's Cremorne Mission, 104 West Thirty-second street, on this Saturday afternoon, May 20, at 2 o'clock sharp.

Such is the end of this former innocent girl and model Sunday-school teacher. Jerry McAuley, mentioned above, has his story too. He also has had a career of change, but in another direction—upwards. Formerly he was a drunken sailor and loafer about the docks of Water street, and had a reputation that was far more notorious than savory. Some good Samaritan took pity on him in one of his times of need, and, seeing the good which was hidden beneath the rough exterior and uncouth manner, labored for the reformation of the man. It was a hard struggle, but finally a successful one. The abandoned sailor left off his grog and strange oaths, and at last

BECAME A MISSIONARY

among his own class—the outcasts of the docks. For several years he has had charge of the Water street mission, which has acted the part of a moral lighthouse and port of safety in the benighted region of lower New York. About six months ago he determined to beard the lion (or lioness) in his den and carry the war into Africa. He accordingly took up his quarters in West Thirty-second street, adjoining the Cremorne Garden, where he is carrying on his work amidst the very slums of the city. He is in the heart of the demi-monde, and on Sunday evenings the songs and prayers of his meetings are mingled with the curses and lewd conversation of the surrounding brothels. I dropped into his meeting last Sunday evening, which I found crowded to the doors. After some preliminary speaking by outside laymen and several songs by the assembly, Jerry stepped forth and gave one of his characteristic talks. He is a good-natured Irishman, 35 or 40 years old, and bearing upon him the evidence of his hard experience with the world. He speaks rapidly, paying no deference to good grammar or rhetoric. His speech is interlarded with all the slang of his class, and is well appreciated by his nondescript audience. He is just the man for the place; his uncouth ways and rough talk appeals to his auditors as nothing else would. The refined diction

OF A POLISHED ORATOR

would have no effect on these rough natures, but when Jerry talks they listen. It is to be hoped, too, that they heed his good advice. Ned Stokes is another character, too, that one runs across now and then, though he is such a busy, driving individual that you can hardly get more than a passing glimpse of him as he rushes by you. Since his release from Auburn prison he has been attending closely to business and making the best of his fate. His prison life, though it was hardly the severe experience that it would imply, was a great thorn in the flesh to this haughty, proud scion of aristocracy. He will never fully

RECOVER FROM THE STIGMA

placed upon his fair name and fame. Besides his numerous occupations he has recently leased the bar privilege of the Hoffman House, and has refitted the wine-room in a most gorgeous style. It is by far the finest bar in the city, and displays much taste on the part of the proprietor. The works of art which adorn the walls are real gems, and the cynosure of all eyes. For one painting alone, representing a satyr and fawns, he is reported to have paid $10,000. Most of the pictures, though elegant and costly, are of rather a racy character. The other furnishings of the rooms are in keeping with those mentioned, and all go to make up a very charming and artistic suite. It is fast becoming the

SWELL PLACE OF THE KIND

in the city and the rendezvous of the bon ton. Stokes is occasionally seen in the rooms. His curly locks, moustache, and imperial are quite white, but he is still the handsome fellow who ten years ago set half the girls in New York crazy over his charms, and who was the rival of Fiske over the hand of the reigning Jezebel of the city. At that time New York was not large enough to contain Fiske and Stokes and Josie Mansfield. Hence one of them had to yield. Fate and Stokes' pistol selected Fiske as the victim. We have had a week of delightful weather at last, and it really seems as if summer had come to stay. There are other indications of its approach—the police force have donned their light-colored helmets, and the open street cars are once more perambulating the avenues. FAYE ELLE.

A LOVELY ROMANCE.

"Do you dance?"

"No. I dropped on myself two seasons ago," was the response, in a strong, manly voice.

Veronica McGuire looked up at George W. Simpson, an expression of wonder and surprise in her soft, velvety eyes.

"I am sorry you do not dance, Mr. Simpson," said Veronica, after a momentary pause, "because it is really the one thing in which I may truthfully lay claim to being proficient. As you have no doubt discovered before this, I am a wretched hand at conversation, an original idea never seeming to find birth in this empty head of mine."

George looked fondly down upon her bang. "I am afraid you are rather inclined to depreciate your own abilities," he said, throwing just a shade of tenderness into the rich tones of his pure voice. "You play nicely, and you certainly sing well."

"Only passably, my dear Mr. Simpson," was the laughing reply; "you really must not flatter me too much, because I am vain enough already. But, by the way, have you heard 'Over the Garden Wall' yet?"

"No," was the reply, in tones that were tremulous with emotion. "I never heard the tune, but I have had occasion to go over the wall once or twice."

"It is a beautiful thing," said Veronica. "There is a weird sadness, and yet joy, about the music that carries one completely away. Do you not find it so oftentimes?"

"Yes," replied George. "It is pretty darn weird to get over a wall on a dark night and dive down into an alley that you don't know anything about."

"You are just too funny!" exclaimed the girl, looking at him steadily. As she did so his eyes met hers, and the rich color flooded her cheeks, making them more radiantly beautiful than ever. Turning quickly, she stood with averted face and downcast eyes, and for a moment no word was spoken. Finally George stepped to Veronica's side and took the little hand that was toying with a rose into his broad palm. She did not start nor seek to withdraw it.

George held the dimpled prisoner for a moment, and then raised it to his lips.

"Mr. Simpson!" exclaimed the girl, "you do not seem to know what you are doing. Remember, sir, that"——

"Oh, I know all about it," said George. "I know that you are rich and uneducated, and that you can never hope to soar in the empyrean heights of literature and knowledge where I reside permanently. But my love for your father's check-book will overcome all this. I appreciate fully the sacrifice I am making, but you must not seek to dissuade me."

"And do you then love me so dearly, George?" the girl asked.

"Certainly, my darling. Without your love life would be nothing but a four flush to me. All my happiness is centered in my love for you. Can you deliberately cast that love aside, darling?"

For answer she raised her pure, sweet face to his, and placed a large three-for-fifty-cents kiss on his innocent lips.—*From "How he won her," by Murat Halsted and Joe Mulhatton.*

YOUNG SKIDMORE'S TROUBLE.

The Cause of His Falling Out With His Sweetheart.

Last week young Skidmore put in his regular Sunday evening with his sweetheart up on Van Ness avenue, but he had not gotten half through with the stereotyped inspection of the photograph album, when she noticed that an air of peculiar abstraction weighed upon his usual smiling countenance.

"What's the matter, Gustus? Don't you feel well?" she inquired, tenderly disarranging the part in his hair, as is the exasperating feminine custom.

"Oh! I'm all right," he said. "Did you take in the matinee yesterday?" And he glanced uneasily around.

"Tell me what ails you," she persisted gently. "You seem to have something on your mind; what is it? Gustus, tell me."

"I haven't got anything to tell," said Skidmore. After which he shook his head thoughtfully.

"Great heavens! I see it all!" exclaimed the now fully alarmed girl. "You've been speculating in stocks, and have—have used the office money. Oh! Gustus, to think that you should ever be a defaulter."

"I haven't done anything of the kind," said the young man indignantly. "I only feel—that is, I kinder—how do you get on with your music lessons, Tilda?"

"Oh! Gustus, don't talk in that strange way. If anything dreadful has happened tell me at once. Don't keep me in suspense!" and she laid her head on his shoulder and sobbed bitterly.

"Tilda," said the young man, after a moment devoted to firmly but gently removing her head and selecting another seat, "you don't really care very much for Limburger cheese, do you? I suppose you could give it up for my sake?"

"Why, Gus—" but she stopped suddenly, as a terrible thought flashed through her mind. Her lover's intellect was never very strong, her pa had often said, and now he had at last gone insane. She must be cautious.

"Haven't got such a thing as a tumor about you, I suppose," he continued wistfully. "You wouldn't conceal such a thing as a tumor from me all these years, would you, Tilda?"

"No, darling," she replied, trembling violently and edging toward the door.

"Then I guess I'd better go home now; letters to write." And he advanced for a parting embrace.

"Don't touch me! keep off! help! murder!" shrieked the terrified female, jumping behind the sofa, while the household came swarming to the scene.

"What yer mean?" roared the father of the family, shaking the astonished young man by the collar. "What did he do to you, Tilda?"

"I didn't do nuthin," yelled Skidmore, backing into a corner. "I was only going home because I couldn't stand it any longer."

"Stand what, you lunatic?"

"Why, this terrible odor. I'm blamed if it isn't just the worst smell I ever struck in my life." And the desperate young man sat down and nearly sneezed his head off.

"Oh, is that all!" exclaimed the object of his affection, much relieved; and then, after a good deal of blushing, she whispered something to her mother, who whispered something to her father, who led the young man into the entry and explained that in consequence of the prevailing epidemic they had thought it best for Tilda to wear a couple of carbolic and camphor pads about her person.

"Why, to be sure," said the overjoyed lover, smelling his cuffs. "I might have known. How stupid of me."

And he returned to the parlor, from which the family of his beloved filed out again, leaving the two reassured souls to disinfect as one.—*Derrick Dodd.*

Replacing Them With Soldiers' Widows.

Mr. Moore, of Tennessee, in reply to a criticism of his action in a recent number of the New York *Herald*, says: "I advocated the removal of the Democratic widow Wilcox from the Post-Office Department, who had for years held a Republican office, in order to replace her with the Republican Mrs. Crawford, who is the needy wife of a faithful and disabled Union soldier. The question, therefore, as will be seen, was one merely of 'kind'—simply whether a poor and needy Union, disabled soldier's wife or a less needy widow, who does not sympathize and who has never sympathized with either the Republican party nor the Union defenders. Besides, Mrs. Wilcox has no 'little children to support,' as your editorial would leave room to infer, while Mrs. Crawford has. Mrs. Wilcox has only two children, a son and daughter, as I am informed, both grown Democrats, and drawing for years past, with commendable regularity, round salaries from Republican administrations."

It is stated that a United States Senator is now after the scalp of the wife of a Bourbon newspaper correspondent of a bitter Democratic Western sheet, who is snugly ensconsed in one of the Departments of the government. The said Senator wants to put a Union soldier's widow in her place, as the husband of the present occupant served in the confederate army.

How Can He Do It?

Mr. Marshall, of Pennsylvania, who declined the nomination for Congressman-at-large on the regular Republican ticket, says he can poll two out of every three votes of those belonging to the Catholic Church in the Keystone State. It would be interesting to know how he is able to speak with such mathematical certainty on this abstruse question. So far as we have been able to discover the Tammany Boss is the only man in the United States who claims to be able to control and deliver the Catholic vote to the highest bidder. Is it possible that he has sold out his influence in Pennsylvania to Mr. Marshall? The boss has been trading for years with Republicans of all shades of opinion, and it is not improbable that he has made some sort of a dicker with Marshall, who a week ago was a regular Republican and is to-day an independent. This is an "off year" in politics, and the boss evidently intends to sell out to the best advantage. If those who deal with him are wise they will insist upon the delivery of the goods before payment, for the boss has been shorn of nearly all the strength he possessed and is fast becoming a sort of political confidence-man.—*New York Sun.*

A Frontier Post.

The following extract from a letter from Carter's Station, Wyoming, is a pretty bit of word painting: "Fort Bridger is ten-and-a-half miles directly south of this station. It is 'beautiful for situation,' being located in a lovely valley, through which runs Black's Fork, a considerable stream of pure limpid water, that courses directly through the inclosure of the post, and is spanned by several pretty bridges on the parade ground. Small artificial canals or ditches distribute the water along the roadways and into the tasteful yards of houses and quarters surrounding the square. Evergreens have been planted thickly, many of which, through evident care and good taste, are models of symmetry and beauty. Black's Fork has its source in the Uintah Mountains, whose snow-crowned summits are plainly seen from the fort. The stream abounds in trout, 'bushels of them,' as expressed by an old citizen, and the disciple of Walton realizes a generous return for small exercise and skill."

Chinese Minister Winning at the Races.

Yesterday all the world went to the races, and from President to bootblack the interest was intense. The "flyers" did well, and the gorgeously clad heathen of the Chinese Legation vexed the soul of many a Bill Nye by the bland way in which they won. The interpreter, who ran down from the grand stand to buy the pools each time, flashed through the crowd like a blue winged bird in his beautiful azure silk garments. Half the time he had to indulge in wild pantomime to assist his words, but the big mandarin, who is the acting Minister, sat with folded hands, as calm as a May morning, while his little henchman did his errands. Excitement never rippled his countenance, and when others cheered and yelled he looked wisely through his spectacles and talked to his neighbor "And the points that he made were quite frightful to see."—*Washington correspondence of the Globe-Democrat, 14th instant.*

"BE NOT FORGETFUL."

Some folks believe in angels
A prowlin' around on earth:
Experience teaches me better—
Yer may take it for what it's worth.

Las' night a dreamy-eyed creature
Crep' up in the darkness an' sed
"Please give me a quarter, mister,
Ter pay for a supper an' bed!"

I looked at him sharp and I thought
I saw a strange light in his eyes,
An' a sudden thought came upon me—
'Twas an angel chap in disguise!

So I reached down in my breeches
An' giv him my las' stray dime,
An' he crep' back into the darkness
A blessin' me all the time.

A calm-like peace come on me,
An' them blessin's rung in my ear,
Till later that night I run across
That thar angel a guzzlin' beer.

After all, it done me more good
To give to that thirsty moke
Than of he'd ha' been a angel
A playin' a practical joke.

—*Denver Tribune.*

RELIGION AND RACING

A SERMON BY GENERAL ABE BUFORD.

What a Recent Convert Has to Say on Horse Racing—The Horse and the Bible—He Will Continue to Race Horses and Yet Stick to the Faith.

From the Louisville Courier-Journal.

"The Church and the Turf," the enticing title of General Abe Buford's lecture last evening, drew a large and interested audience, who listened with deep attention to the speaker's views on horse-racing from a Bible standpoint. In the Bible frequent allusions were made to the animal. Out of the whirlwind He spoke to Job:

Hast thou given the horse strength? Hast thou clothed his neck with thunder? Canst thou make him afraid as a grasshopper? The glory of his nostrils is terrible. He paweth in the valley and rejoiceth in his strength. He mocketh at fear and is not affrighted, neither turneth he back from the sword. The quiver rattleth against him; the glittering spear and the shield. He swalloweth the ground with fierceness and rage; neither believeth he that it is the sound of the trumpet. He saith among the trumpets, ha! ha! and he smelleth the battle afar off; the thunder of the captains and the shouting.

General Buford also quoted a number of other passages showing the great reverence in which the horse was held by the divine writers. Mordecai, the man whom Ahasuerus honored, was given the horse that the king had ridden upon. He was brought on horseback through the city also.

A chariot and horses of fire awaited Elijah on his translation. Elijah cried: "My Father, my Father, the Christ of Israel and the horsemen thereof." Again, when the King of Syria encompassed the camp of Elisha, the heavenly allies came to his aid, "and behold the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire about Elisha." From Genesis to Revelations the horse is frequently mentioned, and the direct inference given that in a celestial form it is an inhabitant of Heaven. In the Apocalyptic vision of St. John he saw a white horse, and "he that sat on him was called faithful and true, * * * and his name was called 'The Word of God.'"

From the Louisville Commercial.

General Abe Buford was once one of the best-known turfmen in the country, and his sermon the other night, in which he defined what, in his opinion, was the relation between the turf and the church, was read and commented on all over the land. A reporter of the *Commercial* saw the General last night and had a conversation with him about horses and horse racing and his relation to the church now. Nobody who knew him twenty, or even ten years ago, would recognize him. Age has furrowed his face and removed all the suppleness from his limbs. Family afflictions, however, have done more than age to mark the old turfman's face.

"Sit down, my dear friend," said the general, rolling his own easy chair around to the table, and removing an open Bible, which he had doubtless been reading as the reporter entered, and, telling him to lay his note-book where the Word of Truth had lain, he continued:

"You say you want to know something about old horse-racing times in Kentucky and something of my own connection with the turf? Well, I began dealing in race-horses after I left the First Regiment of Dragoons in 1854. I bought Bosque Bonita in Woodford County. It contains 300 acres of the finest land in the world, is in the center of the blue grass country, and has a fine residence on it. I paid $20,000 for it. I immediately went into the breeding of horses. The first horse I bought was imported Sovereign. I then got a few good brood mares and begun breeding and rearing fine horses.

"In 1859, when Sovereign was about to die, I got Revenue from John M. Botts, of Virginia, and put him at the head of my stud.

"When the war came I sent some of my stock to Illinois, and some were stolen from me. Then I found that some of my Union friends had taken Revenue away during my absence, and I secured Leamington from Cameron, of New York.

"Leamington had some remarkable offspring. Out of six colts five of them were Longfellow, Inquirer, Lynchburg, Lyttleton, and Governor Buell. I ran Inquirer and Lynchburg the first Kenner stakes ever run in America, at Saratoga."

"How much did you win with Inquirer?"

"I won somewhere between $20,000 and $25,000. After he broke down I put him in my stud, and I am the only breeder who ever reared, bred, run, and developed his own stallions."

"In your early days, General, racing was conducted in a much different manner from now, wasn't it?"

"It was, indeed. Breeders and rearers of fine horses then ran them also, and there was no concentration of a great number of mares with one owner. They were then scattered among the farmers through the country, and the race course had nothing of the bad features it now has. The farmers and breeders would bring their thoroughbreds to the race track, and they would race them for pure love of the sport."

"How was the betting done in those days, General?"

"There were no pools, and one gentleman would just say to another, 'I'll bet you $10,' or $1,000, as the case might be. Most of the betting was done on the field. Those who bet were generally rich men or rich gamblers. Higher individual bets may have been made then than now, but there was not near so much money at stake. All that is changed now. The breeders sell their colts as yearlings, when a sporting man takes charge of them and runs them. When the breeders ran their own horses we had honest races, and there were no pullbacks. They would bet on the fair—one gentleman against another. Now millions are wagered, and gamblers run the horses, and frequently one wins more money when he gets beaten than when he wins."

"What was the greatest race you ever saw in those old days, General?"

"The greatest race I ever saw was the McWhirter race in Louisville. McWhirter was a three-year-old, bred by myself (don't think I am egotistic), and was sired by Inquirer. He ran against Vera Cruz and Baden Baden, two miles, with 100 pounds on his back, in 3:30¼, which every turfman admits is a better race than Ten Broeck's 3:27¾, with 110 pounds, as a five-year-old. In this race McWhirter ran against the field outside the middle of the track, and when the match was started was four lengths behind the starting post, and when he finished was in a hand gallop, whereas Ten Broeck was run on a velvet carpet, with a horse behind him to stir him up without exciting him. The greatest single race I ever saw was that between Inquirer and King Fisher, at Long Branch, where there were three heats. Oh, that was a grand race," and the General's eyes lighted up.

"What is the best breed of horses now on the turf?"

"The best bred horse is, in my opinion, Good Night. He is to-day the best bred horse in America, having a combination of Leamington and Lexington, and Lexington and Glencoe, just the kind of a cross the English like."

"You think there is a good deal in blood, do you, General?"

"I think everything is in blood. It is truer of men even than of horses. Your retired merchant or you shoddy aristocrat never makes a turfman. A scrub horse may win a short dash, but won't amount to anything in the long run."

"You were very successful in breeding horses, were you not?"

"I was, indeed, and I made a great deal of money at it. But it all went one way and another, and then my son died, and my wife died, and I am all alone now at Bosque Bonita," and the old man brushed a tear from his eyes, while his voice shook.

"You feel very lonesome without your horses, don't you?"

"Yes, I do, indeed, very lonesome. I thought I would leave the old farm, but I will have to go back again."

"Well, it is true that you are going to leave the church if you can't attend the races?"

"Oh, now, don't say anything about that. I was talking to a minister on that subject this morning, and asked him if I had better not join another church, and he said no; that I could be a Christian and have my own views about such matters. You see my idea is that no man is hurt by witnessing a horse race or rearing fine horses. The objectionable feature is the gambling. Of course, that is all wrong. Only the Puritans are against me. Christianity now, compared with Christianity one hundred years back, is like an electric light compared with a tallow candle. It is an obsolete idea to suppose that it hurts a man to see fine animals exerting muscles that God gave them."

"So you think you will go into horse racing this fall?"

"I don't know. I am getting tired of this city, very tired of it, and I want to go back to my farm. I find it very dull to be around races without taking part in them."

MR. BEECHER'S FIRST CHURCH.

He Gives a Reminiscence of His Early Life—The Influence of Children.

Mr. Beecher baptized nineteen babies Sunday morning, the little Christians behaving, with a few exceptions, most admirably. In asking for a collection for the Presbyterian Church at Lansingburg, Ind., he said that it was the church over which he was first settled as pastor. "When I was twenty-three years old," said Mr. Beecher, "I went forth knowing but very little, and having no grace of that knowledge, except that I knew I knew very little. My first stop was across the Ohio River, opposite Cincinnati, where a hall had been opened with a view of forming a New School Presbyterian church, for I was then a Presbyterian, and am still in everything except their confession of faith. I began to preach there, however, and after preaching about a half-dozen Sundays I was

VISITED BY A YOUNG WOMAN,

about 21 or 22 years old, named Martha Sawyer—that is not her name now, so you won't know who it is—and I was invited to take charge of another church at Lawrenceburg, Ind. She was, I believe, trustee, deacon, and treasurer of the church—at any rate, they had no other. She collected all the money that was collected, and they paid me about $150 a year, and the American Missionary Society made up the rest, so that I had the munificent salary of $450 a year. There I began my ministerial and pastoral life. There was but one man in the church, and that was one too many. However, here I began to learn, I don't know how, but here I learned for two years and a little more, and then I was called to Indianapolis, where I was for the two years preceding the time of my coming here. That little brick church, which would seat 100 or 150 persons, was where I preached my earliest sermons. When we had a communion I had to go out and

BORROW A DEACON AND ELDER.

That church remains. A photograph has been taken of it and has been sent to me. I recognize every brick in it. I was sexton of it as well as pastor; I swept it twice a week; got lamps from the adjoining town and hung them upon the walls, and bought oil and filled and trimmed them, and kept them trimmed; for, previous to that there had been no evening service. The church has existed ever since, with various degrees of prosperity, but now they have undertaken to build for themselves a new church, and I come to ask you what you are going to do to help them." The baskets were then passed and returned well filled. The subject of Mr. Beecher's sermon was the influence of children on the household and on society. He said that there were three reasons why he should preach on this subject: "First, because the day was one of early spring, when all nature was bursting forth

ITS BUDS AND BLOSSOMS.

And he must be a coarse man indeed who does not like the bursting out of spring in the bloom of child-life. The second reason is the scene of this morning, which brings the whole matter of child-life and influence before our attention, and third, the anticipated pleasure of next Wednesday, when between fifty and sixty thousand children—great legions of children—will, in various parts of this beautiful city, parade with banners that seek not blood, but love and salvation." He then spoke of the influence of children on parents and of the care necessary in bringing children up. Speaking of the transmission of qualities, Mr. Beecher said that there was a popular notion that ministers' sons and deacons' sons turned out badly. The Greeks had put this into a proverb: "A minister's son is the devil's missionary." Both the notion and the proverb were at fault. A commission had been appointed in Massachusetts to investigate this, and it was found that a larger proportion of ministers' sons turned out well than those of any other calling. "Emerson," said Mr. Beecher, "was the outcome of eight generations of ministers. It took an eight-minister power to make a man like that."

HISTORIC RESIDENCES.

More Pleasant Recollections of Old Houses in Washington.

In the winter of 1858 or '59 there came to Washington an Italian adventurer, Antonio Buchanani, who opened a dancing academy in the upper portion of the building known as "Stott's Hall," corner of Twentieth street and Pennsylvania avenue northwest. He succeeded in getting quite a number of young misses and masters to attend his classes, and among the number were the grandchildren of Mrs. Eaton, the widow of General John H. Eaton, Secretary of War during President Jackson's first administration. She was then living in dignified retirement on I street, between Twentieth and Twenty-first streets northwest. Mrs. Eaton manifested great interest in the success of the young Italian, who was very handsome, but it was rather too much of a feminine type of beauty to come to the full measure of what would be required in a perfectly handsome man. He proved so fascinating to the widow that she took him to her home, adopted him as her son, and finally, against the wishes of her best friends, she married him. Of course such an occurrence (the widow being nearly 70, and the young professor not more than 25 years of age) was the talk of the day, and many were the predictions of evil that were prophesied to fall upon the widow for marrying a mere adventurer, but Mrs. Eaton professed perfect confidence in the young professor, and for a while his conduct toward her and her grandchildren seemed to warrant her confidence to its fullest extent.

AFTER BEING MARRIED NEARLY A YEAR

he expressed a desire to revisit his native Italy, and the confiding wife furnishes him the means to do so, and at the time of his going every one believed that would be the last Mrs. Eaton would see of her young husband. Far happier would have been her future and that of her innocent grandchildren if such had been the case, but fate had decreed otherwise. After remaining in Italy about six months he returned to Washington, and for a while he was the devoted husband; but gradually the cloven foot began to develop itself. By the power of fascination he got her to sell her real estate in this city and go to New York and set him up in business. She did so, but he was indolent, had no business habits, began to tire of his benefactress, and so one morning the Professor was missing, and that was the last Mrs. Eaton ever sees of her young husband, and thus the romance ended. It may seem strange to many minds, and yet I believe that Mrs. Eaton was truly and devotedly attached to the young Italian, and had he continued to have been as attentive to her as when he first married her, there is no doubt that he would have been the

SOLE BENEFICIARY OF HER PROPERTY.

I never knew Mrs. Eaton until she was some years past 60, and I can truly say there was something remarkably fascinating about her. In her presence, no matter what might be your preconceived opinions of her, they were forgotten in the charm of her manner. She showed me a portrait of herself, taken while she was in Madrid, her husband being then United States Minister to Spain, and it certainly was the most beautiful face I ever have seen. She has often told me with what kindness and consideration she was treated by the youthful Queen Isabella. Mrs. Eaton's life previous to her marriage with the young Italian had been a most romantic one. Her maiden name was Margaret O'Neil, and she was born in this city in 1796. Her father kept a hotel, which was the favorite resort of members of Congress, especially those from the Southern States. As a young girl she was remarkable for great personal beauty and wonderful fascination of manner, a manner she retained to the end of her eventful career. This peculiar fascination of manner, combined with a persistent will, and high ambition, enabled her to attain a high social position.

HER FIRST MARRIAGE

was with a Mr. Timberlake, a purser in the United States Navy, a rank equivalent to that of paymaster at the present time. While at sea he committed suicide, and left her a young and most beautiful widow with two children, both daughters. One married Lieutenant John B. Randolph, of Virginia, of the United States Navy; the other married an attache of the French Legation at Washington, whose name has escaped my memory. Lieutenant and Mrs. Randolph both died before Mrs. Eaton married the young Italian, leaving five children to Mrs. Eaton's care. After the death of Mr. Timberlake his widow remained with her father; and it was at his house that she first met General Eaton, he then being a boarder at Mr. O'Neil's hotel. He was then serving his second term as United States Senator from Tennessee. From their first acquaintance, he became completely fascinated with her beauty, and an early marriage of the parties was determined upon. Soon after her marriage General Jackson tendered General Eaton the position of Secretary of War, which he accepted, and he filled that position from March 9, 1829, to June 18, 1831, when he then resigned. He was then appointed governor of of Florida Territory, which he held from 1834 to 1836, and Mrs. Eaton informed me she was never happier than during her residence in Florida. General Eaton's last official position was that of United States minister to Spain from March 16, 1836, to May 1, 1840.

FROM THE PICTURES TAKEN OF HER

at that period of her life, it is almost impossible to believe that Mrs. Eaton was guilty of the numerous acts alleged against her character, for if ever innocence was written upon a face, it was upon hers. After their return to the United States they came to Washington to live, and it was not until the 17th of November, 1856, that General Eaton died. Every respect was paid his memory, President Buchanan and his Cabinet attending the funeral, and the War Department was draped in mourning the usual period out of respect to his memory. He lies buried in the beautiful city of the dead, at Oak Hill Cemetery, where Mrs. Eaton had erected a beautiful monument to his memory. Every one, even Mrs. Eaton's bitterest enemies, will admire the manner in which she bore her misfortunes, and it must be the greatest comfort for her grandchildren to reflect, that when they stood in need she was ever their kind friend and benefactress; that in her later years it was these same grandchildren that cared for her, and never allowed her to suffer for anything that affection could suggest as suitable for her comfort. Mrs. Eaton died in this city November 9, 1879, aged 83 years. She retained her youthful vigor to the last, so that she would easily pass for not more than 70 years of age. Peace to her ashes! R. F. K.

OPEN LETTER TO R. INGERSOLL, ESQ.

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 23, 1882.

ROBERT INGERSOLL, ESQ.:

SIR: You are notorious for your habit of holding the Christian system responsible for the acts of those who call themselves Christians. The time has come for you to look in the other direction. Last Sunday afternoon one of your avowed disciples, relying solely on "science" and "Bob Ingersoll," ignoring the Bible, attended an evangelical gathering in this city, and challenged any person to prove

THE EXISTENCE OF HELL-FIRE.

His interlocutors were at first some young ladies, but his vociferousness drew a gentleman of the company to the spot. The exercises were over, but the time and place were fixed for an answer to his question. He took our friend's address, refusing his own, but failed to keep his appointment, although he was promised the proofs of the existence of a material hell-fire answering his requirements entirely by "science," without recourse to the "Scriptures." As the rule works both ways which you have invoked, you are of course,

IN SOME SORT, RESPONSIBLE

for your disciples, who blaspheme God in your suggestive name; and you are hereby invited, on parliamentary terms, to take the negative abandoned by your representative. Should you not prove, like him, unwilling to meet the issue you, as well as he, have raised, the subscriber will guarantee you an opportunity to divide time on that question as stated. For further particulars please apply to, respectfully,

CHAS. E. SUTHERLAND,
928 I street northwest.

"Save Me from My Friends."

To the Editor of THE REPUBLICAN.

Permit me to say in reference to the proposed complimentary address to Minister Lowell, as suggested by George Francis Dawson, president of St. George's Society, that the words "Anglo-Saxon inhabitants of America" are extremely well chosen; as President Dawson could not consistently say American citizens. One of his confreres, at least, who now holds a place under the War Department that should be filled by some disabled Union soldier, has never even taken out his papers of naturalization, and holds his position through the fortunate circumstance of having been a hostler to the late British minister, through whose influence he was appointed to his present position, by that purest of American Presidents, Rutherford B. Hayes. Surely Lowell may well say with Cromwell, "Save me from my friends." HARD TACK.

Antiquarian Inquiries.

To the Editor of THE REPUBLICAN:

Monsieur La Bretagne still wants to know what German critic said that the Homeric poems were not written by Homer, but by another man of the same name. I presume he would consider it a pretty safe bet that Colonel Ingersoll originated the witticism about Shakspeare and that "Antiquary" concocted the parallel about Moses. But, to relieve the gentleman's anxiety about the Homeric question, I now offer to bet $40 that the name of the German critic is one that no fellow can find out. If vanity prompted me to adduce the tale of William Tell to illustrate the impossibility of finding out some things, what was my critic's motive in posing Macaulay's New Zealander? Is not the story of the Swiss patriot as relevant to this antique inquiry as the dream about the unborn South Sea savage? ANTIQUARY.

WALT WHITMAN.

REMARKABLE DEFENSE OF HIS BOOK.

William Douglas O'Connor, well-known in literary circles here and elsewhere, is out in a strong defense of the "Good Gray Poet" and his works. His letter, published below, appeared in the New York *Tribune* of Thursday, and is a remarkable literary phillipic against New England methods. It also contains interesting matter that has not before appeared in print. He says:

SIR: I have just learned the details of an outrage so signal in its character and so sinister in its bearings as to become, in my judgment, a matter of the widest public concern. The first edition of Walt Whitman's poem, "Leaves of Grass," was issued in 1855, the work receiving then the cordial and unqualified commendation of a number of leading minds, both in this country and Europe, foremost among them Emerson. In after years, from men less gifted, without fame or weight as critical authority, but controlling access to the press, virulent abuse followed, such as, by a fatal law of our form of civilization, every work of every kind, whether literary or scientific, appears doomed to receive, if of marked novelty or originality; but the book continued its issues, published by its author,

CONSTANTLY ASSAILED

and passionately defended, and winning from time to time, at home and abroad, from scholars and men of letters of the rank of Thoreau, Sumner, John Burroughs, Rossetti, Clifford, of London University; Tyrrell, of Dublin University; Ferdinand Freiligrath, Ruskin, and others, eulogies so ample as to more than atone for the censures of the small, and to forecast the verdicts of the future. Finally, after over twenty-five years of combat, darkened by frequent acts of persecution, and involving bitter suffering to the author, the character of the book received the marked admission of an offer of publication from the house of Osgood & Company, at Boston. In May last, a year ago, they opened negotiations with Walt Whitman, and finally secured a contract with him for ten years, on his express stipulation that

THE BOOK SHOULD BE PUBLISHED

without any excision. In November the new edition appeared, and went into active circulation for the three months following. But on the 1st of March that line of the author of "Leaves of Grass," all the more ominous in its significance for its colorless simplicity of statement, in which he records "the never-ending audacity of elected persons," received one of its most infamous illustrations. On that date the Boston State district attorney, Mr. Oliver Stevens, addressed a letter to the publishers menacing the book with "the statutes against obscene literature," and requiring its suppression under the alternative of prosecution. This amazing demand appears to have been subsequently modified into a requirement for the

EXPURGATION OF CERTAIN PASSAGES

from the volume as the condition of its continued publication. Of course the author denied that his work, covered by the respect and honor of the best and purest men and women of the century, was a contribution to "obscene literature," and refused compliance with the insolent requirements of the state district attorney. I have no terms that can express the sorrow and disgrace of what followed. It is all contained in three words: the publishers qualied. Last month, April, they abandoned the publication, and the volume ceased to issue. Mr. Oliver Stevens triumphed; and for the first time, I believe, in the history of this country, an honest book, the work of a man of great and admitted genius, has been suppressed by an officer of the law. If it were not for unduly trenching upon your space, I would like to show you the passages which the State district attorney pronounced obscene and demanded expurgated. The list furnished by this holy and intelligent man is before me, and has twenty-two specifications.

FOUR OF THE PASSAGES

specified relate to the poet's democratic theory of the intrinsic sacredness and nobility of the entire human physiology—identical with the famous declaration of Novalis that "the body is the temple of the Holy Ghost," and involve specially, in one or two instances, a rapt celebration of the acts and organs of chaste love. Another passage describes the identification through sympathy of one's self with lawless or low-down persons. A sixth passage under ban is devoted to the majestic annunciation of woman as the matrix of the generations—the doctrine that her greatness is the mould and condition of all the greatness of man. Another prescribed passage consists of ten pictorial lines, worthy of Æschylus, in which the poet describes the grand and terrible dalliance of two eagles, high aloft in the bright air, above a river road. A seventh passage specially required to be expunged is the poem nobly entitled "To a Common Prostitute"—I say nobly, because even the large sense of the composition is enlarged by its title. The piece is simply indicative of the attitude of ideal humanity in this age toward even

THE LOWEST OR MOST DEGRADED,

and is conceived throughout in the sublime spirit of our times, whose theory abandons no one nor anything to loss or ruin, recognizing amelioration as the law of laws, and good as the final destiny of all. It is incredible that a poem whose whole staple, on the face of it, is to assure the unfortunate Magdalen that not until nature excludes her shall she be excluded from consideration and sympathy, and to promise her the redemption of the superior life—whose entire thesis is plainly and undeniably supreme charity and faith in the human ascension—should appear to any mind as an expression of obscenity. However, as Swedenborg reminds us, to the devils perfumes are stinks. The eighth quarry of the State district attorney is the piece entitled "A Woman Waits for Me." If the defense of this poem is to carry with it dishonor, I court that dishonor. Nothing that the poet has ever written, either in signification or in splendid oratoric music, has more the character of a sanctus; nothing in modern literature is loftier and holier. Beginning with an inspired declaration of the absolute conditioning power of sex—a declaration as simply true as sublime—the poet, using nuptial imagery, as Isaiah and Ezekiel, as all the prophets,

ALL THE GREAT ORIENTAL POETS,

have used it before him, continues his dithyramb in an exalted affirmation of the vital procreative effects of his book upon the women, that is to say upon the future of America. And this glorious conviction of a lofty mission—the consciousness, in one form or another, of every philosopher, every apostle, every poet who has worked his thought for the human advancement—the faith and the consolation of every sower of the light who has looked beyond the hounding hatreds of the present to the next ages—the eminently pure, the eminently enlightened, the supereminently judicial Boston district attorney considers obscene! The remaining fourteen passages marked by his condemnation I need not discuss, as they are all included in the first edition of the work indorsed by Emerson, and in order that it may be seen

WHAT EMERSON THOUGHT OF THEM,

and also in what terms he welcomed the book, I beg leave to here reproduce the letter he sent the author upon its original appearance:

CONCORD, MASS., July 21, 1855.

DEAR SIR: I am not blind to the worth of the wonderful gift of "Leaves of Grass." I find it the most extraordinary piece of wit and wisdom that America has yet contributed. I am very happy in reading it, as great power makes us happy. It meets the demand I am always making of what seemed the sterile and stingy nature, as if too much handiwork or too much lymph in the temperament were making our Western wits fat and mean.

I give you joy of your free and brave thought. I have great joy in it. I find incomparable things said incomparably well, as they must be. I find the courage of treatment which so delights us, and which large perception only can inspire.

I greet you at the beginning of a great career, which yet must have had a long foreground somewhere for such a start. I rubbed my eyes a little to see if this sunbeam were no illusion; but the solid sense of the book is a sober certainty. It has the best merits—namely, of fortifying and encouraging.

I did not know until I last night saw the book advertised in a newspaper that I could trust the name as real and available for a post-office. I wish to see my benefactor, and have felt much like striking my tasks and visiting New York to pay you my respects.

WALT WHITMAN. R. W. EMERSON.

I HAVE NO HESITATION IN SAYING

that never in the history of literature has there been a more cordial and absolute indorsement than this of the work of one man of genius by another. No wonder that Walt Whitman said when he received it that he felt "as though he had the charter of an emperor!" It was Mr. Emerson's cool, deliberate judgment on "Leaves of Grass," and although enemies have tried by invented anecdotes to weaken its effect, never, to his undying honor, did he retract or qualify it in any way whatever. I call your attention to its scope—its utter comprehensiveness. If there was anything in the book of which he disapproved (he, who had commended Rabelais, who had commended Montaigne, who had commended Shakespeare!) he had the plain opportunity to say so, and it was his imperative duty to say so. On the contrary, he gives the poem the most unreserved, the most unqualified, the most unbounded approval. He calls it the most

EXTRAORDINARY PIECE OF INTELLECT

and wisdom America has yet contributed; he congratulates the author on the liberty and valor of his thought; and, referring to the very passages which Mr. Oliver Stevens bays at as obscene—fourteen out of the specified twenty-two in the edition before him, and the others all there in germ—he finds especial delight in the courage of treatment which marks the performance, and which, as little men like this lawyer would do well to remember, large perception only can inspire! This is the judgment passed upon "Leaves of Grass" by Emerson—our man of deepest insight, our man of holiest heart. And in April, when all our souls are darkened by his death—when the old landscape we New England men and women love saddens into an immense vacancy, as if Monadnoc had sunk silently below the horizon—in the very month when the heavens open to receive our noblest citizen—the pentecostal book he had covered with his glowing eulogy is suppressed by law! Mr. Oliver Stevens chooses his time well.

THE MONTH OF EMERSON'S BURIAL

is a good month for the burial of the book he glorified. Fit souvenir; to make stalk against the bright horizons around that grave the specter of the black Puritan! Happy thought—to complete Concord with a reminder of Gallows Hill! As for the part taken by Messrs. Osgood & Co. in this shameful transaction, what is said should have the conciseness of a brand. It was no new book they had undertaken to publish—it had been the talk of two worlds for over a quarter of a century. They knew its noble repute in the highest quarters, and they also knew what shadows might be cast upon it by booby bigotry, by foul, sour prudery mincing as purity, or by rotten carnality in its

HYPOCRITE MASK OF VIRTUE,

knowing all this, facing possible consequences in their agreement to publish without expurgation, and having voluntarily sought the publication of the volume, I say it was their duty as gentlemen to stand by the bargain they had solicited, and it was no less their interest as men of business to advertise the State attorney's ridiculous menace in the boldest type their printers could furnish, and bid him come on with his prosecution. Time enough to give in when Sidney Bartlett had failed to make a Massachusetts jury see that in literature we must allow free expressions if we are going to have free expression; time enough to own defeat when Sidney Bartlett or Charles O'Conor failed to make plain, as either would not have failed to make plain to even Mr. Oliver Stevens's comprehension, the difference between Biblical courage of language and intrinsic intellectual impurity. But Messrs. Osgood & Co. leave their Pavia unfought, and

LOSE EVERYTHING, INCLUDING HONOR.

They might have braced themselves with the remembrance of Woodfall, standing prosecution heaped on prosecution in his dark fidelity to Junius. They might have gathered grit by trying to imagine John Murray flinching from the publication of Byron. On the contrary, shaking in abject cowardice at the empty threat of this legal bully, they meanly break their contract with the author, abandon the book they had volunteered to issue, and drop from the ranks of great publishers into the category of hucksters, whose business cannot afford a conscience. It only remains to point the moral and adorn the tale with the name of the Boston district attorney. I have called the transaction in which he appears as the prime-mover shameful, but the word is limp and colorless in its application to such an outrage upon the liberty of thought as he has committed. The sense of it makes every fiber of one's being seem

INTERKNITTED WITH LIGHTNING.

On such a subject no thinking man or woman in such a country as ours will reflect with cold composure. The action of this lawyer constitutes a reef which threatens with shipwreck every great book of every great author, from Aristophanes to Moliere, from Æschylus to Victor Hugo; and the drop of blood that is calm in view of such an outrage proclaims us bastard to the lineage of the learned and the brave! To-day Oliver Stevens has become the peril of Shakspeare. He knows well, no one knows it better, that under his construction of the statutes neither Shakspeare nor the Bible could be circulated, and no one better knows than he that neither of those books is obscene. He knows well, Emerson and a host of scholars and men of letters in both continents bearing witness, that Walt Whitman's book is no more within the meaning of the statutes than Shakspeare or the Bible, but he also knows that the charge he has brought against the one lies with at least equal force against the others, and if he does not continue his raid upon great literature, it is only because his courage is not yet equal to his logic.

EVEN HIS BOLDER AND BRASSIER ALLY

in the holy war, Mr. Anthony Comstock—even he tempers valor with discretion for the nonce, and says he "will not prosecute the publishers of the classics, unless they specially advertise them!" There are contingencies, it seems, in which the great works of the human mind will be brought under the operation of "the statutes against obscene literature." Who knows, since fortune favors the brave and enterprising, but that we may yet, step by step, succeed in bringing the fourteenth century into the nineteenth, and re-erect Montfaucon—that hideous edifice of scaffolds reared by Philippe le Bel, where the blackened corpse of Glanus swung beside the carcass of the regicide for having translated Plato, and where Peter Albin dangled gibbeted beside the robber for having published Virgil! If this fond prospect is still somewhat distant, it is only, it seems, because Mr. Anthony Comstock lets his I dare not wait upon I would, and delays the initial step until the classics are "specially" advertised. Meanwhile, Mr. Oliver Stevens also waits for fresh relays of courage, and as yet only ventures to attempt to crush Walt Whitman.

FOR THAT ACT OF DARING

he shall reap the full harvest of reward. We will see whether in this country and in this century he can suppress by law the work of a man of genius and fall of his proper recompense. He has arrested in Massachusetts the superb book which is the chief literary glory of our country in the capitals of Europe—the book of the good gray nurse who nourished the wounded and tended many a dying soldier through our years of war—and for that valiant action I promise Mr. Stevens his meed of immortal remembrance. He has the solemn comfort of having been unknown yesterday. I can offer him the glorious assurance that he will not be forgotten to-morrow. In the words of Emerson, I greet him at the beginning of a great career. There is not a State in this Union, there is not a country in the civilized world in which his deed shall not

MAKE HIM FAMOUS FOREVER.

I pledge myself to attend to his interests. The persecutors of a good man's thought are precious to such as I, and we should indeed be recreant to duty if we failed to let it be widely known, and in such a form as to never be forgotten, that Massachusetts has a district attorney, named Oliver Stevens, true to the blood of Mather, faithful to the darkest traditions, who wrenched the law from its purpose to crush and extinguish "the most extraordinary piece of wit and wisdom America has yet contributed"—the sanest, the largest, the most splendid and enduring literary product which the Celto-Saxon race has given the age. Let this fame console him even in the sad event of his being expelled from the office Concord and Harvard may say he has disgraced and polluted!

DEMOCRATIC METHODS.

Robbery of the State of Arkansas by Bourbon Officials.

A committee of the Arkansas senate, composed of two Democratic and one Greenback senators, has been about eighteen months examining into the workings of the office of State Treasurer Churchill, who is now governor. The report is published, and shows Governor Churchill to be $114,000 in arrears, and incidentally discovers that State Auditor Crawford is also "short" $11,000 in his accounts. One of the items in the report shows that the late Republican treasurer, Colonel Henry Page, now one of the Ute commissioners, paid out nearly $3,000 to some of the counties for which the proper receipts had not been returned when he was "boosted" out of office, and for which he did not therefore receive credit, and which amount he made good from his own pocket. These receipts

CAME IN DUE TIME,

and State Treasurer Churchill reported to the auditor "The treasurer has paid" to such and such counties, &c., not naming which treasurer. The auditor of course credited the sums to the Democratic treasurer, Churchill, who was thus enabled to quietly pocket over $2,000 belonging to the Republican treasurer, Page, because as he had made good the amounts to the State, and held a clear receipt from it, this money belonged to him. This is purely a Democratic method. The Arkansas *State Gazette*, the leading Democratic paper in the State, which publishes the fifteen-column report of the committee, defends Governor Churchill, and does not seem to see that in the transaction spoken of above the robbery was not of the State but of a private citizen.

Starvation in Virginia.

Mr. J. H. Rangeley, of Patrick Court-House, Va., has issued an appeal for the suffering people of Patrick County, which is indorsed by the Hon. George W. Booker, ex-member of Congress. Mr. Rangeley declares that "no such suffering was ever known in any county in Virginia, the poor people being actually on the verge of starvation. Many go for days without a morsel of bread, and as for meat, they don't think of that." Concluding his appeal, Mr. Rangeley says: "Many are getting thin in flesh and show in their faces the want of food. I tell you, in all candor, that I don't see any way for some to get on any longer. No money and no bread. All hands have worked hard and have planted a fine crop, but will be forced to abandon all. Our wheat looks fine, but what to ripen in June will not save the people who are hungry in May." Mr. Rangeley adds that Messrs. J. E. Schoolfield & Co. and P. T. Barrow, well-known business men of Danville, will gladly receive contributions for this cause. They also vouch for the correctness of Mr. Rangeley's statement.

Parson Massey.

Senator Mahone and Senator-elect Riddleberger will find in ex-Auditor Massey's speech, delivered at Palmyra, Monday evening, a good deal that will interest if it does not amuse them. So full a telegraphic report is expensive, but expense is hardly worth considering when we can accommodate such statesmen and lawyers as Messrs. Mahone and Riddleberger.—*Washington Post.*

Go on, by all means. Be the Massey organ as well as the Blaine organ. You will thereby please the Bourbon and gripsack elements in the Departments at Washington, while Mahone and Riddleberger can afford to smile at your telegrams concerning the defunct Massey as long as you can afford to pay for them. You will pay too dear for any whistle you can make out of such a pig's-tail as Massey.—*Richmond Whig.*

Democratic Filibustering.

The Democrats in Congress are filibustering to prevent a consideration of the South Carolina election cases. The real meaning of this should not be misunderstood. It is practically a declaration assuring the Southern Democrats that whatever their violations of the law in the election of Congressmen may be, their party friends in Congress will stand by them and do all they can to prevent the Republican candidates from securing their rights. The Democratic Congressional caucus has decreed this, and the Democratic members dare not disobey it, though some of them very reluctantly perform the parts assigned them.

A Terrible Suggestion.

A San Francisco paper suggests that keepers of boarding-houses shall refuse to let rooms to men who have their linen washed by Chinamen. This is pretty bad, but not as bad as it might be. A Southern man once refused to eat a piece of ham because the pig from which it came belonged once to a Republican.—*Herald P. I. Man.*

A LEAVE-TAKING.

She will not smile;
She will not stir;
I marvel while
I look on her.
The lips are chilly
And will not speak;
The ghost of a lily
In either cheek.

Her hair—ah me!
Her hair—her hair!
How helplessly
My hands go there!
But my caresses
Meet not hers,
Oh golden tresses
That thread my tears!

I kiss the eyes
On either lid,
Where her love lies
Forever hid.
I cease my weeping
And smile and say,
I will be sleeping
Thus, some day!

—*James Whitcomb Riley in the Boston Transcript.*

GOOD TO EAT.

A FEW MORE HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

Potage Julienne au Gras, Chicken Jelly, Stewed Mushrooms, New Potatoes, Fricasseed Crabs, Curry, Oil Pickle, Iced Cabinet Pudding, &c.

To make potage julienne au gras, scrape and cut into small dice-like pieces four carrots, four turnips, six leeks, six onions, and a head of celery. Add to them a pint of small peas. Allow the vegetables to fry in melted butter for fifteen minutes, or until slightly browned, and then put them in a stew-pan and moisten the whole with some bouillon. Season with salt and cayenne pepper, and add sufficient water to cover them. Boil over a slow fire for one hour, and before serving add some chopped parsley. Thickening can be added if necessary.

CHICKEN JELLY.

This is very nice for invalids, for they obtain a good deal of nourishment from a very small bulk. Boil a tender chicken in just enough water to cover it until the meat can be pulled from the bones, then beat the bones and return them to the kettle. Season with salt and a stalk of celery. Simmer a few moments longer and strain the liquor through a tin strainer into a bowl. When it is cold remove every particle of fat. To be eaten cold.

STEWED MUSHROOMS.

Be sure that your mushrooms are genuine, for if by chance one toadstool is slipped in, the whole mass will be unfit for food. With a sharp knife remove the tough skin from the umbrella-like covering and scrape and cut off the ends from the stalks. Wash them carefully and put them into a stew-pan without water, except so much as sticks to them. Add salt, cayenne pepper, a lump of butter, some cream, and dredge some flour over all. Cover the stewpan and let them simmer slowly about twenty minutes or until they are quite tender. If the gravy is not thick enough add a little more flour. Serve very hot in a covered dish.

TO COOK NEW POTATOES.

Wash and scrape the potatoes and boil them in water to which a pinch of salt has been added. When they are tender enough for a fork to pierce them remove them from the water and place them in a baking-pan. Spread some butter over the top and stand them in a quick oven until they are nicely browned.

FRICASSEED CRABS.

Boil the crabs about five minutes in water, adding to it a little salt. Remove the upper shell and the spongy parts. Pick the meat from the claws and fill up the empty places in the shell with it. Turn each crab over and give it one strike with the potato masher, and then fry them brown in butter. Season high with salt and cayenne pepper, and make a nice cream gravy. Add some parsley to the gravy, and serve very hot.

CURRY.

Cut up one chicken and put it in a stew-pan with a quarter of a pound of butter, three sliced onions, a small bunch of sweet herbs, two cloves, two blades of mace, three ounces of lean ham, a handful of mushrooms, and one sliced apple. Set the pan over the fire for a few minutes and add a tablespoonful of curry powder, moistened in water, a tablespoonful of flour, and one cup of stock. When it has boiled hard for a short time remove the stew-pan to the back of the stove and let it simmer until the chicken is very tender. Place the fowl upon a flat dish and strain the gravy over it. Serve very hot, with boiled rice.

OIL PICKLE.

Pare and slice one hundred cucumbers and six onions. Salt them over night and place a weight on them. The next day drain them from the pickle that forms about them and cover them with cold vinegar. Let them stand a few hours and drain them again. Add to them two ounces mustard seed, two ounces ground mustard, one tablespoonful of black pepper, one pint of oil, one ounce of celery seed, and two quarts of cider vinegar. Mix the oil and spices with the vinegar before putting in the cucumbers. Pack in stone jars.

ICED CABINET PUDDING.

Dissolve half a box of gelatine in just enough lukewarm water to cover it. When it is dissolved let it cool. Make a custard of three pints of milk and cream mixed, beating six eggs, a teaspoonful of corn starch, and three-quarters of a pound of sugar to a cream before adding them to the boiling milk. Let this cool also. Take a mold holding about two quarts and arrange it in layers; half-pound of lady-fingers, half-pound of macaroons, one-third of a pound of sliced citron, and moisten them with some Jamaica rum or some brandy. Stir the dissolved gelatine and the custard thoroughly together, add teaspoonful of nectar, and fill the mold with it. Pack the mold in ice and salt and let the pudding freeze. Dip the mold in hot water for a moment when ready to serve the pudding and turn it out upon a flat dish.

SPICE CAKE.

Beat to a cream two cups of sugar and one cup of butter; add teaspoonful of cloves, ditto cinnamon, and half of a nutmeg, five eggs, yolks and whites beaten separately, one cup of milk, and three cups of flour sifted with two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Bake in a moderate oven, and ice it when cold.

NUT CAKES.

Take one pound of shellbark kernels and roll or chop them. Beat the whites of seven eggs to a stiff froth, and add them to one pound of powdered sugar and two tablespoonfuls of flour, which have been mixed together; then add the rolled kernels. Line shallow pans with buttered paper, and drop a teaspoonful at a time of the mixture on it, allowing plenty room for them to spread. Bake them like macaroons.

WALNUT STIR.

Boil one quart of New Orleans molasses for fifteen minutes, stirring it all the time. Add one cup of brown sugar and boil fifteen minutes more. Remove it from the fire and stir in one quart of walnut kernels. Pour it into shallow pans to harden.

CRULLERS.

Sift three teaspoonfuls of baking powder with three pints of flour. Rub a tablespoonful of butter through the flour with the hands, add a pinch of salt, a large cupful of white sugar, two beaten eggs, spice to taste, and sufficient milk to form a dough. Roll out in any form desired, drop the cakes in boiling lard and fry them a light brown. Sift sugar over them when they are cold.

GINGER SNAPS.

Beat to a cream half a pound of butter and half a pound of sugar. Boil one pint of molasses and stir it hot into the butter and sugar. Add two tablespoonfuls of ginger and a half a teaspoonful of soda dissolved in some warm water. Sift two pounds and a half of flour and stir some of it into the mixture, beating it very hard and then work in the remainder with the hands. Roll out very thin, cut into small round cakes and bake them in a quick oven. A pinch of salt must be added to the flour.

PLAIN PUDDING.

Sift three cups of flour and mix with it one cup of molasses and one cup of milk. Add one cup of chopped suet, one cup of raisins, one cup of currants, and spice to suit the taste. Dissolve one teaspoonful of soda in a gill of milk and add it the last thing. Pour all into a mould and steam it three hours. Serve warm with sauce.

"Why, Cert'nly."

Mr. Blaine possesses administrative talent and party tact. He is sometimes spoken of as a possible Democratic candidate for President of the United States in 1884; but there is nothing in such talk.—*Dispatch.*

You ran Hunnicutt for Congress; Greeley for President; would have gladly run Wickham for the United States Senate, if you could have seen how to elect him; and are now considering whether or not to run Massey for Congressman-at-large. With such a record the most likely thing in the world is that the Bourbons and Funders of Virginia *will* support Blaine for President in 1884. The Washington *Post*, the National Democratic organ, is certainly laboring in that direction, and the *Dispatch* is aiding the scheme by its course. The Norfolk *Landmark* and other Virginia Funder organs long ago indicated their readiness to go for Blaine. All the signs of the times indicate that *there will be no Democratic candidate for President in 1884.*—*Richmond Whig.*

The Portugal Mission.

Judge Taft is off for Vienna, Dayton has sailed for the Netherlands, Fish is half-way across the ocean to assume his post at the court of Belgium, and Wickersham is already warm in his place at Copenhagen, yet Mr. Francis, of Troy, still remains behind, hesitating to accept the position of *charge d'affaires* to Portugal in the hope that Congress will elevate the character of his mission to a sense of his own importance and dignity. Or is he actuated by a modest depreciation of his own ability to fill a place lately occupied by so accomplished a diplomatist as Benjamin Moran? In the meantime it is some comfort to know that the interests of the country are not suffering by the temporary interruption of diplomatic relations with Portugal. Should Congress abolish the mission while Mr. Francis waits no harm would be done.—*Philadelphia Record.*

The Oldest Postmaster in America.

Maryland can lay claim to the oldest postmaster in the country. It is not often that an officer who has served under Andrew Jackson can be found holding the same place to which he had been appointed by "Old Hickory," but the case of Mr. Edward Stabler is an illustration perhaps without its parallel in the United States. Mr. Stabler, half a century ago, was appointed postmaster of Sandy Springs by Andrew Jackson, and is still serving in that capacity, having held the office uninterruptedly, with exception of a few years when he was in the service of another branch of the Postal Department.—*Baltimore American.*

It Is True.

A Democratic exchange says that "the associated ——— went to a good deal of trouble to impress upon the public that Jesse James was a Democrat." Yes, that is true, and in looking over the Democratic party you will find that many of its members are dying off like Jesse James, while the remainder stand on the brink of the grave and say "have went."—*Laramie Boomerang.*

But Consider the Cheapness of Beans.

The Philadelphia *Press* has a department called "the matrimonial market." The editor in charge advises all young men on reaching the age of 25 to marry. Any man who would give such advice, with beefsteak selling at thirty cents a pound and potatoes at $1 50 a bushel, deserves to be tarred and feathered.—*Wilkesbarre Record.*

We Are All Going.

Stanly Huntly, the "Spoopendyke" man of the Brooklyn *Eagle*, is broken in health and gone to Europe, Mark Twain is said to be a sickly hypochondriac, Bob Burdette is nothing but a skeleton, and Pease, of the *Times*, is failing rapidly. One by one our humorists are gliding up the golden banisters.—*Bill Nye.*