

## GATH'S VARIOUS TOPICS

ENTERTAINING REMINISCENCES  
OF "JIMMY" O'BRIENThe Difficulty of Obtaining Publicity  
for the Facts of the Tweed Ring  
Rottenness—Smart Water

Long Branch, August 12.—I have been studying New York at the bath, along her many beaches, and find at the West End, which came into being during the civil war, when I first knew it, all the crowd and gaiety then delightful, repeated in this Spanish war.

Wars inevitably assemble the urban people in closer intercourse and disperse them from going far away from their trade center. Summer housekeeping is equally made nervous in war times, and the better hotels get the cottagers.

The improvement in the Jewish families of New York between the two wars is most apparent here, where I see the daughters of the mothers I once saw as daughters also. Saturday night is a court scene among these prosperous and dressy people, whose ladies in youth and nearly up to middle life are as rich in person and in physical contrast as in apparel. Were the Hebrew society at this hotel seen in some foreign capital as at the Saturday night dance and veranda promenade, it would take record as among the most brilliant courts in the world. The two nations which built the Hebrews were the German and French, who yet owe to the Jews their advancement in the arts: Helne, Spinoza, Meyerbeer, Neander, Rothschilds, are a few names only, and the baptismal names of Europe are nearly all Jewish.

Said a traveled foreigner to me: "The last place I should go to in America to acquaint myself with your country would be to a college faculty or a sanctuary of reviewers. They pull no lever, perceive no changes. But your public schools are great factories of patriotism and produce all the inventors and machinists."

"Has the present war some education for Europe?" I asked.

"Great education, like all your wars. Remember that Germany, which was then Austria, made as much fuss about your annexation of Texas as it does about your appearance in the Philippines. Your antagonist, when Daniel Webster was secretary of state was Austria."

"The effect of the present American war is to force upon Europe a constellation of government, or European union. As that will be resisted by army aristocrats, a speedy, better emigration to America will arise."

"Your way of trade is much better than Europe's; you manufacture the savage into a being of war, and enter to your new pupil's body; we expect to trade with him only for his servitude, raw materials and taxation. Nothing has ever been witnessed half as curious as Brother Jonathan's appearance in the Pacific ocean. You already see the welcome you get from Spain's old subjects in Porto Rico; how different from Pizarro and Cortez! Your hardy experience with material obstacles has been your salvation."

Coney Island seems to me the greatest Vanity Fair in the world, its number of nude or almost nude shows extensive and going on all day as well as night.

Bismarck follows Gladstone soon, their careers long previously ended. Bismarck was nearly a Teutonic knight, Gladstone a British chapsardist and agitator. Duration was a large talent in both. Bismarck's seizure of Germany in 1866 was in the direction of homogeneity, Austria having been an Italian and exterior leader of Germany, but the doggedness of France militarized Germany and sat Bismarck aside, to be a kind of Prussian knight, or Garibaldi.

German literature, not Bismarck's William, was the real power—the writing of Luther, Schiller, Goethe and Wagner. Disturbed self esteem is preying upon France and Germany. Europe has no leaders, yet it is not at rest. Enough of the feudal and ecclesiastical period is left to stay wholesome settlements; too many officials require to be fed.

"Jimmy" O'Brien, ex-sheriff of New York, a potent leader, the author of the rule of Tweed's and Sweeney's ring, said to me last Sunday: "Come, dine with me on the Rumson road, at Thomas' place."

We went along the ocean front of half decayed former Long Branch and through the fine fresh village of Monmouth Beach, the least exploited, best part of the settlement. We passed Dave Hill, ex-governor on the road, and Archbishop Corrigan, to both of whom the Rumson road through a country of corn, cattle, salt pond, fish hawks' nests and the noblest parks and residences continuously on the globe.

"Almost appalling, sheriff, this wealth and grandeur of New York! To leave it is to admire it the most in exile."

The sheriff was a New Yorker, and not as much enthused as I. He said, however: "I have been well over Europe, and they have nothing there like the Rumson road."

"What elegant palaces, so wide, so clean, so unobtrusively magnificent! What low, vine-arched gateways, hedges, landscape gardens, groves, terraces! The Rumson road falls back from the sea with the never-sink on its flank and the sea winds do not smite the woodlands, which in the languorous scent of the salt grows strong as beauty beyond the breath of Neptune."

As we sat down at old Thomas', a colored man of Canadian parentage, and a colored black bass and plover, with no drink but Wisconsin Lithia water—for the sheriff neither drinks nor smokes—I asked him various leading questions, to the following results:

"Thomas here," said O'Brien, "used to make \$18,000 a year at Saratoga head waiter. I always gave him fifty for the season and many gave him a hundred to two hundred. He blew it all in at Wall street and now rents this villa for the Rumson road gentry, and I think does pretty well."

"I only fought," Mr. Tweed on account of my friends, like Lou, Creamer, Genet and some others who were doomed by Tweed's ring to be slaughtered for the crime of joining the Young Democracy. Tweed said to me: 'You take half a million of dollars and go away.' (Whose half a million is it?) I asked: 'What do you care?' said Mr. Tweed. I said to him: 'I will stay with my friends and fight you.' Querulously enough, Oakley Hall, the mayor then under Tweed, wants to write my life; he is poor and lives by his pen. He could verify all the dates from his personal knowledge of the events."

"What was Hall's degree of guilt?" "They deluded him with the idea of making him governor of New York, the same as Edward Pierpont fooled Judge Barnard to enjoin the ring and the governor. I went to Hall and said: 'You get out of this wicked house will fall on you.' He wouldn't believe they had stolen millions. When A. T. Stewart, Astor and Marshall O. Roberts examined the books and said everybody had been honest, Hall remarked to me: 'There, I can't go back on that!' Said I: 'I am sorry for you, because you will be under the wreck.'"

"Did not women help break all those men up?" "Nearly all. Tweed's sons had nothing left, and I think they are all dead. Hall is poor as a reporter. A few of their dependents lived domestic lives and kept some of the plunder. The thief always gets the larcenous woman for his punisher."

"Publication was necessary to efface these figures?" "I was more than a year getting the figures published. The character of the times was crooked and the newspapers had their friends in combinations the ring controlled. I had people employed in the comptroller's office to take of the figures. Greeley was coddled by the ring and afterward was their candidate for president. Mr. Dana wouldn't publish the accounts as I demanded, though I told him it would make his paper. Jim Taylor owned stock in the Times and not till he died could I get the figures. Taylor was in the ring. At one time I got an introduction through Matt Carpenter to Roscoe Conkling, and from him to President Grant and Pierpont. Grant's district attorney, helped materially when the time came. Finally Mr. Jones of the Times fetched his editor, Jennings, as my proxy-minded a fellow as ever lived to me. Jennings asked me what I was a Catholic for; I told him none of his business. To my mind people are best in the church they are brought up in; changeables are not to be relied upon. George Jones treated me honestly and I made his paper; his son never showed any gratitude. Greeley assailed me, and when he ran for president sent John Cochrane to tell me that he would take everything back if I would support him. I replied that I was committed to Gen. Grant, as the Tweed ring was for Greeley. I drove every one of them fellows to Canada, or Europe, or the jail."

"What is the state of New York city politically today?" "The government of Croker is equally corrupt and stupid. Croker is a nutcase and Van Wyck, his mayor, is a tried and proven nobody. Without independence, or information of the respect of his equals, a mere bully for Croker, whom he ought to despise. This Croker, and Scamwell and Martin, and a few others of such variety, got together in a tough house next door to the Brunswick and upset the dying Kelly and assumed his power. Kelly was a capable boss till somebody fought him, well, and then he ran. Croker is a creation of the New York newspapers. Dave Hill would be a power if he were not so cold. Croker is the worst attempt to hamstring a good man we have ever had, and Mayor Strong, instigated by Dr. Parkhurst, is the cause of Croker's success. I helped elect Strong and told him in three months, 'You have thrown away a noble chance by opposing g-u-o-l-t' Outta my Pan. I'll press the people who gave you victory. The small narrow way you are making of it will be the injury of your friends. No good you can do will be an apology for inflicting Croker on Greater New York.' I told Mayor Strong not to quarrel with me, but to fight him. The man who thinks the milk sour by their little thunders, and to sour the milk under the yoke of Croker themselves, servants of a low servant."

"Sheriff, they say you used to give away mill stocks of barrels of flour to the poor?" "I gave away not more than I give now. I was smiling at the Emperor of the world, my boss, the British President, and they said to their sons, 'Always vote for James O'Brien,' and I got the support of their sons and all my fellow workmen stood and stand by me. So I took the view that I owed my chances to help myself in other enterprises to the poor people who had no better things and that part of my increment was theirs. I knew where the poor lived or hid or had no bread, and I sent it to them. The men who think that was wrong never gave anybody his bread, and his advice is as dry as his charity. I gave bread and have never been without."

"They say you played a mighty game of poker or something with Ben Wood?" "I never drank liquor and never smoked a cigar, and some play must be left to the animal nature. So I have been fond of a stroke of hazard. Ben Wood is a fine gamester. He can outplay me at cards, except poker, perhaps, which is the only game I am good at because I do not fear. Wood is a very old man now and depends chiefly on his newspaper. He once offered John Morrissey \$10,000 to be allowed to make two bets above the faro bank's limits. He bet twice, \$50,000 each time, and won \$100,000 and broke the bank. Morrissey took the faro box in a fury and fired into the plaster of the wall, where it stuck for a good while. Wood liked to gamble high. Morrissey's wife, I believe, died in the poor house, but the gamblers under the protection of the Croker government are rich. All Adams has got a million in the best real estate. The Croker ring has stuffed newspaper men all through their offices; two of them are the mayor's secretaries. They are afraid of the press becoming honest. Hugh Grant is worth money. He vetoed the street railway ordinance because they wouldn't let him in, and got the credit of honesty."

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It is certain that the American people, who entered upon this war to deliver from oppression the subjects of Spain in the Antilles, will never tolerate the employment of American soldiers in the Philippines for the purpose of replacing insurgents under the Spanish yoke. As we conceive it to be our duty to speak with friendly frankness, we do not hesitate to say that if, immediately after Admiral Dewey's victory at Cavite, we had boldly announced an irrevocable determination to annex the Philippines and give them all the tranquility, order and civil liberty which are enjoyed by the inhabitants of our territories, we should have had no trouble, and to apprehension of trouble, either with Germany or with the insurgents. It was the uncertainty regarding our intentions, an uncertainty which has

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will make another Martin Van Buren of McKinley, and the defeat of Van Buren for opposing the acquisition of Texas, well, and then he ran. Croker is a creation of the New York newspapers. Dave Hill would be a power if he were not so cold. Croker is the worst attempt to hamstring a good man we have ever had, and Mayor Strong, instigated by Dr. Parkhurst, is the cause of Croker's success. I helped elect Strong and told him in three months, 'You have thrown away a noble chance by opposing g-u-o-l-t' Outta my Pan. I'll press the people who gave you victory. The small narrow way you are making of it will be the injury of your friends. No good you can do will be an apology for inflicting Croker on Greater New York.' I told Mayor Strong not to quarrel with me, but to fight him. The man who thinks the milk sour by their little thunders, and to sour the milk under the yoke of Croker themselves, servants of a low servant."

"Sheriff, they say you used to give away mill stocks of barrels of flour to the poor?" "I gave away not more than I give now. I was smiling at the Emperor of the world, my boss, the British President, and they said to their sons, 'Always vote for James O'Brien,' and I got the support of their sons and all my fellow workmen stood and stand by me. So I took the view that I owed my chances to help myself in other enterprises to the poor people who had no better things and that part of my increment was theirs. I knew where the poor lived or hid or had no bread, and I sent it to them. The men who think that was wrong never gave anybody his bread, and his advice is as dry as his charity. I gave bread and have never been without."

"They say you played a mighty game of poker or something with Ben Wood?" "I never drank liquor and never smoked a cigar, and some play must be left to the animal nature. So I have been fond of a stroke of hazard. Ben Wood is a fine gamester. He can outplay me at cards, except poker, perhaps, which is the only game I am good at because I do not fear. Wood is a very old man now and depends chiefly on his newspaper. He once offered John Morrissey \$10,000 to be allowed to make two bets above the faro bank's limits. He bet twice, \$50,000 each time, and won \$100,000 and broke the bank. Morrissey took the faro box in a fury and fired into the plaster of the wall, where it stuck for a good while. Wood liked to gamble high. Morrissey's wife, I believe, died in the poor house, but the gamblers under the protection of the Croker government are rich. All Adams has got a million in the best real estate. The Croker ring has stuffed newspaper men all through their offices; two of them are the mayor's secretaries. They are afraid of the press becoming honest. Hugh Grant is worth money. He vetoed the street railway ordinance because they wouldn't let him in, and got the credit of honesty."

"What has become of Ed Stokes?" "He has property, but the influence he had with the ring of Croker and Co. is pretty well done. That Stokes was a sort of hanger around of Fisk, Tweed and the old evil does till one day he came in my office of Bixby & O'Brien, in Warren street, and said Fisk had got out an order of arrest for him and he would go to jail unless he could get bail. I told the sheriff I would be responsible for him till next day, and meantime he could find bail. That afternoon I heard that he had killed Fisk, who was a great fat coward that he could have slapped or kicked and scared him from doing viciousness, but to sneak to the woman's stairway and murder an unarmed man so disgusted me that from that day to this I have never noticed Stokes."

"New York can be recovered against the Croker-Murphy ring if the bigots relinquish their ideas of persecuting the people who put them in power, but to set a watch on the people and treat them as criminals for enjoying themselves is bad Americanism and bad religion. Religion is for your own life and heart and not to be a spy on your neighbor's enjoyments."

"Were you born here or in Ireland?" "In Ireland; but I came here at 6 years of age and knew nothing about Ireland until I paid it a visit. The best English I ever heard spoken was in Ireland, and I think the finest men in the British kingdom are the educated men of Dublin college."

The president is said to want information about what the country wants with the Philippines islands. The country wants its Yankee character to drive a bargain not to be impaired, and if we let go of Dewey's acquisition every nation in Europe will probably hold Brother Jonathan to have become an imbecile."

Salisbury's government expects us to take the Philippines. Our own people expect the administration at Washington to think and decide for them and the opposition party.

Spain, in her discomfiture, clings to the Philippines and knows their value. What were the objects of the war? Is it a vain repetition. The objects of the American revolution were not our independence, but a redress of taxes. We went onward to the consequences and they became the objects. We stand upon the horizon of our destiny and are educated and stocked to pursue it and an historical pause to spit on our hands will let us down the well.

The statue of Benton at St. Louis has long pointed to the west and been carved with the prophecy: "There is the east; there is Europe."

Mr. W. J. Bryan is in his own conceit a bigger man than Old Bullion, but he has time to grow up with the new country. There are also some old men in Massachusetts who would have us keep in the steps of Sam Adams; Sam Adams wore moccasins and put them on backwards.

We can, if we are pulling enough, look ourselves up like Brazil and Mexico and be peddled with by men carrying packs. We

been too well justified by events, that he caused the insurgents to view our professions of friendship and protection with suspicion, and suggested to Germany the idea that she might have a chance to interpose between Spain and her revolted subjects in the interests of civilization. The truth is that we failed to turn Admiral Dewey's splendid triumph at Cavite to timely and proper account.—Collier's Weekly.

Perfume and Perspiration  
Would you like to give out a perfume like the body of one who died in the odor of sanctity? Nothing is easier. If you want to smell like violets make a subcutaneous injection of essence of these flowers. You can vary your perfumed essence as you please. The perfume is scarcely noticeable unless one gets warm. This mode of scenting one's person was discovered accidentally. A morphine-maniac was called