WASHINGTON LETTER.

How the Death of E. J. Davis is Contemplated at the Capital.

The Ex-Governor's Extraordinary Career—His Idiosyncrasies and Superiority in Texas.

The Negroes Left Without a Leader—Who Will Take His Place.

Special Correspondence of the Gazette.

Washington, February 10.—The question arises, and may occupy the attention of a cabinet meeting, who, now that ex-Governor Davis is no more, shall dispose of public plunder in your state? Will the position of the late grand almoner in Texas, for our elective monarchy, be transferred to Tom Ochiltree, or given over to the no less redoubtable Colonel Bob Taylor of Fannin county? Colonel Bob is already in the capital. Ex-United States Marshal Russell, if General Dudley, Jno. C. New and Indiana and Ohio republicans controlled the decision, would have the place vacated by Davis and wear Davis' mantle, but Brewster Cameron, with devilish malignity and cunning, is master of the attorney-general, and continuing to fire blank indictments at Russell, envelops him in a cloud through which the sunshine of patronage and power cannot send its benignant rays into Texas. Brewster Cameron it is who directs the star route prosecutions. He loves Jewell and hates Dorsey as he does Russell, and Brewster Cameron drew inspiration from Davis, and the demise of Davis invests Texas Republican politics with infinite gloom and many uncertainties. A noted barnacle who has held offices by federal appointment for twenty years in Texas and now occupies the best in the state, has been here for some days mending his fences. He was from the northwest and makes all his investments there. If Davis' death results in the substitution of a Texan for this oracular and owl-like place-man quite ten thousand dollars, annually abstracted from the commerce of the state, will be invested in Texas instead of Wisconsin or Iowa, and wise legislatures of those states will protest against his removal. All that the south has lost by carpetbaggers has enured to the advantage of states beyond the Ohio. Many millions have been thus transferred from one to the other section of the country. Ohio is thus profitted a million dollars annually and yet the north does howl that Tennessee "protected" in nothing and ravaged in everything can't pay her debts. But the south should not complain of this injustice. Northern people do not understand the process. They never felt the halter draw and have good opinion of the law—of radicalism.

NIL NISI BONUM DE MORTIUS.

Do not misconceive me. I would not wrong the living and still less the dead. Gov. Davis' intensity of devotion to party made him many enemies and he would tolerate no divided empire. *Aut Cesar aut nullus* was the legend inscribed on his escutcheon. Two such lions as he and Russell could not roam in the same forest, not even in Central African jungles of Wharton county. Therefore the invocation of Brewster Cameron and thus of the attorney general that Russell, like Dorsey, might be crushed by the resistless weight of federal power. But Davis, in his private personal conduct, was honest. He rises up in solitary majority above his fellows. His name must ever be emblazoned upon the shield of southern radicalism and upon his tomb an extraordinary recital must be inscribed.

Every passer-by, through countless coming years, reading the unique epitaph with wondering incredulity, will repeat the marvelous story and sigh as he wanders on:

"HERE LIES E. J. DAVIS, THE RECONSTRUCTION GOVERNOR OF TEXAS, WHO NEVER STOLE ANYTHING."

His virtues, however, were never shared by official or partisan associates. One of his cabinet fled the country, a confessed thief; another, poverty-stricken when he entered the state's service, came out rich; of another it was written: his name was Honey, that he was drowned, and the river in which he fell became metheglin for forty miles below. The state's credit was utterly annihilated, and railway adventurers bought and sold Davis' legislature in market overt. Coke was elected governor, and Davis thinking that Grant would give him military protection, refused to surrender his office. He was helpless and only went forth when the people of Austin resorted to violent measures to induce submission to decrees of the ballot box. He was not a bad man and only an insane zealot in partisanship. He honestly believed democrats incapable of patriotic action or purposes. He never forgave Grant for his refusal to intervene in his behalf when Coke entered the capitol at Austin.

WHAT WILL COME OF IT?

What will be the fate of Davis' party in Texas? True, there is not much of it, and it is almost utterly black. Davis was very loth, many supposed, to have its members augmented. It had a monopoly of Federal officers in the state and there were not enough of those to appease the hunger of its parti-colored leaders. Davis' life, even as it was, became a burden because of the impossibility of slaking the insane thirst for power that maddened the many radical leaders, of high and low degree, dogging his steps forever and begging for crumbs of Federal patronage that fell from his richly spread table. He sought to rise higher, not that he might enrich himself, but that he might have more to give. Therefore, he came to Washington and sat at Garfield's breakfast table, and asked that he might be postmaster-general. Garfield "palavered," as was his wont, and promised and evaded, and filled divers offices as Davis suggested; but nothing more, and here again deeper shadows fell athwart the pathway of Davis' ambition. Again, he was beaten by Hancock as a candidate for congress, and then, having already lost the chairmanship of the state radical central committee, and then the right to dispose of public plunder, he was undone. No wonder he sank into the bosom of mother earth.

Deal kindly with his fame and memory. His virtues were marvelous. He went naked, as a politician and party leader, out of the world; but history invests him with rarest habiliments of honor and truth, and that his singular and extraordinary virtues may be approved and accepted by posterity, Texas should rear a proud mausoleum in attestation of his worth. He was HONEST when knavery was the fashion of his class and of his age.

A BROKEN RAIL

Causes a Frightful Accident on the Grand Trunk Line.

Chicago, February 15.—Passenger train number four, bound west on the Grand Trunk, struck a broken rail one mile east of Flint, Michigan, detaching three coaches and one Pullman. The engine, mail and baggage car passed safely. The engineer, with commendable bravery and presence of mind, stopped the engine immediately and got two pails of water, and stopped the fire that had broke out, thus saving a holocaust. Mrs. Haldah Lemon, aged 74, was killed instantly. She resides in St. Vincent, Ontario, and was going to Nebraska. Her daughter, Mrs. Hill, was injured badly and lies insane. Thomas Lindsay was injured fatally in the chest. He jumped from the car window and was thrown under the truck. William Mannes of Waterloo was slightly injured in the head. Mrs. Chester Miller of Stalbin, Indian Territory, had her nose broken and was otherwise badly hurt. Some ten or twelve others were slightly injured.

FOREIGN.

London, February 15.—There is great popular demonstration in Charing Cross in favor of the claim of Charles Bradlaugh to a seat in the house of commons, to which he was re-elected from North Hampton in March last. Delegates from the London workingmen's clubs and others representing 400 provincial towns were present and the police authorities made arrangements to quell any disorder that might arise. Bradlaugh in a speech announced if nothing was mentioned in the house of commons by four o'clock this p. m. about the bill allowing members to make affirmation when they desire to do so instead of taking the usual parliamentary oath, he should then take his seat in the house. A large crowd is outside of Westminister gates, which are well guarded.

Dublin, February 15.—It is stated that at a hearing to-day that the prisoners charged with conspiracy to murder, an eye-witness will depose that both Lord Cavendish and Burke were suddenly seized from behind and that they wrenched themselved loose. It was thus they were wounded in the backs as well as breasts.

Indian Troubles.

St. Louis, February, 15.—The latest advises from the Indian Territory says the previous announcement that General Porter, commander of the constitutional party had left Okmulkee with 400 men for the camp of Spichee was premature. He has not yet taken the field. United States Agent Tufts has notified Cheote that if he does not comply with the law within the given time, he will report him to the interior department as a rebel, as against the Creeks nation. Cheote and Spichee have had a conference but no settlement of the difficulties between the factions was effected.

She Kissed Them All.

The Cincinnati Enquirer tells a story of a young lady receiving a surprise party. The girls entered first and she kissed them all; but some young men followed and the hostess, all smiles and blushes, in the dim, religious light, made a mistake. The first young man that stepped in to surprise was himself surprised by a warm hug and a most decided oscilatory salute square in the middle of his mouth. With courage bordering on the sublime, she did not faint. She saw that she had made a miscalculation that was simply awful. Nothing remained to her but to rest ever after under the suspicion of partiality, or to treat all the boys alike. She chose the latter course. It is alleged that the young men bringing up the rear, as they saw how matters were progressing in front, braced themselves up and moved forward with an air no painter can ever do justice to.

A Costly Navy.

Since the close of the war, not yet eighteen years, congress has made appropriations for the navy amounting to $369,000,000. This is $9,000,000 more than all the United States currency outstanding to date, including all the issues of legal-tender notes. All that we have to show for this enormous expenditure is 139 vessels of all classes, not one of them fit to engage a modern English or Italian war vessel, and Robeson and Chandler each, it is true, carrying more metal to the square inch of face than necessary, but either of them dear at $21,000,000 a year. Not a new ship exists or is provided for but new appropriations of money come to time with the greatest regularity, so that is literally true, in the language of the humorist, that it would be money in the pocket of the United States if they never had any money to give to the navy.

How to Handle a Liar.

[From Peck's Sun.]

The only way to deal with a liar is to beat him at his own game. That is, of course, unless he is the editor of a pious newspaper. What started this item was reading about an American who had been to Europe, and who was telling a friend, who knew he was a liar, about his trip across the Atlantic, and how, on the 25th of the month, they encountered a swarm of locusts, and the locusts carried away every stitch of canvas on the ship." The listener looked thoughtful a moment, and then said: "Yes, I guess we met the same swarm of locusts the next day, the 26th. Every locust had on a pair of canvas pants." The first liar went around the corner and kicked himself.

NO PREACHERS.

Charles R. Thorne's Dying Request About His Funeral Ceremonies.

Stuart Robson, the Actor, Conducts the Service—A Simple Burial.

St. Louis, February 15.—The following New York special to the *Post-Dispatch* was published here yesterday: One day about twelve years ago Charles R. Thorne, Jr., Stuart Robson and Robert Craig were discussing the quiet burial of Charles Dickens, and fell to talking about unpleasant funeral sermons that had been preached over actors. Craig said that he would have no clergyman speak at his funeral. "It was there," Mr. Robson said, "that Thorne, Craig and I made a compact that whoever of us survived the others or another should do what could be done to keep the preachers away from the funeral. Thorne went to Europe. Craig died suddenly. His family insisted on having the usual religious services at the funeral. I told them of Craig's well known wish in the matter, but they insisted. The minister who conducted the service was an educated man, but he had all the prejudices more common in his profession then than now, and he began to make an apology for the evil which this young man had committed in adopting a profession that had so many evil associations, while his talents in an honorable calling might have brought him great honor. He thought he was justified in asserting that in spitte of this Mr. Craig might have a hope of heaven. I told Thorne this when he returned from Europe, and it increased his feelings against such proceedings. He said he did not wish all sorts of people to be running to his funeral at the Little Church around the Corner, just because he was an actor, and the last word he said to his wife was: "No preacher, tell Rob." In accordance with this wish of Mr. Thorne, his funeral was conducted early in the morning. The coffin, covered with black cloth, lay in the center of the room. The face of the actor was exposed.

THOSE MEMBERS OF THE PROFESSION and friends of the family in the room were Mr. A. M. Palmer, W. H. Morton, W. H. Crane, Chas. R. Thorne, Sr., Will Thorne and his wife, Mrs. Jno. Chamberlin, Walden Ramsay, Jno. Mathews, Dr. Haywood and Stuart Robson and his daughter Alecia. At 9:30 o'clock Mr. Robson crossed the room and stood beside the coffin and said in his peculiar voice: "It was often the expressed wish of our dear friend during the illness which resulted in his death that no performances of a religious nature should be permitted at his funeral. In conformity with this desire, let us bid good-by to him simply and briefly. He had few enemies and many friends. Narrow men did not love him—generous men did. He was liberal to a fault, honest, manly and true. Those who knew him best loved him best. High tempered at times as all good men are if led hastily into an injustice, he as quickly saw his error and rectified it. It is a source of gratification for us to know that he who lately feared death as the most dreaded of all evils, when the time came, welcomed it with all the calmness of a sleeping child. He had few regrets for the past and none for the future. If Chas. P. Thorne had faults, I never saw them. My great love for the man clouded my judgment perhaps. I could see only the good in him. Last Thursday I saw him for the last time. He asked me in a laughing way if I had any clearly defined ideas in respect to a future state. I replied as vaguely as I could that I supposed the subject was rather indefinite; that the more I thought the less I knew, and several other current answers in popular use. He said that during his illness he had read liberally on this theme and saw nothing more suitable to his views than the following lines. The future is a dark, impenetrable curtain which no human being has ever drawn aside and cannot be better reached than by the recital of the following words from the immortal master's Tempest, which Mr. Thorne frequently recited with a tenderness which has not been equalled in our time.

"These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air;
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-clapped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind.'
"'We are such stuff
As dreams are made of, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.'"

Mr. Robson then read this telegram from Robt. G. Ingersoll:

"Say what your heart prompts. A few tears, a few words, a few flowers, are all that the living can give to the dead. The tragedy has ended, the curtain has fallen. Applause cannot lift it again, but memory and hope remain. Give my sincere sympathy to those who weep."

The pall-bearers lifted the coffin into the hearse, which was driven to the Grand Central depot. The 10:30 o'clock train bore it to Woodlawn cemetery. Here, without any words, it was placed in a receiving vault.

A Bad Opinion of Us.

[From the National Republican.]

Texas has a bill before her legislature to punish "the use of profane language in the vicinity of a dwelling house." That bill, if passed, would compel the population of Texas to live in tents, camp out or pay their entire possessions into the public treasury within the first week.

How it is Bounded.

[Dallas Times.]

It seems that the legislature, in the passage of the new asylum bill has recognize 'north Texas,' as a distinctive section. But does the bill say just what is 'north Texas?' Does it give metes and bounds? Does it propose to have the line between 'north' Texas and the rest of the state marked, staked and blazed? Perhaps our red headed brother of the Dallas *Times* will be good enough to tell us just what 'north Texas' is. Give us the the boundary, Sterrett.—*Houston Age*" With pleasure. It is that part of the state which gives Texas her democratic administrations, and is bounded on the north by the Indians on the east by the office seekers of the state, and on the south by an element composed of deep-water patriots, negroes, and democrats for revenue only. "Them's the boundaries."

FASHIONS IN DANCING.

The New Capers Indulged in by New York Society.—The Racket Suppressed.

Fashions in dancing, writes a New York correspondent, present no striking change since last season. The American Society of Professors of Dancing, which had its headquarters in this city, held its annual meeting last week, and decided to recognize no new dances. They voted to discard the "racket" from their lessons, and to forbid it altogether in their academies. Notwithstanding this action, I have seen it indulged in at every ball which I have attended. Its name is a slang one for the better known redo wagallop step, and originated in the fact that the music in which it was first used for it was "The Racquelle Waltz." It is called in various sections the "Rockaway." It is regarded as too showy for modest girls to fling themselves into, and this is why the professors have undertaken to place it under taboo. The round dances which strict propriety permits this year are the plain waltz and the redowa. The latter may be varied by what is called the polka Bohemia, a toe-and-heel step that is not theatrical if quietly and gracefully done. The close hugging, sometimes done in last winter by couples who ought to have known better, is now visably relaxed, and altogether I think that dancing is rather freer from abuses than before. The square dances in use at the public halls are the plain quadrille and the plain Saratoga lancers. In the latter the couples form parallel lines and dance together, the figures and movements remaining similiar to those of the ordinary lancers. The German is danced still in private assemblages, but never at large balls. A new round dance in some vogue in parlors is called the Russe, and partakes of the character of the galop and mazurka combined. There is also a square dance called the National Guard, composed of squares and circles of a somewhat militiary character. The polo quadrille, with its rapid all-hands-round, proved too much of a circus to please women, and has gone pretty nearly out of fashion. Varitations of the polka are frequently seen and the old fashioned Virginia reel is extensively revived.

For Sale.

Two stoves, two bedsteads and beds, set of chairs, tables and other household goods. Apply to C. B. Lindsey at Wells' drugstore.

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