

1870

1871
Signal at Point
Reyes Light
Station

SHERIFF'S SALE FOR DELINQUENT TAXES.—The Sheriff's sale of real estate for delinquent taxes was continued yesterday. There was rather a small attendance, and but little property was sold. The sale was adjourned until today at 10 A. M. We continue our list of sales, with names of buyers:

Old Town, July 1872		
Lot.	Block.	PURCHASER.
3	389	D. C. Reed,
4	488	"
3	488	"
2	482	"
3	605	"
3	616	"
3	672	"
3	667	D. Choate,
Pueblo.		
		James McCoy,
	48 (10 acres)	D. Choate,
	175 (5 acres)	"

SHERIFF'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE.—We give below a statement of the real estate sold by the Sheriff yesterday for delinquent taxes, with names of purchasers:

Horton's Addition.		
Lot.	Block.	PURCHASER.
H (C & imp'ts)	597	A. E. Horton
P (imp'ts on N 4 of 89)	597	J. Faivre.
New Town.		
A	54	Dr. Strong.
B	54	Hensley & Wentworth
C	54	A B McKean
D	54	Dr. Stockton
E	54	I. Mathias,
F (S 17 1/2 feet)	54	J. Tasker.
F	761	Hensley & Wentworth
E (N 37 1/2 ft)	774	Rushbrook
G (S 19 ft)	774	"
L (N 18 ft)	774	"
Old Town.		
329	438	J. Sloane.
332		Hensley & Wentworth
1337		"
3 (& imp'ts)	461	W J Gatewood
Pueblo.		
240 (20 acres)		R E Doyle.
280 (1797)		A B McKean
280		J. Tasker.
200		A B McKean
117 (5 acres)		"
L to 14 (incl.) Cañada de las Liegues		Hutton.

SHERIFF'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE FOR DELINQUENT TAXES.—We give below a statement of the property sold by the Sheriff yesterday for delinquent taxes, with the names of the purchasers. The property may be redeemed by the owners within six months from the date of sale by payment of the purchase money and thirty per cent. added, or within three months by paying the amount of the bid with an addition of fifteen per cent.

Horton's Addition.		
Lot.	Block.	PURCHASER.
E	C	A. E. Horton
I	22	"
K	32	"
L (east 4)	32	"
L	39	"
A	44	"
J	51 (1-12)	"
F	61	"
F	64	"
J (south 4)	70	"
J (north 4)	90	"
G (east 4)	116	"
G (east 4)	125	"
H (east 4)	125	"
I	126	"
A	126	"
D (west 4)	128	"
E	161	"
D	136	"
F (east 7 ft.)	133	"
F	136	"
I	I	D. C. Reed.
D	I	"
J (west 4)	111	A. E. Horton
D (south 1)	128	"
B	172	"
C (south 4)	172	"
J (south 4)	172	"
K (south 4)	172	"
I (south 4)	101	"
New Town.		
K (25 ft.)	794	Jos. Tasker.
J	794	D. C. Reed.
I	794	"
H	794	Dr. Williams.
A (west 4)	794	Jos. Tasker.
I (west 25 ft.)	785	D. C. Reed.
A	783	"
I (20 ft.)	780	F. Schwerer.
H	780	D. C. Reed.
I (4)	776	B. F. Nudd.
G (south 4)	772	A. H. Gilbert.
E	772	D. C. Reed.
K	762	"
J	761	"
F	752	"
K	787	Dr. Stockton.
L (north 4)	795	G. Hensley.
G	793	Dr. Royal.
H	793	Dr. Williams.
E	751	D. C. Reed.
H (south 1-11)	757	S. S. Sanborn.
I (add. A. E.)	796	R. Rushbrook.
E (north 4)	796	D. Choate.
K	795	D. C. Reed.
L (16 ft.)	794	B. F. Nudd.
Middletown.		
	514	Dr. Stockton
	578	Dr. Williams
	626	"
	704	D. C. Reed.
	736	"
Old Town.		
2	461	N. H. Dodson.
Pueblo.		
1224 (35 acres)		D. C. Reed.
1165 (west 4)		"
1792 (west 4)		"
175 (south 4)		D. Choate.
266		D. C. Reed.
303		A B McKean
314 (south 4)		Dr. Williams
323 (9-10)		A. H. Gilbert
Ranchos.		
One-ninth of an undivided thirty-two-thirds of the Rancho Pampa to		
		C. Scott.

S. D. Unjou
1872
Legal

THE SAN DIEGO MINES.

Some Accounts of the Julian and Banner Districts, San Diego County, A Rich Mining Section—What has been Accomplished Without Capital—The Cuyamaca Grant—Julian a Rising Town—Scenery of the Mountains—Character of the Country—Etc.

We copy in full the following letter from Julian City to the Sacramento Record, the most interesting and most accurate account of the mines of San Diego county that has yet been printed.

Any newspaper beyond our own city. The people of San Diego are of course familiar with the facts stated, which have been presented at length in the columns of the UNION, but we give this letter place because it contains a condensed form of the prominent facts concerning our mining section from the date of the discovery of gold to the present time, and this regard will be found a valuable summary of information for readers at a glance.

San Diego, December 24, 1872.

Nearly three years have passed since the first discovery of gold-bearing quartz in the mountains northeast of San Diego. One Bickers was wandering in the hills in search of game on the 23d of February, 1870, when he stumbled upon a piece of quartz; he picked it up, and lo! it was rich in gold. In honor of the day he named it the "George Washington Lead." The news of the discovery soon spread, and in a few weeks there was a rush to the new mines. The whole country was shaken off its slumber; arastras were put in motion; those who could do no better pounded their ore out in iron mortars—and for the time nothing was talked of but gold. Indeed no small quantity of bullion was obtained by these rude processes of working. Several thousand dollars worth of gold, the proceeds of the mortar-crushing, was sold to the merchants here during the first few weeks. Then came a small quartz mill to do custom work, and this tested the quality of the leads. Hitherto quartz had been "picked out" of pockets for mortar-crushing and the arastras. Now commenced the regular development of the veins of ore. The "Washington" mine—richer of all at the outset—was soon worked out. (The claim is still worked in order to hold it, but does not rank with the prominent mines.) Later discoveries developed permanent ledges, showing better and better pay the deeper the shaft went down. Of these the "Owens" and the "Helvetia" are the leading mines in the Julian district at this time—having been thoroughly worked—but there are a dozen other claims of excellent promise, from which there has been a steady yield. Three quartz mills are kept pretty constantly at work here crushing custom ore. One mill (DeFrues & Co.'s) gives most of its time to working ore from the "Owens" mine, in which the proprietors are owners.

The Stonewall Mine and Mill.

About eight miles southeast of Julian is situated the celebrated Stonewall mine, owned by Messrs. Frary, Farley & Co. This is undoubtedly the richest mine in the county. The proprietors have the best mill in Southern California; their mine is worked systematically and has been well developed; the ledge increases in richness as it is opened. This mine is located at the base of the Cuyamaca mountains, the first shaft having been sunk in a flat within a short distance of a wide lagoon, whence a supply of water for the mill is drawn in winter. A lot of pumping machinery for bringing water from this lagoon has just been brought on the ground. I have never visited a mine where the word "thorough" was more appropriate in describing the management than here. The mill runs night and day, and the yield of bullion is steady. The proprietors decline to state the average amount, but I may say that they have over \$100,000 worth of machinery, etc., on the premises that has been paid for out of the mine during the last eighteen months. This speaks for itself.

The Cuyamaca Grant.

The Stonewall mine is covered by what is

named, and with the growth of an important city at the bay our mineral section will become as popular a resort for tourists as any of those for which the State is noted. The distance from the bay, in a straight line, to these mountains is forty-three and one-third miles. A good road can be opened in fifty-five miles from San Diego. The present distance by road is nearly seventy miles.

A Fine Agricultural Country.

Here we have decidedly the best agricultural lands in the county. The soil of the whole Julian plateau and of the many summit valleys—of which the Cuyamaca Valley is the chief—is exceedingly rich. There are already some fine farms here whence the mining population are supplied. You pass from one climate to another in going from San Diego to the mines. The mountains form the barrier which cuts off the "dry" climate of the coast. The meaning of the Indian word "Cuyamaca," given to the mountains, is "Rain beyond," and this well describes the climate of the plateau beyond these mountains; and, between them and the desert. Here there are frequent thunder showers in the summer months, and heavy rains and snow in winter.

Let us Look Forward a Few Years.

To the time when the Texas Pacific Railway is completed, and population begins to pour into San Diego county. Then, with a large and flourishing city at the bay, enterprise will surely open short and speedy connection with this wonderful country. Capital will develop its mines and increase their yield an hundred fold; fine farms and orchards will be cultivated throughout this section; and saw-mills (I forget to mention that there is now one at Julian constantly running) will supply lumber for the growing cities of Southern California from the extensive pine forests of the Cuyamaca range; while the 50,000 head of sheep that now find their pasturage here, will be increased in number ten-fold. But it would require more time than I can command, and more space than you can afford, to properly describe the varied capabilities and resources of this hitherto almost unknown region.

Jan 23/1873
S.D. Union

spread; and in a few weeks there was a rush to the new mines. The whole country was staked off in claims; arastras were put in motion; those who could do no better pounded their ore out in iron mortars—and for the time nothing was talked of but gold. Indeed no small quantity of bullion was obtained by these rude processes of working. Several thousand dollars worth of gold, the proceeds of the mortar-crushing, was sold to the merchants here during the first few weeks. Then came a small quartz mill to do "custom" work, and this tested the quality of the leads. Hitherto quartz had been "picked out" of pockets for mortar-crushing and the arastra. Now commenced the regular development of the veins of ore. The "Washington" mine—richest of all at the outset—was soon worked out. (The claim is still worked in order to hold it, but does not rank with the prominent mines.) Later discoveries developed permanent ledges, showing better and better pay ore the deeper the shaft went down. Of these the "Owens" and the "Helvella" are the leading mines in the Julian district at this time—having been thoroughly worked—but there are a dozen other claims of excellent promise, from which there has been a steady yield. Three quartz mills are kept pretty constantly at work here crushing "custom" ore. One mill (DeFries & Co.'s) gives most of its time to working ore from the "Owens" mine, in which the proprietors are owners.

The Stonewall Mine and Mill.

About eight miles southeast of Julian is situated the celebrated Stonewall mine, owned by Messrs. Frary, Earley & Co. This is undoubtedly the richest mine in the county. The proprietors have the best mill in Southern California; their mine is worked systematically and has been well developed: the ledge increases in richness as it is opened. This mine is located at the base of the Cuyamaca mountains, the first shaft having been sunk in a flat within a short distance of a wide lagoon, whence a supply of water for the mill is drawn in winter. A lot of pumping machinery for bringing water from this lagoon has just been brought on the ground. I have never visited a mine where the word "thorough" was more appropriate in describing the management than here. The mill runs night and day, and the yield of bullion is steady. The proprietors decline to state the average amount, but I may say that they have over \$100,000 worth of machinery, etc., on the premises; that has been paid for out of the mine during the last eighteen months. This speaks for itself.

The Cuyamaca Grant.

The Stonewall mine is covered by what is called the Cuyamaca Grant—one of those old Mexican grants, that inevitably come to the surface on the discovery of valuable mines. It is always the case with these grants that the boundaries are "nowhere" in particular and everywhere in general, being of an elastic quality which permits stretching in any given direction. The Cuyamaca Grant has always been supposed to be south of the Julian District, but when it was surveyed a year or two ago its lines took in all that district. The proprietors of the Stonewall mine admit that their mine may be, honestly, within the grant and they have obtained a twenty-year lease of the ground. But nobody who is acquainted with the geography of the county—none of the "old residents," of twenty-five or thirty years standing—believe that the grant can possibly fairly include the Julian mine. The miners contested the survey and the Surveyor-General decided in their favor; but their lawyers were negligent in attending to their case; the proper papers were not filed at Washington, and so the case came back for a rehearing. Testimony is now being taken at San Diego. The miners have arranged an association here to carry on the contest, and have strong hopes of success. The evidence is all in their favor, and with proper management on the part of counsel they must win. To night a grand party is to be given to raise funds to aid in prosecuting the case, and a very joyous merry-making is looked for by the good people.

Julian a Rising Town.

This is a "rising town." It is in itself the best evidence of the richness of the mines. I came here just after the discovery, in the winter of 1870, and found a broad plateau covered with snow; there was a thick growth of oaks, and under the trees were pitched the tents of the prospectors; here and there log huts were built. Now there is a thrifty little village; the houses are of frame, but substantially built; there are two hotels—good country inns; a restaurant; Wells, Fargo & Co.'s office (which, by the way, is run by Geo. M. Dannels, who represented our county in the Legislature last winter), a Post-office and several stores, among which may be noted those of "Count" Dwarakowsky, Milne and McKean & Co. There is a good public school building, and the district school is well attended. In short, Julian is to-day one of the most promising mining towns in the country.

What has been done Without Capital.

varied capabilities and resources of this hitherto almost unknown region.

Jan 23, 1873
S.D. Union

...the mine...
...months. This speaks for itself.
The Cuyamaca Grant.
The Stonewall mine is covered by what is called the Cuyamaca Grant—one of those old Mexican grants, that inevitably come to the surface on the discovery of valuable mines. It is always the case with these grants that the boundaries are "nowhere in particular and everywhere in general," being of an elastic quality which permits stretching in any given direction. The Cuyamaca Grant has always been supposed to be south of the Julian District, but when it was surveyed a year or two ago its lines took in all that district. The proprietors of the Stonewall mine admit that their mine may be, honestly, within the grant and they have obtained a twenty-year lease of the ground. But nobody who is acquainted with the geography of the county—none of the old residents, of twenty-five or thirty years standing—believe that the grant can possibly fairly include the Julian mines. The miners contested the survey and the Surveyor-General decided in their favor; but their lawyers were negligent in attending to their case; the proper papers were not filed at Washington, and so the case came back for a rehearing. Testimony is now being taken at San Diego. The miners have arranged an association here to carry on the contest, and have strong hopes of success. The evidence is all in their favor, and with proper management on the part of counsel they must win. To night a grand party is to be given to raise funds to aid in prosecuting the case, and a very joyous merry-making is looked for by the good people.

Julian a Rising Town.
This is a rising town, and in itself the best evidence of the richness of the mines. I came here just after the discovery, in the winter of 1870, and found a broad plateau covered with snow; there was a thick growth of pines, and under the trees were pitched the tents of the prospectors; here and there log huts were built. Now there is a thrifty little village; its houses are of frame, but substantially built; there are two hotels—good country inns; a restaurant; Wells, Fargo & Co.'s office (which, by the way, is run by Geo. M. Dannals, who represented our county in the Legislature last winter), a post-office and several stores, among which may be noted those of "Comt." Dwarakowsky, Alline and McKean & Co. There is a good public school building, and the district school is well attended. In short, Julian is to-day one of the most promising mining towns in the country.

What has been done Without Capital.
And this leads me to call attention to the fact that all of the development in these mountains has been accomplished without the aid of capital from abroad. Julian has been built—the population of the whole section has been supported during the last three years—the mines have been opened and worked—the mills have been purchased and erected—solely and entirely with the gold that has been here taken from the earth. I challenge the quartz-mining history of the State or coast to produce a parallel case.

The Banner District.
I must not omit some account of this latest discovered, and as some claim richest quartz district. It adjoins Julian, being distant but three miles from the town. The mines are in the San Felipe canyon. You descend abruptly some eighteen hundred feet into this canyon, passing from winter to summer; in the fall, when the cold blasts blow over the Julian hills, chilling you to the bones; you may in half an hour's walk go down into the region of sunshine and warmth. The canyon runs out to the Colorado Desert, in about ten or twelve miles from the mines. Here there are also three mills, which are kept running most of the time. Of the mines, the most prominent is the Golden Chariot; it has a very wide ledge—four feet—and the ore has averaged over \$200 per ton. Machinery will soon be on the ground for a mill. Hitherto the ore has been packed up the canyon to Whitney's mill or burros at great expense. Miners of experience assert that the Golden Chariot promises to become one of the richest mines in the State, and that it bids fair to rival the famous Hayward mine of Amador. Next in importance is the Redman mine; then the Ready Relief, the Antelope and the Mudden; and there are many other very promising mines that I cannot now name.

Scenery.
The scenery in these mountains is magnificent, rivaling that of sections of the State that have become celebrated. I have seen much of California, and can assert that the descent from Julian to the San Felipe canyon, the view from the Volcan mountain, and the outlook from the Cuyamaca Peak afford subjects upon which the pencil of Bierstadt could be as profitably employed as in delineating the scenery of the Yosemite. This is a region toward which the footsteps of artists will ere long be

Jan 23, 1873
S.D. Union

COL. FISK'S FUNERAL.

A Tremendous Popular Demonstration of Respect.

STOKES BEFORE THE CORNER.

The Assassin Seen Stealing upon his Unsuspecting Victim.

I HAVE GOT YOU NOW!

Musfield a Prisoner and her Servants Arrested.

TESTIMONY OF STOKES'S DRIVER.

Early yesterday morning Superintendent Kelso detailed a large force of police under Drill Master Capt. Copeland to act as a guard around the Opera House. It soon became evident that this force had not arrived any too soon; for great multitudes of persons who were anxious to see the face of the world-famed Colonel kept pouring in, until at 10½ o'clock Twenty-third street, as far as Seventh avenue and Eighth avenue, from Twenty-third street to Twenty-fourth street, was one dense mass of men, women and children. Every one made direct to the entrance on Twenty-third street, and the surging crowd soon became uncontrollable. An extra force of police arrived, and with almost superhuman exertions the crowds were forced back from the sidewalks in front of the Opera House. So great was the crush that five ladies fainted away and were taken into the drug store at Twenty-third street and Eighth avenue. Every window and roof commanding a view of the scene was occupied, and on the cross beams of the lamp-posts were seated numbers of adventurous boys. The appearance of the vast multitude denoted that a feeling deeper than mere vulgar curiosity had drawn them together.

THE GRAND OPERA HOUSE IN MOURNING.
Inside the Opera House men moved about the corridors with noiseless step and spoke in subdued whispers only. It was indeed a house of mourning. The large vestibule of the building in which the body of the lamented Colonel was to lie in state was draped in mourning. Festoons of black and white crape were suspended from the dome and attached to the beams which supported the galleries. The sliding and carving on the galleries were concealed by festoons of crape and white satin, tastefully fastened with black and white rosettes. Facing the entrance to the vestibule and suspended from the gallery was a life size portrait of Col. Fisk. The picture was draped in black and white crape. On the left was the American flag. On the right was a rebel flag captured by the Veteran Corps of the Ninth Regiment in the battle of Antietam. Both of these emblems were draped in black. The immense chandeliers were also hung with crape, which completely hid the cold branches.

THE FINAL HOME OF THE DEAD COLONEL.
The body of Col. Fisk was lying in his residence, 315 West Twenty-third street. At 10½ o'clock the casket which was to contain the remains of the Colonel was carried past the Opera House and into his residence. It is of solid rosewood highly polished. On its sides are heavy gold bars. The inside is trimmed with heavy folds of white satin. On a silver plate fastened on the inside of the lid, is the following inscription:

JAMES FISK, JR.,
DIED JANUARY 7, 1873,
in the thirty-seventh year of his age.

At 11 o'clock Coroner Young, with the jury which he had impaneled, called at the house and viewed the remains.

At 11½ o'clock the casket containing the body was borne from the residence and up the grand staircase to the magnificent vestibule of the Erie Railway offices, where it was deposited on a catafalque.

LYING IN STATE.
Soon afterward the lid was raised, and the face was exposed to view. Not the slightest change was discernible in the Colonel's features. The body was dressed in the complete suit of the Colonel of the Ninth. The sword lay by the dead Colonel's side, and his military hat rested on the casket. His arms were folded across his breast. His hands were encased in white kid gloves.

THE MILITARY DISPLAY.

As early as 10 o'clock the armory of the Ninth Regiment in West Twenty-third street was filled with officers and members of the command, and those of other organizations in the First and Second Divisions, including the members of the Association of the Ninth. The garb of the army dropped mournfully at half-mast. On the opposite side of the street the immense manufacturing also lowered its flag. A dense mass of citizens gathered on the sidewalks, filling the space between Seventh and Eighth avenues. The marked absence of the customary parade revelry was noticeable. The sad loss to the regiment was the solitary topic of conversation. The grief was sincere. Gen. Varian, his entire official family, was early on the scene, well as representations in uniform from every other regiment in the First and Second Divisions. A touching illustration of the esprit de corps existing between the Eighth and Ninth Regiments was exhibited in a full representation of the former from the commissioned officers and the rank file.

A great excitement was apparent among the members of Col. Fisk's post band. In the music room there was a great hubbub. With the traditional German emphasis of speech and gesticulation they denounced the assassination. Even the drum corps shared the general grief, sadly muffling their drums, wrapping the black bales about them, and in the snare.

THE DRAPED COLORS.

An interesting and suggestive event was the drapery of the regimental stand of colors. The furled silken standards were enshrouded with a profusion of heavy crape. Everything, save the bright silver spear above and the flagstaff below, were covered.

In the immense drill room on the upper story the number of citizens present impeded the movements of the command. The same deep gloom which pervaded the company room below was visible here in the absence of Lieut. Col. Braine, who at the lying-in-state, Major Hitchwell directed formation. The day being bitter cold and the regiment having no overcoats at least one-third of the command were absent. Nevertheless the presence of the absentees in citizen's clothes was a sufficient evidence of the common grief at the regimental loss.

TO THE OPERA HOUSE.

At 12 o'clock precisely the muffled drums sounded the assembly. Adjutant Allen equalized the column to a company front of twenty-one files. At 1 o'clock the column was set in motion. Led by the Veteran Association and non-commissioned officers of other commands, the escort marched, without music, down West Twenty-third street into Eighth avenue. The dense throng in Sixth avenue, a willing and sympathetic passage, the Erie building the column halted. After a momentary delay the escort was marched into building, where they passed in single file by the body of their late comrade in arms. This occupied some time, and valuably affected many of the persons mourners. Regaining the street through the avenue entrance, the escort filed into Twenty-third street, where the line was formed.

At this time the police with their great difficulty crowded to the sidewalks the thousands of spectators. To compel the dense mass to fall back the patrolmen scarcely banished their clubs. But there was no confusion. Sympathy was the reigning sentiment. The noticeable presence of so many women no doubt contributed to produce this effect.

THE BURIAL—SALUTING THE DEAD.

The appearance of the pall-bearers was the signal for a movement in the band. Arolla, from muffled drums, followed by a platoon of the Erie wintry air. Four minutes were consumed in the march. This done the escort broke into columns and moved off in the following order of procession: Battalion of police, under command of Capt. Copeland and Burden.

Ninth Regiment Band.
Drum Corps.
Aschenbroadel Society.
Officers Mariagansett steamship Company in uniform.
Ninth Regiment in column of companies, left in front.
Erie Railway Employees.
Carriage of Chief Mourners.

Col. Sterry.	NINTH	Lt.-Col. Webster.
Col. Allen,		Col. Scott,
Gen. Funk.		Col. Clark.

Col. Fisk's horse, led by groom in livery.
Two platoons non-commissioned officers and privates.
National Guard.
Six platoons commissioned officers.
National Guard marching in single rank.
Gen. Varian and Staff.
Ninth Regiment Veterans Association, Gen. Hendrickson commanding.
Platoon of Police.

the Ninth Regiment in the battle of Antietam, and of these emblems were draped in black. The immense chandeliers were also hung with crape, which completely hid the gold branches.

THE FINAL HOME OF THE DEAD COLONEL.

The body of Col. Fisk was lying in his residence, 212 West Twenty-third street. At 10 1/2 o'clock the casket which was to contain the remains of the Colonel was carried past the Opera House and into his residence. It is of solid rosewood, highly polished. On its sides are heavy gold bars. The inside is trimmed with heavy folds of white satin. On a silver plate fastened on the inside of the lid, is the following inscription:

JAMES FISK, JR.
DIED JANUARY 7, 1872.
In the thirty-seventh year of his age.

At 11 o'clock Coroner Young, with the jury which he had impaneled, called at the house and viewed the remains.

At 11 1/2 o'clock the casket containing the body was borne from the residence and up the grand staircase to the magnificent vestibule of the Erie Railway offices, where it was deposited on a catafalque.

LYING IN STATE.

Soon afterward the lid was raised, and the face was exposed to view. Not the slightest change was discernible in the Colonel's features. The body was dressed in the complete suit of the Colonel of the Ninth. The sword lay by the side of the Colonel's side, and his military hat rested on the casket. His arms were folded across his breast, and his hands were encased in white kid gloves. Across his shoulders was a delicate wreath of tuberoses. A table at the head and one at the foot of the casket bore wreaths, crowns, and immense bouquets, composed of camellias, white roses, tuberoses and immortelles.

THE LAST LOOK AT THE CORPSE.

Lieut. Montgomery and Sergeant Aspel, of the Ninth Regiment, stood at the head of the casket. Capt. Fuller directed the ceremonies.

At 12 o'clock the lower doors were thrown open, and immense numbers of sympathizers began to move up the stairs and through the vestibule in single file. The preponderance of ladies was great, and many of them as they cast a glance at the remains were affected to tears. Strong men went, and few dry eyes were seen in the vestibule. One of the attaches of the Opera House leaned over the corpse, and patting the Colonel's cheeks, sobbed bitterly. As she moved off she said:

"Poor boy, so young and so generous-hearted, to fall by the hand of a cowardly assassin."

A venerable, silver-haired gentleman said to her, "Well may you weep, my child, for the poor of this city have indeed lost a benefactor."

CHARLEY, THE COLONEL'S BARBER.

Charley, who for years has been Col. Fisk's barber, stopped at the side of his corpse. His lips moved convulsively for a few seconds, as if his feelings were striving for utterance. Finally he took the ends of the Colonel's moustache between his fingers, and, twisting them gracefully, said, "One more twist; dearest of friends, for the last time."

This simple incident brought tears to the eyes of all who witnessed it. An aged French gentleman, dressed in the height of fashion, but wearing a long piece of crape on his arm, stopped, and gazing on the corpse, said: "Mon pauvre Jim, je te manque."

For two hours the long line of mourners was unbroken, and when Capt. Fuller announced to Mr. Merritt, the undertaker, that there was scarcely time to reach the depot, and the doors were closed, there was no perceptible diminution in the numbers in front of the Opera House.

THE NINTH'S LAST LOOK AT THEIR CHIEF.

The members of the Ninth Regiment and the band, who, with the Aschenbrosel Veterans, of which Col. Fisk was an honorary member, had been waiting in the lower hall. They next filed past the body. The arms of the soldiers were reversed. Many of the members wept freely. One of them said aloud: "Maledictions on the vile assassin!" Chaplain Flegg then read the funeral service in a deeply impressive tone of voice:

I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord: he that believeth in me though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me, shall never die.

I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth. And though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God; whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another.

We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out. The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.

Just as the prayer for the dead commenced, Mrs. Fisk and Mrs. Hooker, Col. Fisk's sister, walked up the vestibule leaning on the arm of Mr. Moore, a brother-in-law of the Colonel. They were attired in the deepest mourning. Their features were completely concealed by heavy black crape veils. They remained seated until the conclusion of the prayer. They then went to the side of the corpse. Mrs. Fisk raised her veil and, bending over the body, kissed her dead husband's lips. She was then led away by Mr. Moore, sobbing bitterly. Mrs. Hooker's grief was apparently more intense than that of Mrs. Fisk. Raising her veil, she kissed the cold face of the dead Colonel. Then throwing herself on the body, she exclaimed in accents of the wildest emotion:

"Oh, James, dearest and kindest of brothers, and best of friends, speak one word, if but one, to your dear sister. Oh, speak, James, and come back to us!"

It was with difficulty that she was removed to an ante-room.

JAY GOULD'S LAST LOOK AT HIS FRIEND.

The lid of the casket was then closed, and the well-worn bauta flag of the Veteran Corps of the Ninth Regiment was spread over the top. Assistant District Attorney Fellows, who up to this time had remained in the directors' room with Jay Gould, entered the vestibule, and asked permission to look at the features of his friend. When the

there was no confusion. Sympathy was the ruling sentiment. The noticeable presence of so many women no doubt contributed to produce this effect.

THE DIRGE—SALUTING THE DEAD.

The appearance of the pall-bearers was the signal for a movement in the band. A rumble from muffled drums, followed by a plaintive wailing from the wintry air. Four hundred men, dressed in the uniform of the Ninth Regiment, broke into column and moved off in the following order of procession: Battalion of police, under command of Capt. Copeland and Burden. Ninth Regiment Band. Drum Corps. Aschenbrosel Society. Officers Narragansett Steamship Company in uniform. Ninth Regiment in columns of companies, left in front. Erie Railway Stationers. Carriage of Chief Mourner.

Col. Sterry.
Col. Allen.
Gen. Funk.



Lt.-Col. Webster.
Col. Scott.
Col. Clark.

Col. Fisk's horse, led by groom in livery. Two platoons non-commissioned officers and privates. National Guard. Six platoons commissioned officers. National Guard marching in single rank. Gen. Varian and Staff. Ninth Regiment Veterans Association. Gen. Hendrickson commanding. Platoon of Police. Carriages.

THE FUNERAL PROCESSION.

From the Erie building to the New York and New Haven Railroad depot was but a short march. It was only three blocks north and four blocks east. On the line of march the sidewalks were filled with people. Clusters of humanity blackened stoops, verandas, balconies, and roofs on the way. There was something dreadful in the solemn silence which was broken only by the tramp of the soldiery and the funeral of the muffled drums. The Ninth Regiment never before presented so imposing an appearance. It swept along with company front accurately aligned, stretching from curb to curb. The regiment reversed its arms. Every officer wore the craped insignia of grief on his left arm and on his sword hilt. The blue and red colors and golden fringe of the Stars and Stripes were dimly discerned beneath the cloud of crape. Never since the body of the martyred Lincoln was borne through New York's streets was so impressive a spectacle witnessed. As then, a dread horror of the assassin's work was revealed on every face. The extraordinary and significant spectacle presented to the Anglo-Saxon instinct against assassination expressed itself in a fitting manner.

AGAIN HONORING THE DEAD.

One of the most affecting incidents of the cortege was the rigorous horse led by the Colonel's favorite groom. The reversed stirrup leathers, with boots and spurs attached, strikingly suggested the absence of the rider. When the escort changed direction to the right and passed into Twenty-sixth street, it broke into columns of fours. A few steps farther and it halted. Wheneering into line of battle, right resting on Fourth avenue, were brought to a present. The execution was faulty; so rapidly and indistinctly was the command given that the movement was not uniform on the part of the right wing. The horse passed from the right of the column the band played a dirge, the troops meanwhile remaining at present.

A throng of citizens equalling if not outnumbering that at the Erie building gathered at the depot. A strong force of police, under Capt. Cameron, kept the space clear. The hearse, drawn by four black horses, was then driven into the depot. The pall-bearers transferred the casket to the special funeral car, which was heavily costumed with black and white crape, as was the train. The officers of the Ninth stopped aboard and the hearse was dismissed. The first sergeants thereupon marched their respective companies back to the armory.

THE MILITARY MOURNERS.

Among the officers present representing commands in the National Guard were Col. Miller, adjutant to Gov. Hoffman; Gen. Varian and staff, Gen. Funk and staff, Col. Scott, Lieut. Col. Dunn and officers of the Eighth, Lieut. Col. Webster, Adjutant Luckey, and Lieut. Francois of the First; Col. F. A. Conkling and Lieut. Col. Mitchell of the Eighty-fourth, Col. Emmons Clark of the Seventy, Col. Wm. B. Allen and Lieut. Col. Fuller of the Fifty-fifth, Col. Josiah Porter of the Twenty-second, Capt. Robt. F. L. and Lieut. Wm. A. Moore of Company K of the Twenty-third of Brooklyn, Col. Frank V. Serry, Lieut. D. Secklas and M. J. Schnabel of the Lieut. Col. Stetson, Capt. Clark, Dutch, C. Devon, Rogers, and Lieuts. McDonald and D. Aird of the gallant Seventy-ninth Highlanders, C. Webber and Betts, and Lieuts. Smith, Imlay, and Carozzo of the Seventy-first, and many others.

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT.

The Ninth Regiment Veteran Association met in the armory in the morning. Gen. John Hendrickson presided. The following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Whereas, It has pleased the Almighty to remove from our midst by the hand of an assassin Col. James Fisk, Jr., of the Ninth Regiment; therefore Resolved, That in the death of our associate we have met with an irreparable loss which we in common with the regiment deeply deplore. Resolved, That we tender our heartfelt sympathy to his bereaved family and the members of the Ninth Regiment. Resolved, That as a mark of respect we form a part of the funeral escort.

THE FUNERAL TRAIN AT SPRINGFIELD.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., Jan. 8.—The remains of Col. James Fisk, Jr., arrived on the express train from New York this evening, and left at 8:50 o'clock for Bridgeboro, Vt. They were accompanied by the staff and line officers of Col. Fisk's regiment, the officers of the Narragansett Steamship Company, the Directors and other officers of the Erie Railway, and the relatives and friends of the deceased Colonel.

GOING TO THE FUNERAL.

Boston, Mass., Jan. 8.—Several of the employes connected with the Erie Railway Agency in this city

N.Y. Times
1872

Cause smiles to listen in the tearful eyes,
Like rainbows arching through the April skies;
Oh! do some good, while life and hope remain,
Assuage some anguish, soothe the corroding pain.
—“S. B.” in Youth's Companion.

“JERRY.” 1873

He was starving! Not hungry as you or I might be, had we fasted for ten or twelve hours at a stretch, but literally dying for want of food. He lay back in the dingy doorway exhausted, half unconscious, his one friend clasped to his breast. His face was dirty and of a leaden hue, the lips a pale purple, and his hands were as the claws of some untamed thing.

Heavily fell the rain upon the darkening street; the chill, bitter fog of the December night grew momentarily deeper, and through it the raindrops pushed their way sluggishly. Little Jerry, lying in the comfortless shade of the dull doorway, scarcely heeded how the moisture came that saturated the wretched rags that clothed his frame.

For two long days no food had passed his lips. The deadly fever that had seized on him a fortnight ago, whilst with him, had killed the sense of hunger, but yesterday it had left him, just at the break of dawn, and with it going had come a wild craving for food of some—of any sort. Wearily he had lifted his tired little head from the miserable pillow of damp sacking that supported it to ask in feeble tones for drink, for meat, to find himself in that darksome cellar alone!

It was a horrible shock to the child. He had lain unconscious, caught by the fever's deadly clutch, whilst the woman with whom he had lived ever since he could remember anything had succumbed to that same fever's influence, and had died and been buried. A miserable drunken creature, in a way kind to him when sober, brutal to him when gin overpowered her, but as she was, the only protector he knew. Whether she was his mother, or whether fate had just drifted him into her path the child never knew, but the sense that she was lost to him forever filled him with an awful dread. He knew it when no voice answered his in the early gloom of that winter's morning, when his parched tongue had cried aloud without response. When he had dragged his worn limbs to the pallet where she used to lie and found she was no longer there, weak as he was and crushed by this sudden knowledge, he hurried back to his own bed, and with nervous, feverish hands sought there for something that in his terrified haste he could not find. He whistled in a sobbing fashion, and at last, languidly, a tiny shaggy soft thing crept to him and sought his arms, and with the puppy, his only and most passionately prized possession in his arms, he groped his way to the door and found himself upon the street just as the first faint streaks of dawn grew in the sullen east.

That was yesterday. He had met a slattern on emerging from his lair and had stayed her to ask eagerly, piteously:

“Where is mum?” and she had answered:

“Ye’ve the right to ask—y’ave! After eleven yer fever as killed her. Get along wi’ ye, ye young varmint!”

He got along, and all day, oppressed with the weight of the idea that he had killed that woman, and oppressed, too, by the weakness that held him as its prey, he sat in shaded doorways or gaunt archways, hardly knowing that the demon hunger was gnawing at him. Not heeding either, because hardly able to bear the whinnings of the starving puppy he held to him with such a tenacious grasp.

But as the next day broke he knew that he wanted food, and a sickening desire for it arose within him. But how to get it! In all that big, great city of London, who was there to give meat to this poor, stricken lamb? Not one! It was nobody's business! Many men, good men and true, were they sure he was starving, could they see him, was his miserable case placed exactly beneath their benevolent noses, would, I know, have given

prohibition, but with his last words the young man flung himself round and into the middle of the passing crowd, carrying his eager, wild, accusing face into the turmoil of the great city.

Jerry, still hugging to his breast the dead dog, moved slowly and painfully down the street, turned the corner and stopped at last before the lighted windows of the cookshop to which he had been directed. A delicious perfume came from the open door; the window, aglow with gas, showed dainties so coarse to you or me, but so delicate to the famished boy that he almost fainted at the sight of them. For a minute or two he let his gaze feast itself upon the rich display and then slowly opened his dirty, emaciated little hand to look at the talisman that should give him his share of the good things he craved. His silver sixpence lay upon his palm, and the child's eyes grew bright again, half conquering the death sleep that had so nearly closed them only now, as he stared at it. A whole, whole sixpence!

At last two other eyes beheld that sixpence at the same moment. A great, rough, villainous looking creature, half boy, half man, peered over the child's shoulder, saw the coin, stooped yet a little nearer as a hawk above its prey, and then the little dirty palm was empty, the blessed life giving money gone!

Poor Jerry! A sensation as of a deadly chill ran through him, and for a moment he reeled heavily against the bars of the window. But after that it seemed to him that he thought no more of it, he gave in, and though not conscious of the fact, quietly surrendered himself to death. It was all over. No hope, no life—nothing was left! Perhaps, indeed, he scarcely knew how things went with him for awhile, but instinct at least led his dying footsteps back to the old horrible home—the loathsome cellar in the squalid court. With faltering feet, with a dull stupid despair upon his half dead little face, with the now cold and stiff puppy pressed to his heart, he descended the stone steps, and like a wild, thing-stricken sore, sought his lair.

Inside all was still, all was dark. A horrible silence prevailed, a very blackness of darkness that might be felt. He began to be frightened, horribly frightened. He put the dog down and pressed the palms of his hands tight—tight against his eyeballs that he might not see the grawsome shapes of which the dread gloom seemed full. Teeming shapes that changed ever and ever, and drew nearer, and touched him as he thought—sometimes his hair, and now—ah—now his cheek.

And then the harsh racking cough that had been his for a twelvemonth caught him and shook his thin little frame so roughly in its rude grasp that he had to take down his hands from his eyes to press them to that side where the pain was most cruel; but he still kept his eyes fast closed lest he should see those weird awful creatures dancing here and there in the obscurity.

He was cold—so cold! He shivered and shook with terror, and with something else—that last dread icy chill that every moment crept closer and closer to his heart. And after awhile he sat down and let himself fall quietly backwards until his poor tired head lay upon the damp pavement. He put out a feeble hand, and flinging the dead dog, mechanically drew it nearer to him.

And then a wonderful thing happened. All at once the cellar, it seemed to him, grew full of light. A light, strange, awful, marvelous, such as you and I have never yet seen. And in it stood—One!

A most gracious figure! Tall, a little bowed and clad in a long garment, than which no snow freshly fallen was ever half so white. And the face—who shall tell the divine fairness of it!

Little Jerry could not have described it then, but as he gazed on it he knew all at once the fullest meaning of the words “Love” and “Peace” and “Rest.”

And the figure stooped and gathered to his breast the little frozen boy, and suddenly a soft delicious glow ran through his numbed veins. And Jerry let his tired head fall gently back against that tender bosom. And heavier and heavier grew the weary

sobbing fashion, and at last, languidly, a tiny shaggy soft thing crept to him and sought his arms, and with the puppy, his only and most passionately prized possession in his arms, he groped his way to the door and found himself upon the street just as the first faint streaks of dawn grew in the sullen east.

That was yesterday. He had met a slattern on emerging from his lair and had stayed her to ask eagerly, pitiously:

"Where is mum?" and she had answered: "Ye've the right to ask—yave! After given'er the fever as killed her. Get along wi' ye, ye young varmint!"

He got along, and all day, oppressed with the weight of the idea that he had killed that woman, and oppressed, too, by the weakness that held him as its prey, he sat in shaded doorways or gaunt archways, hardly knowing that the demon hunger was gnawing at him. Not heeding either, because hardly able to bear the whinnings of the starving puppy he held to him with such a tenacious grasp.

But as the next day broke he knew that he wanted food, and a sickening desire for it arose within him. But how to get it! In all that big, great city of London, who was there to give meat to this poor, stricken lamb? Not one! It was nobody's business! Many men, good men and true, were they sure he was starving, could they see him, was his miserable case placed exactly beneath their benevolent noses, would, I know, have given him sufficient to keep him in clover the rest of his life. But then it takes so long to bring these miserable cases beneath the noses of the benevolent ones, that myriads die whilst the attempt is being made, and only one out of the many is saved.

It seemed to him that he must have dozed awhile, as when next his dim eyes looked with discernment upon the world, the darkness of night was falling. The rain, too, was heavier, and through it the lamps that lit the wretched by street where he crouched shone with a lurid light.

The little dog was dead, but the child did not know it. I am always glad to think he did not know that. He held it still fondly, convulsively clasped to his breast, and as the body was yet warm it did not dawn upon his dulled mind that life was gone from it. He sat quite still, his head drooping somewhat forward, and one could see that his face might have been pretty but for the stamp of death present and of misery, now nearly passed, that disfigured it.

By and by, as he still sat there faint and sick because of the ravening and gnawing feeling within him, a young man came swinging down the dingy street—a young man, gaunt to emaciation, with hollow cheeks and deep set eyes, and altogether a face suggestive of famine. It was not a good face! The devil had planted a line here and there in it—cynical curves round the thin lips, a mocking light in the eyes, a matured expression of scorn towards the world in general. He looked as if he were always carrying on a bitter warfare with his kind.

His clothes were threadbare, his hat shocking. Beneath his arm he lugged a handful of shabby books as if his very soul (although he would have scorned a belief in one) was centered on them. As indeed it was. A student evidently; out at elbows, penniless.

"Eh! what have we here?" said he, stopping abruptly before the half insensible boy and poking him with his stick. "Another starving! Come, speak up; child; what ails you, eh?"

Roused by this rude address and dreading all things, Jerry lifted his dull eyes and turned a suppliant smile upon his questioner. It was a woeful little smile, entreating, imploring and openly deprecating the blow that he so plainly expected. All his poor little life long, blows had been his portion.

"So!" said the evil looking young man with a sinister smile, "starving, eh? I was right, then!" He stared at the child as if musing. "Here, before one, lies a distinct atom of the vast mysterious whole. Here, too, lies a striking example of the absolute truthfulness of that charming little fable so sweet to the well fed good man's ear. The divine mercy! The everlasting love that will not let so much as one sparrow fall to the ground—to which the little ones are so specially dear! Here, I say, is an admirable illustration of it—a woodcut, let us say, an insignificant etching," with a glance at the miserably shrunken little frame of the child at his feet. He laughed aloud; a laugh that cut like a bit of cold, cruel steel into the heart of the cowering boy. Was the blow coming now!

"You'll die if you don't look sharp," said the strange man after another prolonged glance at him, followed by a shrug. He thrust his hand into his pocket and brought out three coppers and a six penny bit. "Here, cat-lit!" said he chuckling the sixpence to the

eyes fast closed, lest he should see those wretched awful creatures dancing here and there in the obscurity.

He was cold—so cold! He shivered and shook with terror, and with something else—that last dread icy chill that every moment crept closer and closer to his heart. And after awhile he sat down and let himself fall quietly backwards until his poor tired head lay upon the damp pavement. He put out a feeble hand, and finding the dead dog mechanically drew it nearer to him.

And then a wonderful thing happened. All at once the cellar, it seemed to him, grew full of light. A light, strange, awful, marvellous, such as you and I have never yet seen. And in it stood—One!

A most gracious figure! Tall, a little bowed and clad in a long garment, than which no snow freshly fallen was ever half so white. And the face—who shall tell the divine fairness of it!

Little Jerry could not have described it then, but as he gazed on it he knew all at once the fullest meaning of the words "Love" and "Peace" and "Rest."

And the figure stooped and gathered to his breast the little frozen boy, and suddenly a soft delicious glow ran through his numbed veins. And Jerry let his tired head fall gently back against that tender bosom.

And heavier and heavier grew the weary limbs, and then suddenly, oh, so light! and presently he felt himself lifted up—over upwards—and carried away—away.

And never more did little Jerry know cold or hunger or fear or despair, and never again did darkness trouble him, for

"There shall be no night there."

—Author of "Molly Bawn" in London Society.

A Railway with an Arctic Terminus.

As the train whirled out of Winnipeg the stranger is reminded of the agitation that cost the Canadian government nearly \$500,000. The money was sunk in the Hudson Bay railroad. The beginning of the line is plain to all, but the Greenland terminus will never assume more palpable form than shown on the blue prints of the projectors. Mines and other western investments which caught the fancy of St. Louis investors were rich in virgin gold compared to the prospects of a line carried into a country where not even the footprints of the squatter are found. Yet money was forthcoming for the construction, and bonds were floated on the London market, where the barren steppes were depicted as teeming with life and lands more prolific than American bottoms.

The terminals on the Arctic ocean were impressive both in magnitude and construction. Thirty miles of the line were built, and at the close of the political campaign forces were withdrawn. A cheap shed of rough boards, sheathed with tarred paper, which flaps in the wind like a signal of distress, conceals the only locomotive of this great northern line. On the rusty rails stands a train of flat cars, beautiful in fresh paint as they were delivered by the builder. Tall weeds fill the space between the cars and on the sides, and there is an air of abandonment that would raise tears in the eyes of the bondholders if they only saw this reverse of the bright dreams in which they indulged when they let their British guineas escape their grasp.—St. Louis Republican.

Neuralgia and the Nutmeg.

Mr. Gould has been quite free from his old enemy, neuralgia, for three months past. It is interesting to note here that just three months ago I suggested to Mr. Gould that the only sure cure for neuralgia was to steal a nutmeg and wear it hung around his neck. Almost immediately subsequent to my suggestion Mr. Gould was reported to be in better health and free from his old enemy. Since that time he has not had a return of the trouble. What is the natural inference? Of course the money king will not acknowledge his debt and thereby incur the risk of an indictment for petty larceny, but the circumstantial evidence is overwhelming.—Brooklyn Eagle.

The fishermen in Scotland declare that the salmon's tail is pointed "since Loki became a salmon, and was caught by that appendage while slipping through a net set for him by the gods." Curious to say, in some parts of Scotland the salmon is held in great aversion, its name not even being mentioned. Thus in certain districts it is known as the "so-and-so's fish," and in others as "the beast."—Chicago News.

Is Walking Injurious?

Fast walking, it is claimed, is injurious to the complexion. It pumps the blood into the head, and does more to ruin the English and Scotch complexions than all other influences

able case placed exactly beneath a pair of benevolent noses, would, I know, have given him sufficient to keep him in clover the rest of his life. But then it takes so long to bring these miserable cases beneath the noses of the benevolent ones, that myriads die whilst the attempt is being made, and only one out of the many is saved.

It seemed to him that he must have dozed a while, as when next his dim eyes looked with discernment upon the world, the darkness of night was falling. The rain, too, was heavier, and through it the lamps that lit the wretched by street where he crouched shone with a lurid light.

The little dog was dead, but the child did not know it. I am always glad to think he did not know that. He held it still fondly, convulsively clasped to his breast, and as the body was yet warm it did not dawn upon his dulled mind that life was gone from it. He sat quite still, his head drooping somewhat forward, and one could see that his face might have been pretty but for the stamp of death present and of misery, now nearly passed, that disfigured it.

By and by, as he still sat there faint and sick because of the ravening and gnawing feeling within him, a young man came swinging down the dingy street—a young man, gaunt to emaciation, with hollow cheeks and deep set eyes, and altogether a face suggestive of famine. It was not a good face! The devil had planted a line here and there in it—cynical curves round the thin lips, a mocking light in the eyes, a matured expression of scorn towards the world in general. He looked as if he were always carrying on a bitter warfare with his kind.

His clothes were threadbare, his hat shocking. Beneath his arm he hugged a handful of shabby books as if his very soul (although he would have scorned a belief in one) was centered on them. As indeed it was. A student evidently; out at elbows, penniless.

"Eh! what have we here?" said he, stopping abruptly before the half insensible boy and poking him with his stick. "Another starving! Come, speak up, child; what ails you, eh?"

Roused by this rude address and dreading all things, Jerry lifted his dull eyes and turned a suppliant smile upon his questioner. It was a woeful little smile, entreating, imploring and openly deprecating the blow that he so plainly expected. All his poor little life long, blows had been his portion.

"So!" said the evil looking young man with a sinister smile, "starving, eh? I was right, then!" He stared at the child as if musing. "Here, before one, lies a distinct atom of the vast mysterious whole. Here, too, lies a striking example of the absolute truthfulness of that charming little fable so sweet to the well fed good man's ear. The divine mercy! The everlasting love that will not let so much as one sparrow fall to the ground—to which the little ones are so specially dear! Here, I say, is an admirable illustration of it—a woodcut, let us say, an insignificant etching," with a glance at the miserably shrunken little frame of the child at his feet. He laughed aloud; a laugh that cut like a bit of cold, cruel steel into the heart of the cowering boy. Was the blow coming now?

"You'll die if you don't look sharp," said the strange man after another prolonged glance at him, followed by a shrug. He thrust his hand into his pocket and brought out three coppers and a six penny bit. "Here, catch!" said he, chucking the sixpence to the boy, who, by a superhuman effort, caught it, and then turned a glance of passionate gratitude up to his unknown friend.

"Don't," said the latter, with his unpleasant laugh. "I expect I've done you the worst turn of any. It was a gross liberty on my part to seek to prolong your days. You will fling that sixpence into the nearest gutter if you have a grain of sense; if not, make it last for two days. It is more than I shall have to live upon for that time." He paused and then said abruptly: "There's a shop round the corner."

The boy had dragged himself up by the lintel of the door with a view to thanking him properly in spite of his contemptuous

And heavier and heavier grew the weariness, and then suddenly, oh, so lightly, presently he felt himself lifted up—over upwards—and carried away—away.

And never more did little Jerry know cold or hunger or fear or despair, and never again did darkness trouble him, for

"There shall be no night there."

—Author of "Molly Bawn" in London Society.

A Railway with an Arctic Terminus.

As the train whirled out of Winnipeg the stranger is reminded of the agitation that cost the Canadian government nearly \$500,000. The money was sunk in the Hudson Bay railroad. The beginning of the line is plain to all, but the Greenland terminus will never assume more palpable form than shown on the blue prints of the projectors. Mines and other western investments which caught the fancy of St. Louis investors were rich in virgin gold compared to the prospects of a line carried into a country where not even the footprints of the squatter are found. Yet money was forthcoming for the construction, and bonds were floated on the London market, where the barren steppes were depicted as teeming with life and lands more prolific than American bottoms.

The terminals on the Arctic ocean were impressive both in magnitude and construction. Thirty miles of the line were built, and at the close of the political campaign forces were withdrawn. A cheap shiel of rough boards, sheathed with tarred paper, which flaps in the wind like a signal of distress, conceals the only locomotive of this great northern line. On the rusty rails stands a train of flat cars, beautiful in fresh paint as they were delivered by the builder. Tall weeds fill the space between the cars and on the sides, and there is an air of abandonment that would raise tears in the eyes of the bondholders if they only saw this reverse of the bright dreams in which they indulged when they let their British gulucacs escape their grasp.—St. Louis Republican.

Neuralgia and the Nutmeg.

Mr. Gould has been quite free from his old enemy, neuralgia, for three months past. It is interesting to note here that just three months ago I suggested to Mr. Gould that the only sure cure for neuralgia was to steal a nutmeg and wear it hung around his neck. Almost immediately subsequent to my suggestion Mr. Gould was reported to be in better health and free from his old enemy. Since that time he has not had a return of the trouble. What is the natural inference? Of course the money king will not acknowledge his debt and thereby incur the risk of an indictment for petty larceny, but the circumstantial evidence is overwhelming.—Brooklyn Eagle.

The fishermen in Scotland declare that the salmon's tail is pointed "since Loid became a salmon, and was caught by that appendage while slipping through a net set for him by the gods." Curious to say, in some parts of Scotland the salmon is held in great aversion, its name not even being mentioned. Thus in certain districts it is known as the "so-and-so's fish," and in others as "the beast."—Chicago News.

Is Walking Injurious?

Fast walking, it is claimed, is injurious to the complexion. It pumps the blood into the head, and does more to ruin the English and Scotch complexions than all other influences combined, for the English and Scotch women walk more "rushing" than Americans.

Charles Boz Dickens.

[Home Journal.]

Charles Dickens recently wrote his name on a New York hotel register "Charles Boz Dickens," and said to a friend: "That was a little joke of my grandfather's, who was present at my christening, and when my father, in response to the clergyman, gave my name as Charles my grandfather muttered 'Boz' and the minister put it in. This is my information at least; I do not remember the circumstance myself. But I am told that Charles is my baptismal name."

1840

NEW YORK LETTER.

PACIFIC MAIL REVOLUTIONIZED.

Interesting Statistical Notes.

RAILWAYS—THE TEXAS AND PACIFIC.

Cairo, and Fulton and Other Southwestern Connections.

[FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.]

New York, May 29th, 1873.

Anxious conjecture and many-shaped rumor subsided yesterday upon the announcement of the result of the election for Directors of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company. One hundred and fifty-one thousand six hundred and two shares were voted unanimously for the following ticket: George Bradbury, Trenor W. Park, J. D. Smith, John M. Burke, Charles J. Osborne, Russell Sage, George S. Scott, George H. Palmer, and Rufus Hatch. This is a complete change in the direction of the Company, and is declared to be in the interest of "reform." The management is in the hands of Jay Gould and Rufus Hatch. Stockwell has no representation in the Board whatever. Yesterday evening the Directors assembled and elected George H. Bradbury, President, Theodore T. Johnson, Secretary, and Henry Smith, Treasurer.

Report of President Stockwell.

The report of President Stockwell for the year ending May 1, 1873, is a document which is exciting a good deal of criticism. Regarding the expenditures of the Company and the general business it is vague and unsatisfactory; and the accompanying financial statement conveys as little information as can well be given. The statement of assets and liabilities is as follows:

ASSETS.	
Cash and call loans.....	\$520,000
U. S. 5 per cent. gold bonds.....	100,000
Cash with agents and purers.....	647,000
Total.....	\$1,373,000
Shares in Panama and Dry Dock.....	\$1,115,000
76,867 tons of coal.....	1,129,000
Outfits and supplies.....	354,000
Bills receivable.....	840,000
Total.....	\$3,841,000
Payments on steamers building.....	\$2,365,000
Real Estate.....	2,000,000
32 steamers, valued from \$1,580,000 down to \$11,000 each.....	11,652,000
Account purchase of steamers.....	234,000
Miscellaneous items.....	261,000
Total assets.....	\$20,302,000
Against liabilities consisting of—	
Capital.....	\$20,000,000
Freights and unsettled accounts.....	165,000
Balance to credit profit and loss.....	197,000
Total liabilities.....	\$20,362,000

The report closes with a comparison of the gross receipts in the years 1871 and 1872. The year 1872 is for some unexplained reason omitted. The comparison is here given:

1840

Cash with agents and purveyors	647,000
Total	\$1,115,000
Shares in Panama and Dry Dock	\$1,115,000
76,807 tons of coal	354,000
Outfits and supplies	354,000
Bills receivable	354,000
Total	\$3,841,000
Payments on steamers building	\$2,500,000
Real Estate	4,000,000
32 steamers, valued from \$1,550,000	11,632,000
Edown to \$11,000 each	234,000
Account purchase of steamers	234,000
Miscellaneous items	261,000
Total assets	\$20,302,000
Against liabilities consisting of	
Capital	\$20,000,000
Freights and unsettled accounts	165,000
Balance to credit profit and loss	197,000

Total \$20,362,000
The report closes with a comparison of the gross receipts in the years 1871 and 1872. The year 1872 is for some unexplained reason omitted. The comparison is here given:

1871	
Passengers	\$1,790,917 11
Freight	1,894,790 18
Total	\$3,685,707 29
1872	
Passengers	\$1,800,710 71
Freight	3,022,198 30
Total	\$4,822,908 20

A demand will be made for a thorough examination into the finances of the Company and for a new statement, and it is understood that the new Board will give attention to this matter immediately. I give a list of steamships now being built for the Company's lines with the payments already made and amounts still due:

CHINA LINE
Two iron screw steamships of about 5,000 tons each. Aggregate cost ready for sea \$2,200,000; paid thereon \$93,000; remaining to be paid \$1,265,000. The first of these will be completed about January next, and the second in March following.

NEW YORK AND SAN FRANCISCO LINES
Four iron screw steamers of about 3,000 tons each. Aggregate cost ready for sea about \$1,800,000; paid thereon \$1,407,000; remaining to be paid \$393,000. Of these the *Coloh* is now in service, and the three others *Columbia*, *Acapulco* and *Granada*, will be completed in July, August, and September, respectively.

CENTRAL AMERICA AND MEXICAN LINE
Two iron screw steamers of about 1,500 tons each. Aggregate cost ready for sea \$500,000; paid thereon \$130,000; remaining to be paid \$370,000. They will be ready for sea in September and October.

It is given out that the Company's staff of employees will be cut down to actual business needs, and that the expenses generally will be reduced as far as consistent with wise economy.

Commodore Bradbury, the newly elected President, has long been in the service of the Company, beginning as a mate many years ago. He was afterward in the United States Navy, and resigned the position of Lieutenant-Commander to take service again with the Mail Company in 1861. He is about 50 years of age and has a distinguished reputation for experience, energy and ability. On the establishment of the Company's China line, Captain Bradbury superintended the outfit of the steamers and took six of them to the Pacific coast. The first steamer leaving San Francisco for China, the *Colorado*, sailed under his command in 1867. In 1868 Capt. Bradbury resigned from the service and became President of the Erie Dock Company, which position he now occupies.

THE BABES OF BROOKLYN.

A Gala Day for the Children— Grand Parade of the Sunday School Army— Fifty Thousand in the Ranks. 1874

N.Y. Evening Mail

All the good little boys and girls, who are regular attendants at the various Sabbath schools, as well as those of larger growth who take a pleasure in imbuing their minds with Christian principles, have been upon the tip-toe of expectation and hope for the past week that the day fixed upon for the Sunday school anniversary might be bright, and that the cups of the little ones might be overflowing with enjoyment. The children's day is invariably one of the brightest of the whole year.

Every household in which the echo of little feet and the music of little voices is heard has been the scene of busy preparation for the forty-fifth anniversary of the Brooklyn Sunday-School Union. The Superintendents and teachers in the various schools have had their time pretty well absorbed in consummating the arrangements. The school banners and the flags had to be put in readiness, the refreshments which the little ones look forward to with not a little anticipation had to be prepared, and the songs which the children were to sing had to be rehearsed, all of which occupied more or less of the attention of an army of people. As the number of children increase year after year the magnitude of the affair becomes more apparent, even to those who do not directly take part in it.

Not many years ago a few schools formed one division, and this division used to parade on the heights, preceded by a band of music. The little ones who joined hands then and carried the tassels of the banners, now have children and grand-children in the parade. As the number of children increased the divisions have increased, until at the present time it has been found necessary to divide the city into eight districts, a division being arranged for each. The eight divisions are, as follows: Prospect Park Division, which is parading in Prospect Park; the Washington Park Division, which is parading through Clinton avenue, Fulton street, Willough, Lafayette, and Vanderbilt avenues; the Bedford Avenue Division, which is parading on Gates avenue; the Central Division, which is parading on Schermerhorn street; the Tompkins Avenue Division, which is parading on Pacific street, between Brooklyn and Nostrand avenues; the Heights Division, which is parading through Clinton and Montague streets, and the Carroll Park Division, parading in Clinton street in the southern section of the city.

The signal for the parade to take place was the ringing of the City Hall and other fire-alarm bells at 11 o'clock. Then there was a busy and animating scene of preparation. In an hour after the streets were filled with the neatly-dressed children on their way to the different schools to which they were attached. At the schools an hour was spent in singing, reading the scriptures, prayer, addresses, etc. Then the schools were dismissed, and under the guidance of the superintendents and teachers, marched to the places designated and joined in the procession. The arrangements for all the exercises and parade are admirably carried out. Bands of music accompany the different divisions, and the innumerable banners and flags carried by the children makes one of the most imposing scenes ever witnessed. There are not less than 50,000 children in line, and as they march and countermarch to the enlivening strains of the music they certainly present a beautiful appearance. The City Hall, Court House, and other public buildings, as well as the private dwellings along the line of march are elaborately decorated with flags and bunting, and the city has a gala appearance.

As soon as the parade is over the children will return to their schools and partake of refreshments.

1874
N.Y. Evening Mail

N. Y. Herald
Sat. May 30, 1874
Mexican War
Veterans

from the 11th to the 25th of March. The *Monitor* of the 25th of March, in its shipping news, notified that the three-masted British vessel *P. C. E.*, 291 tons, D. Law, master, left Nouméa for Newcastle, in ballast, with one passenger, a Mr. W. Sutherland. No mention is made of the six Communist stowaways, whose escape would appear, up to the 25th ult., to have been still unknown to the colonialists at New.

THE MEXICAN WAR VETERANS.

The Grand Army of the Republic and the Parade—A Great Turnout Expected.

The patriotic gentlemen who have voluntarily and through a sense of duty assisted in arranging to-day's proceedings have presented the public with a programme worthy of the occasion. No expense or pains will be spared in paying most tribute to the gallant dead who have so loved our land, liberties and institutions as to lay down their lives for them. So long as America thus honors the deeds of her departed patriots let not the opponents of democratic institutions harp about the ingratitude of Republics.

THE PROGRAMME.

To-day being a legal holiday business will, for the most part, be suspended throughout the city. The Stock, Gold, Produce, Cotton and other exchanges, and also the Sub-Treasury and banks, will be closed. The Custom House and Post Office are to be open until half-past ten o'clock in the morning.

The Memorial Committee on the decoration of the soldiers' graves meet at the "Cottage," on the north side of Union square, where they have been receiving liberal and exceedingly tasteful offerings of flowers from hundreds of voluntary contributors. Yesterday afternoon and evening the bloom and fragrance of the floral offerings carried by tiny hands and rosy-cheeked maidens, literally filled the "Cottage" and circumambient air with their delicious, soothing, chastening influence. Many fair and deft fingers have been busily engaged in weaving wreaths for the dear departed. Many hearts have been carried back in sorrow and tribulation to the dark days in our country's history—never to be forgotten—when fathers, brothers, lovers or husbands yielded up their brave spirits in defence of the Union.

The Veterans of the Mexican war will place floral offerings on the graves of their departed comrades.

CHIMES AND MINUTE GUNS.

The chimes of Trinity church and Grace church will be rung during the march. Bands will therefore cease playing between Twelfth street and Astor place and between Maiden lane and the Stevens House. Donations of flowers will be received at any point on the route. During the march minute guns will be fired from the Battery and on Governor's Island by command of Major General Hancock.

THE ORDER OF MARCH.

Marshals of divisions will have their divisions in line ready for review at nine o'clock A. M. The head of the column will march at half-past nine o'clock A. M. precisely, and the line will be formed as follows:

Detachment of mounted Police and Police on foot; the Grand Marshal, Comrade James F. Hall, and staff.

First Division.—W. B. Van Houten, Marshal; United States military band from Governor's Island; officers of the departments of the United States and State of New York G. A. R.; officers of the army and navy; officers of First division, National Guard; officers of volunteer battalion from the First regiment; D company, Sixth regiment; Ellsworth Post, No. 87, G. A. R., escorted three companies of the Eighth regiment; societies and associations: catalpaque decorated with flowers and drawn by eight gray horses; Phil Kearney Post No. 8, as guard of honor.

Second Division.—W. B. Kraft, Marshal; the Executive Committee, orators of the day; the Mayor and Common Council, heads of departments of the city and other guests in carriages; officers of the civil service; wounded and disabled comrades in wagons; the Koltes Post Band; Koltes Post, No. 32, German Veteran Singing Society and other guests; Grand Army of the Republic band drawn by four horses; Sedgwick Post, No. 11; A. Lincoln Post, No. 13; the Juvenile Band; John A. Rawlings Post, No. 80; Farragut Post, No. 75, detached to Trinity Cemetery; the Veteran Guard.

Third Division.—Joseph Hatfield, Marshal; the Union Home School Band; Sumner Post, No. 24; Knickerbocker Council of United American Mechanics, with two decorated floral wagons; James

N. Y. Herald
Sat. May 30, 1874
Mexican War
Veterans

United States military band from Governor's Island; officers of the departments of the United States and State of New York G. A. R.; officers of the army and navy; officers of First division, National Guard; officers of volunteer battalion from the First regiment; D company, Sixth regiment; Ellsworth Post, No. 87, G. A. R., escorted by three companies of the Eighth regiment; societies and associations; catafalque decorated with flowers and drawn by eight gray horses; Phil Kearney Post No. 8, as guard of honor.

Second Division.—W. B. Kraft, Marshal; the Executive Committee, orators of the day; the Mayor and Common Council, heads of departments of the city and other guests in carriages; officers of the civil service; wounded and disabled comrades in wagons; the Koltes Post Band; Koltes Post, No. 32, German Veteran Singing Society and other guests; grand floral car drawn by ten horses; Sedgwick Post, No. 11; A. Lincoln Post, No. 13; the Juvenile Band; John A. Rawlings Post, No. 59; Farragut Post, No. 75, detached to Trinity Cemetery; the Veteran Guard.

Third Division.—Joseph Hatfield, Marshal; the Union Home School Band; Sumner Post, No. 24; Snickerbocker Council of United American Mechanics, with two decorated floral wagons; James Miller Post, No. 76; Danigren Post, No. 112, with drum corps and decorated floral wagon; G Company, First regiment, as an escort to James F. Rice Post, No. 29; the Skidmore Guard.

Fourth Division.—H. A. Head, Marshal; military band from Fort Hamilton; Company A, Eighty-fourth regiment, as an escort to Cameron Post, No. 79, with wagon containing disabled veterans of Post No. 79; Kimball Post, No. 100, with two floral wagons and carriages with invited guests; Riker Post, No. 62, with wagons containing plants and flowers; citizens in carriages; detachment of police.

THE LINE OF MARCH

will be from Union square, Seventeenth street, down Broadway to the South ferry, paying a marching tribute in passing the statues of Washington and Lincoln, which will be decorated at sunrise. On arriving at Brooklyn cars will be taken to East New York, when they will be joined by the Williamsburg posts, and thence they will go to Cypress Hills Cemetery. The head of the column will move at half-past nine o'clock A. M. precisely.

INVITATION TO MILITARY AND CIVIL OFFICIALS.

New York, May 29, 1874.
The Chairman of Memorial Committee, Grand Army of the Republic, extends a cordial invitation to the officers of the army and navy, also the city officials of this city, to meet at the Everett House, Saturday morning, May 30, 1874, at half-past eight o'clock, to participate in the celebrations of the day.

General EDWARD JARDINE, Chairman.

INVITATION TO SOLDIERS' FRIENDS.

New York, May 29, 1874.
The Memorial Committee desires the relatives and friends of soldiers or sailors who are buried in Greenwood or Cypress Hills Cemetery, to place small flags at the heads of their graves early to-day, that they may not be neglected in the decorations of the day.

General EDWARD JARDINE, Chairman.

THE MONTGOMERY GUARD.

NEW YORK, May 29, 1874.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD:—
Sir—I take the liberty of informing you that "The Montgomery Guard" meet to-morrow at twelve o'clock, at No. 56 Chatham street, from whence they will march to St. Paul's churchyard, where they will decorate the grave of General Richard Montgomery, one of the heroes of the War of American Independence. You would much oblige the members of the Guard by inserting a notice of the parade in your valuable journal.

Your obedient servant.

JOHN J. MARTIN, Captain.

FLORAL DONATIONS FROM THE SCHOOLS.

Grammar School, Primary department No. 29. Miss A. A. Murray, Principal, contributed about 250 pots of flowers and plants, and the Grammar Department, Mr. Hugh Carlisle Principal, nearly as many. Grammar School No. 45, Miss S. E. Coley Principal, have donated about 600 pots towards the same patriotic object.

A very elegant Maltese cross, with a figure of suspended in the centre, the regimental badge of the Ninth N.G.S.N.Y., a huge wreath, a broken column and a number of plants and loose flowers were sent from Mr. Zachos' establishment to Stratford, Vt., yesterday, with which to decorate the grave of the late Colonel James Fisk, Jr.

The Day in Brooklyn.

The public offices will remain closed to-day, it being a legal holiday. Yesterday afternoon and evening Commonwealth Hall, Washington street, the headquarters of the Floral Committee of the Grand Army of the Republic, was thronged by women and children, who brought flowers of every description to be used in decorating the graves of departed soldiers and sailors. Flowers will be received to-day up to the hour of departure for the cemeteries at Commonwealth Hall.

The grave of Farragut will be decorated by Post Rankin and a marine escort at sunrise. Addresses will be delivered at Woodlawn by Comrades J. D. Weeks and Robert Anderson.

At Greenwood Cemetery, at two o'clock P. M., Colonel Julien Allen and General Sherwood will be the speakers.

At the Naval Cemetery, at half-past ten o'clock, addresses will be made by Comrades J. D. Weeks, Rev. J. B. Bass and Rev. A. C. Thompson.

At Holy Cross the ceremonies will take place at half-past ten o'clock, and addresses will be delivered by Rev. J. J. Doherty and Rev. Father Francis.

THE DAY IN NEW JERSEY.

Decoration Day in New Brunswick, N. J., will be observed with particular interest. The City Council are to take part in the parade with the Grand Army of the Republic and others, and in the evening services are to be held in the Masonic Hall, in which the faculty of the college and other prominent individuals are to participate. The eloquent orator, B. W. Throckmorton, is to deliver the address.

THE DAY ON STATEN ISLAND.

Decoration Day will be observed on Staten Island by an address at the Village Hall, New Brighton, after which the line of march will be taken up by Post Menzies, No. 83; Post Ellsworth, No. 61, G.A.R.; companies A, H and I, N.G.S.N.Y., and such soldiers, sailors and citizens as may desire to participate in the ceremonies, to the graves in the cemeteries and around the different forts on the island.

FORTRESS MONROE.

Dr. Gobie, of Hoboken, will deliver the oration at Fortress Monroe to-morrow on the occasion of

1878
S.F. Merchant

THE NEW CONSTITUTION AND OPPOSITION ROUTES.

The following communication, which we take from the San Francisco Merchant, will no doubt be of interest to our readers.

The clause in the new constitution which prohibits raising taxes and freight, when once lowered to ruin of opposition, will induce capital to fill our rivers and coast with opposition steamers, also to put on ferry boats to Oakland and other places on the bay, and to build or rival railroads in different parts of the State. It is our duty as merchants to sound the alarm to every field where we are oppressed, and San Francisco is the cheapest line for the arrival of goods from the Sacramento Valley. Under the old constitution, capital dared not invest in that enterprise, because the Central Pacific would carry freight and passengers for nothing, and break up those who opposed them. The same is true with the ferry route to Oakland and also railroad routes through the State. But under the new constitution things will be different; so one can now say to capital, build your boats and railroads, get ready for business on the 1st day of January, 1880! On that day the power of one corporation to control the carrying trade of California will cease.

Our merchants have already under control the trade of California, Nevada and Oregon. It is time now that active steps are taken to secure the trade of Arizona and New Mexico, which rightly belongs to San Francisco, and if proper steps are taken, can forever be secured to us. That East sees the importance of this trade, and has four lines of railroad penetrating these territories, and all of them will in be the center of Arizona within one year.

San Francisco has two routes to Arizona—one by the Southern Pacific to Yuma, 750 miles; the other, from the end of our wharves by coast steamers to San Diego, thence by direct route by land, 192 miles to Yuma. The total distance by this route to Yuma is 642 miles, being 108 miles shorter than the Southern Pacific railroad. The Tehachepa pass will always be a barrier against the commerce of San Francisco on account of the heavy grades, and no company can afford to take freight over the 750 miles of Southern Pacific railroad to Yuma for less than \$30 per ton over the San Diego route.

Freight can be landed by coast steamer at San Diego for \$3 per ton, and thence 192 miles by rail for \$3, making a total freight of \$6 per ton, a saving of \$24 per ton over the Southern Pacific, and less time. The interest of San Francisco is to force the immediate building of the short line east from San Diego. We have no time to lose. There will be 50,000 population in that section in a short time, and we must have the route available to handle it as

cheap as Eastern roads can. Some have supposed that Tom Scott would build that route, but it is now conceded by all that he and his company are dead and will never build to the Pacific.

1878
S. F. Merchant

is our duty as merchants to see
cheap lines to every field when
open trade. The Government
the cheap line for the trade
of the Sacramento Valley. All
old constitution capital and
vent in that enterprise. Indeed
Central Pacific would carry freight
passengers for nothing take from
those who opposed them. The
true with the ferry route to
and also railroad routes through
State. But under the new conditions
things will be different, so one
say to capital build your boats and
railroads get ready for business on
the 1st day of January 1880, on that
day the power of one corporation to
control the carrying trade of California
will cease.

Our merchants have already under
control the trade of California, Nevada
and Oregon. It is time now that active
steps are taken to secure the trade of
Arizona and New Mexico, which right-
ly belongs to San Francisco, and if
proper steps are taken can forever be
secured to us. The East sees the im-
portance of this trade, and has four
lines of railroad penetrating these
territories, and all of them will be
the center of Arizona within one year.
San Francisco has two routes to
Arizona, one by the Southern Pacific
to Yuma, 100 miles, the other from the
end of our wharves by coast steamers
to San Diego, thence by direct route by
land 192 miles to Yuma. The total
distance by this route is 292 miles, 192
miles, being 100 miles shorter than the
Southern Pacific railroad. The cheap-
ness of this route will always be a barrier
against the commerce of San Francisco
on account of the heavy grades, and
no company can afford to take freight
over the 700 miles of Southern Pacific
railroad to Yuma for less than \$40 per
ton over the San Diego route. Freight
can be landed by coast steam-
er at San Diego for \$5 per ton, and
thence 192 miles by rail for \$5, making
a total freight of \$40 per ton, having of
\$24 per ton over the Southern Pacific,
and less time. The interest of San
Francisco is to force the immediate
building of the short line east from San
Diego. We have no time to lose.
There will be 50,000 population in that
section in a short time, and we must
see that we are able to handle it as
cheap as Eastern roads can. Some
have supposed that Tom Scott would
build that route, but it is now con-
ceded by all that he and his company are
dead and will never build to the Pacific.
If Mr. Stanford will build, all right, if
not, let other capitalists do it, and con-
nect with Mr. Stanford west of the
Colorado, and apply the new constitu-
tion to him, and say, "Mr. Stanford,
take three cars to such and such place
in the territory." He will be very glad
to get all the freight he can, when he
comes in contact with half a dozen
Eastern roads. Some may object on
the ground that it may help San Diego.
Well, if San Francisco would rather
lose the trade of two great States, than
give San Diego a few crumbs which it
might gather from their through travel,
all right. This question is a plain
business proposition, we must open
this route or lose the trade of a great
empire. Mr. Stanford's policy will not
save us.

SALE OF THE JOHN TAYLOR JOHNSTON COLLECTION.

Chickering Hall last night presented an extraordinary scene on the occasion of the opening sale of the pictures belonging to Mr. John Taylor Johnston. The event had been looked forward to with great interest by every one connected even remotely with art. It was not, therefore, to be wondered at that the spacious auditorium of the hall was filled to overflowing with persons known for their wealth and patronage of the arts. Those lucky people who had secured seats were, as usual, a little slow in appearing in the theatre, and as a result there was some delay in beginning the sale. Gradually the seats were filled and the people, becoming impatient, notified their discontent by a stamping of feet that soon brought the auctioneer, Mr. Somerville, on the platform.

BEGINNING BUSINESS.

The lights were turned up, and after a short statement by the auctioneer of the conditions upon which the sale was to be made—which shortly may be stated as cash, hard cash—the proceedings of the evening were begun by the offering of a small picture, by Henry Isman, from the collection of Charles M. Leupp. It was sold for the sum of \$100, the bidding coming very slowly. A Study, by Professor Morse, brought \$60. It was a portrait of Governor Tomlinson, of Connecticut, painted before the Professor took to telegraphy. Comparison, by Hennessy, of London, brought \$80. A Winter Scene in Williamsburg, by Hart, \$60; some brook trout, by Hays, \$55, and two small landscapes, by Howland, \$80 each. The bidding up to this point was very slow, and it looked as if the sale would not prove very successful, when Eastman Johnson's New England Boy at Breakfast warmed up the spirit of rivalry, and was, after a smart contest, sold for \$310. From this point the buyers seemed somewhat taken off their guard, and the prices realized in many cases were far beyond the merits of the works. Delotto's Pearl Necklace brought \$130; Lambdin's Twilight Reverie, \$90, and Gifford's Coming Storm, \$625, a large price. Ten Kate's Guard Room met a very cold reception, and was knocked down at \$120.

ACCESSION JOKES.

Considerable amusement was caused by the remark of the auctioneer in introducing Benjamin West's Ascension, "that an example of this artist's, much like the work offered for sale, only a little larger, had many years ago sold in England for the sum of 3,000 guineas." This spur failed to awaken the patriotism of the buyers, and much to Mr. Somerville's disgust the Ascension was sold for \$320 to Mr. James Buell; A Miniature of Washington Allston, painted by Stagg, was purchased by Mr. Martin for \$120; Plaster's Old Bachelor, \$250; Gray's Hagar, \$220, and a Portrait of C. L. Elliott, \$110; Jarvis McEntee's November Days—a very good example of this artist—brought \$400; Being Dressed, by Bourges, \$250.

INCREASING ENTHUSIASM.

Eastman Johnson's Chimney Corner again brought out the latent enthusiasm of the audience, and was run up to \$700 in a very short time, when a gentleman, who had evidently made up his mind to buy it at any cost, jumped \$200 at one bid and silenced all opposition. The picture was awarded to him at \$1,000. A small Church Sunset in Vermont brought \$400, and The Minstrel, by Fiebel, was knocked down at the same price, but as two people claimed it it was put up again and finally sold for \$450. A small Orion, six inches by four, was sold to Mr. Laft for \$600. Bouguet's Lydia bringing \$300, Going to the Spring, by W. T. Richards, brought \$75; Prayer, by Duverger, \$320; Trout Brook, by James Hart, painted in his best style, \$500. Chavet's Man Reading met with little favor and was knocked down to Mr. Garret at \$250, while Gorme's Bash-Bazook, a mere head, was sold for \$1,175; Zaniacola's Puzzled Musician, \$975. There was a really exciting struggle for the possession of the Van Marke, which was one of the most valuable pictures in the collection. When the bidding reached \$1,750 one of the contestants tried the game of bluff, offering \$2,000. This little ruse did not succeed, however, and it was finally sold for \$2,550 to J. Bennett. Sandell's Egyptian Girl brought \$750, and A Female Slave, by Gonture, was sold to Mr. Osborne, after a spirited contest, for \$1,000. Broyn's Perial the Memories of Our Loves, which suggested memories of some of Beyschlag's works, went for \$200; a very good Gignoux, \$360, and Raybet's Cock Fight, a charming bit of color painting, \$900. Gill Blas and the Archbishop sold for \$250, and was very dear at that price. Diann Surprised by Acteon, \$275, and E. L. Henry's Railway Station, \$330. Another spirited contest took place for the possession of Diaz de la Haza's Forest of Fontainebleau, which was finally sold for \$2,650. From this moment the prospect of the sale brightened and the bidding became warm and even reckless in some instances.

Chasing the Butterfly, Hughes Merle, was sold to G. B. Roberts for \$1,005; The Outcast, George H. Boughton, \$1,615; Sunset, A. Achenbach, \$1,375; The Puritan's Daughter, E. Louize, \$525; Working Embroidery, J. B. Trayer, to James Buell, for \$500; Virgil and Dante Crossing the Styx, L. Desnoires, \$750; Fruit, J. W. Freyer, to Mr. Waiters, for \$1,400; Grimalkin's Dream, W. H. Beard, \$250; Consultation of the Doctors, H. Meyer, \$950; Winter Landscape, A. Scheffner, \$610; Spalatro's Vision, W. Alston, to Mr. Berghof, \$3,300; Landscape, C. F. Daubigny, \$1,450; Portrait of Cousin Barry, Gilbert Stuart, \$370; Tarquin and Lucretia, Van Miens, \$1,470; Elys Terrier, W. J. Hays, \$110; Objects of Art, Hays, Desnoires, \$1,200; Interior of Sagia

Art Matters
1876 N.Y. Times
Sale of John Taylor
Johnson Coll.

Art Matters
1876 N.Y. Times
Sale of John Taylor
Johnson call.

Winter Scene in Williamsburg, brought \$80. A small landscape, by Howard, \$50 each. The bidding up to this point was very slow, and it looked as if the sale would not prove very successful, when Eastman Johnson's New England Boy at Breakfast warmed up the spirit of rivalry, and was, after a smart contest, sold for \$310. From this point the buyers seemed somewhat taken off their guard, and the prices realized in many cases were far beyond the merits of the works. Belotte's Pearl Necklace brought \$130; Lambdin's Twilight Reverie, \$90, and Gifford's Coming Storm, \$825, a large price. Ten Kate's Guard Room met a very cold reception, and was knocked down at \$120.

AUCTION JOKE.

Considerable amusement was caused by the remark of the auctioneer in introducing Benjamin West's Ascension, "that an example of this artist's, much like the work offered for sale, only a little larger, had many years ago sold in England for the sum of 3,000 guineas." This spur failed to awaken the patriotism of the buyers, and much to Mr. Somerville's disgust the Ascension was sold for \$320 to Mr. James Buell; A Miniature of Washington Allston, painted by Stagg, was purchased by Mr. Martin for \$150; Chassins' Old Bachelor, \$280; Frazer's Hagia, \$220, and a Portrait of C. L. Elliott, \$110; Jervis McEntee's November Days—a very good example of this artist—brought \$400; Being Dressed, by Bourges, \$250.

INFLUENCING ENTHUSIASM.

Eastman Johnson's Chimney Corner again brought out the latent enthusiasm of the audience, and was run up to \$700 in a very short time, when a gentleman, who had evidently made up his mind to buy it at any cost, jumped \$500 at one bid and silenced all opposition. The picture was awarded to him at \$1,000. A small Church Suggestive of Vermont brought \$400, and The Minstrel, by Fiedel, was knocked down at the same price, but as two people claimed it it was put up again and finally sold for \$450. A small Orion, six inches by four, was sold to Mr. Laft for \$600. Douglass's Lydia bringing \$300, Going to the Spring, by W. T. Richards, brought \$775; Prayer, by Duverger, \$320; Trout Brook, by James Hart, painted in his best style, \$500. Chavet's Man Reading with little favor and was knocked down to Mr. Garret at \$280, while Gerome's Bashi-Bazouk, a more head, was sold for \$1,175; Zambicola's Puzzled Musician, \$975. There was a really exciting struggle for the possession of the Van Marcke, which was one of the most valuable pictures in the collection. When the bidding reached \$1,750 one of the contestants tried the game of bluff, offering \$2,000. This little ruse did not succeed, however, and it was finally sold for \$2,550 to J. Bennett. Sandolle's Egyptian Girl brought \$780, and A Female Head, by Couture, was sold to Mr. Osborne, after a spirited contest, for \$1,000. Brown's Pearl the Monarch of the Ocean, which suggested memories of some of Rembrandt's works, went for \$200; a very good Gignoux, \$340, and Raybet's Cock Fight, a charming bit of color painting, \$900. Gill Blas and the Archbishop sold for \$250, and was very dear at that price. Diana Surprised by Acteon, \$575, and E. L. Henry's Railway Station, \$530. Another spirited contest took place for the possession of Dint de la Reine's Forest of Fontainebleau, which was finally sold for \$2,450. From this moment the prospect of the sale brightened and the bidding became warm and reckless in some instances.

Chasing the Butterfly, Huchess Merle, was sold to G. E. Roberts for \$1,005; The Outcast, George H. Boughton, \$1,815; Sunset, A. Lehenbeck, \$1,375; The Puritan's Daughter, E. Leutze, \$525; Working Embroiderer, J. B. Trayer, to James Buell, for \$800; Virgin and Dante Crossing the Styx, L. Desnoes, \$750; Fruit, J. W. Preyer, to Mr. Walters, for \$1,400; Grimalkin's Dream, W. H. Dean, \$725; Consultation of the Doctors, G. Geyer, \$950; Winter Landscape, A. Schellhaun, \$610; Spalatro's Vision, W. Alton, to Mr. Berghoff, \$3,500; Landscape, C. F. Daubigny, \$1,450; Portrait of General Barry, Gilbert Stuart, \$575; Targum and Lucetta, Van Mien, \$1,470; Ark, Terrier, W. J. Hays, \$110; Objects of Art, Blaise, Desgode, \$1,300; Interior of Santa Maria, Rome, Ricardo Madrazo, \$2,600; Indian Rock, Narragansett, W. S. Hazeltine, \$230; Venice at Sunset, Felix Ziem, \$1,570; Neil Gwynne, Sir Peter Lely, \$575; Illustrations of the "Jabine" (three paintings), F. P. Haeseleer, \$4,200; Stockbridge Scenery, A. D. Shattuck, \$630; Norwegian Lake, H. Herzog, \$575; Scenery in the Upper Rhine, B. C. Koek-Koek, \$2,500; Afternoon on the Connecticut Shore, \$1,500; Funeral in the Columbarium, Hector Leroux, \$725; The Pauper's Death, Carl Hubner, to Mr. Alpine, for \$1,540; The Reapers' Return Home, J. Becker, \$5,100, to Mr. Avery; Scene at the Conciergerie Prison, C. L. Miller, \$3,200, to Mr. Saterlee; Twilight in the Wilderness, F. E. Church, \$3,800; Arrest of Franz Rakoczy, Prince of Hungary, 1701, J. Benecur, \$3,750; Voyage of Life (four allegorical pictures), Thomas Cole, \$3,100; Fishing Boats off Schovenigen, Joseph Israels, \$2,900; The Slave Ship, J. M. W. Turner, \$10,000, to Mr. Bell; Spring Flowers, J. L. Hamon, \$4,000; Pasture by Moonlight, H. W. Webb, \$280; Young Italian Mother, A. Jourdan, \$2,300; Wallachian Peasants Crossing a Ford, S. Schreyer, \$2,700; The Call to Prayer, Jean Leon Gerome, \$4,000; Japanese Bazaar, Edouard Castres, \$1,675; Settling Accounts, J. Dyckmans, \$1,350; La Lecture, Florent Williams, \$1,975; Isabella and the Pot of Basil, Holman Hunt, \$2,650; The Suicide, A. G. Decamps, \$2,900; Noonday Halt, J. L. Brown, \$800; Visit to the Jewish Grandparents, C. Herbstroffer, \$630; The Quarrel of the Pets, Ignace Escosca, \$1,000; Scene in a Cabaret, A. J. Vetter, \$225; Industry, Edouard Frere, \$875; Blowing Bubbles, W. A. Bouguereau, \$1,225; Nymph at the Fountain, Paul Delaroche, \$950; Soldiers at Carus, J. L. E. Moissonier, \$11,000.

THE RESULTS.

The prices realized by some of the pictures, like Cole's "Voyage of Life" and Turner's "Slave Ship," gave rise to the impression in some minds that these works had not been sold. Whatever may be thought of the result in Cole's case, where art was offered by the acre, there is every reason to rejoice that the common sense of America refuses to pay the extraordinary prices demanded for such works as Turner's "Slave Ship." Ruskin has managed to inoculate this generation with his own wild enthusiasm for even Turner's faults, but it is questionable whether succeeding generations are likely to agree with the great critic in his estimate of Turner's works. Over \$130,000 were realized by the sale last night, and there is every reason to believe that the sale this evening will be equally successful.

Obituary -
Joel S. Oatman, M.D.
Oct 6, 1876
N. Y. Times

Oct 6. OBITUARY. 1876
JOEL S. OATMAN, M.D.
Joel S. Oatman, for many years a prominent physician in this city, was born in Middleton, Rutland County, Vt., February 6, 1807. With natural aptitude he began the study of medicine at an early age, attending first a school of that class in Castleton. In 1830 he came to New York to continue his studies, and afterward graduated from one of the colleges here. As a practising physician he won his earliest reputation at the time when cholera was raging in the year 1837. In recognition of his abilities in the treatment of this dread disease he was appointed, with several other skilled physicians, to take charge of the hospitals on Blackwell's Island. He afterward returned to the city, taking up his residence in the Tenth ward, where he remained until seven years since. For the fifteen years previous to his death Dr. Oatman was compelled to give up his practice on account of ill health, adopting instead a less wearing interest in the real estate business. He was a man of fine executive ability, and everywhere recognized for his good qualities of both heart and mind.

Aug 12, 1879

NARROW GAUGE

COMMENCING TUESDAY, APRIL 1, 1879.
Boats and Trains will leave San Francisco daily from Ferry Landing, foot of Market street, at 5:30 A. M. (this train leaves Sundays at 7:45 A. M.), 9:00 A. M. and 3:15 P. M. for ALAMEDA, SAN JOSE, LOS GATOS, WRIGHT'S, and all-way stations.
Stages connect with 9:00 A. M. train at Wright's for Hotel de Redwoods, Sonoma and Santa Cruz, and

transacted during the past month.
A very active speculation has recently sprung up in real estate and the volume of business is large. The demand runs on unimproved property above and between the Central Park and between the 5th and 8th avenues. Lots are changing hands frequently, and prices are steadily on the rise. First class mansions are in request, but the offerings are light, and fancy prices are paid for anything desirable. Building is going up quite lively and a large number of houses are being added to the upper portion of the city. Ground has been broken on the site of the colored Orphan Home, and some handsome mansions will be built thereon. Fifth avenue is the favorite location, and there is a general desire to get on this fashionable avenue.

The Jews have bought a parcel of land on the corner of Fifth avenue and 43d street, and an elegant synagogue will be erected thereon. This plot is 104 by 184 feet, and the price paid was \$107,000.

The congregation of St. Thomas' Church have bought nine lots on the corner of Fifth Avenue and 53d street, and a very handsome edifice will be erected.

The block bounded by 59th and 60th street and 4th and 5th avenues has been sold for \$500,000. The block bounded by 45th and 46th streets and Madison and 5th avenues has been sold for \$315,000 and the taxes.

Four lots on the corner of 48th street and 5th avenue realized about \$68,000.

There have been other heavy operations, which we will allude to at a future time.

Gold closed at 145 1/2.

Sterling Bills are firm at 109 1/2 @ 110.

Governments are lower, and five-twenty bonds are down to 103 1/2.

There was a sharp decline in Stocks at the Second Board, owing to heavy realizations, and the agitation of the loan question.

After the session the market was a little better, and at the last board it was steady.

The number of outsiders in the stock market is steadily increasing, and the immense business done to-day is the best evidence of this fact.

The daily crowd on the street is very large, and there are many new faces.

The reaction this afternoon is quite natural, with the loan hanging over the market and the desire to realize profits.

The following was to-day's business at the office of the U. S. Assistant Treasurer:

Total Receipts.....	\$6,439,409 25
Payments.....	2,482,203 68
Balance.....	3,957,205 57

The receipts include for Customs..... \$1,000,000
for Loan..... 202,000

Petroleum Affairs.

Petroleum stocks were active to-day and there was a decided advance in prices, Excelsior taking the lead.

Telegram SONNET. Leby: 79.

[TRANSLATED FROM HEINE.]

In foolish error I from thee did stray,
Thinking the wide world I would wander o'er
In quest of love—love that should have the power
To fill my heart with all-embracing sway.
In every street I sought love day by day:
Seeking hands I held at every door.
But all with scornful hatred turned away,
And still I wandered o'er the weary ground
In search of love—but love I never found.
Hopeless and sad, at last I homeward turned,
And thou didst meet me; and thine eye's soft
Glimpse
My longing heart with rapture did entrance.
For there I saw the love for which I yearned.

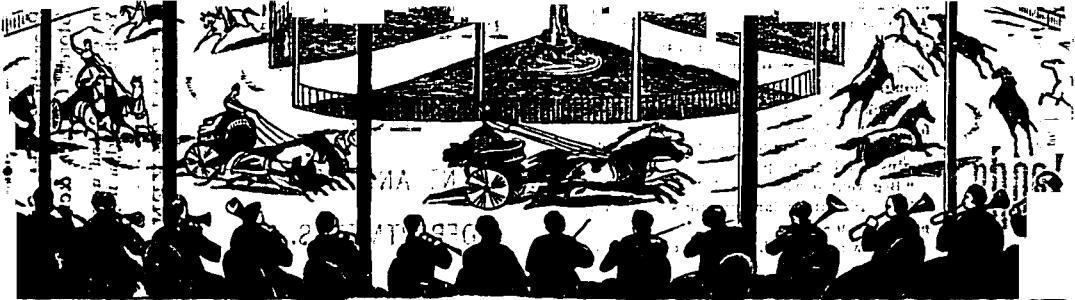
—The Spectator.

P. T. Barnum

Great Roman

Hippodrome

Thurs July 23, 1874



Occupying entire Block between Madison and Fourth Avenues, and
26th and 27th Streets.

PROGRAMME.

THURSDAY, JULY 23, 1874.

THE GREAT CONGRESS OF NATIONS!

REPRESENTING

GREAT BRITAIN.

Her Most Gracious Majesty, Queen Victoria.
William the Conqueror..... A. D. October 14, 1066.
William Rufus (I). A. D. September 9, 1087.
Henry I..... A. D. August 1, 1109.
Stephen..... A. D. December 2, 1136.
Henry II..... A. D. October 25, 1154.
Richard Strongbow, Earl of Pembroke,
..... A. D. October 25, 1148.
Richard Cœur de Lion..... A. D. July 9, 1189.
King John..... A. D. April 6, 1199.
Henry III..... A. D. October 19, 1216.
Edward I..... A. D. November 16, 1272.
Edward III..... A. D. January 25, 1326.

Edward the Black Prince..... A. D. 1346.
Her Grace the Duchess of Devonshire.
The Right Honorable Duchess of Somerset.
Britannia.
His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge.
The Right Honorable Earl de Grey, Marquis of Ripon.
The Most Noble the Marquis of Titchfield and Duke
of Portland.
Four Royal Heralds in Plantagenet Tabards of the
Year 1483.
Six Householders or Yeomen of the Guard, as Insti-
tuted by Henry VII. in 1487.
A Detachment of Royal Horse Guards, 1st Regiment.
A Detachment of the Black Watch, 62d Highlanders.

FRANCE.

His Imperial Majesty, Napoleon Bonaparte.
Marshals Ney, Davoust, Masséna.

Boult, Kleber, Murat,
MacDonald.

ROME.

His Holiness, Pope Pius the Ninth,
Escorted by Cardinals, Archbishops, Bishops, and
Censors, bearing the Crosses and Banners of

St. Peter, and supported by a division of the
Papal Guard, in the costume invented by Michael
Angelo at the completion of the Vatican.

GERMANY.

The Emperor William.
The Crown Prince (Our Fritz).
His Highness Baron Von Bismarck.

General Moltke.
A Detachment of Chibans, Austrian, and Prussian
Infantry.

TURKEY.

The Sublime Porte and Officers.

Guarded by Eunuchs, and surrounded by the fol-
lowers of Mahomet.

THE HAREM CHARIOT.

Containing Nourmahal (Light of the Harem).
Zuleika (Rose of Circassia).

Gulistan (Pearl of Georgia).
Narmuna (Lily of Cashmere).

ITALY.

Il Re Galantuomo, Victor Emanuel.
The Patriot Garibaldi.

His Highness Ferdinand di Lecca.
A Section of Bersaglieri and Garibaldini, carrying
the Free Flag of United Italy.

EGYPT.

Mohamed Ali, Khedive of Egypt, 1674.
Besostris.

Rameses.
Ladies of the Seraglio mounted on Camels.
Cleopatra.

RUSSIA.

His Majesty the Czar, Emperor of all the
Russias.
The Royal Duke Alexander, the Czar-itch

The Engineer, General Tolstoen.
The Grand Admiral of Russia, Paul Swallow.
Cossack and Caucasian Guards.

IRELAND.

Hibernia.
Brian Boru
O'Neal the Great.

David O'Connell.
Robert Emmet.
Ancient Warriors of the Red Branch, and
Boys in Erins.

SPAIN.

Columbus and Attendants.

Queen Isabella and Court, followed by the
Bull Fighters of Spain.

CHINA.

The Emperor, surrounded by Mandarins.
Confucius, the Sage of the Celestials, drawn in

Golden Car, representing the Dragon of China.
H. C. 290.
Tartar and Chinese Guards.

INDIA.

The Sublime Porte and Officers,

Containing Nourmahal (Light of the Harem):
Zuleika (Rose of Circassia).

Il Re Galantuomo, Victor Emanuel.
The Patriot Garibaldi.

Mohamed Ali, Khedive of Egypt, 1874.
Suez.

His Majesty the Czar, Emperor of all the
Russias.
The Royal Duke Alexander, the Czarévitch.

Hibernia.
Brian Boru.
O'Neil the Great.

Columbus and Attendants,

The Emperor, surrounded by Mandarins.
Confucius, the Sage of the Celestials, drawn in

Tippo Saib, Sultan of Mysore.....A. D. 1799.
Emperor Arungzeb.....A. D. 1707.
Governor General of India, Dalhousie.
Dost Mohamed, King of Delhi.

Goddess of Liberty.
Fane.
George Washington.
General Israel Putnam, of Massachusetts.
Marion, of South Carolina.
John Cadwalader, of Pennsylvania.
Philip Schuyler, of New York.

2—Great feats of Hercule.

First appearance in America of this Celebrated French Hercule, from the Great Cirque
Imperial, Paris, and Cirque Hertz, Germany, the Strongest Man in the
World, in his great feats of Hercule, conquering his performance by lifting Horses
at 11 feet high and River while hanging by his feet from a Trapeze.

8—Roman Standing Race on Two Horses.

Riders—STEVENS, NORTH, and HOGB.

4—Mme. Pompadour's Carriage in Central Park.

5—Roman Chariot Race by Two Ladies.

Miss SALISBURY—Blue and Silver Toga
Miss MATTIE LEWIS—Green and Gold Toga.

6—Satsuma and Little All Right.

In their Japanese Ladder Balancing Act.

7—Poney Race

8—Elephant and Camel Race.

9—Twenty-One Horses at Liberty.

Representing the Corso at Rome during Carnival.

10—Flat Race by Four Ladies On their English Thoroughbreds.

Miss MAUD OSWALD—White and Blue Streamer.

Miss ROBERTS—White and Green Streamer.

Miss ANNIE YATES—Red and White Streamer.

Miss MARY MASON—Red Streamer.

11—Indian Mazeppa.

A Mexican Scene by Sgt. Leon and Comanche Indians, exhibiting the mode of Lassoing. Picking up the
handkerchief from the ground while the horse is at full speed. Buffalo Hunt, the pursuit by Indians, The
Capture, Indian punishment—leaving their victim to a horse to roam the plains to meet death by starvation.
Rescue of the prisoner by his comrade with the Lasso.

12—Race by Monkeys over Hurdles.

13—Victoria on High Wire.

EVERY AFTERNOON and EVENING. Mlle. VICTORIA, Queen of

the Lofty Wire, in her perilous performances on the Wire,

including that upon a Velocipede.

14—Race with English & American Jockeys.

15—Roman Chariot Race.—Four Horses Abreast!

Miss GRADY.
Mons. ARNAUD.

16—Great Performance in a Den of Wild Animals.

By Col. CHARLES WHITE.

THE HAREM.

ITALY.

Guarded by Eunuchs, and surrounded by the fol-

lowers of Mahomet.

Gullistan (Pearl of Georgia)
Namjuna (Lily of Cashmere).

EGYPT.

His Highness Ferdinand di Lucca.
A Section of Bernabèri and Garibaldi, carrying
the Free Flag of United Italy.

RUSSIA.

Ramesses.
Ladies of the Seraglio mounted on Camels.
The Engineer, General Lefebvre.
The Grand Admiral of Russia, Paul Sawarow.
Cossack and Caucasian Guards.

IRELAND.

Daniel O'Connell.
Ancient Warriors of the Red Branch, and
Boys in France.

SPAIN.

Queen Isabella and Court, followed by the
Bull Fighters of Spain.

CHINA.

Golden Car, representing the Dragon of China.
B. C. 300.
Tartar and Chinese Guards.

INDIA.

Zeratul Mahal.
Kronah Sing.
Moolvie Mahal.
S-paya, Hindoo, Nabobs.

AMERICA.

General Daniel Morgan, of Virginia.
Henry Lee, of Virginia.
Joseph West, of New Jersey.
David Worcester, of Connecticut.
Otto H. Williams, of Maryland.
Ethan Allen, of Vermont.
Continental, U. S. Infantry, and Indians.

LILLIPUT.

By JOINER.

11
J. D. Ward
Sept 4, 1876

*San Diego
Ward
Sept 4/76*

Great News
The following dispatch received by Mr. T. L. Nesmith, was handed to us for publication late on Saturday evening:
PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 2, 1876.
To T. L. NESMITH, San Diego:
Stockholders of Texas and Pacific, at meeting of August 8th, authorized our Board to commence construction from San Diego eastward. Unless your own people complicate matters by action adverse to our Company a result will be reached that will secure prompt construction of line from San Diego. We are doing everything in our power to meet your wishes.
THOMAS A. SCOTT,
President.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 10.—It is now pretty clear that if the Southern managers of the scheme for Government aid to a Pacific railway on the thirty-second parallel had, during the summer, eliminated Col. Tom Scott and his Northern speculators from the plan, the bill would have stood a good chance of passing. The reasoning of many members runs thus: "The existing monopoly is too heavy to be borne, and it will probably be worse instead of better, when the same men have completed the Southern Pacific and thus seized the 'lower gate to the Pacific Ocean' and insured themselves forever against competition in that quarter. The South is entitled to at least a small portion of the sum laid out to build the Union and Central. Yet it asks for no subsidy. The interest to be guaranteed on the bonds of the company will be paid by the company, and the Government never asked for a penny."

This is the whole argument, and it is not without force. The grasping disposition, the nibbary conduct, and the huge scandals of the Union and Central give additional strength to this argument every day. It is seen and known of all men that they maintain a great lobby here to fight every form of Government encouragement to competing lines, and to their boast that they are building a Southern road without subsidy. It is most justly answered that they are building it with Government money, and that with the plunder of a gigantic national swindle they are laying a new line to intrude the old monopoly. If, therefore, the Texas Pacific were a genuine Southern enterprise, designed to distribute traffic to Southern ports and cities, instead of drawing it off over the Pennsylvania lines, it might, in the present temper of Congress and the country, be made to go. But there can be no guarantee of this while the control of the enterprise remains in the hands of Pennsylvania railroad men, whose reputations are, to say the least, an offence at home and abroad.

It was said a few weeks ago that an alliance had been effected between the Texas Engineers, the Northern Pacific, and the Western graners interested in the passage of the Reagan Interstate Commerce bill, and that these measures were to be log-rolled through. But the two latter parties most positively denied the impeachment, and it is now very certain that the elements were too incongruous to be united by any amount of tactical skill.

The prayer of the Northern Pacific is wholly different from that of the Texas Pacific. They want to be let alone. In the language of President Wright, they seek a "limited guarantee against confiscation." The present owners of the corporation were the victims of Jay Cooke & Co.'s speculators. They bought the lands in open market and put \$20,000,000 in hard cash into the enterprise. They ask now only to be permitted to complete a competing line to the Pacific according to the terms of their original investments, which were made on the faith of Government encouragement. They ask no subsidy, and have recently let the contract to build one hundred miles of road at a total cost of about \$9,000 per mile, while the Texas Pacific is here asking the United States to guarantee interest on bonds to the amount of \$20,000 and \$35,000 per mile. There seems to be nothing in common between the two measures. The Northern Pacific passed the Senate unanimously last session, and has always shown a majority in the House, whenever a vote was obtained. It is safe to say that any attempt at combination would effectually kill both measures.

But when the Northern measure comes to a square vote on its own merits, and a Southern measure is made Southern, and asks for no more credit than just enough to build the road, with no margin for stealings, there may be a chance for them.

It is undoubtedly true that some of the anti-subsidy politicians have been discouraged by recent elections, and are less disposed to stake their fortunes on that issue than they were a year ago. Some men—and they are certainly a very bad order of public men—abandon principles the moment it ceases to pay to advocate them, and these politicians are of that class. They have seen men like Holman and Eden retired, and they now see well-known subsidy Democrats leading in Senate and House, and controlling the party machinery in great Northern States, and they draw their own conclusions. That the anti-subsidy sentiment in Congress is weakening is an observation easily verified. I verily believe that the odious names connected with the management, and the heavy Northern interest that would take the profits, alone prevent the passage of the Texas Pacific bill.

N. Y. J. Stan
1879(?)

N.Y. Island
1879(?)

N.Y. Sun. The Pa-
cific
It is not the busi-
ness of the Government
to build railroads; al-
though they have in-
variably followed the
Government with private
pressure the Union
roads were constr-
ucted for private benefit,
a huge monopoly, p-
art of the country with
of the mother of the
roads, attending the
ways, which became
many prominent in-
require any new con-
Several years ago
scheme, to call for
pass by. On Ton-
the Credit Mobilier
Union, and Cant-
doubling the miles
this were asked for
companies would
vest. This scheme
Congress repeated
are now informed
plan has been far
objectionable, fea-
advised of the det-
been prepared in h-
is concerned, it ma-
they are. Not a c-
should be given to
Yet the South, w-
and recently rava-
loudly for aid to a
transcontinental a-
ern trade means a
would seem to
ing for the chain
country, provided
under appropriate
And while we hold
Government subs-
of a loan of the
be granted, we ha-
our Southern fr-
very limitations
allocation might
considered.
I. If there is to
ment credit, it mu-
be the trunk line
No branch
II. One-fourth of
and annuities in
Set of its own ac-
III. The real co-
determined by
Engineer Corps, a
And the Govern-
to three-quarters
IV. The Govern-
mortgage on the
V. All the pub-
ort to Governme-
to actual settlers
VI. All earnin-
portation must be
We think that
containing these
sented in behalf
as an antidote to
would be set the
and

P. M. S. S. CO.—AN OPEN LETTER TO
PRESIDENT HATCH.

RUFUS HATCH, Esq.,

Vice Pres. and Managing Director
P. M. S. S. Co., New York,

DEAR SIR: The San Francisco *Alla* of the 6th instant contains a semi-official review of the proposed Pacific Mail Steamship Company to some extent foreshadowing the future intentions of the managers, etc., with the statement that the Board of Directors will be glad at all times to receive from the friends of the Company such suggestions, as will aid in correcting outstanding abuses and placing its affairs upon a strong (and profitable) basis. Being a sincere well-wisher of your Company and anxious to increase the shipping facilities of Southern California, and especially to provide for the rapidly growing business of this Port, I beg leave in the spirit of the foregoing invitation for friendly suggestions to call your attention to the proposed management of your

CENTRAL AMERICAN AND MEXICAN COAST
LINE.

The writer in the *Alla* says:

This way-line to Panama will consist of the steamers *Ancon*, *Arctona*, *Costa Rica*, *Pacific*, *Winchester*, and *Salvador*, with the *Honduras* at Panama, which will run thence monthly to Central American ports, to assist the Coast Line, enabling them to take more San Francisco and Southern California freight.

This line will stop at the following Central American, Mexican and Southern California ports: San Diego, Cape San Lucas, Mazatlan, San Blas, Manzanillo, Acapulco, Port Angel, Salinas Cruz, Tonala, San Benito, Champerico, Seseape, Tecojate, San Jose, Acapulco, La Libertad, La Union, Amapala, Corinto, San Juan and Punta Arenas.

During the past two years I have spent several months on the Central American and Mexican Coast, and having been connected with the management of the Company's business at San Diego I gave this Coast trade some considerable thought. That there is a profitable business for a line of steamers on this proposed line, no one familiar with the great wealth and rapid growth of the country served can for a moment doubt. If it is proposed, however, to run the above named steamers from Panama to San Francisco touching at all the named Ports, I assure you that the Pacific Mail Company will make no money in the business, nor will it satisfy the people on the route.

The *Ancon*, *Pacific* and *Winchester* are too slow and not suited for the through trade. That is, the trade north of Acapulco.

If this is the fleet to do this work, then in order to make a success of the line, you must divide your fleet and make a transfer port at Acapulco.

From Acapulco south you have a smooth sea, fifteen open roadsteads, which can only be approached in daylight, a hot climate, needing open, well-ventilated steamers and a slow people, who are scarcely ever in a hurry, provided the "inner man" is

pany. Wine, wool and hides have remained in the warehouse at San Diego for weeks waiting shipment to New York and then frequently it has been sent to San Francisco to get to its destination. The counties of Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, San Bernardino and San Diego are producing millions of pounds of wool and thousands of gallons of wine, which would all be taken to New York market by your steamers.

You would insure transportation. This has never been properly managed. It can be secured to this proposed line by a little good management at this time.

Mazatlan is the sea port of one of the richest mineral sections of the world. The mines of that section are now attracting the attention of the capitalists of this Coast and Europe. It behooves your Company to look to the growing importance of this country. The Colorado Steam Navigation Company now runs its steamers to this last named port. Its ships arrive and depart on time. It is one of the best managed companies on this Coast. Its ships are as fast as the four ships first named, but not as fast sailers as those last named. You must meet these ships with faster sailers or loose the trade.

Through the management of Brigadier General Higgins, the Company has divided the San Diego branch trade with the Goodell & Nelson line. To do the new steamers of this company are making as fast, if not better time, than your ships on this line, so that to keep pace with this company, so far as the business of this Port to San Francisco is concerned, you need the foregoing change of time and ships.

THE ARRANGEMENT HEREIN SUGGESTED

Gives you a decided advantage over your opposition to these two ports and will meet the demands of the people at the other ports.

The schedule should be so fixed that your through Panama steamers would arrive at Acapulco after the northern branch steamers, so that through passengers and fast freight could be transferred to them.

This arrangement leaves the other ships where the Company has no opposition and where time is not as important as farther north. It places the better ships where the Company has opposition.

It insures the delivery of through New York freight from the way ports in a time certain. It affords Manzanillo, Mazatlan and San Diego speedy and certain connection with San Francisco.

It affords all Southern California direct and cheap connection with New York.

It will make your Company friends and will put coin in its treasury.

Sincerely trusting that the suggestions herein contained may be received in that spirit in which they are respectfully tendered and that a policy may be adopted, as to the management of

to call your attention to the proposed management of your

CENTRAL AMERICAN AND MEXICAN COAST LINE.

The writer in the *Alta* says:

This way-line to Panama will consist of the steamers *Ancon*, *Ardena*, *Costa Rica*, *Pacific*, *Winchester*, and *Salvador*, with the *Honduras* at Panama, which will run thence monthly to Central American ports, to assist the Coast Line, enabling them to take more San Francisco and Southern California freight.

This line will also be returning, via the following Central American, Mexican and Southern California ports: San Diego, Cape San Lucas, Mazatlan, San Blas, Manzanillo, Acapulco, Port Angel, Salinas Cruz, Toluca, San Benito, Champerico, Seseapa, Tecojate, San Jose, Acapulco, La Libertad, La Union, Amapala, Corinto, San Juan and Punta Arenas.

During the past two years I have spent several months on the Central American and Mexican Coast, and having been connected with the management of the Company's business at San Diego, I gave this Coast trade some considerable thought. That there is a profitable business for a line of steamers on this proposed line, no one familiar with the great wealth and rapid growth of the country served can for a moment doubt. If it is proposed, however, to run the above named steamers from Panama to San Francisco touching at all the named Ports, I assure you that the Pacific Mail Company will make no money in the business, nor will it satisfy the people on the route.

The *Ancon*, *Pacific* and *Winchester* are too slow and not suited for the through trade. That is, the trade north of Acapulco.

If this is the fleet to do this work, then in order to make a success of the line, you must divide your fleet and make a transfer port at Acapulco.

From Acapulco south you have a smooth sea, fifteen open roadsteads, which can only be approached in day-

people, who are scarcely ever in a hurry, provided the "inner man" is well cared for on ship board.

The *Ancon*, *Pacific*, *Winchester*, and *Salvador* can each make all these ports, do the work profitably to the Company and acceptably to the people, making the round trip from Panama to Acapulco and return in thirty days, including all stoppages. They are therefore fast enough for the present trade. If there is any detention at either of the ports, on account of a rough beach, there is no inconvenience to shippers, as timely notice can be given the next port by telegraph. These steamers should be assigned to this branch of the line.

THE "MONTANA," "COSTA RICA," AND "SALVADOR"

Should be assigned to the branch from Acapulco north. The through cargo and passengers transferred at Acapulco for the possible con-

runs its ships arrive and depart on time. It is one of the best managed companies on this Coast. Its ships are as fast as the four ships first named, but not as fast sailers as those last named. You must meet these ships with faster sailers or lose the trade.

Through the management of Brigadier General Higgins, the Company has provided the San Diego branch trade with the *General Nelson* line. The *General Nelson* steamers of this company are making as fast, if not better time, than your ships on this line; so that to keep pace with this company, so far as the business of this Port to San Francisco is concerned, you need the foregoing change of time and ships.

THE ARRANGEMENT HEREIN SUGGESTED

Gives you a decided advantage over your opposition to these two ports and will meet the demands of the people at the other ports.

The schedule should be so fixed that your through Panama steamers would arrive at Acapulco after the northern branch steamers, so that through passengers and fast freight could be transferred to them.

This arrangement leaves the other ships where the Company has no opposition and where time is not as important as farther north. It places the better ships where the Company has opposition.

It insures the delivery of through New York freight from the way ports in a time certain. It affords Manzanillo, Mazatlan and San Diego speedy and certain connection with San Francisco.

It affords all Southern California direct and cheap connection with New York.

It will make your Company friends and will put coin in its treasury.

Sincerely trusting that the suggestions herein contained may be received in that spirit in which they are respectfully tendered and that a policy may be adopted, as to the management of this line, which will fully meet the growing wants of the country to be served and at the same time be remunerative to your Company.

I am sincerely, &c.,

C. P. TAGGART.

tingency, the steamers no-
ing at Acapulco the old California
should be stationed there and used as
a hulk for storage of cargo. From Ac-
apulco north you have five ports:
Manzanillo, Mazatlan and San Diego
are the important ports where the
steamers should have plenty of time to
handle the cargo and at which they
should arrive with certainty so that
the traveling public could know the
exact time of the arrival and departure
of steamers. The people on this route
are wide awake and active, anxious to
make quick time in traveling and
know with a reasonable degree of cer-
tainty when freight will arrive and de-
part. The ships for this northern
branch should make at least ten knots
an hour and be so arranged as to be
closed up for cold weather. The steam-
ers last named meet these requirements.
The time from Acapulco to Manzanillo
should be two days, including stoppage;
from Manzanillo to Mazatlan including
stoppage at San Blas and Mazatlan
three days; and from there to San
Diego, including stoppage at Cape San
Lucas, four days; and from San Diego
to San Francisco, two days.

The steamers would never be detain-
ed at either of these ports on account
of bad weather and the time of arrival
could be announced by wire so that
the ships could be sailed with about
the same certainty that a railway train
is run. That is what the people demand.

The three ships last named will do this
work with great satisfaction to the pub-
lic and with profit to the Company.
Captains Douglas, Connolly and Searle
should have the commands. The Ar-
izona is a better ship for the through
trade than the Montana, while the lat-
ter is just the steamer for this branch
line. ~~THE ARIZONA IS A BETTER SHIP FOR THE THROUGH~~
~~THERE IS AN INDUSTRY CARRYING TRADE~~
At Mazatlan and San Diego if properly
looked after and cared for. For the
past twelve months it has met with but
little encouragement from your Com-