THE ADVERTISER.

THURSDAY, APRIL 20, 1876.

CALL FOR A REPUBLICAN STATE CONVENTION.

TO NOMINATE CANDIDATES FOR STATE OFFICES.

The Republican electors of the State of Nebraska are hereby called to send delegates from the several counties to meet in State Convention at Lincoln, on 26th day of September, 1876, for the purpose of placing in nomination a candidate for Member of Congress, and candidates for Governor, Lieutenant Governor, Secretary of State, Auditor, Treasurer, Superintendent of Public Instruction, Attorney General and Land Commissioner, and to transact such other business as may properly come before it.

The several counties are entitled to the same representation as in the State Convention called this day to meet at Fremont on the 23d day of May, 1876

By order of the State Central Committee.

C. E. YOST, Sec. C. H. GERE, Ch'n.

Lincoln, March 8, 1876.

A fire at Milford, Ind., on Sunday last destroyed $80,000 worth of property.

Charles E. Whitney, a printer of Beatrice was recently drowned while out duck hunting.

Don Pedro, Emperor of Brazil, is in the U. S. and left New York for San Francisco on the 17th.

The Centennial buildings were closed to visitors on the 17th and so until the formal opening on the 10th of May.

Regulations commenced being prepared in the treasury department on Monday the 17th inst., for the issue of silver currency.

McKee of the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, implicated in the whisky frauds, has been sentenced to five months imprisonment in the county jail and to pay a fine of $5,000.

If Church Howe should get to be Governor, would the Brownville ADVERTISER get any state notices to print?—*Globe-Journal.*

Certainly—if the Governor could see any money in it.

Belknap's impeachment was begun in the Senate on Monday, but was brought to a sudden stand by Mr. Carpenter, of the defendants attorney denying the jurisdiction of the Senate in the case and moving a dismissal,—Further proceedings were postponed till Wednesday.

You'll perceive there's grit in the whole family.

The *Globe-Journal* calls our attention to the above as a boast of the Howe family. We suggest that in applying it to himself our cotemporary should have said whisky instead of grit. And there would have been a general uprising to second the motion.

General Cunningham has a very strong letter in the Lincoln Journal, in which he shows just how surveys can be let, by law, how they were let, and that his affairs and expenditures were all approved in Washington, when he left the office of Surveyor General, after the closest inspection. He makes a very good showing—*Plattsmouth Herald.*

We never did have much confidence in the truth of the *Bee's* charges against Gen. Cunningham, and since reading his letter, we have none at all and believe they were concocted because Cunningham is supposed by the *Bee* to be a Hitchcock man.

On the 14th inst., Jno. L. Bittenger, Adler & Furst, and Henry and Earnest Hartwig, convicted of defrauding the government in the whisky business, received their sentences. Mr. Bittenger was sentenced to pay fines amounting to $2,300 and two years in the penitentiary.

Adler & Furst were each sentenced to pay fine of $10,000 and one year in the county jail.

Henry Hartwig was sentenced to pay a fine of $6,500 and three months in the jail, and Ernest was sentenced to pay a fine of $2,500 and to three months in the jail.

On the 11th inst, the grand jury in Washington city indicted Babcock, Harrington, Whitly, Benton, Miles, Nettleship and Somerville for complicity in the safe burglary conspiracy. Warrants were issued for the arrest of all but Gen. Babcock, who appeared and gave bail in the sum of $10,000, with ex-Gov. A. R. Shepherd as security.

The Omaha *Bee* has an editorial upon the necessity of sending good and true Republicans to the Fremont convention. That is all well enough and is not an original suggestion of the *Bee's*, by any means, several other papers having in some way got hold of the idea before. But the following, which we clip from the article, is without doubt every word false:

Federal officials have received their instructions from our out-going Senator to spare no effort in securing a delegation from Nebraska that will cooperate and consult him at the National Convention. Cunningham, his chief tool, has already, in his eagerness to exhibit power, pledged the Nebraska delegation to go as he and his master shall dictate.

Everybody who knows Rosey will at once understand by such talk that he is getting ready to "squeal" and cry "rings, rings," provided things don't go according to the pins Rosey himself will have set up.

In Omaha there are two factions in the Republican party bitterly opposed to each other. One is headed by the editor of the *Bee* and the other by officials in self defense against the *Bee's* bitter warefare. We suggest, therefore, if these opposing elements cannot adjust their difficulties, or at least enter the conventions with the understanding that the losing party shall quietly and gentlemanly acquiesce to the will of the majority, that the conventions may see safety in ignoring, altogether, the factions and rings of Omaha. These quarrels should not be permitted to jeopardize the success of the party.

—W. A. Polock, our Brownville postmaster, publishes a communication this week, in the Omaha *Bee*, over a column in length the most of which is devoted to defending and apologizing for the political misdeeds of Church Howe, and censuring THE ADVERTISER for opposing Church Howe. The first statement in Polock's letter which we will notice is the following:

Two years ago Church Howe, as leader of the Grange element of this county, was a candidate for and was elected to the legislature. THE ADVERTISER, as in duty bound, opposed him, but it overdid its duty in charging that he was a rascal. Among other things he was accused of being a defaulter as Marshal of Wyoming, and it was said that THE ADVERTISER had letters that if published would ruin him. About this time I gave Howe a letter from Washington, which he opened in the post office, and calling to me said: "I want you to read this letter." I took the letter and read in substance as follows: "Enclosed find draft for —dollars — cents (I do not recollect the amount), balance due you (Howe) for services as Marshal of Wyoming territory." I told of this letter, and heard no more of Howe being a defaulter.

The first and second paragraphs of the above are calculated to mislead those who do not know the facts, because they do not embrace the whole truth. We did not oppose Mr. Howe as "leader of the Grange element;" but did oppose him, as Mr. Polock pretended to do, because he withdrew from the Republican party, resigning a place on the Republican Central Committee, with the purpose of defeating the Republican party. We want our readers to understand now that Mr. Howe did not merely bolt the Republican party for the purpose of securing his election, but also allied himsel with the Democratic-Independent element with the avowed and expressed understanding that they would divide the offices, work together and break down the dominant (Republican) party of this county. This we know to be the fact upon the authority of some of the most reliable Democrats engaged in the ring with Mr. Howe, but who since have become Howe's enemies on account of his bad faith and treachery.

And, says the P. M., "THE ADVERTISER, as in duty bound, opposed him, but over did its duty in charging that he was a rascal. Among other things he was charged with being a defaulter as Marshal of Wyoming," &c.

Now, Mr. Polick, permit us to say to you that you have over done your duty to the person you enter the field for; you have even transcended the truth in your bold effort to champion the greatest enemy of the Republican party in Nemaha county. We never made the charge you say we did. Never, from the first issue of THE ADVERTISER under our editorial charch to the present moment, have we said, or hinted, that Mr. Howe was a defaulter, either as Marshal of Wyoming, or in any other capacity. And in the campaign referred to by you, we did not on any occasion speak of Mr. Howe as a rascal, except in a political sense; and never did so until we had good reason for believing he was bribed in the legislature of 1874-5. There is a record of these things, friend Polock; we have complete files of our paper, and we invite you to come over and examine them; and as there is a question of veracity between us, the matter, as to who tells the truth can be easily decided.

Why, bless your soul, Mr. Polock, your story about that letter from Washington is a very old one, indeed, to us, for Mr. Howe showed it to us immediately on its receipt. Therefore, knowing Mr. Howe was not a defaulter we, of course, could not say he was.

So Mr. Polock's witness that we "overdid our duty" in fighting the arch enemy of the Republican party lies flat on its back. He can find not a single editorial in the columns of THE ADVERTISER to sustain his broad, unqualified assertion.

"And it was said that THE ADVERTISER had letters that if published would ruin him." THE ADVERTISER never made any such assertion or threat. We *never* make charges without good and reasonable grounds for so doing. When we speak positive, we speak from authentic evidence, at least *prima facie*, and have no taste for ambiguities.

"*I*," says the P. M., "told of this letter, and heard no more of Howe being a defaulter!" Remember, dear reader, that "*I*" did it. Mr. Howe, we presume, showed that letter to every man, woman and child in the county, and read it in every school house.

Why Mr. Polock misrepresents us in a widely circulated paper is more than we can conceive of at present. He admits that it was our duty to oppose Mr. Howe, but thinks we "overdid" our duty; but in his reference to our labors, as how and in what we transcended our duty, his assertion has the marked misfortune of being untrue—or we say it is untrue—and now, unless he avails himself of our offer to search our files, and make some quotations from our editorials wherein we charge Mr. Howe with being a defaulter, his reasons for saying we overdid our duty will seem fallacious and rather malicious, and we will stand acquitted of the great error of doing more than our duty.

There has been scarcely an issue of the Brownville ADVERTISER for the last two years but what has had something against Church Howe.

Mr. Polock, upon reflection, will remember that Mr. Howe, until he took the field against the Republican party, was very friendly with us, and our personals of the hypocrite that we soon found him to be, were always of a friendly and conciliatory nature. After he undertook to break down the party in this county, we, "as in duty bound, opposed him." So the P. M. again strays from the truth.

But, says Mr. Polock, "he is the most popular man in Nemaha county." This is not true, either. But suppose he is, is that a reason why any *honest* man should support him, or throw clubs for him, or roll over in the dirt for him? It is no reason for us, however potent it may be for the P. M. But again says Mr. Polock:

He has desired to act with the Republican party, but it is not in human nature for any man to act with a party whose papers are abusing him.

If this is true, how long has it been so, and upon what conditions does he desire to so act? Since the hour Mr. Howe resigned his place on the central committee, accompanied with the declaration that he could not act with the Republican party longer on account of its corruptions, to the present time, he has been doing his best for the opposition to the Republican party. He fought it bitterly during the campaign of his election to the legislature; in the contest for U. S. Senator he supported and voted for a Democrat up to the last minute of the fight. In our county election last fall he canvassed the county in opposition to the Republican nominees; and all this time, "as in duty bound, we opposed him!" So, as "he has desired to act," &c., the question recurs—how long has he had such a burning desire? It has not been longer, Mr. P. M., has it, than he has had the idea of trading his Independent party for a place on the State ticket? His desire, that we are aware of, was made known a month or so ago, only on *condition*, and is therefore so selfish and devoid of principle that no decent reform party or person could think of "his desire" without disgust.

If Mr. Howe wants to act with the Republican party, he can do so in spite of all newspapers. He can vote for it, talk for it, give his money for it, and we could not prevent him, nor should we try to prevent him. As a true Republican we want all the votes we can get for the party; but we would not submit to the dastardly, cowardly proposition of making terms with Howe, or any other man. When we are forced to the alternative of accepting an unprincipled demagogue, whose motto is, "I will rule you or I will ruin you!" we will take the chances every time in opposition, and with all our might try to avert the ruin.

But Mr. Polock is going to force matters. He would scare the people, like sheep, into Howe's tender fold. Here is the way he says it will be:

It is said that he aspires to be a candidate for lieutenant-governor on the Republican ticket.

Then, after this, signifying how the great bribe taker could be molified, the P. M. adds:

I know one thing. The people of Nemaha county will elect him to the State Senate, if he is not put on the State ticket, and my advice to all aspirants to the legislature is, to cease their abuse of Church Howe.

Now, gentlemen, you know what's the matter. Mr. Polock is no doubt in earnest about this thing, and Howe must have a place on the Republican State ticket or the "*the people*"—not the Republican party—"will elect him to the Senate." He is willing to fight *for* the Republican party if he is *paid* for so doing by a nomination; if not, he will try to get an office elsewhere by fighting *against* the party. This is the most glaring, cheeky piece of effrontery that ever came under our observation.

Now, in conclusion, we desire to say that we have answered Mr. Polock's attack on us in a fair, candid and truthful manner. If Mr. Polock has chosen to become our enemy, we can truly say we are sorry for it. We do not want any war with him, or any other man in the Republican party, and shall have none only as it is forced upon us. Our desire is to work in harmony with the Republican party, and with every member thereof. Mr. Polock has misrepresented us, and we have had either to be silent or show up the falsehoods in self-defense. Now Mr. P. can do us justice by acknowledging his error as broadly as he has circulated it, or he may do otherwise, and we will be compelled to place our own definition, as to motives, for his attack upon THE ADVERTISER.

We glean from the Omaha *Bee's* latest news the following regarding Custar City and the gold country:

Custer is now a thriving place of of from 1,500 to 1,800 inhabitants, mostly men, there being not over 150 women there as yet. A few gamblers have put in an appearance, and are plying their vocation, and also a few loose characters of the opposite sex.'

At least one thousand houses have now been erected, mostly log structures. Two saw mills are now in operation night and day, turning out lumber, which is being used in the construction of buildings. The government of Custer City is provisional, created by the miners, and consists of two justices of the peace, a city marshal, and twelve councilmen; there is no police. A city hall has been built, in which all city business is transacted.

The City is admirably situated and is surrounded by heavy pine timber from one to three feet in diameter. There is a thick belt of timber from Custer to Harney's Peak, distant eight miles to the north. The timber is free from underbrush, so that a wagon can go anywhere.

It is expected that 75,000 or 100,000 people will locate there within a year.

Price of provisions—flour $10 per hundred, sugar 25 cents, bacon 25 cts. per pound, whisky 25 cents a drink.

The Black Hills is a poor man's mining country, all reports to the contrary notwithstanding. Everybody has confidence that there is plenty of gold to pay for working.

No destitution or suffering in the Hills—all reports different are false.

Plenty of game—deer, elk, mountain sheep, antelope.

The soil is very rich and productive and the people will devote considerable attention to agriculture, and already agricultural implements and seeds are arriving.

It is said that Jem Mace and another English pugilist by the name of Goss are expected soon to arrive in this country. Goss comes, it is understood among the sports, to fight Tom Allen, and it is confidently thought by many that if Mace's protege gets at Allen he will give him Goss.

OUR NEW YORK LETTER.

The Centennial Poem—The Centennial—Business—Postal Troubles—The Defalcation of Judge Barrett—The Fashions

Correspondence Nebraska Advertiser.

NEW YORK, April 15, 1876.

THE CENTENNIAL POEM.

It is finally settled who will write the poem for the Centennial opening. The compliment of being requested to write it has been passed round among the elder poets of the country, and declined by each with thanks in return. Mr. Bryant considered that his years ought to exempt him from the task. Mr. Whittier never writes odes for occasions, and it would be contrary to the habit of his life to do such a thing. Mr. Longfellow hates writing to order. Mr. Lowell declined, and the laureate's duty has at last been assumed by the man who, of American writers, is most capable of turning out the highest work, as one may say, under compulsion—Mr. Bayard Taylor. There is one poet who would have written up to the style of the occassion—not Bayard Taylor, but B. F. Taylor—who has the finest flow of florid English in verse, adapted to the general contour of the performance, who would have burned red lights and blue in numbers that would have soared and swelled and streamed like a holiday banner. I dare say that all the other poets would have been glad to relinquish the task to him, and he would not have done the time and audience discredit.

THE CENTENNIAL.

New York will be more of a point of attraction this year than Philadelphia. Everybody will, of course, go to Philadelphia and see the Exposition—then they will come to New York and see the metropolis. I want to notify visitors that they may come to New York and stay here long enough to see the city thoroughly, at not very large expense. Avoid the large hotels, avoid the small ones, and, above all, avoid the European hotels. In brief, dodge the hotels altogether. Go to boarding-houses, where you can live for from five to six dollar a week, and be tolerably well taken care of. At least you can get all you can eat and a good, clean, comfortable beds. These houses can be found any where below Fourteenth street, either east or west of Broadway, and the visitor whose ability to pay is limited can be accommodated at any price desirable. Those who have money will, of course, go to the first-class hotels and be bled for the style of the thing, but it is unnecessary. Stylish boarding-houses can be found at from $10 to $12 per week, in the vicinity of Lafayette Place and Tenth street; or, for the matter of that, on all the streets in that vicinity. And let me say right here, that when you come to New York next summer come prepared to stay long enough to see what a great city really is. Walking down Broadway and going up to Central Park is not seeing New York. You want to get down among the poor; you want to see the shipping; Wall Sreet ought to take up two days; and then you ought to penetrate the interior of the great business warehouses in the lower part of the city, and see something of the magnitude of their operations. By all means go inside of such an establishment as Harpers', and go over to Staten Island and up the East River, that you may enjoy the finest water view in the world and the finest suburban residences. It wouldn't hurt you to spend a day or two at Long Branch to see the frivolty of a summer watering place. All this can be done for a very little money, if you only know how. Your wives and daughters will want to see Stewart's and the great jewelry stores; and if you have any taste for art, the picture galleries are open all the time. To do this cheaply, go to boarding-houses to live, use the street cars and stages, and by no means allow yourself to be seduced into a carriage or cab. Street cars run everywhere in the city—indeed on some of the lines you may ride seven miles for five cents. And on Sunday of course you will want to hear Beecher, Tyng, Frothingham and a dozen more of the great lights with which the city abounds, and in all the churches you will find plenty of free pews and good, Christian courtesy and consideration. In all the metrpolitan churches especial pains are taken to make strangers entirely welcome and at their ease. By the way, don't fail to attend services once, at least, in old Trinity, where you will hear the best church music in the city. Come by all means and have a good time.

BUSINESS.

Is slowly improving, but it is nothing to speak of; the country merchants are hear in some force, but they are bying very closely, as all of them believe that prices have not yet struck bottom. The failures for the week aggregate 123, none of them very large. As an evidence of the closeness in business matters, there are 164 empty stores between the Post Office and 14th street, and they are likely to stay empty for some time to come. They cannot be rented, for there is no business to do in them. There will be no building of any consequence this season, for there are thousands of empty houses.

POSTAL TROUBLES.

The city had a scare this week. The appropriation for the expenses of public buildings being all exhusted, and Congress having made no provisfor such emergency, the postmaster here was notified to cut off the gas, water and fuel. This of course meant cessation of business in the post office, and a virtual closing of it. The city took alarm, Postmaster James was helpless, and for a day it seemed very like that New York would be without postal facilities. Imagine the consequences of closing the New York post-office! The business of the whole country passes through it, and the effect would be felt from Maine to Texas. But New York was equal to the emergency; the gas companies authorized Mr. James to go on, they taking their chances of getting their pay from the Government, the water board did likewise, and the merchants pledged money enough to pay other expenses till the government could turn itself. So we get our letters as usual.

THE DEFALCATION OF JUDGE BARRETT

Is worse than was supposed when he got away. He has swindled his old stepmother out of every dollar she had in the world, and the daughter of Miles O'Riley loses everything, as he was the trustee of her deceased father's estate. This villain ran away owing quite $200,000, and the terrible feature of it is, that this money was almost entirely trust-funds, placed in his control because of his reputation for integrity. He sold mortgages and bonds belonging to estates and squandered the money in a most reckless manner. As he was reputed to be rich no one objected to his high living, and no one thought it singular; but since his departure it has been discovered that he never had anything—that his whole life was an imposture. He was a judge, and had held many positions of honor and profit, and up to the very day of his flight could have been elected to any position in the gift of the people. There seems to be an epidemic of scoundrelism just now.

THE FASHIONS.

The spring openings are rather late after all, but the new bonnets are out, and for the benefit of my lady readers I hasten to tell them not to buy scoop bonnets, unless they are more becoming than any other, for the newest style is a snug little Parisian shape with high square crown, and close brim, sloping very narrow toward the back, crown and brim being an inch smaller than last year's shape, and ever so much more becoming, having a peculiar neat and modest appearance on the head, as I, though a mere male mortal, can testify from inspection. The ladies say that they can tell the shape as far as they can see it, for it is so much prettier than the spreading, flaring bonnets of home design, it seems that no sooner does a peculiarly happy French design get over here, than our designers, as they say, begin to adapt it to American tastes, in which it loses all its distinctive grace and effect.

This particular fashion, I am told, is only to be found at the importers, so I advise ladies to insist on their milliners selecting it for them when they go on to buy goods. Rough and ready straws, in close forms, small and becoming will be a stylish bonnet this season, and there is a satin-finished French rough straw, of beautiful design, that is the prettiest thing out in bonnets in a masculine eye, it is so unpretending with all its style. As usual, this choice simplicity is no economical; an untrimmed hat of this sort costing $5, and the wreath of wheat or oats which trims it as much more. Rather coarse unfinished chip of a light ecru color, are the stylish dress hats either in the scoop or the other shape and scarfs of yellow, net, or with crapelike silk ribbon, with wreaths and masses of fine flowers on or about the crown are the favorite trimming.

PIETRO.

The teacher of the German Roman Catholic school, at Norwalk, Ohio, recently was detected in having debauched twelve of the little girls of his school, from ten to twelve years of age; and had he not fled the country would have been lynched by the enraged parents of the children. His name was J. B. Keuntze.

A wolf has been found in the fold at Chesaning, Michigan. An ecclesiastical committee has recently been investigating the pastor of the Methodist church, Rev. F. W. May, and have found him guilty of adultry with and immoral advances to ladies of his church.

Since the ministerial performances of Moody and Sanky have been going on in New York city no less than eight persons have become insane under their influence.

Somebody has started the story that Pomeroy intends being a candidate for Senator from Kansas. This is not such bad news as might be supposed. It was not a fortunate day for Kansas when he was defeated. It is true, he did many things which he ought not to have done; but he was a man of brains, and had a warm heart. These qualities are much better than brains with cold-hearted selfishness, or no brains and a poor quality of gizzard, which Kansas now has on exhibition in the Senate—*Kansas Chief.*

Let it be settled that when a newspaper says a public officer is a thief, it has some proof of the fact, or that when it accuses a private citizen of a felony it has staked the good name, the property and the liberty of the writer of the accusation upon the probable truth of the charge, and there would be a respect felt for the profession, that would work a wholesome reform in politics and in society.—*Ex.*

— The last hop to be given by Prof. Pryor's dancing class, will "come off" next Friday evening in the Academy of Music. An additional entertainment, in the form of a musical concert, will will be given. Mr. D. C. Smith, the leader of the Peak Family band, will play a cornet solo, "The Bert Shot Polka," with an accompaniment by the orchestra.—*Lincoln Globe.*

Silver coin will on and after Monday, gradually drive out of public use, the illustrated frctional currency, and the merry jingle of the white metal will sing the cheerful song that was so well known in the old days of the nimble sixpence and quick shilling—days when a dime could make no quarter.—*St. Joe Herald.*

— The Kearney *Press* and Brownville ADVERTISER do not seem inclined to obey the party lash. If the various journals would denounce corruption wherever found, purity in politics would soon be the rule rather than the exception. The trouble is too many papers fear to print the truth.—*Lincoln Globe.*

NOTES OF TRAVEL.

ABBOTSFORD AND MELROSE.

Correspondence Nebraska Advertiser.

Rising, a few mornings ago, at six o'clock, and bidding farewell to Edinburg all wrapped in slumber—so that the city might not be too much affected—at eight o'clock, still very early in Scotland, I was at Melrose, stopping for a visit to the old Abbey and to Abbotsford house, the residence of Sir Walter Scott. I had but three hours to stop, and three miles to walk to reach the Scott mansion, the object of greatest interest to me, so I set out with as long and rapid strides as possible. The tortuous turnpike leads through Melrose village, by a large hydropathic establishment beautifully located upon a mound beyond, and on through farms—a very pleasant walk or drive for one not in a hurry. Entering a little wood, or "*plantin*," as the Scotch call it, I came suddenly upon a gate leading in to the house which is situated below the road and out of sight. I made my way to the house and knocked on the visitor's gate, but got no admittance. Presently I was advised by the gardener that the house was not open to visitors till eleven, and there was no possibility of getting admittance till that hour, as the rules were very strict. Hoping to find a more encouraging person to speak to I rung the bell at another entrance and inquired for the butler. The respondent to the door bell went to find him, but never returned. But when I had dispaired of seeing anything but the outside, and was about to retire discomfited, a man approached with a gun under his arm and a smile on his countenance, and asked to know my wishes. After hearing my case—from America, great admirer of Scott, rose at six to visit his house, didn't know the rules, &c.—he blandly replied that he was "the person," and that he would show me the house.

The first room was Sir Walter's study—just as he left it. A small square room, in the centre of which are his chair and desk, and on the desk his small traveling desk. The chair is a large, thickly padded one, much worn by use. All around the room are shelves of books, and a little gallery to reach the higher shelves. By this he could reach his bedroom. It is well known that it was his habit to rise at two or three o'clock in the morning, and do his day's work of writing before breakfast. The room is regularly cleaned, the books taken down and dusted, and everything replaced as he left it. His manuscripts, and his pipes, are kept in a case at one end of the room, and there is a relic of some interest presented to him—a chair made from the wood of William Wallace's house. Adjoining the study is the library, a large room, containing a vast collection of books, many rare and valuable ones, and many other highly valuable things. There is a splendid ebony table, presented by George IV; a vase by Lord Byron; some articles belonging to Napoleon Bonapart, found on the field of Waterloo and presented by the Duke of Wellington; and at one end a fine bust of Sir Walter in marble.

The armory contains weapons and armor enough to equip a regiment, and each piece has some special interest connected with it. The most interesting pieces are the armor, helmet and breastplate of James IV, from Flodden field. They were overlaid with gold, but the gold has almost disappeared. Among the numberless weapons are a gun, a pistol, and a dirk which belonged to Scott's highland hero, Rob Roy.

In another room containing relics of a general kind, are the last suit of clothes he wore, and an ax presented by Washington Irving.

The house is gothic in architecture, with pointed turrets, and in the pretentious style of gentlemen's residences in this country, with a proper extent of high stone wall, and an immense iron gate. One of the most prominent features of Britain is stone walks. The grounds and garden are very beautiful, and there is an abundance of shade. The premises are now the property of a granddaughter, whose husband is a gentleman from London.

At the distance of a quarter of a mile flows the Tweed, here a swift stream, which drains the eastern lowlands, and flows into the German Ocean at Berwick. The scenery of the region is not imposing, being moderately hilly; but it is a wealthy agricultural district. By that it is not meant that it is like a great extent of rolling prairie lands turned into cornfields. They raise a little of what they call corn, but we call the same kind of thing oats or wheat. Potatoes, turnips, beets and vegetables, however, form a very large portion of the farm products in Scotland. There is hardly to be found any place in Scotland corresponding to our "in the country." There is no open country owned by independent farmers. It is substantially all held by "lairds," who form the lorded aristocracy, and the land is every bit enclosed by stonewalls. Some of these lords own immense tracts. The Duke of Buccleuch, for instance, owns several counties—not only that much land, but all the lordly mansions with their attachments, and the villages and farm tenents upon it.

The Tweed and its tributaries afford good water power, and along them are numerous manufactories of cotton, woolen and linen cloths, especially *Scotch tweed*—whence the name of that kind of cloth.

This region of country is full of historic interest. It was "the border" of the times of the English and Scotch wars, over which the two nations fought so long. In the days of chivalry it was the scene of many a wild, and daring, and fool-hardy adventure. And long before those days it was the ground over which the Celt and the Roman contended—the one for existence and freedom, the other for mastery of the island. Tunnels are common in the region, in which many implements and weapons have been found known to be Roman. These bold and silent hills have seen desperate sights, if they would speak out and tell us of them. I think Sir Walter must have got them to whisper in his ear. How else could he know so precisely what men did and said here so long ago?

Melrose Abbey is a great, gloomy pile of stones, placed where they are some five or six centuries ago. Aside from its antiquity, being founded by David I, of Scotland, and the rude style of its architecture, it is not worth going half a mile to see. Over the center was a very high and massive tower, which has partly tumbled down, and about the ruined top crows build, and fly about amongst the surrounding tree tops, and caw weirdly when a stranger approaches. The first Earl of Douglas, and one or two early Scotch kings, are buried in the Abbey, and also the *heart* of Robert Bruce. The devoted old hero became possessed by the mania of the time to have a share in the war of the crusade, but the perils of his country at home never permitted him to leave her to bathe his sword in Saracen blood. But with his dying breath he charged his young friend Douglas to take from his body his heart, and taking it with him, go and join the crusading army, and if possible, bury his heart in Jerusalem. The knight obeyed, and when in battle with the Saracens in Spain, he was being beaten back by overwhelming numbers, he threw the heart of Bruce into the midst of the enemy, exclaiming, "Go on, brave heart, as thou wert ever want to do; Douglas will follow thee!" The body of the young knight was found on the battle field, and near it the silver casket containing the heart of the Bruce. The latter was brought back to Scotland and burried in Melrose Abbey, and a tablet marks the spot.

Paris, March 35, 1876.

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