

## THE BLIND GODDESS

Holds High Carnival in Hoary Headed Gotham, and Blind as She is,

Still Sees Enough to Wring Her Heart with Pity for Ignorance,

And Raise Her Temper With Ire Against Folly.

The Little "Napoleon" Between the Mills of the Gods, and the Bars of the Tombs,

Faces Twelve Men at the First Station on the Road to St. Helena.

*Special Correspondence.*

NEW YORK CITY, Oct. 28, '85.  
The principal theme of conversation in Gotham for some days past has of course been the bringing of Ward before the powers that be to answer the charges in the first indictment that could be found against him possessing the necessary drawing qualities to bring him into court. "Even handed Justice" finds it so difficult to lay hands on anything that will reach a man through red tape and sharp lawyers now-a-days, no matter what the general opinion may be of his guilt, that it took nearly a year and a half to find an indictment of this nature, but it came at last, and not only drew Ward into court, but likewise brought out from the recesses of darkness specimens of humanity so steeped in ignorance, and so blissfully unconscious of the world about them, that it seems impossible that they can live in the 19th century, and in the metropolis of the nation. And to think that this very stupidity, indifference, and want of opinion is to a great extent held at a premium on the make-up of juries in this city, in every case which has been thoroughly and repeatedly written up in the newspapers days and months beforehand, is enough to draw from the blind eyes of Justice the salt tears of sorrow, and wring from the sound judgment of thinking people a swift condemnation.



THE JURY.

As striking examples of the amount of intelligence necessary to qualify a citizen as a stern minister of justice and arbiter of fate in the great metropolis, some of the jurors chosen on the Ward case would prove interesting. Moses Huntton, the first juror chosen, was taken because he "hadn't read much of the case," hadn't read anything that would give him an opinion, did not know anything about the relations between Gen. Grant and Ward, and didn't have any idea of the connection between the Marine Bank and the firm of Grant & Ward, and consequently could give an unbiased opinion, and was promptly chosen. Chas. P. Sawyer, another juror, had heard and read of the case, but had no impression about it, which qualified him at once as a fitting representative of justice. The principal reason for accepting another seemed to be because he had read several papers, and had not succeeded in getting any ideas from them whatever regarding Ward or anything connected with him. This course was all that was required to fit him for the jury box. Still another was accepted because he didn't know anybody connected with the case, hadn't any definite knowledge about the matter at issue, and only read one paper, and read that because it hadn't very much in it. How are those specimens of that decisive intelligence and good judgment supposed to guarantee a man "a fair trial by a jury of his peers?" And these were selected out of over seven hundred men of Gotham brought face to face with the question, "are they competent to serve on a jury?" And these were not by any means the most unfortunate specimens developed by the search. So it seems after all the newspaper articles written against Ward, and about the whole matter for over a year past, there still remain citizens of New York who know very little about it, and that too, in spite of the fact that it created one of the greatest excitement known in the history of the city, and that Wall street was black with a rush of excited citizens such as had not been seen since memorable Black Friday. Such a state of affairs is a sad commentary on the average intelligence of the ordinary jury, and is not calculated to inspire confident belief that the ignorance of the dark ages is rapidly dissolving under the enlightened educational system of the 19th century. In fact it would look very much as if some of the hard work and enlightened ideas which are being so faithfully distributed by willing disciples over the Deserts of Africa and the jungles of India, could be diverted with good effect toward the unenlightened nearer home, who wear more clothing externally, but appear to carry no more ideas internally, than the Hottentots or the followers of Cetewayo.

However, Ward and his lawyers on one side and the prosecution on the other, determined to make the best of the material at hand, and turn the hose of eloquence upon them in hopes that it would drown them with judicial ideas, if not brains, and we present below the principal lawyers for the state, District Attorney Marine in the center, Mr. Nicoll to the right, and Col. Fellows to the left, endeavoring to link the chain of evidence against the little pale faced financier, now of the Tombs, late of Wall street.

Ward has grown thin and pale under the strain of the past few weeks, and anyone looking at him, and noting the lines that gather on his brow, peaked face, and the expression of anxiety that plays almost constantly over his features, and looks out of his haggard eyes as he occasionally gazes at the faces of those around, instinctively feels that this man fully realizes that he is fighting for his liberty, and with all the desperation of one



JAS. D. FISH.

In this very court room where Ward was now fighting for his liberty against the one charge which could be found to bring him there, so did Wm. M. Tweed fight for his liberty in this same room some years ago, and strange to say, also fought for it against the one indictment that could be found to hold against him, up to that time, for although it was known that he had stolen millions, the difficulty, as with Ward, was to get up a legal indictment against him that would hold and convict, so cleverly are the laws framed to give every citizen a fair chance, or, the lawyers. It was in many respects a parallel case, but Ward is the most dramatic, and one of the most dramatic features of it was the defiant answer given by Fish, when asked his age, name, residence, and occupation, by the prosecution: "My name is James D. Fish, sixty-six years old, and I am a resident of Auburn State prison, where I am sentenced to a term of ten years at hard labor. My occupation is a convict."

There was no evasion, no prevarication, no sarcastic smile but a single glance at where Ward sat cowering that told of hardened heart and nurtured ill will against him, such a glance as a condemned felon would cast at the man he firmly believed had lured him to ruin, and blighted his remaining life. Thus the three famous original partners sat in court, Ulysses S. Grant, Jr., James D. Fish, the convict, and Ferdinand Ward, the unconvicted defendant, and it is safe to say that all three cared little what became of the others, save that two of them were determined that the prison walls should encircle a little man on trial, and he harbored an earnest wish that the only one not arrested might also fall into the wearisome entanglements of the law. Evidently it was a firm body divided against itself in adversity, however closely the bonds of friendship might have bound it together in days of yore.

W. S. Warner, too, is in the grip of the law at last, and Uncle Sam's United States court has caught this sharp breaker in its drag net. Just what it can do with him, and whether he can be reached at all or not, it will probably take some time to decide, since he is supposed to have plenty of money to fight with, and will make it interesting for Uncle Sam to convict him.



It is stated by those who know that Mrs. Ward had over \$100,000 worth of jewelry, and one diamond ring worth \$10,000 alone. Also that she owned the handsomest turquoise ever brought to this city, and diamonds and pearls of all shades and hues known in these stones, all presented to her by her husband during his supposed fortunate career, and that they have been parted with for his benefit now, in his hour of dire need, for none suppose that he will be able to escape the meshes of the law, even if he should not be convicted on the present indictment against him, and that this is but the opening shot in a general fusillade, which may not take place if he is convicted on this charge. There are indictments of all descriptions known to financiers ready to dash for him as soon as the opportunity occurs, and the outlook is enough to bring into his countenance the nervous lines and haggard look which tell of mental suffering and anxious hours.



If Uncle Sam can find any way to make Warner talk, and talk to the point, it will be an achievement that none of the correspondents, reporters, or newspaper men generally, have been able to do, as he was the most hopeless man to interview that the newspaper fraternity of New York probably ever tackled, and finally gave him over to hardness of heart and enjoyment of his gains in peace. If he should come up for trial before a civil court there are a few reporters that would like to be on the jury in his special case, and there are a few of them that would doubtless like to make it warm for him, in one way or another, for reporters and newspaper men are among the few unlucky ones that are liable to serve on juries in this city. A great many people are excused by reason of their profession or business, or because they belong to the state militia, because they are druggists, doctors, etc., etc. It is a curious fact that in this city, where there are at least a quarter of a million grown men, but about fifteen thousand of them are liable to jury duty, and out of that fifteen thousand every sensible man endeavors to get out of it by hook or crook the moment he gets caught. I know of one of three men who will not allow the census taker to get their names for a directory, and still of others who will not vote, because the jury lists are made up of names taken from the directory and the poll lists. While this aversion to jury duty exists among a great majority of the fifteen thousand, there are some of them who are overjoyed if they can get on such a jury as that of the Ward case, where the defendant is well known, and the case is of almost national interest. It will prove a source of interest to be handed down from generation to generation, probably, by the present jury in the little financier's trial.

SPIRTO GENTIL.

Learned to Work.

One wise regulation among the Jews insists on every boy learning a trade. It's not necessary that every boy who learns a trade should follow it all his life, but it is best to know thoroughly some kind of work. It is only by this one can prove his fidelity and excellence.

Governor Palmer of Illinois was a common blacksmith once, and began his political career as a constable in Macoupin county. A circuit judge in the central part of Illinois was once a tailor. Thomas Hoyne, a rich and eminent lawyer of Illinois, was once a book-keeper. Erastus Corning of New York was too lame to do hard labor, and came need as a shop-boy in Albany. When he applied for employment first he was asked: "Why, my boy, what can you do?" "Can I do what I am bid," was the answer that secured him a place. Senator Wilson of Massachusetts was a shoemaker. T. U. Weed was a canal-boat driver. Ex-Governor Stone of Iowa was a cabin net maker, who trade the late Stephen A. Douglas also worked at his youth. Large numbers of men of prominence now living have risen from humble life by dint of industry, whether that talent is a useless as a gold coin on a barren island. Work alone makes men bright, and it does not alone depend on the kind of work you have to do whether you rise or not. It

Every man is fond of striking the nail on the head; but when it happens to be his finger, his enthusiasm becomes wild and incoherent.

## A THEORETICAL FISHERMAN.

Some Fish Stories That Bear the Stamp of Truth.

When the average American mind lightly turns to thoughts of ichthyology, writes a correspondent to *The New York Commercial Advertiser*, it seems to expand with the size of the word. It was a fortunate thing for the memory of the immortal Washington that he never went fishing nor told a fish story. Ex-Vice President Wheeler did, and we all know what happened. President Cleveland followed his example, and it is impossible to tell what may come of his action in the dim, vast, and, so to speak, chaotic future. Fishermen appear to take to mendacity as readily as a duck, according to popular tradition, takes to water. As the ancient eel, who had been skinned ten times, remarked, "it is time that this sort of thing should be stopped."

It has become wearisome to listen to the stories of great "catches" from men who have caught their fish from market-stands or from the convenient dock. The truth has been told before, so cleverly are the laws framed to give every citizen a fair chance, or, the lawyers. It was in many respects a parallel case, but Ward is the most dramatic, and one of the most dramatic features of it was the defiant answer given by Fish, when asked his age, name, residence, and occupation, by the prosecution: "My name is James D. Fish, sixty-six years old, and I am a resident of Auburn State prison, where I am sentenced to a term of ten years at hard labor. My occupation is a convict."

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One of the liveliest sports on Long Island sound is snapper-fishing. The snapper is a species of young blue-fish. You fish with rod and generally have four hooks on your line. You use line bait and you "skitter," that is, draw your bait rapidly across the surface of the water. If you are lucky, you are tolerably certain to pull in a snapper on each hook. If you are a theoretical fisherman, you pull in your line bait. Well, some time ago a near and dear friend invited me to visit him at his residence at Rye, Westchester county, and go snapper-fishing. The carriage met me at the depot and bore me to the hospitable home of one of the most eminent jurists New York has ever known. I knew the good cheer that awaited me and the hearty welcome I was to receive, and was happy. That night we talked fish, law, and literature. The next day we were to fish. The next day it rained. Perhaps that does not fully express it; for, as a plain and unadorned matter of fact it poured. Naturally, my host suggested a postponement of the fishing expedition, but as a theoretical fisherman, I scoffed at the idea. We sat in a miserable, wet boat for five hours with a steady rain pouring down on us, running in little rivets down our backs, and percolating into the interior of our boots. During that time Adolphus, my untheoretical friend, caught sixty-three snappers, and I caught a half ounce flounder and a cold. I have not been snapper fishing since.

My next notable fishing experience was also on Long Island sound, Larchmont, a short distance from the Larchmont Yacht club-house. My friend Jaybird wrote me that the blackfish were biting splendidly. I went to Larchmont. Sunny smiles and kindly words greeted me. The trees swayed and caressed each other in the lazy August air; there were the merry shouts of bathers; now and then the caw of an errant crow, and, within the household, the melody of a voice that sang the song of sentiment with the heart of a sentimental. The night sped rapidly, and the inevitable morning came. There were four of us in the boat, Jaybird, his blue-eyed wife, a case of claret, and myself. When you fish for blackfish you use a drop-line, with clams for bait. You fish near the bottom, and as the blackfish is a sluggish biter it is necessary that you should feel the slightest tautness of the line or your game will gorgé the bait. All this I knew theoretically, but I had not counted upon the beguile. This interesting creature is a sort of young porgie, and has a fondness for bait that does not belong to him. I believe I fed the beguiles about half a bushel of clams that day. Jaybird and his better-half caught the blackfish with pertinacious celerity.

After three hours I succeeded in catching two beguiles, and then recklessly abandoned myself to the blue eyes and the case of claret.

Shortly afterward some friends invited me to go weak-fishing in Prince's bay. We stopped at Huguenot and put up at what was then known as the Excelsior Fishing club-house. It was late Saturday afternoon when we arrived, but before long there was a steaming dinner of broiled spring chickens, corn, and fish—the standard meal of the hotel—to welcome the coming guest. By and by the great harvest moon came up, round and glowing, and off in the distance, towards

Perth Amboy, we could see the grim ruins of the factory where Garibaldi made candles before he fomented revolution. Being a fishing club, the conversation of those present naturally drifted on the subject of fish, and, as a veracious chronicler, I grieve to say the subject of poker was not entirely foreign to it. Men spoke of a straight hand or bass, a flush of flounders, and a sequence of weak-fish. Although a theoretical fisherman, the terms were unfamiliar to me, and holding my peace I tried to slumber and dreamt of a cold deck of sharks.

At sunrise we were on the fishing grounds. All things were propitious to good sport, and the untheoretical fishermen prepared themselves for it with gusto. The weak-fish is one of the gamest that swims in salt water. You fish with a tolerably stout rod, light line, click reel, just a little above the bottom, and with a shedder crab for bait. You must handle your game carefully, for he has a tender mouth and will tear it out by too zealous haste. He will fight almost as well as a two pound Adirondack trout, and you can battle with him for five minutes before laying him, shining bright, silver, gold and pink, on the bottom of your boat.

It did me good to see the untheoretical fisherman enjoy the sport and their good luck. For more than an hour I had not even had the glimmer of a strike, when suddenly—whiz! my line ran out about twenty yards, and it seemed as though there might be a whale on its end. The other lines were pulled in, and the party watched my struggle. How the gamy fish fought! I reeled him in; he darted away in a mad swirl and rush. I hauled him in again, and then he made a wild dive for the bottom, only to start off again in a reckless tangent. This sort of thing continued fully five minutes—it seemed an hour—when he gave signs of weakening, and carefully reeling up. I brought him to the side of the boat, dead and vanquished. The miserable thing was a dogfish, measuring about seven-inches in length.

Every fisherman who at all claims the name is ambitious for the experience of deep-sea fishing. There is a *souper* of danger about it that is alluring, and the sport is in itself sufficiently exciting to repay all who indulge in it. Many a summer morning I had stood on the bluff at Long Branch and seen the boats of the men who supply fish to the hotels dancing on the crests of the waves while the fishermen played an accompaniment of pulling in fish, and longed to be with them. My time came.

One fine summer afternoon I found myself snugly rested in the stern sheets of a yacht and scudding across Barnegat bay from Tom's river, the quaint little New Jersey town where Tom Placide, the comedian died of cancer caused by smoking, and which the Wainwright murder has since made so notorious. It was a humdrum enough place then, and I was not sorry to leave it and sail away to the strip of sand about eight miles from Barnegat light, whither I was conveying myself and sporting impediments. It was a great resort for sportsmen, and the house which sheltered them was a low, rambling concern, built partly from wreckage taken out of the sea. Shooting, fishing and loafing comprised the daily routine, and we all slept well because we ate well and lived in the open air, like sensible, Christian men. On one side were the calm and quiet waters of Barnegat bay, on the other the broad expanse of the Atlantic ocean, with a white sail or the black smokestack of a steamship dotting the horizon. It was natural that before many days the subject of deep sea fishing should be broached, and equally natural that I should be inveigled into such a trip. The accompanying fishermen this time were neither amateurs nor theorists. They were sturdy toilers of the sea, where fishing meant meat and drink, and who fished for business, not sport. The first sensation in deep sea fishing is getting your boat over the surf, and this my two sturdy companions accomplished with a dexterity that surprised me. Then a small sail was rigged, a light breeze sprang up, and we sped away to the fishing ground. The sport was royal—for the practical fisherman. When we turned the bow of our boat toward home there was a load of codfish and one spider crab. It may, perhaps, be superfluous to add that the practical fisherman had caught the cod and that the spider-crab was my catch.

They rallied me at the hotel over my bad luck, but consoled me with the information that there was a gorgeous—that was the word they used—bass-fishing by moonlight in Barnegat bay. That night found me in the stern of one of the yachts, moored at the dock at the end of the hotel lawn, with a rod in each hand, bound, so to speak, to catch fish double-handed. The bait used was clams, for they told me that the bass took kindly to clams by moonlight. They did not take kindly to the clams I offered them; but the mosquitoes took more kindly to me. Had I as many hands as Briarier had heads, there would not have been too many to manage the rods and mosquitoes. Now and then one of the guests would stroll down from the hotel and ask what luck I was having. This thing

kept on for one hour and a half by the watch, and there was not so much as a nibble at my two hooks. By and by the landlord came down and said something to me. I played the end of one of the rods over the side of the yacht. I had been fishing for bass in just two inches of water. When they got up to the hotel and had picked the mosquitoes out of my hair they were good enough to tell me that Mr. R. B. Roosevelt had done the same sort of fishing the previous year, only he had been induced to use gun-wads for bait—something I had firmly refused to do. I have just been invited to go fishing for trout in the lake at Central park. It is evident that my opportunity has come at last, and I have prepared a book full of brown huckles for the occasion.

## The Troubles in Burmah.

For many months the relations between the court of Mandalay and the Indian government have been troubled, says *The London Telegraph*. Not only has the rule of King Theebaw been sanguinary and oppressive, even for a golden-footed potentate, and a constant source of disquietude, but his capricious conduct has seriously interfered with the upper and lower waters of Irrawaddy. Recently a fresh and acute cause of annoyance has been furnished by the action of the French consul, a foreseen consequence of the extension of French influence in Indo-China. The French, indeed, aim at establishing political control over the entire region from the sea to the Burmese frontier, including the reduction of Siam to a dependent state. One object of King Theebaw has been to secure the transport of arms and ammunition through Tonquin, but so far, he has not been able to obtain more than vague promises. The actual crisis in Burmah appears to have risen out of the intrigues of the French consul. He is reported to have obtained concessions for the making of railways, offering large interest, and proposing to take as security the customs. A bank also has been suggested which is to manage the tea trade and work the ruby mines. Finally, he is reported to have offered a large sum provided the king would cancel the leases of the Bombay and Burmah trading corporation and transfer them to a French company. The latter statement seems to explain the recent decree against the corporation, imposing on them a fine of £20,000. Now they have an immense body of servants and hundreds of elephants employed in the forest cutting and carrying timber. They have refused to pay the fine and have appealed to the Indian government. It seems that the viceroy suggested a settlement of the dispute by means of arbitration, although under the treaty he might have called for the trial of the case before a mixed court. King Theebaw, trusting, no doubt, to his French supporters, has refused arbitration, and has declared in insulting arrogant terms that he will not accept Lord Dufferin's proposal, and will not reopen the question at all, but at once enforce his arbitrary decree. The consequence, of course, to the Bombay-Burmah corporation will be very serious, and, coupling the king's tyrannical conduct with French proceedings, it will be seen that the Indian government can not tolerate either. During the whole of his cruel reign the subjects of Theebaw have been continually migrating into British Burmah, where they find protection and employment. To such an extent has this movement gone on that while the population under our control has largely increased, that remaining in Upper Burmah has suffered a corresponding diminution. Had the Burmese ruler behaved with ordinary decency, and had not French interference inflamed his arrogant spirit, there could have been no question of hostile measures. Now, however, that British interests are politically threatened by the invaders of Tonquin, British subjects capriciously fined by the king, and the Indian government openly and rudely insulted, it is clear that adequate reparation must be exacted, and an end put to the turbulence and tyranny displayed at Mandalay. Lord Dufferin is a prudent ruler, and he may be trusted to do enough, and not more than enough, to safely guard our interests and relieve Siam as well as Burmah from the pressure of an intrusive