

THE DEAD AND LIVING

Washington's Grief for Garfield and Regard for Arthur.

The Feeling of the Colored People Over the Tragedy—The Stricken Family

How the New President is Gaining Friends

Washington Correspondence Philadelphia Press.

The degree to which our colored population have made the prevailing grief pre-eminently their own is characteristically dramatic and sometimes half ludicrous. They make up forty per cent of our numerical whole. They come in like a Greek chorus to supplement every stately or startling scene with their quaint, original views and exaggerated emotions. We divide very evenly with them on the great occasions that attract the gilded crowd, we taking the inside and giving them the outside. We eat the pulp of the orange and cast to them the rind. But they take their meagre, shabby portion with an esprit de corps that puts the murdering soul to shame. When the Fourth of July came, which you know the capital spent in unwonted, supernatural quiet, one poor colored mother, too ignorant and remote to have heard that noisy demonstrations had been forbidden on the streets by the city authorities, was nevertheless, a law unto her family in the matter. Her little ragged urchin had a bunch of fire-crackers given him that he was just going out in great pomp and glee to fire off with his comrades-urchins on the pavement. "John Wesley," she ejaculated, laying a vigorous hand on his shoulder, "do you think I'm gwine to hab you squeakin' around de street wid yer firm' when de President's chile is in de wagon? 'Tis nothin' in de White House, 'T would n't be nothin'. Here, you (opening the back door), go way wid you into de back yard, and don't let me hear a whimper from ye." And John Wesley went.

My maid, a shrewd and capable old Washingtonian servant and a devout member of the Asbury Colored Church (M. E.), where they call the Holy Ghost, peeped every week-night and jump a foot high from the floor, has taken the national burden very much to heart. It was her rare good fortune to be introduced to General Garfield once when serving at a wedding which he attended here when he came on after his nomination at Chicago, and the fact has made her an oracle in high-toned circles. It has taken a great many "Oh, my blessed Lord's," to get her through the three sorrowful months. When Coups's Circus marched into the city yesterday she said, indignantly, "What's dat tomfoolery comin' into dis town for, when we's jess had a funeral in ebery house?" "He'd better a-died when he was a baby," she muttered to herself, this morning in my chamber, breaking a long silence.

"Who's Martha," I asked. "De man dat ad de President," she answered, adding energetically, "Day'd better get him oved to we cullud winnin'. We'd take care of dat brudder. We wouldn't leave enough of him to hang."

AN AFFECTING INCIDENT.

If the phenomenal outflow of human sympathy, whose tide has not yet fairly ebbed, shall tend to make us who are left to swell it kinder and better toward other hearts that bleed, we and good. But if we substitute our share in it for those nearer but equally sacred duties; if we near to the afflicted poor around us. "It is Corban, a gift, by whatsoever thou mightest be profited by me," then we are a wretched set of frauds in God's sight. I call to mind a noble nature of whom it is far otherwise. On a dark day in our President's fate the first day on which we heard discouraging news from Elberon, General Walker, Superintendent of the Census, was passing homeward heavily-hearted from his office duties, for he loved General Garfield tenderly. By chance he saw within an open doorway a tiny coffin, the coffin of a 3-year-old colorado child, whom he sometimes had stopped to speak a kind word to as she played upon the street. The little maid soon knew his cordial voice, and but a few days before her death she had rushed from her basement home to show him her new doll, her modest contribution to the census. He passed in silence where the coffin lay and stood beside her little waxen body. I met him there, for the child was a pet of mine, my lowly little neighbor. I held her in some such regard as one might hold a neighborly kitten, little thinking how soon death would endow her image with his own majesty. The General spoke softly and reverently of the little spirit, then told me in few words of a daughter of the same age whom he had buried, and as he named her I noticed the quick tears spring to his eyes. "Soon he bowed and passed on as quickly as he entered. An hour later a servant brought to the house of mourning with a card addressed in his handwriting, a rich and costly floral wreath, an offering as eloquent as if made to the child or his nearest friend. They laid it on the plain little coffin, and it rested there with tender grace—as a royal gift in its way as was the Queen's wreath I later saw on the stately coffin of our President. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of these, ye have done it unto me," and in the Kingdom that day I think Christ were upon His sacred vestments the perfume of those flowers of charity.

THE NEW CHIEF MAGISTRATE.

Old Washington congratulates itself on a new President who will attend the church of our earlier chief magistrates—St. John's (Episcopal), quaint and historic, that fronts the executive mansion, with Lafayette park lying between. President Arthur is at service there the morning of General Garfield's funeral, and is soon to select a new permanent occupancy. There is a great deal to admire and be loyal to in the courteous, dignified new president. Before long I think the people will be ashamed to have welcomed him into office with the grudging welcome that children give to a stepmother. Senators who became attached to him as a prosiding

officer last spring, and who have called upon him recently at the residence of Senator Jones, say that few gentlemen of such elegance of demeanor have ever filled the presidential chair. When King Kalakaua, his prime minister, and his high chamberlain paid respects to him Wednesday, Senator Ingalls had just called, and by request of President Arthur he remained to assist in entertaining his bronzed majesty and suite. He says nothing could be finer than the president's manner toward them. Senator Jones' residence near the capitol, now the private headquarters of the administration, is owned by General Benjamin F. Butler, who built it five or six years ago. It is situated on the brow of Capitol Hill, a solid, attractive mansion of slate-colored stone, with a wide baronial hall in the centre. The interior finishing and the furnishing are very handsome, and whoever goes there gains an impression of the atmosphere of stately courtesy that surrounds the respect of the house. Senator Jones personally has the confidence and respect of all factions and of both parties. President Arthur could not have chosen more favorable auspices under which to come at this sad time into his new honors. This will be a consistent and self-respecting administration and one that will know how to command the respect of the people, a fact for Americans to congratulate themselves upon. You cannot conjure in a dead man's name, and it was childish to attempt it. As to the retiring cabinet, sometimes called "the ideal cabinet," it was really an experimental cabinet, and would undoubtedly have been reconstructed in part by President Garfield before January had he lived. I am one of the many who will be personally sorry if Secretary Blaine retires, and who also regret unforgotten that Attorney General and Mrs. MacVeagh are no longer to be a part of official Washington. Mrs. MacVeagh has shed lustre on the worn path of this ephemeral whirl that is called "high life in Washington." Sincere and gracious and kindly, there is a "noblesse oblige" about her manner that is quite the antipodes of the vulgar superiority that we often have to tolerate in the wives of new cabinet officers, whose whose early culture has been defective.

THE LADIES OF THE ADMINISTRATION.

While the politicians are on the anxious seat to know who are to be the incoming cabinet, a lady correspondent in an equal solicitude as to who will be the incoming ladies of the administration, they whose receptions and other social observances must form the staple of many descriptive letters to our papers. Much regret is expressed, especially in naval circles, that Mrs. Arthur, the gifted and beloved wife of the president, could not have lived to preside over the executive mansion. She was a daughter of Lieutenant William L. Herndon, United States Navy, who served in the Mexican war, and afterward acquired new laurels by his exploration of the Amazon. Captain Davis, United States Navy, who was a midshipman under him on a cruise in the frigate Constitution, described him to me as a man rather small of stature, with large, intellectual head and spectacles; eyes, a strict disciplinarian, but kindly heart and firm Christian; much beloved by his brother officers, and both loved and venerated by the sailors before the mast. In his day the rank of lieutenant was relatively higher, for the grades of lieutenant commander, commodore, rear admiral, vice admiral and admiral have since been added to the service. A captain could in those days command a squadron. But the pay of these gallant men was meagre. Lieutenant Herndon, with his splendid record, had but \$1,500 a year on which to support a growing family, and being invited by George Law to take command of one of his steamers to run between Chicago and New York, at a salary twice as great, he asked a gentleman, who is my informant, now a pay-director in the navy and at that time power under the Pierce administration, to request leave of Secretary Dobbin for him to make the transfer. The leave being granted, he was given command of the George Law, which had been refitted and her name changed to the Central America, but she was old and inadequate to the strain of that long and dangerous route. On a home passage to New York, in 1854 or '55, in a fearful gale off Cape Hatteras (if my informant remembers the locality correctly), she went to pieces, and her gallant commander, intent on saving the lives aboard, so far as possible, in preference to his own, took off his watch from his person as the last crowded boat-load was moving off, and saying to trusty subordinate, "Give this to my wife," he calmly went down with his ship. A monument to his heroism is erected on the grounds of the naval academy at Annapolis. Mrs. Arthur died early in 1879. Her son, now 17 years of age, inherits the stature of his father and the winsome blonde beauty of his mother. A daughter of 12 is the remaining member of the president's household. EMMA JONES.

Life in a Mining Camp.

A tuft of hair, red, flared up from a head otherwise bald and shiny as polished marble. A red shirt, pantaloons of "California broadcloth," heavy boots, a broad-brimmed hat, held in the hand for the present moment—this was yesterday, you remember—made up the outward presence of him who was the only judge of the town of —. However, in these times we are all near neighbors, and it will not become any one to name names, even of unfeeling collections of stone, brick or wood.

"Well, judge, you're looking sorter peevy to-day."

"Thomas, me boy, let me see you one minute."

The two stopped a little to one side of the street currents that flowed, with more or less friction, in this mining camp.

"It's my intention to kepe the pace always," said the judge, with a richness of brogue that eleven years from Cork had robbed of the true flavor.

"No," the company pays off on the morrow" of the Fourth—understand! The boys will be hell-arious. What do you think of me appointing noine or tin deputies for the day?"

"I allow, judge, it would be jist the trick."

"This I name you for one 'tunat."

The talk continued some minutes,

and it appeared that there was indeed reason to fear the town would be the scene of blood-letting on the Fourth. Arkansas Jack, The Kid, Seven-shooter Jim and others, all drinking men, would be in the range; and Baker Andy, with his arm in a sling, had declared his intention of getting even with certain ones on that day. Indeed, his grudge against certain ones was well-founded. Falling under a table in a drunken stupor, it was at once found that these present, only less drunk than he, that Baker Andy's right arm was broken. At this they pulled and twisted for several moments, then bound it in barrel staves with a half inch rope; and thus Andy found himself when the sun, hours high, had blistered his face, and his boarders, one after another, had come in for a breakfast and dinner, that they were to be prepared. For a week the arm was held as in a vice. Then a doctor happened along who, after examination, pronounced the unexpected decision that the arm was not broken or even hurt, except by the gravel treatment. In the mean time Andy's means of getting a living had vanished like snow before a warm rain. He was very indignant.

"They'll get a oyster under thee, I bean thinking," he said.

On the third day of July the "boys" came in from the range. As they rode down the street burros, mules and other pack animals ahead loaded down with camp plunder, and each with a very smutty frying pan atop the load—the friends of the party followed to where a stop was sure to be made. Greetings were exchanged in a hearty manner.

"What luck, Jack?"

"O, I've some tasty-looking ore in my pack. She shows metal, you bet."

"That's what she do," said Jack's partner.

"See anything of Dave?"

"What—Dave Melcher? He's in Quartztown. Dave's got a fine thing at last."

"The h—! he has! Dave promised me one-half of the next claim he made."

"Got any papers?"

"No."

"You'll be struck by lightning before you get anything out of that prospect, Ireckon."

There was but little unpacking before by common consent, one and all stepped into a saloon. The tired animals strayed about, picking at grass, while within their owners discussed the probable attractions of the Fourth—the first the camp had ever known—and the liquor.

"Any money in the camp?" asked one.

"The company pays off to-morrow."

"That'll do for me."

Ah! what a joy they felt at the prospect before them. Not a man had any fear, though battles have been fought with less bloodshed than might be seen in this little camp, crushed into a crevice of one of nature's deepest wrinkles. How they slapped each other's backs for good feeling; how warm-hearted each felt; there wasn't a dog "tin canned" in all that day.

"Lucy," said the postmaster, "I think you'd better go down to the river to-morrow and stay over night."

"Why, she is."

"Well, she can't do nothin' but means."

"O, Robert, do you think any will be killed, as there were at Christmas time?" Mrs. Postmaster spoke in real alarm.

"Of course I don't know, Lucy. Judge Ryan has appointed several deputies and—"

"O, Judge Ryan! I believe he'd get drunk himself if he dared."

The postmaster wisely refrained from argument, and their talk took other subjects.

All day on the third the judge was most active. He was everywhere. Not a deputy had a chance to feel faint-hearted. Before one realized it the tuft of red hair halbered before him, and the judge braced him from every side. An atmosphere of moral courage surrounded him wherever his small but vigorous figure was seen. White-gloved peace seemed for once to be preparing the holiday in the camp. And yet many felt it to be but the lull before a dangerous storm. On a home passage to New York, in 1854 or '55, in a fearful gale off Cape Hatteras (if my informant remembers the locality correctly), she went to pieces, and her gallant commander, intent on saving the lives aboard, so far as possible, in preference to his own, took off his watch from his person as the last crowded boat-load was moving off, and saying to trusty subordinate, "Give this to my wife," he calmly went down with his ship. A monument to his heroism is erected on the grounds of the naval academy at Annapolis. Mrs. Arthur died early in 1879. Her son, now 17 years of age, inherits the stature of his father and the winsome blonde beauty of his mother. A daughter of 12 is the remaining member of the president's household. EMMA JONES.

It is noon in the town of this sketch. Up the steep hill come oxen drawing the heavy ore wagons. They barely move, and their drivers' whips sound the sharp alarm with every foot that is conquered. A dog with assorted sizes of tin cans at his heels whirls through the one street of the camp. There is a mild clamor of bells calling dinner. All this makes an aggregate of sounds loud enough to awaken a man who soon steps to the door of a Mexican hokul where liquor is sold—a guardiente. A conspicuous tuft of red hair, much awry, bristles from his forehead. He looks up and down, blinks and rubs his eyes; inquires the date in curt Mexican with an Irish flavor. Being told, his hands go up to his head with a smart slap.

"And I went in here for a Mexican deputy on the evening of the third!"

How sad, how true! Judge Ryan had been the only man to "celebrate" that Fourth in the camp; had, indeed, in his own words, been hell-arious!

Years of Suffering.

Mrs. Barnhart, corner Pratt and Broadway, Buffalo, was for twelve years a sufferer from rheumatism, and after trying every known remedy without avail, was entirely cured by Thomas' Electric Oil.

TRUE TO HER TRUST.

Too much cannot be said of the ever faithful wife and mother, constantly watching and caring for her dear ones, never neglecting a single duty in their behalf. When they are assailed by disease, and the system should have a thorough cleansing, the stomach and bowels regulated, blood purified, malarial poisons exterminated, she must know that Electric Bitters are the only safe remedy. They are the best and purest medicine in the world, and only cost fifty cents. Sold by Ish & McMahon.

Burdock Blood Bitters advertisement with text and logo.

JACOBS OIL advertisement with image of a man on a horse.

THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR RHEUMATISM advertisement with text and logo.

HOSTETTER'S BITTERS advertisement with image of a woman.

AND STILL THE LION advertisement with image of a lion.

DAVID SMITH MOORE advertisement with image of a man.

WHIPPLE, McMILLEN & CO., JEWELERS advertisement with text and logo.

FOSTER, MILBURN, & Co., Props. BUFFALO, N. Y. advertisement with text and logo.

NOTICE. BASWITZ & WELLS advertisement with text and logo.

Before removing to their new OPERA HOUSE STORE advertisement with text and logo.

DAVID SMITH MOORE advertisement with text and logo.

FOSTER & GRAY, WHOLESALE LUMBER, COAL & LIME advertisement with text and logo.

J. S. CAULFIELD, WHOLESALE BOOK SELLER AND STATIONER advertisement with text and logo.

MARBLE HEAD LIME CO.'S Double Strength White Lime advertisement with text and logo.

ST. PAUL LUMBER YARD C. N. DIETZ advertisement with text and logo.

F. C. MORGAN, WHOLESALE GROCER advertisement with text and logo.

STAR STOVE POLISH AND BEAU BRUMMEL BOOT BLACKING advertisement with text and logo.

MILLINERY & NOTIONS advertisement with text and logo.

WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS. ISH & McMAHON advertisement with text and logo.

FEARON & COLE, Commission Merchants advertisement with text and logo.

Max Meyer & Co. OMAHA advertisement with text and logo.

CHARLES McDONALD advertisement with text and logo.

SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS ON THE DOLLAR advertisement with text and logo.