

# The Old Commonwealth.

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## GREAT MEN'S WIVES.

MARTIN LUTHER—SOCRATES—JOSEPH HOOKER—JOHN WESLEY—SAMUEL JOHNSON, AND OTHERS.

In a lecture delivered not long since at Philadelphia, by the Rev. George Dawson, the great English orator, he selected as his theme "Great Men and their Wives," and spoke as follows:

**Ladies and Gentlemen:** If you were curious enough to inquire into the opinions of the great men of the world touching women, you would find running down the course of history one consistent course of abuse of them. One great man said that fops, in the next world, would be degraded into women, and another said it was better that one man should be born than a thousand women. And they have been just as wicked on the subject of marriage as they have concerning one of the parties to it. And all this would be very sad for women if it were said by the angels; but, considering that it is only said by men, I don't think it much matters, and especially if you remember that on the other side of the page there is a stream of praise of women such as I hope is more true. One of the best love passages occurs very early. It is in the Book of Genesis, where it is said that one of the patriarchs served seven years for Rachel, but for the love he bore to her the seven years seemed but as one day. No love poet has ever said anything fairer than that.

It may have occurred to you that you would find out what women ought to be by looking at the wives of great men, inasmuch as they would be sure to make admirable choices, and a collection of their wives would consequently be a collection of angels. I am sorry to tell you that great men have behaved just as small men in this matter. Many of their marriages have been very noble, and many others very miserable. Whatever inspiration they have had in other matters, they have been left to their own devices in this matter; and, as we are going to look into the subject a little, let us first ask if there is any principle which has operated to make those marriages what they have been; for a collection of marriages without principle are like a collection of beads without a string. The principle seems to me to consist in the understanding of the word friendship in its grand old sense—in the sense of the man we read of as saying that "it passed the love of women." Friendship, rightly understood, is the grandest prerogative, the noblest privilege, and the most blessed gift of mankind. You may say to me that I ought to love my relatives. But I don't.

A woman who comes to me and says, "Do you love me?" I say, "I don't." "Well, I am your aunt," she says. "I can't help it," I reply. I had nothing to do with electing my aunt, or my grandfather, and as to my cousins, "distance lends enchantment to the view" oftentimes. You cannot love people because of their relationship. The true friendship of two people is that friendship which draws them together without any compulsion. There is no social tyranny to make people friends in the old sense. Take what is in old countries we call loyalty; it is very often mean and miserable, but occasionally noble enough. When a prince has a wry neck, and the courtiers carry their heads aside, because the prince has a crooked neck, that is simply absurd. When the queen ties her veil under her chin on a windy day, and other ladies tie their miserable veils under their ridiculous chins on other days that are not windy, then it is simply laughable. But when princes are wise and valiant, and lead their people nobly, then loyalty and love of them becomes something noble.

There is a passage in DeQuincy in which he says that he wonders how any honorable Roman could keep from wishing to kick Jupiter. You remember that Jupiter was an omnipotent god, but an omnipotent rascal. Why did they worship these gods? Not because they love them; because they were great, big, strong gods, who could hurt them. In such a religion there was no nobility and no friendship. But with religion in which men speak of God as their father and friend and leader, and when they call him the Good Shepherd, the Redeemer and the Saviour, then there springs up between the worshippers and the God they worship this sublime friendship, this mutual regard, this drawing together; religion becomes nobleness, and worshipping a sublimity. Now this friendship is necessary in marriage. But some of you will say every man is a friend to his wife. Do you really think so, soberly? I read in the newspapers some very striking methods which some men employ to show their friendship for their wives. Women are always throwing themselves away upon men, and men upon women, with whom they would never have spent an hour if they could not have married them.

I admit that it is a mystery why any man marries any woman, and it is always a mystery to the neighbors what that man could see in that fright, or that woman in that fool to marry. But what I want to show you is that where great men have been happy with their wives, they have married women with whom they could have had a noble friendship if they had not married them. It is too late to warn some of you, I know, but I may be in time to save some of you. Whether clerical men ought to marry or not I do not know; but we will take four clerical weddings, two good and two bad. One shall be the wedding of Martin Luther, that shook the world more than any other of modern times, that of Martin Luther, the monk, to Catherine DeBorah, the nun. Then the world shook

the Catholics were horrified, and the Pope laughed, and thought Luther had certainly finished himself this time, while the Protestants shook their heads and said: "Oh, doctor, you shouldn't have gone so far."

You know, in the old country, when anything unfortunate happens to the good people, it is called "an affliction which is to be overruled for their spiritual good;" but when it happens to the heretodox it is a "judgment." I beg you to keep up the distinction, because it is so full of Christian charity. Luther's marriage was followed by a judgment, but the judgment was like a damp rocket—it would not go off; for, instead of a judgment, it was followed by one of the most gracious pictures of domestic life which ever the world has witnessed. I do not say that Mrs. Luther had a great understanding, but she had understanding enough to understand that her husband's understanding was greater than hers, and that is a great thing for any woman to understand. That man's heart was as big as his head, and his head was as big as his heart. The things that interested him interested his wife.

He had left the old church and so had she. His studies she tried to understand as far as the little children would let her, and so their life was one of almost unbroken happiness. Now there was Joseph Hooker, to turn to the Anglican Church. He was the most judicious of Hookers in regard to marriage. We will look inside his parsonage. Three scholars went to his house one day to talk with him, and I wish I had been there to listen; and while they were deep in discussion the door opened, and a shrill voice called, "Richard, come and rock the cradle." Again he returned, resumed the conversation, and again that voice of wire came, and the talk was interrupted. Noticing the look of pity on his friends' faces, he turned to Crammer and said: "My dear George, the saints in this world have to endure more than the usual amount of suffering, so that we who are not saints must not repine at what the divine Providence has given us to bear." That was a very pretty speech, only when you have been more than usually making a fool of yourself you had better not say D. V. that day. It is true, no doubt, but you had better leave it out. You remember, perhaps, about Socrates' wife, a terrible woman.

Socrates went out to a dinner party one day, and a young man, with customary forwardness, asked him why he married Xantippe. Says he: "I'll tell you. If you want to learn horse-breaking you will not take a tender mouthed horse, but one with a hard mouth. I want to manage men; and I thought if I could manage Xantippe I could certainly manage men. Now take Richard Baxter. All of you here being good, religious people, have read the Saints' Everlasting Rest, or have it on your shelves, which is the next best thing. He labored at Kidderminster, and in the course of his preaching a young woman heard him say some women have a great tendency to fall in love with their pastors. So it was in this young woman, and Baxter was very much astonished when he found it out. Like a wise man he did not refuse the good which the gods provided for him, and so it was settled by-and-by that they should marry. But before they married they drew up a protocol, in which they agreed that she would not require from him one hour that ought to be given to his ministerial duties, and he required of her that she would not bother him with her money or her money matters, or her law matters, growing out of her money matters.

And then for seventeen years, as he says, "she was the meekest help a man could have." That woman watched over him. Sometimes he was neglectful of courtesies and she kept him in order. She sweetened his temper when it was a little seared, and when the English church, which offered him a mitre, sent him to jail, he stood out on one of the sublimest, nonconformists of England, the men who have widened our liberty and helped you to yours, and that woman helped him in his prison; and then, alas, she died and left him in a loneliness worse than the first. They were friends. Now take the last of these four clerical marriages, that of the famous man, John Wesley. John Wesley had will enough to be a president or a king, and could govern men well; but whenever he had anything to do with women he broke down. They were mysteries he could not solve. All his affairs with women were fiascos. He came out here to Georgia to preach the Gospel, and became acquainted with Sophia Cumsont. She was a young girl who wore long curls, danced, and did not dislike the suppers that follow balls. Now it is a good deal for one man to undertake to do for a woman, to be her tutor, pastor, master and lover.

But Wesley did it. Finding her lover to be of an ascetic turn, Sophia clipped her curls and became a sweet little Puritan. By-and-by, when John Wesley thought it was time to marry, he did one of those foolish things that only very wise men can do. On board the ship that brought him over were some elders of that pious German sect, the Moravians. He referred the question whether he should marry Sophia to Moravian elders. Sophia didn't like it, and it wasn't likely that she should. So there grew up a coolness between them, and as coolness began the curls grew longer, and as it went on she began to dance, and last of all she took another man and married him. Wesley didn't like that, and when she presented herself for communion refused her. At last, having made America very hot, Wesley went back to England to cool. Sometimes

he would still think he had the gift for marriage, and sometimes that he had not; but at last, in an evil hour, he married a widow lady. After marriage everything went well for awhile, as it always does; the barometer always stands "set fair." But it began to fall, and by-and-by it got stormy.

Sometimes she opened his letters and found letters from women on their spiritual affairs; and you know what curious letters women will write about their spiritual affairs—letters in which they would quote from the Song of Solomon things which Mrs. Wesley could not spiritually discern. And by and by Wesley wrote her some letters—letters which were singularly injudicious, because to tell a woman all you think about it, you know is very injudicious. So it went on; but we will draw the curtain there, because it is said that the lady went from hard words to what often follows them.—Some years afterward she went off and never came back; and Wesley wrote in his diary words concerning that event which have not been equalled since for conciseness. "I did not leave the woman; I did not send her away; I shall not send for her to come back." That ended the married life of John Wesley. Perhaps the most melancholy marriage in this world was Milton's, and the most unintelligible. The most learned man in Europe, and the nearest approach to Apollo, in bodily attainments, the world has ever seen; at thirty-seven years he goes away, tells no one, and brings back with him a girl—his wife.

Before a month he set down to write his memorable treatise on Divorce. In a little time she cried for her mother, and he let her go home. Then take Dr. Samuel Johnson. At about twenty-seven he was in Burlington, seeking work, and was introduced to a lady named Porter. She was fair, fat and forty—in fact forty-seven. She pitied him in his poverty, and they married. Not long after Johnson had to go to London, and the poor woman had to go back to her own place, and she died before he was able to bring her to his home. But she had loved him in his poverty, and he never forgot her, and we read that he poured out his soul for her and prayed that her soul might have repose. If there were time we might look at Wordsworth's simple, noble, domestic life; but let it pass, for time passes. There was the marriage of John Flaxman, to whom Sir Joshua Reynolds said that he had ruined himself when he married. But he went to Rome, and his genius was inspired to success there, while his wife watched over him, and held him, as it were, always in her arms, so that at last when she was taken from him this gentle, noble man, did the best thing he could, and died too.

Two more cases, and I will conclude these are two personal pictures, and are so contrasted that if they were not taken out of the famous history of England you might think they were taken from the imagination. The first is out of the life of that great man, Sir Thomas Moore, of whom it is enough to say that he was the friend of Erasmus. The lady he married was a capital housekeeper and nothing more. When he had to decide between serving God or Henry the Eighth he stood firm as his conscience bade him, and he was thrown into the tower. She visited him there and tempted him, as Job's wife, to yield up his conscience and be free. When he spoke of conscience, she had never heard of it—didn't know anything of any pickle by that name. And so she left him, and that is all we hear of her, except that she went back to Chelsea. Moore was executed, and she never saw him again, though twice on the way to the scaffold a woman pressed through the armed guards and kissed him. That was Margaret Roper, who was a nurse, a child, a companion and a friend to him all her life. Now for the other picture. Lord William Russell was put upon his trial. His wife sat there to take notes of the proceedings. After his sentence she demanded herself to ask more of Charles the Second. She could not get it; even a monarch, cannot give what he has not got, and she asked for mercy.

She took the little children to take a last sad look at their father, and when they had kissed him she went away with them and came back again. Bishop Burnet gave us an account of what happened. She came back and stayed to have their last food together, and she kept her spirits so within herself that she gave him no disturbance at parting. After she had gone he broke out in praise of her. The next day he died like a gentleman. The day his head rolled in the dust that woman's heart broke. Yet, frail as she was, she lived for forty years to keep her promise, made to him at that parting, to live for the sake of the children. Contrast the two. Time flies, and the cases are endless. I leave you to judge whether the principle I lay down is right. Meditate upon this. One of the greatest mistakes is marrying people who, if you did not marry, you would not think of passing any time with, with whom you have nothing in common. And as for looking into a woman's eyes all the time, it cannot be done. There must come into this friendship, which will stay with you throughout life, bear eternal fruit and live forever.

A precocious boy in an up-town family was asked which was the greater evil of the two, hurting another's feelings or his finger. He said the former. "Right, my dear child," said the gratified questioner; "and why is it worse to hurt the feelings?" "Because you can't tie a rag around them," explained the dear child.

From the New York Herald of February, 1900.  
The Endless Trial.

The great trial of Theodore Tilton against Henry Ward Beecher, in an action for damages, yesterday entered upon its 6572d day, His Honor, Judge Neilson, was promptly on the bench at 10 o'clock, looking fresh after his vacation, his white hairs and venerable appearance making a fine impression upon the audience as a picture of majesty and justice in old age. There was some delay before the counsel made their appearance. Mr. Everts having been detained by an accident which happened to the Rapid Transit steam tramway line on the New York side of the Brooklyn Bridge. Mr. Beecher, who shows remarkable elasticity for his years, came into Court accompanied by his great-grandson, Theodore Tilton Beecher, who has recently been admitted to the Bar. The old gentleman had some difficulty in mounting the stairs, but, as he took his seat at the counsel's table, the fire in his eye and the clearness of his voice showed undiminished vigor. The venerable plaintiff was, as he has been for twenty-five years, punctually in attendance, and took his seat near his counsel's table, surrounded by his children and grandchildren. The oldest of whom, Francis D. Moulton, the eldest of whom, the celebrated comedian now performing a successful engagement at the Park Theatre as Charles Surface in "The School for Scandal." Mr. Tilton bears his years well. His white tresses were combed over his ears, and he wore a high clerical coat, with a closely-buttoned vest. His eye had all its old brightness, and, in spite of the lines which had gathered on his brow and around his lips and his full, bushy beard, he was the same Theodore Tilton, who, more than sixty years ago, was born for the battle and the storm. He was attended by his friend, the Rev. Francis D. Moulton, D. D., pastor of the Ebenezer Methodist Episcopal Church (colored) of Twenty-second avenue, Brooklyn. The Rev. Dr. Moulton, who experienced religion in the great revival of 1837, and entered the ministry, as will be remembered, attracted much attention by his philanthropic efforts to alleviate the condition of the colored race, which have brought him the benisons of the faithful and the felicitations of the religious. He was congratulated by the counsel for his brilliant speech at Cooper Institute in favor of the admission of Hayti as a State.

Shortly after the Judge took his seat the venerable defendant entered, his wife leaning on his arm. Mr. Beecher wears his ninety years well. He was assisted to his seat by Mr. Sherman and his grandson, and, after being helped off with his overcoat and gloves, laying aside his gold-headed cane and putting on his spectacles, he entered into a lively conversation, expressing his thanks for the compliments he received on his last Sunday's sermon upon "Uriah the Hittite." The Rev. H. C. Bowen of the Church of the Crucifixion shortly after entered the court and took his seat about half-way between the plaintiff and defendant. Mr. Everts assisted into the courtroom by his son-in-law, the venerable C. C. Beaman, and his grandsons, Thurlow Weed Everts and Andrew Johnson Everts, two well-known members of the Bar. The illustrious ex-President was treated with great respect by both the defendant and plaintiff, the Judge also paying him especial attention, saying, as he took his seat, that he was glad to see him able to join in the case today. Mr. Everts thanked his Honor for his kind remembrance, and remarked that since his retirement from the Presidency he had never enjoyed better health. Judge Porter came into the courtroom in an arm-chair, carried by four stalwart negroes, and was with difficulty assisted to a seat. General Ward Beecher Tracy, and showing the marks of a ruddy, vigorous old age, came in at this time, and was shortly followed by the patriarchal Judge Morris, whose flowing locks and fierce demeanor bore little trace of his recent serious illness. The jury tottered in slowly and took their seats.

Mr. Tilton took the stand and Mr. Everts resumed the cross-examination.

Mr. Everts—I will now ask you if you wrote this. (Handing a paper)

Mr. Tilton—No, sir; my hand wrote it. (Laughter.)

Mr. Everts—I ask that the last section of this answer be stricken out.

Mr. Beecher objected, and said his learned antagonist was losing the precious time of the Court, and that the witness was entitled to be precise in his answers.

Mr. Fullerton reminded the Court that people had written with their toes, and that it was necessary for a witness to explain what he meant when he said he wrote an article—whether with his hands or his toes.

Judge Neilson admitted the answer, and Mr. Everts took an exception.

Mr. Everts—Mr. Tilton, please listen while I read these lines, and see if you recognize them:

I had a mother-in-law  
The once was detestable,  
But she tore my flowing hair  
And searched my features fair  
With iron paw.

Mr. Tilton—They are from my poem "Lord Beelzebub's Musings," published in the old New York Times.

Mr. Everts said he had quite forgotten that such a paper had ever existed. Now, will you tell the jury if those lines had any reference to your domestic life in Brooklyn?

Mr. Tilton—My impression is they did; I am certain.

Mr. Everts—You mean you are sure

Mr. Tilton—No; I am certain.

Mr. Everts—Well, if you are certain you are sure, I hope you are sure you are certain.

Judge Neilson—I hope the learned counsel will proceed with the inquiry.

Mr. Tilton—I am willing to swear on my solemn oath that these lines referred to my mother-in-law.

Mr. Everts—And by "iron paw" do you mean the poker or the shovel?

Mr. Fullerton asked the pertinence of this distinction.

The Judge thought it was most important for the interests of society that the distinction should be made. A poker and a shovel were quite different; for a poker might be used as a weapon of affection, while no one could ever say that a shovel had been so used. The Judge said this was a question for the jury, but for the purposes of this case it was proper to ask the witness his exact meaning.

Mr. Tilton answered that he meant the poker. (Laughter.)

The Judge sternly rebuked the levity and said a poker was not to be laughed at. The witness thanked the Judge for this observation, and said he had often said as much when occasion served.

Mr. Everts—I will now read further:

I lived in a boarding hall,  
But when I frankly said  
That I had no red,  
She drove me from my bed  
And boarded all.

Is this in any way an actual transcript of your experiences during the time of your controversy with Mr. Beecher?

Mr. Tilton said that he had used some poetic license in describing this incident. His idea was to represent a proud man, who had a lofty name, but whose crown was torn down and trampled in the mire, and reduced to submit to the contumely of an ingenious boarding-house keeper.

When the witness spoke these words, the tears came into his eyes, and he glared at his antagonist, who sat writing in a little book, with the purple blood mantling into his brow and covering it with blotches. Mrs. Beecher, with a diaphanous smile stealing over her features and a sphinx like look, gazed sarcastically at the plaintiff. Judge Fullerton twirled his eye-glasses in an impressive manner, while Mr. Everts stood stiffly erect, his lips compressed, his thin, wrinkled cheeks and overhanging brow, marked with stern decision, growing paler and paler. A thin ray of light stole in the windows, and our reporter, upon looking up, found everybody in tears. He also burst into tears.

Mr. Everts having read another verse of the poem and asked Tilton to whom he referred in it as a tiger. Mr. Fullerton objected to this line of examination. We are anxious, he said, to come to a result. We are all advancing in years. Great changes have taken place since the suit began. One by one all the parties have undergone religious experiences. We saw our old friend Moulton locked up in an insane asylum under a hallucination that he was a negro minstrel, and coming out perfectly restored, and now as honored pastor of a colored church, etc.

General Tracy admitted the changes that had taken place in twenty-five years. They had seen Mr. Everts enter upon the Presidency; but so much fascinated was he with the case that, upon retiring from that lofty station, he resumed his place at his head. They had seen Judge Fullerton fulfil his duties of the collection of the port under Mr. Everts with great zeal, but unable to resist the impulse which drew him back to the case. They had seen Mr. Bowen and Mr. Tilton both enter the ministry. But, as His Honor so eloquently remarked about eleven or so years ago, there was a case that the more you went into it the less you knew and the more you wanted to know. It had become one of the institutions of the country. Already a second generation of lawyers had come into it; and we, your honor, judge, jury, counsel, parties contesting and all, we must feel our time must soon come. But, that God, the scandal will never die. It is so precious a possession to pass away, and I pray your honor not to allow the impatience of heedless counsel to interfere with its natural life.

The judge decided that Tilton must answer, when he said that the reference was to his counsel.

Mr. Everts reading:

Now I am all bereft,  
Like a cat with kittens eight,  
Which, by a cruel fate,  
Finds whom it loves too late,  
That none are left.

Now, Mr. Tilton, will you tell the jury whether this—an illustration—is a metaphor, or in any way a transcript of some event or incident or circumstance or happening or remembrance of your personal or domestic life?

Mr. Tilton said he could not remember. This verse he did not quite understand, but the value of true poetry is that you cannot always understand it.

Mr. Everts said he was willing to leave it to the jury. He then called the judge's attention to the hour for recess.

Mr. Fullerton asked for a day's adjournment to go to Albany to argue an appeal from the sentence of Tweed, who, on a new trial, had been sentenced to 300 years imprisonment; for a misdemeanor, on 300 counts of an indictment.

The Court said it would consider the matter. The jury all tottered out, and were helped down stairs by policemen. Then the counsel slowly moved along, assisted by their junior counsel and officers. Then the plaintiff, with tears in his eyes, kissed Mr. Beecher, who kissed Moulton, who kissed Wilkeson who kissed Carpenter, and the venerable procession paced its way, step by step, feebly out to launch.

In response to a question, Mr. Everts said he thought the case, if as well managed as it had been would last for about a hundred years.

A criminal court—Sparking another man's wife.

The Life Insurance Agent.

My life insurance agent, Benjamin P. Gunn, to whom I have alluded at length in my book, is still around, and he is still canvassing actively for his company. A day or two ago, he dropped in to persuade Mr. Pittman to take out a policy, and the following conversation ensued:

Gunn—I called to—  
Pittman—O, get out! I don't want to be bored about life insurance.

Gunn—I just dropped in to see if—  
Pittman—I know you did, and I don't want any. You can't insure me.

Gunn—If you will permit me merely to ex—  
Pittman—But I won't permit you—  
Skip! This is the sixteenth time you've tackled me, and I'm sick of it. I ain't a going to insure my life. That's settled.

Gunn—You misunderstand me, Judge. I called to ascertain if you are a member of the Peace Society.

Pittman—I am.

Gunn—I thought so. And of course you are willing to help along any scheme which will put an end to war and murder.

Pittman—Certainly.

Gunn—Well, then, just listen to me. I am acting in behalf of your society. I have on hand a magnificent plan for producing permanent peace on earth and making armies useless. Why did you kill Abel?

Pittman—Dunno.

Gunn—Because he had no particular interest in keeping him alive. That's the reason. Why did David bang Goliath? Why did the Romans butcher the Carthaginians; why did the Mo-doos kill General Canby; why did old what's-his-name burn Ridley and Latimer at the stake?

Pittman—Hanged if I know.

Gunn—Why, because it wasn't money in the pockets of any of those fellows to have the other chaps walking around enjoying life. Do you suppose Brutus would stab Caesar if Caesar's death would keep him hard up for market money? Not much he wouldn't. Do you believe Wise would a hung old John Brown if John's death would force Wise to borrow money to buy boots?

Pittman—May-be he wouldn't.

Gunn—Well, then, look a here. Suppose you was a policy-holder in a Mutual Life Insurance Company; wouldn't it reduce your dividends if you were to kill another member, and wouldn't you do your terrific best to keep that member alive?

Pittman—Strikes me I would.

Gunn—Of course. Now what I am aiming at is to gather the entire civil earth—the whole human family—into our company, so that all hands will be perfectly wild to keep everybody else alive. When this is done you can beat your swords into spears and your plowshares into pruning hooks, for there'll be no more war. Don't you see? I'm not working for a paltry commission or two. It is a labor of love. I'm trying to elevate the race and promote Christian civilization.

Pittman—It never struck me that way.

Gunn—Anyhow, it's so. And I ask you as a member of the Peace Society to enroll your name among those who are carrying on this great work. Terms as low as any other company, and dividends payable semi-annually. Unborn generations will rise up and call you blessed. We make our policies payable at any age, or will put you in the Tontine; and you'll dry the widow's tears and hush the cry of the orphan. Go in for a five thousand dollar policy, and I assure you that the hosannahs of the white-robed angel of Peace once more will resound from the starry vault of heaven, and over the smiling earth the songs of love will still the clangor of the war-horse and the boom of cannon, and man once more will know the felicity of Paradise. Lend me see; how old are you?

Pittman—I'm forty-four in February. Put me down for five thousand payable at sixty years of age. Call in the morning, with the papers and I'll sign 'em.

Gunn—Good-day. I'm off. I've got an engagement with Cooley at eleven, and I'm anxious to keep it. I've haunted him for two years now, and he has succumbed.—Max Adler.

How Andy Johnson's daughter Used to Run the White House

Ex-Senator Doolittle says: What may be said in criticism of Mr. Johnson's public course, all parties agree that the White House was never more gracefully kept and presided over than by his daughter, Mrs. Patterson—a perfect lady, a model of a republican mistress of the White House.

Let me tell a fact which has never been published, but which I had from the lady's own lips. Just as she was about to leave, at the end of Mr. Johnson's administration, the steward of the house took an inventory, and found that not one article of furniture was missing or broken; not a sheet, towel or napkin was lost; and the house was in perfect order from top to bottom. She told me another fact, which I know the wives and daughters of the farmers of Wisconsin will be glad to hear.

When they went into the White House she purchased two cows. From the milk of these cows she made all the butter used, all the cream and made all the ice cream used in the President's family during his term. When she went home she shipped the cows to Tennessee. Is it any wonder, ladies, that Mrs. Patterson received the first premium on butter at their late fair, last fall.

An Irishman called his pig Mand, because it would "come into the garden so."

The Press of Virginia.

J. A. H. St. Andrew, himself a model journalist, comes up grandly to the defence of the press of the State against the sweeping charge of corruption and venality made in his recent speech in the House of Delegates by Hon. J. Horace Lacy, of Spottsylvania. The following is an extract from his leader on this subject in the Farmville Mercury:

"Now the press of Virginia may be venal, because the Prophet Lacy says so, but we see no evidence before the public. Our editors and reporters are about the most ill-paid and hard-worked people in the Commonwealth. They are the *creme de la creme* of the educated classes, and yet they serve the public for pittance which on the average are less than Paul DeCassagnac paid to his *valet*. Venal legislators have the symptoms. They buy big houses and costly furniture, give sweet dinners, and spread themselves in society like green bay trees. There is enough of that sort of thing in the Union. There are venal editors also in the North who get their \$25,000 for doing nothing when a subsidy from Congress is wanted. They are usually educated men, but only in that sense which makes smartness verging on rascality a part of education. Our Virginia editors are like none of these. They are, as a class, not rich except in mental endowments and unimpeachable honor. The majority are known to us personally, and we have found them ardent lovers of *bellis litteris*, schoolmen, fond of argument where truth needed drawing out, smart as the smartest in epigrams and *repartees*, shrewd as the shrewdest in the discovery of *chicanery*, loyal as friends and honorable as foes; but never controlled by the groveling, sordid, mean and disgusting desire for filthy lucre which can degrade literature to the level of a bucketer's stall. The charge of venality is therefore simply an adding of insult to the many injuries heaped on the press by thoughtless and foolish people.

The newspapers of Virginia are really the one institution in the State which, in the eyes of impartial observers, gives hope for the future. While the Legislature is uselessly wrangling away its "hundred days," the press is always at work urging reforms, advocating progress, defending public interests, and building up the prosperity of the State. Where would Virginia have been without the press? The answer is obvious to the meaneast understanding. It does not need a "prophet" to say where! And what is the reward of those who have brought all the powers of education—attained by years of hard labor and patient study—to the service of the Commonwealth? Scarcely have Virginia given proper thanks, and certainly not adequate support to the champions of their cause. The most prosperous paper in the State has but a small circulation and a limited revenue compared with what it deserves or would receive in a Northern State or a European nation. Let the people read the press and judge for themselves. Let the people do their duty by the press and subscribers will be multiplied by tens and advertisers by fifties. Meanwhile let us have no more shameful and unjust charges of venality from men, who, it is charitable to hope, know not what they say.

A Pita For Flirts.

In a certain sense all attractive females are flirts. Remembering that flirtation is playing at being in love, I shall assert, without fear of contradiction, that every woman whose attractions will permit her to choose her husband, and who is not compelled to snap at the first chance, like a hungry dog at a bone, begins to play at this game from her earliest years. In what other manner, pray, is a young female to acquire any knowledge of the man who are seeking to engage her affections? She understands perfectly well that marriage is the end and aim of feminine existence, that eighty-two per cent. of her sisters become wives and mothers, and that of the eighteen per cent. who remain single almost all are unhappy at their lot. Hence, even before a girl begins to attract the attention of gentlemen, her dreams of the future have all turned in this direction. She has thought for years of the delight of having a beau, long before that beau comes. When he does arrive, she will endeavor to learn something of his disposition, temper, and character. And how can she do this save by flirtation? She may have been favorably impressed at first, but as, under the influence of the game, the man shows himself as he really is, as his minute grain appears under the varnish of manner and society politeness, she may have just cause to think less kindly of him. But he, having a measureless self-esteem, makes love more and more fervently, until with him the game becomes downright earnest. He urges, and she is rejected, and goes around everywhere swearing that that girl is the most consummate flirt that ever existed. But does he tell the truth? Is she not right to be careful to look before she leaps? Good people, do not judge her too harshly because she is held to please.

ADVICE TO SINGLE MEN.—If you don't want to fall in love, keep away from calico. You can no more play with girls without losing your heart than you can at roulette without losing your money. As Dodge very judiciously observes, the heart strings of a woman—like the tendrils of a vine—always reaching out after more to cling to. The consequence is, that before you are going, you are gone, like a one legged store at a street auction.

A Texas man who died the other day left "the sum of \$5,000 as a fund to defend persons who kill railroad baggage smashers.











