NOTES FROM GOTHAM

THE TIDE OF TRAVEL FLOWS WESTWARD NOW.

Judge Hilton's Simple Grave—The Great Parade for Dewey—Wheels for the Litter Men—A Brokers Unfortunate Widow—The Dewey Arch.

In 1900, for the first time in twenty-eight years, the annual regatta of the National association of amateur oarsmen will be held within Greater New York. There is added value in the fact that the winner of the eight-oared shell race will be selected by the National association to represent America at the international regatta at Paris in August of that year. From the

Washington Bridge, the Probable Finishing Point.

view point of the spectator, the Harlem course is all that could be desired. On all sides are excellent places of vantage for viewing the races. The Harlem speedway, on the west, will accommodate all who desire to follow the races in carriage or on foot, and an effort will be made to have the commissioner of parks suspend, for the time being, the regulation relative to the style of vehicles.

Home From Abroad.

Nearly every one you meet who has just returned from Europe, has a tale of woe about the difficulty of obtaining passage on the ocean liners. The tide of travel has turned westward with a vengence, and every steamer that arrives is loaded to the guards with passengers. All the staterooms are engaged early and then come the makeshifts. Hammocks are swung wherever there is a place to put them and the various rooms which are used for public service in the day time, are turned into sleeping cabins at night. This is the harvest of the steamship companies, and they do not hesitate to reap everything in sight in the way of passing money. The people who went away in June are all in a hurry to get back, and there is no way of coming except in ships. Fast and slow vessels are equally pressed with patronage. The Greyhounds are filled up first, and then comes the rush for the slower craft. Any thing to get home

Judge Hilton's Simple Grave.

There does not seem to be any fear that Judge Hilton's body will be stolen. It was buried in Greenwood cemetery in an ordinary seven by three foot grave. As Judge Hilton had such a weird experience in trying to recover the body of A. T. Stewart, it was thought he would make ample ante-mortem provisions for the protection of his own remains. The very simplicity of the Judge's grave carries suspicion with it, however, for the idea prevails that there is an elaborate system of electric protection by which cemetery watchers will be warned of the first attempt to interfere with the casket.

Great Parade For Dewey.

General Roe has completed his arrangements for the land parade in honor of Admiral Dewey, on Saturday, September 30th. Under the present arrangement there will be 28,000 men in line, but this number will be increased probably by more men coming with the visiting State troops than have been calculated. The naval division of 1,000 men will have the head of the line. Brooklyn people are somewhat disappointed over their meagre share of the appropriation and they will not be able to erect an arch in their burrough. To make up for that, the arch of Madison Square will be unequaled in America for elaboration and magnificence. Dewey will have no reason to complain of the apathy of his countrymen when he comes home.

Hotel Owned by the City.

New York finds itself with a hotel on its hands. The property came into possession of Father Knickerbocker in the usual way—by non-payment of taxes. It is the Grand Union, at Coney Island, and it was at one time owned by John Y. McKane. It was sold for non-payment of taxes in 1894, but no return of it was made at the time by the Committee of Investment of the town of Gravesend, and the city did not know it owned the property. An astute gentleman named Samuels was conducting it, and as no one said anything to him about it, he went on with his management, and in time came to regard the hotel as his own. It is valued at $25,000. When Samuels made application for an excise license lately he found that the comptroller had been making a few awkward inquiries, and a demand was made upon Samuels for five years' back rent. Samuels has placed the matter in the hands of his attorney, but the city sticks doggedly to the cold proposition that the hotel belongs to the municipality of Greater New York and that Samuels must either pay up or get out.

Wheels for the Litter Men.

"White Wings" on bicycles are a new thing in Brooklyn. A "litter man;" that is, a man who picks up scraps of paper and other litter from the sidewalks and roadways, sallied forth the other day on a wheel with a bag tied to the handlebar, and collected as much paper in four hours as he could have done in a whole day under the old system with a little push-cart. It is probable that all the "litter men" in Brooklyn will do their work on bicycles hereafter, which means that the plan will be adopted all over Greater New York and will soon spread to other cities. The possibilities of the wheel seem to be virtually endless.

A Broker's Unfortunate Widow.

A sad reminder of the "Black Friday" of 1873 came to the notice of the police the other day. Mary W. Eagle, fifty-five years old, widow of a Wall street broker, who was ruined on that day and whose neck was broken soon afterward by his being thrown from his carriage in a runaway, tried to commit suicide. She had been working as a domestic servant and had been discharged. Without home or friends this woman, who was at one time wealthy and the mistress of a retinue of servants, inhaled illuminating gas. She is in a hospital and may recover. If she does there is nothing for her but another situation as a servant, or charity. It is one of the pitiful tragedies that never come to the surface except when they are brought up by a sensation like this atempted suicide.

A Pathetic Bankrupt.

The owner of the "Old Curiosity Shop" in Nassau street has fallen into bankruptcy. His name is Seymour S. Peloubet, and he has sold law books in his quaint, dingy little store among the lawyers and at the edges of the money and newspaper districts for many years. He had the bibliophile's love of his stock, even though it did consist mostly of musty tomes of legal lore, and he knew personally every volume in his stock, together with its history. He could name the former possessors of hundreds of books and if you had time to listen to him would spin you a yarn about many a dead and gone advocate who had studied them in long gone days. Peloubet has failed in money for $8,576, but in heartache over the loss of his old business who shall calculate the cost?

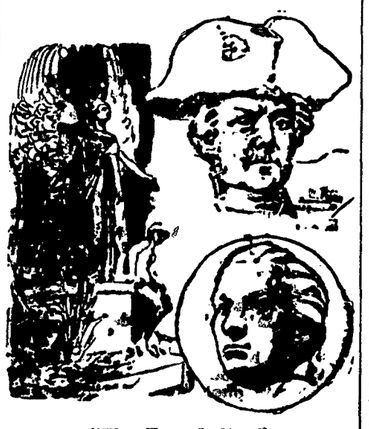
The Preacher Made a Break.

There is a pastor of a small church in Bronx region who wonders whether the joke is on himself or his congregation. A few weeks ago he was telling his congregation that a minister should never allow himself to be affected by stage fright. "Now," said he, "when I get up to preach I just look over my audience and say to myself, 'Now there are only so many heads of cabbages before me.' Then I preach without any feeling of embarrassment. Somehow, his congregation did not seem to like the simile. The other night, which was the anniversary of his birth, they made him a birthday present, and it consisted of a dozen large cabbages.

Hot Politics.

Politics are likely around One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street, which is in the heart of the Thirty-first district, hitherto sacred to Richard Croker. There is a desperate fight against Croker's business partner, Peter F. Meyer, and all the theatrical devices of a hot Presidential campaign are being brought into use. Banners and transparencies are hung across the streets, and there are free picnics, promises of city jobs and stump speakers galore. Meyer is having a hard time of it, but he has the Croker quality of dogged persistence, and is not sparing of his money. With all these weapons at his command there is no telling how the struggle will end, and in the meantime the banners and fireworks are keeping political enthusiasm at red heat, which is a great point in itself.

We reproduce some of the striking features of the great arch which will grace Madison Square for the Dewey reception, and which will probably be made a permanent ornament to the city. These are the group "The East Indies" and medallions made by different sculptors. The group will occupy a prominent position at the Twenty-fifth street end of the colonnade. It was designed by Charles A. Lopez, and the cut is reproduced from a photograph of the original, which now is



"The East Indies."

in the studio of the sculptor. Although the model is only two feet high the group when finished and placed in position will be thirty feet high and one of the most prominent of the many striking features of the arch and colonnade. The central figure is emblematic of the Republic, and the whole is intended to convey the idea of the benevolent influences of America.

On either side of the figure of the Republic is a Filipino. One with a scythe represents the peaceful art of agriculture, in which is engaged the bone and sinew of a prosperous nation. The younger figure on the opposite side shows the student, the thinker, the poet, and conveys the thought of all the benefits of education.

Copper has risen and aluminum declined until the price of the two metals is almost the same. One pound of aluminum is equivalent to two of copper in carrying electrical energy and if it were as easy to work and solder would probably displace copper to a considerable extent.

TOMMY'S TIN SOLDIER.

"NOW you've got to be a sentinel and watch the camp tonight," said Tommy to his little tin cocked hat and sword. A shiver of insubordination shook the soldier and he promptly fell over on his face. "If you desert I'll have you shot," said Tommy. This particular tin soldier was Tommy's favorite. Upon him fell the bulk of the action and the strategic work of the tin regiment. Tommy looked over the Artillery Corps, the tents of the sleeping camp, shook his fist at the little soldier sullenly standing guard, said his prayers and tumbled into bed.

He was awakened by the roll of a drum and, raising his head, looked out over a level sandy plain. Seated at a table near him were a number of little officers with cocked hats and swords and uniforms that seemed to have grown fast to them. Beside them was a little soldier beating a drum. All around as far as the eye could reach was drawn up, line after line, regiment after regiment of soldiers, and a hum came from their ranks like the sound of one tin plate scratching softly against another. Tommy looked more closely and trembled—for they were all tin soldiers. The ranks parted, and, with stiff, heavy tread, a little soldier in cocked hat and sword advanced to the table. Tommy recognized him at once and trembled still more, for it was the little soldier he had just before placed as sentinel over his camp.

"Comrade," in a throaty, tinney voice said the soldier on the table who was standing before an immense ink pot, "of what does Tommy, the prisoner, stand accused" Tommy tried to speak, but found that he could not utter a word. He tried to rise up, but could not stir. "Extreme cruelty to his soldiers," replied the sentinel, "and reducing worthy officers to the ranks without cause." A threatening murmur ran through the ranks. "Explain," said the officer at the table. The sentinel cast a stern look at Tommy and straightened himself up.

"Be it known," he said, "Your Honors, I was turned out into the toy shop a duly uniformed and accredited colonel. I was held in respect by my men, and until I came beneath the command of my oppressor there led a happy military life. With a oneness of dim I wanted to be a trusted colonel of the army. The reason I have appealed to the Grand Court Martial of all Tin Soldiers is because at present I do not know what I am. Sometimes," and here he glared at Tommy, "I have been forced to be a Spaniard." A howl of indignation rose from the clustered ranks. "Silence!" roared the soldier at the table. "Put that down, adjutant!"

"It all began with the war with Spain," continued the soldier. "Up to that time my life was fairly pleasant. Then I was appointed commander of the American army and my heart was filled with pride and exultation. But the very next day I was degraded turned into a captain of a band of Spanish guerillas and forced against my flag. Twenty times a day have I been forced to storm San Juan Hill and been killed each time. I have served in the Philippines as American soldier and insurgent and, comrades I blush to owne it to you, I have even been made to represent"—here the little soldier's voice rose into a shriek of anguish—"Aguinaldo!" Another howl burst from the ranks, and thousands of army guns were levelled at Tommy, who ducked down beneath the sheets of his bed.

"Silence!" shouted the General. "Adjutant, put that down. It is treason."

"But the worst is yet to come," continued the tin soldier. "Yesterday Tommy made me General Miles and stood me up before a cannon, from which Secretary Alger, represented by a private—a private mind you, and one whom I despise as an inferior grade of tin and without a particle of soldierly spirit—fired cannon balls at me at least sixty times. I have been Dewey in the battle of Manila, and that was a proud moment, gentlemen; but the very same day I have been forced to be a Filipino spy and have been hung by a rear rank private of my own regiment. Oh, the shame of it, General!"

"I have been every general in the American army and every Admiral in the Navy.

I have been spy, traitor, hero, martyr and Spaniard and Filipino. But to be shot at by General Alger, to have been forced to be Aguinaldo and, after fighting the battle of Santiago four times and marching up San Juan ten times to-day and killed each time, gentlemen—killed each time, mind you—is too much. I was forced without resting to stand sentinel over the camp this entire night. I want to know who I am, I want to know what I am, and I want to be protected from the distress of being Spanish spy one minute and an American general the next. I have served faithfully, and, now peace has been declared, I want rest. And I want revenge on our oppressor."

The little soldier folded his arms and sobbed. From the army rose loud cries and howls of "Lynch him," "Kill him." The little soldier raised his hand. "You understand," he said, "I don't mind being General Miles, but I won't have that alloyed private shooting at me, and I won't stand any more courtmartials with a corporal swearing at me under cover of being Quartermaster Eagan, and I call it treason to compel a native born American soldier to be a Spaniard and a Filipino. That's what I say and I wasn't made in Germany."

Tommy saw the little soldiers at the table put their heads together and whisper among themselves. At last one who seemed to be the head stood up. "Comrades of the Tin Regiments of the nursery," he said, "we find the oppressor guilty and deliver him to you."

As one man the army rushed toward Tommy. He struggled to escape and then—he opened his eyes in his own little room. In the moonlight the little Tin Soldier was patiently standing watch.

Tommy crept out of bed, carefully picked him up and laid him in the tent with his comrades.

CLEVER ACTING.

Girl Who Was Being Hazed Turns the Tables on the Hazers.

The girl of my heart came home to attend a cousin's wedding recently and she stayed in town for two days before going back to school for the commencement which will make her a sophomore. It wouldn't be fair to tell the name of her school, but it's a very excellent one.

The girl of my heart was hazed last fall. She did not faint when the girls touched her arms with a bit of ice, and said they were branding her with an iron. She endured the ordeal so smilingly that the girls at last determined to do something dreadful.

They marched her through dark halls blindfolded as she was opened a closet door in a physical labratory, snatched the bandage from her eyes pushed her in, locked the door and left her in the arms of a skeleton.

Now, a skeleton to her is no more terrifying than a hoopskirt, but she saw an opportunity to amuse herself. She is one of the cleverest amateur actresses Washington possesses. She let down her hair and tangled it about her face. Her gown was an old one so she sacrificed it and tore it to tatters. Then she waited. Presently she heard the girls returning. She began to croon softly to herself a weird song. The girls opened the door. She took no notice of them, but went on lavishing kisses on the grinning skull laughing idiotically to herself all the while. Finally one of them whispered:

"Girls, she's raving mad!"

That was the cue for the girl of my heart. She raved: she tore her hair; she shrieked when they tried to draw her away from the skeleton; she laughed: she flung herself about, and finally danced out into the room, moaning in a blood curdling way. The girls dared not even breathe. They were ghastly. They clung to each other and shuddered. The girl of my heart danced to the door, caught up a knife from the table, waved it with a hideous scream, and sprang at them. Then as they huddled together in a perfect agony of fright, she dropped the knife and opened the door.

"Well, girls," she said, drawlingly "I hope you've enjoyed the fun. I'm sure I have."

Then she disappeared, and a dozen crestfallen girls, too frightened to dare go into hysterics, too much relieved to be angry, stole quietly away. They are clever girls, the girls at that college, but the girl of my heart is the bell-wether of the flock.

Young Mexico's First Training.

YOU all know from circuses at least, how skillfully a Mexican can throw a lasso. But do you know how they became so proficient? Almost before he learns to speak the Mexican child is given a small rawhide. This he is taught to use by lassoing the pigs and chickens on his father's grounds, and sometimes on some one else's ground. As the little Mexican grows older, larger and more active, animals fall victims to his skill, until at last from the long years of practice comes his wonderful dexterity with the lasso, or as it is known in Mexico, the riata, a word, by the by, which has given us our word lariat, the Mexcan name being la rata.

Companionship for Children.

There are many persons who make light of the kindergarten on the supposition that it is "all play," by which they mean all idle or trivial amusement, misunderstanding wholly the true nature of play. The fears of a thoughtful few are addressed to a more real danger—that of overdirection approaching a certain mechanical routine. This is only possible, however with a kindergartner of very inferior quality, for the value of free choice and perfect spontaneity is fully recognized by the true interpreters of Froebel, and invention follows dictation in each occupation, the production of an original design being deemed the proof of the child's mastery of a given form of expression.

The cultivation of the social instinct is doubtless a part of the value of the kindergarten, and it emphasizes in an effective way the charm and the necessity of co-operation. Still, when the last word has been said in favor of suitable companionship for children together with wise supervision and direction, it must not be forgotten that there is a time and a place for independent and solitary play. I believe that every child should play alone during some part of the day. Any close observer of children will note an unexplained tendency to stillness when a number of them are at play together. There are likewise dangers in an over supply of adult society. Children, it is safe to say, are more influenced by indirect suggestion than we are apt to realize, and we may—not impossibly—keep them by us too closely, and by a sort of unconscious hypnotism affect unfavorably their will-power and their independent development.—Woman's Home Companion.

IN THE DESERT.

When all alone I wander in the crowd,
And see eyes look into each other's eyes,
And mark the comedies and tragedies
Weave and unweave, while laughter is most loud,
Scarce can I think that we, poor mites, are proud
Of our humanity; so great our fears,
So poor and meagre are our speech and sight,
To tell each other that we find life bright,
Or that our hearts are clouded with unshed tears.

I would not think it was to me alone
Clear sight and understanding were denied;
And yet into my straining eyes and ears
The illimitable desert stretches wide,
And every face a sphynx of carven stone.
—Anna Robeson Brown in Godey's.

FOG.

In agony of death, throughout the night
The frenzied monarch tossed upon his bed,
Whence rose at dawn, mysterious and white,
A ghost—the spectre of the mighty dead.
—Frank Dempster Sherman, in Godey's.

LITTLE ST. PETER.

The blow began on Tuesday morning. It was a northeast gale, and brought snow and sleet. The rate of the wind increased steadily; by the middle of the afternoon it was fifty miles an hour. A few minutes after he had taken this record—that is, about three P. M.—Capt. Bearse, of the Nauset Life Saving Station, peering through the driving sleet, made out a large ship off the point. She was under close-reefed topsails, and was driving helplessly towards the shore.

Within an hour the life-saving crews from Pamet River, Highland Light and Cahoon's Hollow were on the beach. By five o'clock it was dark, and the position of the ship was lost. There is no flashlight on this coast. The gale swept the beach with the wildest fury. It extinguished lanterns; it scattered the wood piled for a beacon light, and when men brought more it tore the sticks out of their arms and carried them away like straws. No rocket would rise. Snow dropped in sheets, as it does from a roof; a man could not see it, and would recoil as from a blow when a sheet struck him. In the intervals hail, blown at the rate of a spent bullet, stung hands and faces, and in some cases tore the flesh. The surfmen huddled in groups, lying on the ground, holding to one another that they might not be swept off, and talked, when they could between the thunders of the surf, of the possibility of doing anything for the crew of the ship which they knew was out there in the blackness driving upon the outer bar. She was beyond the reach of any line that could be shot, and no life boat could hope to reach her. So they tied themselves together, with a few fathoms of rope between each, and planned to stand by the beach when she struck, and to stretch a hand to any beaten seaman the mercy of the billows might lay at their feet. Then they lay and shivered and waited, listening.

Meanwhile—you will learn presently how I know, though they say not a soul was saved—meanwhile, how was it out yonder in the night, beyond the roaring of the bar?

Tuesday morning the British ship Jason, Capt. McMillan, from Calcutta, to Boston, with a cargo of jute, ran into the gale and a rapidly rising sea, and, being out of sight of land, made all snug to weather the blow. The crew were in particularly high spirits, for there was the prospect of a good time in port, only a day's sail away. Some of the seamen had stowed their duffle and packed their chests, ready to quit ship for the first time in 126 days. The weather shut in thick. The gale had struck the Jason with her spars full of cloth, but all had been furled save her three topsails. Suddenly, at three o'clock in the afternoon, the lookout sighted land. Capt. McMillan, seeing the three lights of Nauset, instantly realized that he was south of his course, and that the highlands of Cape Cod were close aboard to leeward. He at once ordered sail crowded on, and the ship hauled into the wind, thinking to get her on the off-shore tack. It was no use. The swell set straight to land, and the sea knocked her bow off, so that she ragged to leeward at the rate of two knots for every one she made in headway. In despair the captain concluded to wear ship. He changed his mind, however, when he calculated the distance of the breakers. There was nothing to do but to hold her as close into the wind as she would point, and trust to some merciful chance that she would clear the bar where it deepens off Highland Light, five miles to the northward.

But the wheel was a mere plaything for that wind and that sea. At seven o'clock the Jason, almost directly head on, struck the bar with a shock which ripped her keel from the plating. A great sea was in her wake, and as she recoiled, swept the deck from stern to stem. Capt. McMillan, starting for the starboard life boat, was beaten with it overboard. The keel worked up, and, hammered on by the waves, shoved itself through the hold and lifted a section of the deck near the poop. The crew took to the mizzen rigging, only to be knocked off by tumbling spars and hissing seas, and wind that ripped the canvas from the bolt ropes, and tore out even the furled sails. Three minutes after the Jason's nose touched the sand she lay an ocean-swept hulk, with no breathing thing aboard of her. So ended the cruise of the ship Jason, Capt. McMillan, one hundred days out from Calcutta, laden with jute.

The surfmen, crouching back on the beach on hearing a great crack, ran down to the water, and stretched themselves—a living rope—along it, running out and back behind the waves, with eyes strained. One of them heard a choked cry ahead of him, and bounding towards it, clasped a man's leg. The two were dragged out the length of the rope section, and the surfman battled with the undertow and the caving sand until he lost consciousness. His neighbors knew nothing of his plight for half an hour, when they found him cut almost in two by the rope around his waist. After that they had no heart to follow the waves, especially as they knew that now it would be but to gather corpses a few hours sooner than the sea would of herself give them up. For the sea always brings the dead and lays them on the sands with a guiltless smile, and with a rippling murmur of wonder at seeing men and women weep.

Mine is the duty of the day that follows a storm. All along the miles of Cape Cod beach—all along its lighter

ly and universally upon [illegible] of the people [illegible] been on the Jason at all. [illegible] not believe it now, and though [illegible] know they are mistaken, I [illegible] blame them.

Well, that is all. I took St. Peter home with me. He has lived with me ever since, and will have it so either than that he shall always live with me. He is ten years old, and in some regards is as simple and innocent as he is beautiful; in others he is astonishingly well-informed and keen. He told me the particulars of the wreck as I have given them, but he simply does not know what miracle saved him. I do not know what he was doing on the Jason; he does not know himself. He knows much about England and about India, but he does not recollect ever having been in either. A mental scientist would say that the events of that night effaced much from his memory. I have another theory so sacred that I will not write it down.

He will say to me: "I am sure I have no father nor mother. I think I did not have any name. I remember all about the long, long voyage, and my monkey, and the captain, and our touching at a place they called Mauritius. When I remember anything else I will tell you, but I am sure that there isn't anything else. Won't just the name the village folk call me do? And may I call you father—dear, kind good father—at least when you have your cassock on?"

Of course I don't allow the adjectives but I am so much of a father out of a cassock as in one. During the day he is in my study, and he reads the books I have long ago given up trying to understand. In the evening we sit at the window and watch the sun, dropping into the sea, splash up the gold and crimson—a lad so contented with the present that he has no wish for a past, and a man so happy in it that he wants no future if it must be different.

Yesterday St. Peter and I, he holding my hand, walked on the beach. When we reached the spot where he had slept under the jute bale, we stopped and looked at the Jason's broken hulk. A little of the bow is above the water, and the foremast stands intact. Its shrouds are as taut as harp-strings, while the head-stays sway idly with the motion of the sea.

"Now think," said I to little St. Peter; "that terrible night, did no one carry you from the ship, and somehow get you safe to shore?"

He seemed trying to remember. Then he spoke very slowly, as if he were talking to himself.

"Yes, some one did carry me, Jesus," said little St. Peter.—William Bayard Hale in Harper's Weekly.

How Holland Treats Its Paupers.

Holland has perhaps come nearer than any other nation to successfully solving the problem of what to do with city paupers. Usually they are herded into great poorhouses, and fed at public expense. The only [illegible] they do is that required in [illegible] premises where they are housed in order. The charity [illegible] on is doled out to them grudgingly, and they are a heavy [illegible] pense. Political corruption and [illegible] vate jobbery creep into the management of the establishments where [illegible] are kept. That at least is the [illegible] lican system, and it could not be [illegible]. With the thrifty, wise Dutch the [illegible] is not to herd them together, but to scatter them. They are taken from the city slums and distributed among public farms.

Prof. Peabody, who gives in the Forum some facts concerning the Dutch system, says there are no great poorhouses and a few [illegible] paupers in Holland. There is a [illegible] of public land containing 1,000 acres. It is divided into six model farms, and to one of these is sent the [illegible] person applying for public relief. If he voluntarily serves till he learns agriculture, he is allowed to rent a small farm for himself, and he [illegible] is called a free farmer. Every [illegible] who is thus reclaimed to honest regular industry is so much [illegible] to the State. There is also a [illegible] colony, where beggars and vagrants are sent and made to do farm and other work, whether they want to do so not.

The Care of Food.

So few cooks or housekeepers seem to know that every article of food should be kept covered until it is on the table. Milk and butter, for instance, should be kept in glass jars and kept covered. They absorb up every odor flying in the air. It is positively harmful to take food on the stomach after standing uncovered for an hour or two, for not only odors but the animalculae that fill the air are attracted to milk and butter. Uncovered jelly is a menace to family health. It is in gelatine jelly that expert bacteriologists implant germs of disease to watch them propagate. They seem to thrive better on that kind of food than any other, yet in some houses of the pantries in the city will be found half-used dishes or plates of jelly standing uncovered.

Kossuth's Greatest Trial.

One of the most painful trials of Kossuth's exile was his inability [illegible] present at the deathbed of his mother. She lived in poverty in Brussels, and she expressed a desire to see her once more before she died. The Austrian government of that day [illegible] not grant his request to visit [illegible] less he consented to be accompanied wherever he went by an [illegible] police. He might have [illegible] this degrading condition [illegible] biographer, for per[illegible] But he [illegible] his mother hear of [illegible] herself forbade him to [illegible] and she expired in the [illegible] 1852, blessing him with her [illegible] breath.

Sandwiches.

The name of "Sandwich" [illegible] to Hotel keeper [illegible] devout and [illegible] Saint Augustine [illegible] sequently he became [illegible] of Germany, and it was [illegible] try, according to [illegible] hotel or tavern [illegible] these among private [illegible] hospitable and [illegible] "open house," as the [illegible] dubbed Sandwich.

Wheel [illegible]

Cattle [illegible]