

OUR SATURDAY NIGHT SUPPER TABLE SERIES

A Diet for Mental Dyspepsia—A Salad for Small Salaries, AND A SALVE FOR BAD CUTS.

The whole carefully compounded and put up expressly for Family Use.

BY OUR SERIES EDITOR.

NUMBER CCXXXIII.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

The Haunt of the Grey Reserves.

STOCKTON HOUSE, CAPE MAY, Room 14, 1519-20.

DRAW TELEGRAPH.—

Did you hear that President Latta was down here reviewing Colonel Grant, including his Reserves? Mrs. Grant, Miss McIntyre, and Mr. A. W. Markley, owner of the place? Well, they were, or he did a something of that sort. My head is pretty well added getting up stairs to my room in the Stockton House.

Perhaps you are not aware of what the Stockton House is. You have the Continental and Girard House in Philadelphia, but they would be mere wigs to this Sea-bird House. To attempt a description of the House "after what has been written would seem presumption," as the writers say; but here goes. The tract of ground occupied by this house was first granted to the Spanish by the Indians in 1694. The Spanish soon degraded into Half-Spanish and then into Common, and in that condition remained up to the beginning of the present century. At the opening of the present century the Cape May and Millville R. R. Co. determined to lay out a portion of Southern Jersey, formerly called Spain, for the purpose of building a Hotel. The present Stockton House is the result of these long-laid plans. The plan was laid on the bare ground, stretching from pole to pole. After they had stretched from pole to pole, and had got enough poles to stretch to, they stretched back again; then they built up and down the poles, then across again, and so on until the money ran out, and then they stopped. My room was built after the money run out, consequently is not in the "House" proper, but situated "adjacent thereto," as the conveyancers say.

The Grey Reserves came down here some time ago. I asked one soldier-man, who inquired of me the way to Camp Upton, when he came down, and he said he had



Been Down for a Week Back.

and, indeed, it seemed to me that the weakness had left his back and gone into his knees. No politician I ever saw was weaker-kneed than this Un-Reserved old Grey.

The company, by-the-way, are under strict discipline, except when they are under their tents. The thermometer to-day is 103, almost as high as gold, in the shade, but the boys have not taken any of the padding out of the breast of their coats yet, evidently determined to sweat it out on that line if it takes all summer; but at the rate they are sweating it now, I don't think it will take all summer.

The company, as I said before, are under good discipline as far as it goes. Some of them have



Dyed for Their Country.

but it was only their whiskers and moustache that they subjected to this ordeal, and when any of the Greys were killed they were turned into black; consequently the night rate of mortality would be equalled by the nitrate of silver used on the occasion. Owing to this want of experience in drilling, a very mortifying event happened to the regiment on the day of their reception of Colonel Latta's friend and companion, President Grant, on the pier at the steamboat landing. The Colonel had his men all drawn up in line on either side of the long pier, to allow the General and his suite to pass through. After the President had passed, the Colonel, in his prompt and commanding way, gave the command,



"Men! Fall in!"

when the majority of them, mistaking it for an order to show their agility in swimming, tumbled themselves over backward into the bay.

The President paid no attention to it, thinking it was part of the Colonel's tactics. Ex-Secretary Borie said he never saw a neater thing in water in his life, and if he had the power he would have the fellows all nuzzed over again on the strength of this christening.

That night the Colonel and the Reserves invited themselves down to the Stockton House, partly to see what they delusively called "their Old Commander," and partly because



The Mosquitoes Were Uncommon Thick that night at Camp Upton. Indeed, I don't remember ever having seen them thicker. There was a hopping time at Congress Hall the same evening, and all the regiment did not get back to camp before morning, most of them being



Under Arms During the festivities of the evening a pyrotechnic display was given in front of the hotel on the lawn, and the



Sparks Flew Around In a manner quite dangerous, both in doors and out, indeed, a great many lawns were well trampled besides the one in front of the hotel. I never saw lawns have harder usage than on that night.

Towards the small hours things began to sober down a little, and then could be distinctly heard, breaking through the comparative stillness as they came rolling in upon the beach, the beautiful deep bass of



The Sea-side Swells This feature of life by the ocean is its most attractive one to many. Next morning, at 9 minutes 14 seconds past 11, President Grant went in to bathe.



Accompanied by Colonel Latta. Etiquette forbidding the President to take his cigar out of his mouth, and the Colonel to take off his glasses, they both enjoyed their bath by digging holes in the sand to put their feet in. The Reserves yesterday were treated to a ride out to sea on the "Lady of the Lake," and as old ocean was a little rough from the last night's storm, many of the Reserves had to throw off all reserve, or nearly all, making them doubt whether the trip was intended by the Colonel in kindness or as a sanitary measure. Some had, on the day previous, spoken of the inferior quality of the pork furnished them at the camp, and even went so far, when out to sea, as to throw it up to the Colonel.

The "Lady of the Lake" soon returned, and landed the Reserves, what was left of them, at the Island, when they again marched to their camp. Mr. W. B. Miller, the owner of the farm on which the camp is situated, is more pleased with the Reserves every day. He says each day must shorten their stay on his place. He told me he had never seen more green-bottle flies, or green bottles fly, around his farm than he had this past week. Mrs. Miller would like Drum-Major Babbitt to stay down all summer. She says she believes he could knock more apples with that club of his than both her boys.

The Reserves tell me that they have enjoyed their trip immensely, only it was a little difficult to sleep and get things to eat; in every other particular it was very pleasant, if it had not been so hot the few days it didn't rain. The rain made the ground a little damp, but it soon dried, except in their tents, and it would have dried there if they had taken their tents down. They have orders to strike their tents to-morrow. One of the boys said he would rather strike the tent-maker, because he thinks he is the most to blame, and not the tent. I asked him, "For what?" He said, "We had a very good time, or would have had it we had been home." Which was opinion is endorsed by

Yours ever, S. E.

What portions of the body are the best travelers?—The two wrists.

Why is the centre of a tree like a dog's tail?—Because it is farthest from the bark.

Why do shoemakers in East Newark have fallen here to \$200,000.

Why do Irishmen in Boston wind up wakes with prize-fights.

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A ROYAL SCANDAL.

Insanity Steps in and Balks the Curiosity of the World.

A London correspondent of the Chicago Tribune writes as follows:—The following paragraph appeared last week in one of the papers:—"The scandal-loving public were expecting some extremely interesting details when the Warwickshire paper, which has been so much talked about should come on in the Divorce Court. They will, it seems, be disappointed. The lady on whom the imputations reeled has been stricken with insanity. The public have no more to do with the matter. Pity for the poor woman—if innocent, so terribly slandered by suspicion; if guilty, so terribly punished for wrongdoing—must take the place of any other feeling. Let us pitifully drop the curtain on the past. On this the Royal Leamington Chronicle, a respectable paper of the district, observes:—"The scandal-devouring public and the rigidly righteous in our social life will, probably, be silenced and contented; but that truer and higher morality, if it really exist, which will not be satisfied by another ledge that vengeance has been visited upon a prostrate and forsaken victim, and will at least desire that equal retribution should be done to both—that has it to say of that other, who, report avers, is too high in social position for justice to reach? Will he who, perhaps, has no less violated the tenderest social relation—will he, because he happen to be in high position, or because, forsooth, he belongs to the stronger sex—will it satisfy a pure sense of social morality and public justice that he should be permitted to evade all participation in that chastisement which has visited the weaker one in such terrible form? He, peradventure, will still be found reposing in the shelter of that household which he quitted in disguise like a very felon, for the set purpose (so runs the report) of destroying the happiness of another; and which he may leave again and again, for all society cares or dares, upon the same errand of iniquity, and to the terrible undoing of another and another, whom the world refuses to screen or excuse, because she is weaker than he. The court, the camp, the field will still be free to him—perchance the throne itself—but alas! however lofty and powerful may be his position, he cannot raise her to that from which she has fallen, and where she will ever lie—"

And none so poor to do reverence. We may add, as a redeeming fact, that much indignation is felt, and we have heard much expressed in Warwickshire, that the conduct of the person in high position whose name has been so commonly associated with this domestic tragedy should not be subjected to a strict investigation, in order that his guilt or innocence might be demonstrated; and we are assured that the longer such an inquiry is delayed the stronger and deeper will grow the suspicion. It is well known, of course, to whom this refers; but the poor lady of a baronet, made the accusation against herself and him while in milk fever after her confinement, and statements so made ought not to be accepted as necessarily true. Still the public are uneasy, and it was not without meaning that the Lord Mayor last night said, in one of his speeches, that a condition of royalty was the power to respect and esteem."

Personalities.

—Hon. Edward McPherson, Clerk of the House of Representatives, sails in the German steamer from Baltimore next Wednesday.

—George Peabody and W. W. Corcoran are at the White Sulphur Springs, N. J.

—The Palazzo Muti Savorelli has been secured for the Marquis of Butte next winter. It is that which was occupied by his collateral ancestor, the exiled James II, when in Rome.

—The Independent says it is a marvel that no ex-President since the days of John Quincy Adams has ever had the courage to revisit Washington after his term of office had expired until Andrew Johnson lately returned to the scene of his former greatness. Has the Independent forgotten that John Tyler was president of the Peace Convention of 1861, which was held in Washington?

—The Chicago Journal has this from New York:—"Commodore Vanderbilt buried his wife a few months since—a noble woman who had been his companion from early manhood, and to whom he was indebted for very much of his success in life. When he left a country tavern on Staten Island, she ran the horse and attended to everything while he was absent on his boating expeditions. Report has it that the Commodore, who is now seventy-five years of age, is to lead to the hyemal altar in New York a blooming maiden of seventeen summers."

—The following distinguished personages are in New York:—Count de Turanne, of the French Legation at Washington, is stopping at the Albemarle Hotel. General J. B. Murray, of Seneca Falls, is at the Hoffman Hotel. Senator J. G. Harris, of Louisiana; Senator Fenton, of New York; Judge A. Nelson, of Poughkeepsie, and George B. McCartee, of Washington, are stopping at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. Captain the Hon. W. Ward, of the British Legation at Washington, is at the Hoffman Hotel. Senator J. R. Vann, of Arkansas; Senator J. W. Nye, of Colorado, and General J. C. Hutchings, of California, are at the Metropolitan Hotel. Captain R. H. Waterman, of San Francisco, and E. Vaughan Richards, of London, are at the Brevoort House. R. Pruyn, of Albany; Colonel J. Bingham, of Philadelphia, and J. A. Richardson, of St. Louis, are at the Astor House. Major-General J. C. Robinson, of the United States Army; General E. F. Jones, of Binghamton, and Senator Ross, of Kansas, are at the St. Nicholas Hotel.

Niagara Crumbling In.—"The change in the Falls this spring is the greatest that has been witnessed, probably, by any one generation. In the Horse Shoe Fall, where the green water is seen, the rock has crumbled away to the depth of about thirty-five feet on the side nearest Goat Island. The circular appearance of the Horse Shoe is now changed, and is more in the shape of a triangle than anything else. The American Fall has also met with some alteration, which old habits notice this season more particularly. The change in the site towards Goat Island, and were a pointed projection of rock to give way, the appearance would be changed to that of a Horse Shoe. It is estimated by competent geologists that some one hundred and fifty tons of rock must have given way from the Horse Shoe in the last year. The beauty of the Falls is not in the least marred, but rather enhanced, and old habits seem to like the Falls this year much better than ever."

The Estate of the Hon. Henry J. Raymond.

The Hon. Henry J. Raymond died worth about \$450,000 a little over \$250,000 was in real estate, the balance being in personal property. On petition of his widow, Juliette, Surrrogate Tucker has granted letters of administration upon the personal estate left. The petition recites that the petitioner resides at No. 12 West tenth street, in the city of New York, that the decedent left no will, that the value of decedent's personal property does not exceed \$200,000; that decedent left surviving him the following children:—Henry W. Raymond (of full age), Mary E. Raymond, Lucy M. Raymond, and Amice J. A. Raymond, minors. The petitioner concludes by asking that the letters of administration upon the personal property be granted to the widow, jointly with Edwin D. Morgan. The surties on the bond given by the administratrix and administrator are George D. Morgan and John T. Ferry, both of Irvington, in Westchester county, each of whom swears that he is worth \$400,000 over and above his debts and liabilities.

—N. Y. Tribune

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