#### HOURS WITH FORREST.

REMINISCENCES OF THE GREAT ACTOR AND HIS CONVERSATIONS ABOUT THE DRAMA.

It was on a bleak, blustering No-mber day, when a thin sprinkling of snow laid upon the wind-swept ciled at his house on Broad street. He had left the stage, on which for so many years he had been the idol in this country and the wonder in Eng-land. He had ended his career as a reader, and was living in elegant re-tirement amid his friends, his books, his pictures and those recollections of the past earned by a stout struggle with a not over friendly world. His mansion stood on that November day cold, massive and silent. The duil gray of the atmosphere made the outide less than inviting, while the eager, biting air and the sullen aspect of surrounding nature added to the gloom of the picture. A rap of the knocker woke the echoes of the silent hall,

At the meeting to which this paper woke the echoes of the silent hall, which, in expanse, brought to mind those of the old castles inhabited by the knights of other days-those men noise of bolts and bars told that attendants were on the alert, and then said: the door was opened and I was admitted to the inside of the house. From the hall a broad staircase led to the the upper part of the building. Even in this portion of the dwelling the taste of the occupant was plainly visible. There were pictures, busts and statues in proper positions, and the lights so distributed as to give them proper

prominence. A FIRST VISIT. Chaperoned by an old attendant, who, with her companion, were very near to the kind and protecting nature of Mr. Forrest, I ascended the steps, and at the top was met with rush of light from an open door and a welcome, hearty, manly and embrac-ing, from the historic master of the house. The room, into which Mr. Forrest led the way, was the library. It was a long, narrow appartment. It had its front on Broad street, and the rear windows looked out upon a garden, which, in summer, was redo-lent with the perfume of a thousand roses and vocal with the matin songs of a score of happy birds. It charming room, and once enfolded in its warm embrace November's cold. stern countenance was superceded by the blossoming and smiling face of vernal May. It was so near night that lights were at once ordered, and in a short time all was bright and cheerful, and a blaze of brilliant light fell upon and gilded a hundred objects of taste, culture and learning. Book-cases were filled with rare and costly volumes. Shakespeare was there, in all varieties of binding and from all times. Old and choice editions of this author were lying in all parts of the room, and most of the volumes bore marks of constant use by the loving student of this great expounder of man's wishes, hopes and ambitions in all walks of life. There were also editions of the works of all the other dramatic authors, both ancient, and modern, showing that Mr. Forrest was a broad, general student, and founded his school of culture and art not upon sic worth or from some association of his mantle fell upon no expectant ar-a historic, public or private character. a historic, public or private character. The dramatic art was well represented in this portion of the collection of Mr. Forrest's library. Near the centre of the room was Mr. Forrest's reading table, and on this reposed in close companionship the Bible, Shakespeare and a dictionary. The Bible was opened at the "Sormon on Shakespeare and a dictionary. The Bible was opened at the "Sermon on the Mount," and Shakespeare at the last act of "King Lear." These had been the meditation from which the man and actor had been disturbed by my visit. He had contemplated the "old man," torn, larcerated, wounded and crazed by a cold cruel, unfeeling world, his heart pierced by arrows flighted by his own children, and then turned for consolation to that wonderful announcement, that blesses the peaceful, the meek and just. The books upon the table of Edwin Forrest were a more powerful exposition of his real character than a host of friends or depreciating enemies. Mr. Forrest was evidently at home in this room, and after seating himself at his table and again extending a cordial greeting to his visitor feel into an easy,

the talker. He did not make apparent the actor and the footlights. O course, as his studies had been mainly directed in the line of his profession, he would naturally fall into that line when unbending himself in the hours of private intercourse with friends. And upon these topics his opinions streets and a few leaves fled before the were most generally fairly, frankly angry blast, that I paid my last visit and unreservedly given. He was a to Edwin Forrest. He was then domipoints of his art; but combined this was an element of honesty as full and ample as his own big, manly na-He would praise and condemn; but united and interwoven with this duty was that of commending and praising, which was never overlooked or omitted. He knew his own strength so well that he was not jealous others in the same line of intellectual effort. His sense of justice was also so nice and acute that he could not err in any direction which led him across that line. Thus affluently equipped his talk on arts and actors were an education in these directions which all

specially alludes, after some general conversation on the current topics of the day, during which Mr. Forrest who took power by the mailed hand displayed a close attention to the po-and held it in the same manner. The litical, art and literary history of the times, some one of the few gentlemen

> "Mr. Forrest, you have, during your long stage-life, seen and acted with all prominent men of your profession. Which, in your estimation, stood the highest in all the elements of the dramatic art?"

The question was bold, plain and comprehensive. It covered a wide field and the eminent man addressed would have been justified in taking time for mature consideration. But he was so well grounded in the princi-ples and practice of the dramatic art, he had so deeply studied all the thoughts of the great writers and actors, that he at once summoned these aids to his assistance and replied:

#### KEAN AND MACREADY. "Edmund Kean was, in my estimation, the greatest actor that ever trod

the stage. And perhaps it would not be venturing too far to say that his equal will never again be seen upon the boards. At his best his acting was an inspiration. He walked and talked as Sir Giles Overreach, Othello and the other characters he represented, and I was as much entranced and amazed as one of the actors. His acting was always a wonder to me. could admire, but never could fathom it. Though his processes were based upon the strictest art rules, still his feelings were so intense and his actions so permeated with fire, devotion and individual force that the effect produced seemed to be over, above and independent of all art. It was in truth, so far as an audience was concerned, without rules. It was crystalized nature. The last act of 'A New play with him in this piece. tem to such a terrible strain.

Way to Pay Old Debts' in the hands of Mr. Kean was terrible in intensity, and more than one lady refused to would not subject their nervous sysdying scene, as pictured by Mr. Kean, was divested of all sensational and melo-dramatic effects, and the horrid realization was complete. It was this simplicity of truth, nature and strength the ocean of immensity in nature and art is fed and sustained. His collection of works in other decretes the was by no means at the was by no means are tion. that placed Mr. Kean on the topmost tion of works in other departments of intellectual effort was also full and complete, and in history, poetry and miscellaneous works this student's retreat was garnished in a complete and ample manner. Upon the walls were hung rare gems in the pictorial art, not always up to her best efforts; and busts of masters in more than one of the departments of mind-effort all times. But, when Mr. Kean felt looked upon the visitor in that calm retreat. Near the walls were also cases, in which reposed objects made brethren, a head and shoulders above valuable either from their own intrin- them all,' and when he left the stage

"What was the school of Mr. Macready, and what place did he occupy in that school?" were queries to Mr. Forrest at the same interview.

Mr. Forrest and Mr. Macready had not been friends in the latter part of their careers. But Mr. Forrest was far too broad and catholic in his love and devotion to art to suffer his private likes or dislikes to stand in the way of his judgement in relation to the reputation of a brother artist. He displayed no hostile feelings toward Mr. Macready, but spoke of him, as he did of Mr. Kean, with perfect fairness and candor.

"It is well known," replied Mr. Forrest, "that I am not an admirer of that school of acting which had Mr. Macready as its leading supporter. I lean towards the Kemble school. I admire constant, broad effort, rather than spasmodic action. Nature, when acting at her best, acts in a constant friends or depreciating enemies. Mr. Forrest was evidently at home in this room, and after seating himself at his table and again extending a cordial greeting to his visitor feel into an easy, unpretentious range of conversation, at once instructive and entertaining.

FORREST'S CONVERSATION.

Mr. Forrest was a most charming talker. He did not totally discard the arts of the actor. He used these appliances to strengthen, enliven and make more forcible the topics upon which he discoursed. But, at the same time, he hid the actor behind

pathy with the characters he assumed, and words, looks and actions united to produce a perfect effect. But the chool being narrow and fitful rather than broad and general, the actor soon fell into the former track and lost his hold upon the true meaning of artthat of presenting nature in its broad est and most complete form. Under the teachings and discipline of a better school of dramatic art, Mr. Macready would have been a more catholic ex pounder of the works of the great master. As it was, his knowledge of the technicalities of his art was more extended than that of any of his co temporaries, and his stage business a which no one could neglect to study without a heavy loss in the line of their profession. He was a good actor in a bad school. Even if he had been the possessor of greater talents they would have been dimmed by the atmosphere in which he was determined to use them.'

DAVENPORT AND BOOTH. "Is not Mr. Davenport heartily and honestly on the Kimble platform of art?

'Yes," said Mr. Forrest, with quick emphasis and hearty earnestness, and the result is seen in his glorious acting in parts which make him forget such melodramatic monstrosities as he has been forced into by the thumb screws of stock-life. If Mr. Daven-port had, at an early day in his career, abandoned all but legitimate characters, he would have been a still more perfect actor. His natural school was also injured by his long association with Mr. Macready in England. That fault had to be overcome and corrected when he returned to the United States before he could again get into that track, at the end of which lay the goal of his true ambition. But he has returned to the true school, and his Sir Giles Overreach and Hamlet are fine specimens of legitimate and educated art. Mr. Davenport loves his art. He is no pretender, no false priest in the temple. He does clean work with clean hands, and will oc-cupy a high place among the list of American artists—upon whose shouldders rests at this time the superstructure of legitimate home art.'

"Edwin Booth comes from a parentage that places more than a usual amount of responsibility upon him in relation to the present and future of dramatic art; does he tread in the footsteps of his gifted and erratic

"Edwin Booth is undoubtedly cultured, studious and careful actor," answered Mr. Forrest, "but you have placed the contrast at a high pitch. His father was a wonder in some respects. He was a genius, and bits of his acting have never been excelled in pathos and volcanic fierceness of aroused feeling. His Richard III. and lago were full of genius, and in other parts he was also abreast of the giants of the stage. There was a magnetism in the presence and acting of the elder Booth which attracted and held the closest attention of all classes in an audience. He was a highly cultivated man. He was a highly cultivated man. But that was not so plainly seen in his acting as was the changed personality of the man. When he put on the hump of *Richard* he also took up his whole personality, and he was *Iago* in all particulars. These were the results of genius. Edwin Booth is also cultivated in the control of th tured, also studious, also wedded to his profession. He is a well equiped actor. He has studied lovingly and carefully his father's methods. He is a careful actor. He never slights a personation. These are matters to be commended in an artist. He has a fine presence and for a certain line of characters his voice is unsurpassed. His Hamlet is full of excellencies and his Shylock is a fine presentation of this fine creation of Shakespeare. But he has not the genius of his father. Few have. He is, however, comparatively young and no man ceases learning on the stage if his mind is bent in that direction. And Edwin Booth is still a student of nature and his great art. What he has already done justifies high hopes for what he will do in the

future."

After some masterly recitations, which Mr. Forrest was fond of giving when in proper company, I took my leave of the old actor, scholar and student. It was now night and Mr. Forrest, with a halt in his gait and a profusion of kindly words on his lips, accompanied me to the head of the great stairway, and from thence I made my way to the street. The last look I had of Mr. Forrest was as he turned and entered his library door, to again for. entered his library door, to again for-get the world, its sunshine and its shade, amid his books, his pictures and his studies. I never saw him in life again. But I stood beside his open coffin in a few months, and, with thou-sands of others, forgot the flaws in the mirror when remembering the brilliant gleams it had shed upon the history of dramatic art in all parts of the world.

## Baby Mine.

Nae shoon to hide her tiay tae, Nae stocking on her feet; Her supple ankies white as suaw, Or early blossoms sweet.

Her simple dress of sprinkled pink, Her double disspled chin; Her puckered lips and baumy mon, With na one tooth within.

Her een me like her mither's een, Twa gentie liquid things; Her face is like an angel's face— We're glad she has nae wings! She is the budding o' our love, A giftle God gled us; We munus love the gift owre w Twad be no blessing thus,

#### THE CONGRESSIONAL FIHDLER.

A TENNESSEE YOUNGSTER WON HIS ELECTION AND HIS WIFE. wille (Tenn.) Special to Cincinnati Enquirer

Lat Wednesday, at Asheville, N. C. Congressman-elect Robert Taylor was united in marriage to Miss Sallie Baird, a niece of Governor Vance, of North Carolina. The marriage is the conclusion of a somewhat romantic story. When Taylor was nominated by the Democrats as their candidate for Congress, Miss Baird promised him that, if elected, she would marry him; if defeated, it would be an indefinite time before their union could be consummated. The district contains some of the strongest Republican counties in the State, and has always given a Republican majority of 2,200 or 2,300. The prospect for Taylor attaining his desires were, therefore, not at all promising. Besides, he had as an opponent Pettibone, one of the Republican chieftains of the State, an immigrant from Michigan, possessed of unusual shrewdness. In the Presidential con-

test, as one of the Republican electors, he bore the banner of his party as gallantly as possible, worrying the Democrats considerably. For Taylor he entertained seemingly nothing but con-Taylor's nomination was simply a lucky stroke of fortune. In the Re-publican convention Taylor's brother,

very pronounced Republican, was the principal candidate for the nomination against Pettibone; but the latter, after a bitter fight, secured the honor. Republican Taylor's friends were all angry, and the Democrats conceived that it would a good thing to nominate his Democratic brother, who would probably draw votes from the Republican ranks. The plan was carried out. Taylor was only twenty-eight years old, and in that region had made considerable reputation and popularity as a fiddler. At the frequent gatherings for dancing he was a most welcome guest. His nomination seemed to fire the young men with en-thusiasm. Numbers of Republicans and two or three Republican journals left the party ranks and went over to Taylor's side. Pettibone was accused of being in with the revenue and custom house rings, which had controlled politics in that section. It was an understood fact that Federal money was to be showered on the district. Tay-lor, as he afterward told friends, had only \$5 to commence the canvass with, but, once out, money and assistance of every kind poured in on him, so that after the campaign was over, very little of the \$5 was spent. Pettibone looked down on him with contempt,

and in the opening speech merely al-luded to him as the "beardless boy who fiddles." When it came to Taylor's rejoinder, he approached the table with a fiddle in one hand and a carpet-bag in the He commenced with the statement that the serious charge was made against him that he was a fiddler. Then laying the fiddle and carpet-bag side by side on the table, he asked the crowd to choose between them. The point was taken up and carried from one end of the district to the other, producing any amount of merriment at Pettibone's expense. Pettibone, afterward, never alluded to Taylor's fiddle more than once or twice. Taylor also taunted Pettibone with the fact that his regiment, at the close of the crat was a ready, eloquent speaker, and never failed to awaken enthusiasm. Frequently, when the speaking was over, he would entertain the crowd with music from his violin. The district has its share of moonshiners, and they, with all their friends, were for of a faint flush upon his cheeks he Taylor, as Pettibone was in with and supported by the revenue men, the enemies of the moonshiners. Taylor's of him, and his eyes rested on them majority was nearly 1,500, making a as he extended his hand in an attitude Democratic principles. He did so, and won.

## A SOLID SOUTH.

BLAINE'S SAD BLUNDER.

The New York Herald recites ac-curately the sad blunder of Blane in

that of the Republican party in the North has become, as many of the most influential Southern men and a mass of the Southern people hold, the dominant necessity South. Any man who, with sufficient political following in the North, promises the South such measures of internal im-provemt as we speak of, and with them the assurance of security in their local self-government, will be the controlling spirit in Southern politics. The present political parties and organizations will melt before his influences. If Mr. Blane had taken the leadership of the administration, it needed only his bold and aggressive advocacy of new issues to make it the strongest party administration the Republicans have ever had; nor could any of his rivals withstood him; sulkily, grudgingly, perhaps, but obediently, they must have followed him, for his party would quickly have seen that he pointed the

way to success. But instead of dividing the South and rallying the larger half of it to his own side and to the Republican banners, he has chosen to do that which can only make its solidity more solid; he has helped the Democratic party past its greatest peril, and he has done what he could do to injure the country at large by prolonging sectional dissensions. And, after all, sectional dissensions. And, after all, he has not advanced his own career, but the contrary,

# A TRAGIC WEDDING.

A PRIEST DROPS DEAD OF HEART DIS-EASE WHILE PERFORMING A MARRIAGE CEREMONY.

The wedding of Charles M. Brennan, the son of Commissioner Owen Brennan, to Miss Meta Peetsch, had been set down for last night, and in the church of St. Francis Xavier, in Sixteenth street, where the nuptial ceremony was to be performed, great pre-parations had been made. Originally it was intended to have the couple wedded over a week ago, but the mise of Matthew T. Brennan on the day which had been chosen necessitated postponement. Last night the church was crowded with a gay and brilliant gathering. The pews were filled with ladies and gentlemen in rich attire, and all through the length and breadth of the edifice, silks shimmered and diamonds sparkled. The altar was a perfect blaze of light, and in the floral splendor which decked it the orange blossoms, significant of the joyful nature of the occasion, appeared in clusters and bouquets. At about half-past seven o'clock a soft prelude floated down from the organ loft, which deepened in volume as the doors at the middle aisle were thrown open. Then the glad strains of the wedding march pealed out as the bridal party In pure white raiment, with entered. a few choice and costly ornaments, setting off the natural beauty of her face, Miss Peetsch looked very charming, and when she took her place by the groom's side in front of the sanctuary railing, and the three bridesmaids drew up behind her, the eyes of the whole congregation rested on the couple. Then the Rev. Alphonsus P. Pelletier appeared with the acloytes and several clerical assistants. Mr. Brennan had been a pupil of his in the past and it was a duty of affection to utter the words that would make the young man and his bride one. war, disbanded with more men than it had started with. The young Demo-Catholic Church, Father Pelletier was Catholic Church, Father Pelletier was to address a few words of exhortation and advice to the young couple, and

his manner was quiet impressive. He stood before the altar and turned to address them. He spoke in a ring which the faces of the onlookers showed anxiety and alarm, and the stillness was broken by the rustling of death was upon him. They carried him into the vestry, uttered the words The New York Herald recites accurately the sad blunder of Blane in forcing sectional and exasperating issues before the country:

Had Mr. Blane, instead of his new raid on the South, which has fallended on the country, declared himself not only for justice, but also for sectional harmony and good feeling; had he made himself the administration leader in the Senatz, had he boildly demanded the formation of a new Republican party in the South, and called into it, as he better than any other man could do, abel, influential and honest men; had he announced a new Republican policy looking to substantial levee and other internal improvements, ocean and railroad subsidies, he would, without losing his hold on the Northern wing of his party, would have grintered the Southern Democratic organization to pieces, and would have drawn to himself such Southern states in the election.

It is the peculiarity of the present policy which has been most marked as in the election.

It is the peculiarity of the present policy which has been most marked as in the left of policy which has been most marked as in the left of policy which has been most marked as in the left of policy which has been most marked as in the line of policy which has been most marked as in the left of policy which has been most marked as in the left of policy which has been most marked as in the left of policy which has been most marked as in the left of policy which has been most marked as in the left of policy which has been most marked as in the left of policy which has been most marked as in the left of policy which has been most marked as in the left of policy which has been most marked as in the left of policy which has been most marked as in the left of policy which has been most marked as in the left of the present policy has been most marked as in the left of policy which has been most marked as in the left of the present policy which has been most marked as in the left of the present policy has been most marked as in the left of the present policy ha

moved out, followed by the throng, who were not aware that the celebra was lying in his sacerdotal robes-life-

### A Discharge of Grape.

From the Washington Post.]

The moans of the wounded will be heard from every direction as the result of the first day's investigation of the much talked of 'cipher dispatches.' The rubicund face of Zach. Chandler will grow more ruddy when be learns that the evidence of his malfeasance in the sale of public offices for money to be used in corrupting the voters of Indiana has been made public in spite of Postmaster-General Tyner's frantic ef-forts to destroy it. To bring down at one blow two cabinet officials is not, so far as results are concerned, a bad day's work, even for a Potter commit-

It is already proven beyond a doubt or cavil that there were as many "cipher" telegrams sent by the Hayes people as by the Democrats; that while Mr. Orton was juggling with the Democratic House all the political dispatches were gathered together and sent to the Republican Senate; that Morton overhauled them, and that Bullock, his clerk, sorted them; that the Democratic "ciphers" were abstracted as well as the Republican "ciphers;" that the last named were destroyed through the intervention of Bullock, General Brady, of the Postoffice department, and ex-Congressman Evans; that the Democratic dispatches were copied, and finally handed over to the New York Tribune; that Bullock, for his theft, was appointed consul to Cologne, where he can make contribution of a new and distinct stink, and that after all this was done the remainder of the dispatches, barring a very few of Republican paternibut innocuous character, which were dumped on Butler's library table, were sent to New York, and there os

tentatiously burned.

The fact being established that the Republican ciphers were equally as voluminous as those that have been credited to the Democrats; that they were of sufficient importance to justify a theft, such as Bullock admits he ommitted, we are at liberty in law and good morals to attribute the worst possible meaning to them. There is not a particle of doubt that they would show that five hundred thousand dollars were raised in New York to purchase the state of Florida alone. Taken altogether, we do not at all regret the energy of the Tribune in bringing to light the evidences of Democratic wrong-doing. Even if all that it al-leges be true, it has killed but one man, while the Democratic gun is loaded with grape and bids fair to mow down "leading Republicans" by platoons. Call Tyner, Brady and the two Chandlers, but more especially Zacariah.

### A Novel Campaign. Among the recent dead of Congress

Gustav Schleicher, who represented the largest district in the country. It took in the whole southwestern part of Texas, from the Mexican frontier s P. half-way across the State away beyond yes San Antonio. Delaware, Rhode Island and New Jersey could have been packed away in it without covering all the ground. To hold a convention in that district was not the work of a day or a week. When the convention was called in 1874 there were two candidates in the field whose strength was about equal. The convention was called to meet at Brownsville, and there were about 125 delegates. party from San Antonio expected a siege, and made preparations. They hired a good cook, laid in two or three wagon-load of supplies, and started. It was almost a two weeks' journey, and they took it leisurely. On arriving at Brownsville they pitched their tent, unlimbered the boxes of provenfrom Tennessee. His father represented the State in Congress just after the war. When nominated, Taylor was advised to take a very conservative course, but answered firmly that he proposed to make the fight on straight-state proposed to make the Democratic gain of one Congressman of benediction. At that moment his der, and they were ready for the fight. nally the supply of ice began to grow beautifully less, and even the whisky was low in the barrel. With the disstillness was broken by the rustling of dress and a great craning of necks. Then the assisting clergymen lifted Father Pelletier up. He was breathing faintly, but his face was ghastly, and it was clear that the hand of death was upon him. They something must be done. The thir-tieth day of the convention was ap-proaching, when an old stage-driver got up, and, after eulogizing the two candidates, said that he wanted to make a suggestion. There was one man who knew the whole State of