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A POLICY OF SILENCE.

General Gordon's Plans for the South.

THE SOUTHERN MEMBERS MUST NOT REPLY TO THE BITTER SPEECHES OF THE RADICALS, BUT MUST TAKE ABUSE CALMLY—VIEWS WHICH WILL BE IMPRESSED ON THE DEMOCRATS.

Special to the Philadelphia Times.

WASHINGTON, December 1.

General Gordon arrived here last night from Georgia, and was present in his seat in the Senate to-day. The Senator comes here in a very earnest frame of mind, and in this and in his purposes he represents those who have come to be known as the conservative men of the South. What he says will be found to be the opinions of men like Senators Lamar, Ransom, Jones of Florida, and Wade Hampton. I found him to-day in his committee room making ready for the business of the session. He was looking ruddier and in much better health than when he left Washington at the close of the last session, the result of a long, pleasant summer of domestic and farm life at his home near Atlanta. Speaking of this, and very modestly of the extremely interesting story of his part in the last battles of the war, published some time since in the *Times*, he said at length in answer to a question put by me as to his idea of the kind of a session we are about to have: "I trust we are devoted to the interests of the whole country. I came here to do what I can to prevent the keeping alive of sectional strife and the discord that prevailed at the last session and will prevail so long as this 'Southern question' is kept alive."

SOUTHERN MEN TO KEEP QUIET.

General Gordon is a man of such sincere conviction and withal is so thoroughly in earnest that he is very eloquent even in conversation, and he seemed to-day to be pouring out what had been kept in and checked for many months. He said that he had come here with the purpose to do what he could to prevent Southern men from answering any of the abuse that might be heaped upon them and which, he saw, had already been threatened by some Republicans. This was his first object and for that he was prepared to lay by for the time all discussion of the doctrine of State rights. "I am, indeed, a Democrat," said he, "and I believe thoroughly in the right of local self-government. I think the people in all the States, North as well as South, believe in that, and not one State in the Union would surrender a single right for which I would contend. Why I would not have it spoken of now, however, is because it is covered over and blackened by the leaders of the Republican party in Congress, and made to be equivalent to the dead and buried issues of secession. Of course you know and they know that our doctrine of State rights has nothing of the old dogma about it. It is precisely what the citizens of every State believe in, but the Democratic party stands by what I consider the Constitutional right of the States, while the Republican party is drifting from it and towards centralization."

"No," he said, in answer to a question. "I have no sympathy with the cry that the Republican party wants to change the form of government, that is, the masses of its voters do not. The tendency of the party is in that direction, however, and the tendency of the Democratic party is the other way. Therefore, I am a Democrat. I believe that when the air is cleared of passion and when this Southern question is taken out of politics we shall have the sympathy of the North in our political notions. The people of the North do not hate us. It is only the men here in Congress who hate us and they hate us because they fear that the Democratic party is about to turn them out of their places here. We of the South know that the people of the North are intelligent and virtuous and honest and brave, and they know that the people of the South are equally so. What makes them distrustful of us is that they think us rash, and they think so because of the utterances of a few men in Congress who permitted themselves to be dragged into a personal controversy with men who deliberately set traps for them for unpatriotic and partisan purposes."

TAKE ABUSE CALMLY.

General Gordon contended "that what the Southern members ought to do was to sit still and not answer any charges that might be made against them or any attacks that should be made on the South. He instanced the speech that the late Senator Morton made on the Louisiana case as an illustration of the great good that the Southern members of Congress might do their own section and the entire country by remaining silent under the most bitter provocation. That speech was the bitterest attack the Senator ever made on the South. It was not only filled with bitterness, but in it Morton attacked the States separately and called on the Senators to answer him if they could. The character of the speech had been known to the Southern Senators long before it was delivered, and when the day came they had determined to make no answer to him. In vain Morton stormed and called on the South to defend itself.

The Southern Senators made no response. They even refused to answer his questions, and they left him the poor consolation of quarreling without an opponent. Morton afterwards said that he had never been so badly whipped in his life and General Gordon declared it to have been overwhelming in its effect. He would have his friends in Congress maintain this attitude now. He holds that the only way to bring about peace and to bring Congress to its proper work of legislating for the whole country is to put an end to sectional strife, and this can only be done by putting an end to sectional discussion. There must be two parties to a wrangle and if the Southern members refuse to answer attacks upon themselves and their States the discussion must very soon stop. When that is stopped he thinks the South will reach its true place in the country and that Southern men will take their rightful position in the work of the government—not controlling the government. Said he: "No, I would not have that for a moment, but ahead of the North in the work of legislating and caring for the interests of the whole country, the interests which every section should have nearest at heart."

SEEING THE SOUTH IN A WRONG LIGHT.

He thinks that now the only effect of answering the attacks upon the South is to make the people of the North distrustful of the South. "We cannot argue with the North," he said, "because we permit them to be blinded by passion, and they are seeing us in a wrong light, because some of our friends insist on fighting the issues between the sections that are settled. On this question the North will always be against us, and I see it as clearly as I see the sunlight coming through these windows that the only policy for us to pursue is a policy of silence, a silent endurance of all the attacks that partisan malice can make upon us. When the men on the other side see that they cannot quarrel with us they will be obliged to cease their attacks, and that will be a gain for the country; but, better still, when the people of the North see that we endure all that they can say without reply, and are only here for the purpose of attending to the business of legislation, they will take us for what we really are and trust us."

Gen. Gordon will impress these views upon the Democratic caucus when it shall meet, and he will have the support of the best men of the party from both sections of the country.

How Far the Pleasure of Smoking is Imaginary.

From the London Lancet.

The question has been asked why a a man smoking a pipe should not be aware when the candle is put out whether the tobacco is still burning. There is, first, the point of fact. It may be questioned if any one really finds himself in the difficulty supposed. We believe, under certain conditions, the doubt may exist. Smokers are not always large consumers of the weed. They often form a habit of taking very little smoke into the mouth and of breathing chiefly through the nose. The consequence is that the pleasure of smoking may consist in having something to do, and the sensation of doing that something is quite as likely to be a matter of seeing as of tasting. In cases of this class the smoker, being deprived of his accustomed evidence or means of enjoyment, may be distressed. Of course, it is not alleged that a man can not ascertain whether the contents of his pipe are lighted when he happens to be in the dark. That would be sheer folly.

Meanwhile the experiment, if such it can be called, is well calculated to draw attention to the economic question how far the pleasure of smoking is generally imaginary. If it be, a suitable substitute for the expensive cigar and wasteful pipe might be found in some permanent material, of proper consistency, moulded into the approved shape. It has long been a mystery to some smokers how other smokers could systematically smoke bad cigars; the mystery may be dispelled if it should turn out that the fumes of the tobacco are not even inhaled.

Gigglers in Church.

Giggling is described in the dictionary as the act of "laughing with short catches of breath, as laughing idly, tittering, grinning." It is silly and childish enough anywhere, but in church it is abominable, and yet there is no place where giggling is more common. It is natural in a school girl, but when met with in young women of nineteen and twenty it is unpardonable. It is frequently a characteristic of young men with incipient moustaches, who think they qualify themselves for manhood by affecting contempt for their elders reverence. They giggle at anything. If they catch the eye of an acquaintance they giggle; if an old woman rises too soon for a hymn they giggle; if a baby cries they giggle; if some one drops a book they giggle; if the clergyman coughs they giggle; if the plate is handed to some one who puts nothing in they giggle; if some one near them sings out or repeats the responses loudly they giggle; if the choir makes a mistake they giggle. In fact, nothing is to small or insignificant to arrest their notice and produce a giggle.

Napoleon--The Story of his Marriages.

The marriages of the Bonapartes play an important part in the story of their fortunes, and none of them were so significant and important as those of the Emperor. To one who, like him, looked upon the world as made for him, and upon laws merely as something which were good for him to impose upon others, it must have appeared that his two wives were admirably planned for his use. Josephine de Beauharnais was an ideal wife for a young and rising man of genius. She had everything which would appeal to a fancy like his, at once selfish and passionate. She had beauty, rank, the power of pleasing, and a certain indolent grace that promised an obedience reasonably free from jealousy. Up to the time that he mounted the imperial throne and seated her by his side, she was all that his narrow heart and boundless ambition could desire. But after the marvelous victory of Wagram had opened up to his fevered imagination still wider perspectives of dominion, he looked for another style of wife, and found her in Maria Louisa of Austria. Her blonde beauty, formed of pink and white color and roundly curving lines and the golden floss of a child's hair, appealed strongly to his jaded taste. He was not old, but, as he said to the directory, "one ages fast upon the field of battle," and he wanted some such solace as this soft, unintellectual beauty (somebody has called it the Alderney style of prettiness) in his home, if such a word may be used of the Tuileries. Besides, he doubtless felt that an emperor should have an emperor's daughter to wife, and this was a young girl who had a hundred monarchs for her ancestors, and yet she would be gentle and obedient, and not argue with him or answer him, and would give him heirs. He was genuinely attached to her, and if he knew nothing about her, and had no premonition of Count Neipperg, it was all the better for him. She, also, was quite taken by storm with him, and for a while the novelty of being loved by an ogre—for such she had always considered him—was agreeable to her. But his tumultuous glory was quite too much for the daily food of such a human small being as the empress, and she was doubtless relieved when the indignant soul left his body at Longwood, and she was free to follow her ignoble little heart and marry Neipperg.

Josephine would have had her revenge if she could have foreseen the course of history for even a few years. It is she, and not the pretty Austrian, who will be known forever as the wife of Napoleon. It is her statue that rises in marble in the public places of Paris. It is her name and those of her children that mark the great avenues of the metropolis—Avenue Josephine, La Reine Hortense, Boulevard du Prince Eugene. Though she was ousted remorselessly from a throne to make room for Maria, it was her children—the children of the creole postscript—who should become the tenants of palaces, and not those of her rival. The Duke of Reichstadt was to pass a youth of inglorious pleasure, and was to die before his prime, and leave no son to inherit his claims to empire; while the Beauharnais line was to stretch out like the swarm of Kings seen by the Thane of Cawdor in his vision. Eugene, her heroic son, after the fall of the Napoleons, returned to the court of his father-in-law, the King of Bavaria, and became Prince of Eichstadt, Duke of Leuchtenberg, and first nobleman of the kingdom. His daughter, united to the son of Bernadotte, became Queen of Sweeden; another became a Princess of Hohenzollern, and a third Empress of Brazil. His oldest son won the hand of the Queen of Portugal, and the younger married a daughter of the Czar Nicholas of Russia. And whatever doubt might be thrown on the purity of the Napoleonic descent by which the Emperor Napoleon III. claimed the throne, he was unquestionably the son of Hortense, and was Beauharris and Tascher-la-Pagerie beyond challenge. The grandson of Josephine, Louis Napoleon, ruled France in peace and with a sort of splender for the space of twenty-two years while the period of the first Napoleon's reign counting Consulate and Empire together, was but fifteen—though so powerful was the personal imprint made by the uncle, and so vague was the individual character of the nephew, that the shorter reign seems like an age, and the longer like an episode.

A NEIGHBOR once called on Ben Butler and said: "One of my neighbor's cows jumped my garden gate last night, and completely destroyed my flower-beds. The gate was the height required by law. Now I wish to know whether I can claim damages." Ben told him he could get about $10's worth. "Then," responded the Lowelite, "it was your own cow." The General turned his desk, scratched off a few lines on a piece of paper, and handed it to his visitor. It was in the form of an account and read as follows: "B. F. Butler to Mr. ———, Dr., to damages caused by cow, $10; Cr., by legal advice, $15; balance due, $5." "Mr. ———," said Ben, softly, "you needn't hurry about the payment."

EVEN if a boy is always whistling "I want to be an angel," it is just as well to keep the preserved pears on the top shelf.

A BONANZA BANQUET.

THE SPLENDOR OF THE CROCKER RECEPTION TO GENERAL GRANT IN SAN FRANCISCO.

From Correspondence Springfield Republican.

Life in this gay metropolis for the past two months has been filled with scenes of revelry and mirth. Ever since General Grant's arrival entertainments and parties have rapidly succeeded one another. But among the entertainments the Sharon fete, followed on Grant's return from Portland by the Bonanza king Crocker's reception, were the most costly and sumptuous. Nothing that money could procure was wanting at either. The elegant Nob hill mansion was ablaze with light and splendor, and blossomed forth into a conservatory of rare and beautiful exotics, and the feast equaled the costly banquets the old luxurious Romans were wont to indulge in. Outside, the throng of lookers-on waited long and patiently around the brilliantly-lighted mansion, to see the carriages unburden their loads of brave men and fair women, while within the intoxicating perfume of delicate flowers, the bewildering strains of music, the beauty of the richly furnished rooms, the ravishing toilets of the guests, and the beautiful and luxuriant surroundings, made the scene one of delight and enchantment. The beauty, wealth, fashion, wit and culture of the Pacific coast were well represented in the palace of the millionare. Mr. Charles Crocker is a gentleman of medium height, rather stout and looks as if he enjoyed all the good things of life. His face is smooth and fair, his complexion good, his eyes blue and kindly in expression. He is active in all worthy charitable enterprises, and gives ready assistance whenever called upon, making good use of his vast fortune. Mrs. Crocker is a brunette, with small features, an attractive face and gray hair. Her eyes are dark and expressive, and she always dresses in exceedingly good taste. On this occasion her costume was a combination of garnet velvet and pale blue satin, the court train finished at the edge with a narrow fold of velve, and a quilling of blue velvet on either side. The overdress of velvet was open in front, disclosing a blue satin petticoat. The neck and sleeves were filled in with rare point lace. Her jewels were most rare—a necklace of solitaire diamonds, ear-rings, bracelets, hair ornaments, whose prismatic rays flashed with a thousand shimmering lustres. Mrs. Grant wore a robe of ivory satin de Lyons, with a long satin train brocaded with gold. The bottom of the front breadth was finished with large tassels of white silk. Exquisite laces and diamonds added richness to the beautiful toilet. Miss Hattie Crocker wore white silk, with trimmings of crushed roses. The front of her skirt was one solid mass of pearls. The young lady is a blonde, with small, refined features and graceful carriage. There were so many elegant and costly custumes it would be useless to enumerate them, as over six hundred guests were present. The centre of the dining room tables held stands of growing plants—trailing around the tables, and festooning the dishes were living vines, fresh and lovely. The plates used for the first time were made in Limoges. This porcelain was decorated brilliantly with birds, flowers and fruit in the centre, and rims in harmony of color. The plates used for the various courses were all of this porcelain. The cut glass was imported and elevated in delicate lace patterns, thin and frail as your fancy could desire. The ices were in the form of flowers and fruit in their natural colors. The menus were in red, white and blue satin, mounted on wire stands about a foot high, and were decorated with vines and flowers. The whole affair was recherche and elegant, and no expense was spared to make it the great social sensation of the season.

Grinding at the Mill in the East.

Dr. J. F. Hurst, in Harper for December.

Southward through Thilistia there are no mill-streams, and one constantly hears the hum of the hand-mill at every village and Arab camp, morning and evening, and often deep into the night. When at work, two women sit at the mill facing each other; both have hold of the handle by which the upper is turned round upon the nether millstone. The one whose hand is disengaged throws in the grain, as occasions require, through the hole in the upper stone, which is called a rukkab, the rider, in Arabic, as it was long ago in Hebrew. It is not correct to say that one pushes it half round, and then the other seizes the handle. This would be slow work, and would give a spasmodic motion to the stone. Both retain their hold, and pull to or push from, as men do with the whip or cross-cut saw. The proverb of Christ is true to life, for women only grind. Dr. Thompson recalls no instance in which men were grinding at the hand-mill. It is tedious, fatiguing work, and slaves or servants are set at it. From the King to "the maid-servant that is behind the mill," therefore, embraced all, from the very highest to the very lowest inhabitants of Egypt. This grinding at the mill was often imposed upon captives taken in war. Thus Samson was abused by the Philistines, and, with Milton for his poet, bitterly laments his cruel lot:

"To grind in brazen fetters under task,
Eyeless, in Gaza, at the mill with slaves."

Webster, Choate and Sumner.

Correspondent of the San Francisco Bulletin.

Thirty years ago, when a student at Amherst College, I remember going over with several of my classmates to Northampton, where Daniel Webster and Rufus Choate were the opposing lawyers in the great Oliver Smith will case. I shall never forget the impression made by the great contrast between the manner and gesticulation of the two distinguished pleaders in their closing arguments. The court-room was crowded almost to suffocation, and the immense interest involved, together with the high reputation of the opposing counsel, combined to excite the attention and interest of all to a remarkable degree. Webster's gestures, as well as his words, were comparatively few, but weighty, massive, the very embodiment of dignity and conscious strength. Most of the time during the argument, he stood perfectly motionless, his body slightly bent forward, and his hands behind his back. Choate spoke for nearly two hours, in a manner the very counterpart of Webster's, and yet equally appropriate to the speaker's individuality. He was all alert, every vein swelled to fullness, every muscle at its utmost tension. He advanced toward the jury and retreated. He rose on tiptoe, and several times in his excitement seemed to spring up entirely off his feet. He ran his long, nervous fingers through his dark hair, and anon shook them in the air above his head with so swift a motion that they seemed to run into each other like the spokes on a spinning-wheel. His plea lasted two hours. The day was hot, and when he had concluded he sank into the arms of attendants in a state of perfect exhaustion and was borne out into the lobby like a corpse. The excitement in the court-room was intense, but Webster's calm, stern logic carried the day over Choate's brilliant and fiery rhetoric. The verdict was for Webster and the will.

One word concerning the gesticulations of Charles Sumner. He was always dignified and self-possessed, and in his movements, as well as words, always conveyed the idea of deliberation and scholarly culture rather than of that spontaneous warmth and impulsive feeling which is most apt to stir emotion in a hearer. But he had one gesture which he used not often, but always once or twice in his great speeches, which never failed to send the blood thrilling to my temples; and I noticed it had a similar effect on many others. He raised his hand higher and higher, with appropriate gesticulation, while building a climax, and when he came to cap it, he rose on tip-toe and thrust his hand up into the air with great force and with a look of exultant triumph. It was magnificent. It fitted the subject and the man.

Remarkable Result of Woman's Suffrage.

A Boston journal illustrates the advantages which will accrue to communities from woman suffrage by the following neat story: A certain gentleman, in apparently good circumstances, has still, for several years, been in the habit of paying only the poll tax. This year he was astonished to receive a tax bill amounting to $1,100. He went to the assessors to inquire what the bill meant, and to his dismay was questioned so closely in relation to the ownership of certain mortgages, stocks, &c., that he was forced to confess that the tax bill was all right. In reply to his persistent inquiries as to who had furnished them with the information, the assessors finally informed him that his wife had been registered as a voter, and when questioned as to her qualifications, had proudly enumerated all the various taxable properties of her liege lord. This gentleman, it is believed, is now no longer a believer in woman's suffrage, if he ever was so. But, if giving ladies the suffrage will result in the discovery of all the personal property now kept from taxation, a good many communities may be induced to look upon the reform with serious eyes.

A Colony for Tennessee.

From the Baltimore Sun.

The Co-Operative Colony Aid Association, of New York city, has determined to establish its first colony in the Cumberland plateau of East Tennessee. This location has been chosen on account of the healthfulness of the climate, the cheapness of lands, their comparative nearness to the Eastern markets, and their adaptation to the method of Northern farming. The financial plan is for the Aid Association to buy the land and furnish capital for building, stock and implements, and deed the property to the colonists in separate tracts from time to time as advances are repaid with a low rate of interest. Experiments in co-operative farming will be encouraged, and there will be a reservation for pasturage and fuel which will be the common property of the colony. A village will be established in the centre of the domain, with a co-operative store, school and machine shops. The advance-guard will leave New York before the 1st of January, and the main body of colonists will leave in the spring.

WHEN Californians give public dinners they make a patriotic point of using native wines, which are much cheaper than the imported article and quite as satisfactory in the line of drunkenness.

Why Alfonso Married Again.

From an Interview in the Paris Figaro.

"I had," said the King, "interred my whole past in the grave of Mercedes. From my earliest youth she was my only thought. Her image was ever present in my mind, when I passed my examinations at the Vienna Theresianum, amid my comrades at the military school in England, in my study, and in the battle-lines of Lacar. It was against the wish of her family and mine, against the advice of President Canovas, and against public opinion, which dislikes the Montpensier family, that I succeeded in making her my wife. I loved her as kings rarely do, and I lived with her like the most affectionate *bourgeois*. We were never apart. We shared alike work, pleasure and danger. Whenever I went out shooting by myself I brought her home my bag. I told her before-hand whatever I meant to say in public speeches. She took deep interest in everything I did, everything I said and everything I attempted. When she died I desired nothing so much as to die myself. For two months I shut myself up in the Escurial, not, as has been stated, to addict myself to ascetic practices, like Philip II., for I am no bigot, but to weep over Mercedes' coffin. After that I sought amusements to drown my grief, but I ultimately found this existence would not do. Now that I am promised the hand of the Archduchess Christine I feel that I am born to a new life, and that I may yet again be happy. It is not for me, who love the archduchess, to make general reflections as to the best sort of women. The archduchess unites all the qualities of the best types of the Viennese, for which I have much sympathy. Her character is frank, her temperament gay. She is resolute." [Here the King left off speaking in French, and continued in German]: "She is made to insure the happiness of a man worn out by anxiety and deceptions, who yearns for recreation at his own hearth, and I am sure she will find in Madrid the same sympathy which she commanded in Vienna."

How Fort Sumter Looks To-day.

From a Charleston letter writer.

Strolling out after breakfast I made my way to the battery, a pretty little park fronting the Ashley river side of Charleston harbor, and where gathered the "fair women and brave men" of 1861 to witness the bombardment of Ft. Sumter. Standing on the broad sea wall which protects the battery from the tides, grim old Sumter can still be seen in its ruins—a monument of more historic interest than any other in our country. It is now used as the adjunct of a lighthouse.

Some few guns are still on its battered walls, but are not kept in condition for service. Sullivan's Island, just north of it, on which Ft. Moultrie stood, and from which point the rebel batteries poured their destructive fire on Sumter, has been transformed into a village for the residence of Charleston aristocrats—a ferry plying between the city and the island for their convenience. Fort Johnson stands on James Island south of and opposite to Sumter. A few troops are stationed here. Castle Pinckney presents the appearance of a terraced lawn.

Notwithstanding the destruction of property by the war, Charleston is still a place of great wealth. The dwellings, with their surroundings, of their merchants, attest this beyond question. It certainly is not, however, a pleasant place of residence. The site is flat, the streets mostly narrow and there is no outlet for expansion except in the one direction, limited by the Ashley river on the south, and the Cooper river on the north. The open space made by these streams and the harbor in front afford air, but furnish with it an abundance of voracious mosquitoes.

Hayes as a Disgusting Hypocrite.

From the N. Y. Commercial Advertiser, (Rep.).

There is nothing the people of this country have a greater contempt for than cant and hypocrisy. The President's course from the time he entered the White House up to the present has been one of pretensions and imposture on the subject of civil service reform. He refers to the improvements made in the New York custom-house and post-office under the competitive system. This is a snare and a delusion. The enforcement of what is called the civil service order at the custom-house is very thin dust thrown in the eyes of the public. The competitive system is a dodge to enable the President, the Secretary of the Treasury and the collector of the port to take care of their particular friends to the exclusion of outsiders. That is all there is of this much vaunted reform movement. The examiners know who to prefer just as well as President Hayes knew who to reward for personal and political services. Blood is thicker than water, and these examiners will give the preference to their friends just as Mr. Hayes gave the preference to Gov. Noyes, who nominated him at the Cincinnati convention, and to the large number of men who rendered service to "count him in." The partisanship that brought the President and the Cabinet to the support of a candidate for Governor, who was removed from office for no other reason than that he was not in sympathy with civil service reform, ought not to expect the people to believe they are honestly and sincerely in favor of this reform.