

A TERRIBLE EXAMPLE.

John Welsh, the Patron Saint of Political Corruptionists.

SCATHING LETTER FROM JOHN W. FORNEY EXPOSING THE IMMORALITY OF THE USE OF LARGE SUMS OF MONEY TO INFLUENCE ELECTIONS.

PHILADELPHIA, December 16.—The following correspondence appears in Progress of last week:

ANCHOR WHITE LEAD COMPANY, (CINCINNATI, Dec. 6, 1880.) Col. John W. Forney, Philadelphia:

DEAR SIR: I have just read your criticism on Mr. John Welsh in Progress (December 4, page 51), and regret that, in view of the political course of your paper, and especially this attack on one of your oldest and best friends, than whom there is no one in Philadelphia who is more esteemed and respected for the purity of his life, I must request you to discontinue sending me the Progress from this date.

Yours respectfully, A. T. GOSHORN.

OFFICE "PROGRESS," PHILADELPHIA, PA., Dec. 14, '80.

Hon. A. T. Goshorn, Cincinnati:

MY DEAR SIR: The right to stop a newspaper is like the right to breathe God's air. But with certain other rights it may sometimes be abused. So I hold that no man stopping his paper has a right to give confidential reasons insulting the editor. Having gone through this business for more than a generation, I propose to discuss the question with perfect candor in this public reply to your letter of the 6th of December, 1880. As the wrong I condemned was a deliberate outrage upon the American people, I claim the full privilege to justify myself in denunciation of it.

Twenty-one years ago Jas. Buchanan, president of the United States, set the example to his army of office-holders by stopping my paper, the Press, because I conscientiously declared for the freedom of Kansas. I boldly exposed his proscription to the people, and with their aid broke down his administration at the polls. When I advocated, almost alone among my contemporaries in Philadelphia, the movement in favor of letting the cars run over our streets on the first day of the week for the benefit of the laboring poor of this great city, my paper was stopped by thousands who now go to church in the same cars every Sunday. For that sincere effort I was assailed by a concentrated cordon of angry clergymen, one memorable Sabbath day, calling upon the congregations to stop the Press; and now most of these men of God frequently ride to and from church on Sunday. When, equally solitary and alone, I pleaded that the colored people should be allowed the use of the same cars, hundreds of those who now amiably sit side by side with the negro in those cars, also stopped the Press.

But my last and crowning crime was that of declaring for General Hancock for president. One man withdrew his subscription because he declared I was dishonoring the fame of the dead General Meade, the most of the survivors of whose family voted in the presidential election for the living hero of Gettysburg. Another, who was one of the loudest to applaud General Hancock in July, 1863, for his magnificent services to our State and city, stopped Progress because he could not train, he said, with the party which supported Lee in the rebellion. Still another discontinued his paper because the election of Gen. Hancock, in his belief, would be a decree against the control of his special ring in this country. Others, not quite so bold, waited to see if General Hancock could be elected in November, in which event no doubt your name would still be inscribed on my books.

John Welsh was among the list. He, like you, waited for Hancock's defeat before he aired his anger. In addition to his note withdrawing his name from Progress, he declared that he could not stand my theory that the empire was certain to be successful if mere money was hereafter permitted to crush and control free judgment in this country.

Now I have your letter of the 6th of December. Instead of meeting the direct issue—instead of discussing on fair grounds the doctrine that there can be no free untrammelled suffrage in this country if capital is allowed to muzzle conscience and to turn the laboring population into so many white slaves, you speak of Mr. Welsh as "one of your (my) oldest and best friends, than whom there is no one in Philadelphia who is more esteemed and respected for the purity of his life."

All of which I freely admit except that which relates to the friendship between Mr. Welsh and myself. That has always been maintained by perfect independence of all money relations between us. But if, in this remark, you mean that I went abroad under his invitation as Centennial commissioner, in 1874-75, please remember that, besides doing my duty honestly, according to your records and the public judgment, I spent thousands of dollars out of my own pocket, in addition

to the \$250 a month allowed by the finance committee. So much for that. It is because Mr. Welsh is precisely what you say he is, because he is so good a man, because his life heretofore has been a model, because of the purity of that life (virtues you claim for him, and I concede), that a fatal force was given to his secret application for the money of the millionaires to buy a man into the presidency, convicted by the Republican party of the United States of brazen corruption in the American Congress.

The purity of John Welsh's life made the impurity of that example more terrible. Until he signed the monstrous circular of the 14th of September, 1880, General Hancock was the foreordained president of the United States. Hancock's friends had just carried Maine, and Mr. Garfield himself and the trained bands of his party—the officeholders and the reckless managers who have been getting rich for twenty years from the plunder of the general government—saw and trembled before that "handwriting on the wall." At this point John Welsh took the field against General Hancock. Up to the Maine election in September, John Welsh stood aloof. The thrilling record of General Hancock, his splendid contradiction of all charges or suspicions against himself, the attractive incidents of his stainless life, and the graceful dignity with which he avoided all offensive advertisement of his person and his claims had reached thousands of hearts, and there is no doubt that if these evangelizing influences had been permitted to control, Hancock would have been the choice of the American people.

At this moment John Welsh, of all men, the very man whose purity of life should have led him to yield to these great facts, made his appearance as the author of the extraordinary circular which I republish. Up to that time he had stood aloof. And when that paper appeared there was not a gentleman in Philadelphia, outside of the aspirants for office, who did not read this demand for a corruption fund with amazement. This shameless circular was a blow in the dark, struck from an unexpected quarter, struck under the mask of confidence in the hope that those it was intended to debauch and destroy would never hear of it.

Fortunately, such monstrous transactions always see the light of day. You cannot perform wicked wrong in this age and hide it from human eyes and hearts, any more than you can hide it from God; and so, when John Welsh promised to keep the money sent to him to buy the suffrage a secret, he admitted all of which he now stands convicted. By this pledge of secrecy he confessed he was wrong. "The purity of his life" was a living reproach upon his deliberate act, and the success of his wrong crowned his own dishonor. It was he who sounded the challenge. His was the bugle-call to bribery. He re-aroused the elements of hatred against the south. He organized capital against labor in the north. He stimulated the worst passions among the worst men. His bid was the boldest bid against conscience since the days of the Bank of the United States, and it was a more audacious assault upon individual integrity than that great corporation. It was a more formidable temptation to parties and to the press, in proportion as the money John Welsh marshalled against General Hancock was a thousand times more than that organized against General Jackson, fifty years ago, by the Bank of the United States.

And so, long before the day of election, John Welsh became the text of sectional hatred on the one side and sectional humiliation on the other. The money he raised was the open treasury from which desperate men could draw ad libitum, and last November the states bought by that money were handed over, like manacled prisoners, to the tender mercies of the rescued office-holders and their chief at Mentor.

Was I to stand silent before such an occasion as this? Was I to remain muzzled before the exposure of the dark secret? Had I consented to such a shame I would have been a partner in the conspiracy itself.

Now, lest you may not have seen this most shameful circular, I reprint it as follows:

23 SOUTH THIRD STREET, PHILADELPHIA, September 14th, 1880.—At a meeting of a number of the business men of Philadelphia, held Thursday, September 9th, Hon. John Welsh, was chosen chairman, and Cyrus Elder, secretary. The undersigned were appointed a committee to procure funds for the use of the Republican party in the present campaign.

You know that on the result of the November election depend the prosperity of our manufactures, the existence, probably, of our national banking system, and the safety of our national finances.

You know that the inevitable and legitimate expenses of such a campaign are large, and that in some of the doubtful states, where success is absolutely necessary to our cause, the needful funds cannot be procured. Seven weeks from this day the great battle will be fought and, if the present apathy continues—

LARGE SUMS ARE NEEDED INSTANTLY, and to you, as one of the moderate number to whom such an appeal can be made, the committee look for a prompt and liberal contribution. This note and your answer or contribution are to be held confidential.

Payments are to be made to Wharton Baker, treasurer, No. 28 South Third Street.

You will perceive, Mr. Goshorn, that I do not stop to discuss the sincerity of the excuses of John Welsh for this corruption fund. If I did, I might say that there is not an honest man between the two oceans who believes that if General Hancock had been elected president last November he would have destroyed our manufactures, impaired our national banking system, or interfered with the safety of our American finances. Hancock's whole life is a protest against the scandalous assumption. He is a citizen of Pennsylvania, known to Jno. Welsh, far better known to Jno. Welsh than Jno. Welsh is known to you or by you. Hancock was born in Montgomery county, almost within sound of the bell of Independence hall, and yet, because a man whose whole life heretofore has been a single illustration of "purity of character," alleges all these things against Gen. Hancock (I will not insult John Welsh by the intimation that he believes what he wrote and signed), but because he alleges such things against Gen. Hancock, he did not hesitate to recommend the purchase of great States, and to take the lead in a crusade against the consciences of thousands of poor workmen who had to vote against Gen. Hancock on the threat of being turned into the streets, or being made beggars and paupers.

Together with thousands of others I denounced this most cruel, unprovoked and dangerous proceeding, and I am convinced that the American people will never forget the means by which, under the name of a man boasting of his "purity of life," a brave soldier has been deprived of his electoral majority.

Under the rule of the British house of commons, the practice of a government to which John Welsh was the accredited American minister, a member of parliament, elected by the processes recommended by himself in regard to the choice of the president of the United States, would have been unseated almost without a vote; the very petition stating the fact that he had purchased the ballot, would have left him without a case.

I am glad that you have done me the honor to strike your name from my list of subscribers, because I should feel degraded in taking the money of a man who attempts surreptitiously to proscriber an independent American editor for denouncing practices which if done by an ordinary citizen would consign that citizen to deserved contempt and shame.

JOHN W. FORNEY.

BUCHANAN AT ST. JAMES.

His First Impressions of the English Court.

From Forney's Progress.

Here are letters from thousands of conspicuous men during the last forty years. I see their faces as I read their letters, and almost hear their accents as I ponder over their familiar calligraphy. Naturally enough, the first is the voluminous correspondence of James Buchanan. There is more than fifteen years of it, beginning almost with his aspirations for the presidency, and closing when he grasped the golden prize; and yet now, as in the past, no line of his has ever been disclosed—or will ever be disclosed by myself—to his discredit. There is so much to his honor that may safely see the light now, that I am sure such extracts as the following will be read with pleasure. I shall have further occasion to refer to this fountain of history, and I am sure a first glimpse into diplomatic society in England will whet the general appetite for what is to come:

MY DEAR SIR: "Long looked for come at last." I have received your welcome letter on the 28th ultimo, and now feel the greatest anxiety to learn that you have been re-elected clerk. I trust and believe we shall receive this gratifying intelligence with the President's message on Monday next.

My social position here will be, in fact is, all that I would have desired twenty years ago when I was a younger man. Although they say nobody is in town, I may dine out as often as I please at 8 o'clock in the evening. Although they are jealous of us and experience a sort of undefined uneasiness at our rapid growth in commerce and manufactures, yet, when an American minister mingles among them with any degree of tact and talent for conversation, he cannot fail to find himself much at home. For my own part, I have talked right out, with prudence, but with freedom, as I would do at home. What is remarkable, I have not met any other foreign minister at their tables, with the exception of a dinner at Lord Palmerston's. When they speak to me of their friendship for our country, as they often do, and refer to the mother and the daughter, I answer that their public journals, and especially the Times, never fail to give us a "rap over the knuckles" when the occasion offers, and that this is a strong evidence of public opinion. On more than one occasion Mrs. Stowe and her book on American Slavery have become topics of conversation, and I find them more reasonable on this subject than I had anticipated. I have not yet met the Duchess of Sutherland.

They speak of the season in London as we speak of the season at Saratoga. This usually commences about Easter, and terminates on the adjournment of Parliament in August. All the rest of the year it is not fashionable to be in town, except for the members of the cabinet and the other officials.

My social relations may, and probably will, undergo a great change after the queen holds her first drawing room. They have talked so much about my costume, that I do not see how it is possible for me to put on gold lace and embroidery. A court lady asked me the

other day if our president (General Pierce) had not been a general? I replied certainly; he had been a good and brave general. Well, then, said she, did he not wear the uniform attached to his rank, and to distinguish him from other inferior officers and privates. I answered of course he did. Well, then, she answered, why should not a foreign minister from your country do the same thing; I gave her the reasons, which it is not necessary to repeat.

I would send for Harriet (Miss Lane, now Mrs. Johnston, of Baltimore) at once if I could foresee the issue of this affair. I would not care a button about being ostracized myself in the immediate court circle, but should be very unwilling to place her in this position. If I should pass through the mill unscathed in plain clothes I shall have to present Americans at court in full court dress, because for them it is certain they will not relax the rule.

JAMES BUCHANAN.

More than once I saw Mr. Buchanan's court dress, which became his fine form and striking face as if he had been born to the purple. The American minister always appears in an evening costume unless when the queen holds her court, when he dons the black silk stockings, low shoes with black buckles, an embroidered dress-coat, a chapeau, and a black sword, the same that was worn by Mr. Buchanan.

A GRAPHIC SKETCH.

MR. PARNELL AT HOME AT AVONDALE HOUSE.

"Since I forsook agriculture for politics," said Mr. Parnell, "I have not slept six nights at Avondale House." The chief agitator's country seat is an unpretending residence situated on the slope of the Wicklow mountains, with a beautiful view of forest, river and dale from the windows of the living rooms. It has a rather barren and neglected look; its whitewashed exterior harmonizing but ill with the tints of the meadow-land stretching in a semicircle, bounded by lofty trees, in front of the house. The house was built by Mr. Parnell's grandfather, and on the lock of the entrance door the date 1779 is inscribed. On crossing the threshold the visitor finds himself in a square hall of moderate dimensions, along side of which there runs a gallery overhead, leading to the sleeping apartments. The most conspicuous object in the hall is a billiard table, across the slates of which no ball has, to judge from appearances, rattled for generations. The walls are decorated with the horns of the ancient Irish elk, with hunting spears and other implements of warfare and chase. A log fire burns on a spacious open hearth. As the visitor stands examining the place, an aged dame floats out of a side apartment, and expressing surprise at the visit, asks "Master Charles" if he wishes that she should provide breakfast. The master gives the nod, and then requests his guests to step round the house with him. Mr. Parnell is a man of singularly mild and gracious manners in private life, but one's eyes are constantly directed inquiringly to the cold and bloodless face in the endeavor to reconcile the frigid exterior with the courtesy of the lips.

The parlor of Avondale house is neither homely nor cheerful, and the atmosphere of the room is that of the Laureate's forsaken dwelling. One could fancy that the coverings had just been drawn off the furniture at the expiration of a chancery suit. The pictures are expressionless, and of no great merit; but there is a richly enameled fireplace, the work of an Italian artist, whose method of execution, Mr. Parnell thinks, has become a lost art. The marble of this chef d'oeuvre is inlaid in colored earths, delicately shaded and twisted into fantastic festoons of flowers. A volume of Carlyle's miscellanies lies on a small table beside the fire, but the presence of this symptom of life is accounted for by the fact that one of Mr. Parnell's sisters from across the Atlantic has been residing for some months under her brother's roof. The drawing room has been painted and ornamented by the same Italian artist spoken of above, the chief feature of the work being a number of cleverly wrought medallions containing sea views. Various blue books are scattered about the apartment, having reference principally to Irish matters, such as fisheries and agricultural returns.

The library of Avondale house is a handsome square room, bookshelves occupying every side. There is scarcely a modern work among these; but there are many old calf-bound editions of the classics, and a comprehensive collection of all the English authors of note from Piers Plowman downward. "An ancestor of yours has been immortalized by Dr. Johnson, I believe," remarked a guest, taking down a volume of the "Lives of the Poets." "He belonged to a branch of the Parnell family, but is not a relative in the direct line," was the reply. Mr. Parnell is no great reader. The only book of recent date, or of apparent recent use, to be seen were a few novels and about a dozen volumes relating to Ireland, such as the Irish in America, and some histories of the country. "When I have any leisure, I employ my time in working out new mechanical contrivances," said Mr. Parnell; "and in helping to fit in its place the water-wheel of my sawmill, I nearly had this finger cut off," lifting up a much scarified finger. In the corner of the library is a collection of

old volunteer banners, belonging to the Wicklow volunteers before the '98 rebellion. These are somewhat torn and disfigured, but the first hand leaguer takes much pride in them, since they belonged to his great-grandfather, who was colonel of the regiment. One of these ensigns bears the following inscription: "Independent Wicklow," with the motto, "Velox et acer et fidelis amicus," and an Irish wolf dog for crest.

Above Avondale house, and beyond the amphitheatre of trees, is a clear level space, which had been used by Mr. Parnell's father as a cricket ground. "My father was once the captain of the Eton eleven," observed Mr. Parnell, "and I was always very fond of cricket myself before I took to politics." From this spot a view of several of the battlefields of the rebellion is obtained, with a magnificent sight of the Kerry mountains and the waters meeting in the vale of Avoca.

Mr. Parnell is very abstemious, drinking little but water or tea. He smokes a great deal, and is never in want of a good "weed," which he professes very liberally to his friends. At the same time he keeps a neat little wine cellar, and can, when the occasion arises, regale his guests with a choice vintage. In other respects his style of living is very homely. His only retainers are the venerable matron we have already seen, and a man who looks after his horse, the garden and the general affairs of the house. In the intervals of agitation he is a great rider, a moderately keen sportsman, something of a farmer, and often speaks of himself as a Cincinnati; he has been regretfully compelled to relinquish his cabbages. Mr. Parnell has always been a more or less solitary man, seeing little company, and leading rather an introspective life. He has plans and objects beyond those which he has yet unfolded; but he has no objection to enter fully into a discussion of the merits of his case. It is noticeable that he is ready to catch up quickly and assimilate to his purposes any fact, idea or phrase that may be casually dropped in conversation or mentioned in newspapers.

SOLDIERS UNDER FIRE.

From the Detroit Free Press.

Whenever you can find a soldier who, under fire, aims low and shoots to make every bullet wound or kill, you will find fifty who are nervously throwing away ammunition, seeming to reason that the reports of their muskets will check or drive the enemy. And yet this nervousness need not be wondered at, for they are playing a game of life and death.

At Malvern Hill seventeen soldiers, belonging to an Ohio regiment, took cover in a dry ditch, which answered admirably for a rifle-pit. A Georgia regiment charged this little band three times and were three times driven back. The fire was low and rapid, and the loss in front of their guns was more than one hundred killed in ten minutes. Regiments have been engaged for an hour without losing one-half that number. The fire of these seventeen was so continuous that McClellan forwarded a brigade to their support, believing that an entire regiment had been cut off.

At Mine Run the writer was just in rear of a New York regiment which was suddenly attacked. A single company of Confederates, cut off from the regiment and dodging about to rejoin it, suddenly debouched into a field and found itself face to face with the Union regiment. Fighting commenced at once. A regiment fought a company, both lying down for cover. I lay so near a third sergeant that I could touch his heels, and I watched his fire. Every time he pulled the trigger he elevated the muzzle of his gun at an angle of forty-five degrees instead of depressing it for the enemy lying down. I saw him repeat this operation fourteen different times. The man next to him fired as many bullets plump into a stump in his front, and the man on the other side shot into the ground about ten feet away. Others must have been wasting bullets the same way; but that little company was shooting to kill. In that ten minutes of fighting the New Yorkers suffered a loss of thirty-six killed and wounded, and then a bayonet charge doubled them back and opened a gap for the little band's escape. I walked over the ground and found one dead and one wounded Confederate. Not a gun, blanket, knapsack or canteen had been left behind.

Any soldier will no doubt fight better under cover than he will in open field, but cover does not always insure good fighting. At Pittsburg Landing five thousand Union soldiers skulked under the river bank, safe from the enemy's fire, and many of them threw their guns into the river rather than fire a shot. Again at Yellow Tavern, five of Custer's men, dismounted and lying behind a fence, held five companies of cavalry at bay for twelve minutes and killed twenty-four men, and this was without getting a scratch in return.

At Mine Run a Union regiment went into the fight with sixty rounds of ammunition per man, making a total of perhaps four thousand bullets. This regiment was placed to act as a check to any advance of the enemy in a certain direction. They did not see thirty Confederates during the whole day, and yet it was twice more supplied with ammunition. It fired away at least twelve thousand bullets,

and yet only killed two rebel skirmishers.

One cool man will do more execution with his musket than thirty men firing at random. One must have a will strong enough to crowd down all emotions, and oblige his hands to cease trembling at the word. Out of every regiment, not more than one hundred men were fighters. These shot to kill. The others shot at random and killed only by accident. Thirty cartridges would last a good fighter for an all-day's fight. The ordinary soldier would fire out his sixty in an hour and a half, and like enough have his eyes shut half the time when he pulled the trigger. A member of the Second Michigan Infantry hit the case pretty well at Blackburn Ford. When the skirmishing began he counted his cartridges, and said: "Just sixty of 'em, and I'll fire three a minute and have these fellers licked in juit twenty minutes to a tick!"

A Story of Bismarck's Youth.

From the Globe.

When Prince Bismarck, then simply Herr von Bismarck-Schonhausen, was a student at Gottingen, he was known for his boldness and undaunted courage. Freely abandoning himself to the rather rough pleasures of a German university life, he entered into them with the vigor so often displayed by him in graver matters. First in the "Kneipe," the student's tavern, and in the "Fechtsaal," their fencing hall, he was but little seen in the college rooms, listening to the lectures of the learned professors. Dreading on account of his acknowledged skill and prowess, there was hardly any one among his fellow-students venturesome enough to measure swords with him. But even here the modern Goliath found a David in the person of a young Westphalian, who, offended at Prince Bismarck's arrogant manners, challenged him, although he was vainly dissuaded on all sides from a contest with the sturdy Pommeranian nobleman.

Herr Biedewald, the gentleman in question, stood his ground with such skill that he, after wearing his adversary by his skillful defence, finally dealt him a heavy blow, the signs of which are still discernible on the Chancellor's face. Long years passed before the two antagonists again met. Whilst the one had risen to the highest rank, the other devoted himself to the welfare of his native town, which ultimately returned him to parliament, where he, a strong representative of the liberal party, found himself obliged to oppose the reactionary measures of Prince Bismarck, whose championship of the rights of the throne and altar had not yet been mitigated by his subsequent success in unification of his Fatherland. Herr Biedewald's death occurring a few days ago, has vividly recalled the interesting incidents of his encounter with the leading statesman, which also formed the subject of a popular song, well known among Germans.

The Pay of Novelists.

WORKS THAT HAVE BROUGHT GREAT PRICES.

The \$60,000 received by Lord Beaconsfield for his last novel is believed to represent the largest amount given in England for any work of fiction. Scott received \$40,000 for "Woodstock," and George Eliot the same amount for "Middlemarch." Bulwer Lytton's earlier novels, even when he was the rage, did not bring him in more than from \$3,000 to \$5,000, but he subsequently received handsome amounts for copyright of a collective edition. Lord Beaconsfield's earlier novels, notwithstanding the success of the first, "Vivian Grey," had a very limited sale, and could be bought for next to nothing within a few months of publication. They never became in general request as components of a library, and in England were read only with interest by persons familiar with political and social life. "Coningsby" excited by far the most interest, and the key, which soon afterward appeared, was eagerly scrutinized. Probably "Endymion," and "Lothair" have, together, produced more than double of all the previous works of the author, albeit very inferior to some of them. The "Curiosities of Literature" of the elder Disraeli must have produced a large sum of money. It forms a part of every good collection of English books, and has passed through many editions. Dickens left \$400,000, and a considerable slice of this came from books, but it was his "readings" which made him affluent, and so, too, with Thackeray. For receipts from actual writing no one has yet approached Scott, whose income for several years ranged from £10,000 to £15,000, mainly drawn from this source. Richardson was the first Englishman who made a really good thing out of writing, and mainly because he was publisher of his own novels. In the past thirty years French novelists have received very large sums, but Balzac's rewards for his genius and tremendous toil was miserably small. Probably Miss Braddon's receipts from writing rank among the first half dozen highest among writers of fiction. She has the advantage of a publisher for a husband. Reynolds, who wrote "The Mysteries of London" and other works of a low sensational type, was from a pecuniary sort of view, one of the most successful of British authors.

The final gobble of a turkey comes after his death.