NEW PUBLICATIONS.

"Recollections of Men and Things at Washington During the Third of a Century." By L. A. Gobright. Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen & Haffelinger.

If in 1834 the author of this book went to Washington, entering the city in the Baltimore coach, the only vehicle by which the national capital was then approached. His residence there since that date has been practically continuous, and his connection with the press during the whole period almost an age—has likewise been uninterrupted. From the moving events of which he was spectator during that time, he has compiled these interesting memoirs. Beginning with the exciting United States Bank question, under President Jackson, the reminiscences of Mr. Gobright cover the successive administrations of Van Buren, Harrison, Tyler, Polk, Taylor, Fillmore, Pierce, Buchanan, Lincoln and Johnson. Of the gossip and anecdotes which newspaper men have been passing amongst each other during all this time—and we know how feverishly the clock ticks at Washington, and how long even the wits sometimes are sometimes been there—of this matter Mr. Gobright wisely communicates only what has passed under his own knowledge. He has shown his enough self control to resist an obvious temptation—that of cramming and padding his recollections into a complete history. His book is, therefore, lucid, personal, curious, living and authoritative.

To show the manner in which Mr. Gobright narrates these reminiscences—how reliable and conscientious he is, how distrustful of fine writing, how unwilling to patch up his personal knowledge with sensational facts from foreign sources—we extract his simple but able account of the assassination of President Lincoln:

THE MURDER OF LINCOLN AND THE WASHINGTON NOT REPORTER.

On the night of the 14th of April, I was sitting in my office alone, everything quiet; and having filed, as I thought, my last dispatch, I picked up an afternoon paper, to see what especial news it contained. While looking over its columns, a startling step was heard at the entrance of the door, and a gentleman abruptly but hurriedly entered the room, informing me that the President had been assassinated, and telling me to come with him! I at first could scarcely believe the intelligence. But I obeyed the summons. He had been to the theatre with a lady, and directly after the tragedy at that place, had brought out the lady, placed her at his side in his carriage, and driven directly to me, and then first went to the telegraph office, sent a short "special," and promised soon to give the particulars. Taking a seat in the hack, we drove back to the theatre and alighted, the gentleman giving directions to the driver to convey the lady to her home.

The gentleman and myself procured an entrance to the theatre, where we found everybody in great excitement. The wounded President had been removed to the house of Mr. Peterson, who lived nearly opposite to the theatre. When we reached the box, we saw the chair in which the President sat at the time of the assassination; and, although the gas had for the greater part been turned off, we discovered blood upon it. A man standing by picked up Booth's pistol from the floor, when I exclaimed to the gentleman that the weapon had been found and placed in my possession. An officer of the navy—whose name I do not now remember—exclaimed that I should give it to him; but this I refused to do, preferring to make Major Richards, the provost marshal, a present of the arm of the weapon, which I did soon after my announcement. My friend having been present during the performance, and being a valuable source of news, I held him firmly by the arm, for fear that I might miss him in the crowd. After gathering all the points we could, we came out of the theatre, when we heard that Secretary Seward had also been assassinated. I recollect replying that this rumor probably was echoed from the theatre; but wishing to be satisfied as to its truth or falsity, I called a hack, and my companion and myself drove to the Secretary's residence. We found a guard at the door, but had little trouble in entering the house, finding all the neighbors were there, but they were so much excited that they could not tell an intelligent story, and the evidence proved, by the time we was met when he insisted on going up to the Secretary's room, was scarcely able to talk. We did not we could to get at the truth of the story, and when we left the premises, had confined ideas of the extent of the night. Next we went to the President's house. A military guard was at the door. It was then, for the first time, we learned that the President had not been brought home. Vague rumors in circulation had attempts had been made on the lives of Vice-President Johnson and others, but they could not be traced to a reliable source. We reached home Mr. Peterson's house, but were not permitted to make our way through the military guard to inquire into the condition of the President. Nor at that time was it certainly known who was the assassin of President Lincoln. Some few persons said he resembled Booth, while others appeared to be confident as to the identity.

Returning to the office, I commenced writing a full account of the night's startling occurrences. While thus engaged, several gentlemen who had been at the theatre came in, and, by questioning them, I obtained additional particulars. Among my visitors was Speaker Colfax, and as he was going to see Mr. Lincoln, I asked him to give me a paragraph on that interesting branch of the subject. At a subsequent hour, he did so. Meanwhile I carefully wrote my despatch, notwithstanding the interruptions of people, and, under all the exciting circumstances, I was afterwards pleased that I had succeeded in approximating so closely to all the facts in those dark transactions.

A Destructive War Implement.

There has been invented by Dr. William Fields, of Delaware, a most destructive implement of war. It consists of twelve or more rifle barrels mounted on two wheels, the whole being rifled, loaded and fired at the same time. There is a regulating lever which elevates, depresses, and gives any range required, instantly. They can be fired every five seconds, and are made without locks, cap, springs or needles, and there is no fear of their not or order. There is a polished steel apron, or shield, attached to the bed pole, which turns the enemy's balls into the ground, and another plate above the guns is fixed so as to protect the gunner. All the striking it is placed upwards, thus fully protecting the gunner from danger as well as those far in the rear of the battery. Each gun is so diverged from a horizontal line as to sweep twenty or thirty feet, more or less, as desired. Eight or ten of these batteries would hold in check or annihilate thousands of men. The two gunners can advance or fall back with the battery, keeping up a continuous fire. The balls may be fired every twenty seconds, every thing before them. Our fellow-townsman, Col. H. H. K. Elliott, is associated with the Doctor in getting up this formidable weapon of war.

THE SOCIAL PUMPKIN.

Some time back, the facetious André Gill, caricaturist for *La Lune*, *Eclipse*, represented a certain one of the imperialist lawyers very tellingly as a melon; the picture at first sight appeared to be a big, corrugated, bloated gourd, but on examination resolved itself into the features of the advocate in question, whose vacant grin was very perfectly depicted by a slash in the melon. The hit was so palpable as to become a town talk, and the government suppressed the edition, on the extraordinary charge of obscenity. Inspired perhaps by the report of this affair, the social writer of the *Saturday Review* sweeps up the various developments of character which may fairly be classed as the gourd family, under the pictorial epithet of "Pumpkins."

"Pumpkins are among the most imposing of all grounding growths. They have the showy flowers, handsome leaves, roving stems, and they bear solid-looking fruit of a goodly size and gorgeous color. To see them spreading over their domain with such rapid luxuriance, one would imagine them among the best things growing; but a critical examination proves their fresh to be about three parts water, while as for their stalks, they are of no pithless a nature they can only creep along the earth, unable to stand upright without support; which adds something against the pumpkin's claim for extra consideration. Still, their showy largeness attracts the eye, and not a few of us believe in pumpkins, and admire both their mode of growth and the fruit resulting. In like manner the human pumpkins—those beings of imposing presence and loud self-assertion—pin themselves believed in by the simple; and, as occasions by which their watery and fibreless nature is revealed do not arise every day, they are for the most part accepted for the substantialities they assume to be, and the world is deceived by appearances as it ever has been. These human pumpkins abound everywhere. In all states and professions, and in both sexes, we find them flourishing magnificently upon the face of the earth, taking the lead in their society, and setting themselves out as the finest fellows to be found in their respective gardens. Among them are the men of the Honorable type, 'of dear to the older playwrights; braggadocios of the 'bill 'em and cow 'em school, who were such terrible fellows to look at and listen to, though only pumpkins of a singularly innocuous nature when squeezed and analysed; fire-eaters of the jugging kind, with special care taken that the fire shall be behind them, and that danger shall be only in the fear of the spectators. Now that duelling has gone out of fashion, and discharged captains who have signalized themselves in war are rare, our old swashbucks are driven directly to pumpkinhood in fact and fiction, on the stage and off it. To be sure we have a few travesties of slightly supernatural courage, and more than doubtful accuracy, whose books of perilous adventure and breathless dangers are to us what Munchausen and Bobadil were to our fathers; and we have Major Wellington de Boots with his military swagger and his long sword. But he is a very weak imitation of the old fire-eater, and, on the whole, this special family of the pumpkins has dwindled into insignificance, and their place knows them no more.

Then there is the pumpkin after the cut of the Prince Regent—the man of gorgeous, generally big, often handsome, and chiefly noticeable for a loud voice, a broad chest, and an indescribable air of superiority and command; the man who has studied bowing as one of the fine arts, who walks with a swagger, and even now tips his curly-brimmed Bushman pipe the elephant or the rhinoceros. It is very curious to see how a blatant blustering man, who is so loud and confident in his manner, so easily knocked under and bows the high-crested department which carries things with such a lofty bearing out of doors droops into the meek submission of the henpecked husband as soon as the home-door closes on him, and he is subjected to the pitiless analysis of home. There is no question of flourish then; and if by chance the ambitious crest does not lose its display itself, the wife knows how to lower it by a few decisive words of a keen-edged kind, and her pumpkin is made to feel sharply enough the difference existing between fibre and pulp. Yet it is almost melancholy to see one of these fine flourishing fellows so subdued. Pumpkin as he may be, it is not pleasant to see him so cut down in his pride; and involuntarily one's sympathies go with him rather than with that tenacious, hard-soothed wife of his, who would be none the worse perhaps for a little of her husband's softness, and with less than her own hardness. How often, too, these big fellows have no physical stamina, as well as very shaky moral fibre. A small, wiry light-weight will do twice as much as they; not, of course, where muscle only is in question, but where the question is endurance. Large heavy men knock up far sooner than the light-weights, and though size and weight count for something at certain times and on occasions, fibre and tenacity count for more in the long run. In the Crimea, the men who first dropped off from exposure and privation were the magnificently-built Guardsmen—men apparently tried and fed to the highest point of physical perfection, while the undersized little liners, who had nothing to be admired in them, stood the strain longest, and were brisk and serviceable when the others were either dead or in hospital. As we have gone yet, we have not solved the problem of how to combine toughness and bigness, solidity and size, but for the most part fall in the one in proportion as we succeed in the other. Many of the finest skinned races are pumpkins in a way. Their flashing black eyes and swarthy skins seem to be unable to resist the influence of the living furnaces filled with flames and molten metal, terrible fellows, dangerous to meddle with, and almost impossible to subdue. But nine times out of ten we find them to be marvellously meek persons, timid, amenable to law, unable to give offence, and incapable of taking it—lambs masquerading in tiger skins. A fair-faced Anglo-Saxon, with his sensitive blush, good-humored smile, and light blue eyes, has more pluck and pith in him than a dozen of certain of these dark-skinned men. He has less ferocity perhaps than they when they are thoroughly roused, though our good-humored Anglo-Saxon is by no means destitute of ferocity on occasions when his blood is up; but it is ferocity of the brutal and bludgeon stand-up fight kind—the ferocity of strength fairly put out against an adversary, not the tigerish cruelty which is almost always found where physical weakness and physical submission have a momentary triumph and reaction. Cowardly men are like women in their revenge when once they get the upper hand; and their revenge is more cruel than that of the habitually brave man who, after a fair fight, overthrows his opponent. Some of the dark-skinned races look the very ideal of the cowardly assassinic ruffian—operatic brigands painted with broad black lines, and up to every amount of deeds of daring and of crime, but they are only pumpkins at the core. We need not go so far as Calcutta to find them; we get examples nearer home, both in Houndsditch and in Rome; for both Jews and Italians are soft-cored men in spite of their passionate complexions, and both would be better for an extra twist and toughness in their fibres.

Intellectual pumpkins are as common as those of the more specially physical kind. You meet with philosophic pumpkins, perhaps more than any one pose, perhaps politicians—who flourish out a vague big declamation which, when you reduce it to its essence, is found to be a platitude worth nothing; whipped cream, without any foundation of solid pudding. Let the pose of the philosophic sort, they quote you Fichte and Hegel, to the bewildered bore of your brains swamped and gone into the metaphysical maze on your own account; but they might have put all the bare said into half a dozen words of three letters, like a child's first reading lesson. The flourish imposes, and people who cannot analyze take the whipped cream for solid pudding, and think that platitudes dressed in the garb of Fichte and Hegel are something worthy of deep respect and admiring wonder. All the profession which talk, either by word of mouth or in print, are specially given to this manifestation of pumpkinhood. Preachers and orators appear and flourish over their small inheritance with a tremendous assumption of vital force and rapid growth; and weak hands, with weaker heads, find support and shelter in their flourish. Poets too, with a knack for turning out large moulds in which they have run very small ideas, are pumpkins to the core. Shall we include Mr. Tupper? Shall we not our "Satan" Montgomery? and shall we include that we might catalogue if we cared for the task, each with his multifarious female following, and his spiritual harem of ideas? All artists—that is, the men who create, or rather who assume to create—are liable to be proved pumpkins when called on to show themselves solid wood. They talk grandly enough, but when they have to translate their words into deeds, too often the noble aims and immortal efforts they have been advocating tail off into pipe clay or water, and we have botches and potboilers instead of masterpieces and high art. Perhaps we may take it as a rule that all doers who talk much and boast grandly are of the pumpkin order, and that art, like nature, is best elaborated in silence.

Strong-winged women are often pure pumpkins. It is strange that women, who are so much more given to talk than men, who break down, and for all their stern and powerful looks shake under burdens under which a frail little creature, as light as thistledown, will glide along easily. Women with black brows and harsh voices—brigandesses by appearance, or like the typical Herodias of painting—are often the most gentle and most pithless of their sex, and may be seen acting quite compassionately towards their infants, or vindicating their womanhood by meekly sewing on their husband's buttons, or patching at his stockings; while a pale, silver tongued, languid lady, as soft as if she were made of nothing harder than the trailing cream and rose-leaves, will give up her babies as a prey to unfeeling nurses, and let her husband go buttonless and in rags, while she lounges before the fire indifferent to his wrath and callous to his wrongs. There is many a home where matrons who looks as if they could use her fists with the vigorous force of a prize-fighter, of her servants; and the maid is always the mistress when the one is fibre and the other pulp. Fibre may be pruned but the stronger vinaged women are not "clear grit" all through. If they were as hard as they look, the world would go but quickly, and society would have to make new laws for the protection of its weaker male members. But nature is merciful as well as sportive, and allows women an excuse herself by creating pumpkins of formidable aspect, takes care that the core shall not always correspond to the rind. Like the Athenian temple of the satyr which enclosed a god, the black-browed brigandesses and the men of magnificent deportment are sometimes impotent as regards the available kind, and when you have once learned to hear the false shapes of form, you will cease to fear the typical Herodias, to be impressed by your copy of the Prince Regent, or to be by your pose of the Roman Italian talking platitudes in the philosophic dialect.—*Saturday Review.*

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BRIGHT'S DINNER, TEA AND TOILET SETS.

Prof. Henry Morton, in the February number of his *Journal of the Franklin Institute*, makes room for the following proposition from S. W. Robinson, of the Michigan University, in relation to a form of eye-glass especially for public speakers:

It has been set forth by John B. Gough, the great lecturer, that a popular speaker should wear nothing that will throw flashes. This truth appears self-evident on consideration, and should be particularly regarded by all public speakers. A glistening button, watch chain pendant, or breast-pin is always noticed. The richest ornaments, particularly those set with diamonds, are worst of all. But what can be more effective in projecting flashes than spectacle glasses as now constructed, especially when the wearer is nervosity, such as should be adopted by persons beginning to wear them? First, perhaps, we shall be reminded of the speaker; then suddenly, two fire-balls take their place, of dazzling like appearance, whether turning to or in concert, to the turn of the head. The object in view in the few words now offered, is to propose a remedy, very partial one at least, for this inconvenience regarding spectacle glasses.

Light reflected from a plane surface, as large as a spectacle glass proceeding from the place of a speaker, will be seen by an observer, as far from the glass, as the glass is from the speaker, provided the angle of incidence of the glass when the position of the latter is favorable; because, under these circumstances, the necessary inclination of the plane of the burner should have, as it very nearly does, twice the angle of reflection. If, instead of the face of the glass be slightly curved, it is only necessary that the burner be comparatively a little nearer, to the eye, and the worse when the light reflected proceeds from the broad surface of a wide burner, and spoils the effect of the speaker. Such lights are in connection a brief resume of past inaugurations will not, perhaps, be amiss.

FIRST INAUGURATION.

The first inauguration of Washington took place at Federal Hall, on the 30th of April, 1789. He arrived there from Mt. Vernon, where a Committee of Congress had waited on him with the news on the 23d, his journey having been a series of enthusiastic ovations. The day of his arrival in Washington remained at his house on the corner of Pearl and Cherry streets, and received addresses from public bodies. At 9 o'clock on the morning of inauguration, and his prayers were offered up for the preservation of the President in all the habitable parts of the Continent, he proceeded to the Federal State House, on Wall street, where the United States Senate was in session, and the oath was received in form by Congress. He then, accompanied by four members, proceeded to the balcony in front of the building, facing Broad street, and took the oath of office, which was administered to him by Chancellor Livingston. At the close of the ceremony he delivered his inaugural address, "in General Washington," which was taken up and repeated by the thousands assembled, who witnessed the proceedings. The President returned to the Senate Chamber and read an address, at the close of which all went to St. Paul's Chapel, where Bishop Provoost, and Dr. Samuel Prevoost. The day's festivities were concluded with balls and a display of fireworks. It was remarked that Washington wore a suit of black broadcloth of home manufacture.

His second inauguration, on the 4th March, 1793. The members of Congress, Heads of Departments, Judges of the Supreme Court, and Foreign Ministers assembled in the Senate Chamber at noon, where the oath of office was administered by Chancellor of the Supreme Court. The event was announced by a salute of artillery, and Washington then delivered his inaugural address, and was escorted to the place of his inauguration procession. The "Republican Court" was then in full blast, and a brilliant array of fashionable parties were given in the evening.

JOHN ADAMS.

The inauguration of John Adams took place at Philadelphia, on the 4th March, 1797. The ceremonies occurred in Representatives' Hall in the presence of a large concourse of people. Washington, Jefferson (who had just been sworn in as Vice President), the Judges of the Supreme Court, Foreign Ministers, the Heads of the departments, officers of the army and navy, the Senate of Congress, and the ladies. At noon Adams and Washington entered the hall together. The President then made a short speech, and the oath was administered by Chief Justice Ellsworth. Soon after, Adams, Jefferson and Washington retired, and were conducted to their carriages, amid loud cheers. In the evening there were the usual festivities, the President and Vice President in Philadelphia, and Washington at Mount Vernon.

JEFFERSON.

Jefferson was inaugurated, for the first time, at Washington, on the 4th of March, 1801. In accordance with the extreme simplicity of manners and habits which at that period characterized the prominent economic of the Republic, the ceremonies were conducted with an unpretending exact. Neither Mr. Adams nor Mr. Jefferson, in accordance with the proceedings, both having left for Massachusetts before the inauguration. The inauguration of the people, which had served to make the previous occasions so memorable, was dispensed with, leaving facilities of those days being too limited to admit of people assembling in any number. Jefferson was sworn in, and delivered his inaugural address, at the Senate Chamber at noon, in the presence of the Senate Chamber. As soon as he had delivered his address, the oath was administered by Chief Justice Marshall, and the ceremony closed by the discharge of artillery. In the evening he gave a reception, over which Mrs. Madison presided.

The second inauguration, on the 4th of March, 1805, was much more brilliant than the first, and was attended by a considerable number of people. Among the lions present was Commodore Preble, who had recently returned from his bombardment of Tripoli. As before, the ceremonies took place in the Senate Chamber, and Chief Justice Marshall administered the oath.

Madison received the imposing ceremonies of Washington's inauguration, and the ceremonies were remarkable for its simplicity. Mrs. Madison was a very hospitable lady, and was the original for all the "receptions" and "levees" which followed at the White House ever since. The Presidential "levee" was inaugurated by Mrs. Madison, and giving the people generally an opportunity of visiting the Executive Mansion, and receiving an invitation. His first inauguration took place on the 4th of March, 1809, in the Senate Chamber, and the oath was administered by the Chief Justice. The ceremonies were similar to those of the previous occasions, and the Chief Justice Marshall administered the oath of office, which was administered by the new Chief Justice, Mr. Taney.

Gen. Harrison was inaugurated on the 4th of March, 1841, and his inauguration was the first attack on influx of politicians to the Capitol, best on the occasion of the death of Gen. Harrison, the occasion which escorted the General from his home, to the Capitol, was very fine, and he himself mounted on a splendid white charger attracted great attention. On arriving at the Capitol, Gen. Harrison, accompanied by the members of Congress, the Heads of Departments, and the foreign ministers and other distinguished persons, proceeded to the Senate Chamber, where he delivered his inaugural. Just before he close he stopped, when Chief Justice Taney administered the oath of office, and Mr. Harrison then concluded his address. The President was escorted back to his home, where he held a reception in the afternoon. In the evening there were two balls, one at Carusi's Assembly Rooms, at which the President attended.

Gen. Harrison's death on the 5th of April, 1841, caused a vacancy in the Chair, the first time of the provision in the Constitution which makes the Vice-President the acting Chief Magistrate of the nation in such cases. The heads of departments met and decided that Mr. Tyler was not to take the oath before the Hon. William Cranch, Chief Justice of the District of Columbia, instead of the Chief Justice of the United States. Tyler himself thought that the oath he took on assuming the Presidency was sufficient, but he consented to take the additional oath in order to avoid any possible trouble.

FOLK.

The brilliancy of Polk's inauguration, on the 4th March, 1845, was marred by a storm of heavy rain storm. Nevertheless the procession from the Capitol, to the City of Washington under command of Isaiah Ryeders, being the marshal of the day, was very imposing. After the procession was joined by Mr. Tyler, and Polk was sworn in, he delivered his address on portico. Here Polk made his address and took the oath of office, after which he took his way to the White House. The President gave a reception in the afternoon, and in the evening there was a ball at Carusi's Assembly Rooms.

TAYLOR.

In 1849 the 4th of March came on Sunday (the second time when a President was to enter into office), and the inauguration ceremonies therefore occurred the next Monday. The day was ushered in with peals of bells, music and the display of flags. The procession to the Capitol was very large and fine, the military escort of Polk having been recalled before or since. General Taylor and Mr. Polk, the outgoing President, had been estimated that some 20,000 persons were in the city. Congress met at noon, and Taylor's appearance upon the east portico was the signal for the discharge of the oath of office, address, and after he had taken the oath of office, the cheers were overwhelming. The ceremony concluded the event, and the festivities were concluded with a grand ball.

FILLMORE.

General Taylor died on the 9th of July, 1850, and Mr. Fillmore was sworn in at noon of the Houses of Congress was held in Representatives' Hall, when the President was sworn in by the Chief Justice. This being all that was required by the Constitution. This being all that was required, he at once assumed the reins of office.

PIERCE.

Mr. Pierce was inaugurated on the 4th of March, 1853. The weather was fine, and not detract from the brightness of the scene. There was a procession from the Capitol, which extended to the City of Washington and Pierce to the Capitol. The route was lined with vast numbers of people who cheered enthusiastically as General Pierce, standing erect in his carriage, responded to the foreign ministers, in their splendid uniforms, rode in their state carriages guarded by a squadron of cavalry. On arriving at the Capitol the outgoing and incoming President, accompanied by the Senate Committee, proceeded to the Senate Chamber, and Chief Justice Marshall administered the oath.

BUCHANAN.

The inauguration of Buchanan took place on the 4th of March, 1857, amid a large assemblage of people. The ceremonies were cut short in an unusual address was delivered as usual from the east portico of the Capitol, and the customary oath was taken by the President.

LINCOLN AND JOHNSON.

The particulars of the inauguration of Mr. Lincoln are too fresh in the minds of all to need a recapitulation. The ceremony of inaugurating the accession to the Presidency of Mr. Johnson in 1865 are entirely well known, and the inauguration of General Grant nothing more need be said.—*Boston Post.*

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