

THE WATERS OF TRUTH ARE RISING.

Further Confirmation of the Truth of Dorsey's Disclosures.
(From the New York Sun.)

Mr. E. N. Hill, a well-known attorney-at-law, of Washington, now in New York, who is and has been a warm friend of Senator Dorsey, was known to be in possession of many of the inside facts respecting the remarkable canvass of 1880, and also respecting Garfield's relations with Dorsey. Mr. Hill was also a warm friend of Garfield's, and in the winter of 1881 visited Mentor by invitation, spending a number of hours with Gen. Garfield. Until recently Mr. Hill has been no more disposed to speak of what he knew than have others who knew much, but he has now consented to say some things which are of interest.

"You have read the recent revelations of Dorsey, Mr. Hill; what is your opinion of their accuracy?" asked the writer.

"So far as they have gone they are accurate, but he has not yet told one-quarter of what he knows."

"In that he speaks of having been offered a Cabinet place; does that statement come within your own knowledge?"

"Yes, sir; during my conversation with Gen. Garfield I said to him: 'I suppose Senator Dorsey will be a member of your Cabinet?' To my surprise, he said, 'No; I have offered him a place, and he says he will not accept it.'"

"Did Gen. Garfield indicate what it was?"

"Oh, yes. He said he had offered Dorsey the Secretaryship of the Interior."

"Did Gen. Garfield mention any reason why Dorsey declined?"

"Yes. He said he was extremely sorry that Dorsey would not accept, but that Dorsey had said that his private business required his attention, and he could not therefore accept."

"Do you know of anyone else to whom Garfield said that he had offered Dorsey a place?"

"Yes. Two or three other gentlemen have told me that Garfield had told them he had asked Dorsey to go into the Cabinet. One of these gentlemen is a very prominent public man."

"Did Garfield ever repeat to you that he had made this offer?"

"Oh, yes; in Washington, at his house. I recollect very distinctly that I called with some friends, and just as I was leaving he drew me aside and privately invited me to come back at 1 a.m. I went back, and in the course of conversation about other matters he again repeated that he had offered Dorsey the Interior portfolio, and that Dorsey persisted in declining."

"Did you ever see any written evidence to prove the truth of what Garfield said to you?"

"Yes; I have seen a letter and read it, in which Garfield formally offered him a place in the Cabinet."

"Was it a long letter?"

"No; it covered about a page of Garfield's scattering handwriting."

"Do you recollect the terms of that letter?"

"No, not the precise phraseology. I could not quote accurately, and prefer not to do so, as I have no doubt the letter will some day see the light. The offer was formally made."

"Did you see Dorsey's reply to it?"

"No. I saw the substance of the reply. Dorsey did not have a copy of his declination with him, but repeated the substance of it from memory, which was then written out."

"Dorsey's letter of declination must be in the hands of Garfield's literary executors?"

"Yes, of course."

"Have you seen the statement that Garfield offered Dorsey the place to please him, expecting that Dorsey would decline it?"

"Yes. I have seen that."

"What do you think about that?"

"I think it very good proof that Ananias and Sapphire left descendants either in flesh or spirit. I believe if such a proposition had been made to Mr. Dorsey he would have resented it by a blow."

"Do you know whether Garfield repeated his request to Dorsey to go into the Cabinet?"

"Not to my knowledge. Mr. Dorsey told me that after he had declined Garfield urged him to go home and reconsider the matter, because he wanted him in the Cabinet."

"Did you ever hear that Garfield personally offered Dorsey a Cabinet place?"

"Yes. That was the time he was first offered it. That was at Mentor, soon after the election. There is an amusing side to that, as I have understood. Jewell and Dorsey were at Mentor. About 9 o'clock one evening, Garfield wanted to have a chat with Dorsey, so he, to get rid of Jewell, offered to show him to his bed. After Jewell retired, Garfield and Dorsey went out under an apple tree, and with a lunch of good things to eat and drink, sat there till 2 o'clock in the morning. At that time Garfield told Dorsey that he was going to make him a formal offer to enter the Cabinet, and that he could have any place except the Treasury or the State Department, and, of course, he was debarred from the Department of Justice, as he (Dorsey) was no lawyer. Dorsey at that time told Garfield that if he boiled all his places into one he wouldn't take it."

"You spoke of believing that Garfield's letter offering Dorsey a Cabinet place would sooner or later see the light. Why do you think so?"

"Because I have good reasons. The letter has not been printed. It is in the custody of some of Dorsey's strongest friends, who have thought that the time has not yet come for making it public."

"Mr. Hill, you know that Dorsey has been called a liar for saying that he was offered a Cabinet place?"

"He is no liar," replied Mr. Hill indignantly. "I am willing to make affidavit that I saw the letter, and," he suddenly added, "I'll do so now, if you wish."

City and County of New York, ss:

E. N. Hill, of Washington, D. C., being duly sworn, deposes and says that the foregoing interview as to the offer of a position to his Cabinet by President Garfield to

Stephen W. Dorsey is substantially true, and the statement that I saw a letter offering the place is absolutely true. E. N. Hill.
Sworn to before me this 31st day of Aug.
1881. George S. Hickox,
Notary Public New York County.

THE REAL PLATFORM.

From time to time the leaders of the Republican party hold conventions in which they formulate certain moral axioms and platitudes which they call the platform of the party.

The real platform of the party, however, is expressed in private and personal letters exchanged between these leaders after the mummery of the convention is over. What that platform is appears more clearly from the abstract we publish elsewhere of the campaign correspondence of the party in 1880. This, the real platform, may be written in one line: We want money.

That is the real Republican platform. On this point the harmony and union are universal.

Blaine writes to Dorsey that in failing to send money to Maine he is "impairing the whole campaign."

Allison writes to Jewell: "Money must be had and must be sent to Indiana."

Stewart Woodford writes to Jewell from West Virginia: "With \$25,000 Sturgiss and Atkinson can make an effective campaign."

John F. Lewis, Mahone's lieutenant, writes: "The expenditure of \$50,000 will insure the electoral vote of Virginia for Garfield and Arthur, 'Help us, Cassius, or we sink!'"

Mr. Henderson, of Iowa, writes to Dorsey: "Put money in the purse."

Richard Smith, of the Cincinnati *Gazette*, who has been called the Good Deacon Richard Smith, was alive to the need of money. He writes: "There should be \$50,000 judiciously placed in each of these States (Ohio and Indiana) within the next ten days."

Charlie Foster, sometimes known as Calico Charlie, says that he has given the question some attention and that "we ought to have \$4,000—\$10,000 of it for Cleveland."

The Massachusetts reformers, through John M. Forbes, sent money to West Virginia and Indiana.

John C. New called aloud for money and gave thanks when it came. Every body wanted money.

What did they want it for?

The Republican party claims to have saved the nation, to have paid off the debt, settled the finance and pensioned the soldiers. It has held power for twenty odd years. It has taken credit to itself for the prosperity of the country; has had all the support of capital, of protected interests, of the army of officeholders and of all privileged classes.

Yet when a national election came around, when a great national battle was to be fought, the grand old party could find only one battle-cry. Danger of defeat changed all its boasting into abject terror, and its platform shrank to a single line—

Resolve!, That we must have money. —*New York World*.

POLITICAL NOTES.

The *Journal* unites with other Republican papers and advocates Mr. Randall's claims to the Speakership. We call the attention of Indianaans to the fact that the Republican party leaders and newspapers are in favor of a high protective Pennsylvanian for the next Speaker of the House.—*Indianapolis Sentinel*.

"OLD JOE MEDILL" as the Chicagoan's delight in calling the editor of the *Chicago Tribune*, was at the New York Republican State Convention last week. He pronounced it "the tamest convention he ever saw." Whenever you see a "tame" convention in New York of either party it means defeat. Mark it.

It is true that the *Times* is not in favor of "high duties on foreign manufactures" as a means of "protection to American industry." A pretty careful study of the question has led it to the conclusion that these high duties are unnecessary and injurious. This will be the view of the Republican party for many years.—*New York Times*.

Each Postmaster and Custom House officer in the land begins to proclaim that his section of the country is calling aloud for the nomination of President Arthur. But President Arthur has been there and knows how it is himself. He used to "whoop it for the boys" in just that style and knows just what it is worth. This is the advantage of having been a "boss" before going into the White House. The Postmasters and Custom House officers ought not to be mistaken for the voice of the people "in my section."—*Detroit Free Press*.

HENRY L. PIERCE declined to accept the Republican nomination for Governor of Massachusetts. On him the party had staked all their hopes to beat Ben Butler. He would have been defeated in all probability in any event, but is understood to be a very respectable, clever gentleman, representing Boston blue blood and the traditional swallow-tailed element. He would have staggered under the Tewksbury load. It is a bad mess and weighs a good many thousand pounds. Even puritanism revolts at its atrocities and Plymouth Rock grows restless. Old Ben has been a terror to the hypocrisies of Massachusetts. Republicanism and the leaven of Democracy is helping him in the good work. There is progress even for Massachusetts.—*Indianapolis Sentinel*.

DAVY CROCKETT'S WATCH.

Mr. J. W. Crockett, resident of DeWitt, Ark., great-grandson of David Crockett, has a valuable heirloom in the shape of a gold watch, formerly the property of the old hero of the Alamo. It is of ordinary gentleman's size, but thicker than present-day watches, and open-faced. The dial is white, without inscription, and has only the hour and minute hand. The case, plain and smooth, has been worn thin by time. It is of solid gold, and on the back the names of its different owners are inscribed as follows: D. Crockett, John W. Crockett, Robert H. Crockett, W. W. Crockett. The watch was purchased by David Crockett in Tennessee after his defeat in his last race for Congress, and has passed through succeeding generations.

THE BAD BOY.

"Hello, got back again, have you?" said the grocery man to the bad boy, as he came in the store looking tired, with his clothes soiled and a general appearance of having been sleeping in freight cars with cattle. "Your pa told me he expected you had run away for good and that you might not come back. Where you been?"

"Chicago," said the boy, as he took out a toad-stabber knife and proceeded to take the ulster off a smoked herring. "Been playing Prodigal Son, in two acts. But times have changed since that young fellow in the Bible went off on a tear and came back, and the old folks killed a young cow for him to eat, and fell on his shirt collar and cried down the back of his neck. They don't receive prodigal sons that way in our ward. They fill a prodigal son's coat tails full of boots, and he can't find cold veal enough in the house to make a sandwich."

"I thought your folks were pious and would be inclined to overlook anything," said the grocery man, as he charged the herring and crackers to the bad boy's father. "You don't mean to tell me they went back on the teachings of the good book and warmed your jacket?"

"You have guessed it the first time," said the boy. "This prodigal son business is all right in theory, but in practice it's a dead failure. You see at Sunday-school the lesson was about the prodigal son, and the minister told us all about how the boy took all the money he could scrape up and went away to a distant country and painted the town red, and spent his money like a countryman at a circus, and how he took in all the sights, and got broke, and got hungry, and took a job at the stock-yards feeding pigs, and he was so hungry he used to help the pigs eat their rations, and finally he thought of his home, where they had pie, and he went home expecting to be fired out, but his pa was tickled to see him, and set up a free lunch of calf on a half shell, and hugged the boy, and made him feel bully. When we got home pa and me talked about the lesson, and pa said it was one of the most touching things he ever heard, and told me to think of it, and it would do me good. Well, the more I thought of it the more I felt like trying the prodigal business on, and I told my chum about it, and he said he hadn't had any vacation, and he would go off prodigaling with me if I would go, and we could see the country, and have a good time, and come back and be received with open arms. Well, we got all our money together, and a brakeman on a freight-train, that goes to church, cause his wife sings in the choir, he hid us in the caboose and we went to Chicago. Oh, my, but we had a good time! I never saw money either the way it did with us. We eat about twenty times a day, the first two days, and then our appetite left us, because we didn't have any more money. The first two nights we slept in a 2-shilling lodging-house, the third night we walked around, and the fourth night we slept in the police-station. When our money was gone half the fun was gone. If a fellow can walk around with money in his pocket he feels good, even if he don't want to buy anything; but when the money is gone he feels bad and wants to buy lots of things. We waited two days for our brakeman, and when we got on his train he put us on a cattle-car, and it was vile. I traded my collar-button for a postal-card and wrote to pa that the prodigal would put in an appearance at 9 p.m., and for him to prepare to fall on my neck, and to send down to the meat-market for a hind quarter of fatted calf and have plenty of gravy. You wouldn't be fit for it, but there was no carriage at the depot, and we had to walk home. I could have overlooked that if there had been anything to eat when I got to the house, but there wasn't enough for a canary bird. Pa was there, however, and I was just going to hold out my neck for pa to get on to weep when he grabbed it with his hand and came near twisting it off, and then he turned me around and began to play the bass drum on my clothes with his feet. I never was so annoyed in all my life, honestly. It was not the treatment I had a right to expect after what they had told me about the prodigal son of ancient times. As quick as I could catch my breath I asked pa what he thought the prodigal son of Bible times would have thought if his pa had mauled him when he came home, and what kind of a story it would have made if it had told about the old man taking him by the neck and kicking him all over the room, instead of falling on his neck and weeping, and giving him a real pot-pie. Pa said he wasn't running any old back-number prodigal sons, and he thought his way was the best, and he sent me to bed without any supper. That settled the prodigal business with Henratty. No more fatted calf for Henratty, if you please," and the boy got up and shook the herring feelings off his hands.

"Well, how did your chum come out?" asked the grocery man, with much interest.

"Oh, he hasn't come out yet. He is in the lockup," said the boy. "His ma put the police onto him, and when he showed up they run him into the police station for a tramp. I think we have both demonstrated that this climate does not agree with the prodigal business, and however much they may try to teach us the beauties of such stories, they do not expect us to try to imitate them. When I go to Chicago after this I shall go in a parlor car, with lunch enough to last me, and a return ticket. I don't understand it at all. Now I didn't do half the mean things in Chicago that the Prodigal son of old did in the far-off country, and yet he got taffy when he got home, and I got my spine broke. It may be all right, but they do things different in the old country, you know."

"If I understand the kind of a prodigal son you are," said the grocery man, as he sprinkled the floor from a wash-basin, preparatory to the semi-annual sweeping out, "you have got even with your pa before this, for his outrageous treatment. That is, mind you, I don't suggest anything for you to play on him, but from what I know of you, the

account is even up before now. Am I right?"

"Well, I should remark. Any person who thinks I cannot resent such an insult, makes a mistake as to the sort of a prodigal son I am. We had company at dinner to-day, and pa is always in his element when we have company. He prides himself on his carving. We had a roast of beef, and before it went on the table I took the steel that pa sharpens the carving-knife on, and made two holes right through the roast, and then I took a rawhide whip that pa basted me with once, cut it in two, and run pieces of the rawhide in the holes of the beef. Pa began carving with a smile, and asked the minister if he would have his beef rare, or as outside piece. He was bearing gently on the carving knife, when the knife struck the rawhide and it wouldn't go any further. Pa smiled and said he guessed he had struck a barbed wire fence, and he turned the roast around and cut again, and he struck the rawhide. The minister drummed with his fork and spoke to me and said 'we had a splendid meeting last Wednesday night,' and ma said it was perfectly gorgeous, and pa began to perspire and turn red in the face, and he said some words that would sound better in a brewery, and he tried to gouge off some meat, but it wouldn't come, and the minister said, 'Brother, you seem to be having a monkey and a parrot time with that roast,' and that made pa mad, and he said 'he could carve his own meat without any sky-pilot's interference,' and ma said, 'Why, pa, you should not be impudent,' and pa said he could whip the butcher that sold him the meat out of his work ox, and he sent the beef out to the kitchen, and the company ate cold liver. The girl set the meat in the ice-chest, and pretty soon I went down cellar 'cause I didn't like cold liver, and pulled out the rawhide, and I had all the fatted calf I wanted, and I gave the rest to that lame dog you see me have here a spell ago. Oh, a boy can get enough to eat if he has got any originality about him. I think if pa would show a Christian spirit, and wear slippers when he kicks me, I would do anything to make it pleasant for him, but when a man wears out hunting-boots on his own little prodigal, I think the prodigal is apt to get hard. Don't you?"

The groceryman admitted that perhaps the boy was right, and he raised such a dust sweeping out that the boy coughed, took a few peaches off the top of a basket, and went out whistling. "Home Again, from a Foreign Shore." —*Peck's Sun*.

Men and Horses of Former Times.

Mr. Gladstone is credited with having said that every symptom indicative of a nation which has seen its best days and is now slowly settling, may be discerned on every side of us at this moment. That there is far less vigor and endurance in ordinary men and ordinary horses than existed at the commencement of the century is so apparent that none but the very young and very thoughtless can be blind to the fact. We find in the "Life of Lord Chancellor Campbell" that, in 1840, when he was 31 years old, he wanted to get from Stafford, where he was on circuit, to London with the least possible delay. "My plan," he writes to his father, "was to go in a chaise to Wolverhampton and then to take the stage-coach; but there was no chaise to be had at Stafford, and I was forced to set off on foot. The distance is sixteen miles, which I performed in less than four hours. At Wolverhampton I found the London coach ready to start, and, passing through Birmingham, Stratford-on-Avon and Oxford, I reached the Temple next day at 2 p.m." How many young barristers of to-day would be fit for a hard afternoon's work after going through such an ordeal? A still-living veteran upon the stage, Mr. Chippendale, remembers the time when, as a young actor, he occasionally had to walk forty miles in a day from town to town and to play at night for the noble stipend of 25 shillings a week. Sixty or seventy years ago such famous hunters as Squire Osbaldeston or the late Lord Lichfield endured, in getting to the covert side, fatigue and hardship which none but a madman would now think of facing. Lord Lichfield, when master of the Warwickshire hounds, would take his seat on a Sunday by the coachman's side, at 8 p.m., upon the box of the Birmingham "Greyhound," and, traveling all night, would arrive at Coventry about 6 a.m. on Monday. Having washed, put on his hunting-clothes and breakfasted, he would ride perhaps twenty miles to meet his hounds, hunt all day, and, upon more than one occasion, return from Coventry to London on Tuesday night by the up-coach. When Squire Osbaldeston was master of the Quorn and Oakley hounds at the same time, his days were often passed in hunting and his nights in galloping from one pack to the other. The horses bestripped and ridden by these iron-framed sportsmen were, like their riders and drivers, more enduring than the animals now sold at Tatton's.—*London Field*.