

THE END OF TWEED.

His most vindictive foe could hardly have wished for William Marcus Tweed a severer retribution than he has suffered. To be driven suddenly down from the seat of almost absolute power that he had held so long in the chief city of the land; to be arraigned and imprisoned as a criminal; to be stripped of the vast wealth he had stolen; to escape from jail and live in hiding for an anxious year in a foreign land; to be recaptured and returned to prison, there to lie for many months in the city of which he was so long the proud imperator, and there at length to die,—is not this fate hard enough to satisfy the most strenuous sense of justice? To have made his exit from the top of a lamp-post—the victim of a vigilance committee—was a doom that at one moment threatened him; but that would have been less terrible and less impressive than the penalty that he has suffered. Slowly, but surely, for almost seven years, the iron walls of destiny have been closing in upon this malefactor. In full view of all the world the well-earned wages of his sin have been paid over to him, one instalment after another, till the account is settled, so far as human law can settle it. And as no one could wish this reckoning to be more sharp or summary, so no one who values righteousness can regret that it was not more merciful. The man deserved all that he has got, and it is well for the country and the world that he got so nearly what he deserved.

It was hard for one living in New York in the spring of 1871 to hope that the rule of that famous Ring, which had so long dominated the city and the state, would soon be broken. So thoroughly entrenched was this iniquity; so many politicians of both parties were there who had reasons of their own for not wishing it to be disturbed; so helpless had the people become from the long disuse of their power, that one was thought sanguine who looked for the overthrow of the conspirators. But the "cohesive power of public plunder" is an inconstant force at best; and every such corrupt fabric is sure to crumble sooner or later. The downfall of this one has been more complete and overwhelming than any one could have predicted. Tweed's confederates are all suffering condign punishment; Sweeny and Connolly are fugitives and vagabonds in the earth, and poor Oakey Hall has sunk into the depths of infamy. Yet upon Tweed, as was just, the heaviest of the penalty has descended. He enjoyed the bad eminence of leadership in this villany, and his ruin has been more conspicuous and signal than that of any of his associates.

On the whole, honest people will be forced to own that the ways of providence are very clear in all this matter. Complaints of providence are often hasty; a little patience would make it plain that the universe is, after all, founded on justice,—and that the "Power not ourselves" does "make for righteousness," though sometimes His movements seem slow. Doubtless some rogues do go unhung, and some honest folk never come by their own, but it is a mistake to say that this is the rule; it is the exception; in the long run, and for the most part, justice is done. Within seven years how many vulgar rascals have been brought to grief! It is only a little while since the eyes of young men were dazzled by the exploits of one Fisk in the financial world; but that career ended suddenly. Tweed dictated for a few years the politics of New York, and by his shameless robberies amassed a large fortune; but it was not, after all, worth while to stand where Tweed stood if one must fall as Tweed has fallen.

The "last words" of Tweed ought to be treasured. They are characteristic and instructive. The newspapers report him as saying just before his end: "I have tried to do some good, if I have not had good luck. I am not afraid to die. I believe the guardian angels will protect me." A few moments later he roused and said: "I hope they [not, presumably, the guardian angels] will be satisfied now they have got me."

He had tried to do a little good in the world. A little of the money he had stolen he had given to the poor. The most of it he had spent on his own lusts and ambitions; but he had, doubtless, sometimes helped a poor man. Such gifts were, in part, sacrifices to luck; for Tweed, like most coarse villains, had a vein of superstition in him. But it was not only the Fates that he thus thought to propitiate; the gods of the caucuses were by such offerings most successfully entreated. There is not much evidence that Tweed's

largesses were prompted by an unselfish desire to relieve suffering or confer happiness. A man who had been his counsel said of him: "Tweed has never been popular on his own merits. When he was poor, before he entered public life, he never had any warm personal adherents. All the 'magnetism' they talk so much about was given him by the newspapers after he had acquired the habit of spending the public money."

Yet he doubtless imagined that these small charities had covered the multitude of his sins. What was lacking in this respect he tried to make up by reading the Bible in the prison, three times every day, for a quarter of an hour. The Bible was a fetish; the reading was an incantation; that he ever made any application of its truth to his own moral condition is not likely. He would sometimes look up from the book and swear at his attendant, and then go on with the reading. Evidently he had got the idea that "good works" were not quite enough to save him; he must add a little devotion, and this he took in the form of Bible reading.

Yet all this had nothing to do with character. There is no record of any compunction on account of the enormous crimes of which he had been guilty. He had been the patron and ally of the gamblers and the rum-sellers and the brothel-keepers of New York, whose aid he had wanted in his political schemes; and thus he had done more than any other man to debauch the morals of the city. He had filled the courts and the municipal and the state legislatures with corruption and bribery. He had stolen millions of the people's money, and had taught others to steal,—thus by his robberies loading the city with a debt that cripples its prosperity, and adds not a little weight to the burden that every poor man must carry. He had done more than any other man who ever lived in this country to defile the very sources of political power, and to undermine the foundations of our government. For all this he shows no contrition. His glib recital, during the last few months, of the part he has played in all this knavery indicates an utter lack of any sense of guilt or shame on account of it.

And now when he stands in the presence of death he remembers that he has given to the poor a little of all this enormous booty, and that he has read the Bible in his cell of late for three-quarters of an hour every day; and he thinks that though he has had hard luck he is a pretty good Christian, and believes that the guardian angels will take care of him! Is it not pitiful?

There are many people besides Tweed who think that the "good-hearted" man who gives money to the poor, no matter how he got it, will have an abundant entrance into heaven when he dies. There are others who think the same thing about the rascally devotee who punctually goes through some kind of religious motions. All such people may be able to see, when their favorite notions are brought out into the bold relief which Tweed's example gives them, that a charity which is based upon fraud or greed, and a piety which is a substitute for integrity are not, after all, the best outfit for a traveller who is going away into the unknown future.

How many hours of sadness and sorrow have been caused by the utterance of careless thoughtless words! "A word unspoken, like a sword in the scabbard, is thine. If thou desire to be held wise, be so wise as to hold thy tongue."

WHEREVER thou art, thou hast near thee an altar and a sacrifice, for thou art thyself priest, altar, and sacrifice. Our worship is not external, like that of the Jews. Wherever thou art, thou canst build an altar; it suffices that thou shouldst feel deeply the want of God's help; even if thou canst not bend the knee, strike thy breast, or raise thy hands towards heaven. A woman at her spindle can raise her soul to God, and cry with her heart to Him; a merchant at the market, or at the exchange, can examine himself and pray with fervor. An artisan at his workshop can pray. God only requires that the heart should be warm and the desire honest.—*Chrysostom.*

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SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

ODORS FROM COOKING PREVENTED.—Put one or two red peppers, or a few pieces of charcoal, into the pot where ham, cabbage, etc., is boiling, and the house will not be filled with the offensive odor.

LEMON PIE.—Take two lemons, peel, and grate the rind; of the remainder express the juice, and cut in small pieces; add one egg and one and a half soda crackers; water enough to fill the pie; sugar to taste.

TO MAKE SILVER-PLATE BRIGHT.—Silver-plate, jewelry and door-plates can be beautifully cleaned and made to look like new by dipping a soft cloth or chamois-skin in a weak preparation of ammonia-water, and rubbing the articles with it.

FRUIT ICE CREAM.—One pint of milk, one quart of cream, yolks of five eggs, beaten light with sugar, three cups of sugar, the juice and grated peel of one lemon, one glass of pale sherry, and half a pound of crystalized fruits, chopped. Heat the milk almost to boiling. Pour by degrees over the eggs and sugar, beating all together well. Return to the fire and boil ten minutes, then beat in the cream and half freeze before stirring in the fruit, which may be peaches, cherries, or strawberries, chopped very fine. Beat in with these the lemon and wine; cover again and freeze hard. In all fruit ice creams the beating of the custards should be very hard and thorough, if desired to have them smooth.

PIGEON PIE.—Border a large dish with puff paste, and cover the bottom with a veal cutlet, or tender steak, free from fat and bone, and seasoned with salt, cayenne and nutmeg; prepare with great nicety as many fresh-killed pigeons as the dish will contain in one layer; put into each a slice of butter, seasoned with a little cayenne; lay them into the dish with the breasts downward, and between and over them put the yolks of half a dozen hard-boiled eggs; stick plenty of butter on them, season the whole well with salt and spice, pour in some cold water for the gravy, roll out the cover three-quarters of an inch thick, secure it well round the edges, ornament it highly, and bake it for an hour or more in a well-heated oven.

GREENHOUSE AND WINDOW PLANTS.—Plants set out of doors for the summer are apt to suffer from neglect. It would conduce greatly to their health to prepare a place for them, a mere frame of boards as wide as the height of the pots; put down a layer of coal-ashes on which to set the plants, and then, having put in the pots to allow each plant sufficient room, fill in between them with coal-ashes. This will not only prevent drying up so rapidly, but avoid injury to the roots by the sun falling directly upon the pots—an unsuspected cause of much damage. . . . This plan will prevent the plants from being thrown over by the winds, otherwise some other means must be devised. . . . Most greenhouse plants need shade in the hottest part of the day, and should be so placed as to secure this. . . . Several insects that are not known in the greenhouse, may visit the plants when set out, and vigilance is required. . . . Fuchsias should never be turned out into the open ground, unless in a much sheltered place: the hot suns and winds soon destroy their beauty; if taken out of the house at all, the verandah is the best place for them, and if they can be set where the flowers can be seen from below, they will be more effective. Keep the weeds from growing in the flower pots.

CUT HAY EARLY.—A buyer of hay writes to the "Country Gentleman" a request that farmers cut their grass earlier. He would be willing to pay three or four dollars a ton extra for good, bright, preserved grass, (which properly cured hay really is) than for the brittle, stinky stuff which too often fills the market. He says: "It is a common belief among farmers that grass cut when nearly ripe, gives more weight per acre. It may not be true, but if they think so, they will be pretty sure to let it stand to the last minute unless the argument of self-interest in the other direction gets them out of the miserable habit. In general, the idea prevails that a few days' delay as to hay-making is not at all important, and so when grain is ripening about the same time, that gets the preference as to timely care. Farmers should be taught—those who seek to sell hay at least—that every crop should be gathered at just the right time, and that a failure to do so will bring a financial penalty. Late cut and over-ripe hay is little better than straw, and observing purchasers know it. Millions of dollars every year lost to the country from this one cause—because, in general, farmers are so slow in adopting this reform. Our modern improved machinery for rapidly making hay favors the reform, but as yet it does not seem to have been very effective."

CRAMP.—These most terrible of pains arise from the veins being so full of blood that they swell out, press against the large nerves, and thus impede the circulation of the vital fluid. In smaller nerves the distension produces neuralgia, which is literally "nerve-ache." The cause of this unusual fullness of the veins is, that the blood is so impure, so thick, so full of disease, that it cannot flow by nature's agencies. It is both thick and cold, and this abnormal state is indicated by the feebleness of the pulse. In cholera patients it is very marked, and exists days and weeks before the attack. The following is a simple method of treatment: When a person is attacked with cramp, get some hot water, quietly and expeditiously (for noise and exclamations of grief and alarm still further disturb the nervous equilibrium); put the sufferer in the water as completely as possible, and thus heat is imparted to the blood, which sends it coursing along the veins, and the pain is gone. While the water is in preparation, rub the cramped part very briskly with the hand or a woolen flannel, with your mouth shut. But why keep your mouth shut? You can rub harder, faster and more efficiently; besides it saves the sufferer from meaningless and agonizing inquiries. A man in pain does not want to be talked to—he wants relief, not words. If all could know, as physicians do, the inestimable value of quiet composure, and the confident air on the part of one who attempts to aid a sufferer, it would be practised with ceaseless assiduity by the considerate and the humane.