

EDITORIALS.

BEAU HICKMAN AND OTHER BEAUS.

ONE of the old notoriety of Washington, D.C., has recently gone the way of all the earth—"Beau Hickman," or Robert L. Hickman, or "Poor Beau," as many an old acquaintance will term him. He died September 2nd, of paralysis, in a Washington hospital.

He is believed to have come of a good family in King William County, Va. Two of his sisters, it is said, were married to Gen. Eaton, of N. C.

Beau was always a gay boy, and on the death of his father is said to have taken his patrimony in cash, \$10,000 or more, and to have rid himself of the same within a year by riotous living.

He first appeared in Washington in 1833 or 1834, being then 22 or 23 years old, and evidently having considerable money. He was dressed elegantly, with gold watch, cane, faultless beaver, and all the et ceteras "regardless." He appeared as a sporting man, in elegant attire, talked horse with positive confidence, patronized the races, and was the observed of all observers. Though he never betted, he would divulge the name of the winning nag for ten dollars.

For ten or fifteen years he managed to sport faultless attire, chiefly at the expense of the tailor, who usually had to "wait" until Beau had received some of the many thousand dollars which he had "just lent to President Jackson," or some other "d—d good fellow." Beau evidently believing in the Shakespearean motto—"Base is the slave that pays." When the "lent" excuse would not work, Beau would argue the point with the tailor and volunteer to verbally advertise him to all his (Beau's) friends, which would be better to the tailor than the ready money for the suit.

Beau was seldom intoxicated, and latterly professed not to drink. He chose the best rooms at hotels, but evaded payment, until sometimes requested to bestow his patronage elsewhere, which he good-naturedly and politely would do. Once at the first hotel in New York, he borrowed a \$1,000 bill and offered to pay the hotel charges, but the clerk could not change the bill and offered to wait. He is "waiting" still, with the prospect of "waiting" indefinitely.

Beau "raised the wind" by chaperoning visitors to houses of gambling and ill-fame. He never played, but accepted "chips," which he got the banker to cash. He told anecdotes and stories, for which he also demanded "chips," of value according with the character of the story or the financial status of the listeners. Beau always "despised a liar," was moderately educated, a good conversationalist, always of an equable temper, and never pugnacious either verbally or physically.

About ten years ago, he commenced the down grade of life rapidly, became seedy, shabby genteel, walked slowly and with a shuffling hitch, his feet, as he said, being covered with corns and bunions, the result of wearing tight boots. "The fact that my feet are crippled up so," he would say, "shows me to be a blood; no common man could have such feet as I have got." His face looked like parchment, his eyes were red and inflamed, and he became an object of pity.

An old acquaintance of Beau's believed he was "never right in his head." With a favorite velvet suit, covered with minute bells, he would enter an hotel, shake his bells, and say, "I am a bell team, I am!"

His favorite stamping ground of late years was in front of the National and Metropolitan Hotels, where he would listlessly watch the passers-by, and bewail the good old times before the war. He was miserly, never treated anybody, regular in his habits, latterly paid for his board, which was invariably temperate, and had money in the bank, which fact once saved him from magisterial punishment as a vagrant.

Of late years he received monthly stipends from several wealthy gentlemen. He was never married, but at one time lived with a colored woman. Only one acquaintance called on him at the hospital, and that one, hearing that he was dead, hurried away. The undertakers only attended his funeral at the alms-house burial ground.

Beau Nash, or Richard Nash, was

born in Swansea, Wales, Oct. 8th, 1874, and died in Bath, Feb. 3d, 1761. He was educated at Oxford, where he led a dissipated life. He was placed with a commission in the army, when seventeen years old, to save him from an imprudent marriage. Wearing of barrack life, he commenced the study of law in the Middle Temple, but his life was mainly devoted to pleasure, and he soon became a leader of fashionable society, sustaining himself therein by the gaming table. He conducted the pageantry of a Middle Temple entertainment to William III with so much tact, that the king offered to knight him, but Nash, having not sufficient "visible means of support," declined the honor.

About that time Bath was coming into note as a watering place, but Dr. Radcliffe, for some fancied insult, had put the place under ban and threatened to write down the waters. At this juncture, in 1704, Nash made his advent there, was appointed master of the ceremonies, and he soon secured for the town a fair reputation as a resort for valetudinarious and pleasure seekers. Decency of dress and civility of manners were enforced in public resorts, an attractive assembly-room was erected, streets and buildings were improved, and the dull country town was transformed into a handsome city. Nash shared in the general prosperity, wielded much influence, was looked upon with much deference by citizens and visitors, and was styled "King of Bath." He still supported himself by the gaming table, where he played with skill and fairness. He lived in great pomp, travelled in a coach and six with outriders, and was profusely charitable. Notwithstanding his gambling habits, he, like many other sinners, set in their ways, took pains to warn the young and thoughtless against the practice. In his latter days his glory waned. A law against gambling deprived him of his principal means of support, and he fell into comparative indigence. After his death he was honored with a public funeral and a marble statue. He was ungainly in person, coarse and ugly in features, and tawdrily magnificent in dress. But he was born for a certain position, and he filled it with spirit and success.

But the prince of beaus was Count D'Orsay, the companion of Lady Blessington, and at one time the ornament of the literary, artistic and fashionable society of London, as his refined taste, elegant equipage and faultless attire were at once its envy and admiration. He died in 1852. But space forbids a more detailed allusion to the Count, as this article is already sufficiently lengthy.

THE INDIANS IN THE SOUTH-WEST.

To every friend of humanity the contradiction of the report of a massacre by the Indians at Fort Sill was gladly received, and the following letter, confirmatory of the same, and also assertive of the peaceable disposition of the Indians in that section, and which, written the day after that of the reported massacre, was received by the Commissioner of Indian Affairs in Washington, September 2d, will afford similar satisfaction—

KIOWA AND COMANCHE

AGENCY, Eighth month,

21st day, 1873.

E. HOAG, Superintendent, Lawrence, Kansas.

Dear Friend—By the last mail out I had the satisfaction of reporting to the Superintendent that Horseback and Blackbeard had brought in and turned over to me twelve head of horses which had been stolen by some of the young Quahadas from Texas. This evening the Yam-pa-reka chiefs, Quirts-Quip, Cheevers, Yellow Moon, Wild Horse and Iron Mountain, brought in fifteen more and turned them over to me. They say their intention is to do all they can to keep their young men from running off and stealing horses, and if they cannot do so, as fast as they bring any stock to camp they will collect it together and give it to me to send back to the owners. I am expecting some more this week from Bochetakers. It is really gratifying to me to be privileged to make such a report, the more so when I reflect that it has been brought about without a threat being made, but simply by kind talk and appeals to their better nature. I have told them that Washington sent me here to work for their good, and if they will help me we can have a white country here, peaceful and quiet, so that we can lie down and sleep without fear of anybody disturbing us. I believe a large number of them are really anxious for such a state of affairs, and will willingly work to that end. Amidst the many discouraging circumstances by which I have at times been surround-

ed since assuming the responsibilities of this important agency, days of sunshine show themselves and many bright beacons come up in my way to cheer me. More and more as I mingle with this people am I convinced of the wisdom and righteousness of the present peace policy in their management, and firmly believe that if it be only carried out in good faith by the government and its agents, great good will be accomplished, and millions of treasure saved to the people, besides the large number of lives which any other system would cost. I think the Indians of this agency are, as a body, in a good state of feeling for a beneficial council or treaty to be made with them, by which the border of Texas may be made as safe from harm, so far as these Indians are concerned, as any other part of the State. Respectfully,

J. M. HAWORTH,
Indian Agent.

TWO NOTABLE EVENTS.

SEPTEMBER 1873 will be hereafter regarded as a memorable month, in the histories of the United States, and England, and France and Germany, because of the final settlement of heavy pecuniary claims between the U. S. and Britain, and France and Germany respectively.

Our telegraphic dispatches to-day contain an account of the proceedings observed yesterday in the payment of the award of the Geneva Arbitration Tribunal, by the representatives of Great Britain to the government of the United States. The treasury of the United States was enriched by that transaction to the amount of fifteen million five hundred thousand dollars in British gold—an enormous sum, and beyond the comprehension of those not engaged in monetary transactions on the largest scale. But large as the sum was, it was well spent by Britain, for it was in the cause of humanity and honor.

The dispatches yesterday stated that the official certificate of the transaction would be photographed by the treasury photographer, and the original preserved in the national archives as a memento of victory over Great Britain.

That a feeling of exultation should exist in the hearts of Americans over the affair is very natural, for it is certainly a magnificent triumph of American diplomacy. But it is also a moral triumph for Great Britain. The dispute between the two countries over the Alabama claims was long, and at times bitter, but when they finally agreed to submit it to a board of arbitration rather than have recourse to war, both showed that they were actuated by the highest motives. The result of that arbitration in some points, was in favor of the United States, and we believe the decision was just, for Great Britain having, in some respects, by her violation of the law of nations, damaged American interests, she ought at least to reimburse the pecuniary loss thus inflicted and sustained. She, as in honor bound, submitted to that decision, and has now honorably discharged the obligation incurred; and though she has sustained a diplomatic defeat, the moral triumph she has gained is one which will be more to her credit than many of the victories on the field of battle of which she so proudly boasts. And the precedent thus established by two of the foremost nations of the world is in the interest of humanity the world over.

A far more remarkable circumstance than the preceding, is the payment, a few days since, by France to Germany, of the last five hundred millions of the war indemnity. At the close of the war between these two nations—the most memorable in history, because of the unprecedented triumph on one side and defeat on the other—Prussia ungenerously exacted from France, then seemingly irreparably crushed and broken, the enormous sum of five milliards of francs as a war indemnity, the payment of the entire sum to be the chief condition for the final evacuation of French soil by German troops. Five milliards of francs is a sum altogether beyond every day comprehension. Enormous utterly fails to convey any estimate of it. Translating it into American phraseology it means a thousand millions of dollars, not much less than half the debt incurred by the North in crushing out the war of the Rebellion.

It is scarcely possible to believe it, and yet it is true that already this entire sum has been paid to the Germans by the French government, and almost the whole of it has been paid by the French people, without having recourse to foreign loans. Such an instance of patriotism is without an equal in the entire his-

tory of the world, and the same is true of the recuperative energies of France. The triumph, physical and pecuniary, in the late war was with Germany; but in every other respect with France, for with all her past glories, she never knew her strength until to-day, the real strength of a nation being in the patriotism of the people composing it. There are absolutely no bounds to the powers of a nation which has done what France has done in the past two or three years.

Germany seems to have the advantage, but while her prestige in brute force is perhaps the first in the world, she has proven herself an ungenerous, implacable enemy, and it will be strange indeed if her milliards, wrung from the French, do not in the long run prove the hardest earned money she ever handled. A future settling day will surely come between the two nations, and a people capable of what the French have shown themselves to be, and smarting under the remembrance of unprecedented cruelty and oppression, in a future conflict can scarcely prove other than invincible.

CARESSING IN PUBLIC.

THE following letter to the New York Graphic, on a delicate subject, is worthy of perusal by the public everywhere:

I am not in the habit of writing to newspapers, but I have been made so indignant at the scenes I have been compelled to witness in railway and street cars that I can't help making a public protest. I allude to the conduct of young married ladies and engaged girls. Last summer I visited Niagara, and, of course, met quantities of newly married couples. I assure you that during the last hour of the ride there were eighteen brides in the same car with me, every one of whom was leaning her head on her husband's shoulder, and several of whom were actually half lying on the men. They were not forced to do this from exhaustion, for as a rule no sooner were they seated than their heads went down, and their husbands were made to put their arms around them. It is just as bad in our street cars. Young ladies coming home from late calls, or from Thomas's Garden, insist upon half sitting on the young men who are with them. Of course they are engaged, but that does not make their conduct any less offensive. I will do the men the justice to say that most of them would evidently prefer to behave themselves if they could. I have seen them look wretchedly uneasy when their female companions began to lean on them, but they were afraid to make any objection. They ought to have more courage. I am sure if I was a man, and a girl undertook to make me ridiculous in that way, I would give her a good shaking and tell her to sit up and behave herself.

I acknowledge that I am a maiden lady, and you may therefore perhaps think me too prudish. I am nothing of the sort, but I am a decent woman, and I want to have other women compelled to behave decently in public. Please publish this letter, and say a word in defence of propriety and decency.

AN INDIGNANT WOMAN.

September 3.

One reason why the girls, whether brides or intended brides, hang around or loiter upon their "fellows" may be their supreme delight at the fact or the prospect of obtaining a husband, an object always dear to a woman's heart, and, as things go in the world, an object somewhat difficult to secure east of the Rocky Mountains, the men generally being so backward in coming forward manfully and honorably and promptly to assume the responsibilities of wedded life, many of them preferring lascivious indulgences, reckless of the natural results, or anxious only to avoid or destroy them; and reckless also of the future of their fair companions in folly, or their victims, as the case may be, provided themselves escape scot free.

Without saying that "caressing in public" is so common here as in the East, still, for the purpose of argument, it may be assumed that a little of it is seen occasionally. Of course if people are married, or "engaged," or seeking to be "engaged," it is a matter chiefly concerning themselves how affectionate, or how demonstrative in their affection, they choose to be. But it is a matter that also concerns the public somewhat, that the outward and visible and vulgar signs of such affection be not indulged in in public places, or before company, indoors or out-doors. A proper regard for decorum will restrain all from such indelicate exhibitions of themselves—at least those who are not thus restrained are generally considered a trifle "soft," and most people think that if such "softies" had been a little more thoroughly "baked" they would not make themselves objects of uncomplimentary remark and of ridicule by those people whose good sense is not so sadly disproportionate to their affection and the demonstrativeness thereof.

While from the acknowledged general slackness of disposition of the men towards matrimony, and the consequent scarcity and corresponding preciousness of the husband element in the East, there may possibly be some shadow of excuse for the extravagant delight, and the public manifestation thereof, of a girl when she has made sure of a husband, or when she thinks or hopes he is as good as made sure of by her, when she believes she has hold of a man whom she thinks she can safely "tie to" in that noble and honorable capacity, yet things are different here, and things affectional should be managed differently. Here there is no difficulty in girls obtaining husbands. They can often be had for the asking, though here, as elsewhere, those most easily picked up are not always the best. But in Utah, a girl who wishes to find a husband, and a good one too, and can't find a husband, and a very good one too, simply shows that she does not know how to go about that important business. She should make it a matter of earnest prayer, but above all seek to render herself such a kind of woman as is really worth having, and then some gentleman will discover her worth, as sure as fate. For everybody knows that the material out of which husbands are made is plentiful in Utah—good, bad and indifferent; very good, very bad, and very indifferent. No lack of choice, none at all. All tastes can be suited. Therefore, girls, there is no good cause for undue anxiety over this matter, no necessity for excessive rejoicing when you find a man of the husband type to suit you, at least no necessity and no excuse for unseemly demonstrations of delight, for indecorous lavishness of affection and endearment, in public. Keep all that ticklish sort of thing for the privacy of your own rooms, and everybody, even your own husband himself, will think all the better of you, and he will prize you and your caresses all the more. There is a certain sickliness about caresses in public—it makes some observers feel bilious.

Then think of the regard due to others, who may not have cause just then to feel so supremely happy as you apparently have. Think how trying to their nerves. In the case of the letter writing spinster above mentioned, how painful it may have been to her to witness all these public expressions of endearment, when she has had no one, in public or in private, upon whose manly bosom to lean her head for sympathy, in joy or in sorrow, in sickness or in health, in poverty or in wealth. No wonder she considered such exhibitions indecorous, unfeeling to others, unchristian, uncharitable, and really very selfish and reprehensible. It is not every girl who has found a man to her mind, and upon whom she can confidently lavish all the wealth of her womanly affection.

Now girls, those of you who may have been given to this sort of thing, thoughtlessly perhaps, just quit it, cease all such indulgence "before folks," don't do it any more, pray don't. Restrain your affections in public. You can't think, when you do not restrain them, how it hurts some people's feelings to see such goings on, right before their faces. People can't always oblige you by looking up the chimney, nor by shutting their eyes in company. It is really cruel of you to expect it. Besides, the men, in general and in particular, will like you not a bit the less, but all the more, if you respect yourselves, and do not make yourselves too cheap or too easily comeatable. One of the best mottoes for girls and their beaux, or brides and their grooms, in public, is, "Hands off." Besides being offensive to other people, too much handling takes off the bloom too fast. It will disappear fast enough anyway, without being publicly brushed off in that objectionable fashion.

A friend at my elbow suggests that the men folks deserve a word in this connection. So they do, now we come to think of it, more than the girls do, for we believe it will not be difficult to prove that it is the men and not the girls, at least before marriage, who are most to blame for this jolting and arming and pulling and hauling. Now, men and boys, don't do it any more. Respect the girls, and show that you respect them by behaving respectfully towards them, both in public and in private, but more especially in public. The interests and the happiness of either sex are not subserved by such unseemly