THE RECORD-UNION.

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JAMES J. CORBETT

The Champion Pugilist of America.

SULLIVAN'S COLORS LOWERED

Completely Knocked Out in the Twenty-First Round.

JOHN L. TERRIBLY PUNISHED.

While the Winner Comes Out With Scarcely a Scratch.

SCIENCE AND HARD HITTING TELLS THE TALE.

Nine Thousand People Witness the Greatest Fistic Contest of the Age—Tremendous Ovation After the Fight Was Ended to the Man Who Succeeded in Wresting the Laurels From Boston's Pet Slogger.

Special to the RECORD-UNION.

NEW ORLEANS, Sept. 7.—The laurel has shifted. John L. Sullivan has had some new sensations. So has James Corbett. One has been knocked off the pedestal of the pugilistic championship, and the other climbs into his place. The California heavy-weight, Corbett, has knocked out the champion, John Sullivan, and won, besides, some $35,000. And how it appears to the spectators—the truth told—it seems as though Corbett won easily. The impression left by the rapid spectacle is that Sullivan was at no moment in the path of success, and physical evidences of this were apparent at the finish.

What was Corbett, the winner, at the moment of his victory? He was keen, quick, alert in every round, unmarked by bruise or blood. His face was aglow with steady interest. His face wore a half smile, and he was ready to attack his foe with ferocious force had his foe been able to rise. These were the conditions of victory.

Sullivan was reeking with blood, smashed, bruised, jellied, and nearly, if not quite, densely so. These were the evidences of defeat, and it was when these had been established that the laurels shifted, and a new man had been born into the championship.

Why was Sullivan dethroned? He himself had contributed to the causes of his own downfall. Had his life had no excess Sullivan would have been able to fight the struggle more effectively to retain his prestige. He is not relatively so good a man at 34 as hundreds of other men at that age. His face is furrowed, not alone by years, but by the methods of his living. His ponderous body, too, bore trace not alone of time, but of easy living. His condition was not comparable with that of his foe. It could not be. There was an accumulation of age and wide freedom which could not be trained away without impairing the man.

Sullivan, too, had been overconfident. He had been contemptuous of the needful measures for his perfect condition. He was Sullivan, and Sullivan could not lose in battle.

Corbett has taught him otherwise, and now starting with eight years less of life's inevitable wear, he had conserved his powers, perfected the methods of their use, charging his heart meanwhile, confident he would become king of his kind. His was the capital of brawn and muscle upon which to build up a fortune of victory and reputation.

It may not be carelessly said that Corbett, at 26 years of age, is a better man than Sullivan was at that age; but assuming that they were equally good men at equal ages, an analysis of this victory comes back to the fact that while some men of 34 may whip some men of 36, the elder man being the victor, must not have added his own methods of deflection to those which silent years so surely employ.

Sullivan came forward to-night into the glare of twenty electric lights, his senses fed by the shouts of those who will flount him now. The majority believed in him. Why should not a champion believe in himself? So, while they yelled with worshiping plaudits, he sat down in his corner, and with easy interest scanned the powerful fellow opposite.

Somehow there is a homage in the eager attention trainers bestow upon their champion, and to-night while Sullivan enjoyed this, his heavy form sagged down as he sat waiting for the preliminaries. Those who scanned him closely saw the welts of flesh on his abdomen rolling far over the edge of his firmly drawn belt. It should not have been obesity of age, for the man to-night should be in the prime of his years. Was it the distention surely following wine suppers and hot dinners of rich foods? Who shall say?

While sitting thus under the eyes of hundreds, whose scrutiny was sharpened by their money on the result, Sullivan was in turn studying his foe, and what did he see? In the opposite corner, out of which all victors in the Olympic Club have gone to victory, there sat a beautiful specimen of human flesh and bone. Sullivan saw a smiling and confident face. He saw a neck that had poise and strength. He saw a chest that was deep enough to hold a pair of bellows. He saw a pair of browned shoulders, where piles of muscles crept and glided beneath the skin. He beheld outstretched upon the ropes, while the trainers did their service, a pair of arms as long as those of a windmill, bunched with lithe driving muscles, with the blood and nerve of youth. The champion beheld a foe whose abdomen was clean-cut and round-like in its lines. There was no adipose to clog his lungs or burden the freedom of his actions.

Like a racer was Corbett—trim, solid, balanced physically at every point, unless, indeed, his long legs seemed a trifle light for the muscular shoulders and body. But those who doubted the power of the lithe underlimbs could not know how like steel they had been tempered to bend without breaking under stress and tension. Doubters learned later what iron thews lay along the slender columns that should uphold the man.

THE FIGHT IN DETAIL.

A Hard Battle in Which Sullivan Was Badly Punished.

RINGSIDE AT THE OLYMPIC CLUB, NEW ORLEANS, Sept. 7.—The excitement that has prevailed in this city has had no parallel since the Italian assassination eighteen months ago. There has been no subject of conversation discussed in any quarter save the event of the evening, in which every portion of the civilized world was more or less deeply interested. It apparently affected the outside as deeply as it did the participants in the battle. Both men were known to be in the prime of condition, and the greatest fight of the series was looked forward to by all with keen anticipation.

There was a universal move in the direction of the clubhouse even before the evening began to fall. Business men, lawyers and journalists took their dinners down town, and had vehicles ordered early. They were willing to wait at the club, but they were unwilling to waste time going down. At 6 o'clock carriages were already heading down Canal street, which was crowded with people and vehicles. Down the intersecting streets carriages were reaching to the scene of battle. Down in the neghborhood of the club for blocks and blocks carriages were strung along the curbstones, and every street corner had a crowd.

The Sullivan people came to the club first. They took a carriage at the hotel before 7, and drove leisurely down with a string of hacks. Sullivan looked strong and determined. He walked with a jaunty air, and came in so easy with the line of people entering at the time that few noticed him.

In the toss for corners Corbett won, and chose the lucky one that Dixon and McAuliffe fought in.

Big Jim Corbett followed in the wake of the champion, coming in fifteen minutes later. When the party pulled up in front of the door the street was cleared and an avenue opened into the building. Corbett came in first, with a light step and his face wreathed in smiles.

The first sign of the contest for the championship of America came in the person of Police Captain Barrett, who went into the ring at five minutes to 9 o'clock. The scales on which the gloves were to be weighed were laid beside the center of the post. Ex-Mayor Guillot, who acted as master of ceremonies, entered the arena a few minutes later and made a speech, warning the spectators to be careful and not violate any rules of the club.

Sullivan entered the ring first, dressed in green trunks and black shoes and socks. He looked in perfect condition.

Corbett followed a moment later, looking pale and finely drawn beside his bulky antagonist. He wore an air of confidence, however, smiled and nodded to acquaintances around the ring, though he was said by some people to be a little nervous.

Police Captain Barrett stepped to the center of the ring and presented Professor John Duffy with a beautiful silver ice bowl and ladle.

John Donaldson and Billy Delaney were announced as Corbett's seconds, with Bat Masterson as timekeeper. Charles Johnson and Jack McAuliffe were seconds for John L. Sullivan, and Frank Moran timekeeper. The gloves were weighed and found to be according to law, and they were given to the fighters.

In the parley which was held in the center of the ring Corbett looked entirely outclassed in point of build, though his friends relied upon his cleverness to win the battle. The pivot blow and backheeling was barred by mutual consent, and the men agreeing to fight fair they were sent to their corners to get ready for the fray.

The battle commenced at 9:10 o'clock. Both men stepped lightly to the center of the ring. Sullivan immediately became the aggressor. He made a left lead, and was stopped. Corbett danced all about his opponent, eyeing him closely. Sullivan made a rush but Jim backed away. He also attempted a left-hander, but Jim would not bite. Sullivan looked vicious as he played for an opening. He attempted a right-hand stomach punch, but the blow fell short. Sullivan tried to corner Jim, but the latter slipped away. The gong sounded and not a blow was landed by either man.

Round two—Sullivan was still the aggressor. Sullivan uppercut Jim, and touched him again with his left a little later. Jim eyed him closely, and when Sullivan would rush the Californian would slip away. Sullivan landed a heavy right on the shoulder, but received a stomach punch in return.

Round three—Corbett ducked away from a heavy lunge. Sullivan followed him about the ring, trying for the stomach. Jim's head missed a heavy left-hander, and Sullivan looked vicious. Jim landed two heavy stomach punches, and Sullivan missed a vicious right. Both hit each other on the head. Corbett stepped out of harm's way. He came back quickly and landed his left on the stomach. He also planted a heavy one on the champion's ear, sending his head back. Both men were fighting hard when the gong sounded.

Round four—Sullivan missed his left again, but he chased Jim around the ring. Sullivan landed a light left. Corbett stepped up close, attempting to punch the stomach, but John was guarding with his right. The champion followed his opponent all over the ring, and received a heavy left-handed swing for his pains. Jim landed both hands on Sullivan's head as the round ended, and the champion went to his corner with a sneering smile.

Round fifth—Sullivan stepped to the center with a smile, and Corbett touched his nose with his left. The champion tried to land his left on the stomach, and the men clinched, Sullivan landing his first heavy right. Sullivan missed a fearful left hand and staggered forward from the force of the blow. The men boxed cautiously for an opening, and the champion seemed eager for hot work. He followed his antagonist all around the ring, and first blood came from Sullivan's nose. The fight was fast and furious, and Sullivan nearly fell on the ropes from left-hand jabs on the head, and was unmercifully punished. As the round ended Corbett landed a heavy right on the champion's head.

Round sixth—Both men landed light lefts, and Sullivan's nose was bleeding again. The champion was beginning to look tired, for he missed his right, aimed for the jaw. Corbett took plenty of time, and used the entire ring to maneuver in. He landed a light stomach punch, and hit the champion in the face. A little later there was a heavy exchange of lefts on the head, and Sullivan seemed angry, and slapped his opponent with his left hand. Corbett landed with blows on the head and ran away. The men were in the center of the ring, and it began to look as if some of the fight was out of Sullivan. Jim landed a heavy left on Sullivan's head, and the champion went to his corner looking tired.

Round seventh—Corbett walked right up to Sullivan and barely avoided a left-hand punch. The champion was trying his hardest for a right on the jaw, but foxy Corbett was not there. The champion landed two light blows on the head, and Corbett sent in a hot shot from the left. He jabbed Sullivan continually on the nose in this round and the blood flowed freely. Jim was cheered to the echo for his skillful fighting. Sullivan was forced on the ropes by a heavy right on the jaw and as the gong sounded received a heavy left on the jaw.

Round eighth—Sullivan landed a light left on the stomach and received a left on the mouth. Jim was now the aggressor. Sullivan hit Corbett in a clinch and the audience yelled "foul." Both exchanged heavy lefts, but Jim's head missed a mighty right. Jim barely escaped a right and sent his left in the champion's stomach, forcing him to the ropes. Jim landed a heavy left on the mouth, which brought blood and a smile from the champion. Sullivan looked very tired.

Round ninth—Sullivan was puffing, and both exchanged good lefts. Sullivan received a light one on the ear and got another on the nose, but evened up matters a little with his right. Jim landed a heavy left on the nose, and both men hugged each other in a clinch. Sullivan was missing many blows now, though when he did land it was twice as heavy as his antagonist's. Jim had all the best of Sullivan.

Round tenth—Sullivan attempted to land his left, but the blow was very short. He followed his opponent, however, and both exchanged lefts. Corbett's right found the champion's head and his left got there a moment later, but the champion landed on the head in turn. This was a great fight so far, and Corbett apparently had the admiration of the crowd, as he was doing most of the hitting. When the round closed Corbett was lustily cheered.

Round eleventh—Both landed good blows, and Sullivan got twisted round from the force of a left. Corbett showed great ability, even at clinching his more bulky opponent. Sullivan was extremely cautious, though he got a crushing blow on the nose. Jim tried to deliver a heavy right hand blow, and the champion was forced to the ropes to avoid it. Sullivan received a punch in the stomach from a left, and got it again a moment later.

Round twelfth—Sullivan was the last to respond, and when he did he got a left in the stomach. He got it again very heavily, and there was a repetition a moment later. Sullivan landed a fairly good blow with his right, though he got a left in the stomach in return. Jim landed another left in return in the stomach, and ran away smiling. The Californian landed a good left on the head, but the champion stopped a right with his shoulder. Sullivan made a vicious rush, and Corbett slapped him in the stomach with his left. The champion's head was forced back twice from two heavy left-handers, and the round wound up with both of Corbett's hands in Sullivan's stomach.

Round thirteenth—Jim was first up again. Dodging the usual left lead from the champion, he slipped away from a left a moment later, and then the men boxed scientifically for an opening. Sullivan could not draw his antagonist on with his left hand feints, but he barely touched his body with his left. The men's toes touched, they stood so close, and Sullivan attempted to land his right; it fell short, Corbett stepping away. Sullivan was now forcing matters, but carefully. He got a left on the nose that sent his head far back, though the champion landed light on the head.

Round fourteenth—The Californian's stock was sky-high now, and he stepped up to his opponent, though he got a left on the nose for his pains. Both men landed good blows. Corbett landed his left and Sullivan his right. Both men got heavy blows on the head, and Sullivan was pushed back with a left. Again both men got in good lefts, though the first blow was the heavier of the two. Jim landed a left on Sullivan's face and slipped away. Sullivan landed on the forehead, but in attempting to land his left he fell into the corner, standing closely to his man. Honors were easy.

Round fifteenth—Jim was first to the center. Sullivan made his famous rush and forced his man all over the ring, though he was nearly knocked down with a right. The men clinched and separated, Sullivan receiving a right on the ear. He landed a left on Jim's nose, but his stomach was uncovered, and he received a heavy blow. Jim landed his usual left on the head, but he got a right on the body in return. Both men landed lefts. Sullivan missed his vicious right for the body. Both received light lefts, though Jim recorded heavy stomach punches as the round closed.

Round sixteenth—The round commenced with a rally, and Sullivan received a left on his dial. He attempted a left lead for the head, and Jim saved himself by pulling away. The champion's head was pulled back once more. Sullivan landed a heavy one on the nose and stomach a moment later. Jim looked very fresh as he punched the champion in the head and stomach. Sullivan received two good punches, and Jim clinched. During the lock Sullivan hit his opponent, and the audience yelled "foul," though Corbett refused to have a victory that way.

Round seventeenth—Jim was first up again, looking none the worse for wear. Sullivan landed a good left, though his right for the body was short. Sullivan was breathing hard. Jim neatly avoided a left for the face, but sent his own fist home a moment later on Sullivan's head. Sullivan's face was very red, and he received a left-hand swing in the stomach for coming too close. Both exchanged light lefts and boxed for an opening for the right. There was no severe punishment in this round.

Round eighteenth—Jim was, as usual, first to respond. A beautiful rally took place in the center of the ring. Jim landed two stomach punches, but got two light punches on the head. A fearful left-hand jab on the nose was presented to John, and he got a hot one on the head for being too familiar. Jim's left found the champion's stomach and face, and also the head. Later John landed a right punch on the ribs that sounded all over the house, though he got a left swing in the stomach a moment later. Sullivan was extremely cautious, although he got four heavy rights on the face. This was all Corbett's round.

Round nineteenth—Both men were quick to respond. They boxed cautiously. Sullivan landed and Jim retaliated on the stomach and stepped away from a heavy right, and the champion looked tired. Sullivan's left was continually in motion, seemingly. The Californian looked too clever for him, and he laughed sarcastically at the champion as he leisurely boxed for an opening. Corbett landed two quick lefts in the stomach. Sullivan lost his temper from a staggering right and rushed at his opponent, but looked like a beaten man.

Round twentieth—Sullivan looked tired, and his left was very short. He blowed hard and seemed very cautious, but he was the same resolute, ferocious man of yore. Both exchanged rights, and Sullivan was nearly knocked down with a left on his stomach and a right on the head. Corbett was dead game and unhurt so far. Sullivan tried his right and received five clips on the head and stomach. The champion's knees were shaking, and he seemed unable to defend himself. Sullivan was fought to the ropes with heavy rights and lefts, and the gong seemed his only safety.

Round twenty-first—Corbett was first to respond to time. Sullivan's left lead was very weak, and he seemed anxious to wait. His opponent was with him, however, and the champion received a left on the nose. Sullivan was trying for a right, though he made little attempt to send it home. Sullivan was beaten down with heavy rights and lefts, falling to the ground. He attempted to rise and fight, but nature gave way, and he fell and was counted out, and Corbett was proclaimed champion of the world by Referee Duffy.

The ovation Corbett received was something tremendous, and he walked round the ring kissing and hugging his friends.

CORBETT ALL RIGHT.

Corbett came out of the fight without a scratch. Sullivan was badly punished. He was bleeding like a beef.

When Sullivan was brought around he stepped in the middle of the ring and made a speech saying he was glad that the championship remained in America, but that he had fought once too often.

Corbett was seen immediately after he entered his dressing-room by an Associated Press reporter. When he came in a dozen or more men sprang forward to shake his hand, but he pushed them back saying: "Don't get so excited. I know I won, and I know you are all glad of it, but don't try to claw me to death. Look at me, I am not excited, and why should you people be. Just get away from me and let me get a little air."

He then lay on his cot and was rubbed down before being weighed. He tipped the scales at 184 pounds, showing that he lost only five pounds during the fight. In answer to questions, Corbett said: "I knew what I could do. I have been practicing for weeks to guard against his particular style of fighting, and felt just as confident of winning as I did that I was alive."

The big Californian said he did not feel the least bit tired, and had worked ten times harder than that every day he trained for the fight. "I am satisfied I could have whipped him very much sooner had I mixed and gone into infighting. But I was a trifle leary. On several occasions I was sorely tempted to close right in on him and do him quick, but my seconds kept at me to be cautious; that I was doing well and having all the best of it and that I had better fight a little shy of his right hand."

When Mike Donovan entered the room Corbett sprang to his feet, and shook hands with him very cordially. "Well, Mike, we got on top at last. Mike, my boy, every word you said about Sullivan was right. He fought just as you said he would fight, and I followed your advice, and here I am. I am winner and champion. I scarcely know how to thank you and express my gratitude to you."

Billy Delaney, who really deserves great credit for getting Corbett in his present magnificent condition, as no trainer ever worked more faithfully with the man than he did with Corbett, is highly elated over Corbett's success.

JOY IN SAN FRANCISCO.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 7.—San Francisco went wild over Corbett's victory. Thousands of people congregated in front of the newspaper offices, where bulletins were displayed, and as the progress of the fight was outlined showing Corbett's superiority the crowd cheered lustily.

At Harry Corbett's poolroom and saloon, on Eddy street, there was an immense crowd. When Jim's victory was announced Harry opened champagne with a lavish hand. He claims to have won over $10,000 on the fight. A special wire ran to Corbett's father's house, on Hayes street, and his parents received the report of the fight as it progressed. They were greatly elated, but say they wish Jim would stop prize fighting, now that he has become champion of the world.

WHITTIER IS DEAD.

The Venerable Poet's Life Ends in a Peaceful Sleep.

HAMPTON FALLS (N. H.), Sept. 7.—John G. Whittier, the poet, died at 4:30 this morning. He passed away peacefully. His nearest relatives and Dr. Douglas were at his bedside when death came, and he seemed to be conscious of his surroundings to the last moment. The funeral will take place at Amesbury, Mass., next Saturday.

John Greenleaf Whittier, endeared to every American heart as the "Quaker bard" of New England, was born in Haverhill, Mass., December 17, 1807; consequently his eighty-fifth birthday was close at hand. With the single exception, perhaps, of Longfellow, Whittier is the poet who has won the highest place in the affections of his countrymen. He was peculiarly and wholly American, and New England American at that. Longfellow was a student, a scholar, familiar with many lands and many tongues, and drank deeply at the Old World founts of inspiration.

Upon his genius the old England has her claims as well as the new. But Whittier, born on a Massachusetts farm, and taken as a lad by William Lloyd Garrison from the plow to the newspaper desk, was graduated directly from nature to life, all on that bleak but kindly New England soil which he has never quitted, either in person or spirit, for any alien shore. Legends of the Indian tribes, tales of the early settlers, stirring echoes of the Revolutionary period, types, incidents and sayings that collectively light up the whole history and character of New England—these abound in Whittier's poems from the earliest.

Whittier was a poet of nature, and her myriad moods are reflected in his verse. He was eminently a poet of humanity—the champion of the oppressed, the leader of the aspiring, the comforter of the afflicted, the lover of the lowly.

Those who were happy in his intimate acquaintance describe him as a charming host and fascinating conversationalist, heartily enjoying life and the innocent good things of this world. His peculiar modesty and shyness with strangers or in public give zest to the story told by George Makepeace Towle, of how Whittier once noisily applauded, in the presence of a large audience, some verses quoted by a lecturer, and was inexpressibly shocked when a friend reminded him that they were from one of his own poems.

was one of recognition of his niece, Mrs. Samuel L. Pickard, who lived with him some years previous to her marriage. The end was peaceful and apparently painless, like one falling asleep—a fitting close for such a life. The body has been brought to his home in Amesbury and the funeral will be held Saturday from his late residence in French street, the house in which many of his best poems were written. The body will rest in the Friends' Cemetery in a family plot where lie his parents, uncle, aunt, sister and brother, and thus will the family be again united here as well as in the land of rest.

NANCY HAKNS

Trots a Mile on a Regulation Track in 2:07.

ST. PAUL, Sept. 7.—Nancy Hanks has again broken the world's trotting record. It was a wonderful and unexpected performance. Previous to the event bets were freely made that Nancy could not do better than 2:10. The track was a regulation one, like that on which she trotted at Chicago. The day was a beautiful one, and it is estimated that 50,000 people were present.

The mare came out at 3:45, driven by Doble, and was greeted with deafening applause. The first start was a false one, but the second time she got off well, and she made the quarter in 0:32½. Cheering now broke out afresh. Steadily she flew around the turn, and reached the half in 1:03¼. Doble was driving as he never drove before. Nancy reached the three-quarters in 1:34½, and came on at a rattling gait. As she entered the stretch there was scarcely a movement or a sound in the vast crowd.

The beautiful mare approached the stand with the prettiest gait imaginable. Doble was leaning forward and giving her a free rein. Like the wind she came down the stretch, and just as she reached the wire she turned her pretty head toward the grand-stand as if conscious she had broken the world's record.

The crowd waited impatiently, and when the card was put out reading 2:07, the excitement knew no bounds. Doble was carried to the stand on the shoulders of the crowd.

PROGRESS OF CHOLERA.

All Feeling of Alarm Has Subsided at New York.

NO NEW CASES REPORTED AT THE QUARANTINE STATIONS.

A Report Circulated in San Francisco That a Ship Which Had Just Arrived From Calcutta Had Lost Two of Its Crew by Cholera Creates a Scare Among the People—Investigation Proves the Rumor to Have Been Unfounded.

Special to the RECORD-UNION.

NEW YORK, Sept. 7.—The weather is brighter and frostier and every way more bracing than any day since the cholera made its appearance at this port. Here in New York all feeling of alarm has subsided, as the work of cleaning and disinfecting goes on.

This afternoon Dr. Depew, on the City of New York, sent his compliments to Dr. Jenkins, and regretted that the Health Officer had not been able to board the Inman liner in person. Dr. Jenkins replied with the following message: "Present my compliments to Dr. Depew, and my regrets that I must detain him and his ship until to-morrow at least."

The Waesland, which arrived this morning, had on board 102 cabin and 465 steerage passengers. They were all in good health. On the City of New York there are 527 first cabin, 185 second and 427 steerage passengers. They, too, are all well.

Secretary Foster came down the bay on the revenue cutter Grant to meet his wife, who is on the City of New York. The Grant steamed alongside the City of New York, and Mr. Foster held a conversation with his wife from the deck, but did not board the steamer. He received permission to do this from Dr. Jenkins.

The passengers of the La Bourgogne will probably be released to-morrow morning, and possibly the ship also. The Anchor line's Elysia has been released.

CASES IN PARIS.

PARIS, Sept. 7.—According to reports of the Prefect of Police, eighty-nine new cases and forty-seven deaths from cholera occurred in this city Monday and Tuesday.

TREATED AS SUSPECTS.

VIENNA, Sept. 7.—The Government has decreed that all travelers from Russia, Germany and France shall be treated as suspected of carrying infection while they remain in Austrian territory.

INCREASE IN HAMBURG.

HAMBURG, Sept. 7.—Seven hundred and two new cases of cholera occurred in this city yesterday. The deaths numbered 333. Compared with the last official figures, these returns show an increase of twenty-eight new cases and sixty-nine deaths.

THE CONDITION IN RUSSIA.

ST. PETERSBURG, Sept. 4.—The cholera returns for September 4th, for the whole empire, place the number of new cases at 4,770 and deaths at 2,073, showing an increase of 403 new cases. As compared with the returns of Saturday, the deaths were exactly the same. In the city of St. Petersburg thirty-four deaths were reported. This is an increase of five deaths as compared with the previous day's figures.

NO CHOLERA AT BREMEN.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 7.—The Secretary of State received a telegram this morning from the United States Consul at Bremen saying the health reports show there is no cholera in that city.

AT HAVRE.

HAVRE, Sept. 7.—There were reported in this city yesterday twenty-two new cases of cholera and seven deaths from the malady. Since Monday the disease has shown no signs of increase or decrease, yesterday's new cases being the same in number as those reported Monday. Yesterday's death list, however, is two less than that of Monday.

INCREASE IN IMMIGRATION.

LONDON, Sept. 7.—Statistics for the first eight months of this year show the enormous increase of aliens passing through England for America of 40,607, against 79,335 last year, with only a slight increase in the emigration of natives of the British Isles. This circumstance has a distinct bearing on the chances for the transmission of cholera rather unfavorable to America, unless the President's circular and the energetic precautions of the United States Consuls should reduce the danger to a minimum.

LONDON, Sept. 7.—The Local Government Board has issued an amendment to the regulations which prohibits the landing of immigrants without regard to condition who are unable to give their address in Great Britain. The order practically stops the importation of foreign paupers.

NO SHIPS CAN LAND AT HALIFAX.

HALIFAX (N. S.), Sept. 7.—The Halifax Board of Health has decided that no ships from any foreign port, including Great Britain and Ireland, shall land passengers or freight at Halifax until after receiving permission from the port physician.

A CHOLERA SCARE.

A Report That the Disease Was in San Francisco Harbor Untrue.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 7.—The American ship Frank Pendleton arrived to-day from Calcutta, after having touched at Madras. During the voyage a seaman, Archibald McDougal, and William E. Whitty, chief officer, a native of Maine, died of what was recorded on the log as dysentery. The deaths occurred last April, and since then there has been no sign of the disease. McDougal died first, and three days later Whitty was taken ill and died in about fifteen hours. All the clothing and effects of the men were thrown into the sea. The symptoms of the two men are said to have been identical.

Captain J. F. Chapman, consignee of the vessel, says the report of cholera aboard is a canard. Captain Nichols came ashore this afternoon and went to the Custom-house.

The nature of the disease of the two men gave rise to the alarming report that they had died of cholera.

Captain Nichols sent a memorandum from his log to the Merchant's Exchange. It has in it no suggestion of cholera. He reports a stormy voyage, and says two men died from dysentery, as above stated.

The consignees of the cargo, Balfour, Guthrie & Co., say no word of cholera has come to them. They say the report is untrue. The vessel is, however, being fumigated under the direction of the Quarantine Officer.

TERRIBLE AFFRAY.

A Man Shoots His Father-in-Law and is in Turn Killed.

BLOOMINGTON (Ind.), Sept. 7.—A terrible affray occurred at Payne in this county at 1 o'clock this morning, in which two men were killed, one at the hands of his son-in-law and the other by the enraged daughter of the victim. Shortly after midnight Richard Wright and his daughter were awakened by a shout a short distance from them. Wright, recognizing the voice as that of his son-in-law, Dole Judah, went to the door and started to the fence, when a shot was fired by Judah. Wright ran into the house, where he secured an ax and started toward Judah, when a terrific scuffle ensued. The old man was shot three times—once in the head and twice in the neck. During the struggle and while Judah was on Wright, the old man called for his daughter to knock Judah off with the ax, and just as Judah shot the last time she struck Judah a terrific blow on the back of the head, killing him instantly. Both men lay dead on the grass.

Judah was in Bloomington last night and was drinking heavily. He had trouble with his wife that afternoon, and it is supposed he went to his father-in-law's with the intention of killing the old man and also his wife, but the wife was not there. Wright was about 60 years old and Judah 35 years and had a hard character.

TURF TOPICS.

Results of the Races at Sheepshead Bay and Cincinnati.

SHEEPSHEAD BAY, Sept. 7.—Trainer Walden to-day, in retaliation for taking his colt Extra out of the race yesterday, protested against any stake money being paid to Strauss by the association, claiming that Mayor Grant of New York City is Park Commissioner Strauss' partner in the racing stable. According to the rules, the name of every partner in racing property must be registered with the Secretary of the Board of Control. Mayor Grant will deny that he is financially interested in the horses, but the case promises to be a celebrated one, as Walden says he shall push it.

Seven furlongs, Kingston won, Hazlehurst second, The Sheriff third. Time, 1:29.

Futurity Course, Evanatus won, Carmen Colt second, Halcyon third. Time, 1:13 3-5.

Siren Stakes, mile and a furlong, Ignite won, Derlargulla second, Miss Dixie third. Time, 1:57 2-5.

Seven furlongs, May Winko won, Estelle second, Bell Wood third. Time, 1:28 1-5.

Mile and furlong, Sleipner won, Lowlander second, Rex third. Time, 1:52 1-5.

One mile, on turf, Woodcraft won, Madrid second. Time, 1:43.

AT CINCINNATI.

CINCINNATI, Sept. 7.—The Latonia track was in fair condition. Six furlongs, Darling won, Cornie Buckingham second, Expense third. Time, 1:17¼.

Seven and a half furlongs, Loudon won, Tenor second, Colonel Wheatley third. Time, 1:36.

Mile and twenty yards, Forest won, Hispania second, Lillian Beatrice third. Time, 1:43¾.

One mile, Afternoon won, Sir Charles second, Sweet Blossom third. Time, 1:43¾.

Five furlongs, Lady Moore won, Little Cad second, Say On third. Time, 1:03¼.

Six forlongs, Fillide won, Virgie Johnson second, Jack Star third. Time, 1:15¾.

Suspected of Committing Murder.

DENISON (Tex.), Sept. 7.—A young man named Mustalling of Fort Smith, Ark., has been arrested here and charged with the murder of the wife of Dr. Haynes last spring. Detectives claim to have positive proof of the prisoner's guilt. Mrs. Haynes was murdered the same night as two other women, the other two being women of ill-repute. Great mystery surrounded the murder at the time. If the right man is found the detectives will reap a reward of $5,000, offered by Dr. Haynes.

The Maine Canvass.

NEW YORK, Sept. 7.—The *Commercial Advertiser's* Augusta, Maine, special says: Tom Reed is making a vigorous canvass all through the State, and although paying no more than ordinary attention to his own district, he will be returned by the old-time majority. As to Boutelle, his district is Republican, and he will have no trouble in being returned by a great majority, as heretofore. Maine will give about 14,000 majority for General Cleaves Tuesday next.

Shot His Wife and Child and Himself.

STAMFORD (Conn.), Sept. 7.—John Brooks this morning shot his wife three times, put one bullet into his child, which was in his wife's arms, and then shot himself twice. Brooks will die. His wife is in a critical condition, but the child will recover.

New Naval War College.

NEWPORT (R. I.), Sept. 7.—The new Naval War College was formally opened this afternoon by President Mahan. Neither Secretary Tracy nor Assistant Secretary Soley was able to be present. The opening address was delivered by President Mahan.

A Quarterly Dividend.

NEW YORK, Sept. 7.—The Directors of the Distilling and Cattle-Feeding Company have declared a quarterly dividend of half of 1 per cent.

Ex-Senator Kiernan Dead.

UTICA (N. Y.), Sept. 7.—Ex-United States Senator Francis Kiernan died in this city this afternoon.

Charged With Embezzlement.

TORONTO (Ont.), Sept. 7.—James R. Kidd of Salt Lake City, Utah, is under arrest here at the instance of the Trust Company. Kidd was formerly cashier of the Cudahy Pork Packing Company, and levanted about a month ago, leaving, it is alleged, a shortage of $2,500 in his books. It is understood the prisoner's inclination is to resist extradition proceedings. He is married and about 28 years of age.

American Vessel Seized.

OTTAWA (Canada), Sept. 8.—The United States seiner Hattie Maud has been seized by the Government cruiser Curlew, Captain Pratt, for infraction of the fishing laws. She was caught fishing within the three-mile limit in the Bay of Fundy, near St. Andrews. She will be libeled in the Admiralty Court of New Brunswick, with a view to her condemnation and confiscation.

The Revolt at Last Crushed.

CONSTANTINOPLE, Sept. 7.— Advices from Arabia state that the protracted revolt in the province of Yemen has at last been crushed. The walled town of Stade, the rebels' last refuge, was captured by assault after a bloody fight, in which the rebel leader and twenty chiefs were killed.

Death of a Miser.

LONDON, Sept. 7.—A seemingly destitute pauper, named James Stewart, died suddenly yesterday in the Belfast Workhouse. American money amounting to $10,000 and twenty shares in mining companies were found secreted in the lining of his coat. No relatives of the deceased have as yet been located.

Christians Massacred in China.

LONDON, Sept. 7.—A dispatch to the *Times* from Shanghai says that a European missionary and a number of native Christians have been murdered in the province of Shendi, and the bodies of the victims were mutilated by the mob.

The Havel at Southampton.

LONDON, Sept. 7.—The steamer Havel from New York for Bremen arrived at Southampton at 7 P. M., September 6th.

GHASTLY DISCOVERY.

Sack Picked Up Containing the Mutilated Remains of a Child.

EVIDENCES POINT TO A DELIBERATE MURDER.

The Annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church Opened at Pacific Grove—Large Gathering of Financiers at the Annual Convention of the American Bankers' Association at San Francisco.

Special to the RECORD-UNION.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 7.—A ghastly discovery was made by Henry Brady, a 16-year-old boy, this morning on the beach, between Mason and Taylor streets. The boy noticed a bag floating on the water, in which there appeared to be something. The bag was bound to a rope about two feet long.

The sack and contents kept washing up against the rocks with the action of every wave. At first the boy thought the sack might contain some dead kittens and passed it by, but he had only got a short distance when he retraced his steps and took the rope from around the bag and peered in very cautiously. At first he was loathe to touch it, but finally emptied the contents of the sack which he found floating on the water on to the sand. Before his eyes lay a babe 9 months old. Its skull was crushed and it had several cuts on its face. Its neck was cut on the right side almost severing the child's head from the body.

A rope, to which was attached a heavy weight, had been tied around the child when it was thrown into the bay by some inhuman person to keep it down. Everything in connection with the finding shows it to have been a clear case of murder.

The Morgue officials have taken charge of the body, and a thorough investigation will be made.

AMERICAN BANKERS.

Business Transacted at Their Meeting in San Francisco Yesterday.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 7.—There were nearly two hundred bankers from all parts of the country present when the convention of the American Bankers' Association assembled at the California Theater shortly after 10 o'clock this morning.

After prayer, John McKee, the manager of the Tallant Banking Company of this city, delivered an address on behalf of the San Francisco bankers, and was followed by General W. H. L. Barnes, the well-known lawyer, who, representing Governor Markham, welcomed the delegates and visitors in a warm and eloquent speech which was frequently applauded.

Then the President of the association, Richard M. Nelson of the Commercial Bank of Selma, Cal., took the floor and thanked the Californians for their hospitable welcome. In a short address he referred to the large mortality among the bankers of the association and eulogized the late John Jay Knox.

The proceedings of the morning session closed with a speech by Professor E. J. James of the University of Pennsylvania on the needs of financial education.

At the afternoon session the report of Treasurer George F. Baker of New York, was read, showing that the postal receipts of the association during the past year amounted to $29,231, of which a balance of $12,315 was now on hand.

The report of Secretary William B. Greene, set forth that the present membership of the association was 1,985.

The resolutions adopted at the late meeting of the California Banker's Association, asking the national body to indorse its demand for such legislation at Washington as shall insure the construction and operation of the Nicaragua Canal under American Government control, was taken up. Captain William L. Merry, Consul-General for Nicaragua in this city and also local representative of the canal, addressed the convention on the subject. The resolution was then referred to the Executive Council, and an adjournment was taken until to-morrow morning.

RELIGIOUS.

Annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

PACIFIC GROVE, Sept. 7.—The annual conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church opened here this moring, with Bishop Vincent presiding, and 131 members in attendance. At roll-call M. D. Buck was re-elected Secretary.

The most interesting feature of the morning session was the fifth annual report of the San Francisco District, presented by Dr. F. D. Bovard, showing that this has been a year of revivals. The saloons, the dives and hoodlumism are under a smarting lash of public sentiment. Dives have been closed, and whole streets of vice have been cleared out under the head of the Chinese mission. The report stated, "It seemed impossible that red-faced Kearney should reach Congress, and incredible that blatant, blasphemous sandlotism—booted and spurred—should ride into the White House, and with lofty impudence command the President to sign an infamous bill dishonorable to a treaty-observing nation."

NAPA REPUBLICANS.

They Meet in Convention and Nominate a County Ticket.

NAPA, Sept. 7.—The Republican County Convention was held here to-day. C. R. Gritman was chosen Chairman, and Charles Mooney Secretary. The following ticket was chosen: Assemblyman, Owen Wade; Sheriff, George S. McKenzie; Clerk, N. W. Collins; Recorder and Auditor, Henry Brown; Treasurer and Tax-Collector, C. B. Arnold; District Attorney, H. M. Barstow; Coroner and Public Administrator, M. Kyser; Surveyor, O. H. Buckman; Supervisors—Napa District, F. W. Bush; Yountville District, F. W. Ellis; Knox District, A. J. Dozier. Delegates to the Joint Senatorial Convention—Robert Corlett, C. R. Gritman, Emanuel Manassee, T. B. Hutchinson, H. H. S. Briggs, B. L. Tallman, M. M. Estee, W. F. Fisher, James Mason. The delegates go unpledged.

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