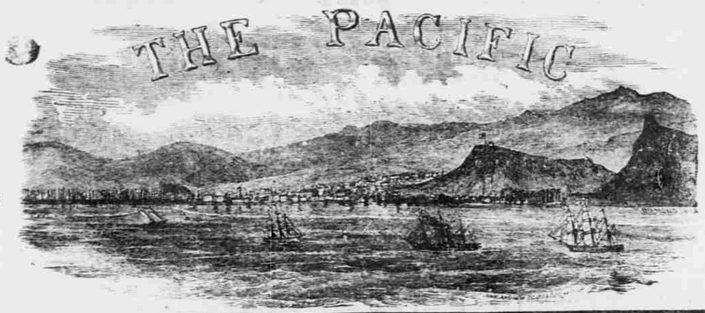
PUBLISHED BY
THE P. C. ADVERTISER CO.
Every Saturday Morning.

Town and Island Subscriptions, when paid in Advance, $5.00 a Year; $2.50 for Six Months.
Foreign Subscriptions, $6.00 to $8 a Year, including postage.

Daily Pacific Commercial Advertiser.

Per annum	$8 00
Six months	5 00
Per month	1 00
Per week	0 25
Daily and Weekly together to one subscriber, per annum	12 00

☞ SUBSCRIPTIONS PAYABLE ALWAYS IN ADVANCE.
☞ Communications from all parts of the Pacific will always be very acceptable.
☞ Persons residing in any part of the United States can remit the amount of subscription dues for these papers in American stamps.
☞ Communications should be addressed, and accounts paid, to DAN'L LYONS, Manager for the PACIFIC COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER COMPANY.
The subscription price for papers forwarded to any part of the United States is $6 per annum, IF PAID IN ADVANCE, which includes postage.

Commercial  Advertiser.

VOL. XXVIII--NO. 10. HONOLULU, HAWAIIAN ISLANDS, SEPTEMBER 1, 1883. WHOLE NO. 1422.

THE PACIFIC
Commercial Advertiser
PUBLISHED AT
Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands.

Rates of Advertising.

Space measured in Nonpareil type.	1 w	1 m.	2 m.	3 m.	6 m.
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AT ST. ANDREW'S PRO-CATHEDRAL.

"God is Our Hope."

The Rev. John K. Lewis, of the U. S. S. S. Pensacola preached Sunday morning at St. Andrew's Pro-Cathedral, taking his text from the first verseof the forty-sixth Psalm, "God is our Hope."

He said: "The ordinary life of men seems to be a thing apart from God. The bulk of life is business and pleasure, and doubtless God is little thought of in the midst of them. The store, the office, the council, the street, the concert, the reception, all rife with their eager excitements, their ceaseless activities, hardly suggest the thought of God behind, beneath them. Ordinary undertakings are entered upon apparently as though there was indeed no God. Plans are made as though time, and life, and health were held in fee simple. The world seems truly very worldly. The godly, as some we suppose must be called, are only with much difficulty distinguishable from the mass. They go to church perhaps and recite such words as these of the psalmist, 'God is our hope, and strength,' but then they go away from church and one could hardly say how it were possible that God was esteemed by them their hope and strength. There is, however, an undercurrent in human life as well as this surface drift. The world *is* the world. Its needs and necessities will exact a severe following of its ways. Man goeth forth to his work, and to his labor, until the evening. Life's happinesses are such as will rightly and powerfully engage the heart. The world will therefore of necessity seem worldly. Its godliness will be the underflow, strong or weak as the time or case may be, the life hidden. There *is* another life than that which is seen. There is beneath the everyday seeming of the world a real religiousness and true godliness, to be surely known in the fact of the invincible hold which all that we call good and godly has upon the hearts and minds of men. We are not in this saying great things for the surface religion of this or any time, but as against overzeal, impatience, or discouragement on one hand, *i. e.* the side of professed Christians, and cynicism and infidelity on the other. We simply declare that as God has had so He has, and shall ever have the homage of the hearts of men. The mysteries that surround us and press upon us are the very atmosphere which envelopes us; this earth with its storms, its calms, its seasons and catastrophies, its processes and powers, its dreadful faithfulness and sweet delights, its silent persistence and solemn changefulness, its flow of life and round of death. The thing we call time is thought of when our three score years and ten seem but as a moment, the ages of empires only a flitting day; the cycles of which, as we get glimpses of them from such meditations as geology will put us upon, appear lesser eternities and yet when they are passed are but as a watch in the night. The thing we call space beginning for us so plainly, if you choose here on earth's surface, but stretching away beyond all our imaginings, being yet as we may readily think only in its beginning, still when it has nevertheless taken in the farthest star our eyes discern, these mysteries lead us, as they have ever led the children of earth, to the thought of God. That which is of necessity the most affecting of all considerations to us this life we live demands and receives from us at last but this one solution strange, undefined, remote, SUFFICIENT, nevertheless, *precious* and *restful* GOD. Behind, above, beneath, life's joys, its griefs, ambitions, triumphs, failures, greatnesses, vanities, the soul is fain to believe, yea it *will* believe in God. It is not a demonstration that can give us God. 'Can'st thou by searching find out God?" asks the prophet. Science cannot lead up to Him even by her sublime ways. Logic cannot build the argument that will reveal Him, and still he is revealed. Some secret subtle power of the heart or soul apprehends Him; sees, hears, feels, knows, Him. Blessed are the ministries that worthily teach Him, the men to whom a power divine seems given to help the soul in its nearer approach to God. There were ever such. They have been, as it were, lesser gods, so divine has been their help. But it is to some element within us, some faculty of our nature, the thought of God appeals. Whatever we are, there is that within us which gives us somehow of itself, apart from evidence, AGAINST evidence of all sorts, the mighty assurance of God. Here then let us take our first lesson of comfort from the Psalmist's words, 'God is our Hopes.' It seems to us perhaps an insufficient thing that we can only know our God as though by hope, that we can only hope that He is; we know so many things by very sight and sense. There are those who can cunningly argue against a mere hope, and boast the higher worth of lesser things that can be proven with rigorous certainty. We hope there is a God. What a poor, weak sentence? What a very child's utterance? Think what grand, what thrilling certainties science of every name can publish to the world? Think what impressiveness in the multiplied ranks of learning, the amazing results of the intellectual activities of our day! Then consider, if you will, the fact that of God we say only, we hope, we believe He is. But is this, indeed, a weak utterance? Is this voice of the heart a feeble one, to be drowned by those others? Ah! when the mind of man has paid every homage other truth exacts, there will remain and will be rendered the higher homage which the God of man's hope, the God of his belief, shall inspire. When the certainties which it is given the mind of man gloriously to attain, shall drop one by one from the failing intellect, there will yet abide comfortable, blessed, invincible, his belief, as better than them all, his hope in God. Our hope in God is a hope; our belief is a belief; but it is none the less a power. Understand this, my friends. It does not appear that the certainties of science are mightier or grander than the high and solemn hopes of the soul. These hopes were before the days of knowledge, and will ever be the power of powers over the lives of men, however knowledge be increased. It is not then a feeble voice, a weakling's speech, to say I hope in God, I believe in God. It is, besides its purpose to reproach the believer with the fact that he cannot know the God he worships. His belief, his hope, is to him in the place of what the scorner calls knowledge and is as natural and as forceful as that knowledge. Indeed we may well be confident that it is knowledge in strictest sense however it may differ in in its sort, from that which more commonly is called by that name. Again we may derive comfort with the Psalmist from the consideration of the invincibleness as resting in God. 'God,' he saith 'is our hope and strength, a very present help in trouble. Therefore will we not fear, though the earth be moved, and though the hills be carried into the midst of the sea.' What a voice out of mortal ashes of 3000 years ago! What intimation of the felt pressure of the trials of time! What brotherhood between the Psalmist and ourselves in the implied experience of earthly life. Verily it must seem to us at times as though a blind and terrible chance prevailed in the things of earth, as though we were but the sport of distresses as direful as in physical nature would be the moving of the quaking earth or the toppling of the hills from their solid bases into the sea. But here is the enduring nature of hope in God. Nothing is able to destroy it. I may here address myself to the many, and especially to such as are forward to profess their faith in God. You all will bear witness to the fact of the unconquerableness of the hope of man in his God. There are difficulties in the way of that hope. The singer of Israel speaks of the mighty shocks it may have. For some there are the supposed opposition of philosophy and science. Indeed there can be no opposition between true science and the heart's repose in God. But such is the weakness of our minds that easily there may appear such opposedness. Still what we would say is this, that after all the difficulties of science, its devotees, as other men, do feel their need of God, and confess him in their hearts, they live meditating much upon him, and die resting in the thought of him. There are however many more of those whose hope in God is tried by the beholding of the ills of this present world. The over mournful writer of the book Ecclesiastes puts the trouble in most moving forms. He says be not righteous over much, neither make thyself over wise. Why shouldst thou destroy thyself? Be not over much wicked neither be thou foolish. Why shouldst thou die before thy time? All things come alike to all, there is one event to the righteous and to the wicked, to the good and to the clean and to the unclean, as is the good so is the sinner. And another says I do also see the un-godly in such prosperity. We see the triumphs of what we approve not. We see the failure of that which is most noble, most holy. We behold the persistent reign of moral evil; we consider the universality of bodily pains and woe. We are sorely aware of the mighty prevalence of mental distresses, each heart of man knowing its own plague. And yet through all these difficulties, the strength of which no words can tell, the nature of which makes them to appeal to that within us which is higher far than the understanding, the power of which the universal heart of man attests, through them all faith looks up and cries, yet God is my hope, therefore will I not fear. 'Although the figtree shall not blossom neither shall fruit be in the vines; the laban of the olive shall fail and the fields shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold and there shall be no herd here in the stalls; yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation.' To all comes the trial of their hope in the personal and individual experiences we must have. We may not be troubled by the intellectual trials of such as give themselves to philosophy. The case of the great multitude, our brethren, may also not so seriously affect us. Our own case however will give us trial. For within us is to be found, and hardly in epitome, all that so fearfully shocks the whole great world. With all its goodness, and the earth is full of the goodness of our God, we each one know in our own selves the ills of the earth. We do well to shake off as we can, the evils that distress us. Still some trial will bend every one, some woe will spread gray or black over all of life's little day. The changes and chances of our mortal existence seem at times altogether more than heart or soul can bear. We could each produce our great sorrows, tho' we do not. Ah! So many many ways the faith of the faithful, the hope of the hopeful is *tried*. Who ever saw one for whom the resurrection hope, fully covered the agony of bereavement? So have I seen multiplied grief well nigh ready to curse God and die. But whatever they be, however great as the sweet steady silver of the moon after clouds, beams out thro' the night, so hope in our God survives all the sorrows of time. Oh it is no half tone in which faith lifts up her voice "God is our hope." When the consideration of our sinfulness weighs down the soul and we have listened to all the terrible denunciations not of Christ, but of those who are supposed to speak as with His lips, we may well fall low into despondency, but some way we cannot, we do not despair. Ten thousand times ten thousand voices out of pulpits cannot kill the aspirations of the heart to God as good, or that voice in response to it that sweeps from Nazareth, and Bethany, and Calvary adown the centuries. Ages ago the heart of man believed that the sacrifices of God are a broken spirit, a broken and a contrite heart our God would not despise; that He did not deal with us according to our sins nor reward us according to our iniquities, and Christ satisfies our hope when He emphasizes olden words with His blessed repetition, a bruised reed will He not break and smoking flax will He not quench. Remember, oh, remember! how significantly is the construction of many of these psalms out of which we are having our lesson. They begin in woful minor but end in triumphant major, "Out of the deep have I called unto thee, O Lord!" "O Israel trust in the Lord!" And when hard things are exacted of faith and we toil and fret and grieve over them, how at last we can fearlessly refuse some of them, as that God has from everlasting decreed the perdition of some or that unbaptized infants are lost; or receive others of them unquestioningly, as somehow divine. And all be because "God is our hope." That which would dim that persuasion must perish; as the weaker before the stronger. That which can increase this persuasion, we can receive, tho' we know it, understand it not now. "God is our hope." Let the despondent about good things bear this their profession in mind. One would think at times that God's cause in the world was in danger of failure, hearing the laments of the Godly. Certainly it would be a strange zeal for God that would not desire a steadier and more rapid spread of faith. But why should we hear the despairing fear expressed that evil is gaining on good? How can that stand with the declaration God is our hope? Why should we be anxious about the collisions of faith and science, about the increase of infidelity, about the apathy and deadness of Christian people? Evil cannot gain on the good unless the Devil be God. Right faith and true science must be and will evince themselves to be at once. Infidelity! There was never brighter Christian faith, intenser Christian love than to-day. Apathy and deadness! We cannot deny them. There were those in the church of Christians to-day, whom neither His patience of love nor His intensity of indignation could reach. Their descendants are with us. Yet *they* give not its character to God's flock. Blessed is the *life* and sweet the sympathy that continues unmistakably the very ministries of Christians. Ah! Let the desponding withhold their misgivings. God is our hope. In quietness and confidence shall he be our strength. Let come what will, in the world, in nature, in learning, in distress of mind, in pain of body in bereavement of friends, in the hour and article of death for ourselves. Let us hold fast, let us keep bright this mighty and sufficing persuasion that the everlasting arms are about us, that God is our hope and strength, and that therefore we need not fear."

The United States Navy.

The San Francisco Chronicle, speaking of the American navy at the present time, says: "The navy of to-day is in a deplorable condition—a standing monument of disgrace to the flag and nation. An era of waste and extravagance has been inaugurated, unparalleled in the history of the country. A few illustrations will serve to give a general idea as to the quality of management that has reigned in that department. Repairs to the Tennessee cost $1,434,000, besides which her old engines, which cost $764,000, were taken in part payment. Since then $306,000 more has been spent on her. Her engines, which cost $450,000, have in three years required repairs amounting to $126,000, and these engines weigh nearly one-half more and occupy more space in the ship than the engines and machinery of vessels of a like class in foreign navies. The Kearsarge has had $667,000 expended upon her in repairs—more than double her first cost. The Pensacola cost in repairs $1,238,800, and $316,000 more has been expended on her. She has cost for repairs $50,000 more than it cost to build the Trenton; has a speed of only nine knots per hour, consumes twice as much coal as she ought, and, compared with similar ships in foreign navies, the Trenton is a poor and worthless ship. The vessels of the navy cannot withstand the shock of a common carrier. How would they fare if opposed to the powerful armored fleet of Europe, armed with improved rifled guns, capable of throwing a projectile weighing 1,700 pounds at a velocity of over a mile in four seconds, equal to 27,213 tons of metal falling a distance of a foot on an object. It required, in the late bombardment at Alexandria, 370 pounds of powder to fire the projectile at the velocity named, at an average expense of $1,000 for every explosion. It requires time and skill to produce guns capable of performing such work, and this great nation is not the possessor of one. This great country is waxing fat and prosperous, a tempting morsel for some warlike power; and with the advance of steam navigation, the broad Atlantic and Pacific become daily less formidable as barriers. The fate of Alexandria, with its chaos and desolation, the work of England's floating fortresses of iron, may in time menace New York, Boston, Philadelphia or San Francisco. Neither our navy nor fortifications would prevent capitulation, national disgrace and bitter humiliation, Potmetal smooth-bores, "altered" rifles and cast-iron missiles comprise the bulk and scope of America's ordnance department. Efforts are being made to reorganize as well as to create a navy, and the sooner it is consummated the better for the welfare and honor of the nation. The navy is already overcrowded, yet the academy at Annapolis is turning out officers every year in surplus. Midshipmen must wait years for advancement to the next grade, and under the provisions of the bill lately passed, promotion will be practically killed for years to come. The grade of Commodore has been stricken from the navy. Better have exterminated at once the high-sounding title of Admiral. The rank of Commodore is endeared to the service by brilliant deeds and tradition. A well-known publication thus comments on an existing evil, which should claim the undivided attention of the Secretary: 'There are hundreds of barnacles on the naval rolls also, but nothing can be done about it. There are several naval officers now on duty—"special duty" at the Washington Navy Yard—that have not been one hour on a ship, except when they went traveling for pleasure, since the day they left Annapolis with their appointments as Lieutenants.'"

Cowhided by His Father-in-Law.

Washington, June 25.—South Washington is very much excited over a family difficulty which occurred in that neighborhood. About three months ago the daughter of a wealthy brickmaker was married to a young man named James Thomas. The father of the bride gave the couple a nice house, newly furnished, and for a month they lived quite happily. At the end of that time the groom became neglectful of his wife, and declared that he did not love her and was tired of her. In proof of this, he subjected her to a very severe treatment, assailing her with all kinds of indignities, until she left him and went to her father's house. There she was taken quite ill. Meanwhile her husband remained at the home her father had provided for them, and never inquired after her, although he knew she was very ill.

This conduct exasperated the father, who is a mild-mannered old gentleman, with a long gray beard and hair. Saturday morning, when the young man came out of the house, as usual, without inquiring for his wife, who was in the next house, he stopped him quietly, and, taking him by the hand, drew out a cowhide, plying it vigorously upon his back and shoulders. The young man resisted, but it was useless—the blows fell fast and heavy. The neighborhood was aroused, but so was the old gentleman, and he continued to apply the cowhide until his victim fell at his feet. He then went quietly back into the house, and the chastised bridegroom hobbled off in great pain, and swore out a warrant.

An immense steam sawmill near Hull, Quebec, was burned. Loss $100,000.

A Big Mining Suit.

A Mexican mining suit of extraordinary magnitude, if high sounding figures may be considered a measure of importance, was lately heard in the Supreme Court Chambers, New York. The suit was one brought by Eliphalet Nott against Las Nueve Mines de Santa Maria Gold and Silver Mining Company to compel the trustees of the company to account to it for $24,000,000 of its capital stock. Some very well known gentlemen are trustees of the company, among others Henry Clews, John V. Alley and Frederick D. Grant. Nott who owns 300 shares of the capital stock, charges in his complaint that the mining property in Mexico is not worth more than $500,000, and he says that it was purchased for less than $20,000 by the person who afterward sold it to the company. Notwithstanding these facts, Mr. Nott charges that the trustees of the company gave the person from whom they purchased the property more that $24,000,000 of its capital stock of $25,000,000. Then the person who sold the land gave back the greater part of its shares to the trustees for a nominal consideration. The trustees, he says, after receiving the shares, placed them upon the market as full paid up stock for their own benefit. Mr. Nott claims that the trustess, when they did this, were guilty of fraud, and that they should be compelled to account for the stock. The trustees demurred to this complaint on the ground that it did not state facts sufficient to constitute a cause of action, but Judge Donohue overruled this demurrer. The defendants now seek to appeal from Judge Donohue's decision overruling the demurrer, and with this object in view a motion has been made before Judge Cullen for an order to stay all proceedings in the suit pending an appeal. Counsel who opposed the motion claimed that no stay should be granted until the trustees gave a bond for $24,000,000. On the other hand it was asserted that a bond for only enough to cover the plaintiff's 300 shares of stock, which he purchased for $2 a share should be given. Decision reversed.

The Hanlan-Hosmer-Lee Race.

Syracuse, N. Y., July 26.—The Hanlan-Hosmer-Lee race at Fulton to-day was witnessed by 5,000 people. The course was three-quarters of a mile and was rowed over twice. There was very little betting, it being considered that Hanlan was a sure winner, though there were a few even bets on the result between Hosmer and Lee. The start was made at five o'clock and all took water together. Hanlan and Lee pulled thirty-four and Hosmer thirty-six strokes to the minute. The boats kept even the first half-mile; Hanlan then drew ahead, and Hosmer tried to get the best of Lee. Hanlan turned the stake in six minutes, Hosmer ten seconds later and Lee five seconds behind. Back to the start, Hanlan drew well to the front of Hosmer and Lee, between whom there was a fine struggle. A quarter of a mile from the start Hanlan slowed up, and the others gained on him. Hanlan turned the starting point four lengths ahead in nine minutes thirty-four seconds, and Hosmer and Lee turned together. Hanlan stopped rowing, took a drink of water from his hand, and when again starting, Hanlan was two lengths ahead, and Hosmer and Lee together. The three went in this position to the quarter, when Hanlan crossed into Lee's water and rowed to the turning stake. Lee and Hosmer continued the struggle all the way up. Hanlan turned the stake in fourteen minutes and fifty seconds, Lee ten seconds later, and Hosmer two seconds behind him. Hanlan spurted after all three had turned, gaining a good lead, and settled down to twenty-eight strokes a minute. Hosmer, shortly after turning, spurted, and was soon alongside of Lee. Both pulled a fine race all the way back, and a bout a quarter of a mile from the finish, both drew by Hanlan, and the three rowed side by side a short distance, when Hanlan, by a few strong strokes, opened a lead of several lengths from Hosmer, who was still a length ahead of Lee. When a few rods from the finish Hanlan quickened his stroke and crossed the score winner, Hosmer half a length ahead of Lee. Time—Hanlan, 19:49; Hosmer 19:50; Lee, 19:51. The time recorded shows the course is not a full three miles. Hanlan, Hosmer and Lee have started for the St. Paul regatta.

Island Notes.

HONOKAA, August 23, 1883.

On last Saturday night Mr. Sam'l. Parker entertained a large number of friends at his residence at Maua, the guests being invited both from Hamakua and Kohala, as well as a number of ladies and gentlemen from Honolulu. The occasion was the celebration of the twelfth anniversary of his marriage.

On Wednesday evening the whole party met at Captain Wilfong's in Honokaa, where dancing was kept up into the small hours of the morning, and not withstanding the inclemency of the weather, (which was very wet during the afternoon and night(, it was one of the best entertainments that has been given in Hamakua for years. Before leaving the district the entire party had their photographs taken by artist Sylva.

Mr. Chase the photographer was here last week soliciting orders for views, but the last that was seen of him was a "back view," as he went off in disgust at finding that all the business had been done by Sylva.

The weather still continues very wet in this district. J. R. M.

The Bartholdie Statue Committee has adopted the design for the pedestal offered by Richard M. Hunt. The description is not to be made [illegible] copyrighted.

The steamer City of Rome, which arrived in New York Thursday from Liverpool, made an unprecedented passage, steaming 439 miles in one day and 462 the next.

Dr. Robert Moffatt, father-in-law of the late Dr. Livingstone, the celebrated African traveler, and who was himself for many years a missionary in South Africa, is dead.

Obituary.

"GENERAL TOM THUMB."

Charles Heywood Stratton, better known to the public as "General Tom Thumb," died at his residence at Middleboro, Mass., at half-past eight o'clock on Sunday, the 15th July, of apoplexy. He had been slightly indisposed for a few days but nothing serious was anticipated. The deceased was born in Bridgeport, Conn., on January 4, 1838. In 1852 he entered the service of P. T. Barnum. At that time he was not two feet high and weighed less than sixteen pounds. He was, however, a well formed, bright little fellow, with light hair and rosy cheeks and the great showman engaged him at a salary of $3 a week and travelling expenses. He made his first appearance in New York on Thanksgiving Day, in the same year, at Barnum's Museum, and proved a great attraction. Before he had been a year with Barnum his salary was increased to $25 a week. In 1854 Barnum took the infant prodigy to England and had a most successful season with him at the Princess Theater, London. He exhibited him afterwards at the Egyptian Hall and had the pleasure to present him to Queen Victoria. Mr. Barnum thus described the great event:—"We were conducted through a long corridor to a broad flight of marble steps which led to the Queen's magnificent picture gallery, where Her Majesty and Prince Albert, the Duchess of Kent and twenty or thirty of the nobility were awaiting our arrival. The General walked in, looking like a wax doll gifted with the power of locomotion. Surprise and pleasure were depicted on the countenances of the royal circle at beholding this remarkable specimen of humanity so much smaller than they had evidently expected to find him. The General advanced with a firm step, and as he came within hailing distance made a very graceful bow and exclaimed, 'Good evening, ladies and gentlemen!' A burst of laughter followed this salutation. The Queen then took him by the hand, led him about the gallery and asked him many questions, the answers to which kept the party in an uninterrupted strain of merriment. The General familiarly informed the Queen that her gallery was 'first-rate,' and told her he should like to see the Prince of Wales. The Queen replied that the Prince had retired to rest, but that he should see him on some future occasion. The General gave them his songs, dances, and imitations, and after a conversation which continued for more than an hour, with Prince Albert and all present, we were permitted to depart."

After this Barnum took him to Paris and presented him to King Louis Phillipe and King Leopold, of Belgium, and reaped quite a golden harvest. In 1862 a dwarf girl, named Lavinia Warren, of considerable personal attractions, was engaged by Mr. Barnum. Commodore Nutt and General Tom Thumb both fell in love with her. After several months of deadly rivalry, which almost led to bloodshed, she became the wife of the General and the Commodore was almost broken hearted.

The marriage was solemnized at Grace Church in New York, on February 14, 1863. They started on a wedding tour, taking in Washington and paying a visit to President Lincoln at the White House. After a few months' retirement they renewed their public career, travelling all over the world and holding exhibitions wherever they went. The happy pair were popular favorites and made much money. The General was rather extravagant, though, and spent all he earned, and perhaps more. His tastes and habits were expensive. At one time he owned a fine yacht and indulged in other aristocratic and fashionable luxuries. Of late years he was not so well off, and instead of exhibiting before crowned heads, was compelled to take part in shows in more democratic regions, such as the Bowery and Coney Island. He was well known in New York, and the death of the good hearted, genial little fellow will be mourned in all sincerity by many of his oldtime friends and companions. His wife survives him.—*N. Y. Herald.*

CLIPPINGS FROM FOREIGN PAPERS.

James Carey Shot Dead While Landing at Port Elizabeth.

London, July 30.—Intelligence has just been received here that James Carey, the informer in the Phœnix Park murder cases, was shot dead yesterday on the steamship Melrose while landing at Port Elizabeth. The deed was committed by a fellow passenger named O'Donnell, who is in custody. The Government had taken special and expensive measures to protect Carey.

O'Donnell took passage here by Donald, Currie & Co.'s mail steamship Kinfauns Castle, which left Dartmouth on the 6th instant for Cape Town, where she transferred her passengers, who were destined to Port Elizabeth, Natal, and other coast ports, to the steamship Melrose. The report of the shooting of Carey caused intense excitement in the West End of London and in the House of Commons.

The Sugar Commission.

Washington, July 31.—The special commission appointed to investigate the charges by Congressman Belmont, of New York, of the great frauds which he claimed were being perpetrated in the importation of sugar from the Sandwich Islands, has returned, and has a large number of figures and facts bearing upon the subject. They will be compiled and arranged in a report to Secretary Folger. The commission declines to make public any facts in relation to the nature of the report in advance of its preparation, but from private sources it is learned that it will sustain Mr. Belmont's charges, as a whole.

New Masonic Temple.

A grand Masonic Temple is about to be erected in Trenton, U. S. It will be about 100 by 200 feet in dimensions, five stories high and will be built of brick and terra cotta work.

A BIG BLAZE.

The Winter Garden and a Number of Other Buildings Destroyed.

At 1 o'clock Saturday morning, August 4th, a fire started in Verein Eintracht Hall, No. 316 Post street, and spread rapidly to the rear of the Winter Garden Theatre, which was in a few mintes wrapped in a sheet of flame. The adjoining buildings on Sutter and Post streets, all low frame buildings, soon shared the same fate. The Fire Department was promptly at the scene in answer to the alarm which was turned in from box 49, but the flames had made such headway that little could be done, and the attention of the firemen was turned to the surrounding property and a vigorous effort made to save as much of it as possible. But the fierce heat was a powerful factor against them, and, in spite of all the water that could be used, the three-story frame next door to the Winter Garden, occupied as a lodging house, commenced to blaze, and in a few moments after was one mass of flames. The house belongs to W. Friedlander the hatter. His wife ran from the building wild with fear in her chemise, bearing in her arms her young baby. A fireman rushed to her assistance, threw his coat over her form, and bore her in safety from the flames. The fire also communicated to the rear of Druid Hall, 413 Sutter, and soon that building also was doomed to destruction. The progress of the flames was very rapid, and at the time of going to press the prospect is not good for any of the buildings in the block between Red Men's Hall and Druid Hall on Post and Sutter streets respectively and Stockton street. From the former building the flames made a clean sweep to the corner of Post and Stockton streets. A constant and heavy shower of sparks fell on the buildings and in the streets as they were carried by the breeze, which was fortunately very light, yet some of the larger firebrands traveled as far as the corner of California and Kearny streets, and the danger of other fires was imminent. Householders were on the alert, throwing buckets of water upon the roofs of their houses and spreading wet blankets to prevent igniting. At the present time the buildings known to be destroyed are ten on Post street, four on Stockton and one on Sutter. The flames are still raging.

This fire is now under control and its further spread is not to be feared. While the flames were raging in Red Men's Hall a man, whose name could not be learned, found his exit from the building cut off and jumped from a second-story building. He was of course severely injured and was taken away in a hack. So far as known this was the only casualty.—Daily Alta, 8. F.

Condensed Telegrams.

Hartman, the well-known Nihilist, has arrived in London, to make arrangements for a social congress.

A detective has been in Montreal looking for Major Nickerson, the missing army officer of two wives notoriety.

The Southern Massachusetts Telephone Company has voted to consolidate with the other companies in New England.

L. P. Taylor, of the Union Pacific Railroad Company, died in Omaha from a spider bite received in the lip.

Slade, the Maori pugilist, arrived in Chicago from New York, en route to Kansas City, to train for his fight with Mitchell.

The committee of the House of Lords, who have been considering the Manchester ship canal bill, have decided to drop the measure for this session.

A Vienna dispatch says: Employes at the Ostro mines have revolted and have been rioting. Two companies of troops have been dispatched to restore order.

Amasa Lucas, of Stoughton, Mass., agent for a Boston flour firm, is reported to have disappeared under circumstances indicative of financial embarrassment.

A. Ross, editor of the Boston Advertiser, one of Rufus Hatch's Yellowstone excursionists, was severely injured while attempting to board a moving train.

A Romantic Story.

The Otago Daily Times publishes the following: "From Wellington a story comes about an interesting case likely to come on shortly in an English Court, in which a late resident of Wellington will bear a part. The story is that an individual (fictitiously named Johnston) when at home was convicted of embezzlement, and served a sentence of seven years. During this period his wife cohabited with a circus performer, and eventually became an equestrienne, excited the admiration, while in this line of business, of the scion of a noble house, and married him. 'Johnson,' after serving his sentence, came to Australia, and thence to Wellington, where at one time he was a member of the civil service. The relatives of the aristocratic husband, having made inquires, discovered the circus rider's previous history. Mr. 'Johnston' is now on his way home to give evidence against his wife as a bigamist, by which means it is hoped her marriage with the son of a nobleman will be annulled."

Come Around Next Year.

Two boys met in New street, New York, recently. Said one: "I have one cent, and if I had four more I could buy an elegant cigar."

Said the other: "I have four more. Here they are. Buy the cigar and we'll have a good smoke."

The money was pooled, and the first speaker bought the cigar, and, lighting it, whiffed away with great enjoyment until about half of the weed had been reduced to smoke and ashes.

"Hold on," said the second. "I put in four cents and you only one. You have smoked half of the cigar. That ain't fair. Give me the rest."

"Not much," responded No. 1, puffing away vigorously. "This is a stock company. I am the President and you are only a stockholder. According to Gould and his Judges, stockholders have no rights except to vote at the annual meetings. Come around next year at this time, and if there is any of the cigar left you can vote me out and smoke it. Ta! ta!"

OUR PARIS LETTER.

"Comte de Chambord's Mortal Illness."

PARIS, July 12, 1883.

Some politicians are irritated at the Comte de Chambord taking such a long time to die. They are anxious for the second act of the drama—that where the Comte de Paris, a thirty-first cousin (the relationship was born about two centuries ago) of the dying king—will have to render an account of the stewardship to the Republic, which, like the Turk, will bear no brother near the throne. There are journals which swear by all the gods of Olympus that the Comte de Chambord is dead since ten days, and that, for political ends, he is still made to do duty, just as the Cid, though a corpse, was placed on horseback, if not to flatter the Valecians, at least to encourage his braves.

Up to the present, all the consequence resulting from the Comte de Chambord's mortal illness has been to convert Paul de Cassagnac to Orleanism. The first monarchical party that will make a breach in the battlements of the Republic will have de Cassagnac for henchman. The guillotine by persuasion will not annihilate the public; it must be grasped and throttled. That's the perfect cure it seems for the situation.

Now, the last person in the world to risk his skin and his fortune in such an adventure is the Comte de Chambord. A man that blushes like a maiden in her teens when spoken to, will never seek any kind of cannon-mouth reputation. His Countess is as ambitious to be Queen as was poor Charlotte, wife of Maximilian, to be Empress. And a revolution organized by the Orleanists would be laughter for a month and a good joke forever. They will remain the residuary legatees of the Republic, in the event of the latter—an event within the bounds of possibility—laying violent hands on herself.

Your moderate Republican is not a courageous creature; he will inveigh by speech and writing; but as for putting on war paint and feathers, that is never dreampt of in his philosophy. It was not so when he could obtain a substitute to replace him on the battlefield. Now he has individually to pay the blood tax, and that reduces his roaring to the gentleness of the sucking dove. The same remarks apply to your constitutional monarch man. I do not mean to be understood that the French would not defend their country as stoutly as other patriots, were she invaded; but she has lost—happily for herself and the world—the taste of war for the sake of glory's thrill. And it must be borne in mind that France could not now employ whole nations as her soldiery. When she invaded Russia her rank and file included all the dwellers beyond Mesopotamia, with a sprinkling of French to the manor born.

Louis XIV., gangrened at the age of 77, was three weeks dying, and displayed during that Period a courage that no battle-field could parallel. He regulated all the details as to his wishes and funeral, as if drawing up a list of guests to be invited to Marly or Fountainebleau. And that demi-god, that sun king, whose features regulated those of his courtiers, seemed to walk to eternity, with the tranquil majesty as if he were promenading the gallery of mirrors before the bowed heads of his nobility. He was buried at St. Denis, to avoid the sight of which royal cemetery he built the palace of Versailles, amid the hardly concealed execration of the populace, who, alluding to his heart and visceræ having been removed for embalming needs, remarked that he was buried as he lived, "without heart and without bowels."

The poor Comte de Chambord passed all his life, the foot in stirrup, ready to ride into France. But he would not sacrifice his white flag ideas; for him France was not worth a tricolor. His ancestor, Henry IV., nevertheless, considered Paris to be worth a mass. If, as it is rumored, the Comte de Chambord insists on the white flag being adopted by the Comte de Paris, the laugh against the latter and that Parthian arrow will be general.

Excepting sending every available gunboat Tonquin-wards, no results have been obtained from China. The latter is distinctly informed that a single ironclad can close Canton, and the mouths of rivers will be blockaded by gunboats. France has not seized any more scraps of the globe to civilize, by according the most favored nation treaty only to herself.

THE BOSTON EXHIBITION.

Interest which the Enterprise is Exciting Abroad.

The Boston Manufacturers' Gazette says: Visitors to New England during the Summer, and our readers generally, should bear in mind that the grand Foreign Exhibition will be the principal attraction in the United States this coming Fall. All arrangements have been completed for this exhibition, and it bids fair in every respect to be worthy the attention of all who have the time and means to visit Boston. It will be specially foreign in its character, no American manufacturer being included. The following nations have already made arrangements for fine exhibits: England, France, Ireland, Germany, Holland, Belgium, Switzerland, Austria, Prussia, Hawaii, Persia, Spain, China, Portugal, East Indies, Japan, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Mexico, Siberia and Brazil. There will be presented to the attention of the half-million of visitors an opportunity to learn more of the products, manufactures and customs of other nations than has ever before been offered. In addition to the exhibits themselves, arrangements have been completed by which visitors will be served with coffee made by Turks, Japan tea served by native Japanese in a tea-house made in Japan and erected in the building. Also, a cigar manufactory of the real Havana tobacco from Cuba. Hammock makers from South America and Canadian Indians making bows, arrows, etc., will also be present. There will be a French restaurant, a German lunch-room and an English chop-house. All the surroundings will be foreign, and a visit to the Foreign Exhibition will be equivalent to a voyage around the world.

Chinese Immigration in the United States

The first arrest under the new Chinese law was made at Boston on the 17th July by a United States Marshal. On the 19th of June the British bark Erne, Captain J. J. Douglas, brought from Manila as a ship carpenter a Chinaman named Ah Chung, who was discharged and allowed to go ashore. The captain was arrested and was held to answer, the Chinaman being held as a witness.