Amusements and Meetings To-Night.

BOOTH'S THEATER.—"Sardanapalus."
FIFTH AVENUE THEATER.—"Our American Cousin."
OLYMPIC THEATER.—Society Performance.
SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS.
TWENTY-THIRD STREET OPERA HOUSE.—Kelly & Leon's Minstrels.
UNION SQUARE THEATER.—"Two Men of Sandy Bar."
WALLACK'S THEATER.—"Mighty Dollar."

ACADEMY OF DESIGN.—Day time only: Centennial Loan Exhibition.
GILMORE'S GARDEN.—Concert.
METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART.—Day time only: Centennial Loan Exhibition.

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CRISTADORO'S HAIR DYE, for its superb and magnificent tints, stands at the head of all competitors. Nature can produce no better. Depot, 83 John st.

HOLMAN'S AGUE AND LIVER PAD cured me, after trying scores of other remedies without avail. S. R. BURR, New-York.

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New-York Daily Tribune.

FOUNDED BY HORACE GREELEY.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 31, 1876.

THE NEWS THIS MORNING.

FOREIGN.—There is a strong warlike feeling at Belgrade. ═══ Mr. Gladstone encouraged popular disapproval of the Bulgarian atrocities. ═══ The Montenegrins reject foreign mediation. ═══ David, the musical composer, is dead. ═══ The ex-Empress Eugenie purchased a villa in Rome.

DOMESTIC.—The Saratoga Convention nominated Horatio Seymour by acclamation, and appointed a committee of ten to wait upon him, adjourning until to-day; the platform protests against the military order of the President, declares for reform and a reduction of canal tolls, and reaffirms the Syracuse platform of 1874 and the St. Louis platform of 1876. ═══ The great race at Philadelphia was won by the Beaverwycks. ═══ The Connecticut Republicans renominate last year's State ticket, with H. C. Robinson for Governor and Gen. Walker for Secretary of State, on a reform and resumption platform. ═══ Gen. Woodford addressed an enthusiastic Republican Convention at New-Brunswick, N. J.

CITY AND SUBURBAN.—A mass meeting of adherents of the Greenback party was largely attended. Addresses were made by Peter Cooper and Samuel F. Cary. ═══ Schedules of prices of coal for September were prepared, and the results of Tuesday's sale were discussed. ═══ The creditors of Max Stadler & Co. accepted a settlement of seventy-five cents on the dollar. ═══ Gold, 110, 110⅛, 109⅞. Gold value of the legal-tender dollar at the close, 91 cents. Stocks active and declining, closing weak.

THE WEATHER.—THE TRIBUNE'S local observations indicate warm, cloudy weather, and a prospect of rain. ═══ In this city yesterday, the day was warm, very hazy, and partly cloudy; thermometer, 70°, 79°, 72°.

David, the French composer, has died, honored and esteemed after a checkered and romantic career. Socialism fascinated him in early life, but only proved to be the prelude to his fame. In this respect he resembled several eminent Americans.

Freedom of the press has been extended in France by the decision of the Court of Appeals annulling the unwarrantable sentence of fine and imprisonment imposed on an editor for libeling the Chamber of Deputies. Henceforth French journalists may admonish the legislature without fear of heavy penalties.

The spectacle presented at Cooper Institute last night was not edifying. The greenback rant of a blatant demagogue like Gen. Samuel F. Cary is bad enough, but when he patronizes in public—pats on the back as it were—the venerable Peter Cooper, whom every one in the city honors in spite of his vagaries on the financial question, it is a painfully disgusting exhibition.

The fatal case of hydrophobia in this city possesses unusual significance inasmuch as the wound made by the dog two months ago was promptly cauterized. Immediate use of the cautery has been generally regarded as an infallible preventive. It is important for the coroner to ascertain whether the druggist did his work thoroughly and whether it is a genuine case of hydrophobia.

The Nibelung series has tremendous cumulative force. Our staff correspondent at Bayreuth writes of "Siegfried" with even more fire and enthusiasm than he did of the prelude and "The Walküre." These letters, from their mastery of the subject, descriptive power, and wealth of diction, will command the attention not only of the musical public, but of all who are interested in the grandest art triumph of the century.

The platform of the Connecticut Republicans has less dead wood in it than is generally seen in the political architecture of that State. There is a Grant plank, but it is near the bottom, and is plainly dressed, without varnish or veneer. It declares that he is entitled to national gratitude for his patriotic services to the country, and that his name will be deservedly enrolled among the honored sons of the republic. This is quiet and in good taste. Gen. Grant's patriotic services are not disputed save by unbleached copperheads and Southern bigots. The platform is direct and unequivocal, and is not freighted with nonsense. Last year's ticket was renominated. With Gov. Ingersoll and ex-Gov. English out of the field, the Democrats will have to work hard to beat it.

The result of the final heat of the International four-oared race is an extraordinary surprise. The Beaverwycks of Albany beat the Thames crew by a quarter of a length. The time was 14¾ seconds behind that made by the London four in its contest with Yale, but there was a head wind and the river was ruffled. The cry of foul came with poor grace from oarsmen who had crowded their rivals off the course on the previous day. It is a matter for congratulation that the silver cup is not to be carried across the ocean.

In Turkey the situation is critical. The Turks maintain their hold on Servia, but they evidently recoil from again assailing the defenses of Alexinatz, feeling that they can afford to wait until Prince Milan sues abjectly for peace or renews the struggle. Warfare continues against the Montenegrins, who regard scornfully the weakness of their Servian allies. Prince Nicholas must, however, concede that Servia endured the brunt of the conflict, and that he will be overmatched if he continues the war with the aid of the Herzegovinians alone.

The New-Jersey Republicans had little to do at their State Convention. Presidential electors were named, but there was no State ticket. There were two very encouraging symptoms. The shifting of scene from Trenton to New-Brunswick brought a new man on the platform as presiding officer—Prof. Asherton of Rutgers College. The interest which college professors and men of culture are taking in American politics is one of the best signs of the times. The financial plank, too, was short and to the point, and the relations of Resumption to National Honor formed the central topic of the hearty speeches with which the routine proceedings were feathered off. The canvass in Ohio last year was listless and ineffective so long as the Republicans wasted their energies on side issues, but the moment that the financial question was discussed with boldness, an overmastering current carried everything before it. It is the supreme issue of the campaign this year, and Republicans must not hide their light under a bushel.

Mr. Rufus Hatch, the ex-Managing Director of Pacific Mail, offers this morning some strong hints to the owners of railroad property, to the effect that they had better look into its management. There will be suspicious people who will look through this communication chiefly to make up their minds as to whether Mr. Hatch is just now on the bull or bear side of stocks. But the time has been a good while past in Wall-st. since people could afford to ignore solid facts on the theory that the persons who presented them had some interest in the premises. There are a great many men rubbing their eyes just now, and wishing that they had paid more careful attention to the solid facts which have been coming out at intervals for months past concerning the management and condition of the coal roads. It is just possible that it may be equally worth while to consider the statistics which Mr. Hatch presents, to overhaul the railroad manuals to find whether they are accurate, and to see what they amount to if they are. Mr. Hatch makes several statements which we should be sorry to accept unreservedly, but he sends us facts and figures to sustain them. If the railway authorities dislike the effect, the way to meet it is to send us facts and figures overturning them.

THE UNFINISHED WORK OF THE DEMOCRATS.

It was supposed that Gov. Tilden would control yesterday's convention. The reports leave it uncertain whether he really controlled it, or whether it only followed the persistent bellowing of John Morrissey and Tim Campbell, in its final mad rush for Seymour. From the Democratic point of view the nomination would seem, at any rate, to be the very strongest that could have been made. Gov. Seymour is unquestionably their most prominent and popular man. For half a generation he has been the pet of the New-York Democracy, has filled places of the highest dignity, has led them in reverses as well as in triumphs, and has throughout maintained his easy ascendency, over all associates or rivals, in the affectionate esteem of his party. No other man's name could lend such weight to the Democratic ticket; no other could insure such enthusiastic Democratic support. Gov. Seymour will bring to the Democratic canvass all that Gov. Morgan brings to the Republican, plus an affection and enthusiasm which no Republican and no other Democrat in the State could arouse. Such is yesterday's nomination, as regarded from the Democratic point of view.

But there is another side to it. There are not Democrats enough in New-York to elect their ticket. It must be elected, if at all, by help from outside. Is Gov. Seymour the man to get that help?

We think not. We think, indeed, that the nomination lifts the Democratic canvass from the plane on which it was strongest—that of reform, and sets it back on the plane on which it is weakest—that of the old war issues. The man who spoke at the City Hall during the draft riots, and who ran for the Presidency against Grant, with Frank Blair as his associate on the ticket, cannot possibly be a candidate now without reviving and intensifying the old war feeling. No man in the State was so bitterly disliked and so profoundly distrusted by the men most in earnest in carrying on the war as Horatio Seymour. Yet the most fervid of those who distrusted him then are precisely the men from whom he must draw support now, if he is to be elected. The Liberal Republicans were the radical, not the conservative wing of the Republican party. They were the men who most hated Seymour then, and are now the very last who could be brought to support him. No other nomination could so well secure the full Democratic vote, or so thoroughly repel the Liberal Republican and Independent vote.

There are other drawbacks to the nomination. Gov. Seymour has refused the use of his name on the ground of his ill health. It is known that his physicians have peremptorily required him to abstain from the excitements of a political campaign. He has been so often suspected of refusing nominations only in order to get them, that his acceptance now would savor of the ridiculous. A man may refuse to be a candidate for the Presidency, and afterward accept the nomination; but he cannot do the same thing afterward with the Governorship, without arousing an amusement which is not calculated to win votes. On the whole, therefore, the Democrats have nominated a sick and unwilling man who will bring out their full party vote but repel all outside assistance, are entirely uncertain as to whether he can be induced to accept the nomination, and are certain that if he does not, the chances of any subsequent candidate are greatly damaged by the original false start.

The Democrats have the knack of putting their State platforms in better shape than the Republicans. That adopted yesterday is symmetrical, plausible, and in many respects unexceptionable. They avoid the rugged issue of Hard Money vs. the repeal of the Resumption act by saying nothing about later phases of the question, and merely reënacting their "No steps backward" platform of 1874. With this they couple Mr. Dorsheimer's surrender platform at St. Louis, and leave the irrepressible conflict between them to fight itself out. On other points yesterday's platform is frank; and its reference to the constitutional amendments guaranteeing the results of the war is very satisfactory. No intelligent man can read that plank without gratitude for the proof there given that a great party, once occupying an almost traitorous attitude, has been so lifted out of its dead past by the campaign of 1872 as to leave the results of the war, as imbedded in the Constitution, under the guaranty of a common consent by both parties and all the people.

MEDIATION AT LAST.

If there were no other proof that mediation in the Turco-Servian war has been determined upon by the European Powers, the dispatches from the permanent battle-field at Alexinatz would be sufficient evidence of the fact. They are no less contradictory than exaggerated. The Servian and Turkish generals are not so much fighting as making reports of successes, in order to gain a diplomatic advantage. First there is a Servian victory, accompanied by a revival of the war spirit among the people; then an enormous Turkish victory, justifying the Porte in asking for an indemnity and the occupation of a fortress or two; and now Servia takes her turn again. Neither side has any time to lose; for Europe, delaying until the eleventh hour, suddenly perceives that the opportunities for mediation are slipping away, and the promptest action is necessary in order to put out the fire of war while it is still extinguishable.

The simple truth is, that both Servia and Turkey are wearied, disappointed, and anxious for a settlement. The former country has failed miserably; her military leaders have been inefficient, and her soldiers have consequently not fought well. By omitting to secure the cooperation of Montenegro, she blundered at the outset. From the moment she was thrown on the defensive, she has prosecuted the struggle without spirit and without hope. On the other side, while the Turkish generals have shown admirable military talent, and the troops have fought bravely and stubbornly, the Government finds it next to impossible to procure and forward supplies. Turkey is bankrupt, and her armies are starving. With a diseased and drunken Sultan about to be replaced by an idiotic one, she is forced to avoid a prolongation of the war. But she naturally seeks to gain some little profit, or at least prestige, out of a mediation which she must accept because she cannot resist. When the truth comes to be known, we think it will be found that the recent series of great battles before Alexinatz have been skirmishes for appearance' sake rather than honest struggles for victory.

What is to be the basis of mediation? A return to the *statu quo*, as England has tentatively suggested? Mr. Gladstone remarked yesterday that this would give opportunity for a repetition of the "recent" outrages. But when Europe is forced to believe that the outrages in Bulgaria have *not* ceased,—that, in all their nameless hideousness, they are perpetrated at this very moment,—England would hardly dare to propose, nor would any other Power accept, a plan of mediation which furnishes no new security to the Christian subjects of Turkey. England is already morally answerable for a large proportion of these horrors. The programme of the Berlin Conference would have been modified to secure her adhesion, but Disraeli and Lord Derby preferred what now turns out to have been a sham diplomatic triumph. The other Powers have avenged their seeming defeat by waiting for England to take the initiative when the alternative became (as might have been easily foreseen) intervention or a general European war. This she is doing, but in an uncertain, half-hearted way, which promises nothing better than a temporary prop to a structure which should be thoroughly repaired if it cannot be rebuilt.

The prospect of mediation, as we see, affects even the movements of the opposing armies. So much the more will it tend to hold in abeyance the elements of rebellion or hostility of race and creed in other quarters. It is still possible, therefore, by forcing upon Turkey a few real and indispensable changes, and sternly superintending their enforcement, to postpone for some years the final catastrophe. But, to accomplish this, the Christian Powers must act immediately, earnestly, honestly, and with enough surrender of their individual interests and jealousies to insure some appearance of unanimity. Anything less than this will be a mere criminal tampering with the agencies of blood and devastation. Meanwhile, the atrocities in Bulgaria can and should be instantly suppressed. Every additional day of them adds to the disgrace of Europe. If England, now fully informed by her representative on the spot, Mr. Baring, hesitates longer, the world will welcome the armed interference of Russia.

COAL AND OIL.

Coal may as well learn something from oil. These two great products of Pennsylvania, kindred in geological origin, have been very differently managed of late years, and with very different results to producers. In the oil region there is joy and gladness; "the good time coming" has come at last, and "three-dollar oil" is a visible and tangible reality. The coal corporations are looking drearily upon the work of their combination and the loss of over $50,000,000 in the market value of their property; hundreds of operators find bankruptcy staring them in the face; and the wolf is at the door of many a miner. For three-dollar coal is a reality, as well as three-dollar oil. It ought to cost no more to produce a ton of anthracite than a barrel of petroleum. Why does a parity of price bring enthusiasm and prosperity to one region and despair and fearful loss to the other? If Mr. Gowen, the reputed inventor of the combination, should undertake to travel about the world, to do business in a crowded and hurrying street, or to run a foot-race, on stilts, he would expect to come to grief. But the very men whose practical sense leads them to respect mechanical laws not infrequently attempt to treat economic laws with contempt. Of course they come to grief. The coal combination has had a fearful tumble, and groans over its broken bones, because it has been trying to do business on stilts.

The attempt to maintain an artificial price for coal, by creating an artificial scarcity, has produced three effects, each the result of natural laws which are as irresistible and sure as the laws of gravitation. It has caused a diminution of consumption; other things being the same, human beings never will buy as much five-dollar coal as they would of three-dollar coal. It has caused a higher cost of production; when miners have to lie idle four months in the year they are forced to get twelve months' wages and twelve months' living for eight months' work. It has caused larger production; hundreds of men have bought or operated mines at the artificial high price which they would have been unable to work at all with coal at a reasonable figure. Now the advancing cost of production has made the combination pay more for every ton of coal mined; the reduced consumption has made it impossible to sell the whole of their product; and the stimulated production of outside operators, seeking to take advantage of the artificial price, has curtailed the sales of the combination still more, and thrown back upon its hands the costly and unsalable coal which filled miles of cars at many of the coal stations so recently. Thus the coal business fell from its stilts, and a decline of $2 a ton in coal, and $30 to $60 a share in stocks, is the result. Hundreds of operators are ruined, because they could work only with an artificial price. Thousands of miners must learn to work for lower wages, that the cost of production may be brought within the market value of coal.

Two attempts have been made to put the oil business on stilts. Fortunately for all concerned, both failed. Once, when prices were below a dollar, production was with difficulty stopped for thirty days, but the artificial improvement in prices caused such haste to reap the profits that instead of 37 wells going down when the movement commenced, there were 225 only four months later. Again, in the Fall of 1874, a partial stoppage of production was effected, but it failed because some of the producers could not afford to suspend operations. Thus every attempt to create an artificial scarcity failed, and the producers were driven to seek that larger market which low prices enabled them to enter. They pushed the use of American petroleum into regions where it had been unknown before, stimulated its use enormously in Europe, reduced the cost of production and transportation by many devices, and at last the rapidly advancing consumption has overtaken the yield, and the price goes up, not by artificial device, but in obedience to those natural laws which promote industrial health and prosperity.

What the coal operators need is to learn this lesson thoroughly. Already one far-sighted manager, convinced that low prices are hereafter to prevail, is making arrangements to seek new markets for coal in South America. In that direction—in an enormous increase of consumption, at home and abroad, as the consequence of natural prices—lies the only hope of the coal interest. It is mere folly to attempt to resist natural laws, whether mechanical or economic. They have their own way in the end, and their punishment is terrible. The sure and safe way is to develop our industries in harmony with those laws, and to seek a larger, more healthy, and more enduring business by reducing the cost of production, and inviting all the nations of the world to share in the enjoyments of the boundless resources of this land.

TRAIN WRECKING.

It gives us pleasure to learn that George Adams, who has lately distinguished himself in the diabolical business of train wrecking, has been arrested in Buffalo. He admits that he misplaced the switch on the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railroad on the 11th inst., when the engineer and firemen were badly scalded and the engine completely destroyed. On the 16th he tampered with the same road, wrecking the engine, three passenger cars, and the baggage and postal cars, and fatally injuring a conductor. His last exploit was the attempt at Fairport on the 20th inst.

There are crimes so terrible that no words can fitly characterize them. Tampering with the rails is one of these. No wonder that some roads are now carefully patrolled, for the expense of such a precaution, however considerable, is economy itself, even if there were no question of human life. The plea of Adams is that he intended to warn the trains in time to avert the accident. He thus hoped to put the company under obligations, and to obtain a situation. He has probably secured one of a different character for some years to come.

It is for the criminal courts to deal very stringently with felonies of this character. Morally, at least, where death ensues the offense is murder in the first degree, and it is actually manslaughter under very aggravated circumstances. The dastardly deed, unfortunately, is one of easy perpetration. The culprit has but to loosen a rail or so, or to place a piece of heavy timber across the track. Down rushes the train with its precious freight of human life to certain destruction, while soon the heaps of maimed and lacerated corpses, lately so full of life, may reproduce in some pleasant hamlet or by some quiet wayside all the horrors of a hotly contested field. The author of so much misery should be marked out, upon detection, for a notable retribution. In all his life he never should be trusted at large again. Sane or lunatic, he should be permanently locked up.

PERSONAL.

An exhibition of Schiller's relics has been opened in Hamburg.

The colored Methodists of the South talk of turning ex-Senator Revels into a bishop.

Wagner says the Germans must create a national art such as exists in France and Italy.

Mr. Motley and his daughters are at present guests of the Queen of Holland at her country seat.

M. Offenbach is writing his adventures in this country under the title of "Offenbach in America: Notes of a Traveling Musician."

Mrs. Margaret F. Breckinridge, widow of Dr. Robert Breckinridge, is building a church at her own expense, there being none at present in the neighborhood of her estates.

The Duke de Medina Pomar has written a fashionable novel and dragged into it half the leaders of English society under extremely thin disguises—whereat the leaders are wroth.

Mr. Gladstone is devoting himself to literature and social reforms. He now hopes that the time will come when there will be no such thing in England as a cottage without a garden.

Fernan Caballero, known everywhere as one of the very best of Spanish novel writers, is a German by birth and daughter of a Hamburg merchant. Her real name is Cæcilia Bohl von Faber.

The scene of Hepworth Dixon's first and only novel is to be partly laid in the United States and partly in England, and its heroine will be a Southerner. If it at all resembles his last work, "The White Conquest," it will be a mass of sensational vulgarity and misinformation.

A letter written by Harriet Martineau at the time Tennyson's "In Memoriam" was published, has been printed. She says of that poem, "There are bits of wisdom and of beauty—many; but the impression of the whole is more than odd—it is very disagreeable—to my feeling."

Edward William Lane, the Orientalist, who has just died in England, and who is known to all well-read children by his beautiful translation of their "Arabian Nights," was the grand-nephew of the painter, Gainsborough. His mother was the artist's favorite niece, and passed much of her girlhood in his studio.

A correspondent, who says that the widow of Millard Fillmore has a great deal of silver to spare, recalls the fashion in which the pair would drive out during the ex-President's lifetime. Mr. Fillmore would attire himself in glossy black broadcloth, a high hat, high, stiff, white collar, and a pair of white kid gloves, and in this guise ride down Delaware-ave., in Buffalo.

Bishop Coxe's attack on Prof. Huxley is thus condemned by *The Independent*: "Now this is outrageous. Prof. Huxley is, at least, a remarkably able naturalist. As such he deserves honor, whether he be a Christian or a Pagan. His philosophy appears to us insufficient and hostile to Christianity; but we do not see why he may not honestly hold it and be no liar in his professions that he is in search of the truth. It will not pay to scold those who differ from us."

Mr. Howells describes Chloe Smith, Gov. Hayes's great-grandmother, as a notable and remarkable woman. She made more stockings, mittens, and gloves, wove more rag carpets, spun and wove more cloth, elaborated more wonderful rugs, lamp mats, and bags than any other woman of her generation. In a sketch of family history, with which she prefaces her journals, she laments, with a simple pathos which no words can reproduce without the context, her possible error in setting work and duty before some other things. "My husband * * * would sometimes say, 'The horse is standing in the barn, doing nothing. We will go and ride; it's no matter whether we stop anywhere.' But I would say, 'I can't leave my work.' So he would not go, or go alone. Oh, now I would say to every woman that has a good husband, enjoy them while they are spared to you, or it will grieve you to the heart when it is too late—when all is over."

LONDON, Aug. 31.—A dispatch to *The Standard* from Rome, reports that the ex-Empress Eugenie has purchased for a Winter residence the villa of the Grand Duchess Maria of Russia, in that city.

MADRID, Aug. 30.—The Emperor of Brazil is expected here shortly. During his sojourn he will be received into the membership of the Society of Political Economy. King Alfonso will preside at the reception.

POLITICAL NOTES.

Gen. Kilpatrick is on his way back to New-Jersey from Indiana, muttering through his teeth, "My thoughts on awful subjects roll, damnation and the dead!"

What has become of Gov. Hendricks? His persuasive voice is not heard on the stump, and the energetic "interviewer" has not been able to extract from him any further remarks about that mule claim. Is he sick, discouraged, or gagged?

Mr. David A. Wells has finally made up his mind to support Tilden, and his friend Prof. Sumner of Yale College coincides with him. Mr. Wells does not wish to run for Congress again, but may possibly take the stump for Tilden during the campaign, so a Hartford correspondent of *The Springfield Republican* says.

Mr. John G. Thompson, Chairman of the Democratic Committee of Ohio, denies that he has received that barrel of money. He rises majestically in a card to say that the whole story of *The Cleveland Leader* is false, and to denounce the author as a "contemptible liar." The campaign in Ohio would seem to be opened in the good old-fashioned way now.

Ex-Gov. English has positively declined to accept the Democratic nomination for Governor of Connecticut, and Gov. Ingersoll is said to adhere to his decision not to run again. The only candidate now prominently named for the position is Col. F. B. Loomis of New-London, who is very likely to carry off the prize. He will not be nearly so strong a candidate as either Mr. English or Mr. Ingersoll, as his principal qualification for the position is a well-developed lot of "claims" on the party.

Mr. Curtis, speaking of Mr. Evarts's candidacy at Saratoga, says in *Harper's Weekly*: "Without a word of any kind from him, without the solicitation of agents or adherents, without any of the usual methods of candidates, and with no knowledge that he would be a candidate even if nominated, the name of this eminent citizen, who is not in public political life, but absolutely and contentedly engaged in the practice of an absorbing profession, rose spontaneously to the lips of the truest and most devoted Republicans all over the State as that of a great representative leader in this political crisis. It was one of the noblest and most striking tributes to high personal character in our political history, and it was naturally deeply touching to its object. There was not a delegate who voted for him who was not proud of his vote, and that the number, under the circumstances, was so large is a fact which will cheer every man who strives for increasing purity in politics."

Mr. Charles Francis Adams has written another letter, but not to John Kelly. It was sent to a friend in Baltimore, and the following extract from it is published in *The Gazette*: "I think it is high time to introduce something better in our politics than old issues and greed of the loaves and fishes. If I do not mistake, the country is gasping for a brighter future, and for letting alone the record of the past. To me personally it is of comparatively small consequence, as I have pretty nearly reached the end, but for those who come after me the result still interests me. I regard this election as the turning point. The names of the parties signify nothing—the actions of individuals everything. I believe Mr. Tilden to be both capable and honest, as well as self-reliant. I know nothing of Mr. Hayes beyond his good private character. His letter did not increase my confidence in his independence of his judgment." The country may be "gasping for a brighter future," but the hungry Democratic party is gasping for pap, and the way it will rush for it, if Mr. Tilden is elected, will convince Mr. Adams that party names do mean a good deal.

It is a curious and instructive spectacle to see a man running for a high office solely on the merit of his peculiar style of clothing, as seems to be the case in Indiana. Mr. Williams, the Democratic candidate for Governor, may possess qualities which would have brought him into the public eye if he had not always worn blue jeans, but if he has, his supporters carefully keep them in the background. The newspapers harp continually upon "Blue Jeans," and gushing correspondents picture the most thrilling scenes of enthusiasm over those same garments. Here, for example, is a correspondent of *The Cincinnati Enquirer* telling this remarkable incident which happened at an Indiana town the other day during a visit from Uncle Jimmy: "Never will I forget the enthusiasm which his presence created, for it is beyond my power fully to describe. During this time Mr. Williams sat upright in the carriage, acknowledging the salutes of the people with dignified bows, and shaking hands with the hundreds who extended them. Among the number was one old man, noticeable on account of his white hair, long white beard, and healthy complexion, who caught Mr. Williams's hand and said, 'Now I know I've got hold of Blue Jeans Williams—he's got them on, he's got them on!' and as the tears rolled down his cheeks, shaking Mr. Williams's hand heartily, he said with fervor: 'God bless you, sir!' And this was the character of the enthusiasm all day. Surely it means something."

Prof. William Everett of Harvard College is an independent voter who does not see the necessity of going into the Democratic party merely because there are certain things he does not like in the Republican party. He has written a letter to *The Boston Advertiser*, explaining his position. He says the independent voter finds the discipline of the Republican party objectionable, but he is unable to see how he will be any better off in that respect in the Democratic party. On the financial question he believes the friends of honest money have the more to hope for in the Republican party. As for civil service reform, he does not see how any man is going to find help from the Democracy in that direction. Reviewing the party's history, he exclaims: "Civil service reform from the Democracy! Yes, when Florida ships ice to Massachusetts from Lake Okeechobee!" Finally, he fails to see how the Southern problem is going to be solved by giving power to the Democrats, since they have refused to countenance the efforts made by Gov. Chamberlain for a pure and impartial administration in South Carolina, and comes to this conclusion: "For these reasons, if for no others, the author of this article, deeply regretting that the Republican party has relied so exclusively on its past record as to take at best a doubtful stand on many important matters of principle, sees anything but comfort in the prospect offered by the Democrats, and feels no hesitation in resolving to vote for Hayes and Wheeler."

GENERAL NOTES.

The first summons under the Explosive act of 1875 was taken out on Aug. 2 at the Lambeth Police Court. Emily Bryant traveled across London in an omnibus to Brixton, carrying with her a parcel containing about 20 pounds of lithofracteur. After leaving the omnibus she placed some of the material in her garden, where it exploded, causing considerable damage. The lady pleaded ignorance of the law, and was let off with a small fine.

A negro who stole three watches in Omaha, Neb., last week, was pursued by a plucky policeman to the bank of the Missouri River. Pulling off coat and shoes, he jumped into the water and struck out for the other shore. The policeman, who was quite as good a swimmer, took the precaution to divest himself of every stitch of clothing, and then plunged into the swift and dangerous stream. The men met in the middle of the river, and the thief swore he would rather drown than be arrested. After wrestling in the water and ducking each other, they struck out for the shore, but the thief sank before he reached it.

All the recognized canons of romance have been violated in Round Grove, Mo. Two young men, Poland and Morris, loved a maid, Miss Henderson. So far so good. First inconsistency: She cared for neither one nor the other, nor for any dark horse. Second inconsistency: The two lovers were excellent friends. Third inconsistency: When she gave each the mitten, they put their heads together and resolved to kill her. Morris called her father out doors ten days ago and had a talk with him, while Poland, going into the parlor, shot the girl and then killed himself. The lady may recover. Her marriage with the surviving lover would bring this extraordinary romance to a fitting climax.

The Western press is greatly incensed by the inventive genius of the East which has covered the greasy, copper-colored hide of Sitting Bull with the glamour of romance. It informs the mendacious fiction-writers of the East that the said Sitting Bull is not a West Point cadet in disguise; that he does not speak French; that he resembles neither Napoleon nor Gov. Tilden; that he is not a picturesque Logan or Metamora, pacing with melancholy mien up and down his wigwam and sighing, "Where is the home of my fathers?" but that he is merely a dirty, bloody, cut-throat Indian, with a game leg and an enormous capacity for whisky.

Fiction, English and American, is at its wits' end to find plots and new ideas. Human experience, like the Emma, when Mr. Trenor W. Park went to London to see Minister Schenck, is a worked-out mine. The conditions of Chinese society are so anomalous that the incidents of domestic life, which the *Celestial Empire* relates with admirable simplicity, are exceedingly fresh and interesting. Several of these stories have been recently told in this column. Here is one that may be entitled "The Rival Mothers-in-Law." A married couple, living in the suburbs of Hankow, had a serious quarrel, in which the husband's mother joined by abusing the wife with such acrimony that she ran away from her husband and returned to her mother. The husband, becoming weary of his lonely life, visited his runaway wife and coaxed her to return with him. She said she would consent if he would allow her mother to accompany them and live with them. Two mothers-in-law in one household—shade of Olive Newcome—just fancy it! While they were making the journey the exasperating husband renewed the quarrel, and the mother-in-law had a word to say. The despairing young wife resolved to end her misery, and a deep pond being handy, plunged into it while her husband was walking a short distance behind her. The mother-in-law, without halting to upbraid the husband, jumped into the water to save her child, and both sank to the bottom in a heap. The husband ran forward, leaped into the pond after them, and would have perished with them if the bystanders had not insisted upon saving him and sending him home to his mother. The two women were drowned.

Mr. Charles Reade, who is too honorable to steal plots, and too sensitive to newspaper criticism to renew his early practice of purchasing them, has let the world into the secret of his scrap-book system. The files of out-of-the-way American newspapers would give him many hints like this story which comes from Honesdale, Penn. Thirty years ago John Seitz, a German clerk in a New-York store, was engaged to a young girl named Katherine Rief. The California gold fever broke out, and he joined a party of adventurers. The first letter that he received from home bore the tidings that his sweetheart was soon to become the mother of his child. He pledged himself to return as soon as possible and marry her. She went to Honesdale to live with her brother, and to wait for her lover's return. Two or three letters came, and then there was silence for years. A young blacksmith named Wendt professed great love for her, and after putting him off for four or five years she accepted him, fully convinced that her gold-hunter was dead. She took her child to New-York and lived with her husband. He was a brute. He abused her, neglected her, and threw her into consumption. Meanwhile Seitz, instead of writing letters or dying, had made an enormous fortune, and returned to Honesdale after his sweetheart and child. The news of her marriage stunned him. He went to New-York and found her dying in a tenement, with no one near her but her baby—his child. Seitz buried her in Greenwood, and a week afterward Wendt, overcome with remorse, shot himself over her grave. The child was left in Honesdale with her brother's family, and his father returned to San Francisco, where he married, built a fine house with an elegant apartment known as "Johnny's room," and provided liberally for the boy in his will. "Johnny" was a frail lad, with his mother's consumptive tendencies. He never occupied that palatial room; he died a week ago Tuesday, as rich as a prince. But he did not know of his good fortune, for the father died in San Francisco barely an hour before the son's death. The boy's inheritance goes to his aunt.

OBITUARY.

FELICIEN CESAR DAVID.

Félicien César David, the French musical composer whose death is announced, was born at Cadenet, in Vaucluse, April 3, 1810. He sang in the Cathedral at Aix, and at the age of 20 entered the Conservatory in Paris. Soon after he joined the St. Simonians, for whom he composed the music of the choruses sung in their establishment at Ménilmontant. On the dissolution of the sect he betook himself, with 11 of his companions, to the East, there to realize his theory of life in undisturbed peace. The plague forced them to flee from Egypt through the desert to the coast of Syria. It is said that they dragged a piano with them over the sands, and often when they rested on their toilsome march, David sent forth enchanting strains from the instrument, making his comrades forget their misfortunes. M. David returned to France in 1835 and published his "Melodies Orientales." In 1844 he produced the "Desert," a choral symphony, abounding in melodies and harmonic beauties. He wrote several operas, including "Moise sur le Sinai" (1846), "Christophe Colomb" (1848), and "Lalla Roukh" (comic opera), 1862. In 1869 he became librarian of the Conservatory and member of the Institute.

ARRIVAL OF THE SCOTCH RIFLE TEAM.

The Scotch Rifle Team arrived at Jersey City at 7 o'clock yesterday morning on the Cunard steamer Bothnia. The team is composed of the following gentlemen: Lieut.-Col. J. H. A. McDonald, captain; Martin Boyd, W. Clark, Daniel Fraser, Robert Luke, Dr. J. Mitchell, R. McVittie, A. Menzies, Peter Rae, W. Thorburn, Thomas Whitelaw, and William Paton. C. Ingram, J. Hodgert and R. Renton accompany the team as guests. Mr. Renton will act as secretary, and Mr. Ingram, the manufacturer of the Ingram rifle, as armorer. The team was met at Jersey City by Major Wiley, representing the National Rifle Association, and by Col. J. W. Marshall, Capt. J. S. Dingwall, John Booth, Duncan McPherson, D. E. Van Ett, and Charles Bloom, the committee of the Scottish-American Rifle Club, who escorted them in carriages to their quarters at Merritt's Hotel, at No. 80 Ninth-st. Mr. G. S. Schermerhorn called upon them at 10 o'clock and furnished them with tickets to Creedmoor, whither they went in the afternoon. They were there introduced to both the American and Australian teams, and afterward made a thorough inspection of the range, which they pronounced superior to any range that they had ever seen. They said that they intended to begin practice on Friday, and to continue it on Saturday and on Monday, if they could get the use of the targets on that day, after which they should select the eight men who would constitute the team proper.

The Scotchmen attracted a great deal of attention yesterday, wherever they went, by their peculiar and showy uniform, which consists of a gray suit of Zouave trousers and blouse, brown stockings, and a white tropical