

Amusements and Meetings Co-Night.

BROADWAY THEATRE—'Olio the German.'
VIFER AVENUE THEATRE—'Olio the German.'
SANTA ANITA THEATRE—'Olio the German.'

Index to Advertisements.

AMUSEMENTS—3d Page—5th and 6th columns.
BASKETRY NOTICES—3d Page—4th column.
BOARD AND ROOMS—3d Page—5th column.

Business Notices.

THE BEST OLIVE OR SALAD OIL
Is imported and bottled by CARROLL BLAZER & CO.
115 Broadway, New York.

New York Daily Tribune.

FOUNDED BY HORACE GREELEY.
TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1873.
THE NEWS THIS MORNING.

FOREIGN.—King Humbert had been warned that the attempt on his life would be made.

DOMESTIC.—A panic in England has taken place in San Francisco.
Two scoundrels defrauded the public at Buffalo yesterday by announcing a lecture by Edison, attracting a hall full of people, and then attempting to run away with the proceeds.

THE SAN FRANCISCO STOCK GAMBLERS had a Blue Monday.

The San Francisco stock gamblers had a Blue Monday. The great bonanza stocks toppled over in all directions. When Sierra Nevada fell from 178 to 88, it is safe to say that some of these players felt like returning to first principles, and retiring to Poker Flat.

Indications increase that the Marquis of Lorne will receive an exceedingly cordial welcome in Canada.

Indications increase that the Marquis of Lorne will receive an exceedingly cordial welcome in Canada. There seems to be a little danger, however, that Canadian loyalty will be too exuberant. It will hardly do to have that country Mayor who intends to go to the vice-regal court in plain clothes, the only self-possessed official in the country.

The charities which do much with little may be safely commended.

The charities which do much with little may be safely commended. The Seaside Sanitarium at Rockaway Beach gave nearly 16,000 mothers and children a saving breath of sea air last Summer, at a cost of less than \$5,000, and 1,200 of these welcome guests had a full week at the beach. This excellent institution is out of debt, but anxious for funds with which to carry on its new Winter work.

Tweed died too soon. He should have lived to take off his hat to the South Carolina Democrats.

Tweed died too soon. He should have lived to take off his hat to the South Carolina Democrats. Mr. Rainey tells about in our Washington dispatches. They were election officers, and when the voting was over they retired from the public view "for supper," taking the hungry ballot-box along—that unfortunate ballot-box which had been holding its mouth open, in an appealing manner, all day long. When that box reappeared, its appetite for Democratic ballots had been entirely satisfied.

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Russia's determination to coerce Rumania into allowing the Czar to maintain a military road through the principality and hold strategic points in the Dobruja, will tend to rekindle that distrust of Russian policy which was recently manifested in England. There is, however, no reason to suppose that the Czar will

strive to evade the Treaty of Berlin, which is his title-deed to Bessarabia and part of Armenia. He can afford to carry out that agreement to the letter, and still hold in his hand the fate of the Ottoman Empire.

The discredit which the Magenta and Adelpi explosions seemed to cast upon a system of boiler-inspection which could pronounce such death-traps safe and sound, has roused the head of the service to speak in its defense. Mr. Dumont's report, as Supervisor Inspector-General, is occupied largely with an attempt to show that the number of lives lost by steamboat accidents of all sorts is a remarkably small proportion of the whole number of passengers carried, and that this proportion is smaller than in any other country. No doubt it will surprise those who have large and vague notions of the destruction of life by steamboat disasters during the past year, to learn that of 200,000,000 passengers carried the total number killed by accidents of all kinds—explosions, fires, collisions, wrecks, etc.—is only 212, the total number killed by explosion being but thirty-three. But 200 lives placed alongside of 200,000,000, and 200 lives considered by themselves alone, assume very different degrees of importance. That 212 lives were too many to lose is sufficiently proved by the fact that the Adelpi and Magenta explosions, at least, might have been prevented by faithful inspection. It is gratifying to be told that steamboat travel here is safer than in other countries, but it must be made safer still. The room for improvement, the existence of which Mr. Dumont admits, should be filled up as soon as possible.

FORCE AND FRAUD AT THE SOUTH.

There is a friendly contest between two counties of South Carolina for the honor of carrying the Democratic banner. Abbeville is rightfully a Republican county; two-thirds of its inhabitants are colored; it gave a Republican majority of 1,500 in 1874; and two years later, even under the pressure of the rifle-clubs and the "trading" arrangement between some of the friends of Hampton and the supporters of Mr. Hayes, it could not be made to record a Democratic majority of more than 200 on the State ticket. This year only three "Radicals" ventured to vote in the whole county—or, to be more exact, only three Radical votes were counted. Fairfield County is still more decidedly Republican than Abbeville. Three-fourths of the inhabitants are colored. The Republican voters in 1874 were two to one of the Democrats and Hayes's majority in the county in 1876 was between 800 and 900, the Republican vote for many years past falling but little below 3,000. This month Fairfield County returns not one Republican vote.

These facts speak for themselves. Common sense tells us that there is absolutely only one way of accounting for them, and it is an affront to our intelligence to ask us to believe that results so extraordinary could be brought about by lawful means. Great and sudden changes in the relative strength of parties are sometimes wrought in the fever of a popular uprising; but not even in times of passion and excitement is a whole party instantly obliterated; and these are quiet days. What has been done with so much brazen audacity in Abbeville and Fairfield has been done with less swagger but equal effectiveness all over the South. An arrogant minority has seized possession of the Government and practically disfranchised the greater part of the population, either by driving them away from the polls, or by grasping the result to suit itself. Thus the Bourbon Democracy has secured a "Solid South" at last, by an operation which does not differ essentially from the method of revolutionizing the Government pursued from time immemorial in the South American republics.

This condition of things brings us face to face with a serious political problem. For the present a republican form of government does not exist in the Southern States. The principle of equal suffrage, upon which our whole representative and federal system is founded, has been set aside in favor of an oligarchy of rifle-clubs, intimidators, and ballot-box stuffers, who calmly refer to their lawless triumph as an "evidence that the colored people, even where they have the numerical majority, cannot hold their own against the superior intelligence, means, and courage of the whites." They pledge themselves to retain the power they have thus secured; and a distinct notice has been served upon the freed people that their brief day of political independence is over. They are to vote no more, unless they vote as their masters bid them. Of course this usurpation must be fought down. It is not only an invasion of the rights of the negro, whom we are bound, by every consideration of humanity, gratitude and prudence, to protect, but it is a subversion of the just balance of powers between the States, an intolerable infringement of the rights of the North, and a menace to the stability of the Union itself. The United States of America will not be ruled by Wade Hampton's "Hunk-adori Clubs."

That the country may know just how matters stand in South Carolina, one of the ablest and best-informed members of THE TRIBUNE'S staff has been dispatched to that State, and the first instalment of his letters appears to-day. Our readers will recognize the initials of a correspondent who has a high reputation for the judicial temper of his mind and the moderation and frankness of his statements. We have known few journalists so familiar with political affairs, and yet so free from the prejudices of a partisan; and we have learned from many years of intercourse to value him as a keen and careful observer, in whose reports the love of truth is the most conspicuous characteristic. The account which he furnishes in his introductory letter of the summary banishment of a colored Republican leader, as a preliminary to the "carrying" of Williamsburg County by the Democratic minority, will serve as a foretaste of the narratives to follow, and furnish food for reflection to some of our statesmen at Washington.

TRAINING SCHOOLS FOR ASSASSINATIONS.

The pastry-cook makes as awkward an assassin as the tinker, the doctor of philosophy or the cooper. Whether old, like William of Germany, or young, like Alfonso of Spain, or Humbert of Italy, kings are difficult game to bring down on the wing. Even when riddled with small shot as was the aged monarch of the Fatherland, they will not die, and when they are merely scratched in the arm, as is the King of Italy, they draw their swords and deliver their assailants into the hands of the police, and straightway into those of the executioner. The dagger, which has proved so effective at the headquarters of the secret police in Russia, is as poor a tool as revolver or gun when directed against a king. Yet it is strange that in this year of grace, which marks a transition stage from an Old Europe to a New Europe, the flashing of a mediæval dagger should be seen in Naples. This has been an

Annus Mirabilis. It has witnessed the dismemberment of the Ottoman Empire, the deaths of Victor Emmanuel and Pius Ninth, the development of revolutionary tendencies in Germany and Russia, the triumph of French Republicanism and a radical transformation of English policy. Old figures are disappearing and new forces are already at work; and yet here, in the very spirit of the Middle Ages, is the gleaming of the assassin's steel in an Italian city.

The Italian pastry-cook did not like kings; neither did the Spanish cooper; yet is the scene in Naples far more striking than the scene in Madrid. Each has boasted that he is an Internationalist and had no accomplices, while the other, as the probabilities go, did what many of his countrymen were anxious to have some one do. There are latent elements of discord and disloyalty in Northern Spain and in a few of the central cities, but there are no indications that the Internationalists have made any progress since 1873, when branches of the society were organized in Barcelona and Carthage. Alfonso kept his throne in spite of the opposition of the Queen-Mother and his Cabinet, and married a Princess with whom he really seemed to have fallen in love; and when she died a few months after the wedding, his grief touched the hearts of his subjects. So firm is his hold upon the affections of his people that the Ministry have already convinced themselves that Moncaesi, the cooper, is almost his only enemy, and have decided not to ask for any extraordinary legislation against the secret juntas known to exist in Catalonia. But if there is one, and possibly only one dangerous knave-hater in Spain, there are many in Italy. Only a month ago the students of Lezborn established a political society which took its name from the University assassin, Karl Nobiling; and in the programme of the club its mission was proclaimed: "to combat the three hideous superstitious represented by the words 'authority,' 'capital' and 'God.'" A group of revolutionary societies, moreover, have been formed in various cities under the common name of Pietro Barsanti clubs, and one of these organizations was to have been formally organized in Naples on the very day of the entry of the King and Queen in the course of their royal progress through Southern Italy to Rome. Pietro Barsanti was a private soldier who undertook to assassinate his commander, and the avowed object of these revolutionary clubs was the subversion of discipline in the Italian Army. While the secret police are not only efficient but over zealous, there has been unbounded license of speech, not only in respect to the liberation of Trieste and the Trentino, but to all the evils of the present administration. These anarchical tendencies and proceedings have been committed at and in some instances fomented by members of the Cabinet. Giovanni Passanante may have had no confederates, but he has carried to their logical results the teachings of many revolutionary schools.

By a strange coincidence the man who sat in the carriage with the young King and who was wounded in the thigh when he seized the assassin, was Signor Caroli, the Prime Minister, a Radical of the Radicals. When the present Cabinet was formed it was known that its chief sherd many of the Socialist views of Garibaldi, but it was supposed that official station would induce moderation. In a recent speech at Pavia he took pains to announce that the Government would not suppress any associations whatever might be their tendency, and made some demagogic appeals in behalf of the working classes and the suffering poor. Alarmed by this speech as well as by the lax proceedings of the Minister of the Interior, three members of the Cabinet tendered their resignations; and it was to face a Parliamentary crisis this week that Signor Caroli was accompanying the King from Naples to Rome. It may be the pastry-cook has done the Prime Minister a good turn. The incident before the gates of the city may convince him that Bismarck's method of dealing with Socialism is more reasonable than Garibaldi's. He may have a Red Bogey before his eyes in future.

WANTED: A CAREFUL SADDLE.

That was a very judicious and carefully guarded remark of the Hon. Alexander H. Stephens reported in our Washington dispatches yesterday, that "if the platform for 1880 is 'carefully drawn and good men are nominated,' he could 'see no reason why the Democracy cannot win.'" It brings forcibly to mind the remark made by the late Senator Wade, in reply to the statement concerning one of the stations on the Pacific road that it only needed a supply of water and a little good society to make it a desirable residence. "Yes," said the blunt old gentleman, "that's all that H— needs." A carefully drawn platform and good nominations would indeed make a powerful combination. But couldn't Mr. Stephens be a little more specific as to the one, and a little more definite as to the other. What is in Mr. Stephens's opinion a "carefully-drawn platform," and who would be the candidates to make a strong ticket? In an interview of the same date with the one in which this remark occurred, he is reported to have said in his large and somewhat oracular way that "the foundation principles of true Jeffersonian Democracy, which are the basis of all constitutional liberty, are law and order, and the enforcement of the laws." This seems sufficiently general as a declaration of principles. Suppose they should make a platform of this simple enunciation, would that be what he considers "carefully drawn"? Why, all the "bulldozers" and "moon-shiners" of the South, upon whom the party relies for its majorities, and all the striking rioters and communists and ballot-box stuffers and repeaters to whom the party panders at the North, would rise up at once as the colored congregation did when the minister preached from the text "Thou shalt not steal," and say, "Look here, this is getting personal." It wouldn't do at all.

The only "carefully-drawn" platform which would give the Democratic party any hope of success—and perhaps this is what Mr. Stephens meant—is one that not only is very general in terms, but one that means anything you please to make it. It must be capable of as many different constructions as there are diverse views of the questions at issue; must satisfy the hard-money men like Bayard, the soft-money men like Voorhees and the "Ohio idea" men like Thurman; must please the law-and-order men who desire stability and peace, and catch the votes of the Socialists and Communists who want social revolution; must win capital and conciliate labor; must advocate economy in public expenditures to satisfy the States that are thrifty and forehanded, and must favor sub-

sidies and extensive public works to gain the support of the States that want to be "developed" at the public cost; must be satisfactory at the same time to Democrats who, like Mr. Tilden, are opposed to the payment of rebel claims, and Democrats like those whose opposition he excited by making known his views on that subject during the last campaign. The "carefully-drawn platform," in short, must be a carefully-drawn straddle on every question of current politics, and must be particularly carefully drawn on the subject of Fraud, so as to arraign the Republicans before the country for what the Democrats have charged and failed to prove; without the remotest reference to the cipher conspiracy of which the Democratic party stands convicted.

It occurs to us that the St. Louis platform, with but few and slight alterations, might answer the purpose. And as for candidates, they must be old and experienced straddlers. Why not, then, nominate the old ticket?

CAN MR. TILDEN RECOVER?

The opinion that Mr. Tilden may yet become a person of some importance in politics is still urged by some hard-money Democrats of the East. So drowning men ever catch at straws. When Mr. Tilden introduces his nephew and private secretary to an angry public, and commands him to make a clean breast of it, and cuts Mr. Marble, and Mr. Weed, and all the other coparceners, then there may be some sense in the question whether there is life in Mr. Tilden yet. So long as he continues to recognize Marble, Weed, Coyle, Woolley, and the rest of his former agents, he offers the strongest proof possible that they have in no way abused his confidence. So long as he gives Mr. Pelton under the British flag, he hides the strongest possible proof that he has placed himself in the power of W. T. Pelton by transactions which he does not dare to have Pelton questioned about under oath. Every day that passes, moreover, without a step on the part of Mr. Tilden to break this chain of proof against himself, intensifies the conviction already produced that he can no longer face the world as any honest and innocent man would wish to do. But Mr. Tilden does not demand investigation because he cannot face the facts.

So long as he is in that position, Mr. Tilden is the one man whom the worst foe of the Democratic party might long to have it nominate. With all the marvellous capacity of that party for blundering, it cannot be expected to do a thing so suicidal as that. Republicans may as well be warned that they are not to have Mr. Tilden's corpse started in the Presidential race in 1880 by the Democratic party. Neither can they calculate upon the identification of that party with Mr. Tilden's friends at the East. They will have to confront, in all probability, a desperate struggle of reprobators at the West, and the contest may be a close one. But it would not be close in New-York if Mr. Tilden should be exhorted to run again.

ARRANGED FOR CONTEMPT.

A startling rumor comes to us from Washington to the effect that Speaker Randall has entered upon a still hunt for precedents in cases of contested jurisdiction between the House and Senate. Experts of whom a Democratic Congress has produced such an abundant crop that they block the ways to all the committee-rooms and public-halls—have been set to work in the library, and at this moment it is believed are accumulating authorities on the subject suited to Mr. Randall's fell purpose, whatever it is. It is intimated that the Speaker has in the case of Senator Matthews, of Ohio, whom he proposes to have arraigned for disobeying the summons of the Potter Investigating Committee. Senator Matthews, as those of our readers who have good memories of persons and events connected with politics, at the beginning of the present Administration he was one of the most conspicuous figures in the political situation. He was so efficient that it puzzled the most careful observer some times to tell whether he or the Administration was the Administration, but the Administration vetoed him one day on the financial question, since when he has been steadily speaking only for himself, and not often at that. He is still in politics, however, and in the Senate. In the belief of Speaker Randall and various other leading Democrats, some of whom however, are not leading so much now as they were last month, Senator Matthews contains a large amount of interesting and varied information concerning the late Presidential election, which it seems to them desirable to draw out into "the keen bright sunlight of publicity." The investigating commission known as the Potter Committee, which seemed of a great deal more consequence a few months ago than it does now or ever will again, invited Senator Matthews to appear before it and disclose whatever he knew that was sinful and corrupt. The Senator replied to the effect that he was quite willing to tell all he knew, but as there was not enough of it for both houses of Congress, he preferred to keep it at his own end of the Capitol, and he called for a committee of the Senate, to whom he could unfold himself. Then Mr. Butler, who was as much more formidable than he is now or ever will be again, as a powder boat is before it has gone off, had a subpoena issued, upon which the Senator turned his back and calmly travelled into Ohio, saying he had other business.

And now Speaker Randall proposes to find out whether a man, simply because he is a United States Senator, can despise in this whole State way a Committee of the House, the Speaker, the House itself, Mr. Benjamin F. Butler, the Democratic party and the country at large. He proposes to have Senator Matthews arraigned at the bar of the House for contempt. It is, we say, a startling suggestion. Not because it raises the question of Senatorial privilege and prerogative, nor that it involves a possible conflict of authority between the House and the Senate with a resort to arms, in which the body of Stanley Matthews shall be rent limb from limb by the contending factions in the rotunda. All that is of little account. More momentous consequences are involved. For the arraignment of Stanley Matthews for contempt must be for contempt of something specific and defined. What is it that he despises? Obviously either the House of Representatives or the Potter Investigating Committee. Thus, then, the question presents itself in its naked deformity, Shall it be held an offence to despise the body over which Mr. Randall presides or the committee which is run by Mr. Butler? If that be so, who is safe? We beg Mr. Randall to consider the danger to himself, in which he stands and desist from so hazardous an enterprise. How shall you frame an indictment against a whole people? How, indeed, shall you arraign a whole people at the bar of the House for contempt? For if you begin with Stanley Matthews there is no telling where you will stop. We know not what Speaker Randall's precedents and authorities may be, or what he may have Senator Matthews, if he should be arraigned for holding the present House or the Butler Committee in contempt, will not fall back on his Senatorial prerogative, but simply put in evidence the public record of the House and of the committee, and appeal to the general judgment of mankind.

POLITICAL NOTES.

Not a peep yet from Moses Manton Match Marble, gent.

There is not a wild popular anxiety about the future of the Buzzard Dollar.

Nesbitt Pelton has not yet returned to Cipher Alley to face an indignant uncle.

Does the Administration begin to suspect that it is time for it to catch up with the party?

Kearney shakes off the dust of his brogans against Boston, but tragically threatens to return.

The Democratic movement to vindicate Tilden by re-nominating him in 1880 does not forge ahead with much fury.

Kearney, Anderson and the Jenks have passed from the public gaze. There is material here for a special Thanksgiving.

It is the Solid South represented a majority instead of a minority, there would be less Democratic abhorrence of sectional politics.

The Southern press is quite hearty in supporting Randall for another term as Speaker. The Northern press isn't, but that does not matter.

No calculation on the Democratic chances for 1880 can be accurately made till the next Congress meets and grapples with the great question of electing a Doorkeeper.

Before making an accurate estimate of the Democratic majority in the next House, it will be necessary to know how many Democrats Clerk Adams proposes to elect.

Mr. Alexander Stephens's reticence on the subject of ciphers is natural. He understands now why the Democratic House would not let him make the Potter investigation a two-sided one. They didn't dare.

There is a perceptible Democratic plan to keep the Southern claims question out of Congress till after 1880, in order to be able to say that the party has no interest in the payment of them. This will not be sufficient. The party must vote to make such payment impossible before the public uneasiness will be quieted.

enterprising contemporaries not only discovered the whereabouts of Mr. Stewart's body and detected all the persons implicated in the outrage, but, as if to emphasize the imbecility of the police, did it several times—did it every morning, in fact, for several days. And all this while the inefficient authorities were standing around, declaring that they couldn't find any body and couldn't see any prisoners. This was not all, however. Our enterprising contemporaries actually secured the Manhattan Bank robbers and locked them up. But here this splendid record ended. Instead of handing their prisoners over to the police, as they should have done, our enterprising contemporaries released them very quietly; seemed, indeed, to be glad to get rid of them, and even neglected to take bail. This is a dangerous precedent. But the most conspicuous fact of the whole business has been the blindness of THE TRIBUNE in refusing to see those prisoners in buckram or to admit the presence of that invisible body. THE TRIBUNE is dreadfully unenterprising about bogus news—that's a fact.

We have reason to believe that quite a new nation has invaded the boyish American bosom. The other day at St. Paul, Minnesota, was found a New-York lad of nine tender years, equipped as the yellow-covered novel directs, so far as a yellow knapsack went, but, considering the business upon which he was bent, deplorably deficient in firearms and ammunition. For the ambition which agitated his little bosom was to massacre Indians and buffaloes on the plains. Poor fellow! We can imagine the ludicrous consternation of a great bull buffalo at the sight of this Tom Thumb of a hunter making for him. It is possible that even the war-painted Lo might be a little bothered at the advance of such a foe, too small headed for anything like a satisfactory scalping. We shall never know what have this precocious exterminator would have made for, he was arrested by the St. Paul police and duly consigned to the New-York police, and so handed over to his distracted parents here. Of course, so smart an unwhit would not be without a story, not particularly plausible, but better than none; and Charley naturally says that, like the other Charley so well and so sadly known, he was abducted. Unfortunately, he can give nobody to believe him. The boy at school, who was to be catagorized for whistling, pleaded that "it whistled itself," but he did not escape the stripes by his incoherence. Master Charles Dupane's papa will be so glad to see him that it will probably be another case of sparing the rod. The truth is, this boyish propensity for running away is one which cannot be extinguished by chastisement. The more thoroughly he is whipped the more likely the boy is to run away again. Nor can he be helped up. Nor yet constantly imprisoned. There is, however, the consolation that should be bolt a second time he may be found again as once he has been. At least, it will be tolerably certain that he has not been stolen, but has merely departed in quest of his fortune, just as the great Benjamin Franklin (then little Ben) ran away from Boston.

There is a pretty story told of Alexander Dumas, fils. As he and one of his friends were returning from the theatre a few evenings ago, in Paris, they met a poor old woman who was holding out her hand for alms. As Dumas gave her something his friend remarked that other people were not so desirous of the money as he was. "My dear fellow," said the author of "La Dame aux Camélias," "when an old woman holds out her hand to you for aid, you may give without fear, for it is almost always a proof that she has the intention of having you for a son-in-law."

Mr. D. G. Croly does not like the story that he has ratted from editorial work because he has the minding fork, and has turned speculator. In a card to THE TRIBUNE, correcting a misapprehension of this sort, he says: "I have been trained as a journalist, and for a quarter of a century have had no other serious care upon my mind except such as related to my duties as editor to the various papers to which I was attached. I never bought or sold a 'put' or a 'call.' I do not operate on 'margin,' or sell what I have not got; nor have I ever bought more than I could pay for. I am from a family where the motto was 'I will not be otherwise lent though discriminate, and I would not have written this note, were it not that I dislike to see classified as a speculator. I am a journalist, and I stand that I have left the pursuit in which I was trained."

GENERAL NOTES.

A woman's hair has suddenly turned white in Milan. She was a mother, and was coming from church with two children, one of whom could walk with the aid of her arms. The one who could walk ran down the church steps into the street, where a carriage was passing. As the child disappeared between the wheels the woman uttered a loud cry and fell senseless, with the other child in her arms, on the ground. The child under the carriage was picked up unhurt, but the mother, who had been taken to her room, found her hair had turned perfectly white.

English women have been lectured from the bench on the subject of placing purses or other property in the absurdly exposed pockets which it is now the fashion to fit into their jackets behind. In a case of a pocket-picking which came before him at the London Mansion House, Sir Robert Carden made a strong appeal to the ladies. "These pockets," he said, "are the most monstrous things in the world. They are what he had often, when he walked about the streets and saw them, he would have said, 'I will show you the carriage.' And, truly, he had the satisfaction of seeing the countryman enter the carriage he had left.

The Gulfport (Conn.) Battery went into camp at Norfolk, on the 16th of September last, with forty men, of these twenty were with Company E of the 3d Regiment, and of this twenty, fourteen have had typhoid fever, three have died, and one or two are still ill. There were no other cases connected with these in any manner. Drs. Chamberlain and Lindsay, of the State Board of Health, have investigated the matter and reported: That the disease must have been received in camp; that in the rear of the mess tent of the battery was a stagnant pool of fresh water, with no natural outlet. On thrusting a stick down, this was found to be five feet deep, which gave volumes of offensive gas when stirred. This water was used to wash dishes and cooking utensils, and might have been used in boiling vegetables and making coffee. It was filled with vegetable spores indistinguishable at the temperature of boiling water. The men were every day in the vicinity of the pool, and it is probable that some of them drank of the water. The specific virus of typhoid was furnished by a young man, of the name of Jones, who caught typhoid while in camp. The members of the battery were well-meaning, and succeeded more readily in the fatigue of the march and the heat of the weather than in the summer. It is remarkable that the water which seems to have made all the mischief in appearance was as good as that in the barrels supplied to the general camp, and often drunk.

Sometimes, not always, there is a good drawing in THE HARVARD LAMPION, and sometimes, not often, there are good college jokes in it; and when all things are considered, the work of these amateur artists and humorists in this University Paper is really excellent. In the last issue there is a cartoon entitled "Justice to Both Sides." J. Bull, fishmonger, standing outside his stall with a large dog at his heels, and presenting his bill for \$5,000,000, remarks to Jonathan: "Til I could get you to settle that little account, and I don't sharp about it, excuse my back." Jonathan's reply is: "All right, John; but if I do, you must keep your darned old Newfoundland dog from when I come to get my fish." The dog is wretchedly drawn, but the two main figures are good, and the design is capital. Another promising piece of work is the Freshman examination scene. A problem in trigonometry is on the blackboard and three students are sitting each at his own desk while the proctor, who has caught one of them in the act of applying surreptitiously for aid, demands: "What question did you just ask gentleman?" Soothsayers of '84, evidently has unlimited self-possession, and is an assurance for his answer is: "My back." The best thing in the number, however, is "The Slave Ship," in which it is intimated in blank verse that Turner's masterpiece was given birth "in foul Dyseppeus's cruel crib"; that it was eggs, hard-boiled, "eaten at midnight with some 'alf-and-alf,' which setting Phryne's principles at naught," made the iron-bound account, and the artist's assurance that the slimy monsters of the deep were those which gambolled round the artist's couch, "whether from rats, or some kind of vermin, or what, I don't know, but I think that for what 'seems but a whirling of light, or some vast prismatic circle, the docile claim, 'I feel with perchance the jovial lemonade,' must be told.

A Professor in an American college, who is an Abasian by birth, recently visited the scenes of his childhood for the first time in forty years, and had as sorry an experience as Rip Van Winkle himself. He knew nobody and nobody knew him. He strolled through the village, tried to find the spot where he had been born, questioned the villagers in regard to the details of his day, and in the midst of his inquiries he had fallen into a snare, and was taken to the farm-house to be put to rest with some regular countrymen who had come to their favorite retreat to quaff the evening lager. He pointed frequently to the new-comer, wagged his head knowingly, stood within a few paces of the Professor, placed his hands upon his hips, drew back, and with an air of defiance, asked what was wanted. "A glass of beer," was the unconcerned answer, made in the mother-tongue of both speakers.

PERSONAL.

Charles Dickens's home at Gadshill is shortly to be sold at auction.

Mr. Julian Hawthorne is going to spend the Winter at Etretat, in Normandy.

Senator Blaine's eldest son, Mr. Walker Blaine, has just been admitted to the bar at Augusta, Maine.

Mrs. Sallie Ward Armstrong, of Kentucky, is, it is reported, about to be married for the fourth time.