VOLUNTARY STARVATION.

DR. TANNER ALIVE DESPITE HIS FAST.

A RALLY IN THE MORNING—RECEIVING MANY CALLERS—A FASTING MATCH PROPOSED—UNFAVORABLE SYMPTOMS IN THE EVENING.

Dr. Tanner surprised his watchers yesterday by rallying and appearing in better condition and more cheerful. He chatted with Dr. Hull and other callers, and received a challenge to a "fasting match," which he seems disposed to consider seriously. Toward evening, however, unfavorable symptoms appeared. The faster seemed chilly and somewhat drowsy. Many of the physicians at the hall look for a sudden change for the worse at any moment. The Doctor spoke of feeling better and less hungry than last week.

FOURTEEN DAYS WITHOUT FOOD.

"I'm betting on the doctor," said a gambler yesterday afternoon as he critically examined Dr. Tanner's points. "I'll back the man against time. Why, look at him, he's as healthy as I am and he's full of blood. Yes, I think this is all on the square. I don't see any chance for selling out or foul play. I hope the old man will come in first, but it's a queer match; it's the queerest match I ever heard of;" and the old sportsman departed shaking his head.

But there were those among the physicians who felt the grave force of possibilities that might any moment develop into fatal results. On the table near Dr. Tanner stood a large case made of polished wood and encircled by nickel clasps. It had a forbidding look, suggestive of the surgeon's office. It was a galvanic battery, and it was placed near Dr. Tanner as a last resort in case symptoms of dissolution suddenly appeared. If his temperature after a sudden rise as suddenly falls far below the normal point, and he loses his senses, the battery will be instantly applied and he will be subjected to the most powerful stimulants. But to the surprise of most of his attendants, Dr. Tanner seemed to rally yesterday. The hectic flush that had lighted up his wan cheek disappeared. He slept comfortably during much of Sunday night, and this together with the slightly lessened heat of yesterday seemed to revive him. He conversed freely and was more cheerful and amiable than the day before. He received many visitors and enthusiastically applauded the music with which he was favored at intervals. When he was in Union-square early yesterday morning, no one, to look at the respectable old man who sat quietly pulling a bouquet of flowers to pieces, would have dreamed that his iron will had kept him fourteen days without food. He shows an increased preference for lying quietly on his cot as the days go by. Much of the time he is half dozing, often asking for water to be used in rinsing his mouth, for sponges, wet towels or pieces of ice. He is very fond, too, of flowers and lies for a long time with a bouquet in his hand.

Though the doctor apparently rallied yesterday and seemed stronger and more energetic the opinion of the regular physicians remained unshaken that each day brings him nearer a disastrous end. The examinations made by Dr. Miller last night showed significant results. The temperature was 98°, one-half degree below normal; the respiration was 15, the normal being 18; while the pulse was 107, the normal pulse being about 80. These results, coupled with the fact that Dr. Tanner complained frequently of cold and was covered with blankets, decided Dr. Miller that an unfavorable reaction was taking place. While admitting that Dr. Tanner had seemed brighter and better during the day, he thought last night that he was more badly off than before, and that a change for the worse might be rapidly approaching.

Annoyances seem to multiply for the unfortunate hungry man. Visitors swarm around him and insist upon penetrating to the gallery and approaching the cot as closely as possible. Yesterday afternoon about 5 o'clock a strong smell was wafted upward. It came from the boarding house kitchen in the rear of the hall. The doctor tossed and turned and finally broke out into half smothered imprecations. It was evident that the smell of boarding house food had no charms for him.

From 10 to 11:30 on Sunday night the doctor slept quietly without moaning or seeming to be disturbed by bad dreams. He woke in time to hear a discussion among his watchers as to the possibility of food being handed to him through the window, and the chance of his falling out of it. He replied by asking the watchers to stand on either side of his bed, and assuring them that he was perfectly conscious of what he was doing. Later he fell asleep again and waking called for more blankets. At 5 a. m. he asked to have his clothes examined, as he wished to dress. He looked over the morning papers, and then asked to take a walk. At 6 a. m. he started out, accompanied by his watchers, and strolled through Union-square. He seemed to enjoy this exceedingly, and as the hour was so early he attracted little or no attention from passers-by. The doctor was weighed, and his weight proved to be 133 pounds. As he weighed 157½ pounds at the beginning, this shows a loss of 24½ pounds in less than fourteen days, giving an average loss each day of 1⁸⁄₇ pounds. Returning to the hall, his calls for water and ice grew more frequent. He looked over his morning mail, which was carefully inspected, and received a bouquet of flowers which was presented by Miss Linda Gilbert. The doctor for a long time lay flat on his stomach, a favorite position of his, with his eyes nearly closed, apparently drowsing. Afterwards he conversed with Miss Gilbert on the benefits that will accrue to science from his experiment. Later he received a visit from a friend from Ohio. One of the watchers read him a letter challenging him to a fasting match with Mr. Polk, of Baltimore, to which the doctor replied that he supposed he was in for whatever was to follow. The challenge was as follows:

"After you have recuperated from your present task the friends of Mr. Lucius Polk will make a match for fifteen days' fasting, for $500 a side, pay or play, the men to weigh at commencement of match, and the one who loses the most pounds in weight at the end of the match to lose. We can procure a hall here suitable for the match; and of the admission charge, 75 per cent go to the winner and 25 per cent to the loser. A number of competent physicians have volunteered to serve. Justice and fairness will be shown you at all hazards. Mr. Polk is a resident of this city, and will put up his own money which he has accumulated by such matches as long distances and swimming."

At 2 p. m. Dr. Tanner was sleeping in the gallery, his color appearing normal and his temperature not unusually high. Some women played and sang for him a little later, and he sat up on his cot and enthusiastically applauded. Soon after, Dr. Hull, whose murdered wife will probably be avenged soon by the hanging of Chastine Cox, called on the faster.

One physician, who watched the doctor through the afternoon, said that he found no evidence whatever of mental disorder or aberration, nor even of physical disturbance. But this opinion was at variance with that of Dr. Maurice N. Mills, who was on watch from 5 to 8 p. m. The temperature, pulse and respiration were abnormal. Dr. Tanner for three hours did not ask for water to rinse his throat. He complained of cold and was covered with a coat and two thicknesses of blanket. He seemed drowsy and sluggish, and much less inclined to talk than usual. He roused himself once, about 8:30, to be exhibited to the visitors. He sat upon his cot huddled up in a heap. His face rested upon his hands and his elbows were placed upon his knees. A huge white blanket was thrown over his shoulders, above which his gray hairs stood stiffly up. His cavernous eyes fixed themselves intently on the motley throng below him, and the morbid curious crowd stared eagerly up at him. By 9:30 the visitors had departed. The doctor retired to his cot at the window, stretched himself on his back with his knees raised and tried to sleep.

The regular physicians on watch yesterday were Drs. Hoeber, Badham, J. J. Goodman, Westcott and Miller. The eclectic physicians were as follows: Drs. Kunze, Briggs, Gunn, Griswold, Price, Kinne, Plunkett, Reiley, Wright, Egan, Brash and Wilder.

Dr. Tanner's mail was unusually varied. Yesterday a person signing himself Professor McFudd sent this card:

Et's my opinyon that Elijah was fed be ravens. An Dr. Tanner is fed be ducks, *i. e.*, lame ducks of the medical profession called "quacks," for, be heavens, meself don't see the name of a square docthor among the whole pack.

The following extract is taken from a letter signed Edwin D. Babbitt:

Heroic soul! You are waging a battle in illustration of a great scientific principle. A Napoleon or Cæsar could conquer millions, but you can even conquer appetite.

The letter went on at length to inform Dr. Tanner that he had mastered the "psychical forces" and could sway the world.

The evolutionist of Madison Square has roused into fresh activity. Several nearly illegible postal cards were received from him yesterday, of which the following are samples:

CITIZEN DR. TANNER: Psychology sees breakers ahead! Your cold and hot changes are bad symptoms! As thermometer approaches blood heat, 98°, you'll become more restless. Nausea foreshadows dissolution! Stop to-day and live, or go on to suicide! The Liverpool steamship lived thirteen days *sans* food and fresh air, but died on landing. Everett says he went ten days on water, lecturing six in Boston during fast. But your nervous wear and tear destroys virility. Your honest tears (at Bradley outrage) are sad as poor Pelton's funeral. The hundred thousand volumes medical books and pamphlets in the National Medical Society's Library contain no such record as your fast. No wonder Winter clothes swelter you. Mine weigh one pound (China grass cloth and Irish linen). Sleep eight hours *sans* night-shirt next open window; all night air bath added to fifteen hours in M. S.! Talk of walking matches! Get up a sitting match and my bench discounts world! Should you have lockjaw bathe in milk twice daily! I can fast a year by absorption through seven million pores! Your fast was life-saving instinct that prevented apoplexy! Chinese opium-eaters live weeks without food. They become skeletons as you will *sans* water. G. F. T.

THE DEATH GORGE.

CITIZEN DR. TANNER: My senses from (abstinence and continence) are so acute no sleuth hound so scents danger to self. Your fast eclipses miracles! But my diet organizes happiness. You fret and curse. I loaf and laugh. Extremes from gorging and fasting kill life as friction destroys machinery.

If you can fast forty days, why not eighty days? Matthew thought population would exhaust food rather than food starve population. Why live on sweat! Why enslave one's life in manual labor to fill up a stomach's want? Man works to gorge, disease and kill himself. His morbid stomach mortgages labor. It forecloses its usury of treadmill sweat to stuff stomach with beef and beer. Animals, like men, gorge themselves to death. Hence self-preservation is not nature's law. Abernathy's hygene was live on a sixpence a day and earn it. G. F. T.

Another card tantalizes the doctor as follows:

Keep up your courage, doctor; provisions will be down in forty days. You are made of good metal. It would have saved thousands if the people in Ireland were made of the same. But between you and me, doctor, don't you find a porterhouse steak more palatable than air? Does your heart ever yearn for one? Your stomach, I suppose, would turn up its nose at one. "GOURMAND."

OBITUARY.

JOSEPH R. CHANDLER

PHILADELPHIA, July 11.—The Hon. Joseph R. Chandler died last night at his residence in this city.

Mr. Chandler was born at Kingston, Mass., in 1792. He received a liberal education, and was admitted to the bar. He practised law at Philadelphia, and for many years was editor of *The United States Gazette*, which was afterward consolidated with *The North American*. He was at one time Grand Master of the Freemasons of Pennsylvania. He was elected to the XXXIst, XXXIId and XXXIIId Congress as a Whig, serving from 1840 to 1855. He advocated the election of President Buchanan, by whom he was appointed as Minister to the Two Sicilies in 1858. He returned home in 1860, and for some time was editor of *The Philadelphia North American*. Mr. Chandler was a writer of no ordinary merit, and as an editor he wrote many miscellaneous essays which attracted general attention. He published "A Grammar of the English Language" (1821), and several addresses delivered at Masonic and literary gatherings.

GENERAL NELSON SHAURMAN.

Nelson Shaurman, an officer in the Union Army in the late war and a Republican politician in Brooklyn, died at his residence in that city, No. 429 Henry-st., Sunday evening, at the age of sixty years. He was a carpenter in early life, and afterward joined the police force in Brooklyn, rising to the position of Captain. At the outbreak of the war he was superintendent of the Union Ferry Company. He entered the army as a private in the 13th Regiment, enlisting as a three-months' man. He went to the front again as captain of the 90th Regiment, and by brave and meritorious services became Brigadier-General in 1864. He served with distinction in the battles of Port Hudson and Cedar Creek, in both of which he was wounded, and in Sheridan's brilliant campaign in the Shenandoah Valley. At the close of the war General Shaurman reorganized the Department of Ocknulgee, Georgia. Upon his return to Brooklyn he became active in local politics, and was elected City Auditor on the Republican ticket. During the past three years he has been an excise inspector, and was attending to his work on Saturday. It is thought that the intense heat caused his sudden death. The funeral will be attended this afternoon at 4 o'clock, and the burial will be at Greenwood to-morrow.

ORLANDO BENNET.

Captain Orlando Bennet died on Saturday at his home at Bellport, L. I., at the age of sixty-two. He came to New-York from Ithaca in 1838, with his father, Phineas Bennet, a well-known inventor. Subsequently father and son engaged in recovering valuable cargoes which for years had lain in the bottoms of wrecked ships. This was the beginning of what afterward became an important business. Captain Bennet continued the business until about 1863. During this time he accomplished many difficult operations. He was connected in this business at various times with Captain William Boardman, Captain Thomas Bell, and Messrs. Johnson & Higgins. In connection with Messrs. Johnson & Higgins, during the late war, Captain Bennet contracted to remove ships, sunken monitors, and other obstructions from the channels and harbors of Charleston and Savannah. In this he was successful, reopening the latter port to navigation and admitting supplies to Sherman's army after its march to the sea.

S. A. MIDDLEBROOK.

Stephen Allen Middlebrook, a well-known resident of the Eastern District of Brooklyn, died at his home, No. 162 Ross-st., Sunday morning. He was born in New-York in 1830, and was a grandson of Stephen Allen, at one time Mayor of New-York and member of Congress. Mr. Middlebrook was engaged in a number of business operations, included in which were the Manhattan Brass Company, whose extensive works are in Twenty-sixth-st., opposite Bellevue Hospital, and the Erie Cable Towing Company. His funeral will be attended this afternoon at the Ross Street Presbyterian Church, of which Mr. Middlebrook was a trustee. He leaves a wife and three children. The interment will be at the Cemetery of the Evergreens to-morrow.

THE REV. DR. S. L. YOURTEE.

CINCINNATI, July 11.—The Rev. Dr. S. L. Yourtee, a minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church died suddenly of heart disease last night, at his residence in Delaware, Ohio.

LEGISLATION IN BROOKLYN.

THE ALDERMEN TALK MUCH BEFORE GOING AWAY FOR VACATION—THE ELEVATED RAILROAD.

The Brooklyn Board of Aldermen met yesterday for the last time before the Summer vacation. There was a long session, but much of it was occupied in discussion which only obstructed business. The Mayor, Corporation Counsel and Commissioner of City Works sent a communication in reference to street cleaning. It recommended that the Board annul the existing contracts where the work had not been properly done, leaving to the contractors the privilege of presenting claims for work properly done. The communication then advised that the Department of City Works be authorized to advertise for proposals for new contracts under new specifications, so as to bring about a proper performance of the work, and proposed a series of resolutions providing for this, and empowering the Commissioner of City Works to have the ashes removed and streets cleaned pending the contracts.

After long discussion and efforts on the part of thirteen Aldermen to have their wards excepted in the annulling of contracts, the Board passed a substitute for these resolutions, empowering Commissioner French to annul contracts and to pay contractors according to his judgment. A resolution directing the removal of telegraph wires from the roof of the City Hall within twenty days was passed. Alderman Roberts, of the Twentieth Ward, offered a resolution directing the Long Island Railroad to remove the iron fence from each side of the track of the steam surface road in Atlantic-ave.; it was referred to the Law Committee after the inquiry had been raised as to the right of the Board to give the road permission in the first place for the erection of the fences.

The Railroad Committee reported in regard to the new elevated railroad company which applied for permission to build in Furman-st., at the rear of the fine residences on Columbia Heights, that the route had been changed, making the terminus at the ferry at the foot of Atlantic-ave., instead of at the foot of Fulton-st. The route from this terminus to Hamilton Ferry is laid out through Atlantic-ave., Columbia-st., and Sedgwick-st., thence to a point near Van Brunt-st., and through private property, and through Sackett and Union-sts., to Hamilton Ferry. The Brooklyn and Atlantic Beach Railroad Company, as lessee of the Brooklyn Central and Coney Island Railroad Company, was substituted in the report. The company agrees to pay 2 per cent of its gross receipts into the city treasury, and that the fare shall not exceed 6 cents. After discussion the report was adopted by a vote of 13 to 6, as follows:

Affirmative: Dwyer, McCarthy, Stewart, O'Connell, Ray, Doyle, Smith, Schmidt, Waters, Powers, Roberts, Kelly, Bowers.

Negative: Dimon, Black, Kane, Graham, Fritz, Seaman.

The Board adjourned at 7:30 p. m., to meet on the first Thursday in August.

CHANGES IN WISCONSIN COUNTIES.

CHICAGO, July 12.—The Wisconsin census returns show that some of the counties have decreased in population since 1870. Jefferson County has a population of 32,137 for 1880 against 34,040 for 1870. Dodge County has 44,122—about 4,000 less than in 1870.

AN OHIO BOND FORGER SENTENCED.

CINCINNATI, July 12.—Samuel P. Bowels, ex-County Engineer, who was convicted last week of forging County bonds, was to-day sentenced by Judge Burnet to serve a term of ten years in the penitentiary. The sentence was suspended for sixty days to allow an application for a writ of error.

GEN. GARFIELD IN COLLEGE.

TWO BUSY YEARS AT WILLIAMS.

HIS LOVE OF BOOKS—READING SHAKESPEARE, TENNYSON, SCOTT, AND COOPER—HIS APTITUDE FOR HIS STUDIES—TEACHING WRITING-SCHOOL IN VACATIONS—AN INCIDENT OF THE CHICAGO CONVENTION—HIS FIRST POLITICAL SPEECH.

[FROM A STAFF CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.]

MENTOR, Ohio, July 9.—When Garfield reached Williams College, in June 1854, he had about $300 which he had saved while teaching in the Hiram school. With this money he hoped to manage to get through a year. A few weeks remained of the closing school year, and he attended the recitations of the Sophomore class in order to get familiar with the methods of the professors before testing his ability to pass the examinations for the Junior year. He had a keen sense of his want of the advantages of society and general culture which the students with whom he came in contact had enjoyed all their lives, but his homely manners and Western garb did not subject him to any slights or mortifications. The spirit of the college was generous and manly. No student was estimated by the clothes he wore; no one was snubbed because he was poor. The intellectual force, originality and immense powers of study possessed by the new comer from Ohio were soon recognized by his classmates, and he was shown as much respect, cordiality and companionship as if he had been the son of a millionaire. The beauty of the scenery around Mechanicsville made a strong impression upon his fancy. He had never seen mountains before. The spurs of the Green Hills which reach down from Vermont and inclose the little college town in their arms were to the young man from the monotonous landscapes of the Western Reserve a wonderful revelation of grandeur and beauty. He climbed Greylock and explored all the glens and valleys of the neighborhood.

The examination for entering the Junior class was passed without trouble. Although self-taught save for the help of his friend and companion in his studies, Miss Booth, his knowledge of the books prescribed was thorough. A long Summer vacation followed his examination, and this time he employed in the college library, the first large collection of books he had ever seen. His absorption in the double work of teaching and fitting himself for college had hitherto left him little time for general reading, and the library opened a new world of profit and delight. He had never read a line of Shakespeare save a few extracts in the school reading-books. From the whole range of fiction he had voluntarily shut himself off at eighteen, when he joined the church, having serious views of the business of life, and imbibing the notion then almost universal among religious people in the country districts of the West that novel reading was a waste of time, and therefore a sinful, worldly sort of intellectual amusement. When turned loose in the college library with weeks of leisure to range at will over its shelves he began with Shakespeare, which he read through from cover to cover. Then he went to English history and poetry. Of the poets Tennyson pleased him best, which is not to be wondered at, for the influence of the Laureate was then at its height. He learned whole poems by heart and can repeat them now.

READING NOVELS FOR REST.

After he had been six or eight months at college, and had devoured an immense amount of serious reading, he began to suffer from intellectual dyspepsia. He found his mind was not assimilating what he read, and would often refuse to be held down to the printed page. Then he revised his notions about books of fiction and concluded that romance is as valuable a part of intellectual food as salad of a dinner. He prescribed for himself one novel a month, and on this medicine his mind speedily recuperated and got back all its old elasticity. Cooper's Leatherstocking Tales were the first novels he read, and afterwards Walter Scott. An English classmate introduced him to the works of Dickens and Thackeray. He formed a habit in those days of making notes while he read of everything he did not clearly understand, such as historical references, mythological allusions, technical terms etc. These notes he would take time to look up afterwards in the library, so as to leave nothing obscure in his mind concerning the books he read. The thoroughness he displayed in his work in after life was thus begun at that early period, and applied to every subject he took hold of. The ground his mind traversed he carefully cleared and ploughed before leaving it for fresh fields.

Garfield studied Latin and Greek, and took up German as an elective study. One year at Williams completed his classical studies, on which he was far advanced before he came to Williams. German he carried on successfully until he could read Goethe and Schiller readily and acquired considerable fluency in the conversational use of the language. He entered with zeal into the literary work of the school, joined the Philologian Society, was a vigorous debater, and in his last year was one of the editors of *The Williams Quarterly*, a college periodical of a high order of merit. To this magazine he was a frequent contributor in prose, and once wrote a poem. The influence of the mind and character of Dr. Hopkins was powerfully felt in shaping the direction of his thought and his views of life. He often says that the good President rose like a sun before him, and enlightened his whole mental and moral nature. His preaching and teaching were a constant inspiration to the young Ohio student, and he became the centre of his college life—the object of his reverence and hero-worship.

At the end of the Fall term of 1854 came a Winter vacation of two months, which Garfield employed in teaching a writing-school at North Pownall, Vermont. He wrote a bold, handsome, legible hand, not at all like that in vogue nowadays in the systems taught in the commercial colleges, but a hand that was strongly individual and was the envy of the boys and girls who tried to imitate it in his Vermont class. It is said that a year or two before Garfield taught his writing-class in the North Pownall school-house Chester A. Arthur kept the district school in the same building.

At the end of the school year in June, Garfield went back to Ohio and visited his mother, who was then living with a daughter in Solon. His money was exhausted, and he had to adopt one of two plans, either to borrow enough to take him through to graduation at the end of the next year, or to go to teaching in order to earn the money, and thus break the continuity of his college course. He then hit upon the plan of insuring his life, and assigning the policy as security for a loan. His brother Thomas undertook to furnish the funds in instalments, but becoming embarrassed was not able to do so, and a neighbor, Dr. Robinson, assumed the obligation. Garfield gave his notes for the loan, and regarded the transaction as on a fair business basis, knowing that if he lived he would repay the money and that if he died his creditor would be secure.

A TURNING-POINT IN HIS CAREER.

His second Winter vacation Garfield spent in Poestenkill, New-York, a country neighborhood about six miles from Troy, where a Disciple minister from Ohio named Streeter was preaching, and where he soon organized a writing-school to employ his time and bring him in a little money. Occasionally Garfield preached in his friend's church. During a visit to Troy he became acquainted with the teachers and directors of the public schools of that city, and was one day surprised by the offer of a position in them at a salary far beyond his expectations of what he could earn after his graduation and return to Ohio. It was a turning-point in his life. If he accepted he could soon pay his debts, marry the girl to whom he was engaged, and live a life of comfort in an attractive Eastern city; but he could not finish his college course, and he would have to sever the ties with friends in Ohio and with the struggling school at Hiram, to which he was deeply attached. Had he taken the position his whole susbsequent career would no doubt have been different. While in church at Chicago just before the nomination last June he recognized in the congregation the man who made him the offer in Troy. The two had not met since that time. "Do you remember what you said on that occasion?" asked his old friend. "No; I cannot recall the conversation." "We were walking on a hill called Mount Olympus when I made you my proposition. After a few moments silence you said: 'You are not Satan, and I am not Jesus, but we are upon a mountain and you have tempted me powerfully. I think I must say, get thee behind me. I am poor, and the salary would soon pay my debts and place me in a position of independence; but there are two objections. I could not accomplish my resolution to complete a college course and should be crippled intellectually for life. Then my roots are all fixed in Ohio, where people know me and I know them, and this transplanting might not succeed as well in the long run as to go back home and work for smaller pay.'"

Study at Williams was easy for Garfield. He had been used to much harder work at Hiram, where he had crowded a six years' course into three, and taught at the same time. Now he had the stimulus of a large class, an advantage he had never enjoyed before. His lessons were always perfectly learned and he found a good deal of time for courses of reading that involved as much brainwork as the college text-books.

HIS VIEWS OF THE THEN EXISTING PARTIES.

During his last term at Williams he made his first political speech, an address before a meeting gathered in one of the class-rooms to support the nomination of John C. Fremont. Although he had passed his majority nearly four years before, he had never voted. The old parties did not interest him; he believed them both corrupted with the sin of slavery; but when a new party arose to combat the designs of the Slave Power it entisted his earnest sympathies. His mind was free from all bias concerning the parties and statesmen of the past, and could equally admire Clay or Jackson, Webster or Benton. He is the first man nominated for the Presidency whose political convictions and activities began with the birth of the Republican party.

He graduated August, 1856, with a class honor established by President Hopkins and highly esteemed in the college—that of Metaphysics—reading an essay on "The Seen and the Unseen." It is singular how at different times in the course of his education he was thought to have a special aptitude for some single line of intellectual work, and how at a later period his talents seemed to lay just as strongly in some other line. At one time it was mathematics, at another the classics, at another rhetoric, and finally he excelled in metaphysics. The truth was that he had a remarkably vigorous and well-rounded brain, capable of doing effective work in any direction his will might dictate. The class of 1856 contained among its 42 members a number of men who have since won distinction. Three became general officers in the volunteer army during the rebellion—Garfield, Daviess and Thompson. Two, Bolter and Shattuck, were captains, and were killed in battle; Eldridge, who now lives in Chicago, was a colonel; so was Ferris Jacobs, of Delhi, N. Y. Rockwell is a quartermaster in the regular army. Gilmilan is Treasurer of the United States. Hill was Assistant Attorney-General and is now a lawyer in Boston. Knox is a leading lawyer in New-York. Newcombe is a professor in the New-York University of New-York. In the class ahead of Garfield was Hitchcock, lately Senator from Nebraska, and Ingalls, now a Senator from Kansas. To furnish two United States Senators from one class and a Senator-elect and Presidential nominee from the next following class, is an honor which has probably never before fallen to any college. Ingalls was the poet of the school in his day, and many of his associates believed him destined to take rank in the future close up to Tennyson. Many years later, after he came to the Senate, Garfield met him at a dinner party and brought the blushes to the Kansas statesman's face by reciting from memory two or three of his college productions. E. V. S.

THE SPEECH WHICH WEBSTER DID NOT DELIVER.

Oliver Johnson in The Independent.

In the Spring of 1851, the late Hon. Joshua R. Giddings had a public reception in Salem, Ohio, where I was then engaged in editing *The Anti-Slavery Bugle*. During his stay in the place, I had with him several private interviews, in which he told me the whole story of the great conflict of 1850 in Congress. He said that while the "Omnibus bill," so called, embodying the compromises introduced by Mr. Clay, was pending in the Senate, there was very intense anxiety among anti-slavery men as to the course which Mr. Webster might take. It was generally believed and admitted that the success or failure of the contemplated measures depended upon his action in the premises. There were strong hopes that he would take his stand upon the side of freedom, but equally strong fears that he would go the other way; and the anti-slavery men were impelled to consider whether they could bring to bear upon him any influence to control his decision. "In this state of affairs," said Mr. Giddings, "I was greatly delighted on receiving from Mr. George Ashmun, of Springfield, Mass., an extensive and carefully prepared brief, in Mr. Webster's own handwriting, of a speech which he (Mr. W.) proposed to make upon the pending compromises. Mr. Ashmun put it into my hands under an injunction of secrecy, asking me to examine it carefully, and to give Mr. Webster the benefit of my opinion as to the character of the speech, and especially to tell him whether, if the skeleton should be filled out according to the principles laid down in it, and the speech delivered in the Senate, it would satisfy the anti-slavery sentiment of the North. You can imagine," continued Mr. Giddings, "how eagerly I examined that brief from the beginning to the end, and how delighted I was to find that it was all I could ask or desire. I returned it, with a note expressing my great satisfaction, and suggesting to Mr. Webster how he might strengthen his argument by some historic references which did not appear to have occurred to him. After this, when I met my anti-slavery associates, and heard them express their anxiety as to the course Mr. Webster would take, I could only say: 'Never fear. I believe he will speak on the side of freedom.' Of course, I could give no hint of the secret that had been confided to me; but I was thoroughly happy in the assurance that henceforth Mr. Webster's influence would be cast in opposition to the schemes of the slave power. Time went on, and the air was still filled with contradictory rumors concerning Mr. Webster's purposes. I felt that I knew what he would do; and, therefore, my mind was undisturbed. I could not believe that at the last moment he would espouse the wrong side, and turn his back, not only upon himself, but upon New-England and her glorious traditions. But, in spite of my confidence, evil rumors were flying all about. I was told that leading men on the pro-slavery side were laboring with him night and day, and trying to persuade him to yield to their wishes. It was not, however, until a day or two before the 7th of March that I felt any anxiety on the subject; but then the story of his defection reached me from so many quarters that I began to fear the worst. At length the dreadful day arrived, and the great statesman of New-England bowed his neck to receive the yoke which the slaveholders and their minions had prepared for it."

Mr. Giddings went on to tell me by what arguments Mr. Webster, as it was understood, had been persuaded to take the awful plunge. The story was, in substance, this: In the onset upon him Whigs and Democrats joined forces. Senator Foote, of Mississippi, it was said, was prominent among those who spoke for the Democrats. They tempted him by appeals to his ambition to become President. "See!" they said. "You have no chance on the anti-slavery side. President Taylor is in the hands of Seward, and will have the Whig nomination in 1852. But, if you support the compromises, your influence will carry them through, and they will create a wave of popular sentiment that will float you into the White House over all opposition." Senator Foote it is reported, had assured him that every Democratic candidate would stand out of the way for him. "You are an old man!" they said. "You have been seeking the Presidency a long time. If you do not reach the object of your ambition now, you never will."

Of course, I do not repeat this as authentic history, but only as one of the substances of reports current at the time, inherently probable and widely believed. They are certainly plausible and perfectly consistent with the events that followed. Even Mr. Webster's biographers concede that his heart was set upon being President, and that he relied upon his popularity as the foremost champion of the compromise measures to secure his nomination and election. The bitterness of his disappointment when, in the Whig National Convention of 1852, not a single one of the Southern delegates voted for him, while the nomination went, by a large majority, to General Scott, is not a matter of conjecture. Peter Harvey, who went directly from the Convention, in Baltimore, to Mr. Webster's house in Washington, tells us that the latter met him "with an expression of grief," Rufus Choate went also to Mr. Webster's house on the same occasion, and "spoke of the interview," says Mr. Harvey, "as one of the most affecting he had ever had." He said that the appearance of the family and everything about the house seemed to remind him of scenes that he had witnessed in families which had lost a beloved member. "And that sad meal," added he, "which we partook of with Mr. and Mrs. Webster that night reminded me strongly of the first meal after the return from the grave, when the full force of the bereavement seems to be realized. It was too deep an emotion for utterance." Even Mr. Clay advised the Southern delegates to go for Fillmore. "And this," said Mr. Webster, "wounded me very much." And, of course, after his Whig friends cast him down, the Democrats forgot all their promises to support him, and Mr. Webster was reduced to the pitiable position of a follower of Franklin Pierce. It was a sad spectacle, indeed, which those who admired his giant intellect could only contemplate with grief and shame.

And yet it is only just to say that Mr. Webster was but the embodiment and representative of the statesmanship of his time. He did not love slavery. He was demoralized, as the whole Nation was for more than two generations, by the assumed necessity of supporting a Constitution that embodied the guarantees of slavery, which were afterward wiped out in blood. If he had lived to witness the outbreak of the Rebellion, no doubt he would have redeemed his name from the blot that now rests upon it.

COUNTERFEITERS' PLATES FOUND.

BOSTON, July 12.—Recently a young man named George L. Richardson was arrested at Hanson, Mass., on a charge of counterfeiting. George Lefurgy, another alleged counterfeiter, was caught in St. John a few weeks ago. From information obtained of these men the officers have searched the woods in Hanson, and have unearthed a tin box containing the plates on which the $10 bills on the Merchants' Bank, of St. John, were printed. The officers have not completed their work on the case, and further developments may be looked for. The gang has been thoroughly broken up, and the officers may yet be able to get possession of additional evidence of crime.

A DISTRICT TELEGRAPH CONVENTION.

BALTIMORE, July 12.—The third annual meeting of the Association of American District Telegraph Companies was held in this city to-day. Vice-president H. W. Pope, of New-York, presided. A resolution, offered by W. C. Stewart, of Philadelphia, that the officers of this association be empowered to negotiate with the proposed Convention of telephone companies with a view to forming a general association in the interest of both enterprises, was unanimously adopted. An informal discussion took place on the best method of combining in one association the district and telephone interests of the country.

The officers for the ensuing year were elected, as follows: J. C. Hall, of Cincinnati, president; George F. West, of Baltimore, vice-president; W. C. Stewart, of Philadelphia, recording and corresponding secretary. The Convention adjourned till 10 a. m. to-morrow.

REMOVING DEAD ANIMALS.

HOW THE WORK IS DONE.

THE RECENT ACCUMULATION OF DEAD DOGS AT THE POUND—DETAILS OF THE OFFAL CONTRACTOR'S DUTIES.

One of the incidents of the hot season is an extraordinary mortality among animals in this city. Horses, dogs, cats, goats and other animals die in the streets, and the removal of them taxes the men who do the work of the offal contractor beyond their powers. At most such seemed to be the case in the state of affairs which occasioned the complaint of Dr. Holwell, steward of the Receiving Hospital, at the foot of East Sixteenth-st., who reported at Police Headquarters that 300 dogs which were drowned at the pound Saturday morning were left there over night. In order to investigate the causes of this delay, and to obtain some idea of the working of this department of the city's sanitary management, a reporter of THE TRIBUNE yesterday called upon several persons connected therewith.

Going first to the offices of the Board of Health the reporter had a talk with Dr. Jaynes, who said: "The contract for the removal of offal was awarded by the Board of Health to Andrew White, of No. 41 Peck-slip. The contract is given for a term of years, and is subject to the approval of the Controller. Every Summer, when we have a protracted season of excessive heat, many animals fall victims to the force of the sun's rays. Of course, this makes more work for the persons in charge of such matters. There is always a number of complaints made. But we have had no more this Summer than usual. As soon as a complaint is made to us by letter or otherwise we send it down to the Police Headquarters, and they telegraph it to the office of the contractor."

Mr. Dickinson, who was in charge of the telegraph-room at Police Headquarters, was next visited.

"How many notices for the removal of animals do you receive a day?" he was asked.

"Well, on Sunday twenty-five messages were received. That was a very light day. On Saturday we had forty-seven. To-day up to 3 o'clock there have been twenty-five. Some messages cover three or four animals. These reports are telegraphed at once to the offal dock and the animals are removed forthwith."

"I drowns twice or three times a week," said Mr. McMahon, superintendent of the dog pound. "I am done drowning at 12 o'clock. The carcasses are removed by half-past 3. It is true that 300 dogs remained after the drowning over Saturday night. There was a mistake in sending the telegram to the contractor. It never happened before. When I got here Sunday morning I said, 'Gracious! the dogs are here still!' I sent another message immediately, and they came for the dogs. The rule is that I should drown every 48 hours, but I takes 80 or 90 at a time, and three times a week will do."

The reporter approached the Receiving Hospital, near the pound, circumspectly.

"Have you any smallpox cases in the house?" he asked of Dr. Howell, steward of the hospital.

"No."

"Well, then, I wish to hear what you have to say about the pound," said the reporter.

"Well, the stench Saturday night was something terrible from all those 300 carcasses. But it never happened before, at least not this year. It was the fault of the contractor, I suppose. Some say they have not men enough for the work. Perhaps it made a difference as it was Sunday. The smell was so bad that the only patient I had in the hospital ran away. He was suffering from chickenpox. He was a Hungarian, but he took French leave when I was out. I could not blame him. He left nothing but a shirt behind. I was going to discharge him to-day, so it did not make much difference."

A hurried trip was made to the office of the offal contractor, on the pier at the foot of West Thirty-eighth-st. Mr. Murphy, who was in charge of the telegraph instruments, made the following statement:

"We had 50,000 notices for dead animals last year. This year we have had a great many calls, particularly since it has been so very hot. The number of dead animals removed from the public streets and the pound during the month of June was 3,605. Of these 2,065 were dogs, 1,000 coming from the pound, 446 horses, and other animals in smaller numbers. As a rule, we are very prompt. There was some misunderstanding about the recent difficulty at the pound. Such a thing would not happen once in ten years. We send our steamer around to the pound every time they report. The truth of the matter is that the boat was at Barren Island Saturday. We sent a message there by telephone, but by some mistake the captain was not informed. Our record for July has been very large indeed, but I cannot give the exact figures until the end of the month."

THE ORANGEMEN AFLOAT.

SEVENTH ANNUAL EXCURSION—PLEASANT RIDE UP THE RIVER—INCIDENTS OF THE PASSAGE.

The Orangemen of New-York and Brooklyn, who participated in the excursion to Oscawana Island yesterday, had a delightful day on the Hudson. The occasion was the seventh annual excursion picnic of the Order of Orangemen, which took place on the steamer Long Branch and barges, up the river forty miles and return. The commodious craft left the foot of Fulton-st., Brooklyn, at 9 a. m., and rounding the Battery point, proceeded up the North River to the foot of Twenty-fifth-st., where the barges Merchant and T. C. Durant were taken in tow. A second halt was made at One-hundred-and-twenty-fifth-st., where the final complement of passengers was secured, and then with about 2,000 pleasure-seekers on board the steamer sailed for her destination.

The day was little short of a perfect one. The July heat was acceptably tempered by a strong wind sufficiently laden with Atlantic salt to be bracing, and the sun's might was materially subdued by fleecy clouds which prevailed the greater part of the time, and as the stream was ascended the passengers amused themselves in various ways. They were composed principally of the laboring classes. Tired, care-worn looking women with their children about them, congregated on the main deck, crowding as closely to the railing as possible, where the pure, fresh, life-giving air quickly brought a healthier hue to their cheeks, and gave to their eyes a happy light little short of placid contentment. Their puny babes, too, were no less benefited by the change of scene and air, and the elder children roamed about the decks at will. The lads and lassies passed the time in the manner customary with young people; the men discussed the surroundings, topics of the day, or sought out the well-patronized refreshment counter. Many improved the occasion to renew acquaintances made on preceding excursions.

One kindly-faced matron of mature years, after recognizing and greeting with a hand-clasp and a kiss another woman, said, with a sigh: "I thought I knew you at first sight, but was not sure, as there are so many strangers here. When we made our first river picnic, seven years ago, I was known to and on speaking terms with every man and woman abo