white satin and silver gauze, and costing the modest sum of $1,400.

Dr. J. M. Carnochan has been appointed Surgeon-in-Chief to the State Emigrant Hospital, and has accepted the appointment. Dr. Carnochan is a popular physician, and his many friends will view this appointment with satisfaction.

Caroline, Duchess of Montrose, sent a winning horse to the recent Newmarket races and appeared there herself dressed in her racing color, a red costume and a red veil. After the race the Duchess went into the paddock to compliment her jockey and pat her horse St. Louis.

Mr. Artemas Hale, of Bridgewater, Mass., who cast his first vote for Jefferson in 1804, voted on his nineteenth Presidential ticket last Tuesday for General Garfield. Mr. Hale at ninety-seven years old is a cheerful and active man, with unimpaired mental faculties. He is the oldest living ex-member of Congress.

Baroness Lionel de Rothschild is exceedingly kind to penniless girls of the Hebrew faith. She has educated several who have made positions for themselves in the musical world. Mlle. Isidor who has just appeared as *Lucia* in London is a young English woman who has been educated and fitted for her profession by the Baroness.

Mr. Cyrus W. Field says that his journey around the world with his wife and son and daughter-in-law has no business significance. "I have wanted rest and quiet," he declares, "and the only way to secure that was to go away. Mine has been such a busy life that the time comes when I must have rest. To secure this I have resigned the control of many of the companies in which I was interested, and now I only desire to get completely away from business."

GENERAL NOTES.

The Baptist Weekly remarks with considerable solidity that the brethren who have been able to attend political meetings, gaze at torchlight processions and do considerable shouting besides, cannot consistently plead the risks of night air as an excuse for absence from prayer-meetings.

The stoppage of the German sales of demonetized silver has not increased the price of the metal, for bars are now quoted at about the same rates as at the end of May, 1879, when the Treasury officials at Berlin changed their policy. Not being able to get a better price for their silver, they are now thinking of resuming the sales and getting what they can for it. The Imperial Council has recommended this course. The Kaiser will do as he likes, for on financial questions he seldom takes advice.

In the city of Dublin there are 24,000 families, averaging five members, who are each living in a single room. The death rate of the city is 40 per 1,000, which is equivalent to 60 per 1,000 in the tenement-house districts. These two facts, the enormous number of families living in a single room and the high death rate, prove that the horrors and dangers of Irish distress have not been exaggerated. These families of five live on each in a single room depend for support on wages of from 10 to 17 English shillings a week.

Rapid transit has increased the opportunities for crowds as well as the facilities for sight-seeing on the mountain sides of Vesuvius. Signor Alcotti, the contractor for the Funicular Railway, was recently walking on the new road which leads from the observatory to the lower station, when three men suddenly seized him and carried him into a grotto. One of them held the muzzle of a pistol to his mouth, while another robbed him of his watch and chain and a portfolio containing $272. They then bound him hand and foot, threw him on the ground, covered his face with a handkerchief, and left him. Signor Alcotti, as soon as he was alone, shouted for help, and carabineers and some countrymen went to his rescue. Two of the thieves have been arrested.

A London journal has made the discovery that it is not gold that glitters in American farming. The trouble is not with the cross, but with the mortgages. The farmers of Illinois, for example, are asserted to be over head and ears in debt to shopkeepers while their land is heavily mortgaged; and the complaint is all the agricultural belts of the United States "is the same as in England, that large farms and great capital have rendered it impossible for middle-class and small farmers to pay their debts like honest men." It would be interesting to find out the sources of information on which such sweeping statements are based. Reference to an investigation instituted a few years back and to inquiries made of lawyers and bankers, who are thoroughly acquainted as agents of mortgagees, with the condition of the farmers' pockets," are too vague to be quoted as evidence of the decline of American prairie farming. All intelligent travellers familiar with the economic condition of the Western States know that the reverse is true—that the farmers have prospered beyond their expectations, that their land is not heavily mortgaged, that they have been and are paying their debts without straining their resources and that there is no struggle for existence on the fertile prairies of the West.

BITS OF CRITICISM.

THE AMERICAN NOVEL IN ENGLAND.—We know nothing of Mr. Aldrich's little story is well written, as are most of those which reach us from America. Either the bad novels stay at home or else the American average is bigger than ours.—[The Athenæum.

MR. BLACK'S WHITE WINGS.—This is, on the whole, a favorable example of what goes on all through the book, and after wading through chapter after chapter of fluid cut-glass and mingled with descriptions full of "spangles of purple," "leaden-lined ocean," and such-like similar phrases, no longer fresh, can anyone wonder that we heaved a sigh of relief when we reached the end? It is with very great pain that we are driven to pronounce this book unworthy of Mr. Black's reputation, for there can be no doubt of the fact. It displays a poverty of invention and spiritlessness in execution. To use a vulgarism, there is no "go" in the story, and the most charitable supposition one can make is that Mr. Black wrote it during an illness. The impression it leaves on the mind is precisely that it is the work of a weary man, lashing himself up to the performance of a hard task. We trust it may be long ere we again meet the author in circumstances so depressing.—[The Spectator.

MACAULAY REDIVIVUS.—The book has the one great and essential virtue; it is spirited and readable in the highest degree. Mr. Trevelyan never flags and never becomes prosy. He has given us a brilliant picture of one of the most entertaining periods in our history. A good deal has been written of late about the England of the eighteenth century; but we do not know where else to find so vivid and interesting an account of the years covered by Mr. Trevelyan's volume. There is only one writer upon this period with whom Mr. Trevelyan need fear to challenge a comparison, and that writer is the last of whom he could feel any jealousy. It is impossible indeed to read this book without being reminded of some of Lord Macaulay's famous essays. Some critics may perhaps be disposed to say that the resemblance goes a little too far. There are passages which give the odd shock of surprise with which we recognize a family resemblance in real life. The voice is so like that we look up expecting to see the face of an old friend. . . . Nor do we find fault with a resemblance so close as to be a literary curiosity. Imitators of Macaulay are—or were, for the race is dying out—detestable. They learned only to be jerky and to cram their sentences with bad antithesis and inept rhetoric. Mr. Trevelyan is no imitator; he is an assimilator. The resemblance does not suggest the servile copyist, but the favorite pupil in the school of a great painter. It is probably due to direct personal sympathy acting upon a mind already prepared by a certain degree of affinity. The imitator generally exaggerates the faults of the original—Mr. Trevelyan softens them; the mannerism is not so marked, while the vigor of style and the happy art of accumulating picturesque details and substituting concrete images for sweeping generalities have been successfully adopted.—[Pall Mall Gazette.

SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS.—Coleridge has spoken of the "condensation of thought" in these sonnets. Dyce of their profound thought," Archbishop Trench of their being "double-shotted with thought"; but, if we mistake not, the thing which gives to them their specific gravity is not what is usually understood by thought, but what may rather be described as intellectualized emotion—that is, the incarnation of pure emotion, which is itself too rare and attenuated an essence to be adequately and at the same time sustainedly expressed, in a body of symbol or situation which is supplied by the intellect. The simple pouring out of passion is apt to become tiresome to all save the lover and the beloved; but in reading Shakespeare's sonnets we are sensible of no loss of gusto; the last is as piquant as the first; this because the mere passion, which is in itself an ordinary thing—though the passion of a Titan must needs be Titanesque—is supplemented by the tremendous intellectual force which lies behind and beneath it, and bears it up as the foam-belt is borne on the bosom of the great sea.—[The Contemporary Review.

ANOTHER CRITICISM ON MACAULAY'S NEPHEW.—We may venture the opinion, perhaps, that Mr. Trevelyan might have found a better subject for his pen than one so hackneyed as the early life of Charles Fox; and, going even further, we recommend him to abstain from those tedious invectives against characters consigned to history which almost always impart to really vigorous composition the tone of the debating club. It is not given to every one to bend the bow of Lord Macaulay; and his nephew, though he was born with no small literary ability, is no exception to the rule. He may think little of our judgment; but we are persuaded that he would do well were he to learn to write a style more suited to his own powers, and to examine prejudices which he seems at present to have taken upon trust. He possesses many of the qualifications essential to success in literature, and, with a little less ambition, may attain to a considerable measure of it.—[St. James's Gazette.

IRVING'S FAME INCREASING.—The appearance of what may be termed an edition de luxe of the works of Washington Irving ought to take nobody by surprise. The "sketch Book" would alone suffice to give him a place among the greatest essayists of this century, and the least effective of his writings, the "Tales of a Traveller," has merits to which but few living writers could lay claim. His subjects are unambitiously chosen, but are lifted high above the region of the commonplace by poetic feeling, delicate humor, generous sympathies, and last, but above all, beauty and propriety of diction. He invariably appealed to the purest taste, and it is reassuring to observe, therefore, that in every English-speaking community his fame increases with lapse of time.—[The London Times.

FINE ARTS.

AN AMERICAN ARTIST'S WORK.

EXHIBITION OF OIL PAINTINGS AND WATER COLORS BY J. ROLLIN TILTON, OF ROME.

There is now on exhibition at the American Art Gallery, Madison-square, a collection of nineteen oil paintings and 109 water-color drawings by an American artist long resident in Rome, Mr. J. Rollin Tilton. Although he has been for seventeen years a self-elected exile from the country of his birth, Mr. Tilton has never, we believe, ceased to be an American in his feelings, and though it is long since he has visited his countrymen in their own land, he has, from the first, sought their suffrages, and appealed to their judgment on his works as they have been successively produced. He seeks them again to-day, and himself comes with them, and in the light of a city that, since he saw it, has been made all over new, shows us these pictures which set us back unchanged into the long past of at least thirty years; for, in this ever-shifting kaleidoscope of life in America, what a century of time is thirty years!

For, in fact, this is the American painting of thirty years ago, the painting of Cole, and Durand, and Cropsey, and the men whose work—respectable, but unimaginative and dull—laid the foundations on which we built a shrine for a goddess who never thought it worth her while to inhabit it. At home, it has passed by and is forgotten. Perhaps it is natural that its ghost should come from Rome—the land of ghosts—to visit us.

Mr. Tilton's subjects—and we purpose to speak only of his oil-paintings—are exclusively historical landscape, each of these nineteen pictures representing some famous place or city. There is no effort whatever at imaginative invention, or even at an imaginative treatment of the facts, in any given case. There is not even pretended any considerable effort at composition. The artist has chosen the most favorable point of view, and has proceeded with conscientious care to depict the scene before him with the faithfulness of an educated surveyor. If not everything is put in, not anything is left out that is essential to the historical completeness of the record. Whatever may be said as to the artistic results of this method, at least it is clear that the artist is sure of himself; he has a definite purpose, and he goes about it in a straightforward way. Doubtless, if one were so fortunate as to meet him in the presence of his own pictures, and to hear him talk about them, he would be found dilating upon their accuracy, upon the faithfulness with which all the facts are given, so that he who has never seen the places may be sure he sees them now, and he who has once seen them may revisit them again, and live over the fair vanished days. If no more than this accuracy went to make a picture, if the imaginative seeing of the eye were nothing, and man himself played no part in the scene he surveys, then Mr. Tilton would be a good, perhaps a great, artist. For no one who has seen any one of these places he has depicted can deny that he has told the story straight, that the reckoning runs right with all its items, and that, as the artist reads them to us, Truth stands by and checks them off with an approving pencil. But Art! what has she to say?

Is it not plain that if Mr. Tilton's theory, as read on his canvases, be the true one, the photographer is an artist, and that the power to be an artist even with brush and canvas is within the easy reach of anyone who will have patience? No doubt there are many people who think these things are so, and there are artists enough who paint as if they believed it, but we have only to ask how the men with world-wide established names treated the matter, to settle the question in our own minds.

In essentials, art and poetry are of course one. As has been said to weariness, they are only different methods of expression. As the artist paints the landscape, the poet sings it, and the man who insists on trying to do otherwise merely takes up the odds against himself, there can be but one verdict upon the result. Mr. Tilton has chosen the side of industrious portraiture, and in so far as he has been observant and faithful he has done lasting work in that field, but it is a thankless field at the best; the crop it yields is not laurels, but, in the most prosperous season only fair marketable corn. And if is not to raise corn that artists and poets came into this world. Their garner is the beauty that is in earth wherever they may find it, not to draw portraits tiresomely true, but in the humblest lineaments of nature—

"To see wide plains, fair trees and lawny slope;
The mern, the eve, the light, the shade, the flowers,
Clear streams, smooth lakes and overlooking towers."

The chief of Mr. Tilton's pictures here is "Rome from the Aventine." It is a work on which he has spent many years of conscientious labor, and it would indeed be strange if, with such a subject, and with such opportunities of long familiarity with the scene, there had not been produced a work worthy of respectful treatment for what has been accomplished in it. The view of the city is taken from a point which shows us the Tiber with its bridges, the dome of St. Peter's Church in the centre, while at the right is the Palatine Hill, with the ruins of the palaces of the Cæsars, and to the left, San Pietro in Montorio and the Janiculum. The view is a magnificent one, and Mr. Tilton has brought all its noblest features into a noble composition. We shall not wrong the artist by turning from this picture, confessedly his chief work, to the picture in the same room by Turner, of Conway Castle, and asking by what secret it is that Turner has made out of a subject he might have found anywhere—a simple hill of no great height, a stretch of smooth water and a wooded foreground—a picture full of sublimity and beauty, one that possesses as much at twenty feet as at six, with light and air and movement, while Rome lies, the mother of Nations, the most gloriously beautiful of cities, making a thousand appeals to all that is grandest, holiest and most venerable in our souls, is in Mr. Tilton's picture really nothing more than a geographical expression. However it finds us, it leaves us cold. As there is no poetry in the way the facts are treated, no life transfused into them, so there is no beauty in the execution, no color in the earthly scene, no light in the sky.

Let the reader look at No. 11, "Lake Avernus with Vesuvius and the Bay of Naples in the distance." Now Turner took this same scene and painted it, calling it "The Golden Bough." Without at all thinking of it, the writer, seeing Mr. Tilton's picture at a distance, at once recognized the general character of the building, and went up to it half expecting to see a copy of Turner's picture. Instead of this, he found only a carefully executed, photographic view of the actual scene, set down as in a note-book, learned and conned by rote, and of course it would have been ungrateful not to be glad to see a good view of the real place. But the gratitude was not so much for what Mr. Tilton has to tell us about Lake Avernus, as for his showing us what Turner could do in throwing over an enchanting landscape a veil of poetic interpretation and suggestion that carries the enchantment into a still loftier sphere.

What need to dwell upon Mr. Tilton's interpretation of other scenes? Egypt and Spain are here in grandest lineaments—the Pyramids, and Cairo, and the Nile, that "glides through old, hushed Egypt and its sands, like some grave mighty thought threading a dream," and the Parthenon, the Alhambra, and the theatre at Taormina, in Sicily, through the marble columns of whose stage the audience see ever saw Ætna's cone, and made another scene toward which the heart of the world goes out, and which the heart of the world never loses from its warm remembrance. Let us thank the patient artist for a pleasant hour of travel, and let us not be too ungratefully mindful that our guide has been much less a poet than a scholarly and learned man of the world.

Mr. Tilton's pictures will be on exhibition for several weeks, and will then, as we understand, go to Boston, to be shown there.

ART NOTES.

The Spaniards have just established an academy for art students in Rome, and the Germans are proposing to do likewise.

Thirty of Sir Walter Scott's heroes are to be realized in statuettes, for the purpose of peopling the thirty empty niches of the Edinburgh monument to the novelist. Six thousand dollars have been voted for the purpose, which is only $200 for each hero.

Many young ladies have joined the Kensington Art Wood Carving School, which has both day and evening classes. Most of the pupils find the school a pleasant way of occupying their time, but a good proportion of them work with a purpose.

Urbino, the birthplace of Raphael, intends to celebrate the 400th anniversary of the birth of the artist on March 28, 1883. The Italian Government has subscribed 50,000 francs toward a monument, and aid for the same object is expected from France.

To render the study of art truly valuable, said the Bishop of Exeter, recently, it should be continuous through life, for in this, as in politics and other pursuits, those only become great who sustain their studies throughout life, rendering the mind vigorous and subtle.

A chest of old drawings lately discovered in Yorkshire has been the source of a valuable addition to the British Department of Prints. There are a fine specimen of Filippino Lippi, a sketch in red chalk, attributed to Michael Angelo, two water-color drawings by Cuilp, and a spirited pen and ink sketch by Wouvermans.

Mr. McLean, the English sculptor, has borrowed the idea of his recent work from Mr. Alma Tadema's famous picture, "The Spring Festival." He has formed a group, to be done in bronze, from the two dancing priestesses, who fill the foreground of the picture. They are lightly draped, have garlands of anemones in their hair, and are turning sportively to one another and playing upon tambourines.

The latest published etching of Mr. Seymour Hoden is an attempt out of the pure line, his usual manner, and a venture in the manner of Turner's "Liber Studiorum." The subject is the old ruin "Harlach," which stands out boldly against a sunset sky. The broken light falls in the foreground upon browsing sheep. *The London Times* finds that the work is lacking in gradation, and that it is more remarkable as an example of what the artist can do out of his acquired manner than delightful as a picture.

It is a matter of regret among members of the Union League Club that, owing to location, the most conspicuous thing about their new and costly clubhouse, to pedestrians passing up Fifth-ave., is its lofty slate roof of a dull reddish color, practically unadorned except by a huge chimney and a flagstaff, of which it may almost be said that the flagstaff is the greater ornament of the two. The chimney-roof does not big good the eye until, after taking a side has been traversed, the pedestrian reaches the very corner of the upper street which has been honored by the principal facade.

Upwards of nine hundred designs were admitted to the competition in drawings for Christmas and New Year's cards recently held in London. The result is said to be disappointing. The subjects were mainly commonplace and varied slightly from the conventional designs of past years. Christmas cards have grown rapidly in public favor on this side of the water, and art publishers have shown a disposition to encourage native talent. The designs cannot be too good nor too varied. It is not essential that America should make her own exclusively, but the native Santa Claus would be glad to exchange cards with his English cousin on the great holiday of Christendom.

Mr. J. Q. A. Ward has his statue of General Morgan well advanced. General Morgan, all good Americans will remember, was the hero of the battle of the Cowpens, fought January 17, 1781, near the boundary line between North and South Carolina. There he gained a victory whose brilliancy and good effect upon the patriot cause entitle his memory to the monument Mr. Ward has strikingly fashioned. The subject is a happy one and the sculptor has expressed dash, indomitable spirit and manliness in the handsome face of the young patriot. The costume lends itself willingly to artistic treatment. The jaunty fur cap is fashioned to simulate an hussar's headgear, and the fringed hunting-shirt picturesquely drapes the stalwart figure without in the least concealing the sinewy grace of the athletic trooper.

Carl Becker's "Othello," a leading picture in the recent Berlin exhibition, has reached America in photographic copy. It is interesting as a subtle study of character. The scene is an upper arcade looking out upon, perhaps, the Grand Canal. Othello, a commanding, war-beaten figure, is leaning against a pillar, with the tension of muscle and the equipoise of body suitable to the narration of a "hair-breadth escape." His head is roughly picturesque, and his face ill conceals the passionate violence of his nature. Desdemona's father, a spare, studious old man in senatorial robes, is seated among his books opposite to Othello, and is following the narrative with sharp intelligence and manly admiration for valor, while Desdemona, seated at her father's feet, listens as in a dream. Through her half-reverie Othello looks like a demi-god, who enthralls her heart as easily as he does her father's calculating head.

A charming letter written by Alfred Stevens, the celebrated Belgian painter, to his artist brother, Joseph Stevens, appears in the *Gazette des Beaux Arts* for October: "I am happy and proud at the same time, my dear and good Joseph, to learn from our dear Arthur that you have been made honorary member of the Academy of Vienna. Each time that you receive a new distinction, or that justice is rendered to your talent, my heart, as artist and brother, rejoices more than as if that distinction had been accorded to me. I have often told you that the greater part of your paintings would live. What matters it whether the note you have struck in art is more or less elevated in style? In the art of painting the style counts for little if the man does not show himself in his work. After many centuries you are the only painter remaining truly Flemish. Leys has lived only with the souvenirs of ancient Flemish art, and has received no impulse from his own time. Madou the same. If the new generation of Belgian artists has done something in painting, it is indebted to French art for it. I myself (I speak it very low) am to-day more a Parisian than a Bruxellois. At the moment when I heard of your new honor, I received on my side my nomination as corresponding member of the Academy of Madrid. There is news to double your joy and to make you as grateful toward Spain as I am toward Austria! I hope, my dear and good Joseph, that you are well, and that you work. I press you to my heart."

MIDNIGHT WEATHER REPORT.

GOVERNMENT INDICATIONS.

Synopsis of the wind 24 hours.

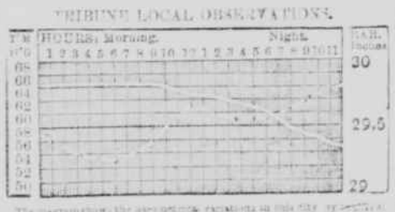
WASHINGTON, Nov. 7, 1 a. m.—The depression yesterday entering the Eastern Gulf States has moved rapidly Northeastward, developing into a storm of unusual violence, and is now central, with marked energy in Northern New-York. An area of high barometer is gradually disbanding in Southern Texas, while a second area is apparently entering the Northwest. Rain has fallen in all directions east of the Mississippi River, and occasional snow in Illinois, Indiana and Ohio. The temperature has risen decidedly from the Rocky Mountains Eastward to the Mississippi Valley, while to the Eastward a marked fall has been reported, except along immediate Atlantic coast, where it has remained nearly stationary. Freezing temperatures were reported Saturday morning from Wisconsin and Manitoba, as far Southward as Central Texas, with frosts at El Paso and San Antonio. Northwesterly winds prevail, except along the Atlantic coast, where they are Southerly.

Indications.

For the Middle States, cloudy or partly cloudy weather, occasional rain winds, shifting to colder Northwesterly, with decidedly higher barometer.

For New-England, cloudy or partly cloudy weather, with rain, decidedly higher barometer in the Western part, winds shifting during the day to colder Northwesterly.

TRIBUNE LOCAL OBSERVATIONS.



The diagram shows the atmospheric variations in this city for the last 24 hours. The perpendicular lines give fractions of inches for the 24 hours preceding midnight. The irregular white line represents the variations of the barometer during the same hours. The figures at left are the corresponding inches. The variations in temperature are indicated by the thermometer in Hallett's pharmacy, 241 Broadway.

TRIBUNE OFFICE, Nov. 7, 1 a. m.—The downward movement in the barometer continued throughout yesterday. Cloudy weather prevailed, with light rains during the last half of the day. The temperature ranged between 53° and 64°, the average (58 5-8°) being 2 1-8° higher than on the corresponding day last year, and 4° higher than on Friday.

Cloudy weather, with chances of light rain, followed by clearing and partly cloudy weather and lower temperature, may be expected to-day in this city and vicinity.

CENTRAL PARK OBSERVATIONS.

Abstract of Meteorological Report for week ending at 1 p. m. November 6, 1880.

BAROMETER.	Inches.	THERMOMETER.	Degrees.
Mean	29.951	Mean	51.3
Max. (9 p. m., Nov. 3)	30.299	Max. (11 a. m., Nov. 5)	62.0
Min. (7 a. m., Oct. 31)	29.228	Min. (5 a. m., Nov. 3)	37.0
Range	1.061	Range	25.0

Distance traveled by the wind during the week, 1,420 miles.

REMARKS.	Amount of water.
Nov. 5, rain from 2:30 a. m. to 9 p. m.	.81 inch

CHINA AND JAPAN.

THE RAVAGES OF THE TYPHOON—THE AMERICAN COMMISSIONERS WELL RECEIVED.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 6.—The steamer Oceanic, from Hong Kong via Yokohama, brings the following:

YOKOHAMA, Oct. 17.—The continued depreciation of the paper currency is causing some uneasiness, and trade is suffering considerably in consequence.

Reports continue to be received from various parts of the empire of the disastrous results of the recent typhoon. In Tokio alone over 1,000 houses were totally demolished, while the lives of hundreds of fishermen were lost in the bay.

SHANGHAI, Oct. 13.—The efforts of Governor Hennessy to suppress domestic slavery in Hong Kong are as determined as ever. Four Chinamen have received heavy sentences for infractions of the law.

It is reported that an arbitration was agreed on for the settlement of the Livadia treaty, one foreign Minister to act on one side and Li Hung Chang on the other.

Latest advices from Peking state that there will be no war; that China is utterly unprepared for any contest, and that if Russia finds her demands are not complied with she will put on extra pressure.

Admiral Lessoffsky is still at Vladivostock. Commissioners Trescott and Swift have arrived at Peking and begun the work of their mission. They were received in a very friendly spirit. The two members of the Hung Li Yamen appointed to confer with them are Bao Hsuen, Superintendent of the Board of Civil Office, and Li Hung Tsao, formerly tutor to the last Emperor.

Don Carlos De Espana, the Spanish Minister at Peking, was thrown from his horse on the 27th of September, and sustained injuries which caused his death on the 1st inst.

A mandarin has been sent from Peking to Shanghai to make inquiries in reference to constructing a line of telegraph between those two cities.

DEATH OF LUCIEN C. GAUSE.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., Nov. 6.—Colonel Lucien C. Gause, for six years a member of Congress from the 1st Arkansas District, died of consumption yesterday at Jacksonport.

Colonel Gause was born in North Carolina, Dec. 25, 1838. He received his early education in Tennessee; was for a time at the University of Virginia, and was graduated from the Cumberland University, Tennessee. He began to practise law at Jacksonport, Ark., in 1859. He served in the Confederate army in 1861, serving throughout the war and attaining the rank of Colonel. In 1866 he was elected to the Legislature, and afterward was one of the Commissioners to represent this State Government at Washington. He claimed a seat in the XLIIId Congress, but was unsuccessful in the contest. He was elected to the XLIVth and XLVth Congresses as a Democrat.

A STEAMER WRECKED.

Continued from First Page.

with very slight irregularities upon it. This cliff we had to climb. Ropes were fastened at the top of it and hung down. We went up these hand over hand, obtaining very slight advantage from irregularities in the rock. In this climbing, however, we were assisted greatly by a lot of the steamer's crew. It was astonishing to see with what apparent ease the women went up the face of that cliff; except under the excitement of such a moment, probably not one of them could have gone up; yet, as it was, they reached the top as easily as the men.

About an hour from the time we reached the shore, some farmers came along with wagons and conveyed some of the passengers to Newport, whence they went to Jamestown, R. I. The remainder were taken to a little railroad station called "Wishaston," or something of that kind, about seven miles distant from the shore. I was of the latter party, which consisted of five gentlemen and one lady. We had dinner at this little place, and took a train at 2:05 p. m., which connected with the Boston Express, by which Mr. Sanger and myself came here. The others, I believe, stopped at Stonington.

HOW THE CREW BEHAVED.

"The captain and crew of the Rhode Island acted nobly. They did everything that could be done to save the passengers, and they brought us through. Too much credit cannot be given them for their actions during the night. Immediately after we struck, the captain sent up several rockets, but they were not seen by anyone ashore, apparently. As our fires were put out, we could not signal with our whistle very long. The vessel swayed terribly; the waves seemed to strike her two or three at a time, right on her broadside, and she was wrenched from one side to the other until she was twisted completely out of shape. The great frame, 'hog frame' I believe they call it, snapped in two with a terrible noise when the smokestack fell. One side was broken squarely off, but the other side was broken and twisted to pieces. I will never forget how the people on board that boat looked when I went into the cabin soon after we struck. The gas was escaping, the steam was rushing in and the passengers were huddled together, with their life-preservers on, awaiting the result, many of them, apparently, having slight hope of ever reaching the shore. The gas, as I have said, was out, and the only light we had was from a few small lanterns which were hung around and gave a feeble, flickering glimmer, in which the scared, ghastly, white faces looked, as if they belonged in a horrible dream rather than in a tragic scene of real life. All in all, I never saw as cool a crowd. For two long hours we stood on that boat feeling that almost any moment might be our last. The people hadn't so very much to say, but they were thinking, I tell you."

"Did the water come up on the deck where you were?"

"No, the water did not get up on the second deck. It poured in rapidly on the right hand side when the vessel broke. Each wave that came in swept over the lower deck, carrying off the freight, piece by piece, until the lower deck was completely cleared. Although the freight was nearly all lost, the baggage was mostly saved. Many of the passengers took small satchels ashore with them and the heavy baggage was nearly all taken off by small boats and loaded on a fishing smack that fortunately came in sight. One case of Boston baggage was broken open by the waves, and was probably lost. Two tops of trunks with Boston checks on them were picked up out of the water, but not any of the rest of that lot of baggage has been recovered as far as I have learned. I feel an interest in that particular crate of baggage because it contained two trunks of my own. Here are my checks, numbers 62 and 235, 'New-York and Boston, via Providence Line and B. and R.'

"The trunks contained papers very valuable to me, and if you publish the numbers of the checks whoever finds the trunks or remains of them may know to whom they belong. My father is at the Free Permit desk in the Custom House, and will liberally reward anyone who will send him the trunks or even a part of their contents."

"How far was the steamer from the shore when she struck?"

"Probably not more than 300 feet. She struck the rock broadside, just about her centre, and the waves coming up beat with great force right on that side."

MR. SANGER'S EXPERIENCE.

Mr. Sanger, the other passenger, said: "Mr. Miller's account of the wreck is so correct and full in its statements that I can add but little to it. I noticed myself that the people seemed to feel a dread of some impending calamity, and the captain said early in the evening that he was afraid we were going to have a very nasty night. I was in my berth when the vessel struck, but it did not take me long to get out and dress and put a life-preserver on. Very few of the people had their clothes on when they first came into the cabin, and some of them who had left their clothes in their staterooms were almost afraid to go in after them for fear the lurching of the boat might result in the closing of their state-room doors in such a way as to fasten them in.

"We had a terrible time, and it is a miracle that no lives were lost. We told while at dinner to-day that the boat was going to pieces rapidly, and probably by night it would be all broken up. Had it broken before morning it would scarcely have been possible for one of us to reach the rocky shore alive. As it was, it was all that we could do to get ashore with our rafts, boats, and the men to help us. Captain Mott was a hero. He not only helped and encouraged the people a great deal, but when they were being taken ashore he went back and forth with every boat load, and then, after all were in, he went back again and went through all the cabins and staterooms to see that no one had been left behind. The passengers could not say enough in praise of the captain. And there was another man named O'Brien, an engineer I think, who also distinguished himself by his bravery and by the assistance he lent in helping and quieting the passengers.

"After we had reached the shore, word was brought us from the steamship company that we might go to the Delavan House at Newport, where everything that could be done for us would be done at the company's expense. I think some of the passengers went there. This morning a great deal of the freight could be seen floating about in the water, and considerable of it had washed up on the rocks. I think the baggage was all saved except that one crate of Boston trunks. One of the crew said he knew that lot was broken up by the waves and washed overboard."

"Was anybody injured except the steward who was hurt by the falling chandelier?"

"Not that I know of."

"One man had his foot pretty severely hurt," said Mr. Miller; "he was down on the lower deck trying to get at some baggage. I was there at the same time looking for my trunks. We were standing in water almost waist deep, and the steamer was swaying about most recklessly. The engine began to break in pieces and to distribute itself around us, and I thought then that it was about time to get out of that. The man who was with me started to follow me when a piece of iron or bit of a beam fell across his foot and crushed it considerably. I heard this afternoon that the Mayor of Providence had sent a lot of men down near the place where we were wrecked to take care of what freight or baggage might be brought ashore, as there were some fear of thieves bringing it in and keeping it."

DESCRIPTION OF THE VESSEL.

The steamer Rhode Island, which was designed by Captain Babcock, president of the Providence and Stonington Steamship Company, was built at the shipyard of Henry Steers at Greenpoint, L. I., and was launched in 1873. She was not so large as the Bristol and the Providence, but was equally well constructed. Her length is 335 feet, breadth of beam 80 feet, depth of hold 15 feet, and measurement, 3,000 tons. There are about 200 staterooms, with accommodations for 700 passengers. The rooms were fitted up with every modern appliance, including electric bells which communicate with the steward's department. The life-saving apparatus consisted of ten metallic lifeboats and a number of patent rafts which could hold 1,000 persons with safety. There were also 150 cork mattresses and life-preserving "vests," and several hundred ordinary life-preservers. The wheels of the vessel, which are of iron, are 39 feet 8 inches by 12 feet face, and are set on a 20-inch shaft. They are of the manufacture of Lozell, Perkins & Co., Bridgewater, Mass. The engines were designed by Erastus W. Smith, and were constructed by Roach & Son, of the Morgan Iron Works, and were capable of working a 1,000 horse-power. They cost $200,000. The diameter of the cylinder is 90 inches and the stroke of the piston 14 feet. There are three main boilers 39 feet long by 11½ feet in diameter, and 12 furnaces. The rudder is controlled by steam machinery and the main engine is started by an auxiliary engine. The furniture was of black walnut and red crimson velvet. The lower saloons were provided with an apparatus for extinguishing fire. The total cost of the vessel was about $500,000. She was only insured against fire.

INSPECTOR MURRAY ASSAULTED.

The report reached Police Headquarters last night that Inspector Murray had been assaulted and badly beaten in the Tenth Precinct. Upon inquiry it was learned that while on one of his patrol rounds the inspector had encountered in Grand-st., near the Bowery, a drunken man who was so violent that the inspector put him under arrest. In return the man knocked him down and both fell upon the sidewalk, rolling over and over in the struggle for the upper hand. Officer McInerney found them thus engaged. The inspector, although bleeding from a severe cut on the eye, was on top and gaining the mastery. The man was taken to the Eldridge Street Police Station, where he gave his name as Anthony Elder, age twenty, of Brooklyn. He was locked up.

RAILWAY INTERESTS.

NEW RAILWAY FOR THE WEST.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 6.—A dispatch from Portland says Colonel J. Richardson, one of the leading spirits of the Utah Northern Railroad, was in the city this week, and he brings information which may be relied upon as authentic, that Jay Gould and associates of the Union Pacific Railroad have raised all the necessary funds and completed all the arrangements for building a standard guage railroad from Ogden to Boise City, Idaho Territory, a distance of about 250 miles. The narrow guage road already built from Ogden to a point forty miles north, will be made useful by laying a third rail. The railroad will be completed within eight months. The Grande Ronde branch of the Oregon Railway and Navigation lines to Baker City, Oregon, will be completed about the same time, and there will then remain only 100 miles to complete another trans-continental railway.

THE SLEEPING-CAR SUIT.

BALTIMORE, Nov. 6.—The case of the Pullman Palace Car Company against the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company for infringement of patents was continued to-day in the United States Circuit Court before Judges Bond and Morris.

Counsel for complainants read a number of affidavits in relation to camoose-cars, fitted and used as sleeping-cars on the Erie (New-York) Road prior to 1860. The affidavits of Henry B. Renwick, of New-York, and Edward S. Renwick, mechanical engineers and experts, relating to improvements, combinations and devices claimed in the Pullman patent, were next read by counsel for the complainants, and this closed the evidence.

B. F. Thurston, of Providence, R. I., then opened the case for the complainants, and after he had spoken an hour the Court adjourned to Monday, when Mr. Thurston will resume his argument.

It is decided that two counsel on each side, Mr. Thurston and Mr. Dickerson, of New-York, for the complainants, and Mr. Cosden, of Baltimore, and Mr. Philipp, of New-York, for respondents, shall argue the case. It is not likely that it will be closed before Tuesday afternoon.

THE RATE WAR RENEWED.

CHICAGO, Nov. 6.—The railroad war was started afresh to-day. This time the Illinois Central is the chief aggressor, having been selling tickets to St. Louis for $5 in order to protect itself against the large number of cheap tickets issued for other roads during the recent war, and for the redemption of which no provision was made. The Central claims to have good ground for its action, since its President did not attend the meeting at New-York on last Friday night. The rates to St. Louis to-day were $4, and the Wabash Railway Company again states it will sell a dollar cheaper than other roads. The rates to Kansas City range from $8 to $10, according to which road sells the tickets.

THE READING NEGOTIATIONS.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 6.—It is announced at the office of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad Company that the plan providing for the issue of deferred income bonds has been approved by the company. The time for the consolidation of the American committee with the representatives of the English interests now in this country, has not yet been fixed.

RAILROAD CASUALTIES.

A collision occurred on the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railway near East Newark, N. J., Friday night, by which one person was badly injured and others were much frightened. The 8:30 train from New-York ran into the rear of a freight train. The engine of the passenger train was wrecked, and several of the freight cars were demolished. The track was obstructed for over an hour. Several of the passengers were injured, and Chas. Roberts, of Newark, was badly cut about the head.

CHICAGO, Nov. 6.—An accident occurred on the Chicago and Northwestern Railway this morning between Wheeler and Chicago. The regular freight train, No. 28, was run into by a "wild" freight train, and fifteen cars of the regular train and the engine and two or three cars of the "wild" train were crushed. Two or three employes were injured, but none reported fatally.

GALVESTON, Texas, Nov. 6.—*The News* has special dispatches saying that at Rockdale William Schel, a brakeman, was killed today while coupling cars, and that in Longview an excursion train on the Texas and Pacific Railroad was wrecked last night near Lake Fork. The accident was caused by a broken rail. Frederick Kirk, check agent, was fatally and three others were seriously injured. Ten or twelve persons received slight bruises.

LONG BRANCH, N. J., Nov. 6.—Joseph Hamil, a citizen of Oceanport, was killed to-day by a freight train on the Central Railroad of New-Jersey near Branchport while attempting to cross the track. He leaves a wife and four children.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

A CENTENARIAN, ON GOOD EVIDENCE.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

SIR: Have you space to record the fact that at Highland, Mercer County, N. J., there is living a lady who has just passed her one hundredth birthday? Mrs. Sarah Applegate, widow of Hendrick Applegate, was born in this vicinity on November 1, 1780, and is to-day in her one hundred and first year. She is not entirely blind nor deaf, although these faculties are considerably def