and shadowing his person. He has been present in Albany throughout the long contention, as he has been always present in recent sessions of the Legislature. But neither perjury, nor vindictive hate, nor the utmost ingenuity of malice, has been able to maintain or even to utter one single distinct accusation against the honorable character of Mr. Depew. . . . . Mr. Depew's withdrawal, in a frank and admirable letter, was an act of loyalty which the Republican party will not forget. It was in curious contrast with the refusal of Mr. Conkling to do anything whatever except to occupy the position in which Mr. Noyes recently depicted him. Unable to secure his own election, he has done what he could to prevent the election of any one else. Those who have abetted him in this utterly selfish course will not be forgotten. Mr. Depew's bearing throughout the contest in which Mr. Conkling's adherents have vainly sought to discredit him, and his retirement from the canvass untouched except by calumny, have shown him to be an honorable gentleman, and have made him an exceedingly high private in the Republican ranks.

SHOT BY A FURIOUS WOMAN.

REVENGING HERSELF ON HER BETRAYER.

A YOUNG MAN SHOT DOWN IN THE BOWERY—CALLED FROM MINER'S THEATRE TO FACE A WOMAN HE HAD RUINED—THE SAD ARRIVAL HOME OF THE WOMAN'S HUSBAND—THE WIFE DRIVEN TO FRENZY, AND THE RESULT.

George W. Coles, the bookkeeper at Miner's Theatre, was shot last evening in the Bowery by Elizabeth Coleman, a married woman living at No. 82 Catherine-st. The husband of Mrs. Coleman is a sailor. About three months ago he started on a cruise to the West Indies, leaving his wife to care for three children. He took with him his eldest son, a boy of seven years. Mrs. Coleman saw her husband's ship sail down the harbor and then returned to her home. On the way thither she met Coles for the first time. He was attracted by her prepossessing appearance, followed her home, and finally made her acquaintance. Recently he has been very intimate with her. Mrs. Coleman received Coles's visits until last Saturday. Then they ceased, for on that day her husband returned.

What then happened is best told in Coleman's words. He is a fine looking man, apparently thirty-five years of age, strong and robust. To a TRIBUNE reporter he said last evening:

"When I got to port Saturday last, I hastened home, expecting to find my wife waiting for me. But instead I found my house shut up. Inquiring of the neighbors, I was told that I would probably find my wife in the neighborhood of Miner's Theatre. This made me suspicious. From one source and another I found out facts that were only too true, and I began proceedings for a divorce this morning. I told my wife about it. I spoke to her of how she had ruined my home, and told her that I should take all the children. She begged piteously for forgiveness. She entreated me to leave the children with her, but I told her no; my mind was made up. She seemed distracted, and told me how Coles had sent her theatre tickets and wine."

It seems that Mrs. Coleman left her home about 9 o'clock last night in a frenzied state of mind. Proceeding up the Bowery to Broome-st, she stopped at the corner and sent a boy to Miner's Theatre to tell Coles, who was in the box office, that she wanted to see him. In a moment Coles appeared. Mrs. Coleman walked excitedly up to him, put her hand on his shoulder, said something that was unintelligible to those around, and then shot him. Coles immediately ran back to the theatre barroom, exclaimed that he was shot and fainted. He was carried to a barbershop that is above the entrance of the theatre. There he was laid on a bed, and by the time Dr. Murray, the ambulance surgeon, arrived, had been partially undressed. Dr. Murray made a hasty examination of the wound, and after putting on a few bandages removed the wounded man to the Chambers Street Hospital. In speaking of the shooting the doctor said that the ball, which was a large one, had entered the abdomen about one inch below the navel. The wound looked to him to be a fatal one.

As soon as the shooting became known policemen in the vicinity began to search for the murderess. But she had given herself up. After the shooting she walked down the Bowery to Grand-st., where she met Policeman Quirk. She said to him:

"I have shot a man and I want to be arrested; and here's the pistol."

The policeman took the weapon, which is a single barrel of the "bull-dog" pattern, and conducted the woman to the Tenth Precinct Station in Eldridge-st. At the station she gave her name as Elizabeth Coleman, married, twenty-seven years old, living at No. 82 Catherine-st. She acknowledged having shot the man, who, she claimed, had betrayed her, and ruined her home. Captain Allaire and Detective Wade then took her to the hospital. She was placed before Coles. He had partially regained consciousness, and after identifying her requested that she be taken away. His request was complied with, and Mrs. Coleman was returned to the police station. All this time she was much excited, but made no trouble.

Coleman, who refused to give his first name, was in the front room of the station when his wife was brought in the second time. He made no attempt to speak to her, and she was hurried past him and, apparently to her relief, placed in a cell. In appearance she is a fine looking woman, about the medium size, with black hair and a very clear complexion. She is what would be called very nice looking, but she was not well dressed. Her dress was black. Coles has been employed at the theatre for about a year, and during that time he has made himself very popular. Mr. Miner said that Coles was twenty-six years old, and lived at No. 26 East Fourth-st; he was born in Hartford, and had enjoyed, while assisting at the theatre, an excellent reputation. In personal appearance Coles is a fine-looking man, tall and well-formed, with a fine mustache. Despite his deathly paleness, when he was put into the ambulance, his fine looks were remarked.

As to the motive Mrs. Coleman had, there were a good many theories advanced last night. An intimate friend of Coles stated that this woman was jealous of the attentions which Coles was paying to another woman. Another man, in the barber-shop where Coles was first taken and where few were admitted, said to a TRIBUNE reporter that Coleman called to see Coles Saturday last to ask him about his visits. Coles after a few words had thrown down his card, saying:

"Yes, I have had all I want with your wife. There is my name, and you can do what you d—d please with it."

It is pretty generally supposed that this is true, and that the woman, enraged that her lover had betrayed her thus, determined upon his summary punishment. The shooting created considerable excitement in the vicinity of the theatre, where a large crowd quickly gathered.

At 1 o'clock this morning the wounded man was still living. The attendant surgeons at the Chambers-st. Hospital had made no attempt to probe for the ball, the patient's condition being deemed too critical. Coles was suffering from the shock of the wound. The surgeons thought there was little chance of his recovery.

MIDNIGHT WEATHER REPORT.

Indications for to-day.

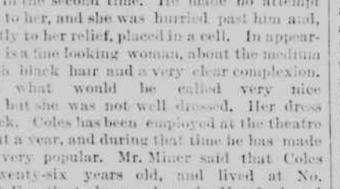
For the Middle Atlantic States, slightly warmer fair weather, winds mostly south to west, stationary or lower barometer.

For New-England, generally fair weather, winds mostly south to west, stationary or higher barometer and temperature.

Indications for to-morrow.

The indications are that slightly warmer fair weather will prevail in the Middle and South Atlantic States and the Ohio Valley and Tennessee to-day and probably to-morrow.

TRIBUNE LOCAL OBSERVATIONS



The diagram shows the barometrical variations in this city by tenths of inches. The perpendicular lines give divisions of time for the 24 hours preceding midnight. The irregular white line represents the oscillations of the mercury during those hours. The broken or dotted line represents the variations in temperature, as indicated by the thermometer at Hodnett's Pharmacy, 218 Broadway.

TRIBUNE OFFICE, July 20—1 a. m.—During the fair and clear weather of yesterday the movement in the barometer was upward. The temperature ranged between 63° and 83°, the average (72¼°) being 3½° lower than on the corresponding day last year, and 3⅞° higher than on Monday.

Fair or clear and warmer weather, may be expected to-day in this city and vicinity.

SUMMER LEISURE.

THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

EARLY SUMMER IN THE MOUNTAINS—EXCURSION PARTIES—THE GLEN.

[FROM A STAFF CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.]

THE GLEN HOUSE, N. H., July 17.—From nearly all the mountain hotels comes the report of a tardy but promising season. The small houses began to fill first—reversing the experience of last year—and it is only within a week or ten days that the larger establishments have welcomed any considerable number of permanent guests, though they have made even more engagements than usual for August. But if the tide sets in late it will also ebb late, and, indeed, there seems to have been a tendency during the past few years to push the White Mountain season further and further into September. I am not sure whether fashion in this respect is wise or foolish. Everybody who comes here late declares that nothing can be more delightful than the mountains in the golden days of approaching autumn, when the very air seems crisp and sparkling, and the woods are putting on, little by little, their apparel of scarlet and gold. But then, on the other hand, whoever comes early is certain that nothing can be more delightful than the mountains in June. There is a purity in the atmosphere then that does not belong to the riper summer. The snow still lies in patches on the upper slopes; the brooks are full; the intervales are carpeted with their most brilliant green; the riotous birds are making a disturbance in every thicket; the chipmunks are tame and saucy; the trout are ready to jump for the least sophisticated fisherman. Even the showers which fall at this season have a joyful character of their own. They are not the portents of decay and death, like the September rains which beat down the withering foliage, but they are gentle cloud messengers, bringing the gifts of youth and growth and vigor.

If the hotels have not yet obtained their usual complement of regular boarders—those who come with a serious purpose of enjoying the climate as well as looking at waterfalls and precipices—you are not to understand that they are by any means given over to dulness. There are some hundreds of sightseers moving rapidly over the tourist routes all summer, and it is in the early summer, before the "permanent" guests fill up the hotels, that the transient visitors are most lively. Then excursion parties, chiefly from the Western cities, come tramping into the mountains with coupon tickets and a personal conductor, doing the scenery in the shortest possible time, and getting the picturesque at wholesale prices. For the most part they are pleasant and merry companies, who bring a not unwelcome bustle into the hotels, yet are readily fitted into the routine of a well-ordered house without disturbing anybody's comfort. A single railway train brought us one day a party of about one hundred and twenty ladies and gentlemen from the West. They and their huge load of trunks were promptly brought over the eight miles of stage road from Gorham to the Glen House in a caravan of six Concord coaches and about the same number of large mountain wagons. The Glen House stage routes are somewhat famous for the excellence of their equipment and appointments. The coaches and wagons are painted bright red and yellow, and well varnished; each is drawn by six white horses; and the drivers wear brass-buttoned blue uniforms. The arrival of twelve of these showy vehicles in a line did seem a little like the coming of the circus. This was the first excursion of the season; two smaller expeditions have since descended upon us, and others are still to come. During the two or three days of their stay these pleasure travellers make the Glen a busy place indeed. They pursue objects of interest with indefatigable zeal; they go to view cascades in a hard rain; and wagon-loads of them ride up Mount Washington when the summit is wrapped in clouds, and there is not the faintest hope of seeing anything except the Summit Hotel, which is useful but not pretty. The tourists have much to do in a short time, and they cannot wait for sunshine.

The early summer, moreover, is the season when the more leisurely and independent visitors wisely go touring from house to house, before they settle down in the place of their preference. They can see the beauties of the White Mountain region then without the fear of overcrowded cars and coaches, and with the certainty of finding good accommodations at any of the hotels. So in July the satchel-tourist becomes a familiar type of traveller, for whom landlords prepare a cordial welcome and a bounteous board. It is hardly necessary to say that visitors of this class are always hungry, and at most of the mountain resorts they are well cared for.

On top of Mount Washington the busy season is well advanced. Excursion parties are fairly thronging the summit. The railway on the west side and the Glen House stages on the east carry up good loads twice a day; the new observatory is finished; and Mr. Burt is printing, in the old Tip-Top House, his little eight-page paper *Among the Clouds*, now in the fifth year of its existence. This sheet is one of the curiosities of daily journalism. Visitors who arrive by the morning cars and coaches and register at the hotel have the proud satisfaction of seeing their names in print an hour afterward. Such a souvenir of a visit to Mount Washington is cheap at 10 cents; and how prosperous is Mr. Burt's enterprise may be estimated from the fact that he publishes a daily edition large enough to call for a hoe press and a steam-engine. Heretofore he has had to remove his machinery, type and other material every autumn and carry it all up the mountain again in the summer; but now he has so far strengthened his printing office against the storms that in future he will risk leaving the apparatus on the summit all winter. The weather up there has been unusually fine this season. There has been only one wind-storm, and little severe cold, and the proportion of clear days is said to have been above the average. But in Tuckerman's Ravine on the east side of the mountain, three or four miles from the Glen House, the snow lies deep and compact, and across the path from the mountain road to the head of the ravine is a huge and almost impassable snowbank. The weather in the Glen since the hotel opened, about a month ago, has been for the most part delightful. Once the mercury rose for an hour or two on the sunny side of the piazza to 90°, and there have been three days too warm for comfort in the blaze of the afternoon. But we have been consoled with cool evenings and delicious mornings, and even on the warmest days a consoling breeze has kept astir. Two showery days have now marked the close of a period of drouth, and this morning there is a cheery wood fire in one of the public parlors, as there has been several times before. On the summit of Mount Washington to-day the temperature is 39°.

Rainy days in this enchanting spot can hardly be tedious. The majestic Presidential range—Madison, Adams, Jefferson, Washington, Monroe—which lie before our windows, just across the narrow vale, assume a new character of sublimity when the clouds are curling and breaking around their summits; and one never tires of watching the black masses of vapor pouring out of the Great Gulf, directly opposite the hotel, and spreading over the mountains. Sometimes there is a phenomenon of an opposite character to study, when the clouds come hurrying on the south wind down the Glen and across Washington, and seem to pack themselves into the Great Gulf until the wonder grows that the Gulf can hold so many of them. The woods are a brilliant green there, in the *cul de sac* between Adams and Washington, and one is almost irresistibly tempted, looking down into it from the carriage road on the upper part of Mount Washington, to plunge into its vast recess and push through the timber to the west branch of Peabody River. But those who have tried the experiment call it an arduous excursion. The prudent traveller will keep to the road. If he is entering the Glen, as many do, by coming across the summit of Washington, he will find here enough to surprise and delight him.

One of the greatest charms of the Glen House, to my mind, is its remoteness from the railroads. It is the only large hotel in the mountains never disturbed by the locomotive whistle. A lonely coach route of eight miles to Gorham on the Grand Trunk Railway, or of fifteen miles to Glen Station on the Portland and Ogdensburg Road, connects it with the outer world, and the ride in either direction, through a notch which offers a constant variety of prospect, is one of surpassing beauty. At any time of year the Glen must be a fascinating retreat, but in the early summer, as I have already intimated, it offers exceptional attractions. The verdure of the forest is then at its brightest; the tender hues of birch and maple contrast most effectively with the dark evergreen; the young shoots of the hemlock have tinged the ends of the sombre branches with a distinct shade of blue; the roadside is bordered with the white blossoms of the bunch-berry and the flamboyant purple fire-weed; the blue flag is in bloom by the brooks; little babbling cascades are tumbling in the resinous forests; and you cannot step on the grass without crushing the wild strawberry. Here, if we choose, while the tourists are coming and going all around us, we may sit in quiet on the shady piazza and dream away the summer hours. The haymakers are at work below us, and their distant voices, borne across the fragrant meadow, fall upon our senses with a slumberous and peaceful effect. A gentle wind shakes the foliage and rustles the newspaper which droops in our listless hands. The scene is too beautiful and calm for reading. Let us put all busy thought away and watch the snow on Mount Adams and the shadows chasing each other across the slopes.

J. R. G. H.

PLEASANT DAYS AT LONG BRANCH.

A BRIGHT SUN AND COOL BREEZES—THE LATE ARRIVALS.

[FROM THE REGULAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.]

LONG BRANCH, N. J., July 19.—The hotel piazzas have been crowded to-day with women and children. Although the sun beat hotly on the beach and bluff the cool sea breeze made it comfortable. The number of bathers was unusually large. The water was cool and refreshing. Hundreds of people gathered on the beach to watch the bathers.

Samuel Cohen, of New-York, will erect three handsome cottages in Cottage-place, on the south side, this fall. They will contain twelve rooms each and have all of the modern improvements.

Charles Phizer and family are occupying the cottage of John W. Woolley in Bath-ave., Mr. Woolley and family having gone to Europe. Mr. Phizer has a large stable of valuable horses.

William C. Barrett, of the Hotel Brighton, in New-York City, is at the Ocean Hotel with his family.

Ex-Attorney-General Schoonmaker and wife, of New-York, arrived at the United States Hotel last evening.

Russell Sage and wife are occupying a suite of rooms in one of the cottages of the West End Hotel.

Mrs. George C. Clarke, of New-York City, entertained some friends at luncheon to-day at the Elberon Hotel. Her guests were Mrs. Campbell, Miss Campbell, Miss Mary Campbell, Mrs. H. Victor Newcombe and Mrs. Smith, the sister of Mrs. Newcombe. The menu was very elaborate. Scarlet satin ribbons, on which were printed in gold the menu and the name of each guest, were entwined around the plates. The floral decorations were of a costly character.

The choir of the Chapel of St. James, at Elberon, is one of unusual excellence. It is composed of Miss Maria Stoeckel, soprano, of the late Dr. Chapin's Church; Miss Little, alto, of the Anthon Memorial Church; Mr. M. Stevens, tenor, formerly of St. Stephen's Church; and Mr. Palmestock, bass, of St. Thomas's Church, all of New-York City. The organist is Mr. Hawley of Calvary Church. The pulpit will be occupied next Sunday by the Rev. Dr. W. R. Huntington, of Boston, and the following Sunday by the Rev. Dr. H. C. Potter, of Grace Church, New-York City.

The eleventh annual meeting of the New-Jersey State Dental Society opens at the Ocean Hotel to-morrow. It will last three days.

Following are among the late hotel arrivals:

The Elberon—H. F. Holden and wife, Mrs. W. A. Hadden, Robert G. Hone, W. H. Bircham, John H. Linsley, James Scott, D. L. Suydam, Louis C. Clark, C. H. Coster, New-York City; J. M. Dick, James P. Scott and family, of Philadelphia; Rev. Hugh Surtees Parker, E. Wayne Parker, of Newark, N. J.; Miss Bowdoin, of Baltimore; H. S. Terhune and Miss Maggie Terhune, of Springfield, Mass.

The West End—E. A. Willard and family, E. D. Bell and wife, M. Levy, W. Brown, T. D. Baker, M. D. Carpenter, C. L. Walton, D. A. Easton and wife, T. Callaghan and Miss Callaghan, New-York City; H. E. Chapman, R. L. Chapman, C. H. L. Fox and wife, T. Lacombe, Miss Mercker, J. W. Cuslier, W. A. Tyrall, of Chicago; H. F. Chapman, R. L. Chapman, Miss Richie, R. English, H. Baldwin, Miss Monro, Miss Perrin, T. Jackson and wife, E. Cornelson, of Philadelphia; T. De Wade, of Brooklyn; P. H. De Witt, J. H. De Witt, jr., of Orange, N. J.

The Albemarle—L. Hamilton, Miss W. W. Livingston, A. E. Pyatt, Miss H. Pyatt, Miss J. Macfay, R. S. Moore and wife, G. W. Flatobers, G. B. Flatobers, of New-York; H. R. Joy, J. E. Dix, of Newark, N. J.; J. F. Wallace, of Richmond, Va.; R. S. Allen, Z. R. Baldwin, Postmaster Conklin, J. Worrendyke, of Paterson, N. J.; C. H. Perry and wife, Mrs. C. H. Judson, Miss F. Moore, of Brooklyn; W. F. Dilkell and wife, of Philadelphia.

Hotel Dennis—T. B. Stevens, H. R. Graham and wife, W. M. Grotts, of Philadelphia; H. A. Sears and wife, Mrs. A. C. Gates, H. L. Coates, A. T. Jenkins, T. H. Lee, of New-York; J. A. Pemberton, F. Russet and wife, H. R. Clark, of Brooklyn.

The Roseland—P. C. Douglass, L. C. Nash, G. W. Reisher, D. Ross with and wife, E. A. Kinnman, A. E. McKinney, of New-York; Miss M. A. Wallon, of Chicago; L. S. Landreth, J. A. Nickerson, C. H. Sisson, F. F. Wendor and wife, D. W. Chandler, Miss M. P. Chandler, Mrs. L. L. May, S. F. Babcock, S. S. Sharp, of Philadelphia.

NEWPORT NOTES.

NEWPORT, R. I., July 19—The weather continues very changeable.

Mr. George Osgood has arrived here in his schooner yacht Stranger.

Associate Justice Miller and wife have left Newport and taken up their residence at Block Island.

George Endicott and family, of New-York, have arrived at the Palmer Cottage on Bellevue-ave.

A large excursion party has arrived here from Baltimore.

The stables of the Westchester Polo Club are expected here the latter part of the present week. The first games of the season will be played on Saturday, July 30. The grounds are in excellent order.

Mrs. Mary Clemmer arrived here from Washington this evening. She will remain several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Levi P. Morton and family left here to-day for New-York. They sail to-morrow for Havre in the steamer L'Amerique. George M. Brown, the Baltimore banker, will arrive at Fair Lawn, Mr. Morton's Newport residence, to-morrow for the season.

General Arnold, U. S. A., has arrived at the United States Hotel.

H. M. Waller, from England; Thomas C. Markatry, from South Carolina, and Thomas Kinsella and wife, from Brooklyn, have arrived at the Ocean House.

Henry Hobart, the champion tennis player of Canada, has been engaged by the Casino governors to play a match game at the Casino with Thomas Pettitt, the champion of New-England.

Mrs. Livermore, of Detroit, has arrived at the Tweedy cottage.

William B. Tompkins, of New-York, has arrived at his cottage on Bellevue-ave.

W. B. Lawrence and family, of New-York, have arrived at their cottage on Long-ave.

The governors of the Casino gave a dinner to-night. Twenty-four guests were present, including about a dozen of the governors. Gerald H. Hoyt, of New-York, gave a dinner at the Casino last night.

Henry Bessner and sister are here, the guests of their brother, James B. Keene.

Mrs. H. A. Barclay, of New-York, entertained a party of friends at her cottage this evening.

Late arrivals at the hotels include the following:

Hotel Aquidneck—W. A. Potter, W. Barrett, E. L. Mansfield, C. A. Wilson, J. R. Savles, Providence; W. R. Parker and wife, Red Bluff, California; G. W. Buckley and wife, Battle Creek, Michigan; F. E. Howard, F. E. Holman, Clinton; A. H. Allen and wife, Washington; Mr. and Mrs. Sabin, Miss Bingham, C. Bingham, Baltimore; Mr. and Mrs. Hudson, Cardiff, Md.; M. Davis, Lynchburg; the Rev. C. S. Troup, Harper's Ferry; Mrs. Mary Rice, Wilmington, Del.; W. L. Stark and wife, Baltimore; Miss Hegarty, Mechanicsville, Va.; George D. Crosbie, Brooklyn; C. J. Hull, Mrs. John A. Shaw, L. Lefaur, George V. Lorillard, New-York; Mrs. J. Squier and wife, Syracuse; George F. Martin, jr., W. L. Whitford, New-York; J. S. Harrison, Philadelphia; E. A. Simmons and wife, Boston.

Ocean House—David G. Johnson, George B. Blade, James Harrington, jr., Joseph Harrison, New-York; John M. West, George West, Springfield; Thomas Brown; Mrs. H. N. Kingp, Mrs. G. J. Knapp, Miss J. E. Knapp, England; Professor Hempel, Dresden, Germany; N. Gedeckowski, Chicago; J. C. A. Pearson, San Francisco; Thomas D. Beaven, Springfield; C. F. Choate and family, Oriel Crocker, the Hon. F. F. Hayes, George Marston and wife, W. J. Robb, J. J. Russell and family, Jean S. Grayton, Thomas J. Forbich, Thomas Russell, E. W. Kinsley, J. J. Parrott, S. F. Wells, W. F. Jones, Boston.

ARRIVALS AT SARATOGA.

SARATOGA SPRINGS, N. Y., July 19.—The weather has been a trifle warmer to-day and the indications are that the cold wave has swept itself into the Adirondack region.

A picture has been exhibited for a few days in a shop window on Broadway which has attracted a good deal of attention, as well for its artistic merit as for the purpose for which it was painted. It is the work of the well-known Academician John W. Ehringer, now a resident of this place, and represents a lovely island landscape, in the midst of which stands a small church of simple and chastened architecture. It is the Church of the Mission of the Good Shepherd, on St. Hubert's Isle, Racquette Lake, in the Adirondacks. The church was designed by Mr. Ehringer and J. Cleveland Cady, the distinguished architect, and after it was built the beauty of its site among the rocks, the woods and the waters of the lake seemed to afford so fine a study to the artist that he made a sketch of it which he has since elaborated into this masterly painting. It is a bold, free and most admirably handled picture, distinguished by its combination of brilliancy of light and color, and the proverbial reserve and discretion which always restrain the play of Mr. Ehringer's fertile fancy and technical facility. It was painted as a contribution to a charitable work in which the artist is much interested, the Humane Society of Saratoga, for the prevention of cruelty to animals and the protection of children. Mr. Ehringer is president of the Society and has given much time and labor to it for some years past, and has now offered this charming picture for sale, the entire proceeds to go to this commendable charity. The rich man who buys it may be congratulated upon aiding a good work and at the same time securing a singularly faithful page of nature from the Adirondacks. It is not merely a very fine landscape, but the group of figures in the foreground form an exquisite picture by themselves. The girl standing on the pier, dressed in a dark gray costume with a red cloak, is drawn with singular grace and power.

The first full dress ball of the season at Congress Hall will take place on Friday evening, July 29, and the first children's carnival, under direction of Prof. J. A. Mahler, on Wednesday evening, August 3. There will also be a children's fancy-dress ball at this hall on Wednesday, August 17.

Mme. Marie Selika sang in Congress Spring Park to-night. She will sing again on Friday and Sunday evenings.

There will be another pyrotechnical display in Congress Spring Park on Thursday night, July 28.

Horseback riding is indulged in here to a greater extent than ever before. Parties of ladies and gentlemen may be seen on the avenue every morning.

The principal morning arrivals at the Adelphi Hotel included George G. Sewell, of Santa Paula; Charles A. Hawley, of Seneca Falls; D. P. Aggar, of Ithaca; W. J. Canfield and A. M. Tredwell, of Newark.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Beecher, of New-Haven, G. William McLanahan, of New-York, F. K. Beadley, of Brooklyn, and J. Henley, of New-York, were registered at the American this noon.

At the United States Hotel the early arrivals to-day included H. B. Hutchings, of New-York; S. Brown, of Glens Falls; Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Richmond, Miss Richmond and Miss Parsons, of Providence; S. S. Colyer, of Tennessee; Mr. and Mrs. William L. Boskwick, of Ithaca; D. Shafts Hawks, of England; Miss Gertie Greenvault, of Brooklyn; Miss Lizzie Gage, of Waterford, and E. Wells Eddy, of Troy.

Among the Arlington arrivals early to-day were U. G. Paris, of Sandy Hill; M. R. Thompson, of Cambridge; Nathan S. Jarvis and Mrs. J. B. Jarvis, of New-York.

On the Congress Hall register this morning were the names of A. Jackson and Richard Busteed, of New-York; N. W. Cargley and family, of Baltimore; Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Zenier and S. Roth, of Cincinnati; Edward Smith and daughter, the Rev. F. S. O'Callahan and Wm. B. Dinning, of Brooklyn; Henry F. Spilcher, of Baltimore; J. M. McFarland, of Washington; Miss Emilie Cox, of Norwalk; Mrs J. and Miss Bracewell, of Salina.

Charles Albers, of Warsaw, Miss Lizzie Gilman, of Rutland, Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Gibbs, of Lee, and Miss Sausee, of Troy, reached the Columbian Hotel this morning.

At the Clarendon Hotel this forenoon were Mr. and Mrs. King and Mrs. Carrie Ireland, of New-York; Mr. and Mrs. W. Scott Lassiter, of Albany, and Mrs. Warner, of London, England.

At the Grand Union Hotel this morning were E. P. Hatch, John Gaynor, Mr. and Mrs. John L. Carbrey, F. W. Hotchkiss, Mrs. Hotchkiss, C. E. Mayer, F. E. Spaulding, Charles F. Magrath, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. H. Seymour, Mrs. C. M. O'Rose, and Wm. H. Scarce, of New-York; Geo. McGowan and W. F. McGowan, of Philadelphia; and Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Coe, of Bridgeport.

The late arrivals are as follows:

From New-York—Edward V. Z. Lane, J. Q. Goodwin, James Brown, Stuyvesant Fish, Mrs. Fish, A. Stewart Walker, William H. Morrell, Dr. Guernsey, Mrs. Guernsey, Miss Guernsey, Miss Sumner, Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Spencer, Mr. and Mrs. John Kane, Miss Schermerhorn, M. Le B. Cooper and family, Mrs. Joseph M. Cooper, Miss Isabel Cooper, A. Wright Sanford, Mrs. William M. Conner, Mrs. Mignon Conner, Charles E. Greenhill, William G. Smith, C. H. Watson, Lewis Brown, George B. Stockwell.

From other places—G. W. Underhill, Mrs. Davis, Mrs. Carpenter, W. H. Martha, of Brooklyn; Charles E. Baker, George L. Irvin, Miss Fanny Stone, Miss E. D. Irvin, of Baltimore; J. L. Mitchell and family, C. E. Bentz and family, E. G. Rowen, of Philadelphia; Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Richardson, W. J. Tibbetts, Miss Tibbetts, James M. Coleman, jr., G. M. Page, of Boston; Joseph Funck and family, of Lebanon; R. White, C. W. Baldwin, of Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Porter, of Verona; Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Baldwin, of Bound Brook; O. A. Woods, of Staten Island; Mr. and Mrs. George Rosson, jr., Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Robson, of Newport, Ky.; W. D. Gray and family, of Louisville; A. P. Mason, of New-Orleans; Mrs. MacArthur, of Washington.

A BEAR KILLED AT LAKE GEORGE.

BOLTON, Lake George, July 18.—This morning Charles E. Barber, agent of the Suffolk Manufacturing Company, No. 419 Broadway, killed a bear on Lake George. The bear was seen from the steamboat Ganoudale swimming in the water, when the young man, unmindful of the captain's warnings, got into the skiff, had himself towed to the bear, and attacked him with a sharpened axe. Five blows were dealt before he was overpowered. The bear was brought to the Bolton House, and was found to weigh 208 pounds.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

POISONS IN MEDICINE.

IDEAS SUGGESTED BY THE ACTION OF POISON IVY UPON THE HUMAN SYSTEM.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

SIR: The *Rhus toxicodendron*, or poison sumac, or poison ivy, or poison oak, or poison vine, is a pretty native climber, a harmless acquaintance to many persons, but a harmful stranger to a much larger number. It loves the gray rocks and fence posts. It delights to clamber over the exposed and lichen-covered stratified nuclei, such as may be found in the outskirts of Philadelphia, and especially such of this rock as has been acted upon and softened by the elements. It sometimes will cling to a rough tree-trunk, and if it has any especial preference in this way it is for the brown, hempy stem of the cedar. It more freely goes where it anticipates decay, and would prefer a hollow stump to a living tree, a fallen, lifeless trunk to a sap-filled, upright one. The reason for this might be discovered in the fact that in the disintegrating rocks and in the decaying mass of vegetable fibres there is a greater likelihood of its finding moisture and sustaining food than there would be where vigorous life was present.

Where the odor, or sap, of this vine shows especial affinity for human blood, or a fierce liveliness in corrupting it, are we to accept this fact as an indication that that blood is in an unhealthy condition, or that the system is looking toward decay?

It is a thing to be lamented that the most ambitious, though weakest, of the sumacs, should exhibit such savage and repellent qualities; for, were it as innocent in its ways as its brilliant sisters of the woods, the gay-flowered trumpet vine, and the rich-fruited Virginia creeper, it would be, on account of its vigorous habit, a capital thing with which to decorate our balcony railings, our stoop balusters, and the iron castings that enclose the few square feet of grassed space at the fronts of our dwellings. But it is indeed a noxious plant to thousands, and where known by such, is carefully shunned. Candidly speaking, for not a few it would be hardly more needful to avoid a poison-fanged snake than this fearful piece of vegetation.

Several years ago it was my intention to make an effort to discover what class, kind, or kinds of persons were most liable to be affected by this plant. The plan I had in view was to collect a large number of facts from the easily poisoned ones, such as their general health, age, complexion, color of hair, temperament, etc., and from these, if possible, get at the key that would unlock this mystery. The plan was not carried out. Afterward several physicians were asked for their knowledge upon the subject, but they were apparently as ignorant as myself; nor did they possess any theories to account for the vine's variable action. This struck me as something strange, for the poisonous principle of the plant is extensively used in medical practice. Must thought this title: If these physicians cannot tell whom it will affect in health, how can they decide when to apply it in cases of sickness; or, in instances where it is known to produce positive or serious results to a well person, how can they know with any degree of certainty as to the quantity of the drug to be used when the same individual is out of health?

I have understood that all other poisons differ greatly in their actions upon us, and it would seem natural enough to suppose as much. Now, if this be really the case, and the action of the physician as to these latter is no greater than that of a novice, what are we to think of medical practice generally, and what value are we to place upon the learning of the M. D.? Does it not look as if in most, if not all, cases, the administering of drugs was nothing more than so much experimenting, in which death too often steps in to destroy the vessel ere the experiment reaches a valuable conclusion?

MARGRO DEGRAM.

New-York, July 8, 1881.

STOP THE USE OF PISTOLS.

To the Editor of the Tribune.

SIR: After two Presidents, who had won the merited admiration and abiding affection of the American people, have been shot, it cannot be too early to ask, How good, law-abiding citizens may use for pistols? If it is said they are needed to shoot scoundrels with, it may be asked, do not scoundrels generally carry pistols and use them before good people have a chance to? It can probably be shown that the following are those who carry pistols: Fast boys, the timid, the careless, lunatics, robbers, burglars and murderers—the very characters who should not have them. Booth would not have been allowed to walk into a theatre, or Guiteau into a railroad depot with a gun; but they could conceal pistols and do what they did to Lincoln and Garfield. Any law against carrying concealed weapons must be a dead letter while pistols are common. Even the danger which may carrier of a pistol expose himself and his friendly associates to should be taken into consideration. If good citizens do not need pistols why should pistols be made for and sold to persons who do not need them and are apt to do harm with them? Why not make it a crime to manufacture or sell pistols.

G. W. KING.

Saratoga Springs, N. Y., July 8, 1881.

REFORM IN SCHOOL SYSTEMS.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

SIR: Please accept the hearty thanks of a teacher for the timely article in THE SUNDAY TRIBUNE entitled "Our Children and their Teachers." When it is more than possible to graduate by our present system of education a list of maniacs and others, who die of disappointed ambition begotten of the cruel and wicked competition found in so many of our public schools, it is surely time that the press in no uncertain way should send forth a warning cry. The entire system of "ranking, rolls of honor and prizes," should be suppressed by legal enactment, that the children may receive the instruction of the schools without risking their lives. Thanks again for your manly protest against a deadly practice in our schools that each year sends to the grave many a boy and girl who were the hope and promise of some happy household.

WILSON PALMER.

Oyster Bay, L. I., June 28, 1881.

TOPICS IN LONDON.

JOURNALISM AND CLUB MORALITY.

THE OLDEST DAILY PAPER IN THE CITY—ITS CHANGE IN PRICE BUT PERSISTENCE IN POLITICS—A DISCUSSION OF THE CHARACTERISTICS NECESSARY TO CONSTITUTE A GENTLEMAN—VALENTINE BAKER'S RUFFIANISM NO BLOT ON HIS ESCUTCHEON AT THE ARMY AND NAVY CLUB—A QUEER CODE OF SOCIAL ETHICS.

[FROM THE REGULAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.]

LONDON, June 27.—*The Morning Post* signalizes its transformation from a threepenny into a penny journal by an interesting article on itself. Not a few of its readers will be surprised to learn that it merely reverts to the price at which it was originally published, on the 24 of November, 1772. It is the oldest daily paper in London. The price rose under the pressure of stamp, paper and advertisement duties, from the original penny to sixpence; then was reduced successively as taxation was lightened to five, four and three pence. "It has become evident," it now says, "that by returning to the original price we can gain a vast extension of political influence, and yet continue to provide our readers with a paper in every way as excellent as that which for upward of a century has maintained its position." Not the least remarkable fact about this morning's issue is that it is printed on paper nearly equal in quality and appearance to that which was supplied at the threepenny rate. A journal must maintain—or does usually maintain here in London—a certain reserve and dignity with its readers. But I believe it may be said that the proprietor and editor intends not only to maintain the position of *The Morning Post*, but to make it a much better general newspaper than it has been of late years. He means, in fact, to compete with the existing penny papers for popular support. As he has ability, capital, energy and a thorough knowledge of journalism, there need be no doubt he will succeed. His paper will none the less continue to eclipse all rivals in what is called fashionable intelligence, and to maintain its old reputation for early and accurate diplomatic news.

STILL HARPING ON THE JINGOES.

In politics *The Morning Post* has been, is, and will continue to be, the organ of British Philistinism. It asserts this with pride, though in slightly different phraseology; describing itself as always thoroughly loyal and national in tone and—mark the word—temper. It glows over its support of the three Ministers who "will ever live in the history of the country as exponents of principles identified with the interests and honor of England." The three are Pitt, Palmerston and—heaven help us—Beaconsfield. The time has not come when the spell wrought upon the English people by that Hebrew magician can be dissolved. It is still possible for a powerful journal to make a merit of having blindly followed his guidance. His plans have come to nought; his policy has been reversed in every quarter of the Empire; his leadership was rejected with singular energy by the majority who once upheld him; his mistakes, his tricks, his ignorance, his mad adventurousness, his incapacity as a statesman, have all been laid bare. But his name is still for great multitudes a name to conjure with, and to have been one of his instruments still a thing to be boasted of by such a paper as *The Morning Post*. None the less is it true that this journal, in serving Lord Beaconsfield faithfully reflected the wishes and feelings of the fashionable world, to which it then looked for an important part of its circulation. It did not create the Jingo. It only sp