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SUNDAY, AUGUST 14, 1881.

TRIPLE SHEET.

THE NEWS THIS MORNING.

FOREIGN.—The London cable dispatch says intense excitement was shown in political circles in Great Britain yesterday about the deadlock in the British Parliament over the bill to reform the Irish land laws, and a dissolution of Parliament was suggested. ═══ Important election speeches were made in France by Gambetta and Brisson. ═══ The Turkish Government requested a postponement of the settlement of the boundary of Greece. ═══ In the House of Commons on Friday night speeches in favor of "fair trade," having a leaning toward protection, were made by Conservative members. ═══ The Pope is highly indignant over the speeches recently made in Rome regarding himself. ═══ Gortschakoff retains the control of the foreign affairs of Russia.

DOMESTIC.—The President continued to make satisfactory progress toward recovery yesterday. ═══ Railroad accidents resulting in loss of life in each instance, occurred in New Mexico and Colorado. ═══ Acts of violence are reported from Las Vegas, New-Mexico. ═══ Two students from Eastman College were drowned near Poughkeepsie. ═══ Checkmate, Tuscaloosa, Jessie K. and Trouble won the races at Saratoga. ═══ Rica, Hindoo, Strathspey and Gossip were the winners in the Long Branch races.

CITY AND SUBURBAN.—Blanche Douglass was arrested yesterday and taken to New-Haven. ═══ One of the Italian detectives identified Esposito in court as the Italian brigand. ═══ Six thousand women and children went to Glen Island. ═══ Notwithstanding the great heat, there were few cases of prostration. ═══ Edward A. Williams, of the Greenpoint Savings Bank, is a defaulter. ═══ Gold value of the legal tender silver dollar (412½ grains), 87.46 cents. ═══ Stocks dull, but improving in values, and closing quiet and steady at a reaction from best figures.

THE WEATHER.—TRIBUNE local observations indicate cooler, partly cloudy and fair weather, with slight chances of light rain early in the day. Thermometer yesterday: Highest, 96°; lowest, 69°; average, 80°.

The engineer of the wrecked train on the Grand Trunk Railway—found dead clasping the whistle, which he had blown twice in the little instant of life that was left him—is a figure to be remembered.

If there is one thing that is cheaper than human life, it is reputation. The case is reported to-day of a young bank clerk in Greenpoint who sold himself and his future for a paltry matter of $1,200—that being the amount of his defalcation, which is now made known everywhere.

During the last fiscal year 30,000,000 local letters were delivered in this city, 11,000,000 local postal cards. The total number of mail letters delivered was 51,000,000, and of letters collected 95,000,000. These figures give a fragmentary idea of the vast extent of the business done by the New-York Post Office, and done, too, with a praiseworthy dispatch and an absence of complaint that must be called remarkable.

Esposito, the gentlemanly Italian bandit who accompanied his letters to the relatives of captives demanding ransom with one of the captive's ears as a measure of identification and a proof that nothing like a vulgar imposition was intended, seems to have a fair prospect of tasting the quality of home justice. Half a dozen or more persons and court officials have sworn that the photographs of the prisoner taken here and sent to Italy are, in their belief, those of the renowned Esposito; and while such testimony has not the same value, perhaps, as a personal identification, it tends strongly to support the testimony of the Palermo detective who yesterday confronted the prisoner in court and swore positively that he was the noted bandit. Another officer, who has known Esposito in the past, is yet to be examined.

The later dispatches about the President's condition seem to show that the cause of the increased pulse and temperature has been removed at least in part. The President's condition is said to be better than on any day since the last operation was performed and Dr. Bliss, it is stated, was particularly sanguine in his expressions. Yesterday was a day of rumor throughout the country. While there is no evidence that any of this alarm was felt at the White House, the change for the better in the pulse and temperature was welcomed, and last night the atmosphere of the White House had its accustomed tone of cheerfulness and buoyancy. The dispatches give, indeed, a pen picture, derived from one of the physicians, which will furnish food for grateful Sunday thought—that of the President with his spectacles on now and then, reading the papers for himself.

It may occasion surprise in the minds of some of our citizens—surely the mildest-mannered citizens that ever paid taxes without a murmur, or humbly submitted their municipal toes to the grinding heel of the officeholder and boss—to know that one of the Elevated Railroad employes has been arrested for sweeping iron-dust from the structure into the eyes of passengers below. It had been supposed that this was one of the ordained amusements of the elevated railroad employes, with which no New-Yorker, accustomed as he is to be despitefully used by the street car conductor, the elevated railroad brakeman, the policeman, the restaurant cashier, and all other classes of municipal tyrants, would think for a moment of interfering. Two presumptuous persons who have done so, however, find—which serves them quite right—that they have got little by their pains. The man complained of, who did the thing because he was told to do it and in ignorance of the law, lies in jail, without a bondsman, while the company, which is the real culprit, leaves him there and itself suffers no damage of any sort.

Our special cable dispatches give a clear and interesting account of the deadlock, as it can now perhaps be called, upon the Land bill in the British Parliament. This latest view of the situation does not hold out much hope of a speedy solution of the difficulty. The Lords have, suddenly and without sufficient courtesy to the Commons, committed themselves to a policy of obstruction in which they get no support from public opinion. On the other hand, the Government do not propose to yield with the majority in the House intact and the sentiment of the country enlisted in their favor to an unusual degree. The dispatches mention some curious proofs of the popular disapprobation of Lord Salisbury's course, not the least of which is the fact that *The London Standard*, which has personal as well as political reasons for a friendly feeling toward the Conservative leader, has condemned him unsparingly. It is thought that if the Lords should persist in their opposition, an autumn session may be resorted to, with a determination to pass the bill before Christmas. The contingency has evidently been contemplated that the Lords might refuse their consent even then; but disputes of this kind usually end in the surrender of the weaker party, and it is not likely that the present instance will be an exception to the rule.

THE HUNTER'S POINT NUISANCES.

In April last Governor Cornell proclaimed certain factories along Newtown Creek at Hunter's Point as nuisances, and directed their owners to remove them before June 1. Apparently the proprietors of the factories have all along considered the proclamation as only a blank cartridge; they have, at least, stoutly disregarded it. It is, however, a veritable state paper, issued in the exercise of undoubted power; as the sequel no doubt will teach all concerned. For the present, certainly, official action seems to proceed haltingly. When June passed without removal of the obnoxious establishments by their owners, the Governor wrote to the District-Attorney directing him to take proceedings. July has passed and he has not been heard from. We believe that a kindly subordinate in his office has suggested that his superior has been out of town on a vacation, and that the Governor's letter may all this while be lying in his private letter-box, awaiting his return and attention. If such be the usual course of business in that office it would seem that a Governor's letters to it should bear what the post office authorities call a "return request": "If not delivered immediately, return to A. B. Cornell, Albany, N. Y." However this may be, the appropriate red tape is, we believe, gradually being hung in the proper festoons; the State Board of Health has now written again to the Governor; the Governor will write again to the District-Attorney; the District-Attorney will then, no doubt, write to the proprietors—and we shall see what we shall see.

The law underlying the Governor's power in the premises is too recent to have become generally known. It was in May, 1880, that the Legislature passed "An act to establish a State Board of Health. It forms chapter 322 of the laws of the year. Previously there were local boards of health in particular cities; these are not disturbed in their powers and functions by the new law; their members are indeed invited to a certain cooperation with the new organization. But the State Board is clothed with general powers covering the whole State; such as collecting information on the causes of disease, especially of epidemics; arranging statistics of public health and mortality; supervising the registration of births, marriages and deaths; enforcing the laws as to burial, and the like. And it has considerable power to inspect and criticise the erection of all public works.

Among the provisions of this new law is one upon which the Governor's demonstration against the Hunter's Point factories is avowedly founded. This empowers the Governor at any time to require the State Board of Health to examine into any nuisance or any question affecting the security of life and health in any locality. The Board is given all necessary powers to make such examination. If it reports against the establishment or thing complained of, the Governor is authorized to denounce such thing as a public nuisance, and to order it changed as he may direct, or abated or removed. Any violation of such an order is punishable as a misdemeanor. The Governor also has broad authority of requiring the District-Attorney, the Sheriff and the other officers of the county in which such nuisance may be to take all necessary measures for compelling obedience to the order of removal. This is the law under which the Governor requested the Board of Health to investigate the factories; the Board reported against them, and the Governor proclaimed them nuisances and directed the District-Attorney to enforce their removal.

It is not surprising that some little time is necessary for bringing this new organization and plan into active operation. Some delay from proceedings in the courts is no doubt to be feared, for the lawyers have not yet been heard from, and they have inexhaustible ingenuity in propounding constitutional and other objections to any law such as this, which declares property interests and invested capital subordinate to the public life, health and welfare. But it is to be hoped that the lapse of a few months will witness a complete reformation of the notorious nuisances at Hunter's Point.

AN ANOMALOUS PREMIERSHIP.

M. Jules Ferry's speech at Nancy is only another proof of the inherent weakness of the French Premiership. It is a timorous echo of the Gambettist programme unfolded at Tours. The great orator's scheme of constitutional revision is virtually accepted by his rival, who contents himself with contrasting it with the radical proposals of the Extreme Left. The Premier even condescends to compliment the President of the Chamber as a champion of moderate Republicanism, and indirectly volunteers to act as his lieutenant if he will consent to organize a new Ministry that will command the support of a homogeneous party—"a group without a name." M. Ferry disclaims the responsibilities of political leadership. Having narrowly escaped a parliamentary defeat on the eve of the general elections, and having confessed his inability to cope with M. Clemenceau in oratory and argument, he meekly follows whither M. Gambetta leads. Imagine Mr. Gladstone at the opening of a political canvass shrinking from an encounter with Mr. Bradlaugh in debate, and humbly subscribing to the electoral programme of Speaker Brand!

Premier Ferry shares the fate of all his recent predecessors in office. M. Simon was Premier when the Republican Ministry was dismissed in 1877, but when the reactionary Polignac Cabinet was voted down at the polling places he did not return to office. M. Dufaure could not survive the election of a new President nor M. Waddington the gradual transfer of political authority from the Left Centre to the Pure Left. These three Premiers were powerless to resist the superior will of the real leader of the dominant party. M. de Freycinet entered upon office as M. Gambetta's personal friend and direct representative, and conducted the administration with unwonted vigor and self-reliance. He fell as soon as he affected independence in his foreign policy and in his dealings with the religious orders. M. Gambetta excited a revolt against him in his own Ministry and forced him to resign. In like manner M. Ferry found himself deserted by all save one of his colleagues on the Scrutin de Liste and compelled to abstain from the debates on a question of fundamental importance to the constituencies. Even now, when the Senate has asserted its privileges as a coordinate branch of the National Legislature and rejected M. Bardoux's bill, and when M. Gambetta has suffered a temporary loss of prestige from the Cahors pageants and an open rebuff in the Chamber of Deputies, the Premier cannot stand alone, but hastens to make terms with the master genius of French politics. These Premiers, one and all, have lacked that political virility which makes the First Lord of the English Treasury or the President of the Hungarian Council the most powerful man in the State. Each has controlled a department of the Government for which he possessed peculiar qualifications. One has been Minister of the Interior, another of Justice, another of Foreign Affairs, another of Public Works, and another of Education; and each has been nominally President of the Council. Not one of them has been a Prime Minister in the English sense.

There are constitutional reasons for the anomalous relations of the French Premier to his party and its foremost leader. The Premiership is not a logical outgrowth of republican institutions. The French Premier lacks the supreme power of the English Prime Minister, for the simple reason that the authority of the President cannot be transferred as fully and unequivocally as the authority of the Crown. The Premiership is overshadowed by the Presidency. M. Ferry, as the deputy of President Grévy, can have comparatively little authority over the chiefs of the various departments of administration, while he is only tolerated by the Legislature as a leader of inferior authority, who may be kept under rigid restraint and dismissed at short notice whenever it is convenient to name his successor. Such a Premier cannot prove a formidable antagonist to the real and authoritative leaders of public opinion.

NEW-YORK CITY AS A SUMMER RESORT.

THE TRIBUNE publishes from day to day long lists of pleasure-seekers arriving at Newport, Saratoga, Long Branch and other popular watering-places. Still longer lists might be made of the people who come to New-York in the vacation season to spend a few days or weeks with the same motive which actuates those who seek the crowded hotels of the regular summer resorts. Doubtless the city folks who think it a necessity of life to go out of town during the heated term, look upon people who come to the metropolis in warm weather of free choice and for recreation as little better than demented, but they are greatly mistaken. The city is by no means an intolerable place for a summer sojourn; on the contrary, it can be made a very delightful place. Our country visitors know what they are about and usually get more entertainment for their money and leisure time than do most of the city people who flock to the springs, the mountains or the seashore. In the first place, they get a deal of comfort and amusement out of the city itself, with its fine hotels, its parks, picture galleries and attractive shops. Then they understand better than does the average city resident that New-York is the best starting-point in the world for cheap, varied and enjoyable excursions. Every day they can take their choice between a dozen ocean beaches, and an almost inexhaustible number of lake, river and mountain resorts, all accessible by steamer or rail, in from one to three hours' time, and at a cost that is little more than nominal.

Our country visitors live in the city, and are exempt from the sense of being overreached and plundered at every turn, which annoys the guests of the extravagant summer resorts. They do not have to sleep on springless beds in six-by-nine rooms, and are not obliged to bribe an impudent waiter to bring them a badly-cooked dinner. All urban comforts and conveniences are at their command. They plan their excursions according to the weather. If it is warm, they go in the morning to one of the Coney Island beaches or to Rockaway, and for 50 cents enjoy one of the most delightful bay and ocean sails the world affords, hear an excellent orchestral concert, have a glorious dash in the cool surf, and return to their quarters by early bedtime. Or, perhaps, they wish to feel that they are actually out in the open sea, and, buying a round trip ticket to the Long Branch pier, which costs only 60 cents, have two hours on salt water each way and take a look at fashionable life on the hotel piazzas at the Branch. If the day is not quite so sultry they go up the East River to pretty Glen Island, which lies at the head of the Sound, and see the eastern water front of the city, Brooklyn, the Navy Yard, the islands on which are the great penal and charitable institutions, seething Hell Gate and the handsome villas that line the shores at Ravenswood and Astoria. Their four hours sail going and returning and their two hours of good music costs them only 40 cents apiece. Or they take a steamer to West Point and back for a dollar, and comfortably seated on the deck, under an awning, speed past the loveliest panorama of river scenery the North can show, to say nothing of the two or three hours spent at the Military Academy upon the high plateau in the heart of the Highlands.

On days that are cool enough to tempt to exercise, our sensible visitors sail up to Fort Lee in an hour, and with a little climbing reach the top of the Palisades, and stretched beneath the shade of great trees on the sheer brink of the tremendous rock wall, look down upon the river and its varied craft, and off across land and water, cities and towns, to the utmost limits of vision. Or they hunt up unfrequented nooks in Central Park, or explore the picturesque environs of High Bridge, or climb the hills of Staten Island for wonderful views of sea and bay, or leaving the beaten tracks of excursionists, cruise down the Kill von Kull, or up the Shrewsbury River or along the northern coast of Long Island, or run out by rail to Greenwood Lake. But all days need not be excursion days to those who make the metropolis a summer resort. Much time can be pleasantly spent in town, seeing the museums, art galleries, churches, and public institutions. Then for evening amusements there are two fine concert halls, where one is sure to find respectable company and hear good music, and some of the theatres are open for those who care for the drama out of season.

During the present summer we have had only four really uncomfortable days in New-York. Few watering places can show a better record. A hot night is rarely experienced here. A sea breeze usually blows up the bay all the evening, and, sweeping around the city along the rivers, finds its way into every street and avenue. No other great city is so well situated for coolness in summer. Our streets are narrow and close together, it is true, and we lack shade, but we have tide-water on all sides of us, and a day without a refreshing breeze is rarely experienced. It is with good reason, therefore, that New-York has become a great summer resort. No other place affords such varied opportunities for enjoyment in the warm season. Combined with the substantial comforts and the many interests of a city, the visitor has here a wide range of choice among the sights and experiences of a score of attractive country and seaside resorts, all reached without much expenditure of money or time. Monotony, which is the bane of all regular watering-places, does not afflict the visitor who comes to New-York for vacation enjoyment. His only trouble is to find time to see all he would like to see.

THE APOTHEOSIS OF DRY GOODS.

Blessed be dry goods! Nobody can go into a hotel, a railway car, or steamboat cabin in these days when all the world is out of doors, without discovering the enormous part which they play in the lives of a certain class of Americans. Dry goods are the basis and sign of their aristocracy. Dresses from Worth and rivers of diamonds take the place which coats of arms and old mansions serve in England or the Continent. How convenient, too! Your claim to consideration and patent of nobility is packed up in your trunk and can be produced at any moment. Genealogical trees are not to be carried about in the pocket to awe the passengers in a railway train, and as for genius and learning and good breeding, though these titles to social rank are personal and portable, passengers in railway trains do not always recognize them when they see them. The greatest saint or philosopher or the best-bred man in the States may be that shabby little fellow in the back seat whom the conductor bangs familiarly on the back as he shouts "Ticket." But "S. B. Flagg, Esq., of Flaggville, and lady," out on their wedding tour, splendid in jewelled shirt buttons, gold-tipped crutch cane and travelling dress of marvellous velvet and satin, he will not bang them on the back! Everybody understands the jewels and finery which the Flaggs parade in hotel parlors and on the street. They are necessary as the index to the money behind, which is their one solid social foundation. The Flaggs and their class are sure that the world of hotels and street is anxious to know what is their social foundation. But there are times when one would suppose they would not trouble themselves to assert their money. When Flagg dies, for instance, it is not to be supposed that God and the dead whom he has gone to meet are much concerned about his social position. Yet the time of laying the decaying body out of sight is the hour of supreme triumph for dry goods with this class in America. The flowers, the lines of carriages, the sweeping trains of mourning! There is a balm, a consolation in the outlay for these things which assuages the keenest grief in the bosom of a feminine Flagg.

A wedding with people of refinement is of all seasons the one when the peering curiosity of the public or a display which would attract that notice, is most obnoxious and most carefully shut out. But in the Flaggs's class there are no weddings; they are alliances. We read now and then with awe and envy the details of one of these great social Events in the newspapers. Particulars are invariably furnished by the high contracting parties to the newspapers. They are usually especially strong in statistics. The price accurately set down in millions is given of the mansion in which the bride's father resides (far be it from such people to live in a house!) The mansion from base to great overshadowing dome shines at the hour of the nuptials with 10,000 lights of varying hues. An imposing spectacle of 20,000 spectators, surging for six long hours, is seen outside the iron railings; the gifts amount to $100,000; ten gigantic pyramids of cake and flowers reach from table to candelabra; 75 (strictly colored) servants attended the guests and the assistance of 100 white laborers was required to arrange the grounds. A cordon of 40 policemen kept back the surging masses from the 2,000 invited guests. Sometimes the display leaves this sordid mathematical basis and soars into regions of splendor, half Asiatic and half Chicagoan. We hear that the hall in which the wedding takes place was converted into a Moorish temple, a glorious lath and wall-paper Alhambra; Egyptian embroiderers are astonished by imposing designs furnished by Mr. Jones, of Grand Rapids; elephant-heads and date-palms as large as life are arranged under the direction of Thompson, of Detroit, utterly regardless of cost; the very newest dados, potteries and draperies are imported from Asia and Europe; it is the very culmination and triumph of dry goods.

Now, why is all this? The people who thus frantically display pretentious clothes, to call attention to themselves in hotels and cars, are at heart not lacking in the good sense and deep feeling which go so far to make up what we call good taste. These young people who are going to marry have probably much real delicate feeling in the matter, and know that it should be a sacred and quiet point in life; why should they go to such enormous expense in order to make it a topic for discussion in the papers and by the vast curious public outside who read the papers? Simply because the Flaggs of society are not old enough nor cultured enough to have outgrown the belief that they and their fortune and their deaths and their marriages are the objects of supreme interest to all the world. The question is, how many of us are Flaggs? Every man and every woman's affairs inevitably appear to themselves of the highest importance, but how many of us have good breeding enough to keep that conviction out of sight? A leader in society laughs at the diamonds and over-dressing of her neighbors, and then inflicts a history of her baby's colic or her opinions of the scenery upon the dinner-table. What do all these people care for her baby or her opinions? It is the self-assertion that is vulgar, not the inappropriate satin and jewels. Arrogance and conceit find a myriad ways of expression among us other than dry goods. Let each of us look to his own "way," before we sneer at Flagg and his lady.

The poor old White House is catching it in every possible way. It is pronounced from a sanitary point of view "a disgrace to the Nation," what with its bad plumbing, defective sewerage and miasmatic location. We have not for some time seen a single word printed in favor of it, except that the President and his family might continue to live in it safely in the winter. We do not recognize the force of this suggestion. Nuisances are none the less dangerous because the temperature is such that they do not offend the sense of smell—perhaps they are more so when they are not perceptible. If half which is now said of the insalubrity of the White House be true, the Nation should ask nobody to live in it at any salary, or to run the risk of dying in it. If the evils complained of cannot be remedied, it would be better to destroy the building at once. If unfit to live in, it is unfit for anything. Perhaps, however, there is exaggeration. The whole matter should be referred as soon as possible to a sanitary commission. Let us have a scientific opinion instead of mere conjecture.

PERSONAL.

The widow of the late Asa Packer owns four of the Thousand Islands—a property which was bought for $50 and is now valued at $100,000.

General Robert Patterson has left to his family an estate valued at $1,500,000. He made no public or charitable bequests.

Major Seth Pierce, of Cornwall, Conn., the sole remaining representative of the class of 1806 at Yale has just died. He was nearly a hundred years old.

The crucifix which Columbus held when he first landed in America is asserted to be in the possession of a lady in Colorado. Whether it be actually that which was once owned by Columbus or not, it is certainly a very ancient crucifix.

Cardinal Manning is described by Mrs. Livermore as spare almost to emaciation, and bald as if shorn; his appearance severely monastic. His voice and manner, however, are pleasant, and his speech is full of kindness.

When the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood scheme was originated in London in 1848, its four leaders were mere boys. Holman Hunt, Mr. Rossetti notes, was only twenty; Rossetti himself was nineteen; Millais was eighteen and Woolner was twenty-two.

The late Governor Bagley, of Michigan, made in his will one provision, the good sense of which deserves recognition. Although he left an estate valued at $600,000, he directed that the family monument to be erected on his burial lot should cost no more than $500. This is worthy to be noted in these days of posthumous pretension.

It ought not to be forgotten that the pretty little name of the Spanish Pretender, Don Carlos, is simply Charles Marie de los Dolores Jean Isidore Joseph Francois Quirin Antoine Michel Gabriel Raphael, Duke of Madrid. He is a tall, handsome and agile man, frank with people whom he likes, and the possessor of beautiful hands and pearly nails.

M. Ambroise Thomas, the composer, and director of the Paris Conservatoire, has appeared as a dress reformer. He issued the other day a sumptuary edict compelling all the young lady students under his charge to wear at the examinations white muslin gowns with no other adornments than silk sashes, and flowers "in moderation" for the hair. This order was rendered necessary by the extravagant attire in which some of the young ladies were wont to exhibit themselves.

Lady John Manners, an English woman who takes a generous interest in good works for the people, made recently an excellent little speech at the opening of a coffee-house. She declared that the Queen takes a great interest in the establishment of coffee-houses, and added: "Sir Edward Inglefield, who three times made an expedition to the Arctic regions, told me that he found by experience that those who only took tea stood the climate much better than those who drank spirits; in fact, the men requested they might be supplied with tea, instead of with spirits. He showed me the felt-covered flask in which they kept their tea hot. Lord Northbrook, who is at present the head of the British Navy, in compliance with the wish of many, has made arrangements by which cocoa is to be substituted at certain times for grog. Lemon water and barley water are now to be seen on the tables of most great houses, while at the London clubs, lately, the run on the iced barley water was very great."

Mr. Oscar Wilde, when he first appeared in London society, was a pleasant-looking gentleman, tall and comely, on manifest good terms with himself, and inclined to be agreeable to others; in appearance remarkable for nothing save the length of his hair and coat, and his neckties more *royant* and aggressive than is usual in that sober clime; but in manner described as highly peculiar. He had two claims to distinction—one that he had taken high honors at Oxford, and the other that he was the original utterer of the now famous saying: "We must try and live up to our blue china." He is said to have native wit, and "that peculiar bashfulness which is so essentially Irish." There is a painful rumor going about that Mr. Wilde has donned his eccentricities simply to "guy" the London world, and that it is he who furnishes *Punch* with descriptions of the absurdities of his unsuspicious followers.

GENERAL NOTES.

It is reported that the Lake Erie vineyards will produce a very small wine crop this year, not more than one-third the natural yield. This failure is attributed to the cold winter, late spring, sudden heat in May and dry summer.

On Tuesday last the Cleveland Board of Trade presented a gold medal to John Miller, a modest hero of that city, a diver by occupation, who has saved from drowning at least seventy-five persons. Mr. Miller formerly led a dissipated life, but since his reformation four years ago he has won the respect and admiration of thousands by his sturdy morality, unselfishness and dauntless courage.

A Rhenish regiment of artillery, quartered at Metz, left that city on June 1 for exercise in field manœuvres, and returned to its barracks on July 9 Upon opening one of the rooms which had been locked up while the regiment was absent, the quartermaster found a dog belonging to the men lying on the floor, still alive, but almost dead. During the thirty-nine days the poor creature had been without food or water, and must have been living upon its own tissues—to use the terminology of the Tasmerian philosophy When found, the dog was so weak that it could not even lap milk, and for two days was fed through a tube. It survived, however, and within ten days was as well as ever.

A singular will was left by Charles Elliott, a wealthy farmer of Knox, Maine, who died there on July 15. Among the legatees are two grandsons who share equally with the children, but who are hampered by the following provision: "I further bequeath and say that if Charles or George B. Elliott, legatees above named, or either of them or any one of my grandchildren (though yet unborn) or their children, shall use tobacco in any form, either to smoke or chew, or drink any ardent spirits or alcoholic liquors in any way unless prescribed by a physician under oath that it is necessary (and that not to last but thirty days) after this my will is approved by the Court, and for each offence of using tobacco or alcoholic drinks as aforesaid, to be cut off from their dower in my property for six months for the first offence, and one year for each subsequent offence, and for one year of total abstinence of its use, his or their dower to be restored as before provided. Their said share or shares so cut off to be disposed of and divided the same as provided in case of their decease." A codicil provides that gambling or betting money or other valuable consideration shall carry the same penalty as the use of tobacco and ardent spirits.

The Groton centennial will occupy two days—September 6 and 7. The exercises will begin at sunrise on Tuesday, the 6th, with the firing of a National salute by the naval vessels in the harbor and by Forts Griswold and Trumbull. At 8 o'clock the military movements that are to repeat the principal incidents of the assault and capture will begin. At that hour Brigadier General Smith, commanding the Connecticut National Guard, will disembark the 2d, 3d and 4th Regiments near Eastern Point, preparatory to the attack on Fort Griswold. At the same time the 1st Regiment, under Colonel Barbour, will take position near the Pequot House, at the entrance of the harbor, for the attack on Fort Trumbull and New-London. On this officer falls the disagreeable duty of personating Benedict Arnold for the occasion. At 9 o'clock this column will begin its movement on the city, deploying a column for the capture of Fort Trumbull, near its line of March. The squad of artillerymen in that stronghold, following the example set by Captain Adam Shapley and his men 100 years ago, will embark in their boats and pull across the harbor to Fort Griswold. Trumbull captured, the column will continue on into the city, driving the irregular volunteer troops before it, and at the old burying-ground will capture a light battery, which will be brought into use upon the town and harbor. At 10:30 o'clock, before the eyes of the 30,000 spectators who are expected, the grand assault on Fort Griswold will be ordered. Colonel Ledyard and his embattled farmers will be represented on this occasion by Major McCrea and the 1st United State Artillery. It is proposed to make the attack, as far as possible, a literal transcript of the assault which it commemorates. General Smith will divide his regiments into two columns, one representing the 40th British regulars, the other the 54th. The 40th will have the right, and will attack on the east, the 54th the left, and will assail the wall on the south. The columns will move to the attack with bugles blowing, flags streaming, and sections of artillery covering the advance with a furious cannonade. The 40th will engage in a hand-to-hand conflict on the east wall, and while this is raging members of the 54th will scale the undefended southwest wall, and unbar the gates to the 40th, who will rush in and win the fort.

HINTS, QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

PUSH AND GRIT.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

SIR: There are three of them—brothers—Brooklyn born, of Knickerbocker stock, reared amid comfort, refinement and the safeguards of a Christian home. As they grew toward manhood they became clerks in the great city, gave satisfaction to their employers, and steadfastly plodded on. The elder one after a time removed to another State, where he labored daily in a woollen mill, and gradually became fairly well skilled in the manufacture of cloths. The second son continued in the employ of a wool merchant, and gained experience in the quality of raw material. There was a tract of land far off in Texas which had many years since come into possession of the family. It was of trifling value, and little attention had been given to it until the elder son formed the idea of going to and settling upon it to engage in sheep-raising. But here came in a difficulty. Capital was needed to purchase stock and develop the proposed prairie home. It was 200 miles from the nearest railroad, from which the only communication was by ox-teams, which required some three weeks to make the journey. The matter was discussed in all its bearings, the result being that the two young men went out to the neighborhood, hired themselves to a resident of the country as herdsmen, and, after about two years of hard work on a diet of "pone and bacon," accumulated a little ready money, which having invested in sheep and supplies for immediate use, they took possession of the ranche. Then followed more hard work. An adobe hut of one room, with earth floor, was built; the stock carefully tended, and a few acres put under cultivation. About this time they were joined by the younger brother, and the trio of indefatigables pushed along the development of the ranche, taking turns in driving team over the two hundred miles to the station for supplies and news from the outside world. This was the rough portion of their pioneer life; by and by came rumors of a new railroad to run within about forty miles, and soon a corps of surveyors traversed the country in search of an available route, which was finally located within two miles of their home. The construction of the road was rapid, and the "two-mile point" was selected as a site for a watering and repair station. Thus the world came to them. The station has in a few months grown to a town of a thousand inhabitants, with bank, post-office and stores. The elder brother (now about twenty-six) has been elected Justice of the Peace, and holds his occasional court in a building with board walls, canvas roof and earth floor. The brothers are "growing up with the country" by "honest push and grit." Land, though still comparatively cheap, is steadily advancing in value; wolves are disappearing with the advance of civilization; the sheep are increasing rapidly; and a spirit of sturdy independence will round up the character and fill the the pockets of these three Brooklyn boys.

New-York, Aug. 10, 1881. T. W. A.

[Well done and well told! This is the sort of reading which we like to place before the young men of our overcrowded cities, thousands of whom could do so much better than they are now doing if they only had some of this "push and grit."—*Ed.*]

A HINT REQUIRING NO ANSWER.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

SIR: An old man, thoughful and attentive, would like to marry a wealthy lady, about fifty years old, a Presbyterian, who can take care of herself and me too. ANTHROPOS.

New-York, Aug. 10, 1881.

[We publish this not for the sake of soliciting answers from the gentle sisterhood of womankind, but as a touching instance of human distress.—*Ed.*]

CIVIL SERVICE REFORM.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

SIR: Mr. Grow is mistaken. Clerks cannot fully understand their whole duties in many of the offices in four years. The needs of reform in civil service are pressing. But one who has never been in the service cannot know. Let your reporter question some of the careful chiefs of divisions, who have had official duties to perform for years, and he will see the wide difference between theory and practice. "Experience is the best teacher, and practice makes perfect." The oftener we change the more the service will suffer. We would let none stay in office but temperate, conscientious men. MORTON C. LANE.

Washington, Aug. 8, 1881.

BITS OF CRITICISM.

MISS BURNEY'S "EVELINA."—When, leaving the gross heroines that are so common in the school of novelists that is now in fashion we read of Evelina, we seem to pass at once into the pure air of the breezy downs from an atmosphere that is tainted with the burnings of flaring chandeliers and with the breath of crowds that throng a town-house on the night of a dance. The plot of the story, though it is as improbable as most plots are, is nevertheless ingenious and interesting. It is a picture of manners that it must claim to hold its ground. It abounds in portraits of every kind. Keen, indeed, must have been the eye and retentive the memory of the shy and quiet young woman who year after year had seen character after character pass before her in her father's house, and in the great world outside it. It is in the fops, above all in the fops of the city, and in vulgar life that the author shows her chief power. Her Braughtons, her Mr. Smith, and her Mr. Lovel are admirably described, while Mme. Duval is, in her way, almost unsurpassed.—[The Saturday Review.

MAN AND FREE WILL.—Where it would once have been almost impossible for him to feel temptation at all, he will, as he falls lower, find his new field of probation; and here, too, if he honestly resists, he will win back some of his old power. What we cannot for a moment conceive is, that there is no genuine dwindling of the power of will, when not honestly exerted, just as there is a genuine dwindling of the power of intellect, when not honestly exerted. And if there be such a dwindling of power, then there is certainly also a corresponding dwindling of moral responsibility and culpability for transgressions which, before they became habitual, were heinous, and only ceased to be so through the deterioration of the man into the brute. So far as we can see, it would be as wise to expect a deteriorated body to achieve the physical feats of youth and health, as to expect a deteriorated soul to achieve the moral feats of innocence and virtue. The extent of free will is limited, surely, by our own past. Only, so long as we remain here, there is always some point at which the struggle may be taken up anew, though it be on a much lower and humbler level than that of the days before degeneracy began.—[The Spectator.

THE AWFUL CONSEQUENCES OF MR. WILDE'S VERSES.—It was their author's misfortune to be cast into a society where it is considered the righ thing to be meanderingly erotic, and to utter the most improper things in "silly sooth;" he was young; he was resolved on notoriety; he was gifted with a fine faculty of imitation; and this is the result. A time will come when he will be as much ashamed of this position of his career as his best friends are now; and in the reflections of that sober, respectable, humdrum middle-age for which we doubt not he is destined, he will find sufficient punishment. Besides, he can never marry—never know the delightful repose of an own domestic hearth graced with the presence and cosy in the affection of wife and girls and boys. A man who has once printed a poem like "Charmides" dare not have girls and boys; how would he look them in the face when they grew up? Fancy the humiliation of being father of two or three manly lads and wholesome-minded lasses who are aware that papa wrote "Charmides" when he was a young man. It is, of course, inteerable; and Mr. Wilde has doubtless made up in his mind that that must never be.—[The St. James's Gazette.

POSITIVISM AND MISERY.—Pure thought is, it seems, impossible to man. Underlying every philosophical system there is a foundation of sentiment, if not of sentimentality, and when Mr. F. Harrison unfolded his dream of universal altruism as the agent which would, one day, turn evil into good, pain into pleasure, death into life, no one was greatly surprised to find that even this, the latest philosophy of nescience, was a sort of child's fairy story, akin to all the others which had gone before. Indeed, if the author of the "New Paul and Virginia" failed when he tried to show by a *reductio ad absurdum* that it is impossible to obtain from these doctrines any "food for the soul" more succulent than the "dust and ashes" Mr. Tennyson long since found in them