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Business Notices.

A PROFITABLE INVESTMENT.—Each $5 doubled within 13 days. Best investment. Highest offer, although beautiful farms near city and Greatest Bids Range—several hundred building lots near rapid transit depot, $185 each; monthly payments $5. Circulars of A. WILSON, Attorney, 335 Broadway, N. Y.

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Organized under State laws, furnish full weight and best quality at $5.25, $4.99, and $4.86 per ton, delivered any part city or Harlem.

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New-York Daily Tribune.

FOUNDED BY HORACE GREELEY.

NEW-YORK, SUNDAY, AUGUST 24.

TWELVE PAGES.

THE NEWS THIS MORNING.

FOREIGN—Foo Chow, China, was bombarded by the French fleet under orders from Admiral Courbet yesterday. ==== The World's Convention of the Young Men's Christian Association met at Berlin. ==== There were a few cases of cholera at Marseilles, France. ==== The Nile continued to rise. ==== The Liberals of Argyllshire informed Lord Colin Campbell that they would not support him for re-election to Parliament. ==== An uprising against Turkey was reported from Armenia.

DOMESTIC.—Additional evidence of Albert S. Warner's defalcation was discovered at Albion yesterday. ==== Reports from Maine indicate large Republican majorities in September and November. ==== It is reported that the Baltimore and Ohio Road has offered $23,000,000 for a controlling interest in the Illinois Central. ==== About thirty passengers were injured in a railway accident near Quincy, Mass. ==== A Montpelier merchant was shot and killed by a Vermont farmer. ==== Edwin M. Lewis, receiver of the Reading Road, is dead. ==== General Monroe, Mammonist, Morning Glory and Disturbance were the winning horses at the Saratoga races.

CITY AND SUBURBAN.—The war between China and France had only a small effect upon the tea trade yesterday. ==== Little Fred, Prescott, Regret, Gonzo, Joe Mitchell, Lonsetta and Quebec won at Monmouth Park. ==== Jay-Eye-See and Phallas trotted at Prospect Park. ==== A bookkeeper was missed with $9,000. ==== Gold value of the legal-tender silver dollar (412½ grains) 84.87 cents. ==== Stocks opened weak and ruled so all day and closed unsettled at important declines.

THE WEATHER.—TRIBUNE local observations indicate cool and clear or fair weather. Temperature yesterday: Highest, 84°; lowest, 69°; average, 75½°.

Within the last week, for the first time this season, the cry has come up from the pleasure-resorts that the weather was too warm. This was, however, the complaint of the guests only. The hosts of the huge inns at the seaside and in the mountains have smiled to see their rooms and piazza filling up even at the last of August. This little flicker of prosperity, however, will only make the darkness of the pleasure season as a whole the more plainly visible.

The last embezzlement in business circles reported up to the hour of writing was committed by the bookkeeper of a firm of flour merchants in this city. The embezzler is a "bright, dashing sort of a fellow"—in fact, has all the qualities desirable in a bookkeeper; only he is not honest. The amount of the embezzlement is less than $9,000. This is not large enough to make a compromise desirable, and the firm have therefore announced their intention to prosecute the dishonest fellow—if they can catch him.

The liveliest political work going on anywhere in the country just now is way down in Maine, where the situation is calculated to fill the Republicans with pleasure and the Democrats with dismay. There seems to be no doubt, as will be seen by THE TRIBUNE'S dispatch from Augusta, that the enthusiastic State canvass will end on September 8 by an overwhelming victory for the Republican candidate for Governor. The Democratic contingent in the State is already pretty well demoralized; by that time it will be utterly routed.

The Hygienic Congress now sitting at The Hague discussing the relation of health and education will perhaps find some encouragement in the attention given to this matter by the New-York Legislature at its last session. A law was passed directing that hygiene should be taught in the public schools of this State, especially with reference to the effect of alcohol on the human system. Governor Cleveland signed the bill and probably is sorry he did so. The rum-sellers in his party (and they by no means form a small part of it) are just now engaged in hauling the Governor over the coals for what they call truckling to Puritanical tastes.

To entertain the dignified members of the British Association for the Advancement of Science is an honor eagerly coveted by all English and English-colonial cities. Never since the society was founded in 1831 has it met outside of the British Isles. This year, however, Montreal in some way was fortunate enough to persuade the Association to enter her hospitable doors, and accordingly is at present in a state of pleasurable excitement at the prospect of the meeting which occurs there this week on Wednesday. On the fourth page of THE TRIBUNE we print an interesting sketch of the Association, its aims, and something about its members. It will be seen that, aside from all social considerations, the meeting is an event of much importance in the scientific world. The range of topics is wide and many subjects of popular interest which are now dark will doubtless be made clear.

Now that the excitement over the Liberal attack on the House of Lords has subsided somewhat in England the British public is turning its attention to foreign affairs, and among the topics discussed is the relief expedition to Khartoum. The weight of opinion seems to be against the success of the undertaking. The soldiers cannot all leave Cairo before November, and Gordon's supplies and ammunition are not expected to last beyond September 1. The route up the Nile is also open to grave objections on account of the changes in the depth of the water. The river is highest about September 1, and begins to fall about the middle of the month. If, therefore, the last British contingent does not leave Cairo till November its chances of getting far to the southward will be small. The fact is, the English Government ought to have been getting the expedition ready all summer; and most people were of the opinion that that was just what was being done. It appears, however, that they were giving the Government credit for more wit than they possessed.

THE GENESIS OF A BLUNDER.

"How did we come to make this awful "blunder, just when we had a Presidential "victory within reach?" Very solemn, and sad was the Democratic friend who made this inquiry. He had just laid down a paper containing the names of over 100 Democrats who were outspoken for Mr. Blaine, in a town where the largest Democratic vote ever cast was about 400. The answer was easy, if not encouraging.

The Democrats made "this awful blunder" because they were more anxious to win than to do right. They did not know that Cleveland was, nor did they greatly care. The Pharisees had persuaded the Convention that they would surely carry New-York for Cleveland, and that was enough. Had he been in every respect worse than he is, such a convention would still have thrust aside all the experienced and distinguished statesmen of the party, and put up Cleveland for the sake of success. Mr. Curtis was right; "the Democratic party was very hungry, and very thirsty.

There was a feeling that the exalted holiness of the so-called Independents would prevent any inquiry as to the personal fitness of the man they so warmly praised. When Mr. Purcell, or General Butler, or Mr. Kelly, stated reasons why Mr. Cleveland ought not to be nominated, the ready reply was, "Nothing "will count against a man indorsed by "Mr. Curtis and the religious newspapers." Having faith that the objections would not hurt, the Convention did not care whether they were well founded. It was in the mood to vote for the arch enemy of mankind, with hoofs and horns exposed to view, if only he could be elected. Nor did it at all occur to the Democratic Convention that it was an infamous thing to nominate a Governor, by means of the votes of criminals whom he had refused to punish. No other thing, in the whole pitiful history, showed more clearly the degraded moral tone of the party than its absolute indifference to a spectacle so shameless. If the better men regretted it, they consoled themselves with the thought, "It will do no harm; Curtis and the religious papers will support him." No matter what the transaction was, it was all right if it won'd win.

But these are mere "surface indications": the exhaustless vein of unmitigated folly lay deeper. The party wanted to dodge the tariff question, and really believed that it could. To that end, the necessity was to put up a man who had made no record on the question. The hope was that, by raising a false issue of "Reform," the country could be cheated. It has been said that thieves always take more trouble to get a living than honest men. The Democratic party has been trying to steal a victory ever since Abraham Lincoln was first elected. In this case, it hoped to steal a free trade victory by shouting for "Reform." It is always foolish to seek anything by deceiving the people. To suppose that the "Reform" variety of cheat would succeed if tried a third time, against the cleanest Administration known for many years, was especially foolish. But it was supreme and unspeakable folly to suppose that the Morrison bill of May would be forgotten in July.

Issues between parties are like poets, "born, not made." Let any man go out among the voters of his neighborhood, and see what they are in earnest about. He will hear the chaff of the campaign, as usual, about all sorts of minor matters. But the thought that sways nine men out of ten is about their industry and its defence. Talk of other things, and crowds will cheer or laugh; talk of the protection of their industry, and there comes the set, determined look that means mischief to demagogues who try to cheat them. The one issue that can never be dodged is the one about which the greatest number of men feel most deeply.

When the Democrats and their free-trade allies concluded to cheat the people if they could, they forgot that the Morrison bill had closed hundreds of furnaces and mills and mines. They forgot that thousands of men were still out of work because of that bill, that many thousands more were working part time only, and that nearly the whole working population had sustained loss of wages in some form because the Democratic party had made war on the protective tariff. They forgot that the tariff question comes home to each worker every Saturday when he gets his wages, and to a great many every meal-time, when they see only scanty food for wives and children. The theorists, the demagogues, and the British free-traders, who caused incalculable mischief by assailing the tariff, hoped to escape the consequences by a pretence of unspeakable holiness. But their failure has been complete.

LOGAN'S WELCOME.

General Logan, the Republican candidate for the Vice-Presidency, has been met in his trip through New-York with remarkable enthusiasm. At almost every station great numbers of people have appeared to greet him. His brief, but sensible remarks, have been received with hearty satisfaction, and have produced a most favorable impression, and the enthusiasm manifested for the Republican cause and its candidates has been such as has rarely, if ever, been seen in any previous campaign. This trip of General Logan through the State has been of personal service to him, because it has removed in the minds of many impressions which previously existed. The General does not put on any airs, does not profess to be a book-worm or a college professor, but he talks intelligently, strongly, sincerely and with a sound good sense which commends itself to public approbation. It very rarely happens in these days that Senator Logan addresses an audience of any character without giving to most of his hearers a new and higher estimation of his character and ability.

In marked contrast with the ovation given Senator Logan, was the welcome, or no welcome, which ex-Senator Hendricks received, in passing through the same State. Though he is the candidate for the Vice-Presidency on the Democratic ticket, no welcome greeted him, no disposition to see him, or to know anything about him, was anywhere manifested, no enthusiasm was shown for his party or the ticket, no opportunity was given him to remove any unfavorable impressions that may have existed, and, in short, he was in all respects treated as if politically dead already. Apparently the people know what they are about. As between one of the bravest of Union soldiers, and the miserable Copperhead who brought disgrace upon Indiana in the hours of the Nation's trial, the State of New-York finds no difficulty in making a choice.

FRANCE AND CHINA.

Not at all willingly, so far as appears, France yesterday began hostilities against China by bombarding Foo Chow. Probably Admiral Courbet took more pleasure in this action than President Ferry. The latter seems to have hoped to the last that the Chinese Government would give him a decent excuse for continuing the negotiations, but the force of circumstances was against him. It does not follow that the attack on China is morally justified. It is not. The whole situation grows out of French aggression, for which no serious defence has been or can be made. The Tonquin occupation was a high-handed invasion of a weak tributary Power, such as no doubt many of the Great Powers have before been guilty of, but none the less unwarrantable. The Chinese Government is not acting wisely, perhaps, in defying France. The latter can certainly inflict great damage upon her in loss of life and property. But M. Ferry well knows that there is no glory to be got out of such a war, and that notwithstanding China's weakness it may be protracted and very costly. Moreover France cannot do as she pleases with or in China. The treaty Powers all have important commercial interests at stake there, and they will protect them. To avoid complications with these Powers France has not formally declared war, and so the question of contraband of war remains open, at least for the present. It is probably still hoped by M. Ferry that the destruction of the arsenal at Foo Chow may bring the Chinese war-party to reason.

If it does not, the outlook is that the conquest of Tonquin will have to be performed over again, and this view is doubtless reflected in the significant fall of the French rentes yesterday afternoon. Such a programme, demanding for its accomplishment a much larger land force than has yet been engaged, would not only create such a drain upon the revenue as must render the Government unpopular, but must tie the hands of France as regards European affairs. It cannot be supposed that M. Ferry ever contemplated a real war with China, not alone for these reasons, but because dangerous complications with other Powers are liable to arise out of belligerent acts, and especially with so impetuous and reckless a commander as Admiral Courbet. The first intention probably was to bully China into paying an indemnity and virtually ceding Tonquin. This plan has failed, and now, unless arbitration or intercession is solicited or accepted, the prospect is that France will be compelled to advance much further than she intended, and that she will find the road increasingly difficult and dangerous, though not because her antagonist is really more formidable than the world believes. No doubt hostilities will be bad for China, too, and the usual result of Government defeats, namely a new rebellion, may be one of its worst effects.

A BRAVE MAN HONORED.

Civic honors are to be paid to-morrow to the remains of a brave American journalist. In June, 1878, John A. MacGahan died in Constantinople in the flush of early manhood, after acquiring a reputation as a war correspondent second only to that of Archibald Forbes. His career as a journalist was one of exceptional brilliancy and influence. From his birth in Ohio in 1845 to his death near San Stefano, his life measured a brief span of thirty-three years, yet he had found time not only to distinguish himself in his profession, but also to give direction to English policy and to sway the destiny of the Balkan. It was he who recounted the terrible atrocities in Bulgaria. Accompanied by Mr. Schuyler, he visited the district where a Christian revolt had been stamped out by Turkish cruelty. His familiarity with the Slavonic tongues enabled him to converse with the inhabitants and to make a thorough investigation of the barbarous outrages. His work was so thoroughly done that the accuracy of his account was never seriously called in question. The awful story as told in the columns of *The London Daily News* was the signal for a reaction in England against Lord Beaconsfield's Turkish intrigues. It brought Mr. Gladstone out of retirement and created a revulsion of public feeling. Translated into every language in Europe, his powerful letters appealed to the sympathies of the Continent in favor of Christian races oppressed with the savage cruelty of the Turk. It was this brave American who succeeded in reopening the Eastern Question. The war of 1877 and the liberation of Bulgaria were the ultimate results of a series of letters that startled Christendom.

It is meet that a man who played so important a part in the history of Europe should be honored in his own country. Bulgaria might with good reason have claimed his ashes, for he had rendered a noble service to its downtrodden people and to its despairing patriots. But it is more fitting that his last resting place should be on American soil. From the Bosphorus to New-York Harbor his body has been brought under the American flag, and after to-morrow's civic honors and public reception the last tributes of respect to his memory will be paid in his native State. Owing to his long residence abroad his career has not made so great an impression here as its importance deserved, and his noble traits of character, his indomitable energy and his remarkable powers of observation have escaped general recognition. Perhaps no better illustration can be given of the unselfishness and resolute courage of the man than an anecdote related in our London correspondence at the time of his death. MacGahan won his spurs as a war correspondent in the Franco-German war. Toward the close of the Commune, when the Versailles troops were bombarding Paris, and the garrison, rendered savage by desperation, was making its last stand, two of MacGahan's friends were imprisoned in the city and in imminent danger. He resolved to rescue them single-handed. He approached the Communist pickets, surrendered himself, and was taken to headquarters. Under the circumstances this was an act involving imminent peril. But MacGahan in his fearless way told the brutal and frenzied commander what his mission was, and made so favorable an impression that both he and his friends were released. It was his dauntless bravery that carried him through every crisis in his eventful life, whether on the battlefield, or surrounded by Turkish spies in the Bulgarian villages, or exposed to the treachery of the savage tribes on the Oxus.

THE SPREAD OF THE CHOLERA.

Although the cholera does not appear to increase much in the French towns where it made its first European appearance, yet it has spread to many other places, and has so many points of vantage now, that it is hopeless to attempt to stamp it out. What has happened in Italy is probably the direct consequence of the barbarous methods adopted to exclude the disease. As we pointed out when the Italian quarantine was first established, precautions of that kind, as conducted on the Continent, too often prove the means of disseminating instead of checking disease. The presumption is that cholera has developed at some of the Italian quarantine stations. If this is not the case, then the quarantine must have been imperfect, or transportation of infected clothing or bedding must have been allowed or overlooked. It is indeed true that, in every cholera epidemic, cases occur which it seems impossible to explain on the theory of infection, but then the doctors are agreed that this is the only way the disease can be communicated, and if the facts are not always in harmony with this theory, so much the worse for the facts. Thirty or forty years ago another hypothesis found favor. Then it was not doubted that the disease germs were conveyed in the atmosphere and by the wind, and some even went so far as to associate the appearance of cholera with a mysterious blue mist which was said to hang over a doomed town or district some days before the epidemic broke out.

That theory, however, has been discarded, and now, though Koch and Pasteur do not altogether agree, the world stands committed to the bacillus hypothesis, and infection is the watchword of the day. But what most concerns Governments and sanitary boards is the failure of all attempts to circumscribe or to exclude the disease. In spite of science and quarantine it makes its way from town to town and from country to country, not travelling swiftly, but with a slow deliberation suggestive of plenty of time on the part of the traveller. As in the past, it overleaps all barriers in the end. The latest news is that it has appeared in England, and if that is true it will probably spread there more quickly than in France, because in England little or no effort has been made to ward off the epidemic. But it is encouraging to observe that the disease at present does not appear to be nearly so fatal as heretofore. The proportion of recoveries is much larger than in former years. Something of this may be due to better dietetic and sanitary conditions. The masses live better everywhere than they used to do, and perhaps they pay somewhat more attention to cleanliness. If all the world were clean, cholera would soon perish of inanition, for it is essentially a filth disease. There does not appear much likelihood that it will make its way to the United States this year, but if it does not die out in Europe before the winter we shall perhaps have hard work to do next summer to keep the unwelcome visitor off our coasts.

A NEW FLYING MACHINE.

The report of M. Herve Mangon to the French Academy describing a successful attempt to navigate the air, certainly, if the facts are as stated, records a memorable event. A later dispatch states that the machine which was the subject of experiment at Meudon is cigar-shaped, with a steering apparatus, and that the force is derived from a series of electric accumulators. M. Mangon asserts that this machine moved easily in obedience to the helm against the wind, and was successfully turned round and brought back to the place of starting.

If this is correct the new flying machine has accomplished more than any of its innumerable predecessors, though it by no means follows that its inventor has solved the hard problem of aerial navigation. No doubt the false analogy between water and air navigation has greatly retarded progress in this line. Really there is no analogy, or but little, between the two. The ship floats on one fluid and is propelled by another. The flying machine is immersed wholly in the fluid it is to navigate. The difference arising from dealing in the one case with an elastic and in the other with an inelastic fluid, also has much to do with the difficulties that have been encountered. No better model than that of the bird can probably be found, but we do not know enough about the motion of the bird's wing as yet to master the problem. Lightness and power are the desiderata, and it is very hard to bring them together as they are combined in the slender, hollow but strong frame and bones of the bird. It is however clear that as a motive power electricity possesses many advantages over steam, and it may be predicted with safety that if aerial navigation ever is attained it will be through the aid of that force.

It appears that the Meudon machine can only run for four hours. It is therefore only a toy at present, and it remains uncertain apparently whether a machine capable of carrying sufficient stored electricity for a reasonable voyage could be made to work. Nor can a single experiment, perhaps made under exceptionally favorable atmospheric conditions, decide the question of the steering affirmatively. Flotation and direction are equally involved in aeronautics, yet they are constantly clashing. To obtain sufficient flotation a superficial area is required which renders the task of direction doubly difficult. The cigar-shaped balloon has been tried before, moreover, and not successfully. The physical difficulties of the problem in fact are so great that it will need prolonged experiment under the most various atmospheric conditions to demonstrate its successful solution, even if what is now alleged should prove to be in no respect exaggerated or over-estimated.

A CHARITABLE JUDGMENT.

The Medical Record acquits Lieutenant Greely of all knowledge of cannibalism as practised by any members of his party. It asserts that if some of the men to save their lives fed on the dead bodies of their companions it is a matter for which they are individually responsible, not he. It evidently considers the question of responsibility an open one in any case, since it quotes the statements of the rescuers as evidence that the survivors were in a dazed condition and only partially in possession of their senses. One passage of its editorial deserves to be quoted:

> Is cannibalism ever justifiable? Was it justifiable at Cape Sabine? Every right-minded person will, we think, say "Yes!" If the question of *irresponsibility* is settled in the affirmative, then all discussion of the moral aspect of cannibalism is foreclosed—there can be no immorality in the case. If any or all of this band of devoted heroes, who so barely escaped being *martyrs* to science, were saved by eating the dead bodies of their comrades, with a deliberate suppression of an irrational sentimentality, and not without due reverence for the dead, we say that we regard the act under the circumstances as justifiable. We believe that no pretence has ever been made that these men murdered any of their companions for such a purpose. That we have not misrepresented the terrible state of mental dilapidation of the party at the time they were found is apparent from all the testimony.

This view seems at once charitable and sensible. The survivors at Cape Sabine were reduced by famine, cold and exhaustion to a state of mental collapse and irresponsibility. They are to be judged with leniency and fairness, and ought not to be branded as beasts of prey destitute of all feelings of humanity and right sentiment. It is greatly to be lamented that the repulsive features of their agonizing struggle for existence could not have been locked up in their own breasts—a secret which the world would have no interest in sharing. Captain Markham has referred to similar accusations against Sir John Franklin's expedition, and has quoted a pithy saying of an Admiral commanding one of the search expeditions: "Why attempt to lift the veil with which the All Merciful has been pleased to shut out from mortal ken the last sad hours of brave men battling with famine and disease!"

This is a sentiment which ought to be emphasized at this time. All the circumstances connected with the encampment at Cape Sabine will have to be rigidly investigated by the military and naval authorities. This will be required by the standing regulations of the service. It will be necessary for a court of inquiry to ascertain whether there was foul play or official negligence at Starvation Camp. If the evidence can be obtained without publicity and the conclusions of the court of inquiry alone be given to the press, we dare say that right-minded Americans will be content.

A TURBULENT CHURCH MILITANT.

Salvation Army riots have occurred at Worthing, in Sussex, England, and dragoons had to be sent from Brighton to disperse the assailants of the Army. If this were an isolated instance it would afford no ground for generalization, but it is really only a specimen case out of hundreds. Wherever the Salvation Army goes it brings not peace, but a sword. Not that the Army itself commits aggressions, but that its methods seem to have an occult faculty of arousing all that is cantankerous and intolerant in the general public. Pip, in "Great Expectations," pondering Mr. Wopsle's Roman nose, reached the conclusion that the reason the Romans were so restless a people was that they were continually aggravating one another with their noses. If the Salvation Army insisted on Roman noses in all its recruits it might be possible to explain the singular uniformity with which it develops the lurking pugnacity and turbulence of other people; but it does not appear that any particular pattern of noses is required. Why, then, should everybody get so excited over this organization, and why should ordinarily peaceful burghers sally forth to assault it whenever and wherever it appears, precisely as the roughs in the Western States used to do when a circus appeared?

The Salvation Army appears to be composed of religious cranks. They have adopted methods of proclaiming their beliefs which are doubtless calculated to make the judicious grieve, and which may offend many because of their seeming profanity. But this does not explain the truculence and aggressive spirit with which the salvationists seem to fill the public everywhere. Perhaps it is that they affect to invite and welcome martyrdom, and so tempt men to gratify their yearnings. Perhaps it is their awful songs and choruses and other discordant noises which throw people off their balance. Perhaps it is the absolute strangeness of the movement that suggests its investigation by clubs and brickbats. Yet none of these possible reasons covers the whole ground, and considering the virtual harmlessness of the Army some explanation is really needed which will account for the popular antipathy. This antipathy, too, is to be regretted, because it is perhaps the only influence which can keep the Salvation Army as a movement alive. Nothing that is persecuted perishes during the persecution. That is the rule as regards all organizations, and therefore this craze, which is vulgar, profane, sensational, unintellectual and utterly delusive as to its spiritual consequences, may be kept from dying, and given a foothold at last, through the stupidity of those who cannot restrain their inclination to make targets of the hallelujah lads and lassies.

TALKS ABOUT TOWN.

THE FIRST GUN OF THE WAR.

Commodore John Drake, commanding steamship City of Pueblo.—I believe I saw the first shot fired in the Civil War. I was second officer of the steamer Star of the West which was fired upon by the Southerners at Sewell's Point. We had on board soldiers and supplies for General Anderson at Fort Sumter. We sailed under sealed orders and did not know where we were going until after they were opened at sea. But Buchanan's secretary of the Interior, Jacob Thompson, telegraphed our departure and destination to the rebels at Charleston and they lay in wait to give us a reception. About 7 o'clock on the morning of January 9, 1861, the masked battery on Sewell's Point opened fire. The shot fell thick and fast; one just missed the pilot-house, and another passed between the smoke-pipe and the walking-beam, almost grazing the legs of a quartermaster, named Hannigan, who was in the "port coaling" hewing the lead. Hannigan reeled up the line and started for the other side of the ship when Captain McGowan said to him: "Hannigan, where are you going?" "I'm going over to the other side; I don't like them things. I can heave the lead on the other side just as well," said Hannigan. "Tut, tut!" said the captain, "cannon balls don't strike twice in the same place!" But Hannigan felt nervous. We had not a gun. It was about two miles to Fort Sumter, and we had to pass within point blank range of all the guns of Fort Moultrie. Capture or destruction was inevitable, so after being under fire about five minutes the captain ordered the helm hard-a-port and we came back to New-York.

PECULIAR SOLDIERS IN MEXICO.

Lieutenant Rogers, United States Army.—Some of the enlisted men in the Mexican Army are fine soldiers, but there are regiments made up of criminals who have been sentenced to years of service in the army, instead of in prison. I have seen these men driven into pens like cattle, and their food thrown into them. These criminals are generally kept in the northern part of Mexico, and we soldiers stationed on the frontier sometimes run across them.

NEW-JERSEY SENTIMENT AGAINST CLEVELAND.

State Senator John A. Gregg, of Passaic County, N. J.—Judging from the activity shown all over the State, New-Jersey will fall into the Republican column in November. The party is developing a more perfect organization than it had when it came so near electing F. A. Potts Governor in 1880. Passaic, I believe, will give an overwhelming majority for Blaine and Logan. The friends of Cleveland have been shouting, "Wait till you read the Governor's letter. He will explain what the tariff plank in the platform means." In my districts there are large silk factories, employing thousands of men, who are deeply interested in the tariff question, and consider it of vital importance to their interests. They are as a class intelligent and thinking men, and are not influenced by appeals to their prejudices. They know that a protective tariff means for them steady work at good wages, and though naturally leaning toward Democracy, they will almost to a man refuse to vote for a candidate who is known or supposed to be in favor of free trade. Cleveland's letter will be his death blow in Passaic County. Since its publication Cleveland's friends have lost heart and their statement to the workingmen that Cleveland would protect their interests, will avail them nothing now. Workingmen are organizing many Blaine and Logan clubs, and Passaic County will have good news to tell in November.

HARD WORK IN CHAUTAUQUA.

Frank E. Shaw, chairman Republican Committee, Chautauqua County.—The prospects for the National ticket in our county were never brighter. In 1880 we gave Garfield an Arthur's majority of 4,500. We will give Blaine and Logan 5,500. Every district will be thoroughly canvassed. We shall have a permanent county headquarters, which is usual for us. We feel sanguine, but intend to work unceasingly. This is the death struggle of the Democratic party, and we do not mean to give them a chance.

TRICKS OF CONEY ISLAND WAITERS.

Paul Bauer, hotel-keeper, West Brighton.—Business will always be good at West Brighton, provided my waiters don't drive people away. I discharged eight of them this afternoon for swindling guests, but the probability is that some of them will be back next Sunday, and that the head waiter will employ them again. He won't be able to recognize them—nor would I. These men are paid $2 a day, and many of them say that they wouldn't work a Sunday at Coney Island unless they could steal $10. The way they do it is this: A man orders an "extra steak," the price of which is $1.25. The waiter will scratch out the word "extra," bring him a steak which sells for sixty cents, collect $1.25, and pocket sixty-five cents. I only got on to that "racket" a few days ago. I have 200 waiters employed here to-day, and do you think it possible for me to see every thing they are doing?

FIGHTING AGAINST VACCINATION.

Ex-Judge Clinton Rice.—I have been much in Northern Mexico and that part of the United States bordering thereon, and I have seen a great deal of the Mexicans. You can hardly imagine the antipathy they have to being vaccinated. They say that vaccination is a flying in the face of Providence, an attempt to circumvent the will of God. I remember a Mexican in Arizona who obstinately refused to be vaccinated. Some of my men pointed rifles at his head and told him that he would be shot if he resisted. He folded his arms and said, "Shoot. I would rather be shot than interfere with the will of God." We chloroformed him and he was vaccinated before he knew it. I have seen in Mexico a regiment of soldiers marched out to be vaccinated. A regiment of cavalry with drawn sabres and two regiments of infantry with fixed bayonets surrounded them and compelled them to submit to the operation.

PERSONAL.

The late Julia Brace, of Bloomfield, Conn., was deaf, dumb and blind all her life, but her remaining senses were so highly developed that she acquired a fair education and was able to keep herself informed of all current events. It is related that when she was at school at the asylum when the girl pupils were dressing in the morning and took turns before the glass to put up their hair, she always insisted on having her turn and would stand there to put up her hair like any one else. No other place would answer the purpose, though it could, of course, make no difference whether she was before the glass or in the darkest corner of a dark closet.

Mr. Hendricks reached home at noon on Sunday and it is apparent to everyone who has enjoyed a sight of his countenance since his return that he has lost some of that serene faith with which he started for the East. Mr. Hendricks is particularly disappointed at the result of his efforts to harmonize the factions in New-York. He doesn't think that John Kelly is showing just the right spirit and is grieved at the prevalent demoralization not to "condone" Governor Cleveland or himself.

Bishop H. M. Turner, of the M. E. Church, South, is said to be the first colored man who ever received the degrees of D. D. and L. L. D. He educated himself at night among the cotton fields of South Carolina, and was the first colored chaplain in the United States Army, commissioned by President Lincoln.

Replying to a half humorous complaint that the people of Rugby, Tennessee, pray every day for queen Victoria, and thus "nullify the Monroe doctrine," Mr. W. Hughes Hughes says: "I take the 'Monroe doctrine' to mean that Papa John's boys have no business over here except to see Niagara and the Yo semite Valley and have a good time, unless they mean getting Uncle Sam to adopt them, as 'oncl qui vous parle' has done. Now, the 'Rugby colony' is no colony at all, but a body settlement in the backwoods highlands of Tennessee, consisting in about equal proportions of Englishmen of the old and the new country; and as to the 'complaint' that Rugbians 'every day pray for the Queen'—God bless her!—I am very glad to know that they say their prayers so earnestly, and if anyone has taken offence at their associating the name of her Majesty with that of Uncle Sam's President for the time being, I can only say I am sorry for him."

Mr. Edmond Kelly has relinquished the management of the law practice of Messrs. Coudert Brothers in Paris. He will return to this country in October and resume practice at the New-York bar.

Monsignor Capel is staying in Chicago having just returned from Winnipeg, where he was the guest of Archbishop Taché. During his visit he gave a series of six conferences. The week previous during his stay with Bishop Ireland he gave a series of eighteen conferences in St. Paul's Cathedral, St. Paul, Minn., to overflowing audiences which included many prominent non-Catholics. He will return to New-York in ten days. He expresses himself delighted and astonished with the resources and magnitude of the great Northwest.

Hans Makart, the Austrian painter who has gone mad, was married early in life to a beautiful girl of Munich, who died a few years after of consumption. She was a devoted wife and humored him in every caprice, even dying her splendid black hair a bright red because he was partial to the latter color. When her fatal illness set in she had to stop applying the dye, and her hair continued growing rapidly; and when she was laid in her coffin half her hair was red and half black. A couple of years ago Makart was married again to a ballet-dancer—secretly, because he was afraid a public ceremony would be mobbed by the multitude of other women whom he had made love to.

Mr. Harrison, the Republican candidate for Governor of Connecticut, used to be a school teacher in Hartford.

Mr. Mallhall, the statistician, and his wife visited Boston on their way to Montreal the other day, determined to see Bunker Hill Monument and Plymouth Rock if they saw nothing else in this country.

TALK OF THE DAY.

Charles Osborn has written a novel entitled "The Old Forge." It is not, however, a story of Wall Street.—[Boston Post.—No, perhaps it was about the Morey letter.

This is the time of the year when the chowder clubs go out to the country in great style for a day's fun. It requires a heavy wagon to carry the beer which they intend to drink, while a small boy carries the chowder in a tin pail.

There is an old fellow in Hamilton County, Ohio, who is nearly a hundred and two years of age, and he has been chewing tobacco for the last seventy-five years. Nothing less than strychnine will kill some men.

Iowa is making a crusade against "Mother Hubbard" dresses; but, singularly enough, doesn't molest young men who wear their trousers so tight and their coats so short, that they look as if they were dressed for a tragedy performance—and the contour of their legs is exhibited in all its aerial and zizzag countourness.—[Norristown Herald.

"Accidentally Overheard" the interesting humorous department of *The Philadelphia Call*, which is now published in book form, is invariably hawked through the trains by the newsboys, as "Accidentally Overhead."

A steamer arrived at Brooklyn from South America, Monday, with 1,000 green parrots on board. It is suspected that they were imported by the Democratic National Committee as campaign orators.—[Springfield Union.

Lord Lorne's book, "Canadian Pictures," is much liked by Canadians.

It looks very much as if the Scribes were going back on the Pharisees. *The Independent, The Evangelist, Zion's Herald, The Congregationalist* and other religious newspapers which have been booming Cleveland, now announce that they cannot support him. Pretty soon the Pharisees will bolt, and then what will become of the dudes and the mugwumps?—[Flushing Times.

In order to make his readers realize the immense distance that separates the earth from the sun, a recent writer says that "at the speed attained by the fastest express on our railroads, a train which had left the sun for the earth when the Mayflower sailed from Delfhaven with the Pilgrim Fathers, and which ran at that rate day and night, would in 1884 still be a journey of some years away from its terrestrial station." There you have a writer possessing the art of putting things. And yet it is evident that he might have presented a still stronger illustration. He might have pointed out that the sun and the earth are as far away from each other as Cleveland is from the Presidency.

To G—r C—el—d: Resign from the ticket, and all will be forgiven. STAR-EYED GODDESS OF REFORM.

"Everything," says *The Atlanta Constitution*, "seems to invite the United States to take charge of Cuba. If we can't buy it we can take it; but for such movements as this we shall have to wait for a Democratic Administration." Just think what a rip-roaring there would have been on the part of the Democrats if Mr. Blaine had uttered these sentiments.

The latest wrinkle in the way of advertising is a *papier mache* man which moves by clockwork, constantly raising to his lips a cigarette, taking a strong pull and puffing out a cloud of smoke. It is of course a tobacconist's sign.—[Boston Courier.

A St. Louis physician says that the common house fly is heavily loaded with trichinæ.

According to *The Jewish World* the Sultan has sanctioned the sale of that part of the Mount of Olives at Jerusalem where the graves of the Prophets Haggai, Zacharish and Malachi are situated, which the Russian priests offered fair have bought. As this place is sacred to the Jews, it is to remain their property for all time.—[Springfield Union.

Some one cruelly says that Mr. Tom Ochiltree can clear a Saratoga piazza in five minutes by his highly colored talk about "Me and Bismarck." It is strange how these campaign lies get started.

Mr. Henry Watterson's private poet puts the following irreverent strain into the mouth of Maid S.:

> "I once did love old Billy—
> 'Twas when I was a lily;
> But now I'm mashed severely on old Bob.
> I tell you, on my honor,
> I'm dead in love with Bonner,
> And I'll get away with Jay-Eye-See, the cob."

Will J. W. Harper ever go down to the sidewalk to help unload any of Cleveland's manuscript? No