MR. GLADSTONE.

HIS ARRIVAL AND RECEPTION IN EDINBURGH.

[FROM THE REGULAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.]
EDINBURGH, August 28.

There have been Tories who found it amusing to go about saying that Mr. Gladstone would never dare visit Midlothian again. His popularity was gone, his prestige wasted, his hold on the allegiance of Scotsmen to whom principles are more than party and party-leaders shaken. Only yesterday, an hour before he entered Edinburgh, I was told by the landlord of my hotel, a Tory of intelligence with whom I always talk politics, that the people of Midlothian were tired of Mr. Gladstone, disappointed in him, disgusted with his foreign policy, and would never again give him the cordial receptions of 1879 and 1880. These predictions, whether English or Scottish, have not deterred Mr. Gladstone from coming, nor reflected great credit on the prophetic gifts of their authors. The Prime Minister has not paid much heed to the sonorous warnings of the metropolitan Tory press, nor have the people of Edinburgh quite justified the forebodings of my hotel-keeper. Mr. Gladstone is actually in Midlothian, the guest of Lord Rosebery at Dalmeny, after a welcome from five-and-twenty thousand people who managed to pack themselves into the few yards of the streets of Edinburgh through which he had to pass.

Mr. Gladstone's journey from Hawarden was less fruitful in incident than the memorable one he made in November, 1879. He caused it to be known that he wished for no receptions at railway stations, and had no speeches to make by the way. The reason is obvious enough. In 1879 Mr. Gladstone came to Scotland with a message *urbi et orbi*. He came to pull down a Government. He was not Member for Midlothian, but candidate. He had, as he said himself, with one of his rare touches of humor, more things to say than he could find places to say them in. Now he is Prime Minister, and has a Government to uphold instead of a Government to overthrow. He is the representative of a great constituency, coming to render a long-deferred account to his constituents. He thinks it more respectful to them that his first words in public should be to their ears; the more so as he had to disappoint them when they expected a visit from him last year. He could not well have repeated the succession of animated little speeches which he made in 1879 without discounting the effect of the disclosures expected here on Saturday and Monday, or without baffling the curiosity he had encouraged. So the word was passed along the line by which he was to travel that there were to be no demonstrations. This did not prevent people from gathering in numbers wherever they might hope to have a look at their hero, but it permitted him to escape from their embraces with only here and there a sentence, not meant to be very significant.

My inn-keeping friend had asked me to take note of the fact that the streets leading to the station where Mr. Gladstone was to arrive were not very full. Princes-st. itself had not much more than the usual throng in front of this hotel, but nearer the station the crowd was increasing, and by 4 o'clock—ten minutes before the time appointed for the arrival—it was not easy to get near the place. The approaches to the departure platform were left free to the public; on the other side there were barriers and police. The street here branches into several streets and broadens into a sort of square, and there is plenty of space for a multitude. Opposite the entrance is the Liberal Club, and this was decorated with much bunting, while its windows and balconies were filled with spectators. But there was no great attempt at spectacle. I thought it a pity that Mr. Gladstone should have elected to arrive at the Caledonian Railway Station at what may be called one end of Edinburgh. In 1879 he came to the Waverley Station, which is central, and drove thence along that magnificent street which may well be called princely, so that all Edinburgh had a chance to greet him. The difference is that Edinburgh now had to take a little more trouble and go a little more out of its way to see and cheer the man whom she really seems, spite of the Tories, still to honor. But perhaps no salute is quite so impressive as one which comes first from a mass of people and is then taken up and repeated by other masses of people along the streets.

Lord Rosebery came to meet Mr. Gladstone, arriving from Dalmeny Park in an open carriage and four with postillions and outriders. As he drove past the Liberal Club and through the crowd in the square and into the yard of the station, he was cheered warmly. This young nobleman has a way of acknowledging such greetings which is perhaps peculiar to himself. He sits upright in his carriage, his hat lifted, looking straight before him, and with an air of being extremely bored. I am disposed to think that these outward expressions of enthusiasm do rather bore him, and that, although he must be deeply sensible of the good-will they express, his face indicates his state of mind for the moment. But if he had calculated the exact effect of countenance and bearing which would most delight his Scottish admirers, he could not have hit on anything better. With him were Lord Carrington and Mr. Hamilton, the chief of Mr. Gladstone's four private secretaries. A crowd had found its way to the arrival platform, but a crowd composed of the elect of Edinburgh; her Lord Provost, her two members, her Liberal managers, a few favored ladies, and various representatives of municipal and political bodies. Not the least attempt had been made to decorate the place. Edinburgh, the most beautiful city in the North of Europe, delights to keep down the expectations of the arriving traveller, and prepares his mind for the splendors of her architecture and natural scenery by an approach through stations unsurpassed for meanness and discomfort and dirt. No doubt, contrast is a good thing, and the arriving traveller enjoys it in perfection as he emerges from these squalid dens into the brilliancy of the outer world. But it may be carried too far.

The train which brought Mr. Gladstone reached Princes Street Station with that punctuality which distinguishes Scotch railways, forty minutes after the hour fixed. It was 5 o'clock. The crowd of respectabilities catching sight of the engine wreathed with evergreens and flowers, made its usual effort to get under the wheels, but were reminded by the few policemen present that the Juggernaut business is not an English fashion, and so with gentle violence were persuaded to stand back. A semi-circular breathing space was left for Lord Rosebery, the Lord Provost and other dignitaries. The train stopped cleverly with the door of Mr. Gladstone's saloon carriage just opposite this little group. Mr. Gladstone stepped out and the cheering broke loose. By the time Lord Rosebery's hand was in his the greeting had been taken up outside and the first notes of the music of the multitude were mingling with the hurrahs of the interior. Mrs. Gladstone came in for her share of them, and for a bouquet. Miss Gladstone, Miss Helen Gladstone, and Mr. Henry Gladstone, were all of the party. With hardly one foll minute's delay, Mr. Gladstone, his arm in Lord Rosebery's, started for the door. Here the rather meagre police arrangements completely broke down. The respectabilities began a race for the exit. Mr. Gladstone and Lord Rosebery walked out in undisturbed composure, but Mrs. Gladstone was caught by the rush, swept on one side, and regained her position with some difficulty. Others of the party fared just as roughly. Lord Carrington, who had given his arm to Miss Helen Gladstone, had to square his shoulders against the too eager oncomers. No accident happened, but the confusion created delay, and by the time the last of the party were on the porch Lord Rosebery had got Mr., Mrs. and Miss Gladstone safely into the carriage and driven off.

The sight that met us at this doorway was striking, the sound was more striking still. The Prime Minister was deep in the midst of the densely packed crowd. The police had kept a road for him, an outrider went on before, the postillions knew their business, and the brilliant equipage was moving pretty quickly, but every moment seemed to be caught and checked by the tempest that filled the square. Mr. Gladstone was bare-headed and bowing. Right above him was the castle-crowned crag which is the glory of Edinburgh, but for the moment people were of opinion that the glory of Edinburgh was Mr. Gladstone. The scene was magnificent; the central figure of it was more magnificent still. It is almost five years since Edinburgh has looked on that face. Certainly it has not grown younger in the interval. There is another shade of white in the thin, ashen-gray hair, and perhaps a more ashen hue on the cheek, a darker circle beneath the eye, sharper lines here and there. But the eye is just as luminous and deep-glowing, the mouth not less firm and a whit sterner, the effect of immense vigor and unquenchable energy just as tremendous—there is no other word for it—as in earlier days. The head sits as grandly on the shoulders as ever; the whole carriage is of that nobility which has always marked him. He is touched by the overwhelming outburst of these thousands and tens of thousands of friends about him. He bows and bows again. From the station it is impossible to see the face, but I have seen it often under similar circumstances, and I know very well how these almost stern features are softening to the touch of that affectionate welcome. The cheers seem as if they would never stop. As the carriage recedes, a fresh burst from some more distant point comes back to us, nor does the throng disperse all at once. Driving along the same route a few minutes later, I came in for the ground-swell of the storm that had spent its force. Knots of people were telling it over; the younger people were renewing the cheers. The balconies of the Liberal Club were still garnished with ladies. The police kept their station. Far out on the road to Dalmeny these guardians of order were to be met; like thrifty Scots as they were, the white gloves donned for the occasion already taken off and carefully tucked into their belts. Not the least interesting things to be seen were the bits of decoration, the toy flags, even rugs, and I thought bedquilts, hanging from the windows of the cottages of one or two hamlets on the road. One thatched hut had a fringe of flowers all along the edges of the roof. "Was that done for the Prince of Wales?" I asked the coachman, the Prince's visit to Dalmeny having ended only two days ago. "Oh, no, sir," he answered; "they had flowers for the Prince and Princess, but these are quite fresh." Which I thought it might have pleased Mr. Gladstone to know. He knows well enough, for that matter, that among his staunchest friends in all this country are those poorer classes whose welfare he has long sought to promote, and to whom he is now offering the franchise which the Lords are striving to withhold from them.

G. W. S.

TOPICS IN TURKEY.

MAIL SERVICE ECCENTRICITIES—BRIGANDS—RUINS.

[FROM THE REGULAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.]
CONSTANTINOPLE, August 18.

The solution of the question of the European post-offices has been brought about in a most characteristic way. The Turkish Government had announced that on August 1 it would proceed to close the foreign post-offices in this city; since the Turkish Post-Office Department is now fully organized. The foreign Ambassadors remarked in reply to this statement that the abolition of a long-established privilege was a matter requiring negotiation, and that meanwhile they would not brook any hindrances thrown in the way of the transit of the mails for Europe. Whether the Porte really intended to use force to close the post-offices is not evident. There is no doubt that with some of the officials the idea seemed worth executing. At all events the Turkish Post-Office Department at once set out to prove its own estimate of itself and the utter uselessness of foreign post-offices and foreign steamboat companies in Turkish territory. For this purpose it announced that after August 1 the Turkish mails for Europe would go by a Turkish steamer especially sent to Varna to meet the lightning express for Vienna.

The first mail-steamer sent out by the Turks excited some enthusiasm among patriots. Foreigners looked with amazement at the new enterprise, for Turkish steamers have hitherto had an unenviable reputation for carelessness in the matter of reaching the destination within reasonable time. The mail train from Varna for Europe leaves at 6 o'clock a. m. every Sunday and Wednesday. The distance from Constantinople to Varna is about 110 miles, and the mail steamer leaves Constantinople at 3 p. m. of the previous day. The steamer thus has fifteen hours in which to deliver her mails on board the train at Varna. The time is ample, and the successful working of this combination has reduced the length of the transit of mails to New-York to fourteen or fifteen days. But the Turkish steamer sent out with such a flourish of trumpets did not reach Varna until four hours after the mail train had left. The postal authorities here were thunderstruck. It had never occurred to them that the steamer could miss the train. They telegraphed to have a special train sent on with the mails, and dismissed the matter as "arranged." The special train ran as far as Bucharest in Roumania, and there the mail agent discovered that there were no trains for Vienna except accommodation trains. This entirely unexpected feature of the railway arrangements of the infidels caused the Turkish mail to reach Vienna thirty-six hours behind time. However, another steamer was selected by the Turkish Post-Office authorities and sent to Varna on the next mail day. It arrived six hours after the mail train had left. Again a special train was chartered to carry the mail bags on to the Bucharest accommodation trains.

This sudden demand for the transportation of mails to Varna absorbed all the resources of the Turkish postal service, and the mail for Asiatic Turkey was suppressed that week. Since few foreigners are interested in the Asiatic mail, the failure to send it out was expected to escape the notice of Europeans. As to natives, they were expected to regard this failure as one of those unexpected developments of Kismet which so often thwart business operations in Turkey. Ministerial consultations were held in more or less formal manner over this momentous question, and the Department was instructed to sacrifice everything to the necessity of catching the Varna train. The mail steamer was left at the Black Sea entrance of the Bosphorus. It would thus save the long wrestling with the swift current on the passage from the harbor to the Black Sea. The Turkish mail bags were then sent up the Bosphorus on a steam launch which left the city an hour before the regular time for closing the mails. This departure from the regulations completed the discomfiture of the Turkish Post-Office. By charging one cent less for postage than the European offices in this city, it had built up during five years of painful labor quite a business in letters for Europe. But on this occasion the whole mass of customers of the Turkish Post-Office took their letters to the European offices, which were open an hour after the Turkish mail had gone. It is said on good authority that there were only seven letters in the Turkish sacks on that day. But for these seven letters and the glorious principle involved, the steamer went to Varna, missed the train and chartered the usual extra. By this time the whole population of Varna had become informed of the joke and was on hand to see the manifestation of the Turkish idea as to efficient and dignified independence of Europeans in post-office management. The people cheered the Turks most vigorously, shouting to them, "Hurry up!" "Come on and hire another train!" "The train has gone, but you'll catch up before the week is out!" And then this most unfeeling crowd roared with laughter at its own jokes as the perspiring Turkish sailors, very red in the face and very helplessly angry, rowed the lean mail sacks ashore.

But mail day comes around at Constantinople with most unrelenting regularity, and the fourth time the Post-Office Department had to face this terrible task of sending a steamer in the eyes of all the world to try to catch that train at Varna. This time the mail missed the train by only about an hour. The fifth time the Post-Office determined to win at all hazards. It notified the public that it would close the mail two hours before the usual time. Patriotic Turks would put up with the discomfort of having less time to complete their correspondence. This time the Post-Office was able to announce with a thrill of pride that the Turkish mail reached the train. In fact the Turkish steamer with its cargo of empty bags reached Varna only about an hour after the Austrian steamer which had left Constantinople three hours after the Turkish mail closed. The Turkish Post-Office is seemingly intending to keep up the practice of sending off a Turkish steamer to Varna even though it has to dispatch it two hours before the regular time of closing the mails. But it has now added a climax to its exhibition of capacity for managing such business by advertising that after its own mail has gone it will receive letters as late as the foreign offices, and will send a supplementary mail by the Austrian Lloyd steamer which runs in competition with its own slow line. Had the European postal authorities in this city arranged the whole business to prove the point in dispute, they could not have planned a more complete demonstration of the incapacity of the Turkish postal service. The proposal to close the foreign post-offices because of the perfection attained by the genuine native article is laid on the shelf at least for a time. When the railway by Adrianople to Servia and the Austrian frontier is completed, the question of the foreign post-offices will again be raised. Until that time the Turkish police will have to forego the privilege of controlling the documents received and sent by foreign residents in this country.

Brigandage has been unusually rife in this region of late. Within a month half a dozen or so individuals have been carried off for ransom. The brigands are rather exorbitant in their demands this year, asking sometimes as much as £7,000 as ransom for a single man. The experience of the victim in such a case cannot be an enviable one. His life hangs upon the valuation which his friends put upon it. If the brigands estimate his value at a greater figure than his family admit, the wretched victim has to face death every moment of the protracted negotiation. He can hardly fail, if he returns to freedom again, to cherish the grief that arises from knowing just how highly he is rated by his nearest relations. The Turkish police is on the war-path after these brigands, but rarely accomplish more than to report skirmishes which force the robbers into "inaccessible parts of the mountains." I asked an officer in charge of one of the bands of robber-hunters why he did not go in and catch the brigands, whom he represented as surrounded in a forest. "Why, how can we catch them in a forest that is eighteen miles long?" he replied. "Besides, they shoot at us if we go too near. They bit one of my men only yesterday." Yet the officer, who was an old soldier of many battles, felt that he was doing all that could be done. The real fact is that the forces employed are utterly inadequate, and the villagers, knowing the robbers to be the strongest and most persevering, always side with them, to the discomfiture of the police. My Turkish friend had eighty men "surrounding" the forest eighteen miles long. Every movement of this little force was reported to the brigands by the villagers, and naturally the robbers remained in the wood only so long as it suited their convenience to do so.

Constantinople is notoriously a city built on ruins. Every time a new house is erected numbers of ancient relics are brought to view. The trustees of the American Bible House in this city are making an addition to their fine building, and have found a regular maze of ancient foundations at from ten to twenty-five feet below the surface of the ground. Some of the old walls contain great bricks fourteen inches square, as hard as stone, and each stamped with a name in Greek characters. It seems to be uncertain whether the name on the bricks is that of the maker or that of the Emperor. Some of the bricks are marked KOCTAN others KONCTANS. Others yet have besides a name a date which corresponds to the year 507 A. D. The cement in which these bricks are laid is as hard as rock and it is difficult to get them out unbroken; but specimens of quite a number of stamped bricks will be preserved at the Bible House for the inspection of those interested.

In one part of the ground is a large cellar which extends under an adjoining street and of which the vaulted roof is supported by great monolithic columns which bear the cross on their capitals. It is quite probable that a Christian church or monastery once occupied this site, although not a single inscription has been found whereby to identify the structure. Under the foundations of this Christian edifice were found fragments of sculpture that date from heathen times. A Corinthian capital and some fragments of cornices in beautiful red marble suggest that a splendid building stood here before the Christian church was built. In one part of the ground were found several graves. Each one was covered with tiles evidently made for the purpose. The tiles were about sixteen inches wide and thirty inches long. They were, when in position, arranged on edge, meeting over the body like a roof to keep the earth from contact with it. There was no inscription on any of these tiles, and nothing to fix the period of the tombs, except the copper coin which had been placed in the mouth of each corpse for Charon's fee. These coins are from 200 to 282 A. D. in date. The skeletons found in these tombs were naturally more dust after 1,500 years of inhumation. The great joints of the legs alone remained intact. The skulls fell to powder at once upon exposure. In each tomb was a glass vessel, but in every case hopelessly broken. In one part of the ground, several feet nearer the surface than these tombs, three skeletons were found erect in an old well. These had been but a century or two in the ground, and perhaps marked the scene of some tragedy of the harem. At all events these three grim forms emerging under the pick from a mysterious past would serve a Hawthorne or a Poe as capital for a story that would insure for weeks to the bravest of us the habit of looking over the shoulder when left alone and in the dusk.

"JIMMY," THE BOA, AND THE RABBIT.

MR. HOLMES DOESN'T THINK IT CRUEL TO FEED THE SNAKE LIVE ANIMALS.

"Jimmy," the African boa-constrictor which lately distinguished himself by killing a valuable pet anaconda at the Standard Museum, after lunching off a white rabbit, had disposed of his seventeen and a half feet of ophidian bone, muscle and fat, in a glittering coil, in one corner of his glass cage when a Tribune reporter called recently to see if Mr. Bergh's officers in Brooklyn had arrested the proprietor, John W. Holmes, for cruelty to animals in feeding the rabbit to the monster. A big bunch fastened one of the mottled folds of the monster about the center of the coil.

"Yes, that is the rabbit," said Mr. Holmes. "It is the twelfth he has eaten in thirty-five days. They ought to be eat every thirty days. I can tell when a snake is hungry by his moving around. There, Jimmy!" and Mr. Holmes shrugged to the great snake, which, as an acquaintance of him with a stick, uncoiled a fold or two lazily moved his head toward Mr. Holmes, darted out his tongue, and made a hissing noise which Mr. Holmes called "wheezing."

"I shouldn't wonder if he would eat now if I'd let him, but snakes can't eat long for a year or eighteen months after a good meal. It killed that rabbit in about thirty seconds, and I don't know why it is any worse to kill an animal that way than to cut its throat or wring its neck. These snakes will not eat food killed for them or divided food. They must be fed, and they must be their own butchers. 'Jimmy' is a nice fat snake, but had begun to flatten down when I began feeding him. I fed him at intervals of about five days. There were no spectators present except a few reporters and students who had been told of the matter. I have never allowed these reptiles to be fed in public nor for money, although I have had offers of extra pay if I would do so. I locked the doors and would not let my own employes in. I don't think Mr. Bergh's man will make a fuss when he finds how I handle my animals. If Mr. Bergh will wait a few days, and then come over here, I'll make this set. I'll take two rabbits and I'll bet that there won't be five seconds difference between the time that it takes Mr. Bergh to kill one by cutting its throat or wringing its neck, and that which the snake takes to crush the other. Now there's a chance for him."

It was said at the office of Mr. Bergh's agent in Brooklyn that Mr. Bergh had left instructions to watch the Museum and to arrest Mr. Holmes if the act was repeated. The name of Mrs. John W. Holmes appears among the list of members of the society and Mr. Holmes is himself a contributor to its funds.

TWO SODA-DRINKING MASTIFFS.

Grouped about a soda-water fountain in one of the fifth-ave. drug-stores recently were a number of fashionably dressed people. The intense heat of the day had made humanity careless of nearly everything except its own comfort, but the attention of the soda-water drinkers was centred for the time upon two superb English mastiffs, each about forty inches high. The man having them in charge was evidently a servant, and he stood a little back from the fountain, but his dogs showed no such diffidence. One of them pushed forward and licked up stray drops of the beverage from the marble floor. One of the drinkers called the animal's keeper's attention to its thirst.

"Bless you, she ain't thirsty for water," said the man. "She's come in for her soda. Henry [illegible] the boy at the fountain], give her something."

A glass of lemon and vanilla was drawn and the animal drank it with a grace that comes only from long practice. Her mate stood one side, but kept a close watch on the performance, and as the last drops were disappearing made such a piteous appeal with his fine eyes for a similar treat that he could not be denied.

A BASE FABRICATION.

From The Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

"He's got 'em on!" "He's got 'em on!" simultaneously exclaimed young Johnnie Jarphly at the breakfast table.

"Got what on?" asked his mother in surprise. "What ails you, Johnnie? What are you a peeking under the table so for? Why don't you sit up straight and eat your meal?"

"He's got 'em on!" I see 'em!" emphatically asserted the Jarphly's heir.

"Get out up, sirl. What are you talking about?" sternly asked his father.

"Why, you've got your pants on, and I heard Mr. Smith say he thought Mah wore 'em."

A CURIOUS NEGRO DISEASE.—The word "albinism" is employed, in a medical sense, to designate a peculiar condition in the pigment in the skin, hair, and in the epithelial covering of the body, accompanied by an albino character of the eyes. The malady begins as a beauty spot—lemon in the dark-skinned child, at least previous information, pale or other than a shadowy pink, the narrow becomes deeper and sometimes slightly elevated, and extends in the dermal surface. After the lip has swollen in [illegible] stitution, it [illegible] dangerous. The disease progresses [illegible] sensibility of the lip is said not to be [illegible]

SOME MEN ABOUT TOWN.

The other day in Wall Street an old broker was sarcastically defending some of the recent bankrupts who have been turned out there—and then turned up elsewhere. He ran over the names, keeping tally on his fingers; "Keene, Villard, Seney, Eno, Dickinson, Ward, Fish, Warner, Hackley, Scoville, Hill, Rouse," he said, and then added quickly, "You can't deny that Hill and Rouse acted like gentlemen." "In what way?" I asked. "They committed suicide!" And without smiling at the grim joke I began to wonder if it were not possible to make *harikiri* a popular punishment to be expected of all found rattlesnakes in the care of trust funds.

The young heroine of the Bergen Point romance with a discomfited burglar, Miss Grace Furniss, is a daughter of a popular writer of light fiction whose name will be familiar to old readers of the magazines. Mrs. Louise E. Furniss, as the "Index to Harper's Magazine" gives the name in full, is a graceful writer in the peculiar line of magazine work, and, moreover, is a graceful and beautiful woman.

I heard these two offers made by a Republican in the way of bets, both to be taken together, without any Democrat appearing eager to take them up. One person thought the offer "a cute trick," another said it was "a clever catch"; but in view of the claims of Democratic newspapers I thought the offer not merely fair but bold on the Republican's part. The two offers were of $100 to $300 that Blaine carries New-York State by the largest plurality ever given a Presidential candidate except Grant, and $100 to $300 that Cleveland has the smallest plurality ever given a Presidential candidate in New-York County. This means that Blaine must have a plurality of over 32,742, Tilden's majority in the state, and Cleveland less than Greeley's majority in the county, which was 23,147. I hear of numbers of small bets at various odds in favor of the Republicans offering the wagers, that Blaine will carry Kings County.

I am told that there is a well-devised scheme afoot among men who were once followers of Perry Belmont to defeat him this year for Congress. He has never had a firm hold on Queens County, for he is too well known there to be popular. Then there is a strong Irish antipathy to him on account of his father. It would be a bit of poetic justice, which I should enjoy for one, to find Belmont badly beaten at the same election which promises to give Blaine the largest popular majority given a Presidential candidate since the birth of the Republican party.

Standing in the flowery and looking across the site of the old Windsor Theatre, one faces the rear of an immense tenement house. At night every window is aglow with lights which by contrast with the gas and electric lights of the street you recognize at once as the cheap oil lamps of the poor. There are some eight floors of this house, and it is not less than 100 feet wide, or five old houses in a row thrown into one. On each floor of these five houses are probably eight rooms like the ones seen at the rear—a little larger, a little better, perhaps; and each giving shelter to a family. The average, I am told, is four to a room in such buildings. That means 250 persons to a house, or 1,250 human beings crowded into the one tenement which the five old buildings form. This means that a population greater than that of any one of thousands of incorporated towns and villages in this country is crowded into a single building on a plot of ground 100 feet square. Think of it in these torrid days with the thermometer at 90°, and don't grumble any longer at your own fate. If one only looks at it in this spirit one can find a great deal of satisfaction in reading paragraphs like this showing what a miserable and unhappy world it is that we live in.

I wonder that the lawyers who are examining Henry H. Hadley are not better informed as to what moneys Hadley actually received from William H. Barnum and the Democratic National Committee. He has stated that he received over $4,000 in all. He made a written statement which I have read, and which is still in existence somewhere, in which he states the amount received by him at widely different figures from those given on his examination in supplementary proceedings. The figures as to the expenses of the Lynn trip are given differently in the two. I remember distinctly that Hadley in his statement says that Barnum sent him on that expedition after he (Barnum) knew that the Morey letter was "bogus," and that the Committee paid $200 for the use of the altered Kirkwood Hotel register. Hadley paid no such sum to the proprietors of the hotel, and doubtless kept the whole amount for his own trouble in altering the book.

After the adjournment of the Tammany Hall meeting a few nights ago a number of the leaders of the district associations gathered informally in a neighboring saloon, and drank wine and berated Cleveland until an early hour in the morning. Excise Commissioner William P. Mitchell dropped in casually. He belongs to the County Democratic organization, and is a positive Cleveland man. He undertook to question one of the party present with the Tammany leaders as to his personal attitude in the canvass, saying that he was only destroying himself in opposing Cleveland. The person addressed said he was willing to make any personal effort or sacrifice to beat Mr. Cleveland. Mr. Mitchell soon found that the Tammany district leaders were of the same way of thinking, and also learned what estimation they held him in personally for intruding the subject in the way he had by presuming to lecture the other on his course. At one time there was danger of actual personal violence, and the person to whom Mr. Mitchell's lecture was addressed finally let him out a side door into the street for his safety.

I met a manager, who shall be nameless, of a theatre which I will not designate except by saying that it is one of the finest in the city, who was telling me that it was his policy and would remain his policy to produce nothing that was not tried and approved here or abroad. "You mean by that, I suppose, that you will deal in no novelties." "They will be novelties at my theatre," he answered in an argumentative manner. "But you will still be a dealer in second-hand goods," I insisted. "If you mean, yes," he responded. "It is a safe business usually." And, I thought to myself, one that usually keeps a man busy all his life, leaves him with only a moderate sufficiency, and no particular honor among his fellow-merchants. The manager who is content with this policy risks little, gains little, and gets little credit for any success and much ridicule for any failure he may encounter. The manager who tries novelties may make some errors before he makes a "hit," but the success of a new play, the discovery of a new genius of the stage, the development of a novel form of entertainment, are almost certain to be the basis of a big fortune. In theatrical management, as in every other branch of business, brains and nerve and originality are the greatest of the qualifications essential to success.

"There never was a finer illustration of the proverbial imbecility of the Democratic managers," said an old Democrat to me yesterday, "than their sudden introduction of the tariff question into this canvass. It was a question that troubled their Convention and came near disrupting it. It was the chief of the troubles which culminated in the Butler movement. They didn't dare to put a positive plank in their platform for or against a tariff. Yet here is that absurd old Hendricks, just after his foolish letter seriously considering the advisability of Cleveland's withdrawal, declaiming against the accumulation of $400,000,000 surplus in the Treasury as the result of the Republican tariff, and preaching in favor of a reduction of the tariff which produces such a revenue from foreign sources. That issue is the very one that elected Garfield; it is one the Republicans are only too anxious to bring to bear on the workingmen; and this absurd old candidate gives them the opportunity. Of course they will take advantage of it and show that the tariff is the one thing which keeps the workingman's wages at double the rates paid in free trade countries, and at the same time raises revenue sufficient to pay Government expenses and leave a surplus to pay war debts. Our leaders are an infernal set of fools—that's what they are."

I hear a great deal said about the scarcity of documents for use in this campaign as a curious feature of the canvass. The explanation is simple enough. There are no new party issues to discuss. The charges against Blaine are too old, stale and weak for effective use, and the Democrats do not relish having the dish served up to them by the Independent cooks, of whom they are suspicious. Cleveland's record is too brief to make a document.

I hear that Governor Cleveland will after this long delay follow Mr. Blaine's example and sue the Editor of *The Buffalo Telegraph*, the paper which first published the scandal concerning him about Maria Halpin. Mr. Watts, one of the detectives who conveyed the unfortunate woman to an insane asylum without a legal examination, recently said that he was to make some public statement or affidavit on the subject shortly, but that he had not done so as yet. He was one of Sheriff Cleveland's deputies. The design, as I hear it intimated, is to have the Editor of *The Telegraph* arrested about two weeks before the election and taken before a magistrate. If he waives an examination he will be held in bail, of course, and at once indicted by the Grand Jury for libel after election. If he decides to defend before the magistrate the plaintiff, having the first opportunity to be heard, may scrape all the time of the court until after election in putting in testimony or in making arguments. It belongs to the large category of "good schemes if they work."

I find the Butler campaign managers are counting on a vote of from 7,000 to 10,000 for their candidate in Kings County. This will appear to be a rosy view at the first glance, but William A. Fowler, who manages the Butler campaign, is about as well informed as any man living about Kings County politics. There is really little difference—not more than 4,000—between the votes of the Democratic and Republican parties in Kings on straight issues. The Irish-Democratic vote for Blaine would overcome this difference if other things were equal this year, but the Independent movement is stronger in Brooklyn than anywhere else in the country if one can judge from outward appearances. It is probably because the movement is better organized than elsewhere. What its strength will be at the polls remains to be demonstrated. The Democrats counted on a Plymouth Church vote of several thousand, due to the free trade advocacy of Thomas G. Shearman and the alleged free morality attitude of Mr. Beecher; but the latter is no longer at the white heat of enthusiasm for Cleveland that he was lately represented to be. In fact, it will yet appear that Mr. Beecher has been much misrepresented by the interviewers. He may be found to be perfectly neutral in politics for this occasion.

A gentleman who has just returned from Europe was reading a glowing account, in the florid style of her agent, to the effect that Mademoiselle Rhea, the actress, had brought with her some costly robes which were described as "dreams to look at," and which she claimed were once royal attire bought from some embarrassed queen or other scion of royalty. I laughed at the assertion as well as the language of the article. "You seem incredulous," he said; "but I know of my own personal knowledge that one of Rhea's dresses came from an abode of royalty." "Indeed!" I asked. "Oh! I saw it there," he added quickly; "saw it every day for months until Miss Rhea bought it at the fancy price marked on it." "The price was marked on it?" "Yes, plainly; 1,200 francs. It was for sale for a long time before she got it at the Magasin de Louvre. That ought to establish that it comes from a royal abode, ought it not?"

Daniel Harkins has a sensational drama which McKee Rankin thinks of doing, in which the principal scene is laid in the Hoffman House café. I suppose it is intended to carry it into the country as an advertisement of the house.

A person who has not been over the Sandy Hook route to Long Branch in three or four years past, will find great pleasure in making the trip now. The long narrow stretch of sand known as the Hook, lying between the ocean and the Shrewsbury River, has recently been made to "blossom as the rose." It is a continuous lawn, a garden, a park from the Highlands to Long Branch. Splendid hotels and cottages have taken the place of the dilapidated fisher's huts and the two-story inns which were once to be found there. Pleasure boats of every description line the Shrewsbury river ready for use where formerly the craft of the fishermen only were to be seen. The Highlands of Navesink, now called the Atlantic Highlands, is a hill side village, where formerly only two third-rate hotels existed; and thus one of the most beautiful and healthy spots in the country has been utilized for civilized man. I know of no place within easy reach of New-York where one may find a mountain home with both still water and surf bathing within a stone's throw of him. One may walk in five minutes from an elevation on the Highlands, fully five hundred feet above the ocean, to Shrewsbury river, and in three minutes more may be landed where the breakers beat on the sands of the Hook.

AMERICAN AUTHORS AND ENGLISH CRITICISM.

A LETTER FROM ROBERT BUCHANAN.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

SIR: My attention has just been called to the special New-York correspondence of *The Pittsburg* (Penn.) *Chronicle-Telegraph*, in which the writer, while saying some unpleasant and a few flattering things about myself, accuses me of having "impudently" attacked on some remote occasion the poets of America. Now this accusation, though made *ad captandum* and with no little recklessness, discomforts me to some extent, seeing that it might, if re-echoed, prejudice me with that great American public to which I owe so many favors, which has always been generous to me and mine, and to which I, as novelist, dramatist, and writer of verse, have reason to feel profoundly grateful.

My chief offence appears to be, that I praised, perhaps over-zealously, an American, who still remains, in my opinion, one of the greatest and strongest men of the century, Mr. Walt Whitman, and that, in so doing, I underestimated the more popular singers of this much-singing country. It is quite necessary to explain, therefore, that my glowing admiration of Whitman has never in any way qualified my respectful appreciation of those writers who, while lacking his originality, have won sympathetic readers wherever the English tongue is spoken. Again and again I have written in the warmest terms of Emerson, and compared him favorably with our own Carlyle. I have edited an edition of Longfellow, and sounded his praises roundly. Whittier and Bryant have always had my homage, and I was among the first to welcome the fresh and sunny genius of Bret Harte.

It is true, nevertheless, that I seek in American literature, wherever I find it, a larger outlook than has been seen as yet from the *salons* of Boston or the farm-yards of Concord; that I have little or no sympathy with the native talent which affects the manners of the London man-about-town and the airs of the Parisian *petit maître*; that, in short, I love the "wood notes wild" of this continent better than its mocking-bird imitations of European tunes, now long out of fashion even there. This alone, to some of your critics, seems an offence. My friend Mr. Stedman, whose own work, by the way, refutes some of his own theories, in so far as it is charmingly native and American, has lectured me very seriously on my perversity. It is such a mistaken idea, I am told, to imagine that American literature ought to be monstrous, formless, cosmic, and all that sort of thing! With all humility I hold that it ought at least to escape our English limitations. The best American work does so. Whitman's work does so invariably, Emerson's frequently, Whittier's very often, Longfellow's occasionally.

But it seems to me (if so insignificant a person as myself may express an opinion) that the young literary men of America are beset by what I have remarked as a failing of some American gentlemen, socially; and that is, a morbid diffidence as to their own native resources, resulting in a frequent effort to assume "superior" manners, too commonly European. With materials all round them which we poor Londoners gape at in hopeless envy, with rich and abundant forms of life and a marvellous scenic panorama close to their hand, they set out for Italy or Paris, and literally go wool-gathering. No one admires more than I do the charming filagree-work of Mr. Howells; but I don't want filagree-work from the mind which could conceive that marvellous picture of the Spiritualist in the "Undiscovered Country." I take this novel, by the way, as a sad example of a work of genius gone wrong through a refinement of European (or Bostonian) ethics. The art is admirable; the moral is, that young ladies should beware of Spiritualism, not merely because it is false and silly and productive of hyperesthesia, but because it is the sole mission of young ladies to meet young men, and spoon, and marry and inherit the domestic virtues of their fathers and mothers. For the rest, I should rejoice to see the rising novelists of America invoke a *deus ex machina* of a more robust virility than is fashionable with super-sensitive and super-amatory misses. "Who goes there, hankering, gross, mystical, nude?" Not, certainly, our friend with the super-human insight into the feelings and impulses of young indecision, the American dilettante. He, good soul, still remains, characteristically diffident of his own powers, and morbidly afraid of committing a literary solecism, under the inspiring mantle of the arch-solecismist, Trollope.

This, then, is my offence, that, loving and admiring America and Americans so much, I love and admire their robust natural ways both in life and literature, and have no sympathy with their affectations in the direction of pointed European ethics and a blameless European culture. I see no reason why they should be ashamed of being original, whether in the cut of their coats or the style of their books. I think it would be as rational for them to talk eternal themes in eternal hexameters; neither Hugo is the true speech of this princely race, so truly imperial and cosmopolitan. But whatever style they use, and whatever tongue they speak, I, for one, shall hold them in lifelong gratitude for a thousand kindnesses done to me while I was still a stranger, and repeated daily now I am a visitor to their hospitable land. In the correspondence alluded to above, and which is more than one respect resembles the pictures children draw "out of their own heads," it is stated that I once inscribed a book to Mr. Swinburne. This is news to me, and will be news to the author of "Songs Before Sunrise."

Very respectfully, ROBERT BUCHANAN.

New-York, Sept. 9, 1884.

WHAT PARIS TALKS ABOUT

CHINA—BALLOONS—NITTIS—A ROYAL BETROTHAL.

[FROM THE REGULAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.]
PARIS, Aug. 29.

Admiral Courbet goes ahead in China, and M. Ferry does not admit that he is at war with the Celestials. Blanqui used to say that the Premier was casuist enough to qualify for the generalship of the Jesuits. He certainly is a master of the art of showing that black is white, and of fencing and prevaricating. The Constitution says plainly to him, "Thou shalt not go to war unless with the consent of Parliament," but M. Ferry, when reminded of the inconvenient fact, cries, "Good Heavens! when did I ever think of going to war? If you pull the ears of a naughty and aggressive small boy, do you go to war with him? You only chastise him or give him tit-for-tat. Courbet makes reprisals and nothing more. The Chinese fell upon our troops and massacred them. We now burn their Foo Chow arsenal and sink their ships and gunboats in Tonquin in virtue of our superior civilization, and to teach them to submit resignedly to our behests. They ought to feel that in chastising them we show ourselves their best friends. England is impertinent when she tries to make believe the contrary. So are the Radicals when they cry out for the Chambers to be convoked