Amusements To-Night.

BIJOU OPERA HOUSE—8—"Adonis."
CASINO—8—"The Little Duke."
DALY'S THEATRE—8—"Mamselle Nitouche."
EDEN MUSEE—Waxworks.
5TH AVENUE THEATRE—8—"Called Back."
GRAND OPERA HOUSE—8—"The Pulse of New-York."
MADISON SQUARE THEATRE—8:30—"May Blossom."
NIBLO'S GARDEN—8—"The Seven Ravens."
STAR THEATRE—8—"Séiba."
UNION SQUARE THEATRE—8—"Lynwood."
14TH STREET THEATRE—8—"My Life."
WALLACK'S THEATRE—8—"Theo."

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Business Notices.

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NEW-YORK, TUESDAY, SEPT. 16.

THE NEWS THIS MORNING.

FOREIGN.—Seventy thousand persons lost their lives by floods in China. ==== Cholera is decreasing in Italy. ==== Twenty-three hundred prisoners are reported at Berber. ==== China is preparing to fortify Shanghai. ==== Bishop Alfred Duquesnay is dead.

DOMESTIC.—From 25 to 30 persons killed by a boiler explosion at Eufaula, Ala. ==== Mr. Blaine expressed anxiety to have his correspondence with Mr. Fisher widely published. ==== Republican prospects in Ohio improving. ==== Garfield monument collections in New-York State amounted to over $9,000. ==== A thieving foreman at Troy detected. ==== More trouble among the Hocking Valley miners. ==== A White Mountain diamond thief arrested.

CITY AND SUBURBAN.—General Butler spoke three times in Union Square. ==== Augustin Daly and his company returned. ==== Mr. Morosini unrelenting. ==== Evidence in the Mandelbaum case. ==== The New-Jersey State Fair opened at Waverly. ==== A sailor arrested for killing a shipmate. ==== Gold value of the legal-tender silver dollar (412½ grains), $1.68 cents. ==== Stocks were not active, but they slowly declined and ended weak at about the lowest figures.

THE WEATHER—TRIBUNE local observations indicate fair and slightly warmer weather. Temperature yesterday: Highest, 76°; lowest, 52°; average, 63½.

The Tammany heaven is working and has finally reached even that unpromising lump of unrighteousness, the County Democracy. One of the well-known politicians of the city, long identified with the Democracy and a leader in the Seventh Ward, has resigned his position on the Thompson committee and will devote his energies during the rest of this canvass to defeating Mr. Cleveland. He declares that the Democratic nomination was not made in accordance with the wishes of the rank and file of the party; and he is right. Moreover, he asserts that it was made in obedience to the command of corrupt rings which nobody can deny.

The notorious Mrs. Mandelbaum is making a desperate fight to save herself from State Prison and has adopted a line of defence always in great favor at the Tombs. That is not to establish her own innocence, but to prove some one's else guilt. This time the attack has been made upon the detective who is the principal witness against the woman, and evidence has been sought in Germany to show that he is a fugitive from that country. The undertaking, however, seems to be a failure. It will be a disgrace to our courts if Mrs. Mandelbaum is allowed this time to escape proper punishment for her crimes. The Recorder will doubtless see to it that no tricks are played upon justice.

It probably is not time yet to place the work of running the cars on the Brooklyn Bridge in the hands of private individuals; but unless the trustees show themselves more efficient in this matter before long, the day when they step out and some one else steps in is not far distant. This is the opinion of Mayor Low apparently, and there are not many who disagree with him. The present management is bad, and the public is not accommodated. It is certainly not desirable to reduce the police force, as has been suggested in order to cut down the expenses. The trouble lies in the unbusiness-like methods of the trustees. Meanwhile Mr. Austin Corbin, who is always on the alert, has put in the first bid for the job.

A story of terrible loss of life in one of the provinces of China is told in the San Francisco dispatches. Seventy thousand persons are reported to have been drowned. If the report is not exaggerated this is one of the great floods in the world's history, aside from the Deluge. But it does not come up to the flood caused by the breaking of the dykes in Holland, in 1530, which swept away 400,000 persons, or the one before that in the same country, from the same cause, in 1421, when over 100,000 people perished. The province of Kiang-Soo, however, is a long way off from those ports of China where news for the outside world is gathered, and the story of the disaster has probably grown as it travelled. Moreover, it is singular that some reference to so great a calamity has not appeared in the cable dispatches from Canton supplied so freely nowadays to the European press.

The necessity of receiving with great caution the numerous stories about the prevalence of cattle disease in this country is emphasized this morning by a dispatch from Chicago, in which a man well known in the West declares that the stories about his herd are untrue, and only told with a view of securing a certain appropriation from Congress next winter. This is a frank statement which will find ready support among all persons who have noted of late with what regularity pleuro-pneumonia is discovered in different parts of the United States, and how often it is insinuated that a great epidemic (which never comes) is about to break out among our herds in the East as well as in the West. Some of the veterinarians who have been busy recently making these statements freely should remember that they would be more credible if they were not accompanied by puffs of the discoverers' own patent cow-medicines.

THE DREGS OF DEFAMATION.

Malice has overreached itself at last. The new letters published for the purpose of injuring Mr. Blaine go far to vindicate him. When Mulligan and Fisher ransacked their correspondence eight years ago for material to blacken Mr. Blaine's reputation, their cold and deliberate malice rejected the letters now published. If there were then in their hands any which could have done him harm, we may be sure those would have been produced. But the letters now printed, though they contain no new charge, nor a scrap of evidence that tends to sustain any old charge, do contain much that is of the greatest value to Mr. Blaine. For that reason, his accusers, when cool, were shrewd enough to suppress them. But now they see public opinion moving forward with resistless sweep toward Mr. Blaine's election; they are maddened and desperate; they hunt their pigeon-holes again for the dregs of ancient scandal, and in their fury they brand themselves with falsehood, and for the first time disclose the true character of the transactions between Mr. Blaine and Mr. Fisher.

The new publication embraces that very letter of October 24, 1871, which Mr. Blaine has for eight years been accused of suppressing. As *The Sun* showed with great clearness, the oft-reiterated charge was reduced at last to this one letter, which was named in Mulligan's memorandum, but which Mr. Blaine declared was not in the package received and publicly read by him. Continually *The Times*, *The Post*, and other papers have repeated that Mr. Blaine lied, and had deliberately suppressed this letter. Yet now the blundering rage of his baffled accusers produces it from their own stock, and makes one thing clear: Eight years Mulligan has seen Mr. Blaine falsely accused of suppressing this letter, and has known all the time that the charge was false, because he held in his possession the proof. Yet he has kept back that proof, and silently allowed the lie to go on doing its dishonest work, and thus has made that lie his own, in order to blacken the character of Mr. Blaine. In the light of this fact, who should now be believed: Mr. Blaine, who told the truth, or his accusers, self-convicted of falsehood? And why was this letter then suppressed? Because, as it now proves, Fisher and Caldwell had failed to made good pledges upon which Mr. Blaine had borrowed $25,000 for their benefit.

The great fact which the new letters establish is that Mr. Blaine was the victim of Warren Fisher, deceived by him from the start, induced to involve himself and his friends in an undertaking in which they all suffered, crippled by the refusal of Fisher to keep his word, persuaded when disaster came to borrow money for the enterprise upon his personal credit, and finally left in the lurch by his professed friend, who reasoned that Mr. Blaine, being a public man, could never afford to demand what was justly due to him, for fear of scandal.

The letters of June, 1869, previously published, prove that Fisher then made a proposition to Mr. Blaine, which he hesitated to accept, uncertain whether it might involve larger resources than he could command. The new letters of October 4 and 5 show, what has been evident all along, that he had closed the arrangement with Fisher to take from him certain bonds in order to raise money for the enterprise, and that he did not prove a "deadhead," but performed his part to the letter. He not only took bonds and placed them to lift the enterprise over obstacles, but had "disposed of $125,000" *before the letter was written* making mention of his ruling in Congress. Thus he has been infamously slandered, all this time, by the charge that he referred to his ruling in order to get into the concern; he was in it already, as the new letters prove, and had placed all the bonds he was expected to place. But these new letters also prove that privacy about that negotiation was urged, not by him, but by Fisher, who was at that time negotiating with Caldwell. It may be inferred that Fisher did not then want Caldwell to know that the enterprise had been in such straits; he it was who wrote about "the importance of keeping all quiet," and to him Mr. Blaine wrote: "No one will ever know from me "that I have disposed of a single dollar in Maine. "So there need be no embarrassment in talking "with Mr. Caldwell." There was not a thing in the transaction of which Mr. Blaine had reason to be ashamed; he had taken at his own risk a block of securities, and by his personal credit and reputation with friends had placed them, receiving, as both Fisher and Mulligan admitted, the average rate of percentage that others received. Thus:

May, 31, 1876, Warren Fisher, jr., testified (Misc. Doc. 176, pages 88 and 89).

Q.—Was any other bonus besides stock ever given in the purchase of these bonds?

A.—No, sir.

Q.—Were not land-grant bonds sometimes given?

A.—Oh, yes; if I sold $10,000 of these first mortgage bonds, I would also give as a bonus $10,000 of land-grant bonds, $10,000 of common stock, and $10,000 of the preferred stock.

Q.—So that a sale of $10,000 of these bonds there was really a transfer of $10,000 mortgage bonds, $10,000 land-grant bonds, $10,000 preferred stock and $10,000 common stock?

A.—Yes.

Q.—Making a transfer of $40,000 instead of $10,000?

A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—Did you ever let Mr. Blaine have $130,000 of these bonds without any consideration?

A.—No, sir.

May 31, 1876, James Mulligan testified (Misc. Doc. 176, page 94):

Q.—Do you know of any other sale (than the one to Mr. Blaine) of the bonds of that company?

A.—Yes.

Q.—Were the other sales made on the same terms as this sale?

A.—No, sir; quite different.

Q.—Was the percentage which was realized by Mr. Fisher on those other sales different from that realized on this sale?

A.—It averaged about the same.

Afterward, what? A long gap in the correspondence. Even now, it is evident, Fisher and Mulligan still hold other letters which they dare not publish, but deliberately suppress because, at this and other points in the history, the whole truth would vindicate Mr. Blaine completely. But in December, 1870, it appears that Mr. Blaine was trying to borrow money for Fisher and Caldwell to help them through, and at the same time appealing in vain for bonds, promised by Fisher to him, and by him to his friends who had purchased. As he states, December 29, Mr. Blaine did borrow on his "individual" promises, but in the letter of January 26, he had to beg in vain for "good notes for the $25,000," and for "the $82,000 "bonds which were made by yourself and Mr. "Caldwell the express basis of the $25,000 "loan." Thus entrapped by deliberate breach of faith, he says "its personal hardships to me "are bitter and burning, and humiliating "in the last degree." Yet Fisher and Caldwell left him to bear the loss; a note fell due March 1, and he was compelled to meet it. Another came in April, and he wrote: "It is no more my debt than the debt of Presi- "dent Grant or Queen Victoria, and I cannot "believe that you and Mr. Fisher, both or "either, intend to leave this burden upon me. "If you do, it will crush me." Caldwell, April 25, acknowledged the justice of the claim and appealed to Mr. Fisher, being unable to act himself. Nevertheless Mr. Blaine was obliged to write, June 14, about the $25,000 "which I borrowed here on my own "faith and credit on the distinct un- "understanding with you (Fisher) that it was "to be repaid," and urges some transfer of securities. Fisher still refuses, and, November 8, Mr. Blaine is still praying for honest fulfilment of contract. "How can I do this with parties "who have paid their money earnestly de- "manding of me the consideration promised "by me, but which I am not able to give "*because I do not receive the bonds to which* "*I am entitled by contract? . . . It is not a* "*question of money-making with me. It is simply* "*a question of saving my word with others.*"

Is not this the language of a thoroughly honest and upright man? Is it not clear throughout that Mr. Blaine was conscious of no wrong, but suffering keenly from injustice? Yet, after all this, when a settlement was made and it was agreed by Warren Fisher, as he admitted in his testimony, that the letters on both sides should be given up, it was this same Warren Fisher who broke his agreement, kept letters, or allowed Mulligan to keep them, for the purpose of defaming Mr. Blaine, and now, in baffled anger, he prints enough of them to show what sort of man he is. By his own betrayal of faith the letters now come to light, which show how he took all the money he could get from Mr. Blaine and his friends, broke his own word, and trusted for immunity to a public man's dread of scandalous misrepresentation.

To such a man Mr. Blaine appealed in vain for the truth. His letter of April 16 is an honest man's urgent plea for simple justice. "The letter is strictly true," he writes, and every man knows that he would never have penned these words, with such a request, if his conscience had told him that the statement he wished Fisher to make was false. The testimony of Fisher and Mulligan, already quoted, proves that, in the vital point, Mr. Blaine stated the truth. He bought bonds, on the same terms offered to others, and by doing so involved himself in heavy loss while making good the losses of friends. On that very statement which Mr. Blaine asked Fisher to sign, in the belief that a man he had helped at such cost to himself would not refuse an act of simple justice, his friends may well rest. Not one of his letters, not one of the letters to him, be it observed, contains any hint or trace of abuse of his position as Speaker or as Member of Congress. Neither Mulligan nor Fisher ever charged him with any dishonest or improper act. In all the transactions he was an honorable gentleman—and he was in the hands of sharpers.

What has the public to do with the business relations of Mr. Blaine and Mr. Fisher? Nothing, since they do not concern his official conduct in any particular, nor his personal integrity. The public has judged them rightly. Eight years ago the worst that could be said about these transactions was said, and the people, hearing both sides, sustained Mr. Blaine as they do now. From that day to this, public confidence in him has been growing stronger, public regard for him greater, and the latest efforts of his defamers only serve to bring upon themselves the infamy they deserve.

MR. VILLARD'S DEFENCE.

The address of Mr. Villard to the stockholders of the Northern Pacific is interesting and suggestive. Its general tenor will confirm the faith of his friends in the single-mindedness and probity of the late president of the corporation, while it will give the public a much clearer idea of the nature and extent of the difficulties his struggles to overcome, which absorbed Mr. Villard's private fortune and broke down his health. The statement presents the author of it in the light of a projector endowed with very great determination, courage, persistence and resource. It is also clear that, as he says, he had not only to be enthusiastic himself, but to be capable of inspiring others with enthusiasm. The obstacles against which he had to contend were formidable in the extreme. In the first place there was an extraordinary miscalculation in the engineers' estimates of the cost of the work. This miscalculation rendered necessary the raising of nearly double the amount originally supposed sufficient. At the very time when the need of additional funds was greatest, the Congressional hitch about the Northern Pacific land grant so alarmed the banks that they refused to make any further advances. Then the Oregon and Transcontinental Company came to the rescue, and for two years Mr. Villard through that corporation and his private fortune staved off the threatened bankruptcy of the Northern Pacific, almost from day to day.

There can be no doubt that Mr. Villard performed a great administrative and financial feat during this period, but it is by no means so clear, even when one accepts all his own glosses, that the tremendous strain and the heavy sacrifices and the final disaster which he underwent could not have been avoided. In the first place the mistake in the estimates cannot rightly be regarded as an unavoidable accident. The fact that such blunders are frequent does not help the case. When a great contractor like Sir Thomas Brassey has undertaken to build a railroad he has had to do very much what chief engineers do in making their estimates. But Sir Thomas Brassey spent his life building railroads all over the world, and instead of losing money he amassed a very large fortune at the business. Mr. Villard, however, says that much of the increased cost was due to the extreme haste with which the road was built. This statement is rather an indication of error than a justification of the increased cost, for there was no adequate reason for the precipitate haste shown in finishing the road, and when the whole matter is coolly examined it does not appear that any stronger motive existed than the desire to produce a profound impression upon the public mind by the magnitude and energy of the operations.

But it is difficult to show that this mad haste was in any way necessary, and it certainly seems incredible that due care and inquiry could have been exercised in making the estimates—either the first or second ones. Of course it is plain that Mr. Villard could not have known how greatly he was being misled by these estimates, but when at last he discovered the truth he was none the less determined to carry out the enterprise as originally designed. If he had proceeded more gradually the work would have taken longer, but the portion of road completed would have always been earning something, and if the outcome had been less sensational the debt of the company would not have been so large, and the late president might have still occupied that position and retained his private fortune. But nothing worse than an error of judgment appears to be chargeable upon Mr. Villard. He thought the rapid completion of the road indispensable to the securing of the traffic he sought; and probably he built too much upon the assumption that the development of the territory traversed would be forced by the completion of the line. Business depression had made all enterprises slower of fruition, and this was not taken into account sufficiently in pushing the Northern Pacific.

MISALLIANCES.

In last Sunday's TRIBUNE Mr. Edgar Fawcett gave a "social silhouette" of a "Nineteenth Century Titania." In that case the intellectual and cultivated wife continued, happily for herself, to admire her oafish husband. She caressed his long ears and did not awake to discover that she was mated to an ass. That was Mr. Fawcett's merciful way of dealing with a kind of misalliance which in real life too commonly produces far more melancholy consequences. In real life, too, Society is just now interested in the occurrence of one of these matrimonial fiascos. The tenderly and luxuriously reared child of a rich man has married her father's coachman. Such things have happened before, and it is useless to speculate over the causes of them, for love is proverbially blind. But it is not often that such marriages turn out happily, and therefore no feeling but pity should ever be entertained regarding an infatuated girl who makes such a mistake. It is no doubt possible that, like Mr. Fawcett's Titania, she may continue blind to the defects of her husband, and this is the best destiny that her friends can desire for her. But it is not often that an intellectually inferior man can satisfy a superior woman in marriage, unless he drags her down to his own level, and so blunts her perceptions by degrading her.

A superior man may live happily with an inferior woman, because her affection in such a case will stimulate her mind, and she will rise. But an educated girl married to an ignorant clown is not likely to remain always infatuated. At every moment their companionship will reveal some new incompatibility, some cause of repulsion, some evidence of hopeless discord. There must be a possibility of mutual comprehension and appreciation before marriage can be a condition of harmony. There must be some community of tastes, ideas, habits, preferences and acquirements; and where there is no such bond, and where the woman's is the higher nature, the prospect of continued accord must be poor indeed. The husband who lacks all intellectual knowledge and development can have no abiding hold upon the affections of a wife whose culture has been intellectual above all else. There is no point of contact between two such characters, and though a temporary glamour may blind the woman to her mate's deficiencies, as a rule she will find it impossible to fix her affections permanently upon an object she can neither look up to nor find justification for any rational pride.

It is not at all a question of poverty or riches. The poorest man, provided his mind has been cultivated, may make the richest girl happy. But utter dissimilarity in training, habits, associations and acquirements cannot be overcome or reconciled, and though there may be a momentary union between such opposites, passion must soon decay, and then the natural repulsion will be manifested. All marriages, it has been said cynically, are lotteries; but the kind of marriage here referred to is something less hopeful still: it is gambling against loaded dice or marked cards. Of course all regrets are useless when the step has been taken. Every one, man or woman, must "dree his own weird," and effects will follow causes to the end of time, no matter how pitiful the circumstances may be. But it may possibly tend to check matrimonial aberrations to point out the almost inevitable disaster that attends upon these rash enterprises. It is not the frown of Society nor the tyranny of Convention that is responsible for the monotonous uniformity of failure in such unequal alliances. It is simply the nature of things that it should be so, and because it is the nature of things no enthusiasm, no passion, no infatuation, is at all likely to ameliorate the catastrophe. The law of affinities is not to be overcome by sentiment, and it works out its proper consequences in that inexorable but passionless manner which characterizes all the ordinances of Nature.

TOO MANY BLESSINGS?

"What shall it profit," croakers ask, "if we raise large crops and sell at low prices?" Even the very men who ought to know better than anybody else how large crops promote the general prosperity, the farmers themselves, are often heard complaining because their labors have been too productive.

Here are two crops, for instance: 500,000,000 bushels of wheat this year, and 1,800,000,000 bushels of corn. Are they a curse to the farmer, or a blessing? Prices are very low, but even at these almost unprecedented prices the two crops would be worth about $1,062,000,000 for corn, and $420,000,000 for wheat. Together they would more than pay the entire National debt—$1,437,000,000; and these are only two of the many crops raised this year. Is this a melancholy state of facts? Last year, September 15, prices at New-York were $1 14⅛ for No. 2 Red Winter wheat, and 63 for No. 2 corn, and yet the aggregate value of the yield of that year, if sold at those prices, was about $25,000,000 less than the value of this year's crops, even at present prices. But everybody ought to know that this is not a fair test.

The farmer himself eats a great deal of his wheat, even when prices are high. Why? Because it is worth more to him, as nourishment and comfort for himself and family, than it is worth to sell. Is it a misfortune, then, for him to have more wheat to eat? Remember that he ploughs and seeds as many acres for a good as for a bad crop; hires as much labor, spends as much of his own energy, and bears as heavy an outlay. Is it a curse to the farmer to have more return for the same expenditure and labor?

The farmer knows that it pays better to put corn into hogs or cattle than to sell it below a certain price. Why? Because meat still commands a high price; the effects of the partial failure of crops in 1881 are still felt by consumers. Because the cattle or the hogs can be kept until there is a market for them, and if there is too much corn to be sold at 60 cents, there will not be too much beef or pork. Of the crop of 1882 we consumed for human food 150 million bushels, used 520 million to feed working animals, exported or used for seed or for spirits 167 million, and turned 780 million bushels into cattle and hogs. Is it a curse to the country or the farmer that we have nearly 200 million bushels more this year to turn into meat, or to feed our people at lower cost?

The people of this country are able to live better and to consume more food than those of any other country because we have enormously productive farms. That the farmers do not greatly suffer, either, is sufficiently proved by the rapid increase in the number of farms. It is not altogether the worst country in the world to live in, as the emigrants know.

THE ROTTEN ETHICS OF A CLEVELAND ORGAN.

The Evening Post in its issue of August 5 printed this monstrous declaration, as part of an argument in defence of its candidate, Cleveland:—

Chastity is a great virtue, but every man knows in his heart that it is not the greatest of virtues, that offences against it have often been consistent with the possession of *all* the qualities which ennoble human nature and dignify human life and make human progress possible.

We called its attention to this at once, and have now half a dozen times asked for a correction and an apology, to the community, or for a correction at all events, if the apology would be too hard. Neither has come up to this date, and the delay shows, of course, that what might have been in the beginning a mere blunder was really a deliberate utterance of sentiments which should exclude that journal from every decent household, and that the writer is so constituted morally that he has more dread of being considered a blunderer than of being considered a public apologist for unrestrained lust.

He has tried various plans during the last fortnight of getting out of the scrape, of which the oddest is a terrible hullabaloo about the need that THE TRIBUNE should correct some misquotation of a matter of less importance from his columns. Even if his opinions, as quoted or misquoted, were worth any one's further notice, THE TRIBUNE might well enough, decline engaging in such an unsavory enterprise, until he had retracted the falsehoods to which it has previously and personally called his attention. Retraction and apology—this, and not controversy, is now his duty. In other words, it is his conduct, and his "views," which concern us and the public. What *The Evening Post* has to do is doubtless most remunerative, and it is not surprising that it tries to shirk it. We are not prepared, however, in consideration of its peculiar position just now, to give it time. Its readers are already establishing a quarantine against it, and the duty of every decent family is to exclude it rigidly, unless it promptly repudiates its shameful teachings, and professes due regret for having ever advanced them.

OUR FRIENDS, THE ENEMY.

Governor Cleveland was kept busy yesterday in transacting routine business and receiving callers. Among those who paid their respects during the day were the Hon Francis Kernan, Hon ex-Congressman William S. Stenger, Pennsylvania; George Alfred Stringer and Charles R. Armstrong, Buffalo; Robert J. Kenworthy, New-York; Z. R. Brockway, Elmira; Assemblyman James Ackerud, Oneida; Senator T. J. Campbell, of New-York; Professor Lewis Rass, of Albany; L. E. Herlock, of Maryland, and ex-Senator A. B. Emens, of Saratoga County.—Albany Argus.

No one can peruse the Albany papers these days without becoming convinced that the Executive Chamber has been turned into the headquarters of Mr. Cleveland's canvass for the Presidency. The above list of those who "paid their respects" on Saturday to this greedy office-seeker, who holds on to one fat place while he runs for another, is composed for the most part of the names of Democratic politicians and wire-pullers. Administrative reform, Governor, ought to begin at home.

The moral offences of which Mr. Cleveland has confessedly been guilty strike at the safety and integrity of the Republic, some perhaps the Church as certainly grounds, consequently many Catholics decidedly oppose him. They will not vote for such a man for such an office, and the feeling does credit to the sincerity of their moral and religious convictions.—Sun.

For the credit of other religious denominations, it should be said that the feeling here mentioned is not at all confined to one Church. But it is a credit to men of sincere convictions that they act upon those convictions, even against their party associations.

The Maine victory was no triumph for Blaine.—(Carl Schurz, in Chicago.

It was a triumph for Cleveland, then, and a disastrous defeat for Blaine. Mr. Schurz having given his audience this sample of the backsaw action of his reasoning, proceeded with his argument and by the same method of direct falsification proved to his own satisfaction that Mr. Blaine was a thief and a knave. But such logic as his never has had weight with men or Nations. What is not black, the truth is not a jungle of lies, even if this professional reformer insists that it is. A plurality of over twenty thousand, with the largest vote ever cast in Maine, and a gain of over twenty thousand on the corresponding vote four years ago is a victory for Mr. Blaine. Only a mean-spirited deserter, steeped to the lips in malevolence and spite, would be guilty of the stupidity of demonstrating that it was a victory for Cleveland.

All Democrats will rejoice over the renomination for Congress of the Hon. William R. Morrison, of Illinois. A few Democrats, frightened by Colonel Morrison's outspoken advocacy of Democratic doctrines, would have been glad to retire him, but, somehow, when the test is thrust it is found that the Democratic masses are opposed to putting the party on the Republican platform. They "freeze" to men of the Morrison stamp.—[Little Rock Gazette.

The author of the Democratic tariff bill is one of the most influential and popular leaders of his party. Nobody disputes this except *The World*, and it will not do it after November, when the tariff will cease to be a "local issue." Yes, Democracy "freezes" to free traders of "the Morrison stamp"; and this explains why the Republican canvass is so hot throughout the country. The American people are not ready for English free trade and the prostration and ruin of their own industrial system.

There is little doubt that in the tariff question will centre the main interest of the country in the Forty-ninth Congress. The prospects are that Morrison and Randall will again lead the opposing forces, though there are undoubted indications that Morrison will be stronger in his own party than he was last spring.—[Savannah News.

Why stronger, unless his own party, by its platform, by the nomination of a candidate for the Presidency who is known to be in sympathy with Speaker Carlisle and Mr. Morrison on the subject of the tariff, and by the growing influence of free trade journals, has been committed to a policy of hostility to protection and the American economic system?

The Evening Post informed its readers that the Hon. Hamilton Fish was going to vote for Cleveland. Mr. Fish promptly wrote a denial over his own signature, whereupon *The Post* notices the exposure of its falsehood only to assert that it "presumes" that Mr. Fish, in virtue of the last batch of charges against Mr. Blaine, will alter his mind. Thus we see *The Post*'s idea of a manly retraction. It treated Mr. Raum precisely as it treats Mr. Fish. Having published a letter with his name signed to it of which he was not the author, when brought to book for circulating a mean forgery, it coolly remarked that Mr. Raum was "doing by implication what the letter did in so many words." *The Post* owes a contrite apology to both Mr. Fish and Mr. Raum, but all they get from it is an unprovoked insult. One cannot touch pitch without being defiled, and *The Post* teaches by its own shocking example that the support of Cleveland is conditioned upon a pitiful decay of the moral sense.

PERSONAL.

The Crown Prince of Germany is a turner whose productions a well-known master and socialist frequently exhibits in his shop. The Crown Princess has given many proofs of her facility with the pen and the brush. Prince Wilhelm, their oldest son, is a skilful photographer, and Prince Henrich, the sailor, another son, has inherited his mother's taste for painting. This is doing very well for an "effete monarchy."

Professor James Hall, the State Geologist of New-York, found out last week in Philadelphia that although scientific men should be accurate they should not be too accurate. Professor Hall, who is one of the greatest living authorities on fossils, happened to hear Professor Williams declare in a lecture that the spirifer disjuncta and spirifer monostriatis, two kinds of fossils, existed side by side in the same rocks. This brought Professor Hall to his feet, with the statement: "If anyone will show me the two spirifers side by side in the same rock, I will sacrifice my life's work. I will give up my reputation, eat my hat, and make the person who shows me the rock a present of my coat and boots." Professor Williams took the first train to Ithaca, and returning the next day, came to the meeting and solemnly dumped a big box of rocks on the floor. It was consigned to Professor Hall in the following words: "The enclosed rock contains the spirifer disjuncta and spirifer monostriatis side by side. You have it. Please eat your hat and send me your coat and boots by express."

"While Gladstone," says a correspondent of *The Philadelphia Press*, "seeks the seclusion of Penmaenmawr, John Bright devotes himself to Llandudno. He has been there three times already this year, and his upright figure and gray head are familiar to the residents, who, from some feeling of sympathy persist in calling him "a poor old man." Probably if they had seen him addressing the late demonstration meetings against the peers, they would have been inclined to acknowledge him to be a young man yet. But Bright, like Gladstone, in repose already looks old".

It is said that only a few years before her death Miss Catharine Beecher received an offer of marriage from a most worthy and estimable man. In reply to his letter Miss Beecher sent the following answer: "Dear M—, I was born in the year 1800. Yours respectfully." (Signed.)

POLITICAL NOTES.

That mighty organization of Essex County (N. J.) Independents which was said to number 1,000 in July, has now obtained 300 names according to Mr. Wallis. When the names are published it will be interesting to note how many of the 300 are importers, their clerks and their attorneys.

Although Mr. Watterson's mental vision does not enable him to perceive that the Democratic tariff plank is one of the most gigantic straddles in the history of his party, he knows and does not intend others to forget that Democracy means free trade. In *The Courier-Journal* of last Saturday he declares that he does not want "a change of parties without a change of politics." Nor does Mr Watterson intend that Mr. Cleveland shall be encouraged in any quarter to sail under false colors or under no colors at all. "Three-fourths of the Democrats in the last Congress," he writes, "supported the Morrison bill, which proposed to reduce war taxes. With those Democrats and their purpose Governor Cleveland was in thorough sympathy." The candidate himself did not think it worth while or convenient, in his letter of acceptance, to focus the rays of his intellect upon the tariff, but Mr. Watterson has taken a contract to keep the country in mind of the fact that Governor Cleveland is an ardent Free-Trader.

If frankness were the only quality essential in a candidate for public office, Mr. R. C. Long, Democratic candidate for elector in Florida, would deserve to be chosen by a unanimous vote. A fortnight ago Mr. Long made a speech at Madison, in Michigan, having gracefully introduced himself with the remark that he should not attempt to discuss the tariff for the reason that he didn't know anything about the subject and had never met a man who did, he addressed himself to the negroes, a subject with which he claimed familiarity. He assured them that the white people had "tolerated their foolishness just about long enough"; that whatever rights and privileges they possessed were "a gratuity from our hands," and that no possible combination of circumstances could make their alliance with the Independents successful. "There has never," continued the candidate, "been but one serious conflict in this State between the white man and the nigger. I don't want to see a recurrence of this, but don't you forget that we are not going to see this Government go into the hands of anybody who promises you half of the offices." There is a general impression in the neighborhood of Madison that Mr. Long's speech will be worth about 500 votes to the Republican ticket.

Out of 1,300 members of the Tammany General Committee present, it seems that the influence of leaders induced only 433 to vote for the indorsement of Cleveland as a mere formality. That is just one-third. If the Democratic organizations turn out one-third of their votes for Cleveland, and two-thirds for somebody else, his chances of election are brilliant.

THE TALK OF THE DAY.

The Evening Post would seem to be conducted during the present campaign on the theory that a lie well stuck to is as good as the truth, and a vice well apologized for is as good as a virtue. But then it must be remembered that *The Post* is a professional administrative reformer.

Lawyer: "What is your occupation?" Witness: "I'm a journalist." Lawyer: "Ah! a journalist! I thought we'd come to something finally. And what paper are you connected with?" Witness: "I don't know nothin' of no paper: I work on the railroad." Lawyer: "But you said just now you were a journalist." Witness: "So I am. Some folks calls me a shoveler; I calls myself a journalist. It sounds kinder nicer, don't yer see." Lawyer: "That'll do, sir; you can stand down. Call the next witness."—[Boston Transcript.

The sort of "reform" that Hendricks seems to consider most necessary this year is a reform of the Democratic ticket. Not the sort of reform proposed for the ill-conditioned dog, "cutting the tail off close behind the ears," but the other way.

"Times have changed," said Old Hyson, mournfully; "times are changed." "And as to wimmen?" asked his son. "In former times," said the old man, "man ate the cream." "And now?" "They cremate the man." There was an awful pause. Young Hyson walked out of the counting room on his tip toes, and told one of his salesmen he was afraid the old man was breaking up fast.—[Bob Burdette.

The Rochester Democrat and Chronicle has just become an eight-page instead of a four-page paper, and has celebrated the event by making several other noteworthy improvements. It is now printed from clear and handsome type, by a Bullock press. *The Democrat and Chronicle* is an excellent journal, and deserves all the prosperity which has come to it. But why didn't it boil down its double-headed name when it was about it?

First young lady—"Why, Jennie, you dear little sweet! I've not met you in a year. Where have you been?" "To Chicago, Laura." "And did you like it out there? You married, didn't you?" "Oh, yes." "Did you do well?" "Pretty well, though not so well as I expected. The court only allowed me $150 a month alimony." "What a shame!"—[Pittsburg Chronicle and Telegraph.

Mr. Malius Quastell Holyoake, of London, has written a pamphlet in favor of an international language, and wishes to have a conference called to decide what language it shall be.

With a poker player a "call" and a "raise" are two different things; with a fashionable clergyman they are usually identical.—[Philadelphia Record.

There are not wanting many indications that in the near future Staten Island will be the most popular, as it is the most delightful, of New-York suburbs. It is no more the home of malaria and mosquitoes than many other places which are considered entirely healthful, and all it needs is good hotels and boarding houses, which it is likely to have ere long.

Wasn't that funny? A Louisville bank cashier who was supposed to have embezzled $3,000 called for an examination of his books and proved that the bank was $6 75 ahead of him. The officials took off their hats and offered to raise his salary, but he got mad and walked off on his ear.—[Detroit Free Press.

All deadly weapons are taken away from those who enter the gambling and drinking places of Galveston Texas, and the room in which they are kept nearly always looks like a young armory. A Texas