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It Shines for All.

THURSDAY, JULY 16, 1868.

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The Financial Issue in the Pending Contest.

It appears that the *London Times*, the organ of the moneyed classes in England is entirely dissatisfied with that portion of the Democratic platform which relates to the payment of the Government bonds.

On the basis of its dissatisfaction, moreover, our English contemporary predicts the failure of the Democratic candidates and the election of Grant and Colfax. The precise value of this kind of soothsaying it is not very easy to estimate. The vaticinations even of the ablest foreign journalists will not, we apprehend, affect the issue one way or the other. In this instance we cannot help thinking that the judgment is pronounced in advance of anything like a clear perception of the actual situation. There may be, and there are, very good grounds for the opinion that the Chicago nominees will be elected at the proper time. But the *London Times* reaches the conclusion by a line of argument to which the least possible consideration can be given.

Parties here are neither popularly endorsed nor popularly condemned on a bald enunciation, at periodical intervals, of certain articles of belief. They are judged mainly by their general record; by conspicuous successes or conspicuous failures in critical times, or in a perilous crisis; by the class of men that they bring to the forefront of the political field; and by their capacity to interpret the dominant thought in the public mind at the current hour. The financial question is one of the gravest importance to the well-being of the whole country; but the dominant thought of the people does not, as yet, centre in it. It does not mark a clear dividing line between parties, but has merely a prominent hold on sections of parties—parties, moreover, radically disagreed on other issues. The *London Times* cannot be blamed for not seeing all this; or even if it did partially see it, can it be expected fairly to comprehend it? The anarchy of party which reigns supreme at this hour in English domestic politics furnishes task enough, and more than enough, even for a leading journalist to unravel, or to make half comprehensible to the British mind, to say nothing of the popular mind elsewhere.

But let it be granted that the financial problem here turns out to be the grand issue on which the November election will be determined, will that fact insure, or in any degree contribute to, Gov. SEYMOUR'S defeat? If any one has fought the battle of the bondholders earnestly, the Democratic candidate may claim that credit. He has been a life-long believer in *hard money*; and if the Western Democracy and their immediate representative on the ticket, Gen. BLAIR, can bring to his support a respectable moiety of the expansionists of their section in spite of the Governor's record on finance, Mr. SEYMOUR will run a fair chance of being elected. He will get a respectable majority of hard-money Democrats in New York—probably also in Connecticut and New Jersey; and if he fails ultimately, as most probably he will, it will be in the very opposite quarter from that pointed to by our London contemporary. The West will fail him, so far as men of ordinary sagacity can look into the future. It will fail him, partly because his views of financial economy are not *its* views; but principally, it will fail him because the financial issue is *not* the dominating thought with the people either East or West, or North or South. The controlling idea in this conflict as in that of four years ago, is that of seeing that the fruits of the war are not sacrificed; that the peace we cultivate shall be solid and enduring; that no remnants of feudalism shall again take root in the soil of any section; and that the Government, while practising conciliation, shall abate no part of its authority. The time has not yet arrived, although it cannot be indefinitely postponed, when questions of financial and commercial economy will take precedence of all others in the Presidential contest. But *first* the practical relations of all the States to the national authority must be settled, and to this task the public mind will almost wholly bend itself, during the intervening months, until the verdict is rendered in November.

City Pavements.

We observe that the Commissioner of Patents has extended the Nicolson wood pavement patent for seven years more, so that we may expect to see this city saddled with an unlimited bill of expense in behalf of this abortion, unless the Courts step in to the relief of the tax-payers. We had hoped that the ousting of the old Board of Councilmen would have rendered nugatory all the big wooden jobs foisted upon the community by the Common Council. But according to Mr. O'Gorman, the legal adviser of the Corporation, the action of the late Board must be deemed valid, so the contracts will stand. But when we remember the experience of other cities in the use of this pavement; when we take into consideration the well-grounded opinion of that able and incorruptible officer, Mr. Craven, late Engineer of the Croton Board, that it is not calculated to withstand the wear and tear to which the immense traffic of our city must subject it for more than three years; and then look at the actual facts before our eyes, that it is already yielding to the immense strain put upon it in some of our busiest thoroughfares, it does seem to us that there should be some check to the vast and costly experiments to which a too facile Common Council are subjecting us.

But thus far the vetoes of Mayor Hoffman and the protests of property owners have proved ineffectual to stop the ligneous extravagance. This Nicolson planking costs $4.75 per square yard, and at the end of three years it must give way to something more desirable. Thus, in addition to the great first cost, every little while important thoroughfares must be blocked up, to the serious loss of those doing business upon them, for months at a time, while the follies of a reckless Common Council are being remedied.

Compare this pavement with the Russ, Broadway has for nearly twenty years withstood the wear and tear of a travel as great as that of any public street in the world, and the material is still far from worn out. In laying this superb pavement, only one mistake was made, and that was eventually fatal to its perfect usefulness. The blocks were made too large, and hence, as the surface grooves wore out, the interstices became too far apart to afford secure foothold for the horses. But in the new granite pavement now being laid in its stead, the blocks are so narrow that this objection is fully obviated. And then look at the structure. It forms an imperial highway, on which the travel of half a century would seem to make but slight impression. Its cost is but $5 per square yard, with $1.25 per running foot of crosswalks, and $1.75 for guttering. As between the two, the stone is six times more valuable than the wood, while the first cost is about the same. Surely, with mountains of such splendid material for our street pavements here at our very doors, furnishing inexhaustible supplies of a substance that has stood the test of time through immemorial ages, to go to the pine forests for wooden pavements, whose worthlessness has been repeatedly demonstrated, is either the height of folly or the very depth of dishonesty. As well substitute the old corduroy, or the more recent plank road, now thoroughly exploded, for the incomparable system of McAdam.

The Long Island Railroad.

We are glad to see that new, comfortable cars have been placed on this road. They are kept clean.

The trains make good running time.

The road-bed is in very fair condition. It has been much improved and is pretty smooth.

The rails, many of them, are worn and imperfect, cracked and dangerous. It is too bad to subject human lives to such risks, which might be speedily remedied. Public sentiment demands that the imperfect rails should be replaced by sound ones without further procrastination. The hot sun may have dried up the blood of Oscar Lobdell, but it has not blotted it out of memory.

The freight tariff on the road has been reduced, recently, on many articles. It had been so high as to drive much of the business off into channels of water communication.

The Radicals are making the most of Gen. BLAIR'S impruedent and hot-headed letter. On all sides, in Congress and out, in the press and in private conversation, they ring the changes upon its scheme of revolution and civil war. They are right in so doing. The letter merits condemnation, and no explanation can relieve it of the odium which belongs to its spirit and its ideas. The Democracy will yet realize that they have committed a fatal error in putting the author of that letter upon the same ticket with the accomplished and judicious SEYMOUR.

Some of our next-door neighbors, the *Times* included, fail to understand our position. They probably think it unwise to put in print what is on the lips of everybody, and therefore that it is improper to admit that in the present disorganized condition of the Republicans in this city and State, the Democrats are likely to obtain the thirty-three electoral votes of New York. For a partisan sheet to say this may show want of fealty to its standard; but for an independant journal, which, from its unprejudiced standpoint, is more likely to see the truth, and whose mission is to tell what it believes, it is the most natural declaration imaginable. The Republicans have a respectable State ticket. If they wish to elect it, let them cease their bickerings, harmonize their organizations, send their "shysters" to the rear, and bring their respectable men to the front.

The *Express* contains a report of a speech, delivered before the Democratic Empire Club in this city, on Monday evening, Capt. Rynders in the chair, by Mr. Quigley, a colored gentleman from Georgia, and an attendant from that State upon the Tammany Hall National Convention. He took high Democratic ground, and declared that it would be folly to give the mass of the colored population the ballot, as they would not exercise the right of suffrage intelligently. Mr. Quigley is one of the most eminent Conservative negroes in the South. Without intending to go into the merits of the case, the policy initiated by Capt. Rynders is wise, and we hope to see it carried out all over the North during the canvass. Let the Democrats bring on their best negro orators from the South, mount them on their platforms, and let them demonstrate the inferiority of the race and their unfitness to hold the ballot.

The English girls as well as our own are beginning to realize that fashion is imposing celibacy upon themselves and the young men of the land. A very lively discussion has arisen in the columns of the *London Telegraph* on the subject. Extravagance in dress is not the only hindrance to wedlock complained of; another and a more serious one is asserted to be the most objectionable, namely, the incompetency of young women to assume the duties of domestic life. From the lowest to the highest, they are taught there, as well as here, that the great end and aim of woman should be to get "a good match," and this being so, the young men also very naturally wait until they can do the same. One sensible girl writes that it is "wiser to wait than take up a burthen that increases as the world grows wiser." "One who married on £120 a year" salary, and evidently could not get along very smoothly on so small an income, advises young women not to marry a man whose salary is less than £200—$1,000 in gold. "A Matron" advises the young men to wait "until by industry and economy they are able to offer suitable homes to girls worth the working and waiting for." "A single Man" fears his sex does not exhibit courage enough in this particular. He thinks men are bold enough in ostentation, but are timid in self-denials; they sell themselves wholly over to that sham called "society," and join the foolish race for show, lest their attire or their frugality should be considered mean or unfashionable. As the case stands on both sides of the Atlantic, it looks very much as if the prophetic day would soon come when seven women shall take hold of one man, and agree to maintain themselves, but demand the privilege of being called by his name.

We are glad to see that the operative bricklayers of the city have resolved not only to regulate their hours of labor, but to become their own masters to the fullest extent. In accordance with a suggestion recently made by THE SUN, they have opened an office at Demilt Hall, corner of Twenty-third street and Second avenue, where a committee will daily be in session to receive orders for the completion of unfinished jobs, and to enter into contracts for new work in the building line. This committee is authorized to give good and sufficient bonds for the faithful performance of all obligations entered into. We regard this as a very judicious movement on the part of the workmen, and trust that their manly endeavors will be warmly and widely seconded by capitalists. It strikes us that the work which these men will do, under these circumstances, will be well done, and upon honor. Their card may be found in our advertising columns.

The Cable announced yesterday that Feroze Shah had declared himself the ally of Russia. At first sight this intelligence may not seem to be important, but taken in connection with the recent mysterious movements of Russia in Bokhara, it indicates that the Czar has ulterior designs, to carry out which he deems it advisable to make friends and allies of the native chieftains. What these designs are time has not developed, but circumstances that have lately transpired in Central Asia point to the fact that the extent of Russian ambition is bounded on the south by the Indian Ocean, and that she will not rest easy until Cossacks water their horses in the the Indus and the Ganges.

The punsters of the city dailies, in view of the extraordinary demands made upon them growing out of the pending political canvass, are meditating a strike. It is contended by the fraternity that the mental effort required to produce a good pun forbids more than one production a day. Thus one daily of Radical tendencies is furnished with a bit at Seymour, suggested by Shakespeare's remark: "There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than e'er were dreamed of in your philosophy," that runs substantially thus: "The Democrats will See-more before they elect their ticket." Whereupon a Democratic organ summons its punster to respond, who brings forth the following: "It may be so, Plato, thou reasonest well; but the Radicals will find themselves Grant-less in November next." Now, we submit that such efforts are wonderfully trying to the intellect, and the demand for more than one each day, especially with the mercury marking the hundreds, challenges the attention of Mr. Bergh's Humane Society.

The *Cincinnati Enquirer*, a leading Democratic paper of the West, says "there is more genuine manhood and noble character in Frank Blair's little finger than there is in a whole regiment of such popinjays as 'Skyler' Colfax." Frank Blair must therefore possess a little finger of remarkable virtues, since we have never seen Mr. Colfax's manhood or character questioned, even by his most bitter political opponents. When will partisan journals understand that this style of writing is not merely undignified, but positively injurious to the cause which it is intended to help? Children may be influenced by such statements, but men and women know them to be false and silly. The candidates now before the people we believe to be all able and upright men. We have had occasion more than once within the last few days to commend Gen. Blair for his talents and force of character, as also for his adherence to strict temperance principles. Why should not similar justice be done by the American press, whether partisan or unpartisan, to Mr. Colfax and the other distinguished gentlemen nominated by the two great parties of the country?

There have been reported to the Board of Health more than 250 cases of death from the effects of excessive heat within the past four or five days. Probably four-fifths of these might have been prevented if the victims had used ordinary precaution, but ignorance and carelessness will have their victims. No doubt a large number have fallen in spite of the utmost care, for the heat has been horrible. Let every one remember that rashness at such a time is dangerous; that the greatest prudence in eating and drinking is necessary. The pouring down of fiery liquors and ice-cold water is inviting death. That men grow thirsty under the blaze of the sun, and even in the shadiest places, is natural; but it is not particularly creditable to common sense to see one plunge into his heated stomach a quart of ice water, when he would be scrupulously careful to keep such a drink from his horse. It may be easier to teach than to practise wisdom; but the dullest brain ought to comprehend that under such temperature as we have endured since last week, the utmost caution is necessary. Above all, keep the head cool; if exposed to the rays of the sun, use an umbrella, or put a wet handkerchief in the hat. Avoid extremely cold water; be careful not to drink excessively of anything; in such weather thirst is increased by drinking, and the best and safest way is to endure thirst for a while, since, in most cases, one may conquer it by abstinence. Cold coffee and tea, without ice or with it in very moderate quantities, are excellent substitutes for water. There are thousands of men and women who must go out of doors, no matter how danger us the heat; let every one use the precautions we have pointed out, and if a feeling of faintness or internal sinking comes on, stop at once in some shady spot and let nature have an opportunity to recuperate. And, particularly, do not, because the weather is hot, make a slop-tub of yourself.

A collision between vessels in the harbor of New York never should occur. No matter how dark or foggy the time, there should be such care that the running together of steamers or sailing vessels would be as nearly impossible as any event can be. The collision on Tuesday night, between the Sylvan Grove, a Harlem boat crowded with passengers in search of a breath of air, and the Sound steamer Providence was the result of carelessness, and the responsible party is as guilty, in a moral view, as though a hundred lives had been lost. We cannot undertake to decide where the blame should fall; it is the duty of somebody to settle that after a thorough investigation; but we most emphatically reassert that such an event should never occur. At this moment it seems that the pilot of the Harlem steamer undertook to cross before the Providence, but mistook the strength of the tide, and was caught on the bows of the other boat. We do not judge any one except upon conclusive testimony; but if any pilot ventures upon such a risk under any circumstances, he should be retired from steamboat business to a situation in the State penitentiary at Sing Sing. We shall look for a thorough examination in this matter by the Pilot Commissioners; and the public will not easily be satisfied with mere excuses and whitewashing apologies.

MR. BEACH'S LETTERS.—VI.

Correspondence of The Sun.

CINCINNATI, June 12, 1868.—No special dispensation, either of mental philosophy or the philosophy of travel, is essential to a comfortable measurement of the crooked turns and almost endless distances on the great "Father of Waters"—the Mississippi. Patience alone is the needed virtue—ability to eat and to sleep the only attainments to be coveted. With these one may be carelessly comfortable and much enjoy the good the (steamboat) gods provide. "Floating palaces" are not confined to the Hudson, though there they flourish in perfection. Among the not few "particular stars" in the Western firmament of waters, the FRANK PARGOUD, on which I found myself a few days since, is not least. In the olden time it were impossible to compare our Northern with the Southern and Western steamboats, so utterly unlike were they in every essential, but each has borrowed from the other its desirable features until the differences have almost disappeared. Both now carry their passengers above the main deck, supplying all with state-rooms and magnificently decorated saloons, the essential differences being only such as relate to the construction of the engine and the fact that the voyage of the Northern boat is completed in from eight to ten hours, while that of the Southern consumes as many days.

Eating and drinking, reading and sleeping (with all the needed facilities for such purposes), served as means for passing away hours and days, of which no count was kept until, on a bright afternoon, and just as the dinner gong sounded, a glistening among still distant trees was declared an indication of Memphis, the Mecca of many hopes. Of the river scenery from Vicksburg little need be said. The banks of the river were almost invariably low and marshy, and, with small exception, covered with dense woods and underbrush. The high land seemed left entirely behind with the war-marked city of Vicksburg, nor did it reappear until we were within a few short miles of Memphis. Our way was as one across the desert for unattractiveness, and had I not enjoyed the opportunity for laziness, I certainly must have been much annoyed by the monotony.

That "glistening among still distant trees" was wonderfully destructive of usually keen appetites. The steward must have felt mortified that the many dainties he had striven so hard to provide were so neglected. But how could we eat with Memphis before us!—with our gang-plank on the wharf boat! The crowd and clamor of hackmen was suggestive of New York, but the quiet streets and dreamy leisure of shoppers and people were not. There seemed a halting and uncertain air about Memphis—as though its inhabitants had not yet found out whether they were dead or alive—as though they knew not whether the war had been ended or was soon to be renewed. Improvements abounded on every hand, though none seemed complete. They had been carried to a certain point and there left to wait for another moving of the spirit. Evidently business had not followed on the heels of peace, and enterprise had been forced into measures intended to hasten her return. A few short hours sufficed to visit the points most attractive to a traveller, but nothing invited either close scrutiny or written description.

For me this non-attractiveness was fortunate. I passed to Louisville on the last train of cars which was unmolested by the great strike of the railroad employees, and thereby escaped a serious annoyance and detention. On the way I stopped a little time at Bowling Green, attracted by the part this little town took in the early history of the days rebellious. Not less active is it now in days of peace. A thrift and progress manifested by no other Southern city or town which I have visited, is here apparent. New Englanders are seldom so wide awake as these people seemed to be. They deserve the prosperity which seems in store for them.

Nor did I pass the famed Mammoth Cave of Kentucky without so much inspection as the seemingly foolish regulations of its managers would permit. The cave has been shorn of much of its natural beauty by unwise visitors who, in seeking to inscribe their names upon every accessible point, have disfigured a large portion of the interior walls with the tracings of lamp smoke. Indeed, the description of a friend, Dr. S——, of Cincinnati, seems now very applicable: "A great hole in the ground, and nothing else." But there is "something else" in neighboring caves well worth the seeing, though I cannot in these hasty letters, undertake a description.

If my good star, by hastening my departure from Memphis, saved me the annoyance of detentions on the road, it may also have restrained me from the danger of accident by delaying my departure from Vicksburg. Certainly I was but one train removed from a bridge accident just below Louisville, and instead of four broken limbs, which might have been my share, I broke only four hours from the usual time for the journey here. My anticipations of delightful scenery on the Ohio river were not fully realized, in part because the bridge accident compelled a night transit; though the night was so brilliantly illumined by the great queen of heaven that I must question any loss by the change. Beauties there are, certainly, but Hudson's Highlands do more than equal them, be they never so beautiful. B.

FOOD OF FRENCH WORKMEN.—The *Moniteur* gives the following as the dinner of the ordinary French working man: Half a pound of bread, a litre of broth, two ounces and a third of boiled beef, and about a pennyworth of vegetables, the total cost being seventy-five centimes—7½d. The disproportion of meat to broth, and indeed to everything else in the bill of fare, is rather striking, and Americans would hardly be satisfied with such fare. By going to the Prince Imperial's soup kitchen, it appears the French workman can obtain his dinner for little more than half the above-named sum, without the kitchen losing money. There are twenty of these kitchens in Paris for the supply of cooked food at cost price.

OBITUARY.—Mr. Willis Hall, a lawyer and native of this city, died at his residence on Tuesday, of congestion of the brain, in the sixty-seventh year of his age. In 1837 he was elected to the Legislature by the Whigs, and the next year he was made Attorney-General. He was reflected to the Assembly in 1842, and for some time after became a lecturer in the law school of Mr. Fowler at Saratoga. During the Clay-Taylor-Van Buren canvass of 1848 he opposed the Whig expedients, and after the withdrawal of Mr. Clay, Mr. Hall published a letter announcing his purpose to support Van Buren and Adams, which he did, and thereafter retired from public life. He was admired and beloved by all who knew him intimately.

The World on "Chambermaids."

To the Editor of The Sun.

SIR: THE SUN columns are looked upon as friendly to the humbler order of the community. I therefore ask to record therein an humble protest against the cruel and unmanly reflections in to-day's *World* upon the helpless and unoffending class, described by the denomination "Chambermaids." The editor in developing a programme, "How to Hang the Herald," advises all partisan Democrats to withdraw their patronage from that journal on the ground that it disparages Mr. Seymour for President, and then goes away beyond the text to vent his savage scorn upon the poor German and Irish women. He mentions "the chambermaids," and "lost dogs," side by side thus: "If Democrats also withdraw their advertisements from the *Herald*, that sheet must depend for its support mainly upon the chambermaids who want places, the "Personals," who convey through the *Herald's* columns matter which the journal of civilization rejects, and the people who advertise for lost dogs."

This is absolutely brutal on the part of the *World*. The writer of that is a wretched snob, with low instincts. Else why thus insult the lowly? The *World's* Democratic party expects elevation to power through the suffrages of these chambermaids' kith and kin. The balance of power between the parties is certainly wielded by this class. What party object has the *World* in provoking them to deadly antagonism? This would be suicidal. Such antagonism would ring the knell of the *World* party. They are tied by friendly bonds to the party. But is it party policy thus wantonly, in a party organ, to challenge their very sacred manhood and their glowing, chivalrous nature to rise in vindication of their poor insulted countrywomen. No; it can be no party policy. At the most, it can be only dictated by some ism, whose appearance in the central party organ is, element of pro-Britishism or natural Know-Nothingism, to say the least, astonishing at any time, and particularly cold and brazen-faced at a time when we are called upon to endorse and elevate this organ's party.

This outrage upon the Irishwomen was tagged on to a controversy between the *World* and the *Herald*. But as to this I have nothing to say. If we may judge of those years of unbroken rancor on the part of the *World*, the independent rival seems to keep steadily ahead of the party organ. I suppose I am a member of a large class who have never voted a Republican ticket, but who are still not so hopelessly enmeshed in the toils of any party to brook meekly gratuitous flings at our kindred, which show the malice of a bad heart and the illiberalism of a narrow, proscriptive, and ungenerous spirit. Surely there must be some medium of returning such favors.

NEW YORK, July 10, 1868. J. W. O'BRIEN.

MURDER OF HOLE-IN-THE-DAY.

A Full and Correct Account.

From the St. Cloud Journal.

A. D. Prescott, who has been connected with the administration of affairs at Chippewa Agency for several years past, arrived in town yesterday evening from the Agency. He was there at the time Hole-in-the-Day was killed, and says that all the reports of the affair published thus far are more or less incorrect. From Mr. Prescott we obtain the following, which is in every particular authentic:

On the forenoon of June 27, Hole-in-the-Day came to the Agency from his home two miles above. He was in a handsome, light, one-horse buggy, and with him was another Chippewa, Ojibbeway. They remained a short time and then went down to Crow Wing, stopping at the latter place until half-past one o'clock.

Shortly after Hole-in-the-Day had left the Agency, a party of nine Pillager Indians, from Leech lake, came, and after inquiring of Mr. Prescott the whereabouts of Maj. Bassett, the agent, they repaired to a wigwam and asked a squaw where Hole-in-the-Day was. In a short time they too started for Crow Wing, and reaching a dense thicket about two-thirds of a mile below the Agency, secreted themselves. Here they awaited the return of the Chief. Just after he had passed, or as he was passing their ambush, they stepped forth to the rear and at the sides of the buggy, and within eight feet of it. One of the party fired both barrels of a shot gun, the charge taking effect in Hole-in-the-Day's head and neck. He never spoke, but with a groan fell from the buggy dead. Another of the party stepped up and discharged a load of shot through the prostrate form, from side to side, just forward of the heart, while another stabbed it in the left breast. The body was dragged to the side of the road, and after being robbed of hat, blanket, and a gold watch worth $250, left there. The party then took the horse and buggy, with Ojibbeway, who had been made a temporary prisoner at the outset (and from whose lips Mr. Prescott obtained these facts), and started for Hole-in-the-Day's house by a back way, so as not to expose themselves at the Agency. This was their first appearance at the Chief's house. They told his wives that they had killed him, and that they intended taking what they wanted. Accordingly, they supplied themselves with guns, saddles, shawls, blankets, &c. No violence was offered to any one except Hole-in-the-Day's white wife. One of the party stepped up to her, and laying his hand on her shoulder said she must go with him. But Ojibbeway interfered, and said that if they touched a white person they would call the wrath of all the whites upon them. This proved effectual, and after taking another horse the party decamped for Leech Lake, where their band is located.

A STRANGE CASE.

A Woman throws her Mother-in-law into a Well.

From the Toronto Globe, July 47.

The magistrates of Markham have been investigating a strange case that has recently come to light in that township, involving a serious charge against a young woman named Mrs. Mary Harrington. The charge, if true, and it was sworn to by the party whose life was attempted by the act, reveals a shocking absence of human feeling and an amount of moral depravity scarcely creditable in one whose relationship was so close to her whose life was threatened. The depositions taken before the magistrates are to the effect that on the 25th of May last the accused, a young woman, about six months married to the son of the prosecutrix, persuaded her mother-in-law to visit a well at some distance from the house for the purpose of procuring a pail of water. The old woman was in the act of stooping to draw up the pail, when she was pushed headlong down the cavity, a distance of about 40 feet. Her clothes extending as she descended the well, the shock was not so great at the bottom as to kill her, and when restored to consciousness she found herself lying across the bottom, with her feet against one side and her head upright. There being only a foot or two of water in the well, she was saved from drowning, and her son coming along shortly afterwards, secured the assistance of some neighbors and rescued her. After disposing of her mother-in-law, Mrs. Mary Harrington went to the residence of a neighbor and assumed a despondent, abstracted mood, saying that some one was dead at their house, without adding who it was. The elder Mrs. Harrington at the same time being rescued was being attended by a physician to whom she refused to state how she fell in, except to once contradict the idea that it was by accident. The affair was thus attempted to be hushed up, but the neighbors feeling an investigation necessary, obtained a few days ago sufficient from the old woman to warrant the arrest of the daughter, and she was brought before the magistrates of the township on Friday last. The facts as detailed were then obtained from the mother-in-law, rather reluctantly, but with sufficient clearness to warrant their committing the young woman to jail to stand her trial. The motive for the act is unexplained, and several witnesses swear distinctly that no appearance of other than good feeling was ever observed between the two parties concerned. It appears, however, that the mother-in-law held a claim in dower over the son's farm, a fact which may partially explain the cruel and inhuman act.

Progress of Aeronautics.

There is now on exhibition at the Crystal Palace, Sydenham, England, under the auspices of the Aeronautical Society, a curious collection of machines which are intended to aid man in navigating the air. The following description, taken from the *London Daily News*, indicates the progress which English inventors have made in solving that difficult problem:

Mr. Charles Spencer is the author of a flying machine which, it is alleged, when attached to the body, will enable a man to take short flights. The man-flyer has to take a short run to begin with, and then up and away. We have waited patiently to see this performance, but delay is excused by the difficulty of adapting a project apparatus to a novel experiment, and the possibility that when complete it may not prove upon trial to be the best form of construction which could have been devised." This is slightly inexplicable, when the exhibitor in the catalogue tells us he has with less perfect apparatus flown 180 feet. There is, too, the model of a balloon with ring or bell attached. This in ascent or descent is placed in an inclined position, the current of air, rushing through the open side, urging the structure in that particular direction. There is the model of an aeromotive constructed for rising in and steering through the air by the rapid rotation of a screw on each side of the machine, which, by creating a reaction in the air, overcomes gravitation and rises accordingly. This machine is propelled by a screw, on the principle of Rennie's conoidal, and is guided like an ordinary sea-going vessel; but the model bears the extraordinary notice, "Not quite perfect, for want of time." At the moment there is a model of the Great Eastern as an aërial steamship. It is a clumsily-shaped hull, propelled by two wings on each side, working from where the main chains would be. Screws are placed under the stern. Then there is a model of an aërial boat to be propelled by hot air or steam-engine, or possibly by treadles acting upon two double screws; another is a cream or bladder, chiefly constructed of vulcanized india-rubber; another of a balloon that is to dispense with gas and ballast. Mr. G. F. Assell, of the Royal Mint, demonstrates a proposition to omit ballast in balloon ascents; by it gas would be withdrawn by an air pump, which would compress the gas into a chamber, when a descent becomes necessary. The advantage claimed for this plan is that the natural balance used by fishes would be applied to balloons, in which the gas would be reserved for use instead of escaping as it now does. A curious and so far perfect model of an aerostat, or aërial float, is shown by Mr. D. S. Brown, of Stoke Newington. It is 40 inches long, 20 broad, and 1½ deep, and is rendered rigid by inflation. When the two shorter ends are doubled together, it assumes the form of an open boat or canoe, and will then balance itself in the air, and can be used as a parachute, for it will always descend with its convex side downwards, and in doing so may be propelled and steered in any direction. It is expected, however, that when made on a large scale, inflated with gas and propelled horizontally, it will support itself. The engine intended to be employed is an ammoniacal one. Among the working models is one to illustrate a mode of flying vertically by direct action on the air without any screw motion in the wings. The ascent is vertical. Another model, whose flight is horizontal, will illustrate natural flying. A gentleman from Vienna shows the model of an air ship, and if finished in time the Duke of Argyll would have exhibited a model showing progressive motion by a flapping action of the wings. Mr. F. Heron, of the Crystal Palace, has a model of a cigar-shaped balloon. Several other models of aërial engines to sustain themselves by flight are in the catalogue. The largest appears to be one shown by Mr. Kauffman, of Glasgow. This engine, which is about 2-horse power, is of a total weight (including machinery, boiler, shell, wings, and aëroplane, &c.) not exceeding 115 lbs.; working pressure is 120 lbs. per square inch, the boiler tested to 250 lbs. per square inch; the aëroplanes, 16 feet over the tips and the wings, are 14 feet; speed of wings is from 150 strokes per minute to 200; stroke of piston, 3¾ inches; diameter, 1¾ inch. The speed calculated is 12 miles per hour, carrying two persons in the car; but the car could not be got ready in time for exhibition. This model is made to represent an engine of 300 horse power, of 9,000 lbs., of an average speed of 800 miles per hour, taking with it the tank car and three other cars, containing in all forty persons. These cars are each of them sustained by aëroplanes or sustainers, as seen in addition with the wing on this machine. The exhibition also includes kites, and mortars, and drawings and diagrams of various kinds.

BURNING OF THE JAIL AT IRWINTON—TERRIBLE FATE OF A MURDERER.—The readers of the *Republican* will remember that some time during the week before last we published exclusively an account of an atrocious murder committed in Irwin county—two brothers, Daniel and James Luke, being the victims, and a negro named Joshua Williams, the murderer. Williams, after committing the deed, fled, and a reward of $300 was offered for his capture. On last Saturday week he was captured in Hawkinsville by some citizens, and conveyed to Irwin county, where a magistrate committed him to jail at Irwinton. He acknowledged to some persons of his own color that he killed the two young men. By a person from that section we learn that on the Monday night succeeding his commitment to jail, that building was burned, and Williams, the murderer, perished in the flames. It was a frame structure, and some distance from any other building in the village, which only contains two or three houses. It has heretofore only been used for the confinement of persons arrested for minor offences, and the custom has always been to send persons charged with capital offences to Albany, and sometimes to this city. The jailer lives about a mile from the jail, and it has been left unguarded during the night time. Upon the night in question the few persons living in the village discovered it to be on fire. It was built of wood, and being old, burned with fierce rapidity. Nothing could be done to save it, and in a short time it was totally destroyed. The charred remains of the negro Williams were found among the ruins.—*Savannah Republican.*

Tennyson and Victoria.

The *Gartenlaube*, a paper published in Berlin, gives the following account of an interview between the Queen and Mr. Tennyson:

"Queen Victoria is one of the most ardent admirers of Tennyson's poems, and shortly after Enoch Arden had appeared, she heard that Tennyson's enemies and enviers charged that poem with being immoral and a glorification of concubinage. She applied to an eminent clergyman, and learned from him that such cases of bigamy, it was true, were not very rare, and those whom such a misfortune befell might, perhaps, be pardoned by the Lord on the Day of Judgment, for the mercy of the God of heaven and earth knows no bounds; but that it indicated an alarming moral confusion on the part of the poet to represent in a kind of halo a man who tolerated the continuance of such a sinful relationship between man and woman. This was what Enoch Arden was doing. Instead of appearing before his wife in order to resume his position as her husband, he lay down and died.

The Queen was not a little disquieted on hearing this. It is true she was well aware that some of the high Church dignitaries were not very favorably disposed toward Tennyson. His open letter to a rector named Maurice, who had been removed from his cure, had not been forgotten. But since her husband's death, the Queen had scrutinized herself more and more to attach a higher importance to the voices of her surroundings than to her own opinions, and thus she was for a while unable to decide whether Enoch Arden really deserved the harshness with which it had been criticised or not. Finally, she thought she had better consult somebody else on the subject, and she happened to apply to a person who censured Tennyson's poem with still greater severity, which was no wonder, considering that this person was no other than the lady who is commonly believed to be the subject of one of Tennyson's earlier poems, the celebrated "Lady Vere de Vere"—the poetical reflection of an aristocratic coquette, who had cast her nets after the poet when he was still a very young man.

After this twofold condemnation of Enoch Arden, whose wonderful success had meanwhile fallen in a thousand echoes upon her ears, the Queen thought it would be best for her to speak with the poet himself on the subject which he had treated of in Enoch Arden. She therefore extended her drive along the sea shore that very afternoon, beyond its usual length, and ordered the coachman to drive further west, to Farringford, Tennyson's seat, where the Isle of Wight, is rather distant from the house of the poet, who lives likewise on that island; but no distance is very considerable there, and the roads all over the island are excellent. She soon after saw the poet's house, which lies in the middle of a small grove of pines and fir, peering forth between the verdure and foliage around it.

The Queen was accompanied by two of her daughters. When she perceived Tennyson's form in his garden—his long hair and full beard caused her to recognize him at a glance—she instructed her sketch book and the metal box in which she gathered flowers and plants for her herbarium to the princesses, and walked alone to the low garden gate, whither Tennyson had already hastened to meet her.

She did not want to enter his house, but, walking with him along the shore, she explained to him what disquieted her in regard to his poem, on the beauties of which she dwelt with great warmth of appreciation, which is said to be peculiar to her. The two then walked along the high western shore—at their feet the blue sea, upon which many white sails, like scattered blackthorn blossoms, were scudding, while the neighboring hedges resounded with the merry chirping of the robin redbreast and the wren, and innumerable sea-gulls, screeching, circled round the steep cliffs.

At last a bundle of fagots obstructing the pathway arrested their progress. A light-haired, blue-eyed girl of ten or twelve years was standing beside it, not a little frightened at not having shouldered her burden yet; for, like all islanders, she knew the Queen, and to have obstructed the path to the graveyard, before the entrance of which lay her fagots, seemed the more unfortunate to her, as the high road, owing to its muddy condition on that day, could not be used at all by pedestrians.

Tennyson assisted the little girl in binding and shouldering her bundle of fagots. The Queen asked her name—it was Anna—and gave her a piece of money, and the happy girl went slowly on her way.

"A sweet-faced child," said the Queen, gazing after her, as she was tottering along with her heavy burden; and then, as if to lead the poet back to the subject of their previous conversation, she added musingly: "It is about thus that I think your Anna Lee must have looked,—I mean at the time when she was the playmate of Enoch and Philip, and, to reconcile them in their boyish quarrels, promised them both to become their little wife."

"A painter really might use that little girl as a model for that purpose, your Majesty," replied Tennyson.

He had stood still, in order to allow the Queen to pass a puddle of rainwater, and the august lady, calling to mind a beautiful passage in Tennyson's Idyls of the King, on seeing the ripple on the surface of the puddle, recited the lines:

"But that inscription is Enoch, is it not?" asked the Queen, looking in passing at the epitaph on one of the moss-grown tombstones, and then answering herself: 'Sure enough, it is Enoch! It is strange how important something which we formerly regarded with utter indifference suddenly appears to us! Thus, for instance, the little Anna, which I have so often read on those stones among so many others from the Old Testament during my excursions on the island.'

And then, looking around, she added: 'It is a pity that your Philip had not likewise a namesake here; people would not be long in believing that the two heroes of your poem are buried here, and they would, maybe, lay the scene of your whole poem in the shade of these walnut trees. But tell me, Mr. Tennyson, what have you to reply to all those objections which I mentioned to you before?'

'Very little, your Majesty.'

'What?'

'I should be sorry, Your Majesty, if the little girl yonder had to bear the stain of illegitimate descent.'

'What little girl?'

'The little girl disappearing just now behind the hawthorn hedge, your Majesty; I mean the child carrying the bundle of fagots.'

'And what has that girl to do with your poem?'

'A great deal, for, if the Bishop of N. had had his way, little Anna, yonder, would be considered a child born in illicit wedlock.'

The Queen had stood still.

'You do not mean to say, Mr. Tennyson,' she replied, 'that on our little island here an event such as you related in your Enoch Arden has really happened?'

And as Tennyson was silent for a moment, she continued, 'Oh, I know you do not like to answer such questions. But tell me, now; did Enoch Arden live here? And is he perhaps even buried underneath that tombstone?