AMUSEMENTS.

BOWERY THEATRE—Flowers of the Forrest, and Charcoal Burner.
BOOTH'S THEATRE, 23d st., between 5th and 6th avs. Rip Van Winkle. Matinee Saturday.
WALLACK'S—The Vikings, and Solon Shingle.
NIBLO'S GARDEN—Arrah na Pogue.
FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE—Robertson's new comedy, "Play." Matinee Saturday.
FRENCH THEATRE, 14th st.—Sept. 11—Parepa Rosa, English Opera.
CENTRAL PARK GARDEN, 7th av., between 59th and 60th sts.—Garden Concerts.
OLYMPIC THEATRE—Bigeloy Discovery Dock. Matinées at 1½ o'clock, Wednesdays and Saturdays.
WAVERLEY THEATRE—Great Sensation Combination. Matinée Wednesdays and Saturdays.
WOOD'S MUSEUM—One million wonders. Change, the Chinese Guest.
THE TAMMANY—The Queen of Hearts; or, Harlequin Knave of Hearts.
GRAND OPERA HOUSE, 23d st. and 8th av.—The Sea of Ice. Matinée, Saturday.

The Sun.

It Shines for All.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 27, 1869.

The Royal Grandeur of Robeson.

There is pleasant news from the United States pleasure steamer Tallapoosa. It reached Boston on Wednesday, by way of Newport and Naushon, with Admiral POURTER, Gen. SHERMAN, and Secretary ROBESON, all safe and well, on board.

The telegram which reports their happy arrival in Boston also informs us that the party stopped for two days at the island of Naushon, the beautiful summer residence of Mr. JOHN M. FORBES. This visit must have been a delightful variation from the tedious routine of official duty in the oppressive climate of Washington; and the taxpayers, who pay something like a thousand dollars a day to run the Tallapoosa, will also be delighted to think that their money—they make it without labor or privation, of course—is able to contribute so much to the happiness of these high officials. The only thing they will regret is that the cost of the Tallapoosa to the national Treasury is so trifling. If it were only ten thousand dollars a day, it would not be too much for the glorification of so great a man as Secretary ROBESON. The *New York Times* has certified that Gen. GRANT is a sovereign; and as Secretary ROBESON is one of his Cabinet Ministers, it is not too much that he should have a vessel that the people own and pay for to travel about in on his pleasure excursions in genuine royal style. It is true that some poor men who have hard work to pay their taxes, and some mean men who do not admire all this high official splendor, may grumble; but what of that? They are not worth minding.

Perhaps, however, before the Senators decide to confirm the nomination of Mr. ROBESON as Secretary of the Navy, they may wish to inquire into his authority to spend a thousand dollars a day of the people's money in his summer pleasure trips. We can assure the honorable Senators in all seriousness that this subject needs investigation, and that such royal airs and royal extravagance as ROBESON puts on need rebuke. It is bad enough to have every member of the Executive away from the seat of government; but to have them sailing about in public vessels at the public expense, like so many princes of the blood, is an insult to the public patience, in which Senators will do well not to become partners.

Camp Meetings and Revivals.

Meetings for religious exercises and preaching, continued from day to day, are not by any means peculiar to our times and country. The multitude followed their divine Teacher into the wilderness, on more than one occasion, and remained there over night, fed by Him upon miraculous food. The early annals of Christianity show that the Apostles and their immediate successors not only gathered immense crowds to hear them, but kept them together while they perfected their instruction in the rudiments of the faith. And all down through the history of modern Europe, such protracted assemblages are recorded as taking place again and again. PETER the Hermit addressed one with a fervor that inspired the Crusades, and they were frequently employed either by the introducers of new doctrines or the defenders of the old. To this day, the peasants of certain parts of Germany have their one, two, and three days' religious festivals, which are repeated year after year with precisely the same order of exercises each year. What we have done is to improve upon an old idea, and adapt it to our peculiar circumstances. Our camp meetings are remarkable more as indications of the ingenuity of the American mind in providing for the requirements of an extemporized community, than for their novelty or special value. The accounts which we give of those which are taking place at this season show that they have acquired all the romance of a habitation in the wilderness without its hardships. Cottages neatly built and prettily ornamented; snow-white tents; restaurants and refreshment stands; shops for the sale of luxuries as well as necessaries and even myriads of brilliant lamps to light up the scene by night, and flags to decorate it by day, render the modern camp meeting an elegant picnic of extended duration.

We should hesitate to say that these gatherings, although for religious purposes, were really of but little religious benefit, did we not know that such is also the opinion of a large number of persons whose piety is above suspicion. As opportunities for recreation and social enjoyment, the getting away from the wearing routine of ceaseless work, and the bringing into play of activities of the mind which are usually dormant, camp meetings can be easily defended; but as contributing, to any appreciable extent, to the salvation of souls, they are not worthy of great commendation. So long as the only means of arresting the attention of the ignorant was by addressing them with the living voice, and when all instruction in spiritual mysteries had to be communicated in the intervals of respite from habitual darkness, men might well be asked to abandon their homes and flock around the bringers of the heavenly message. Now, however, no such necessity exists. The camp meeting, if useful at all in a religious point of view, serves merely as an opportunity of appealing to the fears of the sinner, exciting his sensibilities, and thus producing that mysterious phenomenon of immediate conversion, which, when it takes place on a large scale, receives the appellation of a revival.

A careful analysis even of this last supposed use of camp meetings will demonstrate its imperfection. What if hundreds, more or less, of men, women, or even children, are moved by the excitement of the occasion, the terrifying eloquence of the preacher, and their own active apprehensions of the consequences of their evil deeds, into making a profession of devotion to certain religious doctrines? Unless they at the same time adopt a firm, well-founded resolution to amend their conduct in conformity with the divine laws, they might as well have attended a well-played drama in a theatre. True religion is not a matter of sentiment or emotion. It is the steady working out of an earnest, sincere purpose of obedience to the divine law; and it must be enlightened by instruction and confirmed by habitual regard to the divine source of spiritual strength in order to produce fruits worthy of approval. The momentary ardor of the camp meeting passes off like any other temporary excitement, and is apt to leave its subject in rather a more callous state than he was in before. It is true that some are made genuine converts in this way, but there is no reason, but rather the contrary, for believing that they would not have become equally good men and women if they had stayed quietly at home.

The modern camp meeting may be set down, therefore, rather among the social gatherings of the American people than as an essential part of their religion. It is probably as little injurious as any other form of intellectual dissipation, but it is a dissipation nevertheless, and must be so regarded by the intelligent observer.

Druggists as Poisoners.

The Coroner's Jury at Boston, in the case of THOMAS NORTON, who died in that city on Friday last, have returned a verdict that his death was caused by laudanum, sold to him for tincture of rhubarb, by WILLIAM J. SAVILLE, a clerk in a drug store in Washington street. The verdict also stated that the clerk acted in violation of the rules of the store, which forbade him to put up prescriptions.

This needless death is only one more added to the many others of a similar character, which within a comparatively recent time have attracted the attention of the public. The recurrence so often of cases of this kind ought to arouse the legislators of this State and of other States to such action as would effectually prevent them. This can be done, and should be done.

There is a law in New York which requires druggists to record in a book kept for the purpose the names of all persons to whom poisons are sold, unless upon the written and signed order of some regularly authorized practising physician. This law also requires that the poison shall be labelled with its name and the word "poison" printed upon it with red ink. The penalty for an infringement of this act, which applies only to cities and villages of one thousand inhabitants and upward, is a fine not exceeding fifty dollars.

The keeping of such a record as this law directs, and the proper labelling of poisons, are important safeguards, if these requirements are faithfully complied with; but are there not many persons in this city who have known them often to be neglected? Yet, in any case, they are insufficient. To insure safety in regard to the sale of medicines, all persons employed in their sale, or *in preparing* prescriptions, should be prohibited, under a severe penalty, from engaging in any other occupation whatsoever in or about the drug store to which they belong. Our law, as it stands, makes no provision against the occurrence of "mistakes" such as that at Boston.

In that case it appears from the verdict of the Coroner's jury that there was a rule in the store by which this particular clerk who sold the laudanum instead of tincture of rhubarb was forbidden to put up prescriptions. Was this rule always enforced by the proprietor? If it was not, is the clerk alone responsible for the death of Mr. NORTON?

However, there can be no doubt that a similar rule should be enacted into a law. It is impossible that a clerk, at one moment called to wait upon a couple of pretty girls who want cologne, or soap, or hairbrushes, should be able at the next to turn to the compounding of medicines, requiring skill and care, with the coolness and equanimity proper to the occupation. There should be prescription and medicine clerks in every drug store, whose sole business should be to prepare and sell medicines; and the other clerks should have nothing to do with the medicines whatever. Regulations of this kind may perhaps exist in some of our best drug stores; but, until they become law, the public is without a much needed safeguard, and deaths from druggists' mistakes will occur, without its being possible to fix the responsibility upon any one person.

Cuba and Canada.

The English press is favorable to the Americanization of Cuba, but what about Canada?

Canada being mainly inhabited by the Anglo-American race, the argument which the London journals use in behalf of the cession of Cuba would seem to apply with still greater force to that of Canada.

Do the British publicists mean to give a sly hint to the Canadians to follow the example of the Cubans in breaking loose from the mother country? Or are they simply holding out a bait to us in order to smooth over the Alabama complications? Time will tell to what extent our British cousins are animated in their advice by a friendly feeling toward the United States.

In the meanwhile the American people are fully justified in regarding English sympathy with Cuban emancipation as a pleasant precursor of Canadian annexation.

To be sure, it is argued in England that Spain being poor and distracted, the cession of Cuba may replenish her treasury and relieve her from trouble. But if the English papers were not convinced that European rule on the American continent is becoming more and more untenable, they would never counsel Spain to give up her colonies. The fact is, the English are a common-sense people, and they see but too clearly that the days of European rule in America are drawing to their close. Hence they propose gracefully to surrender to the inevitable advance of destiny. In this they are right. But what is sauce for the goose is also sauce for the gander; and their concessions in regard to Cuba are welcome pledges of their good feeling in regard to the annexation of Canada.

In former days, when Mr. GREELEY was the Managing Editor of the *Tribune*, it was an invariable rule that no other journal should be spoken of in that paper without mentioning its name. He thought that it was a mean and sneaking way to say "a contemporary," or "a morning paper," or any similar circumlocution. Now, however, that practice has become common in the *Tribune*. We infer that Mr. GREELEY is no longer its Managing Editor.

Why in the world was Mr. J. ROSS BROWNE ever made Minister to China? He is a cleverish writer of humorous books, and if he made the drawings to illustrate them, he also possesses talent as a draughtsman; but he knows little or nothing of public affairs, has never given evidence of capacity for public business, and has not that calm, safe judgment which, on the rare occasions when a Minister in China has anything to do, becomes especially requisite. It now appears that he has been opposing in China a treaty which his own Government had negotiated in Washington, and which the Senate had ratified. Such a donkey ought to be brought home at the shortest notice, and kept at home. It is not safe to let him go abroad.

The rejection of Mr. BURLINGAME's treaty, if it has really been rejected, is doubtless the fruit of the same foreign intrigues in which Mr. BROWNE has borne a part. But it is very probable that more authentic advices may come to contradict the report that has now reached us. The Chinese Government may have determined to propose some modifications of the treaty; but its total rejection is extremely improbable.

M. DE LA FOREST, the acting Consul-General of France in this city, has just been made an officer in the Legion of Honor. This is a well-deserved compliment. M. DE LA FOREST is no less esteemed among Americans than among his own compatriots. We presume that the honor he has now received from his Government is but the prelude to his promotion to the office of Consul-General. He has passed thirty-seven years in the consular service of his country.

A friend of ours recently bought some lots in a young town near New York, where the terms of payment were monthly installments for six months. The deed for the property was to be given after the final payment. The gentleman offered to pay his purchase money down and take his deed at once. The sellers objected, and when he pressed his offer they explained that they could not give a deed of the property as they had none themselves. They had a bond for a deed, and expected to pay for the property within the six months, with the money received from the purchasers of lots. The speculation may be all right, but what if the founders of the town should conclude to pocket five installments and run away before the sixth is due? Purchasers of town lots should inquire the nature of the title to land they are buying before they risk their money in payment by installments.

A friend of Gen. POSTLEY of the Cavalry Brigade has called upon us to remonstrate against the tone of our article touching the alleged sale of commissions by the General. His friend says that the sale of commissions has been regularly established in the British army for years, and that Gen. POSTLEY has simply introduced into our service the system which has proved so efficacious in the English. We cheerfully give Gen. POSTLEY the benefit of his friend's explanation.

The London *Times*, after admonishing Spain to cede Cuba, both as a matter of financial convenience and political necessity, says:

"The last French campaign in Mexico ought to have made it manifest that there is neither honor nor profit to be gained for the Powers of the old Continent by meddling with the affairs of the new. *Those who have no own accounts there had better try no new ventures, and those who have ought to deem themselves fortunate if allowed to wind them up on the first opportunity.*"

To judge from the concluding sentence, the *Times* seems to perceive at last the propriety of winding up the Alabama claims on the first opportunity. But as the President is on his travels, and Mr. FISH is at Garrison's, and Lord CLARENDON is at Wiesbaden, that opportunity has not come quite yet.

A writer in the *Revolution* says that "there is an evil so great that it is flattery to call it sin. It is the toleration of half wages to women."

Can it be true that the women printers who work on the *Revolution* are only paid half wages?

Has Gen. MEADE gone over to the Democratic party? He used to be a sturdy Republican, and yet he has now been banqueting with ASA PACKER, the Democratic candidate for Governor of Pennsylvania. In the genial enthusiasm of the feast, the gallant General proposed a toast to which no Democrat could object. "Our host"—so ran the sentiment—"Our host, the Hon. ASA PACKER: may his successes in the past be eclipsed by his successes in the future." After that we must of course expect that the General will vote for Mr. PACKER on the 12th of October next.

The French cable announced to Europe on the 10th inst. the reported appointment of Admiral PORTER as commander of our West India squadron. Who knows but that Mr. ROBESON himself threw out this hint, so as to remain in sole charge of the BORIS legacy? Our naval Dromios were not very far from Duxbury when the report was sent across the wires. However, it is not at all likely that PORTER will lay down the sceptre and the crown for precarious honors in Cuban waters.

New York is not the only place blessed with a bountiful supply of fruit this year. There is a locality in Michigan known as the St. Joseph fruit district, which has produced already 30,000 bushels of berries, with 30,000 bushels of blackberries yet to be gathered, and 800,000 bushels of peaches ripening. The sources of supply are set down by a local newspaper as follows:

Peach trees	300,000	Quince trees	9,000
Pear trees	120,000	Grape vines	140,000
Plum trees	20,000	Strawberries, acres	350
Cherry trees	32,000	Blackberries, acres	700
Apple trees	150,000	Raspberries, acres	300

A similar development of fruit culture is noticeable elsewhere at the West, and speaks well for American agricultural enterprise.

Emigrants from Canada to the United States continue to crowd the Northern avenues of travel. A friend of ours, who recently came over the Vermont Central Railroad, found the cars so full of them that he was obliged to stand up for an hour and a half before he could get a seat. If the industrious population of Canada will all come to us in this manner, we need not trouble ourselves about annexing its territory. We have land enough for the present.

The newspapers are busy discussing the downfall of the Republican party in this State. Some attribute it to one cause, and some to another, and we dare say they are all right. But none of them dwells upon a cause of great and increasing potency, which we suppose has had as much to do with the result as any other. We mean the great lager beer question. The excise legislation for which the Republican party here is responsible would alone suffice to break down any party, however powerful. As long as the Republicans hold on to that legislation, they may bid good bye to all hopes of ever regaining power in New York.

LIFE IN THE METROPOLIS.

DASHES HERE AND THERE BY THE SUN'S REPORTERS.

Round the World in Search of her Unfaithful Husband.

Yesterday afternoon a poor, heartbroken, wasted woman appeared at the tribunal of Marshal Tooker to solicit aid to enable her to continue in pursuit of a truant husband, searching for whom she has already almost circumnavigated the globe. In the spring of 1865 Miss Loveday Allen, then a blooming English girl of seventeen, made the acquaintance of John Henry Wills, an American by birth and mate of an American vessel, at Sydney, Australia, and soon after married him. In a few months, however, the husband sailed suddenly for Shanghai, leaving his young wife without other means of support than what she derived from her own labor; but being an industrious woman she succeeded in the course of a year in saving from her earnings a sum sufficient to pay for her passage to China, and so determined to follow in the wake of her faithless lord. On reaching Shanghai she found that he had been promoted to the command of a ship, and was then absent on a coasting voyage. A fellow-country woman there took compassion on the wanderer, and invited her to her house. With this kind friend Mrs. Wills remained until the return of the captain, with whom she subsequently made many trips in the Chinese waters. But in 1868 her health became so impaired that she had to leave for England, to other with two children, to whom she had given birth in China. Hardly had she arrived in London when she was attacked by fever, and ultimately grew so delirious that her affectionate husband consigned her to a lunatic asylum, and sailed for New York with the children, whom he placed under the care of his sister. On recovering her health, Mrs. Wills sought the position of stewardess in a vessel bound for our city, and followed in pursuit of her cruel consort and her little ones. But ere she could reach this port Wills had left for China; and as she did not know the name of her sister-in-law's husband, she had no clue to her children, for whom she has been in vain seeking since her arrival. Whether she finds them or not, however, she is bent on continuing the pursuit of her disloyal helpmate, even though she should be under the necessity of working her passage to the Celestial Kingdom. The veracity of Mrs. Wills's sorrowful tale is demonstrated by the many authentic documents which she has in her possession, all of which have been submitted to the scrutiny of our reporter.

A Lucky and Liberty-favored Pair of Vilnius.

About a year ago two hackmen were arrested for attempting to commit an outrage on the persons of two ladies while driving them about the Central Park. The audacity with which the crime was committed was so shamelessly ferocious that it was supposed the guilty parties would be speedily brought to a severe punishment. A few days after the assault, however, the hackmen appeared at their accustomed posts near the Seventh avenue entrance to the Park, and when asked how they "got off," they replied, "Money and political influence." We are informed by a person residing on the corner of Seventeenth avenue and Fifty-ninth street that about six weeks ago a man was beaten senseless, robbed, and left naked be ore the Central Park Hotel. The perpetrators of the outrage were apprehedded, when they proved to be the same couple who had committed the assault on the ladies a year ago. Even this time the men escaped punishment. Last week a man was robbed on the same corner of a watch. Arrests were made, and among the parties implicated was one of the villains already referred to. And yet this pair of scoundrels are permitted to ply the vocation of hackmen and solicit the patronage of ladies desirous of driving about the Park. Was there ever such a lucky pair?

The Coming Diamond Weddings.

The grand Moller-Higgins wedding, regarding which the most brilliant expectations are entertained, will take place at Trinity Chapel during the month of November.

It has not as yet been definitely settled whether the approaching marriage between John Hildt and Miss Fannie, daughter of the late A. G. and niece of Leonard W. Jerome, Esq., will be solemnized in church or at the elegant residence of the bride's mother, in West Twentieth street. At either place, it will be a grand and fashionable affair, and society is already on the *qui vive* in anticipation of the event. Miss Jerome is conspicuous in the social circles of New York for her fascinating manners and exquisite taste in dress, and during her late residence abroad was much admired by the Parisians. The prospective bridegroom is Colonel of the Third United States Infantry, and instructor of tactics at West Point, where the Jeromes have a fine cottage on Cozzens's grounds. A large number of invitations will be issued for the wedding, which will take place in September, and the requisite number of bridesmaids, groomsmen, and ushers will assist on the auspicious occasion.

Protection of Life on Street Cars.

A new invention for removing obstructions from city passenger railroads, and effectually preventing the constantly occuring accidents to passengers stepping from the platform from cars while in motion, has been brought to public notice in this city. The device is exceedingly simple, consisting of one or more arms hung from the bottom of the car sill, and in front of the wheels. To these arms are suspended a shield of wrought iron, regulated by suitable springs. The invention has been fully tested in Philadelphia on the Thirteenth and Fifteenth street railways, and has within three months saved two lives. One was that of a person who fell directly in front of the car at Chestnut and Thirteenth streets. The other was a police officer, who, in stepping from the car while in motion, was thrown directly in front of the car wheels. In both cases the persons were quickly removed without the slightest injury. In New York, such a contrivance would frequently occurring, this or some similar device is an absolute necessity. An act of the Legislature makes it imperative on railway companies to thus protect their cars.

The Norfolk Swindling still in Full Blast.

Notwithstanding the *expose* of the Ginn swindling affair in Saturday's SUN, that impostor is still doing a driving business. On Monday last another batch of duped negroes, numbering about a dozen persons, arrived here from Norfolk, consigned of course to the care of Mr. Jasper W. Carpenter of 128 West Eleventh street. These credulous Virginians had paid to Ginn a fee of $5 each, had expended the residue of their little stock in paying their fare and purchasing grub, and had come North in expectation of obtaining instant employment and high wages; but on reaching their destination and ascertaining the real state of affairs, a portion of them returned to the South on the steamer which brought them to this city, Capt. Hunt consenting to take them on whatever terms they could comply with. Some of the colored strangers, however, preferred remaining, and for these Mr. Carpenter has provided food and succeeded in procuring employment for all except two or three. Nevertheless, Mr. Carpenter thinks it a great hardship that the impostor Ginn should be left at liberty to burden him with this heavy responsibility.

A Sanitary Inspector who Can neither See nor Smell.

In West Sixty-first street, within a distance of thirty paces from the residence of a certain Sanitary Inspector, there is a collection of stagnant water several feet in depth, covering the surface of several excavated lots, which has been fermenting during the whole summer. The contents have attained a shade of green as dark as the paint on the Venetian blinds of the Sanitary Inspector's dwelling. It already has the capacity of supplying a mile square with mosquitoes, and for some time past has given off to the passing winds such a stench as our city gas houses and fat-boiling establishments "wot not of." Said Sanitary Inspector, several times a day during this season, has passed and repassed this Stygian pool, but, wonderful to relate, "don't see it." Would it not be sensible on the part of the Health Board to put men who have their senses to the discharge of out-of-door duties?

Jersey City Rejoicing.

A long and much needed improvement is now going on in the widening and raising the grade of Newark avenue, from Brunswick street to the line of Hudson City. This avenue, which is the main outlet from Jersey City to the Court House and the Five Corners, in Hudson City, has for many years been in a wretched plight. In dry, windy weather, the road was filled with clouds of dust, and after long and heavy rains the mud was so deep as to make it almost impassable for pedestrians. When the improvements now under way are completed, the avenue will be paved with Belgian pavement and have a flagged sidewalk. The work is going on with considerable rapidity.

AMUSEMENTS.

THE TAMMANY.—The attractions at this establishment are now of the most varied character—the nightly bill of fare comprising an assortment for every theatrical taste, little being omitted short of tragedy and grand opera. The ballets are very prettily put upon the stage, and the dancers are varied and beautiful—notably so is the performance of the two skaters Alice and Georgerich, whose action is more nearly terpsichorean than acrobatic. The pantomime of the Lauris is excellent, and includes many standard tricks and several new ones, among which is the imitation circus act, which amuses the younger part of the audience greatly. The Sylvesters' masks Logrenia's educated animals, Harry Gurr's swimming exhibition, and the dissolving views, take place between the acts of the theatre, and give restless people a chance to move about. The variety and quantity of the entertainment, as we hint above, are the first inducement to visit Tammany, and it is afforded to orderly and excellent audiences at the republican price of fifty cents.

THE CONNECTICUT PARADISE.

Mr. Patrick Maloy Still Bobbing for Eels at Mystic—Who Preach at Mystic—John Decker and his Wife at Mystic—His Wife Loses all of her Clothes—Col. Bill Fish Catches a Big Eel—Big Prices and Little Suppers on the Sound Boats—More Sans Wanted.

To the Editor of The Sun.

SIR: Washington Market seems to be well represented at Mystic just now. On Sunday last Sammy Knapp, who, with his brother, Halsey Knapp, kept a poultry and butter stand in Washington Market, preached in the Baptist Church. He is a very eloquent preacher. Halsey Knapp also preaches sometimes at Mystic, and is considered a more eloquent preacher than his brother Sammy. The Baptist Church at Mystic is at present without a pastor. The pulpit is filled either by one of the Knapps, or by Gilbert Bailey, a very eloquent man, who is a ship carpenter. He is called in Mystic the ship carpenter preacher. The Baptist people at Mystic talk of giving him or Tommy Parker a call to take charge of their church.

Port Richmond Decker, of Washington Market, is also at Mystic with his family. They came up from Long Branch last Friday night. Mrs. Decker lost her trunk on the way with over $4,000 worth of dresses and jewelry in it. It was lost between the Long Branch and Stonington boat. Decker is one of the firm of Dan Burrows & Co., the wealthy West Washington Market commission merchants, and has come up to Mystic to fish and bob for eels, with a large party of Washington Market people.

Col. Bill Fish, who was Provost Marshal of Baltimore in Abe Lincoln's time, is up here bobbing for eels. He caught an eel last Saturday in Mystic river, just opposite the Betsey Tom Eldridge country seat, that weighed 21½ pounds. It is said to be the biggest eel that ever was caught. The people at Mystic told him he ought to send it to Judge Lott or to Gen. Grant, who don't refuse to take anything. There are at present in Mystic a great many New York and Brooklyn lawyers and some judges that have come up to fish and to bob for the big eels. Billy Mitchell, the broker, is up here fishing and bobbing around. It is said he is going to purchase a country seat up here. He has been looking at Dan Burrows Fort property, the Packer, and Betsey Tom Eldridge place. He went fishing last Saturday off the Spindle, near Ram Island, and caught 130 pounds of fish, such as sea bass, porgies, Spanish mackerel, blue fish, and some very large eels.

A good many people who go to Mystic to bob for eels, use cotton thread to string their worms on, to make their bobs with. They should always use silk thread. Cotton thread is no good. Silk thread will hold on to the teeth of the eels. The reason some people have such bad luck is because they use cotton thread, as Judge Lott did when he first went a bobbing for eels. Cotton thread is not fine and strong enough. When the Judge used a silk-thread bob he had good luck.

Visitors to Mystic should always visit the splendid and romantic farm of George Packer, the save, or Uncle George, as they call him. They will always be welcome. He is a rough diamond, with a large heart that is always in the right place. Judge Lott, or Gen. Grant, our jockey President, would derive much knowledge and wisdom if they would pay the sage a visit.

The people that go on the Stonington boats are finding much fault with the way they manage the supper or dinner on the boats. Before the war, the charge for supper was fifty cents. It was during the war raised to one dollar, and was not half so good as it was at fifty cents. This summer they do things on the restaurant plan, and charge for each thing that is ordered, and a big charge it is. Why, it will now spoil the face of a five dollar bill to get supper on the Stonington boats, and then the supper will not be as good as you used to get for fifty cents. The people that go on the boats are very much dissatisfied, and have resolved not to take supper on the boats, but to carry their lunch with them, or get their supper before going on the boat. Everybody seems to be on the make on all the Sound steamers this summer, and it is time there was an end to it.

Capt. George Kilridge, the heavy man, is still training for the tub race, which will shortly come off. He has been very successful in bobbing this summer. So has Charley Burrows. I met Justice Greedy on the bridge on Sunday last. He came up Saturday night. He had his pocket filled with eels.

One of the sights at Mystic is the ship yards, seven in number, all on Mystic River. The largest and best located ship yard is that of Mason, Fish & Co. It is on what was once part of the Packer farm. It is here where the first iron clads were built.

There is a good chance in Mystic for a paper store on the east side of the river. There is no paper store there. The only paper store is that on the west side. There is a large field to sustain a paper store on the east sidge of the bridge. The people of Mystic complain very much that they can't get SUN papers enough, and the west side paper man tries to poke off the *Herald* on them, which they don't like.

The railroad depot in Mystic, from 3 to 9 P. M., is a very lively place. The steam cars leave the depot between 3 and 9 P. M. with the passengers for the Stonington steamer for New York, and the people meet at the depot to see their friends off. There is always a big crowd there at night of friends, husbands and wives, maids and sweethearts, swing one another off, and making as much over one another as if they were going to Europe or Africa.

PATRICK MALOY, the Brooklyn Boy.

MYSTIC BRIDGE, Aug. 24, 1869.

THE DEMOCRATIC CHIEFTAIN.

Away with Belmont—Off with his Head.

To the Editor of The Sun.

SIR: Conscious of a great wrong being perpetrated on the Democratic party, as well as on the great bulk of Irish people in America, I fully concur with and endorse the letter of a "Tenth Avenue Democrat" in your issue of the 25th inst. The Democratic party should be convinced ere this that Mr. August Belmont is the representative of England, and consequently the enemy of the great American people, at least the bitter enemy of the Irish people, who constitute a great part of the Democratic party. Enough for England to rule with iron grasp Irishmen in the land of their birth. Here they ought to be free from her blood-stained hands. I am not much versed in American politics, but would say to the Democratic party, throw Belmont out, turn over a new leaf, or you have not the shadow of a chance of carrying the field in 1872.

Aug. 26, 1869. READER.

Put John Quincy Adams at the Helm.

To the Editor of The Sun.

SIR: We are glad to see that Mr. Belmont's days are numbered as the leader of the Democratic party. We want some live young man of the style of John Quincy Adams. We do not want any Tweeds, or any who have been leaders in the Democratic party. We do not intend to be led around by any "fossils" any longer.

YOUNG DEMOCRACY.

Wm. M. Tweed for Governor.

To the Editor of The Sun.

SIR: In your paper I read a piece advocating the appointment or election of William M. Tweed to the Chairmanship of the National Democratic Committee. I think a better selection could not be made, for a better man to hold that position I don't think could be found in the Democratic party of the State. A man that understands all about politics, and also an honest and a charitable man, is that gentleman, and I hope some day to see William M. Tweed Governor of the State of New York. As the writer of that article says, William M. Tweed made the Democratic party what it is in this city, and I think he ought to be put at the head of the Democratic party of the State.

A YOUNG DEMOCRAT.

The Barefooted Friars of Hoboken.

To the Editor of The Sun.

SIR: Some of your readers would like to know why it is that the so-called miracles of the Barefooted Friars of Hoboken are spoken of in connection with the Roman Catholic Church, when cures infinitely more inexplicable than that mentioned in your issue of Wednesday, and quite as well authenticated, are alleged to be taking place constantly among those who repudiate that Church *in toto*?

That the cure in question may have taken place I do not deny; but to assume, even by implication, that it was owing to any inherent virtue in the Church *per se*, would be quite absurd, from the fact that for one cure of this sort, performed by a priest or friar who happens to be what is called "a medium," there are thousands performed by simple laymen and others who utterly reject the Church and her teachings, and are believers in modern spiritualism.

A FREEMAN.

NEW YORK, August 18, 1869.

Where is that $1,000 Bond?

To the Editor of The Sun.

SIR: A week ago last Friday a party attempted to pass or exchange United States bonds at Hoboken; the particulars were fully set forth in the New York papers the following morning, in which it was stated that a good and true bond of $1,000 was handed over, and the said bond was and is in the hands of the same one of the officers that made the arrest. I had and have an interest in said bond, and obtained an order of attachment, and placed it in the hands of the Deputy Sheriff to serve; the officer has been called upon, and states that the bond can't be found or he can't attach. Now, dear Sir, what is the trouble? Why can't the bond be found? Are our officers in the ring, and will they attempt to cover a villanous transaction? I don't think the surly old Kennedy would do it, and yet query, where is the bond? I understand that one of the party has said that he will not lose anything. Has the bond been returned, or is it in the hands of the police?

E. R. H.

The Sun in the West.

From the Chicago Journal.

THE SUN is bent upon securing a larger circulation than any other New York paper, and it is in a fair way of achieving its ends.

THE SHAKER SUICIDE.

What the Shakers Say About It—The Mysteries of Shaker Philosophy and Religion—A Plain Unvarnished Tale Told in Shaker Style.

From the Hudson Star.

The following card has been issued by the New Lebanon (N. Y.) Shakers relative to the suicide of Ellen Calver:

Finding ourselves arraigned before the public, and summoned to appear before the Court, for reasons which we cannot comprehend, to answer to a case of suicide, we feel it our privilege and duty to lay before our friends the facts, as far as we know, concerning the deceased known as Ellen Calver.

The parents of said Ellen Calver sailed from England, with their family, nine in number, Nov. 11, 1849; landed at Philadelphia Jan. 1, 1850; removed to the Shakers' Society, located in the town of New Lebanon, county of Columbia and State of New York, May 30, 1850. Said Ellen Calver, daughter of James and Susan Calver, removed to the Church Family of said Society, Sept. 17, 1850, being about three years of age. Ellen Calver was, therefore, nurtured and reared by, and under the charge and care of said Church family in New Lebanon. She early evinced a bright intellect, sensitive temperament, and delicate brain; she developed to a young woman of fine sensibilities and unusual intelligence; she created and sustained an unblemished reputation through her life, and her character was above censure; veneration, firmness, self-esteem, with large hope, were predominant in her phrenological character. She was highly esteemed by the Shaker family to which she belonged, and of which she had already become a member, as well as by her parents and brothers and sisters. Her spiritual organization was large, which sometimes led her to pleasant illuminations while in the family worship; these conditions increased upon her greatly to her pleasure and satisfaction, but not always so much so to her surrounding friends; suitable caution was often dealt out in counsel, at various times, to balance her growing propensity for spirit communion; care was taken that she should not be exposed to grow melancholy (as she was some inclined to be), and all that could excite such a condition was carefully avoided.

Ellen Calver was never heard, by any person in the Shaker Society, nor outside of it, as we can learn, to express any dissatisfaction with her Shaker home, Shaker discipline, or Shaker religion; therefore the only cause (as some suppose) which could have led to so untimely and disagreeable an exit is insanity on the point of spirit life, in the spirit sphere. Others of the Shakers supposed it was caused by the use of copal varnish, which she had been applying to a bedstead of her own, in a confined room, some two or three hours before her death, and which she afterward said made her feel dizzy and very badly; and, indeed, it did affect her very disagreeably.

The parents of Ellen Calver resided, since 1854, within an hour's walk of our village, and in sight of it; she frequently visited them, sometimes in our office in the village, and sometimes at their own house; and she attended her deceased father a portion of the time during his last week's illness.

On the sorrowful day in which her mortal tenement was drowned, being Saturday, June 5, 1869, she appeared as usual, save the effects of the varnish, as before mentioned; she did not appear at dinner with the family, which was served at 12 o'clock; about 15 minutes after dinner it was announced by a youth, Joseph Creamer (who had gone to the pond to ascertain the temperature of the water, and see if it was fit for bathing), that a girl was drowned in the pond. People immediately rallied, both those who were not, as well as those who were of our community. The body was taken from the water and the usual means for resuscitation were immediately resorted to; rolling first, then friction, artificial restiration, the warm bath, and the galvanic battery; efforts continued to be made until fifteen minutes before 2 o'clock, to restore animation, but without effect. Preparation was then made to lay out the corpse, according to our common custom; strangers flocking to our office, who desired it, were permitted to go and see the corpse, among whom was one of the prominent physicians of the town, Dr. Wright, who advised to call a Coroner, but most of those present appeared to think it was sufficient to employ a Justice of the Peace. Benjamin Gates, one of the Trustees of the Society, made inquiry of a number of the neighbors who the Coroner was, but none of them seemed to recollect, but near night he learned the Coroner resided in the town of Chatham. Accordingly, as had been the usual custom of the town outside of the Shaker community, and sometimes by the Shakers, a Justice of the Peace was called to perform the ordinary duties of a Coroner, and on Monday, July 7, Esquire Bull, of New Lebanon Springs, summoned a respectable jury, the greater portion of which consisted of people not belonging to our Community; witnesses were duly examined, and after mature deliberation, and all necessary examinations of the corpse, according to the opinions of that jury, a verdict was rendered of "death by drowning while in a state of temporary insanity."

The funeral was attended on Tuesday following, June 8, not only by our own Shaker family, but by friends and neighbors outside, and her brother, from a distance. The corpse was encased in a neatly made, unstained coffin, according to our usual practice (as we never stain our coffins, nor ornament them with plates and trimmings, but make a neatly jointed, plain case, and use the whitest wood we can secure). It was interred with our usual ceremonies.

On July 28, 1869, after seven weeks interment, the body was exhumed, by order of Coroner Allen of Chatham, who was duly notified of the demise of Ellen Calver (as we are told) by a near neighbor to the Shakers. Dr. Salmon made an examination of the corpse to the satisfaction of the presiding jury (none of whom reside in the community of Shakers). No marks of violence were found on the body. Edward Fowler, in behalf of the Shaker's Society, directed that further examination should be made, which was done, and we were assured that nothing appeared to question the fact that the deceased had lived a virtuous life, according to the known profession of virgin purity of the Society of which she was a member.

SHAKERS.

NEW LEBANON, Aug. 24, 1869.

A Mighty Big Grape Vine.

From the Santa Barbara Press.

I have seen the "Big Grape Vine." The owner says it is forty-two years old. The trunk is nearly circular, and at ten inches from the ground is thirty-nine inches in circumference; at three feet from the ground, the smallest place, it measures thirty-six inches; and at five feet, it measures forty-six inches in circumference; immediately above this measurement it swells out much larger and parts into branches.

It is supported by a framework six to seven feet high, containing sixty-six posts from three to eight inches in diameter, and covers about 4,820 square feet of ground. Several of the limbs are nine feet in circumference at thirty feet from the trunk, and one of the limbs or branches at forty-eight feet from the trunk is seven and three-eighths inches in circumference.

It now has over 5,000 clusters of grapes on it growing finely. The owner, and others familiar with it, tell me that the clusters will average, when ripe, about two and a half pounds each; but call them two pounds each, and it makes over five tons of fruit on one vine in one year. Several persons made estimates on it last year, when the fruit was ripening, by counting the clusters on ten feet square, and weighing some average clusters. Their estimates varied from four to six tons. This is probably the largest grape vine in the world.

Close by this is another vine, covering about 1,350 square feet, and forming the roof of a fine dancing hall. It is eleven years old, and has a much larger quantity of fruit in proportion to its size than the "big grape vine."

Original Source of the Vanderbilt Wedding.

A seaside correspondent tells the following story:

You doubtless have heard that Commodore V