JOHN VISITS WASHINGTON.

REMINISCENCES OF THE LOBSTER-BACK INVASION.

Two Striking Things—The Lemon-Peel Around the Capitol—New York Gardens—The Story of Rolla's Wife—A Wonderful Telegraph Line—Shoemakers and Bakers.

Correspondence of The Sun.

WASHINGTON, November, 1872.—This is the State of the District of Columbia. It hails here sometimes, hence "Hail Columbia." There are two towns in D. C. One is Georgetown and the other is Washington town, and the two together spell George Washington, who was the original father of his country, and who was the original cherry tree killer, too. Washington is on the Potomac, "the river of swans," between the Anacosta and Rock creek. Ann Acosta is a distant relation of Ann Apolis—some miles distant.

Washington is the first meridian of all American geographers. Its public buildings and its public servants occupy elevated positions. If some of those public servants had occupied still more elevated positions posterity would profit by it.

The Capitol is a capital building. It's got a bell on top of it. This belle is the Goddess of Liberty. In winter it's a cold Goddess of Liberty—cold enough to be the figure of Just-ice. It is capital punishment for a member of Congress to go to Washington. When Congress is in session a darkey is in session too, who scoops up lemonade in a soup spoon at nothing a scoop, and the body politic, and the sovereign people too, can drink all the sour juice and water they want for nothing.

STRIKING THINGS IN WASHINGTON.

The most striking things about Washington are the policemen's clubs and the lemon peel lying around loose on the grass at the Senate end of the Capitol. I appeal to the Senators to have that peel removed. It is too suggestive of hot whiskey skins and other wicked drinks to be allowed to lie there. Besides, what would England and other powers think if a lemon peel tree should grow there? It might be construed into an insult to the memory of Sir Robert Peel, and war be the result—the battle cry, "Go in, lemons."

The Capitol is modelled after the American bald-headed eagle—some time after. It has two wings, and since Wigfall left, it has had no hair on its head. It has claws, and every once in a while it puts its claws into the Government. Men have flourished here whose determinations were so dogged, that when they died they were buttoned up in catafalques. From the way members of Congress eat, they cannot be called torpid livers.

THE RAID OF THE LOBSTER-BACKS.

The corner stone of the Capitol would be an excellent place for a brindle cow to scratch its back. The angle is perfect, it would rub all the brindle off. It was laid Sept. 18, 1793. That was before Susan B. Anthony's fortieth birthday. It was first used as the seat of Uncle Sam in 1800. Subsequently some of the lobster-backs came up there on a visit with Em Barge, the Cross of St. George, and the Cross of St. Andrew, and they were so darned cross they turned to and destroyed the building, and Uncle Sam didn't get another square set down there again until 1815. The British won't get into Washington again until mustard plasters are put on thermometers to make July warm in New York. This splendid building commands Maryland, Delaware, and Pennsylvania avenues. The President's house commands Pennsylvania, Vermont, New York, and Connecticut avenues, and the President commands the army.

Old Probabilities lives here in the same house with Old Possibilities.

I saw the Washington Monument to-day; I could hardly make myself believe it wasn't the Brooklyn end of the East River bridge.

NEW YORK GARDENS.

I saw a man to-day who don't like New York. He swears the only grounds a man has around his house in New York are coffee grounds. He says he was on there last spring, and after tea a gentleman invited him to walk in his garden, and he was much surprised to find his garden up stairs, and the garden gate was a scuttle. They both crawled through that scuttle, and they walked for an hour around a clothes line and three flower pots, and the New York gentleman appeared to enjoy it, but *he* didn't. He don't hanker after gardens with tin floors.

Knight Templars parade in Washington in the day time.

Four quarts of cod liver oil will kill a tame squirrel.

King David never played marbles on Sunday. He slewed the first liar with a sling—Goliah.

THE STORY OF ROLLA'S WIFE.

I've got two temples that I had rather have than Solomon's temple. They are fastened to my head. One of them is a dramatic temple in Washington. They played a tune first; then came "Pizarro, or the death of Rolla." Pizarro was rolled up in a piece of gilt-edged velvet, and looked gorgeous. Rolla's wife's name was Cora. Fix, was after Rolla. Rolla's wife's name didn't come home to supper one night, and Cora took her little Rolla, who measured a half a yard and two fingers in her arms and started to see if Rolla had got his goose cooked. If so, she was going to talk turkey to Pizarro. During her wanderings she finds occasion to use these figures: "Ah! what is more touching than an infant in woman's arms?" A woman's infant in man's arms is nature's passport through the world." This female appeared to be clear-headed, and apparently wouldn't tell a lie a bit quicker than George Washington's hatchet, and we must believe Cora. Time alters all things. Just ponder, and think of the difference between ancient Peru and modern New York. Just let Cora with her young one in her arms get on to a Bleecker street car—one of the cars I lost my watch on—and try that passport system on the conductor, and if she don't come down with five cents, she'd come down into the mud, sure pop. Young ones can be taken for fares in New York—not on the cars.

A WONDERFUL TELEGRAPH LINE.

Kernels of corn are very plenty in succotash, but colonels in the army are more plenty in Washington.

I saw a man to-day from the Indian Territory. He built a telegraph about there five miles long and two wide out of his wife's hoopskirt.

Says I, "So you built it out of your wife's hoopskirt, did you?"

Says he, "Yes, sir. I did."

Says I, "Did you do much business on it?"

Says he, "There was more battle about that telegraph than any other line in my section."

Says I, sneringly, "Bustle, hey! Were there any hoops?"

Says he, "Hoops? yes, plenty of hoops—war whoops."

That last remark busted things, and I took no more notice of him than though he was my mother-in-law.

A TALK WITH A BAKER.

I visited a bake shop in Washington. I saw the boss baker. He was so covered with flour that if he had sneezed the gas would have had to be lit to see him. The expression of his mug wasn't first-class. He looked like he couldn't tell Homer's Iliad from a green calico cooking stove.

Says I, "Are you crusty?"

Says he, "No, I ain't."

Says I, "Keep a bake shop and not crusty. Hey? You keep bread for sale, don't you?"

Says he, "Yes, I do."

Says I, "Do you knead your own bread?"

Says he, "Yes, I do knead my own bread."

Says I, "Well, if you need your own bread, what in thunder do you want to sell it for?"

Says he, "You are a fool."

Then I looked at the proprietor of his stock, and says I, "Did you reside here during the late slight misunderstanding with the South?"

Says he, "I did."

Says I, "I wouldn't think you did."

Says he, "Why?"

Then I took up one of his rolls, and says I, "My dear sir, excuse me, but I would hardly believe it possible that a man who had ever heard the long roll sounded would be guilty of selling such short rolls as that."

Says he, "That will do, sir; that is quite enough."

Says I, "Well, I'll take some nuts and clear out."

Says he, "I don't sell nuts."

Says I, "You do not—dough nuts?"

He seemed inclined to hurt me, so I beat a retreat.

A TALK WITH A SHOEMAKER.

There are some excellent shoe shops in Washington, and my insatiate thirst after knowledge led me into one of 'em. I have no doubt the proprietor was a perfectly pious leather dealer. He had a leather head anyhow.

Says I, "Got a nice store, hain't ye?"

Says he, "So, so."

Says I, "Sew, sew. I thought in your business it was stitch, stitch."

Says he, "A-hem!"

Says I, "No, stitch."

Then I propounded a conundrum.

Says I, "Why are shoemakers like ministers?"

Says he, "Blast your conundrums."

Says I, "That ain't the answer; its because shoemakers and ministers both peg away at soles, and they both heel soles, too."

Says he, "Well, do you want to buy anything? If so, I have everything in my line you can name."

Says I, "You have, hey? Are gaiters in your line?"

Says he, "Yes."

Says I, "And you can shoe every kind of gaiter?"

Says he, "I can."

Says I, "Well, if that is the case, I'll look at a pair of alligators."

He didn't take it pleasantly, and if I hadn't dispensed with his society just as I did, that leather dealer would have tanned me.

INTERESTING ITEMS.

Pank will be cheaper than Beerlee stick next 4th of July. The duty is off native punk.

Buckwheat cakes are getting ripe fast. They are mellow now.

Corn starch pudding ain't good for shirt bosoms.

The garden of Eden never produced a sweeter lot of male and female Los than are on a visit here now. It is enough to give a pale face the whooping cough to look at 'em. I shan't select a bride from that crowd. JOHN.

PAYING THE BETS.

Fun in Broadway—And Fun in the Pool Rooms—A Million Dollars Pocketed by Men who Knew How to Bet.

The pool rooms were thronged last evening with holders of lucky tickets, and the pool-sellers were busily paying the cash to the fortunate holders. Betting was lively since the Mayoralty candidates were nominated, and over half a million of dollars were staked. Then there were thousands of dollars wagered on the Presidential vote of city, State, and nation; on the Governor, Aldermen, Judges, and Congressmen, and hundreds of other candidates whom their friends backed with their money as well as votes. There are the usual number of unwise wheelbarrow men who are to push the time-honored vehicle to Harlem and back because election went against their firm convictions, and the canvass was not unproductive of heavy-weight wagers, the result being that a number of political partisans were trudging Broadway, between Canal street and the Battery, carrying sacks of flour and pigs of iron. There were many absurd bets. A SUN reporter yesterday saw a stakeholder surrender two $500 bank notes. The wager was that Greeley would get double the number of votes cast for Grant in this city. One hundred to ten was wagered in another instance that Greeley's majority in New York State would be 60,000. Both of these bets were made early in the campaign, before the apathy of the Democrats became as conspicuous as within two months. A barrel bet was worked off yesterday. The defeated sport, one Thomas, of Jersey City, rolled an empty barrel through West street and around the Battery, from Desbrosses street ferry to Hamilton ferry. He was accompanied by a crowd of nondescript, pathetic urchins and street arabs, who made the welkin ring with their delighted derision.

The liveliest betting was in the pool rooms of Johnson, of Broadway and Twenty-eighth street, sold on the Mayoralty alone over $300,000 worth and several thousand on the Presidential and State tickets. At different stages of the betting $100 was offered and accepted each of the three candidates for Mayor. More pools were sold with odds on Jemmy O'Brien than on any other candidate. For several days large odds were offered on him with no takers, but later Havemeyer's strength began to crop out and the tide turned in his favor, while at the very close of the canvass Lawrence was the favorite. In the evening several hundred lucky ones were waiting in line to be paid. Each man in turn handed up his pool ticket. The pools were referred to, and if found correct a check was given for the amount due. The pool seller was jolly and congratulated the lucky gamblers as they took away their hundreds in a manner as much as to say, "Try again, gentlemen; betting isn't such a bad thing after all."

Two Paris mutual pool rooms were open for wagers before election. They took nearly the same amount apiece, and with about the same odds on candidates.

Adding up the above the large number of private wagers made in offices, clubs, and societies, it is safe to estimate that one million of dollars changed hands in the city on the results of Tuesday's election.

AN ELECTION ASSAULT.

A Vote that Nearly Cost a Life—An Ex-Assemblyman's Narrow Escape.

Correspondence of The Sun.

MILFORD, Pike County, Pa., Nov. 6.—At about 5 o'clock, John Rosencranse, a farmer living near the village, was peddling Greeley tickets around the Court House, where the election was held, and induced Michael Scott, a negro driving team for John T. Cross, Esq., to leave his team a moment and go up stairs and vote. Cross, who lives near, saw his team standing in the road, and went to the Court House, meeting Rosecranse and the negro at the foot of the stairs. He was very angry, and began a quarrel. All who attempted to explain came in for a share of abuse; but the Hon. D. A. Wells, ex-member of the Legislature from this district, presuming on friendship with Cross, went up to him and said:

"Tomp, John only stopped Mike to have him go and vote."

Cross turned partially around, and exclaiming, "You to h—!" struck Wells in the mouth. Wells struck back, missing Cross, but, getting his head between his knees, struck him once or twice, at which the bystanders took the two men apart. Cross stepped back a few yards, and taking his knife out of his pocket and flourishing it above his head, started on a run toward Wells, who could not defend himself in time to prevent it being thrust into his side, missing the heart by the merest trifle, and stopped by a rib. Without a moment's hesitation, Cross again retreated a short distance, and again started toward Wells with murder in his eye, the knife raised above his head. Wells started forward also, and meeting his opponent half way knocked him down. The bystanders prevented any further collision. Dr. Schimel was called, and the wound was found to be not dangerous in itself, but was an ugly looking cut, skimmer grazing the heart. An eighth of an inch lower, and the knife would have sunk deep into the heart.

Cross is one of the wealthiest men in Pike county, and, with all his family connections, occupies a leading place in society. He is acknowledged generally as a man to be feared, and it has often been said that it is a wonder he has never killed any one, having made several apparent attempts in his life upon men he disliked. He had not been arrested up to this writing.

A SWITCHMAN ABSENT-MINDED.

The Lightning Express Train Coming at Full Speed—A Switchman Deliberately Turns the Switch the Wrong Way.

Correspondence of the Boston Journal.

NEW YORK, Oct. 26.—The recent terrible accident at Seabrook, and the narrow escape from one on the New York Central, owing to the displacement of a switch, naturally calls attention to the class of men employed in this important department of public service. As a rule, corporations get the exact talent they pay for. A first-class man in an important place is not usually secured at a third-rate price. Accidents will occur from misplaced switches, without regard to the wages paid, the steadiness, sobriety, and intelligence of the employees, simply for the reason that switchmen are human. A very high degree of responsibility is put upon them. In the fury of incoming trains, the rapidity and often uncertainty of their movements, the responsibility felt, and the fear that they will make a mistake, often unnerve long experienced men, and throw them into confusion, so that they have not the slightest idea what they do, and accidents which are attributed to negligence and inattention to duty are the result solely of fear.

One of the most successful and long-tried railroad superintendents, in reference to the Seabrook disaster, stated to me the other day that no human foresight, no long experience, and no care could relieve a train from the danger resulting from a misplaced switch. "I had in my employ a switchman who for twenty years served the company. He was as steady as the day was long. He was religious, conscientious, and a kind husband. I was standing near him one day when he turned the switch for a freight train. He did not know that I was near. He turned the switch back, and it was all right for an express train that was thundering along. When the whistle sounded announcing the approach of the train he went deliberately to the switch, turned it back, so that the lightning express would dash right into the freight train. I yelled with all my might, 'Reverse your switch.' He sprang to the handle, reversed it, and he had not a second to spare. The train flew past with the velocity of light, and was out of sight and hearing in a moment. The switchman did give no account of his conduct. When the whistle sounded, an impulse seized him to turn the switch, as he had an impression that it was wrong. It was not negligence, it was not inattention to duty, for he was painfully in earnest. But he was confused and bewildered by fear, and did not know what he was doing. Such accidents are likely to occur on the best managed roads in the world."

Government regulates everything about the English railroads. The road bed is laid under Government inspection, and royal oversight is taken of every rail. No road can cross another, or cross a highway on the same level—bridges or tunnels must be resorted to. It is felony to cross the tracks from one side of the station to another. Switchmen are made the subjects of peculiar care. They are a choicely selected lot of men. No one is received over the tracks, inclosed on all sides with glass windows, carpeted and warmed. The handles of the switches come up into this room, and are ornamented like the handles of a beer fountain. They are all numbered, and are called "points." Conspicuous in the room is the painted caution, "Mind your points." The room is light, made warm from a fire and made cheery by a carpet and flowers. Here the switchman takes his position, sheltered from the storm and wind, in a room comfortable and cheery; if he makes a mistake something more than reprimand and dismissal awaits him. His offence is a crime, and the State will punish him by fine and imprisonment. With all this outlay accidents occur—switches will be misplaced—and statistics show that there are more such accidents in England than in America.

A Desperate Attempt to Escape the Gallows.

WESTCHESTER, Pa., Nov. 7.—George Grant, who is under sentence to be hanged on Wednesday next for the murder of a woman named Spence, a year ago, made a desperate attempt to escape last night. He attacked the keeper, B. F. Haines, while the latter was going his rounds, and nearly killed him. Cooper, the under keeper, was attracted by the cries of Haines, and fired four shots at Grant without wounding him. Grant was finally forced back into his cell and handcuffed. He is still savage, and declares he will sell his life dearly. He had padded his body with blankets, and the pistol balls did not take effect upon him. Haines is in a critical condition.

The Attempt to Stop Jersey Lightning.

TRENTON, Nov. 7.—The Supreme Court this morning unanimously decided that an act to submit the question of "license or no license" to the people is constitutional. This is against the opinion of Attorney-General Gilchrist given to the Legislature last winter, and came up on the constitutionality of the act submitting the question of license or no license to the people of Chatham, in Morris county.

THE SEVEN RUINED CITIES.

WANDERINGS OF A SUN CORRESPONDENT IN ARIZONA.

An Enterprising Photographer Among the Savages—Remains of an Extinct Civilization—Popular Traditions Regarding Ruins which have Puzzled all the Archæologists.

Correspondence of The Sun.

MOQUIS PABLOS, Sept. 4.—After a hard journey over sandy plains and barren rocks, we arrived a few days ago among the ruined towns of the supposed descendants of Montezuma. I am surrounded by objects strange, wonderful, and romantic; among Indians who, seldom visited by the whites, are so far advanced in civilization as to have lived in houses three and four stories high for nearly three centuries, and who have made the desert surrounding them to bloom as a garden. These Indians are peace-loving, industrious, and intelligent, far above any other tribe on the American continent, but they are so ignorant and superstitious that I, a poor photographer, am looked upon by them as a medicine man of wonderful power. Unfortunately they are convinced that my mission among them is an evil one. I have already been ordered away from two of the towns by signs and gestures by no means pleasing to a man two hundred miles from the settlements and surrounded by savages. If I take any pictures away with me I shall certainly have to do it surreptitiously, as the destruction of several that I have already taken has been demanded by one of the chiefs this morning.

PHOTOGRAPHY PUZZLES THE INDIANS.

I have in several cases tried to conciliate them by presenting a photograph taken of them while they were sitting around me in groups watching me at work. They exhibit great surprise and wonder, but in every case, as soon as my back is turned the picture is destroyed or thrown away. They seem to look upon a photograph as a sure and speedy passport to another world.

I last wrote you at the time of crossing the river, and just before taking up the line of march for the interior of Arizona. Two men from Oryba came to us at that time; they were on their way to the settlements with blankets to trade for horses. They are the first, I believe, that have ever ventured across the Colorado on a trading expedition. We had considerable difficulty in getting them to venture in the boat, but after going through some mysterious incantations, such as bowing toward each point of the compass and sprinkling some meal upon the water, they allowed us to ferry them and their donkeys over, a task that I in no wise hankered after, but which I preferred doing to feeding them all the way back to Oryba, which would have been the case had I not put them across the river. There has been considerable talk of diamonds having been found in this region. The trail that we followed coming out here brought us within twenty miles of the Rio Colorado Chiquito, or, as it is better known, Pike river. We also came within a few miles of the San Francisco Mountains; but as I did not care to meet the Apaches or Cohoninces with only one companion, we did not stop long to look for treasure. These mountains have every appearance of being rich with minerals, and I have heard that a party could pay a large party to go and prospect them. I have picked up several fine agates and garnets, but have not yet found any diamonds. The distance from the river to the Moqui village is about one hundred miles. About half way we crossed a small stream called the Moinocopi, which probably enters the Flax river. Here we came on a camp of Navajoes. They are cultivating the soil to some extent, and have raised quite a crop of corn and melons. They treated us in a friendly manner, but seemed somewhat surprised at our small retinue, and appeared to wonder that we ventured so far into their country alone. We camped in their midst, however, giving them the charge of our horses and making ourselves as much at home as though we had put up at a country inn. These Indians, by the way, are the most tricky, consummate thieves in the West, but our confidence seemed to please them, and when we called for our animals two more mules and three horses) they were forthcoming immediately.

The country bordering on the Green and Colorado rivers for several hundred miles in extent is in many places strewn with broken pottery of beautiful workmanship, while the cañon walls are decorated with hieroglyphics and picture writing, the meaning of which is unknown to the Indians now inhabitating that region. Upon the most inaccessible cliffs, and down in the gloomiest chasms, are found remains of houses that had once been three and four stories high.

POPULAR TRADITIONS.

All these signs of a once powerful and partially civilized people are plainly traceable to the seven Aztec cities of Arizona. That the inhabitants of this region are descendants of the ancient Mexicans there can be no doubt. Their ancestors' line of march to the north and west is still marked by the remains of cities abandoned many generations ago. From Indian tradition and the meagre history available the popular theory is that during the Spanish conquest great bands of the Aztecs were driven from Mexico into the vast deserts lying to the north and west, and thence across the Colorado. Here a mighty nation dwelt for many years, building cities and cultivating the soil. As they were industrious and peace-loving, they were soon attacked by the warlike nomadic tribes of the West, and compelled to build their houses for themselves against attack, to build their houses on the tops of mountains, within the cañon walls, and in chasms that would seem almost inaccessible. Many stories are told of how the poor Aztecs were surrounded by an overpowering enemy and starved to death in their strongholds. After years of this war the seven tribes entered into treaty with the Utes, whereby the latter were to retain the northern side of the river, and the Aztecs were to recross and forever remain in the southern country. The names by which the cities are now most widely known, the Moquis Pablos, originated, as near as I can find out, thus: There are seven towns containing about twelve hundred inhabitants. In approaching them from the Colorado river, we first come to Oyba; twelve miles further east we come to Sheem-pa-ko-we, Shong-o-pa-we, and Mee-shom-o-neah. Three miles further east across a beautiful valley are situated on a high cliff, Moqui, Mogueenah, and Ta-wah. Moqui, the oldest and best fortified of all the towns, was many years ago visited by the small-pox, which carried off nearly all of the inhabitants. After that they called it the dead town—Pueblo Muerto, which has been corrupted into Moqui Pablo. By strangers the common name of Moquis Pablos is given to all the towns, but here among them each town has its name, chief, and government. These towns are

FORTIFICATIONS WITHIN THEMSELVES.

The houses are built of rock and mud. To enter them you ascend a ladder, which is on the outside wall, to the top of the first story; the other floors are reached by stone steps at the gable end of each house. The towns are built in the form of a hollow square, with a large court in the center. In this court are several houses under ground which are entered by trap, doors from the top, and the bottom reached by ladders. They very much resemble an old-fashioned ice house. These kevas, as they are called, are used as a place of worship, and also for work in. I understand that there are several weeks yet. As time will not admit of my writing more at present, I will try and give you an account of my stay here and return trip when I reach the settlement. I enclose you a few photos which will speak plainer than my pen.

E. O. BEAMAN.

AN EIGHT-HANDED FIGHT.

A Rough and Tumble in the Hon. James Irving's District on Election Day.

The Hon. James Irving and the Hon. Peter Woods were candidates for the Assembly in the Sixteenth Assembly District. Peter Woods has been elected. The fight was a hotly contested one, as both men are popular in the Eighteenth Ward. Their respective adherents had many bouts on election day, and previous thereto, on the merits and probable success of their champions. These bouts were usually of the chaffy order, and rarely amounted to anything except making a bet on the result of the election. But on election day, about 2 P. M., Col. Dolan and Peter alias "Zimmer" Bray, friends of Peter Woods, met Barney McGaffney and Rob Smith, friends of Irving's, at Third avenue and Twenty-fourth street, opposite the Compton House. They immediately fell into a discussion about their candidates. McGaffney offered to bet Capt. Dolan $200 to $150 on Irving. Dolan, although expressing his willingness to take the bet, was not prepared with the needful.

"Put up or shut up," said McGaffney. "You fellows goin' 'round the ward gassin' 'bout your candidate and got no money to put up on him ought to go and put your heads in a bag."

McGaffney and Smith continued to blackguard Dolan and "Zimmer" Bray until both parties lost their temper, and the words "That's a lie!" were passed, besides other vulgar and approbrious epithets. Capt. Dolan pulled a pistol and attempted to shoot McGaffney. McGaffney at once clinched Dolan, and they rolled over into the gutter. While the two were chawing each other, Rob Smith pitched into "Zimmer" Bray, and they lunged and lunged away at each other hot and heavy. In the meantime a large crowd had collected and were enjoying the fight. Singularly enough there was not a policeman in sight. Before either one of the parties had done much injury to each other, friends of both sides interfered, and they were separated, Col. Nicholas Langdon taking an active part in this peaceful measure. McGaffney wrested Dolan's pistol—a large sized navy revolver—away from him, and still carries it as a trophy of the *melee*.

For weather strips for doors and windows go to E. S. & J. Tarrey's, 166 Fulton street, near Broadway.—*Adv.*

NOTABLE AFRICANS IN PORT.

Our Latest Visitors from the Eastern Hemisphere—An Omnivorous Ship Load—Mr. Dan Collins's Pet.

The steamship Manhattan, of the Williams & Guion line, arrived from Liverpool yesterday with a large number of passengers. They would scarcely have enjoyed the voyage as heartily as they did had they known that their fellow passengers between decks were a sixteen-foot anaconda, a five-foot gorilla (a good match in a stand-up fight for half a dozen stalwart men), and a Bengal tiger, fresh from the jungle, and possibly still seeking with the blood of his last Hindoo victim. These animals were a part of a large collection brought over by Messrs. Dan Collins and James Jones for exhibition in the West.

A SUN reporter went on board the vessel soon after her arrival, and soon found Mr. Dan Collins between decks.

The reporter noticed depending from Mr. Collins's waist what he took to be a whip. "Ah," said he, "I see you have a whip for your monkeys." "Feel it," said Collins. The reporter carelessly placed his hand on the supposed whip, when Mr. Collins's breast moved, and a small head peeped out from his open vest. The whip was the tail of a diminutive Diana monkey, a very rare specimen.

"This here little animal," said Mr. Collins, "is a wonder. He chaws tobacco like a man, and takes to his rum as natural as I do."

The monkey had almost a perfect human face as black as jet, with a fringe of white hair around the forehead, and a flowing white goatee beneath the chin. His tail was the biggest part of him. Collins says he hangs on it while asleep, and picks his teeth with it after his meals.

The most troublesome animal in the collection is a gorilla, five feet two inches in stature, with long, powerful arms, a face more like that of a human than a monkey, and a form which betokens tremendous strength. When the vessel was a few days out, this beast broke loose one day while Collins was feeding him, and started at full speed towards the forecastle, where the crew bunked. When he found himself among the men he exhibited signs of fear, but as they were more scared than he was the forecastle was quickly cleared. One of the fleeing sailors took the precaution to close the hatch before the gorilla had made the deck, and he was thus kept between decks. Mr. Collins, with twelve of the sailors whom he persuaded to assist him, finally drove the brute into a corner, and here Jim, a powerful man, attempted to cage him. If the others had not interfered there would have been a funeral at sea.

When it was found that the gorilla would not be caged by force, Dr. Collins, the ship surgeon, was summoned, and he tried to subdue him with chloroform. A large cloth was saturated with the anæsthetic and thrown over the gorilla's head, but this had no subduing effect whatever, for as soon as it was removed, he began barking and growling and gnashing his tusks in rage. The doctor then put large doses of morphine into apples. These the brute devoured, but the drug had no more effect on him than so much water. Finally, as he could not be caged, the carpenters built up around him a secure board box.

On the voyage the boa constrictor died of starvation. Before leaving Liverpool a number of rabbits were put on board, but they were eaten up some days before the vessel reached this port. Mr. Collins kept life in him a day or two by turning in a small dog to him, but after that could find no other live food for him. What cats were on board the sailors zealously protected, one of their pet superstitions being that to kill a cat is almost as unlucky as to fire at a Mother Carey's chicken.

Two ostriches, a male and a female, each over ten feet high, were killed by the rolling of the vessel, while their young one, which is still alive, had a wing broken. The ostriches, Mr. Collins said, fed themselves. Chunks of coal, spikes, cotton, leather straps, and all the odds and ends they could find in the vessel were delicacies to them.

The other animals were an old man kangaroo, six feet high, and about as seedy a looking beast as one need look at; a sacred cow and bull of the Brahma breed, with humps on their backs, about a dozen curious snakes, some dog-faced monkeys, a few English pheasants, a cage full of ferrets, and a beautiful leopardess. The collection will be taken to Chicago within a day or two.

BLOOD IN COURT.

The Wrangling of Counsel—Mr. Challis's Visits to the Ludlow Street Jail.

Col. Blood was taken before Justice Fancher in the Supreme Court Chambers yesterday on a writ of *habeas corpus*, but when it was learned that the examination before Justice Fowler would be had during the day, the proceedings were adjourned. The Civil Court room at Jefferson Market was densely packed in the afternoon by those anxious to hear the case against Col. Blood, Mrs. Woodhull, Miss Claflin, and others. Shortly before 3 o'clock Justice Fowler entered, and Col. Blood was taken into court. Mr. Luther C. Challis, upon whose complaint the action for libel was instituted, his counsel, and Assistant District Attorney Sullivan seated themselves near the bench.

Mr. Sullivan said he was ready to proceed. The counsel for the accused asked for an adjournment, saying that it was necessary that Mrs. Woodhull and Miss Claflin should be present, but owing to the interposition of the United States authorities they were unable to be there; that the writ of *habeas corpus ad testificandum* had been served upon the person in whose custody Mrs. Woodhull and Miss Claflin are, as was usual in such cases; but that Marshal Sharpe said that the writ had not been properly served, as it had not been served upon him, and the accused were therefore detained in jail. He concluded by saying that he would not argue that point, but would ask for an adjournment until all the defendants could be present.

Mr. Sullivan objected to the adjournment. He said that Col. Blood was in court they could proceed with the examination. He thought it very extraordinary that counsel on the other side should insist on Mrs. Woodhull and Miss Claflin's attendance, as it was plain that they could only give counsel and advice to Col. Blood; that there was no charge of conspiracy in proving Col. Blood's connection with the publication in question, as it could be shown that he had had direct business transactions, not only with the printers, but with others, in regard to publishing the journal conducted by the defendants. He insisted that the examination be proceeded with.

The counsel replied that Mrs. Woodhull and Miss Claflin intended to prove that they alone were responsible for the publication, and that they could substantiate all that was said and done in the article relating to Mr. Challis; that Mr. Challis, and not the State was the real prosecutor in the case. He thought it very strange that Mr. Sullivan should appear in the case, and that it should be tried in a civil court. He contended that Mrs. Woodhull and Miss Claflin should be there to confront Mr. Challis, but thought that that gentleman might fear to be brought face to face with those whom he had endeavored to injure. He said that the writ had been sued out to expedite matters, and that they desired no delay. He could prove that Mr. Challis had twice visited Ludlow street jail and beseeched Mrs. Woodhull and Miss Claflin to settle the matter. The counsel continued in an appeal to the Court for an adjournment.

Mr. Sullivan said that Mr. Challis is a good citizen of this city, and he felt it his duty to protest against the language of counsel for the defence against that gentleman. Mr. Challis had requested him to say that he had visited Mrs. Woodhull and Miss Claflin in the jail, but only at the urgent solicitation of their relatives, and then the accused then said that they regretted the publication of the article on which the libel is based, and that they were instigated by others to have it printed.

Justice Fowler adjourned the case until today, and the immense crowd went from the court-room.

AN ELECTION MURDER.

The Killing of an Irishman by an American and a German.

At 4 o'clock yesterday morning, Capt. McElwaine of the Thirty-seventh street police station learned that a man had mysteriously died at 539 West Thirty-ninth street. On hastening to the spot with Detective McConnell, the Captain ascertained that Michael Mackin, a laborer, forty-eight years of age, had died of violence, having been attacked by some unknown persons in a political fight on Monday evening. Coroner Young was summoned, and the police went to work to unravel the mystery.

Last night it was ascertained that Mackin, the victim, Edward Nittser, a German cooper, and John Michaels, also a cooper, had a very hot political discussion on Monday night in front of 529 West Thirty-ninth street. A dispute arose concerning the relative merits of the candidates for the Mayoralty. Mackin, being an Irishman, declared himself a firm adherent of James O'Brien. Nittser, a German, was in favor of Mr. Havemeyer, while Michaels, an American, having declared himself in favor of Mr. Lawrence, was called a Know-Nothing by Mackin.

At first it seemed as though there was to be a triangular fight, but for some unknown reason Havemeyer's supporter became the ally of Lawrence's adherent, and together they assaulted Mackin, the O'Brien man. The fight was of short duration. Mackin was knocked down and brutally kicked by both men, who left him, as they supposed, dead, and went home to their respective families.

The fight having been witnessed by some women, they last evening gave information to the police, and the assailants were arrested. In the station they described themselves as Edward Nittser, 30 years of age, born in Germany, a cooper, of Forty-first street, near Tenth avenue, and John Michaels, 29 years of age, born in New York, a cooper, of 219 West Twenty-ninth street. The men confess that they had a fight with Mackin.

TWO HOUSEWIVES STOLEN.

THE EXPLOITS OF AN ADVENTURER AT PEARSALL'S CORNERS.

Financial and Matrimonial Operations Combined—Making in the Surplus Cash in a Long Island Village.

About four months ago a tall, lithe, handsomely-shaped young man, with a bold, cleanly-cut, good-looking face, put in an appearance at Pearsall's Corners, Long Island. He gave his name as Richard Slavin. The quidnuncs of the neighborhood all thought Mr. Slavin a Southerner. Old man Biggles, who for more than forty years has discussed the character of every new comer at Pearsall's Corners, was sure of it, "For," said he, "I was down in Arkansaw when I was a boy. I've seen jist sich fellers dealin' monte cards on a Mississippi steamboat. You don't see fellers like him raised up in these parts. Take my word for it, he's smart, and he'll kick up a rumpus here, or my name's not Biggles."

Mr. Slavin made the acquaintance of but few persons during the three days he stopped at Abrams's Hotel at Pearsall's Corners. He was well dressed, and looked like a gentleman, and the quidnuncs were therefore much surprised when they learned that Mr. Slavin had obtained the position of superintendent of a large steam grist mill near Rockaway.

Mr. Samuel Sprague is a farmer living near Pearsall's Corners. He has long resided there, and is much esteemed as a worthy and industrious man. Mr. Sprague is married, and he and his wife, Susan, live by the steam mill. Mr. Slavin made application to Mr. Sprague for board, and after mature consultation between Mr. and Mrs. Sprague they consented to receive Mr. Slavin as a boarder. Mr. Slavin proved a companionable boarder. Mr. Sprague liked him, and so did Mrs. Sprague. Mr. Slavin frequently told Mr. Sprague that Mrs. Washington Abrams of Pearsall's Corners was a pleasant and attractive person.

Mrs. Sprague seems to have given much attention to Mr. Slavin.

VANISH SLAVIN AND MRS. SPRAGUE.

Three months passed away. Mr. Slavin had become very popular at and near Pearsall's Corners. All the young fellows called him "Dick," and the young ladies "Richard." He was a hail fellow well met with every one. But on the morning of the 5th of October everybody within a radius of five miles of Pearsall's Corners was astounded at the intelligence that Mr. Slavin had run away with Mrs. Sprague, taking her carriage, all the available money of which she and her husband were possessed, including about $700 in cash. Mrs. Sprague, on the evening previous to her departure, tried to sell her husband's house, worth about $4,000, to the window Benson for $2,500, proposing to take $500 cash, and the rest in promissory notes. But Mr. Benson did not accept the offer.

It was surmised that they might have gone to Brooklyn, as Mrs. Sprague's mother lived there, but that was scouted as being too improbable for belief. It was thought they would go further away.

Mr. Sprague was inconsolable. He had been married but five years, and was much devoted to his wife. While relating his story to his counsel, George A. Mott, Esq., he wept like a child. Notwithstanding all the efforts of his counsel and of Mr. Sprague himself, they have not been able to find the runaway couple.

VANISH ALSO MRS. ABRAMS.

On election day Pearsall's Corners, which had not yet quieted down, was electrified by the news that Dick Slavin had visited the town on the previous day and left on the train by the 5:57 train of the Long Island Railroad, Mrs. Washington Abrams, with all the money on hand belonging to Mr. Abrams, and everything of value that could be easily converted into money, altogether about $1,000. Mr. Abrams was away from home at the time of his wife's escape. He is an oyster planter, and a very excellent and worthy man, a member of the Methodist Church. His wife had been also a most exemplary member of the same church.

Mr. Abrams had left Pearsall's Corners about 1 o'clock on the morning of his wife's departure. He had come to New York with a load of oysters, as he had usually done twice a week. Dick Slavin knew this, and lay in wait for his departure, and then carried off his wife. Mr. Abrams's wife is a very pretty woman—a blonde like Mrs. Sprague—and of about the same age, 25 years.

Both husbands are in a fever of anxiety, and deeply feel their loss.

THE DEFEATED CANDIDATES.

How Col. Langdon, the Bouncers' Candidate, Takes his Defeat.

The contest for the Assistant Aldermanship in the Sixteenth Assembly District, Eighteenth Ward, has ended. It was a glorious fight. There were five candidates in the field, namely: George Kelly, Pat Myhan, Thomas Cunningham, Hubert McNevin, and Col. Nicholas Langdon. All are young New Yorkers of Irish parentage, brim full of patriotism and a thirst for office. The race was won by the Hon. George Kelly, the Liberal Republican and Tammany candidate.

Col. Nicholas Langdon, the Bouncers' nominee, one of the four defeated candidates, worked very hard, but his industry was illy rewarded. A SUN reporter met him in the City Hall Park yesterday. The Colonel had not yet recovered from the effects of his herculean labors on election day. His feet were sore, his face emaciated, and his voice hoarse; but still the old war horse was full of fire and erect with spirit. Many friends gathered around him to sympathize with him in his defeat.

"How are you, Colonel?" said Capt. McMillan, an old policeman. "How went the election with you?"

"I got the goose," replied the Colonel. "At 2 o'clock I was way ahead of the other fellers. A fine set of roosters they are. But they bounced me after that. I'll tell you how they did. Cap. They or some of their gangs went round, knowin' I was very popular in the ward, and turned over and broke up my boxes. Here's what they said to my men: 'Nick Langdon's got no money. He'll never pay you a cent. What's the matter with you, a workin' for that dirty loafer. Come and let's have a drink.' And I'll be cheesed if every bloody one of 'em didn't go and get drunk with those snoozers. That's the way I got the goose. I'd a been elected, if it hadn't been for that. And as a poor man to be served that way, after workin' as hard as I did, after runnin' my legs off a canvassin' every tenement house in the ward from bottom to top. I'll get even with them fellers, though. Why, just to show you how confident I was, I met Kelly about two o'clock in the afternoon a sevin' in a clarence, a drivin' 'round the ward. I said to him, 'You're a fine