S. S. COX IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

THE CHANGES IN THE TURKISH CAPITAL WITHIN THIRTY YEAR.

Dynasty and Dynamite—The Only Man in Stamboul who Recognized Mr. Cox on his Second Visit—The Tombs of the Sultans and of the Children of their Nurses.

CONSTANTINOPLE, Sept. 5.—After a month's survey here we find but few changes such as we find in other cities of Europe. The Asiatic still encamps upon both sides of the Bosporus. Even the tombs of the Sultans are, notwithstanding the Koran, which intimates that Europe is no lasting home for the faithful, here upon this side of the river. Hotels, kiosks, terraces, palaces, villas, embassies, and conveyances have changed. Iron ferries fly the red flag with its crescent and star up and down the stream; large ironclads anchor near the home of departed houris; but the same gilded kiosk and gaudy caique, the same veiled women, miserable cemeteries, and melancholy mosques; the same fountains, bazaars, and barracks remain, with the same dirt, dogs, and dervishes. Photographs appear in Pera at the shops, and French is more universally spoken. The ladies have more diaphanous veils and the men less ostentatious turbans; but the old element remains, notwithstanding the Crimean war. The slave behind her dark veil, hiding every feature, still trudges behind her mistress, who has exchanged her yellow, gawky slippers for high-heeled and gorgeous gaiters. The everlasting minaret tops all, and the mosques, with their mortgages upon property and soul, have not been cancelled. The age of archery and Greek fire, which foiled the Bulgarian, Goth, and Persian from the now dismantled walls, gave way to an age of personal chivalry in the crusaders' day and in the age of Mohammedan empire; and that empire is giving way, inch by inch, it may be, to the spirit which commerce "calls from its vasty deep." What a wonderful city! What changes in 2,000 years, if not in a third of a century! As I reckon them by history, and not by my own experience, there have been six changes of masters and twenty from unsuccessful sieges. Rome had it, and after centuries made it the capital of the East. Then its Emperors besieged it, and then the Persians and the Arabs again and again; then the Russians four times; then the Latin crusaders, who temporarily succeeded, and the Counts of Flanders furnished the Emperors under Venitian patronage and enterprise; and finally, when the Western nations were preparing for adventure in a new world, and the Moors were fighting to hold Spain, Mohammed II. swooped down upon the city, and by the aid of the towers of Asia and Europe gave to it a new faith.

Since his day, from 1481 to 1881, twenty-eight Sultans have held their revels and their rule; exactly four hundred years, at the rate of seven Sultans per century, or an average of a little over fourteen and two-sevenths of a year per Sultan. If the present Sultan, Abdul Hamid II., holds on a few years more the average since the conquest will be made good since the accession of our Sultan of 1831, Abdul Mejid.

Studying the mortality of these rulers, and in the light of recent dynastic dangers from dynamite and daggers on the Neva and Bosporus, led me to think of the present Sultan and the situation. As I write, the guns of the forts are thundering out the fifth anniversary of his reign. It is well known how he obtained power, and there is a party of progressists who do not look kindly on him. He lives in great seclusion in his yellow palace, somewhat aloof and apart, on the hills of the European side of the Bosporus. He comes forth but rarely and cautiously, as Czars do nowadays. He is bound to go to certain mosques on certain days, and on Fridays always. We saw him the other day at the mosque below the palace, but we waited for him in a miscellaneous and unenthusiastic crowd for two hours. The soldiery were there on guard. They surrounded the entrance and lined the streets between the high walls. The people were not near. Bands came and played music; officers of state arrived and were ushered through the ranks. At length there was a blast of trumpet—a good deal like a circus summons for the grand cavalcade. The fame of the palace opened! We peeped into the secret and beauteous grounds. Lo! led by servants in gala attire, some riderless horses appeared. It is a custom which follows the Sultan. Then came a man in a plain fez and on a white horse. It was the Sultan! He seemed sallow; but he is not ill-looking. He is like all Turks, for they all look alike. The hush of expectancy was over. A rush and crush was made after him as he dismounted and entered the mosque. A shrill cry went up from the priests, which reminded the Sultan that he also is mortal and God is great. The crowd dispersed, and the Sultan stayed and prayed.

He is in perpetual prayer, or is expected to be, in these fasting days of Ramazan and festive days of Bairim. At the close of the former he was married—again. It was his annual marriage at a mosque. It was public in one sense, but "no cards" to us. Every year the Turkish empire is winnowed for the handsomest young lady to adorn the palace as a new wife. The mother of the Sultan selects from the bevy of beauties gathered from "silken Samarcand to cedared Lebanon." One of the singular laws of royal marriage here is that the wife becomes the slave, when married, to his Majesty. Why? Because the Crown Prince, or future Sultan, must be a born slave himself, and thus less in rank than the free people of the realm he governs! This is odd, but it is Oriental.

Again, this week the Sultan appeared in Scutari, where he met all the military Pashas and Beys and the Ulemats, riding on white horses and wearing ribbed turbans. The latter are the priestly interpreters of the Law and the Prophet. They display great pomp in the procession when the Sultan enters the Church of the Six Minarets.

This chief of the State, how timid soever he may be, must come forth at stated times. The present Sultan is not a large man, nor of conspicuous courage. He is regarded as able, and manages his own matters with adroitness. When Abdul Aziz was deposed in 1876, Murad V. ascended to the throne. He also was deposed after really two months' rule, because of an alleged weak intellect, thus making two weaklings who have given way under Ministerial dictation to the present Sultan. There is much unrest among the Turks because of these untoward and suspicious changes, which has been promoted by the recent extradition and exile of Midhat Pasha for the alleged assassination of Aziz.

Therefore we were not a little curious to see the Sultan, who seems to master the situation, which is surrounded by so much doubt and danger. We had once seen the Sultan, Abdul Mejid, amid 40,000 troops, on a grand day for the reception of the chief of the Mohammedan religion from Mecca. No special guard was needed then. But dynamite and assassination have made necessary these precautions, and a sense of wrongfully trying and publishing Midhat Pasha, the best of the progressive statesmen of the East, and full of enlightened ideas, makes the Sultan timid, like the Czar. When, therefore, the anniversary of his accession came the other day, he became nervous and uncertain. First, he was to give a grand dinner at his palatial seat, at which he himself was to preside—a rare concession and ceremony. He was to show himself very happy generally. The dinner was to be given to the Ambassadors and chief men. It was discarded, however, on the point of entry. After spending several thousand pounds, it was ascertained that it would be indelicate to have a roystering jamboree when the arrears of pay of all the soldiers and officers was so far behind—a year or more. Making a virtue of this fact, the Sultan postponed his feast. The situation is otherwise. A week or so ago, some Italian subjects of sinister motions and conduct were arrested for conspiracy to kill the Sultan. Their explanation was that their dynamite explosives were only intended for killing fish in the Sea of Marmora. But something still less serious made a great conspiracy. The Custom House officials stopped some balls having in them explosive materials. They consisted of four globes and three fourth globes. The globes were sent to experts. The Master of Artillery, Ali Saib, was at the head of a commission to report. Chemists were called in. Three little suspicious perforations in the upper hemisphere of the ball were found and found covered, but the cover was removed by a Yed Soldier was found in them. It burns vividly when thrown in water. The Commission decided that the balls were pyrotechnics, and so they were, if useful ones. They were intended to be thrown into the water in case of a person overboard at night, when the luminous ball would leap to save. An instrument for life saving was thus the lineal descendant of the successor of Mahmoud II. and Suleiman the Magnificent! The consignees are out in a card in French, which I have just seen, saying: "It is not our fault if the intelligents employés de la douane sont de distinguish between sauvetage and dynamite."

I am half inclined to wonder whether some guest of the dead past has not reappeared upon or within these walls with the ancient Greek fire, at which the timid besiegers of Constantinople were wont to be baffled and astounded. In an old record of one of the sieges of this city, which lasted seven years, it is said that the Engineer Callinicus of Baalbec, a city of Syria, discovered the famous Greek fire, which, being composed of several combustible substances, such as naphtha, sulphur, nitre, and turpentine, had the property of burning under water. Its flame, instead of rising upward, presented the opposite phenomenon, and its heat was so intense as to destroy stones and iron. It could not be extinguished except with vinegar, sand, and urine. When they threw it on a vessel or a building, these were consumed with a terrifying noise. Some report that the secret of this fire was discovered in 1755, but that it was suppressed through the wisdom of a philanthropic monarch!

Whatever the new discovery was, it doubtless led to the postponement of the contemplated festivity. Still, the Bosporus shores burned with innocent lamps, in crescents and stars by loyal subjects, and the embassies and pashas had their palaces similarly beautified. The shop opposite our hotel of the Tailor to the Sultan was illuminated—just as in London on the Queen's birthday the humble proteges of royalty make the latest displays.

It is not for me, after only a fortnight's observation here, to make prognostics as to this Government. It has survived so many left-handed omens that prophecy ought to be dumb. There is, notwithstanding the bad feeling as to Midhat Pasha, a feeling also of insecurity. Since the exile of Midhat there is said to be much suppressed indignation ready to flame. However, so far as it seems to me, the old order of thirty years ago, such as it is, remains. There is no great or open violence, and certainly no drunkenness, visible in the city. Outside there is not so much certainty of protection and life. One of our friends, a Smyrniote—Mr. Rocos—an contractor—whom we met at the Legation, has within a fortnight been attacked with knives by robbers outside of Therapia, on the hills beyond the Bosporus, and again shot at, the ball going through his hat. A man was killed night before last near our Legation, and there is not much or any sure punishment for the crime of murder. Considering the mixed quality of the population, these incidents are not more remarkable, perhaps, than similar ones would be in New York; and when we think of the masses of contrary-minded men of different races and religions and of the Ramazan, when every Turk is cross, because hungry, the wonder is that nothing worse has happened. The wonder is that strangers, like ourselves, could come, as we did, at night or at midnight through the narrow and packed streets without a murmur of hindrance or trouble. No soldiers nor police were visible when we made two of these ventures through the motley groups in Stamboul on our way from the Mosque of St. Sophia. In all these changes and proofs of city and dynasty, there is not, to our knowledge, one person whom we know here thirty years ago now living here. This was my own private remark to myself. It had one exception, as I soon learned, and the incident which led to the knowledge of it is interesting enough to relate. I know that it is of more general importance to recount matters of public concern in letters of this nature; but, after all, there is much truth in what "Eothen" says in his book, which was being read by everybody when we were here thirty years ago.

> "My notion of dwelling precisely upon those matters which happened to interest me, and upon none other, seems, of course, the best plan for a writer of travels. If I had been passing through countries not previously explored it would have been sad perverse to withhold careful descriptions of minutiæ objects, merely because my own feelings of interest in them may have happened to fail, but where the countries which one visits have been thoroughly and ably described, and even artistically illustrated by other authors, it seems right to skip (though not quite so much) as one chooses. Now a traveler is a creature not always looking at his shadow; he remembers how other lands it has visited; he has, too, his moments of humane enthusiasm about fire and food—about shade and drink; and if he gives to these feelings anything like the prominence which really belonged to them at the time of his travelling, he will not seem a very good teacher, once having determined to write the sheer truth concerning the things which chiefly have interested him. Now, I have felt, from the first, a sadly long strain about self; he will talk for whole pages together about his house fire, and ruin the ruins of Baalbec with eight or ten cold lines. It seems to me that this exertion of a traveller, however incessant—however shameless and obtrusive, must still convey some true ideas of the countries through which he has passed. Nothing, I believe, is so effective in giving the whole external world to his own sensations, compels him, as it were, in his writings, to observe the law of perspective of objects which, as he feels or knows, them to be, not as they seemed to him. The people and the things that most concern him personally, however mean and insignificant, take large proportions in his pages, and the great, so near to him, he shows you his Dragoman and the varied features of his Arabs, his tent, his kneeling camels, his baggage-stretched mules, and he puts the proper values on the lion—the cities, the mighty ruins, and modern sites of bygone ages—he throws back faintly in the distance. It is true that, in this way, he may, perhaps, be more the servant of the elder world. You may listen to him or ever without learning much in the way of statistics; but, perhaps, if you bear with him long enough, you may find yourself slowly and insensibly impressed with the realities of eastern travel.

Observing this law of perspective, and recognizing myself as the centre of this interesting and restless capital, and reserving all statistics and history as the mere circumstances about my own personality, I will, after the able plan of "Eothen," give my revels to the reader. Hafiz Mohammed II. is the father of Mejid and Aziz, and is celebrated for his extermination of the Janizaries. These *turbehs*, as the imperial tombs are called, are generally in or around the mosques. Some have a mausoleum of their own, where the body is stuffed in the ground; and in the sacred sloe of forest trees, where the tomb is above, and generally covered with inscribed marble slabs, or invested with rich vestments.

I believe that after thirty years I could have gone alone to the tomb of Mahmoud II. Fifteen years after gone to the tomb of Mejid and occasion to recall this splendid architectural tribute to the dead Sultan. When Mount Vernon was rescued from decay in 1857, I think, by the women of America, many of the Congressmen were invited to visit the sacred spot and celebrate the event. On our return, upon the Potomac after night, a splendid moon, in crescent, came forth to gladden and gild our passage to Washington. The Hon. John Cochrane, my predecessor from New York, improvised some speaking on the boat; and out of his treasury of recollection and reflection came the memory of the circular and domed splendor, by the side of the burnt column at old Stamboul! Its white marble, its Corinthian pilasters, its gilded gratings, its mother-of-pearl biers laden with gold embroidered velvet and cashmere shawls; its massive silver candlesticks and the tall candles holding the emblematic extinguishers of the light of life, all came to me then and there to furnish a little rhetoric, and to point the moral as to our shameful neglect of the tombs of our great men. I remember that I yet lost its point.

When, therefore, we returned after thirty years to this tomb of the Great Ottoman, did we find that time had effaced its beauty or relaxed the vigilance of its keepers? Had the velvets and shawls become the prey of moths? Has the massive silver second the diamond aigrette and plume upon the Sultanic fez at the head of the tomb? Were the mother-of-pearl railings gone, the massive silver stolen, or the manuscript Koran turned? Let us take off our shoes, and with unsandaled feet enter. Ah! there are the silver and gold candlesticks and tappings of external reverence. To them is added the tomb of Abdul Aziz, the son, and with it the massive silver candlestick and box holding another Koran, the gift of the mother, who melted down her own plate for the offering. The same beautiful Koran, written by Abdul Aziz, was the same stand was there by the great Sultan's tomb; and a boy is reading a Turkish edition near by, swaying as he reads, and smiling kindly on us as he sways. There seems to be no harsh or unfriendly feeling here. The warden of the tombs is a man who seems to have known. I ask him: "Will you read me a passage of the Koran?" Open it at a venture." He opens it. He says: "I can read, but I do not know what it is said. It is Arabic." The letters are familiar, but I cannot translate."

"Will you read this, then, and let you to read from the wall—the motto in gold?"

He reads, and Dionysius, our guide, interprets: "Allah is the light of the world!"

I ask to him: "This is not the thought of Mohammed alone. It is ours, as well as yours. In that all-seeing eye they seem the light of the world for all His creatures. It shines on us, in a distant lands, for beaming blaze of majesty! It brings us here from a land where there is a serious sun! Under that light, men come and go and come again! I went from this mosque thirty years ago, and have come again! Were you not here then?"

"Yes," he replies, "I was here thirty-eight years ago, and have been here ever since, as custodian. It is strange, most strange!"

"Do you remember the American party who were driven from the Mosque of St. Sophia and who came here soon after, four in number, one a golden-haired girl——"

He pondered a while, and at length he seemed to remember or to believe that he recalled, as:

"Your name is——"

"Hafiz Mohmed," said Dionysius. How good of him!

"The same," I said. "It is in my book and memory. I will be there again! May I live thirty years more to come to you again, and may you be here to welcome me!"

"Farewell, Hafiz, my old friend."

"Adieu," he said in good French, as I proffered to him an unexpected hand, which he grasped.

These are the only human being of this city whom I met here then and recall now! Allah preserve and comfort you."

"*Allah! rain allah! Allah berekel persin!*"

"Praise to God! May God receive you!"

I would not have disturbed that man's creed for all the largesses of Oriental empire. He may be a devotee of a "creed outworn," but he was the honest keeper of dead regalities, and faithful to his trust.

> They come not made that with hurried hand
> Would toss back the sanctity they strive to
> Would fain, in their mad haste, undone, undone
> What they have soothed—what saved!

And so, resuming my shoes and the heat and dust of the pilgrimage of life, I leave Hafiz to the "sessions of sweet silent thought to summon up remembrance" of the past two generations, which he may have survived!

As I pass on I see a chamber full of all sorts of tombs, big and little, very well accoutred and cared for, but not regally as those of Aziz and his father Mahmoud. "What and whose are they?" I asked of Dionysius.

Our guide is charged at my impressment towards the Ottoman with whom I had parted, or else his English and French are confused. He endeavors to explain, in a patois made up of Greek, Turkish, Armenian, French, and English the latter predominating and utterly uninteligible.

"You know the Sultans have nusses—'yet you call them,'" he said.

"Yet I call them? Why nurses, women with babies; them 'yet,'" I responded.

"Oh! yes, 'yet nurses.' These 'yet nusses, vich give milk to the little Sultans, vich vill be big Sultans; they have little babies also, vich von they nuss little Sultans, have no life more, and so they are buried here with their mothers."

This was clear; I asked him to try it again. He did.

"You understand," he resumed, "that when 'yet nusses' suckle little Sultans and have husbands and make new babies, the little babies have life no more, but in seven year they got killed because their mother nussed little baby Sultan, and must not nuss no more baby."

Ah, it dawns! These are the tombs provided by the lords of the land out of reverence to themselves, who alone should drink of the breasts of the nurse, to be followed by no vulgar little child at the same maternal source; for after seven years all such babies are killed, as there must not be two living offspring fed from the same lacteal fountain! I am to blame for not at once understanding better this now perspicuous statement, but I had filled my fancy full of the fate of little dead Sultans and Sultanas with tiny turbans and veils over their tombs, who, under certain policies of state, were strangled after birth in order to limit the line of succession to the throne.

After all, the visit was a strange recurrence of an erring venture amid the buried past. As I left the beautiful mausoleum I could not but recall the weird words of my favorite, Sir Thomas Browne, in his "Urn Burial:"

> All were but Babel vanities! Time sadly overcometh all things, and is now dominant, and sitteth on a sphinx, not to be keen upon Memphis and old Thebes, while his sister, Oblivion, recumbit dem-simmons on a pyramid, giddiness trampling, making puzzles of Titanian erections, and confounding Corinthian frolics. History sinketh beneath her chant. The traveller, as he paceth along, sighs through these deserts, asketh of her, Who builded them? and she mumbleth something, but what it is he searcheth not.

S. S. COX.

THE BATTLE OF THE BOOKS.

A War in which No Blood was Shed, Though Every Country was Invaded.

About 6,000 text books of geography, in two sizes, are used in the public schools of Newark. A year and a half ago agents for A. S. Barnes & Co., the publishers of "Monteith's Geography," began an effort to have this book substituted in the Newark schools in the place of "Guyot's Geography," published by the Scribners. There was stirred up a conflict which is not yet ended. Seeing this effort to throw out Guyot's book, the Harpers, Ivison & Co., D. Appleton & Co., and other publishers of geographies entered the field and joined in the fight. Their common aim was to get Guyot out of his intrenchments. Each house sent its book to the members of the Committee on Text Books of the Board of Education, and to many of the School Commissioners. The members of the committee examined them all carefully, and they claim to be among the best informed men, geographically, in the country. One of them says that Napoleon could not have done more studying of maps in his campaigns than the committee has done since this book war has opened. It is a war that has not only been carried into Africa, but even into the polar regions. It has been waged on rivers, deserts, mountains, and in hot deserts. Men of all sorts have taken part in it. Many small politicians, whose knowledge of geography is confined to an acquaintance with the boundaries of their respective wards, have interceded with the Committee in behalf of their favorite book. But men of larger influence have also participated in the many engagements. Mr. John I. Blair, the wealthy railroad man, has interceded for Guyot's book. Mr. Blair was able, too, to enlist on the same side a widely known ex-Governor's influence.

Finally, a month ago, the committee, after considering the matter in more than thirty sessions, unanimously recommended to the Board that Harper's geography be used. Then some of the other publishers, who had before been fighting Guyot, united their forces to oppose Harper's. It was not supposed that they could defeat the committee's report, but when the subject came again before the Board on Friday evening they had Harper's name stricken out. The Guyot and Monteith men had formed an alliance and voted together with the understanding that should they defeat Harper's geography, both Guyot's and Monteith's books should go on the list. An effort, however, to put in the report the word "Monteith" failed by one vote. The report was then sent back to the committee.

The result of the long combat thus far is that Guyot has not been dislodged. It is said the fight will be renewed. In the warm discussion on Friday evening Commissioner Joy alleged that Barnes & Co.'s agents had approached the teachers in the schools and on the streets and had induced a majority to array themselves against the Board. For this, he said, he would oppose Barnes & Co. while he remained in the Board. In reply, Commissioner Chas. F. Hill, a Monteith man, said that the Board had been run down by politicians urging him to vote for Harper's book.

BEFORE THE LAND COURT.

Test Cases to be Brought from Nearly Every County in Ireland.

LONDON, Oct. 1.—The Dublin correspondent of the *Daily News* says: "The Land League's test cases before the Land Court will comprise cases from every county in Ireland except Limerick, Carlow, Dublin, Louth, Wicklow, and Queen's. There have been evictions in these counties, but the League does not appear to have considered that any of these brought under its notice hitherto will be suitable test cases. The League will not for the present take any action in regard to any farms in which tenants' interests have been sold to the Property Defence Society and the Emergency Committee, as evictions have not actually occurred in these cases. The holdings selected for test cases are mostly small, but some are large, and many of an average size. The League has also issued a circular to the secretaries of branch leagues throughout the country, stating that, in pursuance of a resolution of the National League Convention, the executive desires a list of tenants evicted since Feb. 22."

Father Conway, parish priest of Clonbur, has been sentenced to two months' imprisonment at hard labor for assaulting a bailiff who served him with a writ at the suit of Lord Ardilaun. No special prisoners have been given.

The Corporation of Cork to-day agreed to attend the public reception to Mr. Parnell tomorrow in state. The Mayor did not attend the Corporation meeting.

THE TUNISIAN EXPEDITION.

Rochefort's Charges Against Gambetta and Others to be Investigated.

LONDON, Oct. 1.—The Paris correspondent of the *Standard* says: "All the charges against M. Gambetta and others, that the Tunisian expedition was arranged for stock jobbing purposes, will be made the subject of a searching investigation in the criminal prosecution about to be instituted before the Paris Court of Assize by M. Roustan, French Minister to Tunis, against M. Henri Rochefort."

A Paris correspondent says the charges against MM. Gambetta and Hugues are silly.

An special despatches from Paris point out that the postponement of the assembling of the Chamber of Deputies to the 28th of October is intended to enable the army to effect some success in Tunis before the Government is called upon to face the Deputies.

The Paris correspondent of the *Times* says: "M. Barthelemy St. Hilaire, Minister of Foreign Affairs, scouts the idea of a permanent occupation or an establish of Tunis, and regards the capture of Kairwan as bound to end in Arab agitation. The War Office, however, deems the occupation of Tunis necessary. It is difficult to foresee which view will prevail.

The Cesarewitch Stakes.

LONDON, Oct. 1.—The betting in the race for the Cesarewitch stakes is now 9 to 2 against Foxhall, 11 to 1 against Mr. Lorillard's Mistake, 14 to 1 against the Duke of Hamilton's Fulldar, 32 to 1 against Mr. Crawford's Silvermite or Carrie, 12 to 1 against Lord Bradford's Bertrand, and 40 to 1 against some owner's chipmunk. Iroquois, whose starting is considered very doubtful, has declined to 10 to 1 against him.

Mr. G. Alexander has purchased Mr. P. Lorillard's 3-year-old bay colt Passaic.

Fire on the Steamship Wyoming.

LONDON, Oct. 1.—A fire broke out on Wednesday in one after hold of the Union line steamer Wyoming, Capt. Rigby, which arrived at Queenstown yesterday from New York. The flames were extinguished in about three hours. Several bales were destroyed, and so far as can be ascertained at present very little other damage was done, although her cargo may have suffered somewhat from the quantity of water which was poured down the hold.

Anglo-French Commercial Treaty.

LONDON, Oct. 1.—The Paris correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* says: "It has not been possible to establish an agreement on cottons, cutlery, leather, or woollen yarns in the negotiations for the commercial treaty. There have been only differences of detail in regard to the first three articles, but with respect to the last it was found impossible to draw any goods so as to prevent the un ar operation of specific duties."

British Thanksgiving for Yorktown.

LONDON, Oct. 1.—The *Times*, commenting on the forthcoming Centennial celebration of the surrender at Yorktown, says: "We have quite as much reason as the Americans to share their centenary thanksgiving, since that event only forced the Government to acknowledge what ever but knew, that the war they were waging was hopeless."

FOUR STRAIGHT VICTORIES.

INTERESTING OPENING OF THE REGULAR MEETING IN JEROME PARK.

Pierre Lorillard's Single Entries Capture Three Important Events and a Purse Race—Horses Returned from Abroad Showing What they Can Do at Home—The Racing.

A great many people visited Jerome Park yesterday to see the six races provided by the American Jockey Club. The first special train from the Central Depot consisted of twenty-three overloaded cars drawn by two powerful locomotives. The drive from the entrance to Central Park to the gates of Jerome Park was lined with vehicles of all descriptions, from lumbering four-horse drags to narrow black boxes behind trotters.

The bill of fare was excellent. For the first time in the history of the club, one member succeeded in capturing the Nursery Stakes, the Jerome Stakes, the Manhattan Handicap, and a special purse race. The fortunate turfman was Mr. Pierre Lorillard. Mr. Callahan of Fordham said that if Mr. Lorillard had entered any horses in the other races they would have been given to him without the trouble of running.

THE FIRST PURSE.

The opening event was a race of one mile and a quarter, for a purse of $500, for three-year olds and upward, with weight allowances for non-winners and maidens. There came to the post G. L. Lorillard's Monitor, 5, by Glenelg, carrying 115 lbs.; C. Reed's Thora, 3, by Longfellow, 111; and P. Lorillard's Sly Dance, 4, by War Dance. Betting—3 to 5 on Thora, 2½ to 1 against Sly Dance, and 5 to 1 against Monitor.

Monitor and Thora raced side by side up the straight at the send off with Monitor slightly in the lead, Shauer riding a waiting race on Sly Dance, about three lengths behind. When they passed the judges' stand at the quarter Monitor led Thora by a head. Monitor held this advantage around the turn, past the stables, and went out of sight behind the bluff a neck in front of Thora. On the lower turn Thora outran Monitor, taking first position. Costello held Monitor at Thora's flanks until they entered the straight for the run home, when Monitor weakened and began to fall back. Shauer called on Sly Dance when he saw that the whip did not improve Monitor's pace. The mare responded gamely, taking the lead at the last furlong, gaining steadily to the finish, and winning the race a length and a half from Thora, with Monitor pulled up last. Time, 2:11.

THE NURSERY STAKES.

The bell next summoned the juveniles for the scramble of three-quarters of a mile for the Nursery Stakes, for two-year olds, of $100 each, half forfeit, with $800 added; $200 to second. From the list of subscribers twelve faced the starter: D. D. Withers's colt, by Stonebenge, dam Julietta, 110 lbs, and Dupiex, by King Ernest or Maccaroon, 107; G. L. Lorillard's Memento, by Virgil, 107; L. W. Jerome's La Belle N., by Reform, 107; G. B. Bryson's Olivia, by Ill-Used, 107; P. Lorillard's Wyoming, by War Dance, 107; and J. Thompson's J. O. Nay, by Fellowcraft, 110. Betting—Even money on the Julietta colt, 2 to 1 against Memento, 6 to 1 against Duplex, 12 to 1 each against La Belle N. and Olivia, and 30 to 1 against J. O. Nay.

The first half of this race was beautiful to look at. Wyoming, Julietta colt and George Lorillard's Memento started from the group in the lead, the colt having a little the best of it. At the hill the colt was two lengths in front of Memento, La Belle N. lapping Memento, and Olivia alongside of La Belle N. Around the lower turn Memento closed up to Mr. Withers's colt. Wyoming having pulled into third position, lapping Memento. Swinging for the straight, the colt, Memento, and Wyoming were in close order, while the others were stringing out. In the last furlong there occurred a pretty brush between Wyoming and Mr. Withers's colt, Shauer landing Wyoming winner by his neck and shoulders, the Julietta colt second, two lengths in front of Mr. Withers's other entry, Duplex. Memento having dropped back to fourth place, Olivia, La Belle N., and J. O. Nay stringing in as named. Time, 1:18¾. The same stakes was run last fall by Mr. Burnham's Brambletta; time, 1:20.

THE JEROME STAKES.

Third on the programme came the race of one mile and three-quarters for the Jerome Stakes, for three-year olds, of $100 each, half forfeit, with $1,200 added, $300 to second. From the list of thirty-eight nominations the only starters were P. Lorillard's Barrett, by Bonnie Scotland, 118 lbs., and P. Morris's Priam, by Scrobel, 118. Betting—1 to 3 on Barrett, and 3 to 2 against Priam.

Feakes led on Barrett in a few bounds after the start. He opened a streak of daylight coming out from behind the hill, which increased to two lengths at the three-quarter pole. When they passed the stand for the second time of the last mile, Evans closed the gap and had Priam lapped half way on Barrett. At the turn Feakes loosened his grip on Barrett, and the colt soon had plenty of daylight behind him. At the three-quarter pole the two were six lengths apart. It looked as if the colt had won as he was eager to end the journey. Sweet Home retained a lead of from two to three lengths to the finish, the others changing positions rapidly in the almost blinding dust. Sweet Home won by two lengths from Girella, Clarence third, Gossip, Surge, Ventriloquist, Amazon, and Brooklyn following in order. Time, 2:27. Sweet Home was bid in by her owner at $755; the entered price was $600.

THE STEEPLECHASE.

The last race on the card was a handicap steeplechase over the full course, for a purse of $800, of which $200 to second; entrance free. This purse brought out C. Reed's Trouble, aged, by Glenelg, 157 lbs.; G. Sutcliffe's Day Star, 6, by Star Davis, 155; Shrewsbury Stable's Bertha, 6, by Guy, 148; W. C. Daly's Ingomar, 4, by Warwick, 145; A. P. Smith's Albert, 5, by Australian, 138; W. C. Daly's Frank Short, 5, by Glen Athol, 123. Betting—3 to 2 on Bertha, even money on Trouble, 2 to 1 against Day Star, 8 to 1 against Ingomar, and 15 to 1 against Albert.

The course was gone over without injury to horses or riders, but several hurdles were knocked down, and a rather poor and tame exhibition of cross-country racing followed. Frank Short and Trouble made a close run to near the finish, with Day Star a good third. Trouble and Frank Short cleared the water lapped, Trouble being slightly in the lead, Meany finally landed Trouble the winner, two lengths ahead of Bertha, Day Star third, Ingomar fourth, and Frank Short fifth. Albert refused to run after the second jump. Time, 4:19.

YESTERDAY'S RACE IN THE BAY.

The Scotch Yacht Still Keeping up her Monotonous Run of Victories.

The Scotch cutter Madge lay at anchor trim and a taunto off the Seawanhaka Yacht Club house yesterday morning. She scored her sixtieth victory on Friday, to say nothing of second prizes won, and looked ready to win the sixty-first. Time wore along and her skilled Captain and crew lounged around the capacious seven-feet-wide deck waiting patiently for their next victim. About 10 o'clock the sloop Dream, with Ira Smith, sailing master of the Schemer, slipped by the schooner Seadrift, the judges' boat for the day. "Where's the Schemer?" was asked. "She's broke down," replied Ira Smith, sententiously. Commodore W. A. W. Stewart, judge for the day, manned his gig and went ashore to have a consultation. Capt. W. S. Alley said he knew nothing about the breaking down of his boat, but said that she had disabled her steering gear the day before, but that he thought the damage was trifling enough to have been easily repaired. It turned out that her rudder head and post were badly sprung. After consultation, Capt. W. L. Batch said that he was only the representative of the owner, so there was nothing left but for the Madge to sail over the course.

To make an interest Capt. C. S. Lee of the new cutter Oriva started also to see what she could do with the Madge. The Oriva is a cutter built in this country last spring from English plans, and is about 50 feet on the water line and 62 feet over all. She would have to allow the Madge nearly half an hour time. The course was the usual one of the Seawanhaka Club, but the match with the Schemer was to have been an outside one, according to New York Yacht Club rules, which would give the Schemer about two minutes time allowance.

The starting gun was fired from the Seadrift at 11:18. The Madge crossed the line at 11:22:07, the Oriva at 11:26:31. There was a fair sailing breeze from about southwest, and the tide was flood. It was one long stretch to Buoy 10, Southwest Spit. Both yachts fetched the buoy without making a tack. The Madge rounded Buoy 10 at 1:09:08, and the Oriva at 1:13. It was before the wind with spinnakers to Sandy Hook Lightship, which was rounded by the Madge at 2:48:42, and by the Oriva at 3:01:53. The Madge had gained 8 minutes 47 seconds from the start to the lightship. Coming back, it was a turn to windward. The wind was about west. On the beat back the Oriva gained rapidly. The Madge passed Buoy 5¾ at 4:17:20, the Oriva at 4:19:46. Beating up to Buoy 10, the Oriva passed the Madge with ease, and rounded the buoy at 4:39:45; Madge, 4:43:37. The Oriva had gained 17 minutes 3 seconds on the beat in from the lightship. The announcement caused a general smile.

"Guess Capt. Duncan only slowed down for a while, just to have a chat about things on the Clyde with his old friend, Capt. Harlow, who is sailing the Oriva," sarcastically remarked Commodore Jenkins of the Larchmont Club. In the run across the bay against the ebb tide the Madge again took the lead, and arrived at the finish at 6:10:23. The Oriva came in at 6:11:07. The Oriva thus beat the Madge 3 minutes 40 seconds actual time, though, of course, with time allowance the Madge would have won with ease.

"When I bet again on the Madge it will be when she is sailing for something," said a disappointed sportsman as he walked ashore. The race with the Schemer was for $75, which the Madge wins, of course, by the walk over.

The following letter was sent to Mr. Alley after the race:

> *W. S. Alley, Esq.*
> DEAR SIR: Thinking over the unfortunate accident which prevented your racing to-day, and the fact that the Madge being ordered over the course, I think the only thing I can do is to return you the check for the stake, with regret that I could not see the race up and down flight. Yours sincerely, W. LINDSAY BLATCH.
> N. Y. YACHT CLUB, Oct. 1.

YACHTS IN THE SOUND.

College Point Flyers Finishing a Contest by the Light of the Moon.

Half the population of College Point gathered at Donnelly's Pavilion yesterday afternoon to witness the third annual race of the College Point Yacht Club. Three classes of boats were expected to participate, but only one class was represented, namely, open sloops and cat-rigged boats 21 feet and under. The course was from a stakeboat off the Boulevard Hotel to and around a stakeboat in the centre of Flushing Bay, around a stakeboat near the north end of Riker's Island and around College Point Buoy, sailed over three times. The racers were the B. B. Prince, 19 feet 7 inches; the Peter O'Brien, 21 feet 3 inches, and the Happy Thought, 20 feet, measured 18 feet 9 inches on the foot. The prize for the winning boat was a purse of $25. It became evident after the boats had sailed twice over the six mile course that the contest lay between the B. B. Prince and the Happy Thought. The Happy Thought was the favorite with the spectators, and was cheered lustily. Darkness set in before the race ended, and a heavy mist rose from the water. In the last round the boats could hardly be distinguished as they sailed in under the light of a faintly shining moon in the following order: B. B. Prince, Peter O'Brien, and Happy Thought. The L. B. Prince's winning time was 20 seconds.

THE NASSAU CLUB'S REGATTA.

Spinning up the Harlem with the Tide—An Oarsman Seized with Cramps.

The regatta of the Nassau Boat Club was rowed on the Harlem River yesterday afternoon. The course was from Gates's Wharf to McComb's Dam Bridge, one mile, with the flood tide. The first event was a four-oared shell race. The crews were as follows: H. S. Pratt, bow; John H. Abeel, 2; Charles Badgley, 3, and Wm. Lennihon, stroke. P. W. Page, bow; John A. Walker, 2; Richard Morse, 3; E. D. Appleton, stroke. Charles Boutelle, bow; Percy Meisner, 2; Russell Murray, 3; Geo. W. Ward, stroke.

When within 400 yards of the finish Lennihon's crew, which was in the lead, suddenly dropped their oars. Badgley had been seized with cramps, and the crew steered wildly after this, while Appleton's took advantage of their mistake, and won the race by two lengths. Time, 8:30; Appleton's crew, 8:38.

The crew in a four-oared gig race were Colfax, bow; McDougal, 2; Pratt, 3; Walker, stroke. Crew No. 2 coxswain, Green; bow, Kretchmar, 2; Schuyler, 3; Foot, stroke, and Badger, coxswain.

It was up and back up to the last quarter, when Lennihon's crew put on a tremendous spurt and won by half a length. Time, 8:45.

The double-scull race between Page, bow, and Morse, stroke, against Boutelle, bow, and Jewitt, stroke, was beautifully rowed, and the steering was perfect. Page and Morse won by a half boat's length. Time, 8:33.

The last event was an eight-oared shell race. The crews were: Winner, bow, Adams, 2, Wiss, 3, Korse, 4, Appleton, 5, H. B. Smith, 6, Page, 7, Boutelle, stroke, and Clotts, coxswain. Crew No. 2, bow, Ward, 2, Hall, 3, Murray, 4, Jewitt, 5, Scott, 6, Kemp, 7, Abeel, 8, H. S. Pratt, 9, Badgley, 7, Lennihon, stroke, and Clotts, coxswain.

At the half mile Hall's shell began to forge to the front. It won by three boat lengths. Time, 5:58.

NEW JERSEY OARSMEN.

The Hudson Boat Club's Regatta—A Collision that Interrupted the Last Race.

The seventeenth annual regatta of the Hudson Boat Club of Jersey City was rowed yesterday afternoon. The course for all the races was from the boat house at the foot of Washington street up the gap three quarters of a mile and return. First was a single shell contest, in which G. B. Phillips, W. F. Myers, and C. F. Ockershausen participated. Phillips won easily in 9 minutes 8 seconds, with Myers second in 10 3/4.

Two four-