SITTING UP WITH THE VOTE.

MR. WALSH'S SCOUTS INTRUDE UPON A QUEER MIDNIGHT MEETING.

Arrest of Election Inspectors in the District in which Alderman Kirk Claims Two Majority—Court Opened at 5 O'clock A. M.

The door bell of Police Justice Maurice J. Power's residence, at 303 East Nineteenth street, was rung violently at 3 o'clock yesterday morning. The servant found upon the stoop the portly Mr. Thomas P. Walsh of the County Democracy, who ran against William P. Kirk for Alderman in the Second district, and who says he was elected by fourteen majority or more. Mr. Kirk, the Tammany candidate, claims a majority of two votes or more.

"Tell Justice Power that I'd like to see him on important business," said Mr. Walsh.

The servant lighted a gas jet in the parlor, and the visitor sat down. The stairs creaked a moment later, and Justice Power came into the room disguised in a dressing gown.

"I've come to ask your advice on a very important matter," said Mr. Walsh. "I had better begin at the beginning and tell you the whole story."

"Go ahead," said the Justice, settling himself on the sofa, and rubbing the sleep out of his eyes.

"You know about the close vote in the Second district? Well, there have been great irregularities in the Eighth Election district. The inspectors of election in that district are Thomas F. Bennett, Chairman, John J. Meagher, Samuel Alexander, and Morris O'Connell. The day after election O'Connell, who was a Tammany inspector, came to me and said:

"'I guess, Mr. Walsh, that things were not straight in our district. In case anything comes of it I hope you'll give me your protection.'

"'I will as long as you do right,' I said; 'but what is the matter?'

"'You have been cheated,' he said. 'Seventeen votes were taken from you and given to Kirk. But it ain't that so much. I'm green in the business of election inspector, and am afraid that we didn't send in any returns.'

"'Nothing shall harm you if you don't try to rob me,' I said, and then I took him to my lawyer, who advised him to have nothing to say to any of the other inspectors at all, but to wait.

"Well, yesterday the police sent for the inspectors of the Fourth Election district, to see about the case of Hugh Cranes, who was registered twice on the poll list and only once on the registration books. This aroused my suspicions again. In the evening (Thursday) I got a lot of my friends and had them watch Alderman Kirk's house, at 57 Madison street, and his liquor store in the Flatiron, at 30 New Bowery. They saw a lot of inspectors go into Kirk's house. Then they saw Kirk and Meagher go to Police Headquarters, and after a while come back. Then the people at Kirk's sent out scouts to hunt up Sam Alexander, one of the inspectors, who lives at 97 City Hall place. They took him to Kirk's liquor store and then to Kirk's house. Nathan Sanders, Alexander's brother-in-law, and William McDonald, a friend of mine, thought something was wrong, and went to look for Alexander. Kirk's scouts took Alexander from Kirk's house to another man's house, and then to the barber shop at 125 Roosevelt street, which land been the polling place in that district. Sanders and McDonald went to the polling place, too. Just as they got there they saw two men come along from the opposite direction. It was near midnight. One of the men stepped softly to the door of the barber shop and knocked three times, like that.

Mr. Walsh thumped the arm of the sofa three times and paused.

"Continue your story," said Justice Power.

"He knocked three times like that."

Knocked three times like that," continued Mr. Walsh. "Somebody opened the door. McDonald jumped in and got his foot between the door and the jamb.

"Are you an inspector of election?' said the man who had opened the door.

"He asked the man from inside called out. 'He can't come in, for this is private business.'

"Then the man who had opened the door stuck out his head, and McDonald saw that he was Daniel Cummings, called Billy Dan, behind him. 'Let me in, I'm a great friend of Kirk's,' McDonald said to Nathan Sanders. 'Jump in over my leg, Nathan, and fetch Alexander out.' Nathan jumped in that way. He saw in the room Inspectors Bernett, Meagher, and Alexander, and Poll Clerks James Dempsey and James Keeley. O'Connell, the other inspector, was not there. On a table were a lot of blank election returns, fresh from Police Headquarters, which were being filled out. Now, Nathan Sanders is an old inspector of elections. He knew that there was something wrong, and said, 'What's this thing?' Nobody said anything, and Sanders got hold of Alexander and dragged him into the street.

"Alexander had just signed one page of a return saying the vote for Secretary of State. When he got to the street he began to cry, for he felt very bad indeed. Then he up and told how the inspectors had been at Kirk's house, and had been told there to fix up some returns to be filed at the County Clerk's office, with the Board of County Canvassers, and at Police Headquarters. He said that he had never been inspector of elections before, and didn't know much about the business."

"Didn't the inspectors file the three returns within twenty-four hours after election?" asked the Justice.

"Not a return," said Mr. Walsh, impressively. "But I knew that at 2 o'clock yesterday, for I learned it at the County Clerk's office."

"Then they have committed a felony," said the Justice.

"I'd like to get warrants for them for that," said Mr. Walsh. "But I'll tell you the rest. Alexander's brother-in-law took him home, and then Jerry Hartigan and John Coffey went out to find Meagher, the inspector. I wanted to talk to Meagher. They couldn't find him, and then went into Madison street near Kirk's house. Whom did they see in front of the door but Kirk. Hartigan stepped across the street and sent Coffey to Kirk, because Kirk knows Hartigan.

"'I'd like to find Meagher,' said Coffey to Kirk; 'his wife is dying.'

"'He's down at 125 Roosevelt street, I think,' said Kirk. Hartigan went down there and found him and Dempsey, the poll clerk, and brought them up to Hartigan's saloon at 206 Chatham street, where I talked to Meagher. It was then after 1 o'clock this morning. Meagher said he had been with Kirk in Police Headquarters in the evening, and got figures and some blank returns. Then I came up to consult you."

Justice Power promised to make out warrants for the arrest of the four inspectors, and Walsh went back to Hartigan's. At 4 o'clock he appeared again at Justice Power's house, and with the magistrate was driven to the Yorkville Police Court, which they reached a few minutes before 5. They pounded on the door till the janitor let them in. Justice Power opened court. Mr. Walsh made affidavit that the returns from the districts had not been filed, and warrants for the four inspectors were given to City Marshal Meyers.

Alexander, O'Connell, and Meagher were arraigned at the regular session of the court. Bernett could not be found. Alexander swore to this statement:

I was taken to Mr. Kirk's liquor store by one of the poll clerks (his name unknown, but I know it was the Republican poll clerk). I was told that the Chairman of the Board of Inspectors wished to see me at Kirk's house. On the way to Kirk's house the Chairman, Bernett, told me that Kirk had gone to Police Headquarters with one of the inspectors to get a copy of the poll list, as they had forgotten to file the three copies, through an error on the part of the inspector. When Kirk and Meagher came back from Police Headquarters, I and Mr. Bernett and Mr. Kirk went into Mr. Kirk's house in Madison street. I found three blank copies of canvassers' statements and filled out, and a set of Police Headquarters returns in blank. I don't know who brought them to his house. They were then taken from Kirk's house to the polling place, at 125 Roosevelt street, about midnight.

After entering the said polling place the Chairman, Bernett, said that if these blanks were not filled out properly to ought by the Board of Inspectors we would be sent to state prison. I was frightened, it being the first time I had served as inspector. I sat down with Inspectors Bernett and Meagher, and the Republican poll clerk (I am now informed he is James Keeley), and Poll Clerk James Dempsey. They were about sending for Inspector O'Connell. I heard a knock at the street door. A brother-in-law of mine came in and dragged me out, telling me that something was wrong, and not to sign any blank returns or have any thing to do with my brother-in-law. It was then about half past 12 o'clock, Friday morning.

I forgot to mention that I signed one blank return, at the request of the Chairman of the Board.

I did not sign any district returns of canvassers' statements, but I did sign a full set of police and Associated Press returns on the night of the election, Nov. 6, 1883, before the adjournment of the Board of Inspectors of Election, and, furthermore, being ignorant of all the duties of an inspector of election, and relying on the experience of the Chairman of the Board, Thomas F. Bernett, I asked him before the adjournment if there were any more papers to be signed by me, and he answered that there were not any more.

Meagher told the Justice that he and Alderman Kirk had got the figures the preceding night at Police Headquarters for the purpose of filling out the returns. On the returns which Alexander's brother-in-law interrupted the signing of the blank page for Alderman was filled out as follows:

William P. Kirk	138
Thomas F. Walsh	85
Total	223

It will be observed that if the vote of the district is thrown out a majority of two for Kirk in the whole Assembly district would be swallowed up.

Meagher, O'Connell, and Alexander were held in $1,000 for examination this afternoon. Bernett and Alexander are Republicans, O'Connell is a Tammany man, and Meagher is of the County Democracy.

"I'm ready to give an explanation," Alderman Kirk said at his house last evening to a reporter of THE SUN. "I learned from a respectable gentleman, yesterday afternoon, that no returns had been filed in the County Clerk's office from the Eighth Election district. When I came home to supper Mr. Daniel Cummings called to inquire if my majority for Alderman had increased. I told him about the returns not being filed, and advised him to notify the inspectors that if they did not file their returns warrants would be issued for their arrest. He came back with Bernett. I told Bernett what I had heard. Bernett said: 'That can't be, for all the returns were filed.' Bernett went away, and returned with Meagher, and said he had made a mistake; that the returns had not been filed. He brought some blank returns which he said he found in a corner of the polling place. I sent for Mr. Morris Friedsam. When he came I said to the inspectors, 'Now, gentlemen, you see you have made a mistake.' Mr. Friedsam said to them: 'The best thing for you to do is to get together in the polling booth, organize a Board of Inspectors, and fill out your returns.' Bernett said that they did not have the figures, and I went to Police Headquarters with Meagher and got them. They had mine and the Assembly figures on a paper. The blank police returns, which Alexander says he saw in my house, were brought there by Bernett. I'd like you to see Mr. Friedsam. You'll find him next door. Go in the basement."

The reporter found Mr. Friedsam sitting in the front basement of 59 Madison street.

"I would rather not have my name mixed up in the matter," Mr. Friedsam said.

"Mr. Kirk said it was you who told the inspectors to go to 125 Roosevelt street and make up their returns."

"Now, when I heard about this last night," said Mr. Friedsam, "I said that they should each get twelve months at least. It is a shame that the suffrages of a whole people should be intrusted to such ignorant fellows. I think today that they should be punished. When I heard that they had not made their returns I said that they had better make them."

Mr. Walsh said last night that Meagher told him that Kirk went alone into the Bureau of Elections at Police Headquarters and got the figures and blank returns.

"I will take legal measures to have the Eighth Election district returns thrown out," he said. "I am the next Alderman from the Second district. I am elected anyhow, whether that district is counted or not."

SHERMAN MEETS THE GRAND ARMY.

He would Rather Talk with a Soldier than Dine Sumptuously With a Nabob.

Gen. Wm. T. Sherman received a hearty welcome from the Grand Army of the Republic in New York last night at the rooms of the Kolte Post in the Germania Assembly Rooms. Gen. H. A. Barnum was chosen Chairman. The room was crowded to excess when Gen. Sherman entered, accompanied by Gen. C. K. Graham, E. H. Brenningham, and Col. Hopper. Gen. Barnum made the welcoming speech, and Gen. Sherman was greeted with cheers.

Gen. Sherman was dressed in a broadcloth suit and wore a Loyal League badge in his buttonhole. He acknowledged his reception with smiles and bows. Then he stood with his left hand in his trousers pocket and said:

I thank you very much for your kind greeting. As you see, I have responded to your call, although it is rather unpleasant for a man to celebrate his own funeral, you known. (Great laughter.) Yet in one sense I may think myself lucky to attend my own funeral. When you were soldiers we used to order you about pretty lively, and I suppose you are now returning the compliment and ordering us about from theatres and dinners. Well, now, I would rather come down here and meet you face to face and shake you by the hand than dine with the Vanderbilts and all the rich nabobs of the country. I think it is right to recall what we all assisted in doing, that will redound to the honor and glory of our country.

In 1861 when the idea that we were to have a war in this country first entered my mind I was a most stupid ass. I did not see fifty yards ahead of me. I was in Louisiana, and the young men under my charge were uttering what I considered treasonable speeches. I reproved them, and they told me their fathers came and repeated the offence until I realized in my bones that they meant fight. Then I said: "If there is going to be a fight I want to be on the other side." (Laughter and applause.) It was plain to any one who had thought or reflected that it was a question whether these men who had ruled slaves for ninety-odd years should make slaves of the white race. Now, the Anglo-Saxon race won't stand that. (Applause.) Our German friends, our Irish friends, they never will be slaves. (Applause.) I say that it was a question that the country decided in 1861. Now, the people of the North moved not, or they did not realize that war was upon us until four or five months after the war had begun. I saw them in the South taking possession of our mints and our arsenals. I saw them take the New Orleans Mint, and I saw them put up the stars and bars. I confess it chilled through my whole system. Yet when I came North I found that the people here did not realize it.

Gen. Sherman spoke of the value of Grand Army organizations as a means of keeping alive the memories of the war and the sacrifices made by the soldiers of the Union land made. He spoke of the changes of twenty years, and named especially the rapid growth of the Grand Army posts. He complimented the Grand Army on their appearance, and said he had no doubt that it proved American civilization enough to compensate the country for the $13 a month it had paid them. He said they had marched and countermarched much, and he thought that the soldiers of the East had countermarched more than those of the West, but it was all in the cause of civilization and for the right against the wrong, and they had the same battle to fight again now.

Then the word was given that Gen. Sherman would shake hands with the boys. This was the signal for a stampede. There was no possibility of getting order out of chaos for some time. But at last a line was formed, and after shaking hands with the General the Grand Army men passed out of the room. To some of the very young men present who, if they fought in the war, must have been of exceedingly tender years, Gen. Sherman spoke words of astonishment. But there were not a few with whom he exchanged words of remembrance of some event of the war.

HE BETRAYED HIMSELF.

Arrested in This City for Murdering a Man in Pennsylvania in August.

Albert Veloskie, a Hungarian boarding house keeper in Kilbuck township, Allegheny county, Pa., regaled his boarders on Sunday, Aug. 5, with whiskey, for which he charged at the rate of fifty cents a gallon. All drank freely, including the host. Presently John Lutuski, a former boarder, entered and joined in the carouse. Wishing to speak to Mrs. Veloskie, Lutuski pulled her gown, as she passed him, to attract her attention. She spoke to him and proceeded to deal out more of the fifty-cent whiskey. Veloskie misinterpreted Lutuski's mode of attracting his wife's attention, and, procuring a heavy cart rung, struck Lutuski on the head, crushing in his skull and felling him to the floor. After striking his prostrate victim four additional blows, Veloskie dragged the lifeless body out of the house and threw it in the garden. He then took to the woods before any of the drunken and terrified crowd could interrupt him.

Learning two days later from a farmer that his victim was dead, and that constables were in search of him, Veloskie started for this city. He walked most of the way, and arrived here in about two weeks. He found work in a lumber yard in Jersey City, and afterward in a sugar house in Brooklyn.

About five weeks ago he sent his wife a power of attorney to draw out $750 which he had on deposit in a bank in Kilbuck township, with a request that it be forwarded to him, so that he might leave the country. The local authorities sent the name of the commissioner of deeds to Inspector Byrnes as a clue to be used in finding the man. It was not until Wednesday that Detectives Hickey and Maloney located him in a boarding house at 192 John street, Brooklyn. The woman who keeps the place denied that he lived there. Confident that she did not tell the truth, the two detectives procured an express wagon, and yesterday they drove to the house in John street with a trunk purported to be a package of money for Albert Veloskie. The woman, on seeing the package with its three big seals, directed them to the sugar house in Bridge street where Veloskie was employed. The detectives went there and arrested the man who answered to the name of Veloskie and signed a receipt for the bogus money package. Their prisoner, when brought to the Police Central Office, acknowledged his identity and confessed his crime. He told Inspector Byrnes that he had killed Lutuski because he thought the man insulted his wife.

Detective Geary of Pittsburgh started home with the prisoner last night.

The Herbert-Williams Marriage Again Postponed.

BALTIMORE, Nov. 9.—The marriage of Miss Rebecca Williams, daughter of the Hon. George Hawkins Williams, to Mr. H. A. Herbert of Muck Ross Abbey, Ireland, which was announced to take place on Monday evening next at St. Paul's P. E. Church, has been postponed until January next. Mr. Williams said to-day that the postponement was caused by an accident which befell Miss Williams on Wednesday. She was riding into the city on horseback from Long Green, Baltimore county, and at Darley Park some dogs rushed at her horse and frightened him, causing him to slip and plunge. Miss Williams, who is an excellent horsewoman, by great physical exertion retained her seat in the saddle, but the sudden shock hurt her back very severely. She has since been confined to her bed, suffering acute pain. Her physician, while he does not think she has received permanent injury, insists that she shall remain perfectly quiet for at least six weeks. Mr. Herbert will sail for Liverpool to-morrow, and hopes to return to Baltimore about Christmas.

Beatty's Pipe Organ.

Did you read Beatty's latest offer in yesterday's (Wednesday's) daily sun? It is a decided bargain. Any of our readers in want of a Cabinet Organ should read the offer and order without delay.—*Adv.*

A Valuable Work of Reference.

The names of over 2,000 taxpayers and some tax dodgers with the exact amount paid by each, will appear in to-morrow's *Sunday World*. Buy it; only 2 cents.—*Adv.*

Football Pole Grounds To-day.

Grand college championship match, Princeton vs. Columbia. Kick-off, 2.45 P. M. Admission, 50c.; Grand stand, 50c. extra.—*Adv.*

The Store Boy.

A new story by Horatio Alger, Jr.—the best since his famous "Ragged Dick"—in this week's *Golden Argosy*.—*Adv.*

Woollen and merino underwear, scarlet and white flannel, own make. Cardigan jackets, dress shirts, $1.25, $1.50; best value in city. J. W. Johnston, 200 Grand st.—*Adv.*

Look out for the great tax dodgers' and taxpayers' brigade in to-morrow's *World*.—*Adv.*

AMUSEMENTS.

Mme. Adelina Patti and "La Gazza Ladra" at the Academy.

Col. Mapleson's opera season received a double impetus last evening by the return of Mme. Patti to the stage of the Academy and by the production of an opera so old and so long unused on this side the ocean as to have almost the merit of a fresh work.

The occasion naturally drew together an immense audience, and was one of much enthusiasm for the singer if not for the opera itself. The "Diva" came this time preceded by very little of the customary wild flourish of trumpets and cries of "All Hail!" This is all the better, for surely no prima donna in the world stands in less need of this kind of advertising, and if there were no tooting tugs to salute her down the bay and no band to play "See the Conquering Heroine Comes" for her on the wharf, she was none the less sure of her welcome when she came upon the stage of the Academy, and she received it last evening in a little tempest of applause.

The pleasure of hearing Mme. Patti again was increased by the fact that it was in an unhackneyed work that she appeared. "La Gazza Ladra" was once esteemed one of Rossini's most pleasing operas. The overture has always been, with the exception of that to "William Tell," the most popular of its composer's works of this class, and has held an equal regard in the concert room and in the theatre. The opera itself moves rapidly from one concerted piece to another. It is profuse in trios, quartets, quintets, and concerted music with chorus. As in the "Barber," the prima donna's first note is that of her principal aria. In the "Barber" she advances upon the stage and sings the famous "*Una voce poco fa*;" in the "Gazza Ladra" she comes to the footlights, and, after her welcome, brings herself into immediate sympathy with her audience by the scarcely less famous "*Di Piacer mi balza il cor*."

The work had an immense success when it was first produced in Italy, now sixty years and more ago, and in the early days of opera in New York it was a favorite. At the Astor Place Opera House, Steffanone, whom many who were present last evening will doubtless remember as a dramatic singer of great power, was the *Ninetta*, the character assumed by Mme. Patti last evening. Later the part was taken at Niblo's by Mme. Alboni, and, curiously enough, at the Astor Place Opera House Mme. Patti's father took the inconsiderable character of *Moses* the peddler. The remainder of the cast was equally good. Marini, one of the finest bass singers that ever was heard here in opera, was the magistrate (*Il Podestà*). He was an important member of the old Havana Italian company. Max Maretzek was the conductor.

When Rossini brought out the opera at La Scala it must have taken the Italians by surprise, with its new effects, its crowd of melodies, its profusion of concerted music, and its orchestral novelties. But that was nearly three score years and ten ago, and musical taste has steadily progressed since that day. Rossini's novelties have become old in the hands of his imitators, and it must be confessed that in the light of our own day the opera seems a little old fashioned, and is, with all its fine music, a trifle dull. And from this it was not saved even by the exceptionally fine rendering that it received last evening.

Rossini was by no means the first to avail himself of the pranks of that "corvine paradox," the magpie, as the hinge of a dramatic plot, nor was his librettist the inventor of the story. It is probably as old as the crow himself, since that black and disputable bird, hiding his iniquities—sinner that he is—under a sober and innocent-looking clerical suit of black, has in all ages and in every clime been the same incorrigible pilferer of inconsiderable trifles in the way of casual silver spoons and forks, and other shining bits of metal, and hiding them away, while poor innocents like *Ninetta* in the opera fall victims to unjust suspicion, and are punished in the place of the real culprit.

It is related that when the Patriarch of Moscow was called upon to lay the foundation of a great cathedral, the exercises were suspended, for his consecrated golden trowel was nowhere to be found. Suspicion fell upon Mamaine, and with that charming spontaneity of action so characteristic of the Russian official, some of the poor suspects were subjected to the knout, some were tortured, and others were transported to Siberia, all of which being injudiciously emphasized, the old bell-ringer finds the golden trowel in the belfry, together with a choice assortment of other curiosities gathered with much persevering industry by that prince of the thieves of the air, the magpie.

This is the story of the legend on which the French librettist founded his drama of "La Pie Voleuse," and the Italian librettist his "Gazza Ladra." At all events, it is very near to it in point of incident, the difference being that the missing fork and spoon of the opera are found in the belfry in time to prevent *Ninetta* from being led to the scaffold, while in the matter of the trowel the alert Russian officials had made their applications of the knout, the torture, and Siberia before the *cache* of the lucrezione stolen was discovered. But in the opera, all's well that ends well, and the heroine is in the end consigned to the arms of her gentle and never-doubting *Giannetto* (Signor Vicini), to the great discomfiture of the wicked *Podestà*, who had hitherto stood in the injurious joy so characteristic of Italian choruses. It will be seen that this is a little household drama, involving no higher interests than the misfortunes of a country maiden, who becomes the victim of circumstances, and finds herself involved in a network of suspicion that she cannot explain. The magistrate whom she has repulsed is bent on her ruin, and, as in the Sonnambula, everything points against the innocence of the heroine till the last moment, when the web of mystery is unravelled and all is joy. In one day a dramatist has substituted a flash of lightning which melts away a golden chain for the thieving magpie, but the theme is the same and proceeds to the like happy conclusion. The chief persons who illustrated this simple plot last evening were Mme. Patti, Mlle. Vianelli, and Signors Galassi, Vicini, Cherubini, and Lombardelli. The weight of the opera falls upon the prima donna, who is almost constantly on the stage, next in importance to her role is that of the *Podestà*, assumed by Signor Cherubini and after that the part of *Fernando*, cast to Signor Galassi. The tenor has an inconsiderable role, which none but a first rate artist could impart much interest to it, and Signor Vicini did not lift it out of its element of dulness. Not so Signor Galassi. His role of *Ferdinand* is also inconsiderable, but it is the gift of this artist to make what is insignificant really majestic by his fine bearing and music.

As for Madame Patti, she sang the elaborate Rossinian arias with that certainty, ease, and marvellous finish of execution that marks all her works and makes it a constant pleasure to listen while she is on the stage. She certainly, by her brightness, her sprightly acting, her charming vocalization, and by the firmness with which she led all the *ensemble* music, gave musical interest to every scene, and counteracted the trividity of the plot and the sentimental character of the work. The lesser roles were well taken, even that least of all of them, the Stuffed Magpie, who flew down, seized the spoon and sailed away with it into the flies with prodigious success. But in the matter of stuffed birds Col. Mapleson must yield the palm to Mr. Abbey, whose swan in "Lohengrin" bends his stately neck and slowly flaps his white wings with all the grace of his living cousins at the Central Park.

It is likely that the "Gazza Ladra" will soon be laid permanently on the shelf. It is many years since it was done here before, and judging from the result last evening, it will be many years before the experiment will be made again. There is still sufficient time for many lovers of music who have an interest in the past as well as the present of the art, and who will gladly avail themselves of this perhaps final opportunity to hear a work that has been so famous in its day, and which has now so admirable an interpreter as Adelina Patti.

"Faust" at the Metropolitan Opera House.

As in the present operatic warfare the public is interested in knowing about the attendance at the rival houses, it may not be amiss to gratify this at once by saying that the performance of "Faust" last night drew a very large audience to the new house. "Lohengrin" may have been the turning point in its fortunes.

It seems as if the orchestra were to be permanently sunk, for it was not raised for "Faust." This position resulted in a decided improvement. The voices seemed to come out more freely and louder. The chorus singers can sing the choruses in Faust without having the melodies blown and scraped right at them. The orchestra is not as essential to them as in "Lohengrin." The sinking of the orchestra did not embarrass them last night.

All opera goers are familiar with Mme. Nilsson's *Marghereita*. It is a personation which, while lacking in simplicity in the earlier scenes—she is too much of the fine lady in them—rises spiffily to the intensity and passion of the tragic retribution.

Signor Campanini's *Faust* proved very conclusively that we were not premature in saying that while his *mezza voce* has all the wondrous beauty of old, his high notes have not their former strength, firmness, and resonance. It remains, however, to be seen whether this loss is permanent or temporare, and, of course, we only express the hope of thousands in hoping the latter.

The balance of the cast was as follows: *Siebel*, Mme. Scalchi; *Marta*, Mme. Lablache; *Valentino*, Signor Del Puento; *Mephistopheles*, Signor Novara, and *Wagner*, Signor Contini.

NO HIPPODROME.

Muldoon Breaks Whistler's Collar Bone in a Wrestling Match.

Muldoon and Whistler had a match at Graeco-Roman wrestling in San Francisco on Nov. 1. They were to wrestle best two in three for $1,000 a side and the gate money. Over 4,000 persons were present. Muldoon won the first fall and Whistler the second. The San Francisco *Chronicle* describes what followed:

For the third round the men were called up at 11:53 o'clock, and hot work was the order from the start. Both were on the floor in short order, and after a half-minute's quietness they made a simultaneous effort at a turn. The result was three complete somersaults in rapid succession, each going over the other with heels in the air and with no perceptible advantage to either. Some more boring work followed from Whistler, and during it he claimed another foul on Muldoon's method of self-defense. It was disallowed, and a second later, as he was returning to his boring, Muldoon whirled him around by his feet and caught his fatal waist hold. For a brief space of time Whistler was suspended in mid-air, and then with terrible force Muldoon hurled him to the floor just as the clock struck 12, landing him heavily on his left shoulder. The other shoulder was within a hair's breadth of the floor, but the referee could not see that it was a fall, and Whistler slowly rose to his feet, seeming a little dazed by his unceremonious tumble. When he approached Muldoon the latter was about to repeat the operation when Whistler suddenly drew back and appealed to the referee for a minute's rest, saying that he believed his shoulder was broken.

Drs. Regensberger and Foulkes made an examination. They reported that the collar bone was broken and that Whistler was unfit to continue the match without danger of receiving a permanent injury. They advised him to relinquish the match, but he refused, loudly declaring that he would wrestle till he died. Loud yells of "Fail for Muldoon!" greeted the referee, who was placed in the very delicate position of having either to order Whistler to go to a certain fall and perhaps serious injury or to declare the match a draw. Muldoon, who had hitherto stood apart awaiting the decision of the physicians, then offered to give Whistler $1,000 for the match, which the latter refused. Muldoon then addressed the audience, saying: Gentlemen, Mr. Whistler is so unfortunate as to have put out of joint a broken his shoulder. Of course I will take no advantage over a crippled man, although he is game enough to go on with this match. I admire his pluck, and he is the best antagonist I ever had. As I say, I do not want to wrestle a crippled man, but do want this match. I want it because I am the champion. I will give him $1,000 but I must have the match." (Applause.)

Acting for Whistler, Al Havnan said: "Mr. Whistler declines to give the match up, and will go on with it if the doctors will allow him." (Yells of "Good boy, Whistler, but——foolish!")

Then a general appeal was made to the referee, who stepped forward after a few moments' thought and said: "Gentlemen, I have no partiality to show here. This has been a square match, and each man has done his best. Each man has won a fall, and the referee, who is unable to go on and contest for the deciding fall with any safety forthimself. Under the circumstances I will declare this match a draw."

The decision was greeted with mingled applause and hisses, the latter from those who seemed to conceive that according to the strict rules of wrestling and the conditions of the match the victory belonged to Muldoon. He considers himself badly treated throughout by Whistler, and the two men are much more liable to meet next time with bare knuckles than in a wrestling contest.

Winners at Brighton Beach.

For the first race at Brighton Beach yesterday, three-quarters of a mile, Woolley Douglas and Black Gal sold at $25 each; Skylark and Sugar Plum, $20 each; field $25. Woolley Douglas won, Black Gal second, Fearless third. Time, 1.21¾. Mutuals paid $17.65.

For the second race, one mile, Joe Mitchell sold at $150; Itaska, $115; Charley Kempland, $100; Hotachinie, $40; field, $65. Itaska won, Hotachinie second, Joe Mitchell third. Time 1.46¾. Mutuals paid $15.25.

For the third race, one-eighth and an eighth, Felicia sold for $140; Ligan, $75; Delilah, $70; field, $25. Felicia won, Ligan second, Little Dan third. Time, 2.01¾. Mutuals paid $5.55.

For the fourth race, one mile and a quarter, Barney Aaron and Hartford sold at $200 each; Ferg Kyle, $95; field, $125. Ferg Kyle won, Barney Aaron second, Lytton third. Time, 2.17¾. Mutuals paid $25.95.

For the fifth race, one mile, Woolley Douglas sold at $175; Rev. Woolley, $140; Harry Mann, $100; field, $100. Harry B. Mann won, Rev. Woolley second, Ben Woolley third. Time, 1.50¾. Mutuals paid $47.05.

The National Game.

In an interview with Mr. John B. Day, President of the New York League Club, yesterday, he stated that having failed to secure Harry Wright to manage the team next season, he was now in communication with one of the best athletic managers in the country, with the view of engaging the man to manage the New York team next season. It was ascertained from another source that the gentleman is Walter C. Camp, director of athletics of Yale College.

Jack Gleason, one of the heavy hitters of the Louisville club, has been engaged to play with the new Lucas Club of St. Louis. Mullane of the St. Louis Club has also engaged to play with the new team.

Football.

The football championship season will begin to-day with a game between the Princeton and Columbia College teams on the Polo grounds. On Nov. 24 Princeton will play Yale, and on Thanksgiving Day Yale will play Harvard.

The football teams of the different colleges this season are made up largely of the same men as last year's teams of the colleges. They have had a larger amount of practice.

The Polytechnic and Crescent teams will play a game at the Washington Base Ball Park to-day.

Slade and Sullivan Ready to Meet Ryan.

KEOKUK, Ia., Nov. 9.—In an interview with Sullivan and Slade regarding the challenge published by Fox, offering to match Ryan against the Maori, they said that after the expiration of his engagement with the pugilistic combination Slade would meet Ryan and fox him with gloves at Madison Square Garden, New York, in order to carry off the lion's receipts. Sullivan announced himself as perfectly willing to meet Ryan at any time, and says he will bet Fox all the money he may want that he will knock Ryan out in four rounds.

Trotters Sold by Auction.

The two trotters, Philander and Stevie, belonging to the estate of the late George B. Alley, were sold at auction at the stables of Van Tassell & Kearney in East Thirteenth street yesterday. Philander, who was sired by Middleton, is said to have beaten 2:30. Mr. C. P. Smith bought him for $1,250. Stevie a black gelding, sired by Kentucky Prince, record 2:30, was bought by Mr. E. Kearney for $2,000.

SPORTING NOTES.

Mr. P. Lorillard, Jr., is forming a racing string for next season.

Mr. Keene's asking price for Foxhall, in England, is seven thousand pounds sterling.

Monmouth Park is also falling into line in racing improvements. The race course is to be greatly widened and the quarters and paddock made starting points, and the track made more level generally.

The *Spirit* prints that Miss Mary Anderson is to be elected a member of the Atlantic Yacht Club on her return from Europe. Her steam yacht Violetta is now on the beach in front of the Atlantic club house.

When Myers raced with George last year, Mr. George W. Thomas, Vice-President of the Manhattan Athletic Club, cared for the American champion with a brother's devotion. He was an earnest and liberal supporter of athletic sports. And now his untimely death is sincerely mourned by a host of friends.

Commodore Kitson said to a reporter of THE SUN last spring that he looked upon his young horse Pilgrim as his most promising trotter. The horse has been saved this season with the exception of a few private trials. He is to be wintered in a milder climate than Minnesota. His handlers say that he will stride ahead of Smuggler's record next year.

At the Grand Circuit trotting meeting in Buffalo last summer, Mr. C. J. Hamlin of that city exhibited Maintrine King and other famous trotting sires, and a fine lot of brood mares and their progeny, also some fine coaching stallions. The stock made a fine show. Mr. Hamlin said that it was his intention to breed the finest carriage horses ever seen in any country. Mr. Hamlin has just added five two-year old fillies from Mr. Sackman's Orange county farm to his Buffalo stable. Price $12,000. One filly is by Kentucky Prince, dam Lady Dexter, sister to Dexter.

"It was Only an Accident."

A fish hook in your flesh, a scissors blade in your left thumb, a sprained ankle from a misstep on a loose stone, a bruised knee from a slip from a car platform, a cut on your cheek by a clumsy barber's razor, a contusion on your elbow by poking it through a street car window, a swelling on your nose from running against an open door in the dark—these are likely to happen without a moment's notice. To be ready for them, have a bottle of Perry Davis's Pain Killer ready.—*Adv.*

Tennyson's "May Queen."

Who knows but that if the beautiful girl who died so young had been blessed with Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" she might have reigned on many another bright May day? The "Favorite Prescription" is a certain cure for all those disorders to which females are liable. By druggists.—*Adv.*

Who Really Pay the Taxes?

To-morrow's *Sunday World* will answer that question by printing an official list of all our big taxpayers—over 2,000 names—and the amount paid by each.—*Adv.*

For All Bronchial or Lung Complaints

Use Hoffa's Tasteless Cod Liver Oil with Lime and Wild Cherry. Sold by druggists. Depot, 6 Bowery.—*Adv.*

The Official Record.

Showing what each of over 2,000 taxpayers really pay, will appear in the *Sunday World*. Buy it.—*Adv.*

"Rough on Corns."

Ask for Wells's "Rough on Corns." 15c. Quick, complete, permanent cure. Corns, warts, bunions.—*Adv.*

Don't wait until you are sick before trying Carter's Little Liver Pills, but get a vial at once. You can't take them without benefit. 25 cents.—*Adv.*

Tetter, scaldies, and tender itchings promptly cured by Dr. Pierce's Skin Cure. Physicians endorse it.—*Adv.*

OUR UNPROTECTED COAST.

Gen. Wright Says it is Defenseless Against a Modern Naval Attack.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 9.—Major-Gen. Horatio G. Wright, Chief of Engineers, in referring to our seacoast defences in his annual report, submits the report of the Board of Engineers stationed at New York city, in which they express the opinion that if the near approach of war should find our coast in its present condition, there would be no probable chance of resisting a modern naval attack, made, as the interest of an enemy would dictate, with force and celerity. Gen. Wright invites attention to this statement, and to the annual reports from the Engineer's office in the hope that their careful consideration by the War Department and by Congress may secure the means by liberal appropriations "for that improvement of our defensive system which is so imperatively demanded by the vast interests it is designed to protect."

With reference to torpedo defence, Gen. Wright submits the report of the Board of Engineers, which report recommends large appropriations for the purchase of imperishable torpedo material for storage in harbors, and details experiments with satisfactory results with the Sims movable Fish torpedo and other torpedoes, and in defensive submarine mining.

An interesting summary of the operations of the Board of Engineers stationed at New York city is submitted by Gen. Wright. The Board reports that, in its consideration of the question of coast defence, it has not overlooked the necessity for the use of armor, and has prepared plans for two double-turreted iron forts, one for each shore of the Narrows at the south entrance to New York harbor, and has also suggested the application of the turret system to Boston and other harbors of leading commercial interest. These forts, the Board reports, would form a necessary adjunct to the fleet in wartime, and no ship yet built or designed could remain under their close fire long enough to do them damage. The Board is another part of its report says:

"It is well known that our coast, with its important ports, is virtually defenceless against a modern naval attack, and proper security for the rights, the national honor and interests which such a state of things should suggest may perhaps be quieted by the impression that upon the outbreak of a war with a maritime power we would enable us to improvise some sort of adequate defence. There are in this country no rifles mounted of a size sufficient to combat heavily armored ships, nor has any type for such guns yet been adopted. Upon the approach of war it would be impossible to obtain in season from abroad the requisite calibres and numbers of guns, and our own establishments, from want of proper encouragement, are not now prepared to do this work with the promptitude necessary for any useful effect. Without heavy rifles in sufficient numbers, the lines of torpedoes planted for the protection of our harbors could not be defended against an attempt of the enemy to remove or counteremine them."

In discussing torpedo defences, the report says that to make it successful it is absolutely necessary to have a suitable supply of material on hand, the needful casemates, cable galleries, &c., in the forts for operating the mines when planted, and a sufficient force of engineer soldiers well instructed in their duties as to be able to place the torpedoes in position before an enemy's fleet could arrive in front of the seaports. It recommends an appropriation of $240,000 for the construction of casemates and cable galleries, and an increase of the engineer battalion to 752 men from the present force of 200.

The appropriations recommended for the coming fiscal year are: For the improvement of our harbors, according to estimates of amounts that can be profitably expended during the year, $32,113,285; examinations and surveys of rivers and harbors, and consequences for which there is no special appropriation, $150,000; sea coast and lake frontier defences, $3,698,000; construction of casemates and cable galleries, for defences in Atlantic harbors, $240,000; purchase of torpedo material for storage for San Francisco harbor, $500,000; maintenance of Engineer School at Willet's Point, N. Y., $17,200; publishing results of meteorological surveys west of the 100th meridian, $2