The Sun.

THURSDAY, JULY 5, 1888.

Reform the Department!

The Hon. SAMUEL J. RANDALL is not a man to bring charges of extravagance and maladministration against an Executive Department lightly or without sufficient grounds. We observe that his assertions on the floor of the House respecting the condition of affairs under the present Attorney-General are attracting general attention. They ought to attract attention.

Mr. RANDALL shows that the expenditures of the Department of Justice this year are $350,000 greater than they ever have been before. A considerable part of this enormous excess goes into the pockets of the special counsel retained to assist in the prosecution of the Executive telephone suit, commenced amid Pan-Electric hopes, which is still pursuing its expensive way toward certain and scandalous failure. But the telephone suit is not the only leak. The general policy of the Department is to engage in frivolous and costly prosecutions, which, as Mr. RANDALL affirms, frequently go to the length of oppression.

"The citizen and his rights," said Mr. RANDALL, "are trampled upon in every direction in this country through processes of law, and there are many members of this House who know that what I say is true in regard to the prosecution of cases by the Department of Justice." "I was almost inclined," remarked Mr. RANDALL again, "to say that instead of being the temple of justice, *it seemed to be a sink of injustice.*"

These are measured words, and it is a grave arraignment.

The reélection of Mr. CLEVELAND will probably promote a much needed reform in the administration of the Department of Justice. The relations between the President and the Attorney-General must be pretty seriously strained by this time, whatever surface appearances may indicate; and it is hardly conceivable that the name of Mr. AUGUSTUS H. GARLAND will go again to the Senate when a new Cabinet is made up. Experience is a good teacher.

There will be no scandals, no squandering, no trampling on the rights of citizens, no prostitution of the Department to private or corporate interests when the Hon. DANIEL DOUGHERTY is Attorney-General.

Political Curiosities.

The side shows of politics were never more peculiar or unexpected than at present.

Observe that the animosity between Republicans and Prohibitionists is unequalled, although their political families are the same. The Republicans are angry because they see in the Prohibitionist defection their own grave danger; and the Prohibitionists are full of vengeance because of the Republican refusal to adopt prohibition as a part of the regular party platform.

Yet the serious plan for dealing with whiskey is practically the same in both camps. The Prohibitionist platform demands:

"The immediate abolition of the internal revenue system [the tax on whiskey and tobacco]."

Under certain contingencies the same policy is favored by the Republicans.

But the most contradictory feature of the situation is that both Republicans and Prohibitionists are contending for a policy which is essentially and historically a principle of the Democracy.

Principles endure and prevail regardless of the special cut or color of the banner waved over them.

A Confederate Idea.

In the Constitution of the Confederate States of America, Article I., Section 8, the first paragraph reads as follows:

"The Congress shall have power—

"To lay and collect taxes, duties, imposts, and excises for revenue necessary to pay the debts, provide for the common defence, and carry on the Government of the Confederate States; but no bounties shall be granted from the Treasury; *nor shall any duties or taxes on importations from foreign nations be laid to promote or foster any branch of industry;* and all duties, imposts, and excises shall be uniform throughout the Confederate States."

This is free trade pure and simple; and many of the gentlemen who framed and supported the Confederate Constitution, having become influential in the House of Representatives, they have naturally endeavored in the MILLS tariff bill, to apply as far as they found practicable under the different circumstances in which they are now placed, the same idea which animated them in drawing up the Constitutional clause which we have just quoted.

We have a high regard for the gallantry, the fidelity to conviction, and the gentlemanly honor of the Confederate Brigadiers. But their wisdom as statesmen is not always faultless, and in their treatment of the Northern Democracy we fear their hand has been too heavy and their spurs too sharp.

The defeat of the MILLS bill would be to the Democracy the greatest possible good.

The Changing Relations of Germany and Russia.

No one who has marked the growing friendliness of tone evinced by semi-official newspapers in Berlin and St. Petersburg since the accession of WILLIAM II. can be much surprised to hear that the new Emperor's first visit will be paid, not to his HAPSBURGH ally, but to the Czar. The overture is naturally construed as an attempt to restore the good understanding between the HOHENZOLLERNS and the ROMANOFFS, which left Prussia at liberty to crush France in 1870. There is even talk of transforming through the inclusion of Russia the triple into a quadruple alliance. What is less obvious, however, is the motive prompting BISMARCK to bring about at this time a state of things so sharply contrasted with the strained relations of the two northern empires during the last months of the reign of WILLIAM I. What, again, is the German Chancellor now able to promise the Czar as the price of good will, which he was unable to offer at the beginning of this year?

BISMARCK told the Reichstag in the great debate on the extra army appropriation that Germany would never fight for Bulgaria, a statement which seemed on its face equivalent to saying that the Czar might take it if he chose. But the St. Petersburg Government was not in the least propitiated by this assurance, for the reason, evidently, that BISMARCK could not guarantee the acquiescence of Austria in the deposition of Prince FERDINAND, or engage that Germany would not rescue the HAPSBURGHS, should the latter be worsted in a contest with the Czar. It would seem useless, therefore, to resume negotiations at this juncture for a renewal of the ties which linked Germany and Russia eighteen years ago, unless there was ground for believing that Austria's objections to Muscovite predominance at Sofia had been withdrawn. So the interesting question meets us, what has reconciled Austria to the very thing which she has strenuously resisted since the revolution in Eastern Roumelia? The answer which finds most favor is that terms of partition of a part, at least, of the Sultan's European possessions have been agreed upon.

According to this theory the outcome of the combination, which the young Kaiser's visit to St. Petersburg is intended to effect, would be the restitution to Russia of all that she acquired at San Stefano, and had to give up afterward. Bulgaria, in the wide sense of that geographical expression, comprehending not only the present principality so named, but Eastern Roumelia, to which Turkey retains a treaty right, would virtually become a Russian province. By way of compensation Austria—we are still quoting the hypotheses of Berlin newspapers—would have her present occupancy title to Bosnia, Herzegovina, and Novi-Bazar transformed into full sovereignty, and receive in addition a section of Macedonia lying between Albania and the Rhodope Mountains, and including the new railway to Salonica. Should Italy show herself recalcitrant, she might be appeased, it is suggested, with a strip of the Albanian seacoast which once belonged to Venice. The profit which Germany would be expected to derive from this bargain would be the certainty of the Czar's neutrality in the event of another Franco-German war.

This is a solution of the Balkan complication which looks simple enough as long as certain factors are left out of the calculation. But who can take for granted that the Porte would quietly assent to further spoliation, or that England might not interpose a second time, as she did ten years ago?

Colonel Shepard Misrepresented.

The *Indianapolis Sentinel* of Monday contained a personal attack on Col. ELLIOTT F. SHEPARD, which either amounts to deliberate misrepresentation or evinces a complete and amazing misconception of the character of that distinguished soldier-journalist.

Col. SHEPARD visited Indianapolis last week to confer with the Republican candidate upon the state of the nation and the prospects of the campaign. On Thursday evening he attended a prayer meeting at the Second Presbyterian Church. Concerning Col. SHEPARD's behavior at the prayer meeting, the *Sentinel*, in its editorial columns, speaks in this bitter and obviously prejudiced fashion:

"By long odds the biggest fool friend who has yet exploited his folly to the detriment of Gen. HARRISON is the VANDERBILT son-in-law, ELLIOTT F. SHEPARD of New York. SHEPARD is a national ass, and a standing guy in the political, journalistic, and social circles of New York. This devout idiot, it seems, went to a Presbyterian prayer meeting in this town the other evening and profaned the place and the occasion with a regular stump speech in favor of HARRISON. Not content with praising his candidate, he made a vicious attack upon the President of the United States, which would have been out of place at a ward rally. It was a performance so sacrilegious and disgusting that it cannot be properly characterized in words."

This is a serious charge to bring against a gentleman whose zeal may occasionally outrun discretion, but certainly has never before betrayed him into a public violation of decency fit to make even a corporal in the Salvation Army blush for shame. We turn, therefore, to the news columns of the *Sentinel* to ascertain what facts are there presented to justify the extraordinary rebuke administered to Col. SHEPARD by the Indianapolis newspaper.

We find that the reporter's account of the incident, like the editor's comment thereon, is strongly colored by prejudice, if not by malice. The reporter professed only to give facts which have "leaked out" since the evening of the prayer meeting—that is to say, the whole narrative rests upon hearsay evidence. Such an introduction to a story of importance always inspires doubts; and we follow the reporter's account of the scene at the Second Presbyterian Church with a growing distrust of its veracity.

The prayer-meeting services were preparatory to communion. According to the report, "a large number had assembled, and each member was giving his religious experience." Toward the end of the meeting, the Rev. JAMES MCLEOD, pastor of the church, recognized Col. SHEPARD as he sat in the rear of the house, and "knowing his reputation as a man of deep piety, invited him to come forward to make a few remarks." What followed is thus described:

"Mr. SHEPARD arose and walked down the aisle, the lapel of his coat conspicuously adorned with the small flag which has been worn by the Republicans since HARRISON's nomination. As one of the congregation afterward expressed it, 'When the audience saw this man going toward the front, elegantly but not gaudily dressed, with a pompous tread, they expected to hear great things.' Mr. SHEPARD ascended the platform and proceeded to astonish the people. He started well and to all appearances he was making a good impression, when he suddenly startled the audience by giving his remarks a political drift. He began to assail the character of President CLEVELAND, speaking his name outright. He said that he 'thought politics and religion should go hand in hand.' With this as a foundation he gradually brought his hearers around to the realization of the importance of having Christian men in high offices. With consummate audacity he then said:

"'We have a man in the highest office, GROVER CLEVELAND, who has turned his back on religion.' He then denounced the Chief Magistrate as an enemy of religion, and affirmed that it was a disgrace to have such a man at the head of the nation, or remarks similar in effect. He then reminded his auditors that they had a man in their midst, a candidate for the Presidency, who was a faithful member of the church and would at all times be in sympathy with needed moral reforms.

"Mr. SHEPARD then endeavored to awaken the audience to a realization of the importance of electing 'a moral, Christian man' to that high office. He then branched off on to the missionary work, only to conclude the topic with the suggestion that if the nation had a good man at its head it could establish missions in all benighted lands, and give the gospel of Christ to perishing souls. The speaker dealt with the temperance question in much the same way.

"The very inappropriate remarks at first produced surprise, his hearers hardly believing their senses. Consternation at his audacity soon gave place to deep indignation. One of the members of the church said last night, in commenting upon the occurrence: 'I felt like getting up and telling him to stop. I had some relatives who were to be taken into the church on Sunday, and I had been very much interested in the service until he spoke. I cannot conceive how a man of sound mind could have done such a thing.'

"Mr. MCLEOD at the conclusion of Mr. SHEPARD's remarks, seemed somewhat nonplussed and chagrined, and endeavored to allay the ruffled feelings of the audience by conciliatory remarks and by praying for the Chief Magistrate. Republicans as well as Democrats denounce Mr. SHEPARD severely.

"An effort was made to keep the matter quiet and prevent it from finding its way into print."

We print the passage in full in order that everybody can see upon what a flimsy foundation the *Sentinel's* personal attack upon Col. SHEPARD rests. Those who know with what modest yet manly dignity Col. SHEPARD responds to calls for remarks, in church or caucus or elsewhere, will not need to be told that the picture of his pompous progress down the aisle is ridiculously improbable. The reporter himself admits that Col. SHEPARD was sitting quietly "in the rear of the house," and did not volunteer to address the meeting until his presence had been observed and he had been invited to go forward.

Nor is there anything objectionable in the greater part of the Colonel's remarks, as reported by direct quotation or in paraphrase by this unfriendly chronicler. Col. SHEPARD's opinion that politics and religion should go hand in hand is already well known here in New York, and there is nothing in it, or in his expression of it at a prayer meeting, that is not highly creditable to his sincerity of heart. It is easy to see how a version of a perfectly appropriate prayer-meeting speech, after passing several times from unfriendly mouths to hostile ears, and then taking its ultimate form from the ready pen of sensational partisanship, might become by this process perverted very far from its original significance. We believe this has been the fate of Col. SHEPARD's remarks at the Indianapolis prayer meeting.

In the same manner it is conceivable that an innocent reference to Gen. HARRISON's Presbyterianism, naturally suggested to Col. SHEPARD's mind by circumstances of locality, might be twisted and distorted until made to appear like an utterly indecent campaign puff.

As regards the alleged slander of President CLEVELAND as an enemy of religion and a disgrace to the nation, we have only to say that the reporter's testimony is not to be accepted without the fullest confirmation from less prejudiced sources. Why should Col. SHEPARD accuse Mr. CLEVELAND of "turning his back on religion?" When has Mr. CLEVELAND turned his back on religion? If the President had turned his back on religion, would not the very first impulse of Col. SHEPARD's missionary instincts be to exhort him kindly, to pray for him fervently, rather than to denounce him in open meeting in this incredible way?

We should say that the occasion is one upon which Col. SHEPARD might properly depart for once from his policy of silence concerning his personal acts and utterances, and assure his friends through the columns of the *Mail and Express* that he has been outrageously misrepresented by the Indianapolis newspaper.

The Marble Tariff.

In the process of reconstructing the MILLS bill in the light of conditions rather than theories, a good many raw materials have been taken off the free list and restored to the schedule of dutiable articles.

That is the case with marble. The present duty on marble in blocks is sixty-five cents a cubic foot. The duties amounted in 1887 to nearly a quarter of a million dollars for rough marble alone. To that extent free marble meant a reduction of the annual surplus revenue of the Government.

Marble quarrying is an important American industry, not only in Vermont, but in the South. When the item was reached in the consideration of the proposed free list by the Committee of the Whole, Mr. HOUK of Tennessee said:

"To keep this item in the bill would destroy an industry that employs several thousand men in my own county, and with free marble it is a notorious fact that American marble cannot compete with foreign."

This is protectionist talk undiluted.

Confronted by the conditions of the marble industry rather than the theory of free raw materials, the House promptly struck marble from the free list.

This was done, moreover, on the motion of that distinguished revenue reformer, member of the Committee on Ways and Means, and associate author of the MILLS bill, the Hon. W. C. P. BRECKINRIDGE of Kentucky.

This is protectionist legislation pure and simple.

When the condition confronts the theory, the condition wins every time.

A Treacherous Friend.

The *New York Times* pretends to advocate the reélection of President CLEVELAND, yet it does not hesitate to publish such a story as this in the most ostentatious manner:

"Mr. HEWITT is fond of saying that President CLEVELAND is a 'fool,' that he wouldn't believe him under oath, and in comparing Mr. CLEVELAND to Mr. BLAINE he once said: 'I would rather have a wise knave in the White House than an honest fool.'"

Of course, this is a fabrication and a lie; and the only purpose in putting forth such an insensate tale is to create doubt and dissension in the Democratic ranks, at a time when unity and earnest coöperation are imperatively necessary.

Having, in 1876, engaged in one successful attempt to defraud the Democracy of its elected President, the *Times* is now endeavoring to accomplish the same end by means equally treacherous, though more carefully disguised.

BENJAMIN HARRISON is five feet five inches high.—*Minneapolis Tribune.*

Not tall enough to be President. As Col. BENTON said of STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS, his coat tails come too near the ground.

What has become of the question of international copyright? Wasn't a measure of that sort talked about in Congress a while ago? We have a vague recollection of speeches and meetings on the subject. The late Gov. DONSHEIMER made an excellent speech in favor of such a bill about five years since.

The Democrats have a mascot in the shape of a cat, which, as a kitten, strayed into the Democratic headquarters in New York during the campaign of 1884. —*Baltimore American.*

But the greatest of all is THE SUN's office cat. Gray in color, laborious in life, lively in genius, it first won renown by doing up President CLEVELAND's letter in favor of a Chinese civil service. Since then Mr. CLEVELAND himself has eaten the same letter, all the effort to convert the United States into a part of Chinese Empire has been left in innocuous desuetude. Hurrah for THE SUN's cat!

A highly respected correspondent, who would appear to be of Italian birth, propounds a question belonging strictly to the interests of the present day:

"SIR: Are we to understand from or reference to Mr. Thurman as the Old Roman that he is an Italian? A reply through your always truthful and interesting columns will gratify many of my countrymen.

"CECIPE MACARONI."

We reply that certainly Mr. THURMAN is an Italian, and also a German, a Scandinavian, a Frenchman, a Hollander, a Spaniard, and all the rest. This because he is a tough, genuine, typical American of Old Virginny, Yankee, Buckeye stock. Vote for the Red Bandanna, MACARONI, and you will vote right.

One of the first and true Democrats of Kansas is Col. W. P. TOMPSON of Topeka. Yet we are sorry to say he is ignored by the *Kansas City Times*. This is wrong. Local jealousy is not a sound principle for the inspiration of a great political paper.

One of the wonders of these times is the amatory compositions of the city poets, though sometimes there is reason to doubt whether it is not a man who is writing under a woman's name. Here, for instance, the favorite organ of the incipient bard, the *Blue Courier*, gives currency to twenty-eight lines signed with the name of ELLA HIGGINSON, a woman's name we should say for certain, and the thing is dated at La Grande, Oregon:

Red, wet lips and passionate eyes
That would draw an angel down from the skies;
Or those that would lift us up—we're so true—
Now which would you choose, I pray you?

Tender eyes and clinging hand,
And a soul that one never can understand,
Or passionate eyes and red-gold hair;
I know not which to choose, I swear.

When my blood is calm, and measures cool,
I vow to myself that I am a fool
To yearn for these scarlet lips, nor yet
The pleasure they yield I cannot forget.

When my blood is calm and my pulse beats slow,
I swear that never again will I go
Where those burning eyes and those arms, soft arms
Will allure me with their charms.

And I reach for a hand that is cool and pale,
The hand that was never known to fail;
And I gently clasp, and ardently kiss
The one who was meant for highest bliss.

But when my blood leaps like lividame,
With the passion and madness there's no name,
When my being seems like a sea of fire,
That rises and surges higher and higher,

My whole soul turns to those passionate eyes,
For I know in them only temptation lies;
I fling myself into that mad caress
And know nothing else, and care not less.

If this is really the product of a young woman, we suggest to her relives that she ought to be taken care of; and it is a boy who bubbles up in such animated style, he cannot too soon be put upon a cooling diet with some constant and wholesome industrial occupation.

A good deal of eloquence has been produced at Gettysburg during these last few days, but the best of it all was the short speech delivered on Monday last by Gen. JOHN B. GORDON, Governor of Georgia.

We hear of preparations made by certain Democratic clubs of this city for the holding of campaign barbecues in the old Southwestern style, at which oxen, sheep, and pigs will be roasted over blazing wood fires, and speeches delivered in the interludes of the fun and feasting. It is a flaming, odoriferous, voracious, merry, and instructive notion. Those who have attended any of the great barbecues that were formerly among the features of political campaigns in the South and West do not need confirmation of this remark. There used to be one feature of these barbecues, however, that must be omitted from those held hereabout. There was whiskey at them, and we have even heard of barrels of whiskey at some of them, which was drunk out of gourds to the accompaniment of the hot and juicy roast. Now, this will not do for these days in our vicinity. There must be no whiskey barrels or bottles on the barbecue grounds to interfere with the intellectual studies of the people. There may be ginger pop, or syrups, or fizz, or soda, or even perhaps lager beer or weiss beer, but there must be nothing stronger at a New York barbecue.

The new Duchess of MARLBOROUGH has the income of a fortune of $7,000,000, which her first husband left. And that income, with the conditions thrown about its principal by Mr. HAMERSLEY, is the Duchess's safeguard. The $7,000,000 she cannot touch, nor can the Duke. When she dies it is to be divided up among charitable institutions.—*Utica Herald.*

All of which proves that it was a true love match. And what human event is more beautiful than pure, genuine, noble, heartfelt love?

Here is another seeker after knowledge whom we hasten to satisfy:

"SIR: If GROVER CLEVELAND is such an exceptional man, can you tell any good reason why our great universities like Yale, Harvard, and Princeton have neglected to confer on him an honorary degree, as is their custom to do to the great men of our nation. Yours truly,

"NEW HAVEN, July 3. GEO. E. ROBERTSON."

Mr. ROBERTSON, you don't know what you are talking about. In November, 1886, President CLEVELAND was at Cambridge at the celebration of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of Harvard College. It was the occasion when he delivered his celebrated speech on ghoulish glee. The degree of LL. D. would doubtless have been conferred upon him at that time had he not sent to the college authorities a request that it might not be done. Since then his wish has likewise been respected by other colleges, or he would have been a Doctor of Laws a dozen times over.

Thus it is that among the great men of the nation GROVER CLEVELAND is remarkable for not being required to tack on to his name a lot of college-conferred initials without any positive value or significance whatever.

The betting still indicates a great predominance of probability in favor of the Old Roman and CLEVELAND.

The young revivalist, Brother HARRISON, has brought his Jane street revival to a close, after gathering, according to his count, 1,700 sinners into the fold. When we stated some weeks ago that the revival was running low, Brother HARRISON made haste to reply that it was at its full tide, and that it would continue to rise through the summer months. But it has turned out, after all, that our statement was perfectly correct, and that the revival could not longer be kept up. It is a curious fact that, in this city at least, revivals hardly ever flourish during the hot season. The best time for them is in the cold weather. The most successful of modern American revivalists, MOODY and SANKEY, garnered their sheaves in winter, and nearly all the Methodist revivals are at the same season of the year.

The tender youth, whose one ambition has been to become a cowboy and ride a mustang over the Western prairies, hunting buffalo and killing Indians, will be surprised and pained to learn from the idol of his imagination, BUFFALO BILL, what peaceful and businesslike individuals these same Indians and cowboys really are. Mr. CODY recites the story of the youth who visited a ranch armed to the teeth and announced his desire to become a cowboy. He was told to lay aside his weapons and tell what he knew about double-entry bookkeeping.

Mr. CODY, than whom there is, perhaps, no white man better qualified to judge of the traits of Indian character, gives the Indians under his control a good reputation for honesty, and says he has no trouble in managing them, as he observes the first principles of business and treats them squarely. He favors educating them upon their own reservations rather than in schools far from their homes, and thinks that ultimately they will become civilized like the New York and Cherokee Indians. This conservative view of the red man's character and probable future in no way accords with the conception of the bold and bloodthirsty white boy of 12 or 14, who, having had his young soul wrought up to a high pitch, fairly writhes in his anxiety to become a hero of the plains. But the fact that the Hon. WILLIAM FREEMANTLE CODY, Capt. JACK CRAWFORD, and others experienced in frontier life, advise him to check his ardor, ought to revolutionize the little fool.

The athletic clubs which tried to hold their annual reunion and enjoy their games in Jersey City last Sunday were prohibited from doing so by the city authorities after they were on the grounds. They ought to have been notified of the illegality of their proceedings beforehand, when they advertised their programme, instead of after their assemblage. The Sunday laws of New Jersey are enforced with a vigor that has no parallel in New York.

Brother MOODY, the revivalist, who won fame in the combination of MOODY and SANKEY, has taken up the novel business of uniting religious exercises with manly sports. His headquarters are in the Massachusetts town of Northfield, where the Biblical School and Athletic Encampment have been set in operation under his direction. The body of Biblical Professors includes several eminent clergymen, and the body of athletic Professors includes STAGG of the Yale nine, COWAN of the Princeton eleven, and TONEY of Harvard. The classes in both branches of knowledge are made up of about 400 students from twenty-five American colleges, and a score of students in the British universities of Oxford, Cambridge, and Edinburgh have crossed the ocean to join them. They study the Bible in the forenoon, play the games in the afternoon, and have sacred recreation in the evening. Truly Brother MOODY has got up an interesting combination. There was a time when religious people looked upon sports as an invention of the devil, but now they are among the attractions of theological seminaries, and at last Brother MOODY unites them with his work of religious revivalism. It is all right, Brothers MOODY and TONEY.

There Is No Better Man in Any Town!

From the Globe-Democrat.

Eugene Kelly, the Irish banker, is a power in Tammany Hall. He is a red faced man, who is temperate, 5 feet 10 inches in height, with typical Irish features, quiet and unassuming manners, and popular. He is worth about $10,000,000, and is probably the wealthiest Irishman engaged exclusively in banking in the world. He began his career many years ago in this State tramping from town to town as a peddler, selling needles, thread, and buttons. In 1849 he caught the gold fever and went to San Francisco. He became a millionaire dry goods merchant there, and returned to New York about twenty years ago, after having sold his business to Murphy, Grant & Co., the former of whom was ennobled by the Pope some years ago. Mr. Kelly is a large owner of New York real estate, including the palatial Temple Court building on Beekman street. He has never sought office, but is liberal in his contributions to the Democratic campaign fund.

MR. DEPEW SETS SAIL.

Plenty of Cheering and American Bunting on the British Ship.

A big-chested, smiling gentleman, with a gray Alpine hat on his partially bald head and a big lot of Republican cartoon papers under his arm, and who seemed to be trying hard yesterday afternoon to remain unnoticed in the crowd of passengers on the deck of the Britannic, was the most conspicuous personage on the deck, for everybody aboard and nearly everybody on the crowded pier recognized him right off as Chauncey Mitchell Depew the moment he alighted from his carriage, with his wife and eight-year-old son, and hurried up the gangplank. There was a cartoon of Cleveland in one of these papers, and Mr. Depew wanted to see it very much, but he didn't get a chance until the steamer got out into midstream, because citizens kept shaking both his hands with exuberant cordiality and wishing him the happiest sort of a vacation.

Although it was an English steamship, American flags floated all about over Mr. Depew's head. They snapped at the mastheads and fluttered amid the festoons of national colors that decked the rigging in abundance. The Stars and Stripes floated, too, from the flagstaff on the steamer pier in honor of Independence Day. There were a number of Englishmen aboard. Mr. Depew, unless he amends his cheerful programme, is going to fight the Revolution all over again with them.

Chauncey Mitchell Depew, Jr., the blue-eyed son of his father, who is known as "Little Buster," and always hailed as such by his sire, shared the affectionate greetings that were lavished on his father with modest timidity.

"I tell you this business of trying to get the Presidency is a big strain on a man," Mr. Depew said, "but it was not without compensating features that partially relieved the strain. The incident that went as far as any in relaxing the strain was the receipt of a despatch from the confidential friend of one of the most distinguished of the Presidential aspirants. I received it right in the heat of the battle for the nomination. It read:

"'Are there any conditions under which you would accept the Vice-Presidency? Collect $1.75.

"'It is trifles like that that go far toward restoring a man's spirit.'"

There was an outburst of cheers and a storm of waving handkerchiefs when the steamer glided out into the river, and the little tug Chauncey M. Depew, with her flags flying and a crowd of railroad men aboard, followed the steamer to Quarantine, and kept the cheering up all the way at regular intervals.

Mrs. E. J. Hegeman and Mr. W. A. Ogden Hegeman accompany Mr. Depew on his Continental trip. He will meet Mr. Blaine early in his travels.

DOWN WITH MUGWUMPS AND FREE TRADERS!

They are Not the Owners and Masters of the Democracy.

From the Nashville American.

A few Mugwumps, mostly in New England, falling into Henry Watterson's doctrine of absolute free trade—to be reached, as they say, a step at a time—have undertaken to put President Cleveland before the country as a free trader, and several of them have asserted that he is a free trader.

That this Mugwump element, backed by a few free-trade Democrats, intend to advance the British doctrine of free trade by using Mr. Cleveland's great popularity, without any regard to his success, and without any care for the Democratic party, is as manifest as that sin and crime are prevalent in the land.

Mr. Cleveland knows, and every man of sense in the country knows, that to put him on the line of free trade, while it may advance that heresy, will defeat him.

We intend, in the interest of the great party that repudiated free trade in 1884, and again at St. Louis, to expose and hold up to public gaze this crowd of hypocrites (Mugwumps), now working in the interest of British capital and for making the Democratic party a free-trade party.

THE ISSUE OF THE ELECTION.

An Independent Paper States the Question Pretty Fairly.

From the Washington Critic.

From now on to the evening of election the changes will be rung incessantly upon free trade for the Democrats and free whiskey for the Republicans, and more or less shifting about of votes will be the result.

Yet every well-informed citizen of the United States knows that the changes which the Democrats are seeking to bring about in the existing tariff do not contemplate the abolition of revenue duties even in the remotest future; while the Republicans, in declaring their preference of a high protective tariff to the internal revenue tax, and that they would sooner see the latter than the former done away, are not endeavoring to force "free whiskey" upon the country—a thing which is in itself an impossibility—but urging that of the two systems of taxation the internal revenue is the most odious and unnecessary. In this belief, moreover, a large number of the Southern people fully concur, but for the sake of party success in November will accept the St. Louis platform as the issue of the campaign and vote accordingly.

It has been said that everything is fair in love and war, but the same cannot be said of American politics and its juggling of terms and obscuration of true issues to deceive the people.

POLITICAL GOSSIP.

Patrick Keenan, Michael C. Murphy, and Andrew J. White are three prominent County Democrats who are willing to run for Sheriff. Mr. Keenan is ex-County Clerk, Mr. Murphy is Senator, and Mr. White is Police Justice. Keenan and Murphy are willing to run on a County Democracy ticket even if there is no union. White is not so willing, as the experience of 1885 showed that he cannot be elected unless Tammany Hall endorses him. Senator Murphy has another year of his term to serve, and Mr. Keenan is the only one of the three who is not now in office.

Since the County Clerk and the Register had their income diminished by the alteration of the old fee system the Sheriff's office has been the most lucrative office in New York city. It was thought unadvisable to change it to a salary office, as the Sheriff's duties and responsibilities do not end with his term, but continue as long as he is responsible personally for his acts as Sheriff, and usually it is many years before all the suits against him are decided. His lawyers have a permanent job defending him in the actions brought against him on bonds and warranties made by litigants during his term. He is able to pass a good part of this litigation on to the parties for whom he acted, but much of it remains and clings to him. The office is reputed to be worth $75,000 a year, but Alexander Davidson left it in bankruptcy, and James O'Brien says that he would be better off had he never been Sheriff.

There is a set off in other ways than the mass of litigation. The only way for the Sheriff to keep his income is to be a close man. Close fisted men are not popular in politics, and none of them have been Sheriff recently. Every ward association, club, and order have some members who belong to the same party with the Sheriff and who go to him expecting to be helped out by the purchase of tickets or by a subscription. Every sick or indolent politician thinks he has the right to borrow at least ten dollars. The Sheriff is usually the leader of a district, and he has his district to look after. It all takes money, and though it is not kept track of in the books of the Sheriff's office like the office expenses it comes out of the Sheriff's income and leaves him so much the worse off at the end of a year.

There are not so many outspoken candidates for Sheriff in Tammany Hall as there are in the County Democracy. The majority of the Tammany men prefer to run a separate ticket and to take their chances of winning, while the County Democrats would rather unite.

Senator Reilly intends to do a good deal of public speaking this fall. He wants to add the practice of law to his experience as a lawmaker, and he thinks that Cleveland and Thurman speeches will increase his oratorical powers to such an extent that when he appears in court he will impress both Judge and jury.

John Keenan evidently intends to take an active part in New York local politics this fall.

Col. James Jones, the Democratic Col. Jones and the Democratic Deputy Collector Jones, is relieved now that the Republican Col. Jones and the Republican Deputy Collector Jones is removed. So long as there are two of them they were continually getting mixed.

Ex-Alderman Thomas Shields, at one time known as Tommy the Goat, has fallen away in flesh since he ceased to hold office. He was in the '84 Board of Aldermen, and he seems to have been loodooed by it. The candidates whom he has supported since have had bad luck.

Deputy Collector Charles Davis is preparing to go on a secret fishing excursion, and he will try to have his fish stories kept out of the papers. He and Private Secretary Lamont are chums, and the only time Lamont talks publicly is when the two tell fish stories.

Assemblyman McIntyre and Senator Jacob A. Cantor have received an invitation to go to Ohio and Indiana this fall to make Democratic speeches. That is a compliment to New York oratory. McIntyre is a County Democrat and Cantor is a Tammany man.

Take Your Choice.

From the Indianapolis Sentinel.

Are you superstitious, Benjamin? 544—5 plus 4 plus 4=13.

From the Minneapolis Journal.

Is eight a lucky number with Harrison? Each of his names has eight letters. The first letter of his surname is the eighth letter of the alphabet. He was nominated on the eighth ballot, as the Republican candidate in '88. If he serves eight years, he will then be the eighth Republican elected to the Presidency.

Chicago Enterprise.

From the Detroit Free Press.

Wagons bearing immense advertising signs are permitted to follow Chicago funeral processions through the streets.

INTERESTING GOSSIP OF THE DAY.

Señor Antonio Flores, President-elect of the republic of Ecuador, who is staying at the Albemarle Hotel, has had the novel experience of being nominated and elected President while he was thousands of miles from the scene of action. Ecuador contains not more than 240,000 square miles of territory, and, as Señor Flores says, every one in the State knows every one else. It has suffered more than any other republic from internal revolutions. Señor Flores earnestly requested his friends not to nominate him for the office. Nevertheless, as Señor Flores has not been in Ecuador for the past four years, he is pretty proud of his election. He has great hopes for the future of his country.

One of the last letters received by the Hon. Chauncey Mitchell Depew before sailing for Europe was from an individual who thinks he has a panacea for the prevention of strikes. "Induce each employee," he says, "to buy one share of New York Central stock. As a strike would diminish the value of his property, he would think seriously before joining hands in a strike." The writer then guarantees to canvass the 25,000 employees of the company and sell the stock on the usual commission.

A few days before Mr. Depew started for Chicago, where, as he laughingly remarks, he preached his own funeral sermon, an interesting chap called on him and said: "I will let you into an enterprise which is a dead sure thing, and only needs capital for its development. I am a Republican and want to see you President of the United States. Advance me the funds and lend me your name as President and trustee of my concern and I'll make you so rich that you will have a 'bar'l' ready for 1892, when I am certain you will be the choice of the people." Mr. Depew asked time to consider whether there wasn't something else he could lend the stranger, and will devote some of his time to the subject while aboard the Britannic.

The combinations recently formed by street organ men have been variously commented on. The cornet, the harp, zither, and the violin make diverse melodies, and can be heard any evening in the week up town, but the very latest freak was on Monday evening, just below the Brevoort House, when an organ, alone and vociferous in its solitude, ground out the doxology before the residences. It is a grand old tune, but for street purposes it was considered slightly peculiar.

Banker Henry Clews thinks this is a great country. He was born in England, is a unique writer and thinker, and speaking yesterday of the immediate future of the stock market, he proclaimed himself a bull. "The best sign of the future improvement of the market," he says, "is the fact that long stocks are not forced out of the hands of the holders on the bear attacks. The reason for this is because the general conditions, with but few exceptions, favor a growing confidence in the country's prosperity, which sooner or later must be accompanied with higher prices for stocks. This country has now the world's recognition for its stability, and is at last credited with being the first in wealth and most productive nation on earth. Even English Dukes have to come here for their Duchesses, and it will not be long before the European Kings will draw upon America for their Queens." Mr. Clews ought to know something about this, as he is the intimate friend of the Duke of Marlborough, who has just been married to Mrs. Lily Warren Hamersley.

It is noticed that many of the fair ones of New York and other cities wear the red bandanna of the noble Old Roman. This, according to one of them, is a more sturdy party patriotism than many imagine. "Why?" she repeated. "Well, stupid, don't you know that the red bandanna is the most trying hue or shade to the complexion? It is positively wretched for some women. But they wear it, and this out-partisans the men. When a woman makes such a sacrifice of her complexion she she is doing more than a man would."

The Graces have taken possession of their summer places at Great Neck. The ex-Mayor has a grand old mansion on a hill overlooking an arm of the Sound. It is surrounded by big elms through which the moonlight steals into the front windows at night and bathes the great porch in light. Grounds, with wilds and lawns and a deep ravine crossed by rustic bridges, stretch eastward, and a trout stream with deep holes for the gamyfish wanders this way and that through the ravine. The stream is carefully fenced and guarded from interlopers. Across the road are the big barns with the ex-Mayor's numerous thoroughbreds, and fields where he raises his pet breeds of sheep. His house is always filled with visitors. The clerks from his office are invited there weekly in twos and threes, and several times through the summer invitations are extended to the entire office force. One can never call at the house without finding the family more than doubled. Business friends from South America almost live there. Mr. Grace is fond of pretty women, and his clerks are always sure of an agreeable surprise in the shape of a pretty face when invited there.

Michael Grace's place is on the other side of Great Neck, two miles from his brother's, and upon the shore of Little Neck Bay. It is not as extensive as the ex-Mayor's, but jollier if possible. There is sure to be a dance there every Saturday night, and half a dozen times between Sundays. The house is a great stone affair, and every room in it is at the disposal of guests. Numerous beds of flowers, the special care of Mrs. Grace, surround the house. Off the dock lie several rowboats and a substantial, easily managed sailboat. Since Mr. Grace was thrown from his horse a year ago and broke his thigh he has not ridden any of his spirited horses. His two daughters are the particular charm of the summer home. The younger is like her mother, beautiful. The older charms by her wit and grace. M. P. Grace is at present in London negotiating for the acceptance of the Peruvian railroads with the English holders of Peruvian bonds. He will return this month.

Ex-Mayor Grace comes and goes daily between Great Neck and the city by the Sound steamer Idlewild, aboard which he and his brother own a commodious private room, for which they pay a yearly rental of $100.

The fashions in summer bonnets for horses are likely this year to be influenced by politics. The favorite style heretofore for the jaunty little sun awnings perched over Dobbin's ears on an airy framework of wire has been red and white striped bunting, occasionally relieved by a few blue stripes intermixed. A little mare, with a trick of tossing her head, made a sensation on Hudson street yesterday by wearing a headgear made of a red bandanna with gold fringe about the edges. It was topped with a tiny gilt horseshoe for luck. People along the street stopped to look, and some shouted:

"Hurrah for Thurman!"

"Three cheers for Democracy and the Old Roman!"

At length a gamin discovered that the giddy little mare was white, and yelled:

"Dere goes de red headed gal and de white horse, all in one combine. Whoop!"

And a man on the corner remarked, laughing:

"The horseshoe and the bandanna combined with the red-headed girl and the white horse is truly a great ticket. I'll put my money on it."

A reporter noticed three other horses yesterday with bonnets of the red bandanna type.

Now that Brother Thomas Harrison, "The Boy Revivalist," has completed his labors at Jane Street Church with the conversion of 1,800 souls, he proposes to come down town and tackle the business portion of the city. To-morrow he will start in at the old John Street Church for a ten days go, and hopes to bring up his New York