The Sun.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 8, 1888.

No Presidential Fishing on Sunday.

It appears that during his recent fishing trip on the waters of Long Island the President abstained from fishing on Sunday.

"People sometimes fish on Sunday," he is reported to have said to his companions, "and I don't want to be in the way, or interfere with your preferences. I don't fish Sundays myself. I was brought up that way and never got in the habit of it." If any of the others wanted to fish he would go ashore and rejoin them on Monday; but of course he was not allowed to do this. No fish were taken on Sunday.

This act of the President was justified on secular as well as religious grounds.

Being within the territorial jurisdiction of the State of New York, he was subject to its laws for the time being. One of those laws forbids "all shooting, hunting, fishing, playing, horse racing, gaming, or other public sports, exercises, or shows upon the first day of the week." The provisions of the Penal Code relating to Sunday, of which this prohibition is one, were for the most part put into their present form by the Legislature of 1883 and became law by the approval of Mr. CLEVELAND himself, who was then Governor; so there can be no doubt that he knew what the law was when he declined to fish on Sunday, and that he did not mean to disregard it.

This is as it should be. He is under a threefold obligation to respect the letter of the law, in addition to that which rests upon the ordinary citizen. He is President; he has been Governor; and he belongs to the legal profession. In all these capacities he ought to have a special interest in the observance of the law.

When he returns to this State at the close of his second term and resumes the practice of his profession in a truly modest and Democratic manner, he will certainly feel a legal as well as moral satisfaction in remembering that he spared the south side bluefish "on the first day of the week, commonly called Sunday."

The Canadian Pacific's American Directors.

On Monday last there was printed in the New York *World* a special despatch from Rhinecliff, New York, asserting that the Hon. LEVI PARSONS MORTON, immediately after his nomination for Vice-President of the United States, resigned the office of director of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company. The despatch from Rhinecliff also said that Mr. MORTON was elected a director of the Canadian Pacific only about a year ago, and had never attended a meeting of the Board.

On Tuesday a reporter of THE SUN was informed at the office of MORTON, BLISS & Co., in this town, that Mr. MORTON resigned several weeks ago, and that his resignation was to be acted upon yesterday at a meeting of the Board in Montreal. It was further said at the office of MORTON, BLISS & Co. that Mr. MORTON'S election to the Canadian Pacific directory had been "to temporarily fill a vacancy."

At the Republican campaign headquarters on Tuesday the same information was imparted, with the additional statement that Mr. MORTON had "accepted the place temporarily, until a suitable Canadian could be found for the place."

These statements may give a false impression respecting the facts. Mr. MORTON first became a director of the Canadian Pacific not a year ago, but more than two years ago, namely, on May 12, 1886. He was elected not merely to fill a vacancy temporarily, but at the regular annual meeting of this foreign corporation, just as the other directors were. He was reëlected a year later at the regular annual meeting on May 11, 1887. And he was reëlected for a third year of service at the last regular annual meeting of the company on May 9, 1888.

The record likewise shows that Mr. CHARLES DAY ROSE and Mr. PASCOE DU PRE GRENFELL, the London partners of the Hon. LEVI P. MORTON in the banking business, had been directors of the Canadian Pacific since 1880, and had served continuously on the Board, with the exception of a single year in Mr. ROSE'S case, down to the time of Mr. MORTON'S first election. Mr. ROSE and Mr. GRENFELL appear to have been replaced on the Board by their two New York partners, Mr. LEVI P. MORTON and Mr. RICHARD J. CROSS.

We desire only to get at the exact facts in regard to this important matter. If it now be true that Mr. MORTON has concluded to sever his official and pecuniary relations with this foreign corporation, so aggressively inimical to American railway interests, the decision speaks volumes for his political sagacity.

But Mr. MORTON is not the only distinguished American statesman acting as a director of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company.

The Hon. WILLIAM LAWRENCE SCOTT of Erie, Pennsylvania, who, more than any other member of the Democratic National Campaign Committee, represents the great movement to readjust the American tariff in the interest of foreign competitors, is also a director of the Canadian Pacific Railway. He was first elected as such on May 9, 1883. He was reëlected on May 11, 1884, again on May 13, 1885, again on May 12, 1886, again on May 11, 1887, and again, three months ago, on May 9, 1888. His successive terms of service as director have covered more than five years.

Has anybody authority to announce that the Hon. WILLIAM LAWRENCE SCOTT of Erie has concluded to resign from the Canadian Pacific directory, or that his resignation has already gone to Montreal?

More than this: It is not enough for these gentlemen to put an end to their official relations with the great London and Canadian corporations. No patriotic American, either asking the suffrages of his fellow citizens or prominently engaged in shaping American policy, can afford to remain in these alien and hostile concerns even as a proprietor or stockholder.

The Coming Steamer.

One of the most interesting objects on the world's surface, or at least we trust that she is on the world's surface, is at present out of sight. It is expected to become visible to this hemisphere when the new steamer, the City of New York, arrives off this port.

We do not mention her now simply as the carrier of the Hon. JAMES G. BLAINE, for whom great preparations have been made in the way of receptions, the first BLAINE meeting being set down for to-day, outside of Sandy Hook. The steamer herself is sufficiently interesting, regardless of the distinguished individuals who may walk or slide about her extensive decks, or seek the seclusion of her spacious cabins. The most careful report regarding her performance before she left England comes from the London *Times*, and these seem to be the most important facts contained in it:

"The forced draught on the trials resulted in the development of 18,500 indicated horse power. The seventy-two furnaces of the Etruria produced an indicated horse power of 14,000 by natural draught.

"The trials of the City of New York cannot be said to have been exhausted. She was run twice on the measured mile and realized a speed of 19.77 knots on the first run, and 20.2 knots on the second, with an indicated horse power of 18,500. She steamed to Liverpool under natural draught, round the West coast of Ireland, doing the 758 knots in forty-eight hours.

"In fast steaming under the most favorable circumstances one pound and a half of coal is consumed for every indicated horse power, so that the coal necessary to work the City of New York would not fall short of 300 tons per day, and will probably exceed that amount. Whether this expenditure of coal and this enormous power is realized in the cheapest manner by forced draught and applied in the most economical manner by the twin screw, is a question that the future of the City of New York will materially help to determine.

"The revolutions on the screws on the mile were 83 for the one screw and 84 for the other. With natural draught they ran about 74. The stroke of the engine is 5 feet, the diameter of the screws 20 feet, and the pitch 28 feet. The screws have three blades. It is interesting to note that the rudder, when put over at full speed, reduced the velocity of the screw acted on by the rudder seven revolutions in the minute.

"The vessel is 560 feet in length and 525 feet water line, 63¼ feet in breadth, and 42 feet in moulded depth, giving 10,500 of gross tonnage. She drew on her trials 23 feet 3 inches forward, and 23 feet 9 inches aft, which is 1 foot less than her draught for crossing the Atlantic."

So it seems that the 580 feet which was reported as her length shrinks to 560, and only 525 feet at the water line; and of the 20,000 horse-power reported but 18,500 have appeared as yet, with a forced draught.

Guesses upon this new ship's fully developed power are now practically the whole foundation for prophecy as to her exact rank in the ocean fleet. Not that there need be much doubt that she will be the first. She will beat the Etruria, but by how much more than the two hours which now separate the CUNARD ship's record from the six-day mark? Giving her 5,000 more horse power, it must be remembered that the City of New York is one-quarter larger in size. She also must turn the machinery of two screws where the Etruria turns one, and that is a comparative disadvantage for the new boat. The conclusion is reasonable that the City of New York, although she will beat the Etruria, will beat her by a moderate margin only. She will be to the Etruria about what the Etruria was to the Oregon—a little better. She will not beat six days by six hours.

However, the result of this run may develop new facts regarding her powers, or new promises as to their future development. The interest with which scientific men will await their publication, will be not a whit less keen than the impatience with which a large number of our Republican fellow citizens await the arrival of one of her passengers.

Will There Be a New Berlin Congress?

At last we have what may be viewed as an official avowal of the new European programme, whose bases seem to have been laid at the meeting of the two Emperors. According to a telegram sent to Constantinople by the Turkish Ambassador to Kaiser WILLIAM, the approaching conferences of BISMARCK with Messrs. DE GIERS, KALNOKY, and CRISPI are preparatory to an early convocation of the Berlin Congress. It is also asserted that the work of the reassembled Congress will be confined to an adjustment of the Bulgarian difficulty.

If the powers that were parties to the treaty of Berlin would or could in practice restrict their representatives to the solution of a single question, the convening of the Congress might with some show of reason be regarded as an assurance of prolonged peace. For the assumption that the existing causes of international tension arising from the revolution in Eastern Roumelia and the accession of Prince FERDINAND in illegally enlarged Bulgaria can be removed, implies that the settlement reached shall be acceptable to Russia. Once conciliated in the Balkans, the Czar would have no motive for coöperation with France in a contest against Germany, and without his assistance France will not dare to move. On the surface of things, therefore, a revival of the Berlin Congress might seem generally desirable as a natural, definite, and expeditious means of relieving Europe from the fear of widespread war.

But it may turn out that Russia cannot be easily satisfied, and that the Bulgarian question cannot be dissociated from an extensive revision of the Berlin treaty. It is scarcely probable that Austria would consent to the supersedure of Prince FERDINAND even in Bulgaria as originally constituted between the Danube and the Balkans, without demanding upon her part that her present provisional occupation of Bosnia, Herzegovina, and Novi Bazar should be transformed into formal incorporation. Neither can we reasonably expect that Russia will not insist on the lasting fusion of Eastern Roumelia with Bulgaria from the moment she is assured that a lieutenant of the Czar will rule at Philippopolis as well as at Sofia. If objections are offered by the Sultan to the permanent dismemberment of territory secured to him by the Berlin treaty, it may be answered that the Porte has itself defaulted in the payment of the indemnity imposed upon it by the Congress. As the Sultan may already look upon Eastern Roumelia as practically lost, he might agree to formally renounce that province if Russia on her part would cancel his arrears of indebtedness.

Here again, however, Austria may interpose and require further compensation, if the Bulgarian question is to be settled on the lines of the treaty of San Stefano. You yielded Bosnia to us, so the Ministers of FRANCIS JOSEPH may say to M. DE GIERS, as an equivalent for the mutilated Bulgaria lying north of the Balkans, and which would remain, as it was thought, under Russian influence. If you are now to have Eastern Roumelia to boot, we should receive by way of makeweight a section of Macedonia stretching from Novi Bazar to the Ægean, and including the new railway to Salonica.

Admitting that for the sake of pushing his outposts close to Adrianople the Czar might yield to this claim upon the part of the HAPSBURG Kaiser, we can hardly suppose that other parties to the Berlin treaty would not, in turn, propose a revision of it in their favor. England may contend that, if the Sultan's traditional enemies are to be enriched at his expense, she, who has proved herself his friend, ought at least to obtain Cyprus in full sovereignty, without being bound to pay a yearly tribute, or to guarantee the Ottoman possessions in Asia Minor. The plea that might be made by Italy is no less strong. Why, it may be asked, should M. WADDINGTON, the French plenipotentiary to the Congress, have received an assurance that his Government would be permitted to take possession of Tunis, when no corresponding concession was made to King HUMBERT, who is a stanch ally of Austria and Germany, and in the most friendly relations with England?

The more this project of convoking a Congress of the great powers is considered, the more trepidation is likely to be excited at Constantinople. For to whatever tune diplomatists may agree to dance at Berlin, it is patent that the Sultan will have to pay the piper. But, before submitting to renewed disbursements for the sake of promoting the gayety of nations, Turkey may decide to fight.

A Flour Trust.

The millers of Missouri, Illinois, Kansas, Indiana, Tennessee, and all the winter wheat States are engaged in organizing a flour trust. They are going to call it the Central Millers' Association. The directors intend to fix the prices of the wheat they buy and the flour they sell. They may order a reduction in the output of any mill, or may shut it up as they choose.

It will be observed that this project has nothing to do with the tariff. It is simply a commercial scheme, a big partnership, with more comprehensive purposes and resources than those of ordinary mercantile or manufacturing combinations.

This idea of more extensive combinations of enterprise and capital is a new feature of business peculiar to the present day, and the resistance which has been commenced against it does not seem to have done much as yet toward putting it down.

Mrs. Cleveland and the Bustle.

Here is a very interesting communication, and important as suggesting how seemingly insignificant causes may produce large and serious results:

"In view of the fact that all the cloak manufacturers of this country and Europe are cutting and making up their cloaks now for the fall trade, to be worn over a bustle, is it good judgment for the 'first lady of the land' to try to introduce a fashion of going without a bustle, in opposition to all our manufacturers?

"NEW YORK, July 31."

First, let us get some notion of the extent of the manufacturing interest which, according to the supposition of our correspondent, will be so much affected by Mrs. CLEVELAND'S reported abandonment of the bustle.

The manufacture of clothing is one of the chief industries of this country, the product in 1880 having been of the value of more than $241,500,000, though in this total the work of the ordinary dressmakers is not included, and home-made clothing also is necessarily omitted. The value of women's clothing alone produced in manufactories was over $32,000,000, and this sum would have been vastly increased if that turned out by dressmakers had been included.

In 1880 there were in the United States 562 manufactories of women's clothing, of which nearly one-half were in the city of New York alone. The number of hands employed in them was 25,192, of whom 12,366 were in New York, and of the total sum paid in wages during the year, or $6,661,005, the New York establishments alone paid $3,836,715, and they produced goods of the value of $18,930,553, out of a total for the Union of $32,004,794.

A large part of these New York manufactories are now engaged in the production of garments whose shape is determined by the bustle. If, therefore, Mrs. CLEVELAND'S prejudices against the bustle lead her to discard its use, and if by so doing she sets a fashion that women generally follow, of course the trade will be thrown into confusion, and some loss will result. The loss on garments already in possession of their wearers, and upon those which private dressmakers are producing, will also be something, and some garments now in the hands of dealers may become unsalable.

We can understand, then, the alarm in which our correspondent writes. If by discarding the bustle herself, Mrs. CLEVELAND caused it to be discarded forthwith by all women, the result might be considerable. But there is no ground for any such fears. As a matter of fact, we are told, Mrs. CLEVELAND has not cast aside the bustle utterly. At her last visit to New York, she appeared with a bustle, reduced in size, it is true, but a bustle.

Yet, even if Mrs. CLEVELAND cast aside the bustle altogether, and declared her violent opposition to it on moral, æsthetic, or sanitary grounds, or for any reason whatever, her action would have no effect on fashion. She would only be expressing her individual prejudices and preferences, as she has an undoubted right to do, just as she might refuse to wear high-heeled boots, or to dress her hair according to the prevailing mode. A few other women who agreed with her in taste might possibly follow her example, but the great mass of women would follow the despotic fashions, with whose making or unmaking Mrs. CLEVELAND has nothing to do, but which are set for us by Paris, and, to some extent, by London. Really she has no more power over fashion as the mistress of the White House than she had as a student of Aurora College before her marriage, and no more than Mr. CLEVELAND has over the fashioning of men's garments.

Mrs. CLEVELAND, thanks to our incomparable political system, is a simple American woman, and by her behavior as such she has won the regard and the respect of the whole people. She occupies no political place, and as a social factor she is not of supreme power and consequence. If she is the "first lady of the land," as our correspondent calls her, it is rather because of her individual and intrinsic merit, not because she is the wife of the President. In a very few years she will no longer be mistress of the White House, but just as much then as now she will be entitled to the distinction our correspondent gives her as the first lady of the land. Being the wife of the President does not make her first. If she is first, it must be of herself and because of qualities and a superiority recognized and honored in her, and with which the position of her husband for a brief period has nothing to do.

She is not a Queen to set the fashions of the world—or rather the dressmaker of a Queen, upon whom that terrible responsibility really rests—but a lovely American woman, who dresses according to her own notions, leaving other women to do the same. At present, the bustle seems to suit the universal feminine fancy, or at least to hold it in bondage, and it will retain its dominion until the Paris dressmakers devise some fashion to substitute for it. So long, therefore, as Paris is with you, cloak manufacturers, you need have no fears.

Blaine.

A respected correspondent propounds a problem in which he seems to have encountered some insurmountable difficulty:

"We are stumped upon one thing, and that is JAMES G. BLAINE. Are you sincere in your present admiration of him? If so, how can we reconcile your opinions of him published during his Congressional career, and later on in his public life? Pray relieve our perplexity."

When we were engaged in fighting the GRANT Administration, with its despotic spirit and its reckless attempt to put down personal liberty as well as the liberty of the press, we fought Mr. BLAINE also, because he stood by, aiding and abetting it. We fought him when he attempted to justify and relieve SECOR ROBESON, the most reckless peculator who ever held power in any national Administration; and during those protracted contests we brought out the MULLIGAN letters, and in other ways manifested hostility to BLAINE.

But when GRANT attempted to make himself President for a third term, as an introduction to still greater permanence, we found Mr. BLAINE rising above the inducements of party and taking strongly the patriotic ground that such a thing should not be. And when a gang of Republican conspirators set up the Fraud of 1876 to make the wretched HAYES President when SAMUEL J. TILDEN was lawfully entitled to the office, we again found BLAINE not only standing aside and refusing to contribute to the nefarious enterprise, but actually rebuking the Republicans engaged in it. If NICHOLLS is not rightfully Governor of Louisiana, he said, HAYES is not the rightful President.

For these reasons we hold that every American owes to Mr. BLAINE a debt of gratitude; and we believe that debt is generally recognized and acknowledged by sensible men of all parties.

We have opposed Mr. BLAINE, and we are very likely to oppose him again, but not at the expense of ignoring or refusing to appreciate his real services to the country. As to Mr. BLAINE'S individual character and public record, we have no illusions in any direction.

What a singular message of condolence it was that Gen. WILLIAM TECUMSEH SHERMAN sent by wire to the SHERIDANS at Nonquitt!

"The death of the General was totally unexpected. *Newspaper men are after me*, but I must for a time be silent. Command me in any way."

After sending that despatch Gen. SHERMAN proceeded to talk to the reporters about Gen. SHERIDAN by the hour at a time.

It is proof of the strong hold which Gen. SHERMAN has upon the respect and gratitude of the people that he does not suffer greatly in their estimation by his frequent eccentricity of speech and action.

The Democratic majority in Alabama climbs up to the 100,000 rung. The Democrats have been claiming Alabama with tolerable confidence for some time. It is comfortable to have a great majority to rely upon, but the fun all comes in the doubtful States.

And Yellow Jack got to port before either BLAINE or the Joggins!

Such are the uncertainties of the undetermined.

The amendment Senator SAWYER offered, by request, to the Deficiency Appropriation bill the other day would be quite astounding if it were not so ludicrous. It is proposed to authorize the Secretary of the Treasury to pay $100 to the Congo Steamship Company, recently organized in Baltimore, for every adult person of color who emigrates to Africa on their ships. Our people are not likely to adopt the policy of paying a premium for the deportation of our colored citizens, nor to tempt them with deadhead tickets to incur the perils and hardships of pioneering in equatorial Africa.

The important fact about Col. GEORGE L. PERKINS is not so much that he has lived to be a hundred years old, as that he has reached that great age in sound health, eating well and sleeping well, still able to work, and taking that cheerful, optimistic view of life which belongs to good digestion and vigorous mental powers. How is it done, and how many of us young fellows will be able to do it?

One of the questions which the Georgia Democratic State Convention has to settle today is whether the regular or the Ram Racker delegation from Richmond county shall be admitted. Ram Racker is a fresh and dewy Georgian synonyme of Kicker. The term is said to have had its origin in the dissensions of a negro church, but its etymology is as yet obscure. It is a rich and juicy expression, however, and we are not ramracking against it.

The *Willimantic Journal* endeavers to derive comfort for the Republican party from the circumstance that while "in 1884 six of the eight leading newspapers of Boston supported CLEVELAND, in the present campaign five are for HARRISON and only three for CLEVELAND."

Yes, indeed; but the three that support CLEVELAND now are more powerful than the five that supported him eight years ago. Weight tells.

Any one who has kept track of the European rumors about STANLEY has a very diversified assortment of information. The *Journal des Débats* of Paris massacred the explorer and his entire expedition before he had hardly reached the Aruwimi River. Then another Paris journal double leaded a despatch from Zanzibar giving graphic details of a bloody combat STANLEY had had with the natives. Fast on the heels of this gruesome news came a cheerful Brussels newspaper with despatches from the expedition itself to the effect that STANLEY had completed three-fourths of his land march, and that everything was serene. The writer of this despatch described the course of the upper Nepoko River, and made a noble effort to enlighten the world upon the geography of this unknown region. Then on June 18 last the Paris *Gaulois* popped into view with the news that "all hope is lost," that "STANLEY is decidedly dead," and that official news to this effect had arrived at Brussels. The next day the *Journal des Débats* confirmed this intelligence and announced that "letters we have received from Zanzibar leave us no ground for hope." Meanwhile the Brussels *Temps* had announced STANLEY'S safe arrival at Wadelai, but the Brussels *Gazette* cruelly knocked out the underpinning of the hopes thus raised by giving harrowing details of STANLEY'S fights with the natives, and left him surrounded by enemies, with no food supplies and unable to move in any direction.

Then *Gil Blas* of Paris announced that the King of Belgium had gone to London to confer with the EMIN Pasha committee about sending an expedition to rescue STANLEY. The German press now took a hand, and late in June the Berlin *Tageblatt* announced that if STANLEY was not dead he was at least in the gravest peril, his mission had been defeated, and his caravan dispersed. These facts had been known by the Congo State Government for a month, but had been carefully suppressed. Then Sunkin loomed into view as an important centre of news, with its stories published in installments about the White Pasha. Finally some native messengers from the big lakes turn up in Zanzibar with no message whatever, except some word-of-mouth rumors, half of which relate to affairs on the Congo of which they could have not a particle of information.

Whatever may have been the fate of STANLEY, these reports and many others have been simply the wild imaginings of African and European gossip mongers. Meanwhile the men whose comments are worth hearing still take a hopeful view of things, and are waiting anxiously for the next letters from EMIN Pasha.

The sheltering care of the national arm is needed to protect the life of one of our most typical and valuable races of animals. As the lordly bison has faded before the guns of the insatiable hide hunters, the deep-jawed alligator is in danger of disappearing, not during the winter season only, but forever, from the same cause.

Save the alligator, at least until science has so perfected its methods of making his characteristic skin out of horse hide so that we won't know it isn't real.

It is a little curious that a sleeping coach should be named Darius. There is nothing to show that DARIUS was a more successful sleeper than other gentlemen of his time.—*Courier-Journal.*

If there are any distinguished personages of ancient or modern times who are at present sleeping more soundly than either DARIUS the Mede, or DARIUS HYSTASPIS, or DARIUS OCHUS, or DARIUS CODOMANNUS, we should like to hear their names. Darius is a very good name for a sleeping car: as good in its way as Pompeii or Philadelphia.

The Hon. WILLIAM MAHONE seems destined to be again boss of all he surveys in Virginia Republicanism. Gen. MAHONE is not very good, and not at all pretty, but neither was the kangaroo of that eminent showman, Mr. ARTEMUS WARD of Baldwinsville. Mr. MAHONE is a rising old man, and will doubtless be heard from in the Sweet Pretty Soon.

A CONVERSATION WITH GENERAL SHERIDAN.

As everybody else is narrating his reminiscences of General Sheridan, I will also contribute mine:

After the battle of Cedar Creek, President Lincoln and Secretary Stanton agreed that Sheridan should receive some special recognition for that great exploit. They promoted him to be a Major-General in the regular army, and when the commission was made out the President decided that it should be sent to the General, who still lay near Cedar Creek, by an unusual messenger. I was selected for this agreeable duty.

From Washington to Harper's Ferry I went by rail, but there it was necessary to have an escort. Starting early in the morning and riding all day with no other interruptions than were caused by the occasional appearance of Mosby's cavalry here and there on our flank, it was about ten at night before we reached the General's stopping place. He had gone to bed, but was waked up to receive the important document. The speeches on the occasion were brief, but they were to the purpose. Sheridan was not displeased with the transaction.

The next morning the General took me on foot through his camp, and as we went among the regiments and brigades, and greeted old acquaintances on every hand, I was everywhere struck with the manifestations of personal attachment to Sheridan. I had not seen anything like it in either of our great armies. Grant, Sherman, Thomas, all moved among their troops with every sign of respect and confidence on the part of the men; but in Sheridan's camp it was quite different. They seemed to regard him more as a boy regards the father he believes in, relies on, and loves, than as soldiers are wont to regard their commander. Finally, as we were completing our morning's tour and had got nearly back to headquarters, I said to him: "General, how is this? These men seem to have a special affection for you, more than I have ever seen displayed toward any other officer. What is the reason?"

"Well," said he, "I think I can tell you. I always fight in the front rank myself. I was long ago convinced that it would not do for a commanding General to stay in the rear of the troops and carry on a battle with paper orders, as they do in the Army of the Potomac. These men all know that where it is hottest, there I am, and they like it, and that is the reason they like me."

"One thing more, General," I said. "Are you afraid, or don't you care? What is the real truth about it?"

"The man who says he isn't afraid under fire," he answered, "is a liar. I am damned afraid, and, if I followed my own impulse I should turn and get out. It is all a question of the power of the mind over the body."

C. A. D.

Foreign Notes of Real Interest.

The fifty paintings by Constable presented to the South Kensington Museum by his daughter, Isabella Constable, have been put in place. The effect of the collection is said to be extraordinary.

Mr. Marcus Milner, whom the Dowager Duchess of Montrose has just married for her third husband, is but 24 years of age. The Duchess is over 70. She has spent her three honeymoons in the same house.

The salute of seventy-two guns fired at Berlin when the new Empress gave birth to a son, marked the first time since 1809 that a similar event has happened in the case of a reigning sovereign of the Hohenzollern family.

The London *Times*, criticising the enormous stakes which have been developed upon the modern turf, says that "the probabilities, therefore, are that the Eclipse Stakes, and kindred races founded in imitation of it, will have but an ephemeral existence."

There is now on exhibition at the Alexandra Palace a steam lifeboat built of steel. It is absolutely unsinkable, is uncapsizable, worked with twin screws placed in a position where they will not be lifted out of the water, and can be raised instantly on coming to shore. The engines and fires are perfectly protected, and the draught of the vessel with fifteen men on board is only twelve inches.

An extremely interesting discussion took place at the recent meeting of the Institution of Naval Architects, held in Glasgow, upon the subject of the centreboard. It was stated that experiments made by Mr. Froude "proved that the leading part of a plane moving obliquely through the water had much greater resistance per square foot than the remaining part of the plane. The triangular centreboard of the American yachts, having a long leading edge, was most advantageously placed in this respect, and its resistance per square foot at a given speed was much greater than that of the ship proper, or of any draught she could be given so far as large yachts are concerned." Mr. Watson, the designer of the Thistle, spoke, and maintained that a keel boat would still beat a centreboarder.

A book entitled "Random Recollections of Court and Society" gives the history of a photograph of Pauline Lucca and Bismarck which caused a great scandal: "Pauline Lucca had many admirers; the King, who was very attentive to artistes, showed her particular favor; Count Otto von Bismarck relaxed his severity before her fascinations so far that she did not scruple to lend herself to a trick played upon him, which he bitterly resented, but was powerless to avenge. He met Lucca, by design or accident, at a certain photographer's, Unter den Linden, whose Polish name had been changed by the sobriquet-loving Berlinese into Graf Photo. Shortly after a *carte de visite* was privately circulated, representing the Count on his knees before the prima donna. The copies were seized, the negative suppressed; but it remained proved that with or without Lucca's help a hidden lens had focussed the tell-tale attitude."

The organ of the London tailors, the *Draper's Record*, has taken to art criticism, from a tailor's point of view, and has examined the pictures of the Royal Academy. The verdict is that but one or two artists have painted their sitters' clothes so that the material can be recognized. Burne Jones is the only one who receives unqualified praise. Poynter is complimented "in the name of the drapery trade," but in his portrait of the Earl of Harewood he has put "an outside breast pocket on the right side of his lordship's coat." Holl's picture of Earl Spencer in a coat with an Astrakhan lining is pronounced "a miserable failure. It looks more like moreen than fur." Another "very bad example" bears a nondescript "something" round the neck "supposed to be like sable." Another picture contains "a shaggy-shoddy something unlike anything the critic has ever met with in the drapery world." As to "style, fit, and fashioning," the report is decidedly unfavorable. For "the furnishing and upholstery departments," though, much approval is expressed.

The reminiscences of Herr Ludwig Schneider, private secretary to the late Emperor William of Germany, have been published, and are exciting immense interest, especially the chapters on the Franco-German campaign of 1870. When the Emperor addressed the army at the close of the war he dictated the closing passage of his speech as follows: "But do not forget that we must all be grateful toward Providence, for Providence has willed that we should be the instrument destined to accomplish what are such great events in the history of the world." Schneider, not agreeing with this view of events, altered the expression so as to make it run: "Providence has permitted," and was rebuked in this way: "Why, do you imagine," said the Emperor, "that I could have supported the heavy burden of this war, in which such successes have been possible, if I had not entertained the firm conviction that Providence willed it, and that we had been chosen as the instrument of Providence? Write down textually what I dictated." Schneider refused, and the Emperor altered it in his own hand.

Colored Pennsylvanians Going Over to the Democrats.

From the Boston Herald.

CARLISLE, Aug. 5.—The Republican managers of this county will have trouble with the colored voters this fall. A feeling of independence has sprung up among them, and their open expressions in favor of Cleveland have frightened the Republican leaders.

There are about 1,500 colored voters in Cumberland county. In 1884 nearly all of them voted for Blaine and Logan, but it is safe to estimate that half of them will vote the Democratic ticket this fall. During previous campaigns the Republican leaders scared them, making them believe that if the Democratic party got in power they would become slaves, but that old gag won't work any more.

At an average, about one colored voter is changing daily. A colored Cleveland and Thurman Club will soon be organized.

No Reason Why Hewitt Shouldn't Run.

From the Albany Times.

THE SUN has it, authentically that the County Democracy will renominate Hewitt for Mayor, and as Mr. Hewitt has never said a second term was dangerous to the city it seems he should have one, if anybody should.

We Do, We Do!

From the Kansas City Journal.

"Give us a Democrat for Governor," says THE SUN. Yes, THE SUN wants a Democrat for Governor and a Democrat for Vice-President.

Too Great a Capacity.

Citizen (to peanut seller)—I suppose, Garibaldi, that the big policeman on the corner prevents the boys from annoying you?

Garibaldi—Si Signor; too-a-bigga-policeman, eata too-mucha-peanut!

THOUGHTS OF AN OLD MAN.

The Fruits of the Tree of Knowledge.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* I am in my 63d year. When I was a boy my father owned 160 acres of land eight miles from the Hudson, opposite Poughkeepsie, Dutchess county, N. Y. There was not at that time a mile of railroad in the United States, no lucifer matches, or steel pens. I don't know how many newspapers were published in this country fifty-six years ago, when I was six years old, but no such a thing as a newspaper, to my knowledge, was ever carried across the threshold of the door of the old stone dwelling in which my father lived, and we only had some fifteen or twenty books in the house.

When I think of this and then think of the "Modern Newspaper," as dwelt upon in your speech of last Sunday's publishing, I can but contrast the advantages of the young people of this day with those of the young of our day. What a broad, general intelligence everybody that can read ought now to have! One would suppose that we would be so enlightened on all ordinary subjects that everybody would know just how to behave, and that crime would almost be at an end. But it is not so. Somehow or other there is an awful screw loose somewhere. What simplicity pervaded the masses in those days, particularly the masses of the farming population!

We were living in a quiet Quaker neighborhood and far from any village or hotel. There never to my recollection was a single outbreak of any description in that neighborhood against the peace of society. I knew nothing of history, and did not know that there was a criminal in the world, and, taking no newspaper, we were as a family in blissful ignorance of this great world of commotion and crime. We children were sent to a plain district school, and mother used to tell visitors that I was a good reader at the age of 4. And now let me see if I can think up the books that we had in our house. There was the old family Bible and the Methodist discipline and a standard Methodist work, the name of which I cannot now seem to call up in any recollection; and then there was the "Columbian Orator," and the "English Reader," and the American and New York readers, and Hale's "History of the United States," Dabol's "Arithmetic," Murray's "Grammar," Watts's "Improvement on the Mind," a geography the name of which I have forgotten, and Webster's spelling book, and a couple of biographies called "Jack Halyard; or, The Virtuous Sailor Boy," and "Philip Quarrell; or, Thirty Years on an Uninhabited Island." Then some children's primers, and, lastly, Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress;" that I devoured with eager curiosity, under the impression that that matchless dreamer was giving us a real description of all that it contained. And I remember now of standing under an apple tree of golden pippins on one Sabbath afternoon in the delightful season of autumn, as I was reading that book, on the page of which was a picture of Christian with his staff, making his way with great difficulty up the high hill, on whose top stood the New Jerusalem. Its jasper walls and pearly gates were gleaming in the distance, and I thought Christian sure enough had found a hill up which he could get to heaven without dying. He was accompanied by Giant Great Heart, and I wondered in my youthful simplicity where on the great globe that big hill could be found. Death was an awful thing to me, and I did so congratulate Christian.

Well, to think of those days of my youth, and then of the manner in which the country is flooded now with newspaper. Oh, my, I could say so much, but have not time now.

B. H. WATKINS.

A wanderer over the earth, a picture peddler.

INTERESTING GOSSIP OF THE DAY.

Mr. Samuel Johnson, now in his 80th year, is the oldest member of the Philharmonic Society in New York and probably the only living member who played at the first concert in 1842. Writing from Milton-on-the-Hudson to his friend, W. H. Burr of Washington, he says: "I sometimes feel melancholy when at the Philharmonic private rehearsals—I the only listener—not one of the 125 performers that you used to see there. Of course not one of them knows how much I did for the society when my assistance was needed. I cannot complain. I am very kindly treated. I shall accept my dividend as long as they give it to me. I feel I earned it in the forty-five years as viola, secretary several years, treasurer, and member of the Board. I am living here for the benefit of my health. I have occasional twinges of inflammatory rheumatism. My hands, particularly my wrists, are so affected that I have not drawn a bow across the strings in almost a year. This has been a great privation. But I read and enjoy the intellectual companionship of books."

The members of the finest have caught the base ball craze. Nines of policemen have been organized in almost every precinct, and the Polo grounds are occupied many mornings in the month with opposing nines battling for the base ball supremacy of the New York police force. The latest indication of the fever is the intention of Sergeant Max Schmittberger of the Thirtieth street station to organize a nine, every member of which must weigh over 200 pounds. They are to be called The Giants, and those they can't whip at base ball they are to fall on.

A Berlin correspondent of the *Journal des Debats* says that Bismarck is declining in health, and has repeatedly expressed a wish to retire to private life. He is happy in the belief that his son Herbert will succeed him.

A French inventor, M. Pagan, has discovered a way to stop the headway of a steamer in short order, and consequently lessen considerably the dangers of collision at sea. The Havre and Bordeaux papers speak of a coming test of the machine by one of the French war steamers. The machine consists of a number of parachutes, so placed that they can be tossed overboard readily and towed by a cable. The resistance, without being great enough to produce a shock, rapidly overcomes the headway of the vessel.

The rapidity with which the French army is being supplied with the much-talked-of Lebel rifle is astonishing. The Gras rifle model of 1874 is filling up the arsenals, and now a new inventor, M. Fontaney, is said to have found out a way to turn all the Grases into Lebels or something pretty nearly as good, using the same cartridge.

A Warren street store has hung upon its outer walls two huge painted portraits—one of Harrison, with an inscription to the effect that he heartily endorses the patent so-and-so, and the other of Cleveland, inscribed: "Mrs. Cleveland and myself does the same." Even the truck drivers stop and sneer at the grammar of the President's alleged remark, and Democrats declare that it is another campaign slander.

The story goes that a young curate once received from a lady an instantaneous photograph which represented the two parties in the act of kissing. The curate, while calling upon the young lady, had in a moment of enthusiasm kissed her, and she, artful belle, by previous arrangement, had secured photographs of the scene, one of which she sent to the innocent pastor, as described, with the statement that she had eleven more, which he might have for the modest sum of $100 each. Whether the curate took the goods at the price named, or whether the lady relented and became his life partner in the good old way was not related.

Yet the truth remains that he oughtn't to have done it.

But at any rate, the recent achievements of amateur photography show that this story does not exaggerate the dangerous power of the camera. Out in Des Moines a detective has made use of it to implicate a local druggist, who was suspected of violating the liquor laws. The officer succeeded in photographing a number of citizens in the act of drinking on the premises—citizens whom nothing could induce to pose voluntarily before a camera under such circumstances.

It would be difficult to disprove the testimony of this simple, silent witness. It is worth an army of spotters

Mrs. Leonora Barry, who occupies a unique position in the Knights of Labor as an investigator of women's work, is a tall, slender woman of 30, with large black eyes and expressive features. She has a loud, clear voice, and expresses herself fluently and with enthusiasm. Mrs. Barry is now in town with her secretary. She travels continually in her efforts to find out the conditions of labor as they affect women. She has a set of blanks prepared, and her method is when she goes to a place to get her first information from some local assembly of the Knights. Then she endeavors, on the part of the employees, to get these blanks filled out, if in no other way by waylaying them in the street or discovering their homes. By interviews with employers on one pretext or another she gets the other side. The truth, she says, is pretty apt to lie between. Mrs. Barry is an impassioned Knight of Labor. Knighthood is a frequent word on her lips. She accepts it in its ideal light. No crusader was ever more impressed with the purity and sacredness of his mission.

THE GREAT BETTING PROBLEM.

A Possible Element in the Decision in B's Favor.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* In your decision of the card betting case I feel that you are undoubtedly right, as you usually are. To accept the axiom that no one should bet on a certainty solves this case. To say that A knew that B was betting on a certainty, and therefore waived his privilege to decline to pay, because A knew that B knew it was a certainty, does not relieve the bet from being one upon a certainty, and therefore, so to speak, outlawed.

The reason why so many are against you on this question is apparent. The desire is to punish A for making such an absurd bet, and in deciding the case we hastily say that A ought to pay. This unapparent play of feeling against A does not affect the serene SUN, and this mighty question has surely received a correct answer.

My felicitations. PATERSON.

Treat promptly cramps, diarrhœa