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Prohibition Does Not Prohibit.

In recent correspondence of THE SUN, including the interesting letter from Bangor printed this morning, our readers have found a vivid and absolutely true picture of the operations of the prohibitory law in Maine, the State to which prohibitionists in all other parts of the country point as an illustration of what can be done in the way of suppressing the liquor traffic by legislative enactment.

The actual state of affairs in Maine is perfectly well understood by every Maine man with eyes in his head, and by every observant visitor to Maine.

In no part of the world is the spectacle of drunken men reeling along the streets more common than in the cities and larger towns of Maine.

Nowhere in the world is the average quality of the liquor sold so bad, and consequently so dangerous to the health of the consumer and the peace of the public.

The facilities for obtaining liquor vary in different parts of the State, from the cities where fancy drinks are openly compounded and sold over rosewood bars to the places where it is dispensed by the swig from flat bottles carried around in the breeches pockets of perambulating dealers. But liquor, good or bad, can be bought anywhere.

The latest attempt to enforce the law by special State constables acting independently of the local police is, like all previous attempts, a grotesque failure.

In a single city of less than ten thousand inhabitants, where at present there is an unusually active effort to enforce the law, the number of saloons notoriously open for retail traffic is between sixty and seventy.

The transportation of liquor into Maine by freight or express from Boston and New York is practically as unrestrained as the transportation of flour and coffee.

Maine people drink far more than their share of abominable whiskey and stale flat beer. Massachusetts wholesale dealers make far more than a legitimate profit on their Maine custom.

To the various forms of crime fostered by this unwise method of dealing with the evils of intemperance, perjury must be added. It is a fact, however singular or deplorable it may seem, that many citizens of respectable standing do not now hesitate to perjure themselves when summoned before the Grand Jury as witnesses in liquor cases. There is a growing sentiment or convention which justifies this sort of perjury, similar to that which in other communities supports a man in swearing falsely where a woman's honor is involved.

The fanatical promoters of prohibition, driven from expedient to expedient in their hopeless attempt to accomplish the impracticable, will never rest content until they have a law making the act of drinking liquor or beer in itself a criminal offence.

These are bottom truths about prohibition in Maine, and they exhibit the latest results of an experiment in which the friends of the system have had their own way for nearly half a century.

By No Means So Bad as He Thinks.

To the saving presence of two Democrats at the critical juncture of affairs, in the Presidential canvass of 1884, is due, probably, as much as to any other cause, the fact that a hard-fought victory was plucked from defeat in the three doubtful States of New York, New Jersey, and Connecticut. These two men, the firmness of whose Democracy was undoubted, stayed the tide and turned the current by assurances the most emphatic and sincere, that there was no free trade in the Democratic platform of 1884, and that the industrial voters of the three doubtful States had nothing to fear from the election of Mr. CLEVELAND. These two Democrats were SAMUEL J. RANDALL, the intrepid champion of the Democratic workingmen of the East, and GEORGE H. CONVERSE, the eloquent Democratic representative of protection sentiment in the West. The extent of the service they rendered by coming to New York in the critical closing days of the last Presidential canvass, is remembered with gratitude by all Democrats.

Mr. RANDALL'S attitude in the present contest has been tolerably well indicated in the tariff discussions which marked the earlier portion of the present session of Congress. But the course which Mr. CONVERSE would pursue could only be conjectured. Mr. CONVERSE is, conspicuously, beyond all other things, a Democrat. Born a few miles from Mr. THURMAN'S town of Columbus, Ohio, he represented his native county in the Ohio Legislature for eight years between 1860 and 1876. In 1878 he was elected to Congress, and was reelected in 1880 and 1882. He was a member of the committee that drafted the tariff plank in the Democratic platform of 1884, and he appeared before the Convention as its chosen advocate, speaking as follows:

"In the spirit of conciliation, in the spirit of fraternity, in the spirit of earnest and honest conviction, the gentleman from Illinois, Mr. MORRISON; the gentleman from Kentucky, Mr. WATTERSON; the gentleman from Louisiana, Mr. BURKE; the gentleman from West Virginia, Senator DAVIS, the men representing those sections, came together, in the spirit to which I have referred, and the result of their labors is found in this majority report. A careful inspection of that report will show that the Democratic party is therein pledged to the encouragement of labor, and to the support of a healthy growth of all industries in the United States. The Democratic party are not engaged in any Sunday operation. We are sincere and earnest and determined in the work of reform. That is the watchword. And whoever may be the honorable gentleman whom this National Convention shall place upon the platform as its candidate, he will be elected President of the United States next November."

As reported by our neighbor, the *Tribune*, however, Mr. CONVERSE does not seem this year to be in a similar frame of mind, and is far less sanguine of the outcome. He is quoted by that journal as follows:

"'I have always regarded New York, New Jersey, and Connecticut as tariff States, and, if I am not greatly mistaken, they will so declare themselves in November. The manifold interests in those States, and the vast amount of capital invested, will, in the very nature of things, array those engaged in them against any policy or party threatening to interfere with them or their continued prosperity.'

"'On the issue of free trade, then, you are not in harmony with your party?'

"'No; the Democratic party made a great mistake, a serious blunder, in declaring its principles. The platform should have been identical with that of 1884, which declared for a tariff not below a point to allow Americans successfully to compete with foreign manufacturers. Successfully in this sense meant a great deal. It meant that American industries, American wage workers and manufacturers should not be put on the defensive, but rather that they should, all things considered, have an advantage over foreign labor. Without that declaration of principles GROVER CLEVELAND would never have been elected. The protective feature of the platform of 1884 gave Mr. CLEVELAND a support that he would not have received otherwise. Had the protective plank of the platform of 1884 been adopted by the St. Louis Convention, Mr. CLEVELAND could have been reelected, but it is doubtful now if he can be.'"

As every Democrat will wish to believe, this discouraging announcement presents an exaggerated view of the difficulties of the situation, and one which Mr. CONVERSE might not entertain were he here present in New York instead of being in Columbus, and had he witnessed, for instance, the glorious greeting given his fellow townsman and fellow Democrat, ALLEN G. THURMAN, by the Democracy of New York last Thursday night. And who knows but when President CLEVELAND'S letter of acceptance shall have appeared and we are treated, perhaps, to another surprise, the campaign of 1888 will, on the issues which that document will formulate, turn on political questions of which tariff smashing will not be the chief?

And we may expect then, perhaps, to see, as in 1884, Mr. CONVERSE active for the Democracy and hopeful for the success of the national nominees, the regularity of whose selection makes it incumbent on every Democrat to give to them the full measure of his support.

Further and More Wonderful Discoveries with the Lick Telescope.

While the LICK telescope has failed so far to solve the enigma of the so-called canals on Mars, or to cast any important light upon those phenomena beyond confirming the fact of their existence, it has made some astonishing discoveries in the nebular regions of the universe. But for Prof. HOLDEN'S assurance to the contrary we might, in fact, be led to think that the mighty lens on Mount Hamilton, like Lord ROSSE'S huge mirror at Parsonstown, would prove less useful in observations requiring accurate definition than in those which demand great light-gathering capacity. We recently described Prof. HOLDEN'S discoveries in the celebrated Ring Nebula in the constellation Lyra, where he found a marvellous structure of concentric ellipses, composed alternately of stars and nebulous stuff—in short, a half-finished creation, where, it would seem, the great sunsmith is still forging the orbs of light. Since then Prof. HOLDEN has kindly sent us photographs showing the appearance of two other nebulæ as viewed with the giant telescope. One of these, he thinks, must be regarded as the first representative of a new class of nebulæ, in which the nebulous stuff is arranged "in the form of a helix or screw, just as if the nebula had been formed by one brilliant particle revolving around the central star and leaving a brilliant train, while the central star itself was rapidly moving through space."

Not since WILLIAM HERSCHEL surprised the world with his accounts of the wonders revealed for the first time to human eyes by his telescopes, has any news been received from the celestial spaces of such absorbing interest as these announcements from the director of the LICK observatory. The nebula in question is one of those contained in HERSCHEL'S catalogues, and is situated in the constellation of Draco, in the north polar quarter of the heavens. The photograph shows a central point, or star, surrounded by two superposed nebulous spirals, the appearance of which certainly justifies Prof. HOLDEN'S suggestion that they may be the train of luminous matter left by a brilliant orb in its spiral path around a moving centre. The reader can obtain a clear conception of this by considering the case of the earth and the sun. The earth makes a complete journey around the sun once in a year. But the sun meanwhile is not standing still, but is moving forward on an apparently straight course toward the constellation Hercules at a rate which, though undetermined, is certainly not less than two or three hundred million miles in a year. If the earth in its journeying left a luminous wake in space, its path would appear in the form of a vast spiral, resembling that actually seen in the nebula in Draco. So far from this being a unique object, Prof. HOLDEN says that several other nebulæ examined show evidences of a similar form, and he expects to discover further examples, perhaps still more perfect, of the same class of phenomena.

It is difficult to suggest a satisfactory explanation of such a structure in a nebula. In the well-known "spiral nebula" we have long had examples of nebulous forms made up of flat concentric rings or ovals, but these seemed naturally to suggest a likeness to the imagined condition of our solar system when it was in the earlier stages of its formation from a nebulous mass that had been shaped by rotation and condensation into a central aggregation surrounded by rings. But the helix-shaped nebula in Draco is something very different. There, if the nebulous spirals really imitate the form of the thread of a screw, the matter of which they are composed must have been left behind the moving body from which it was cast off, and the difficulty is to understand exactly how that could have occurred unless some medium is supposed to exist in the space through which the system is moving.

It is evident that these discoveries will pretty certainly lead to new and important views not only of the contents of space, but of the laws that prevail throughout its unbounded domains, and govern the birth and growth and destiny of its countless and marvellously varied creations.

A Specimen of Mugwump Cheek.

The Mugwumps have prepared an address to the "delegates of the Democratic party in the State Convention assembled," in which they oppose the renomination of Mr. HILL:

"Because DAVID B. HILL, as Governor of this State, stood between the voters and a law which would have given the people of this State that actual equality at the polls and that secrecy of the ballot which is now denied them by the defect in our electoral system, which permits the greater and the more essential part of the machinery of elections to be usurped by irresponsible bodies."

But the delegates of the Democratic party in convention assembled at Buffalo next Wednesday will, of course, pay no sort of attention to such Mugwump talk, for they are Democrats, and the Democratic sentiment as to the SAXTON Electoral Reform bill, vetoed by Governor HILL, was thus emphatically expressed by the Democratic Convention assembled in this city in May last:

"*Resolved*, That the so-called SAXTON Electoral Reform bill passed by the Legislature and now before the Governor for executive action is a partisan measure subversive of Democratic principles, destructive of the secrecy of the ballot, efficacious to promote fraud and corruption, opposing needless and useless obstacles to the suffrage of the busy and hard-working voters, intended as the first blow at universal suffrage of citizens by disfranchising the unlearned electors, and introducing into our simple system of elections a method which may be necessary under the rule of the British empire, but is not desirable among this free people."

Yet the Mugwumps have the impudence to ask a Democratic Convention to punish a Democratic Governor for acting in accordance with Democratic doctrine so vigorously declared by a Democratic State Convention held a few months before!

What cheek these fellows have!

Election Bets in the Other World.

To THE SUN'S list of half a hundred gentlemen, still active and enterprising at the age of eighty or thereabouts, there should be added the name of SOLOMON W. JEWETT, D. M., formerly of Vermont, now of San Francisco. He is eighty-one years old. His D. M. means Doctor of Magnetism.

Doctor SOLOMON JEWETT is a Democrat and a seventh son. In the former capacity he voted for ANDREW JACKSON, and he expects to vote for GROVER CLEVELAND and ALLEN G. THURMAN. As a seventh son he has been for many years in regular communication with prominent and trustworthy persons in the mysterious realm that lies beyond the tomb. Frequently he has obtained, as a seventh son, political intelligence from these sources of information that has greatly cheered him as a Democrat. It has been Doctor SOLOMON JEWETT'S practice upon the approach of a Presidential election to consult THOMAS JEFFERSON and others about the probabilities of the pending canvass. We have Doctor JEWETT'S assurance that the advices which he has received from the spirit world on such occasions have been of a very satisfactory nature.

This year, as Doctor SOLOMON JEWETT writes us from San Francisco, he failed for a long time to obtain any "advice or impressions from higher authority." On the 17th of last month, however, the venerable seventh son prepared and mailed through an approved mediumistic channel a sealed letter, of which he kindly sends us a copy:

"*To my Friends in Spirit:*

"Allow me, once again, to express my hearty desire to communicate with the once LEWIS CASS, GEORGE WASHINGTON, THOMAS JEFFERSON, HENRY CLAY, STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS, ABRAHAM LINCOLN, and JAMES A. GARFIELD, all together or any portion present in Council, upon the subject now pending of the election of a President and Vice-President of these United States. This and other matters pertaining thereto, of important interests now pending, upon such rulers as are to be chosen by the people, to act in council for the people. The election to come off in December next.

"Inasmuch as all of you, in the form, severally served your country faithfully and well, and as I now believe you feel an interest in the affairs of State and nation, myself and others desire to hear from you through St. JOHN of the coming results.

"This, from your dutiful 'Spirit Postmaster,'

"SOLOMON W. JEWETT."

Doctor JEWETT explains that the title of Spirit Postmaster, an office corresponding at this end of the line to that occupied by St. JOHN at the other terminus, was publicly conferred upon him years ago by CHARLES SUMNER and other statesmen then in spirit life. This extraordinary communication in a sealed envelope was put into the hands of the medium. We have Doctor JEWETT'S word that in less than twenty-five minutes it was returned to him intact under seal, with the subjoined reply, written out by spirit agency at a table in the same room and directly beneath his eyes:

"*Very Dear Friend and Brother:*

"We rejoice to know that you are not only interested in the Greatest of all subjects that now agitates the world, viz., Spiritualism, but, as well, interested in matters of Government.

"Inasmuch as we, that is, the Band, are called upon to express our conjoint opinion as to the results of your next Presidential coming campaign, we have thought, hitherto, that GROVER CLEVELAND would be the People's choice, for, really, he is ours. But of late the Republicans have become so alarmed, in view of CLEVELAND'S strength (politically speaking) that they will turn the world over in order to carry the next election; and as matters now appear to us, we feel that HARRISON is the coming President. He by no means is our choice, but his chances are *three to five over all others*.

"Respectfully and respectively,

"JAMES A. GARFIELD,	THOMAS JEFFERSON,
"STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS,	JAMES MONROE,
"GEORGE WASHINGTON,	ABRAHAM LINCOLN,

"LEWIS CASS."

There is evidently a clerical error in the last line of the opinion rendered by this Band, or club, or council, or association of departed statesmen. It is hardly conceivable that either Gen. GARFIELD, or Mr. DOUGLAS, or Gen. WASHINGTON, or Mr. JEFFERSON, or Mr. MONROE, or Mr. LINCOLN, or Gen. CASS, all of whom have had the experience needed for forming an intelligent political opinion, could suppose that there is the slightest possibility of the election this year of any other candidate than CLEVELAND or HARRISON. When they say, therefore, that they think HARRISON is the man, and that his chances are "three to five over all others," they talk nonsense. The communication should read "three out of five," that is, three to two in favor of HARRISON.

We notice with interest that the august Band, in which Federalism and Democratic-Republicanism and Whiggery and later Republicanism are blended and fused with genuine Democracy into an aggregate of impartial and non-partisan wisdom, is to a man in favor of CLEVELAND, while expecting the election of HARRISON. You would hardly have expected such unanimity of opinion in an assembly thus made up. Has the Republican candidate no friends across the river? Is his distinguished grandfather, WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON, taking no interest in the present canvass? Does not he, too, belong to the Band?

But what strikes us more particularly is the fact that in estimating probabilities the conjoint opinion uses not the customary language of statesmen and sages, but the phraseology employed on this earth by betting men. "Three out of five over all others" is not a phrase that would naturally occur to the signers of the reply to Doctor SOLOMON JEWETT, unless it had been suggested by their surroundings. Can it be that there is lively gambling on our election in the mysterious sphere occupied by these departed patriots and statesmen, and that the prevailing odds at the date of their communication were three to two in favor of the Indiana candidate?

If that is the case, no Democrat need be discouraged by the tone of the letter furnished to us for publication by the venerable JEWETT. When the Band reluctantly expressed the opinion that its favorite, GROVER CLEVELAND, would probably be defeated, Brother BLAINE had just got back, and there was an immense hullabaloo on earth over his return. Neither the splendid Retaliation Message of the President, nor his equally illustrious $10,000 check, had yet appeared to cheer the heart of the Democracy and put an entirely new aspect upon political affairs. No doubt if Doctor JEWETT should communicate now with the Band, he would learn that the odds have changed in the other world, and that the betting is three to one in favor of GROVER.

But we strongly advise him not to communicate again. He goes to no "higher authority" when he appeals through a medium to the once MONROE, JEFFERSON, LINCOLN, DOUGLAS, GARFIELD, and CASS. The political judgment of once-personages so easily stampeded by panic, and with no more than human foresight into the immediate future, is not in a single respect more logical, reasonable or trustworthy than that of men still in the flesh who are betting substantial dollars on results. It is not worth sending after to the other world.

Medical Diagnosis—The Legal Liability of Doctors.

The proprietor of the Larkin House at Watch Hill, R. I., has sued Dr. VANDERPOEL of this city for expressing the opinion that a child, who had been taken ill at the hotel, was suffering from scarlet fever. A physician of Stonington, Conn., concurred in this diagnosis, and as soon as the fact became known the Larkin House was depopulated of guests, greatly to the pecuniary injury of the landlord. This gentleman caused an investigation to be made by the Westedy Board of Health, which decided that the case was not one of scarlet fever at all, but a simple cutaneous malady. Thereupon he brought an action against Dr. VANDERPOEL to recover $50,000 damages for injuring the business of the Larkin House, and caused him to be arrested and held to bail in the sum of $12,000, under circumstances which indicate considerable vindictiveness on the part of the plaintiff.

Assuming that Dr. VANDERPOEL acted in good faith in making his diagnosis, it is difficult to perceive on what theory he can be held liable. A highly educated and competent physician is called in to see a sick child. He finds the patient suffering from a disease which, after careful examination, he determines to be scarlet fever. This determination represents his honest judgment, based upon the facts viewed in the light of his learning and experience. We have here simply the case of a qualified expert expressing his opinion in good faith upon a practical question of science. Surely the law does not make such a man answerable in damages because his opinion turns out to be erroneous. We do not say that Dr. VANDERPOEL really erred, but even if he did, a mere mistake in diagnosis could not suffice to inflict any legal liability upon him. Either malice or incapacity would seem to be essential elements of the case for the plaintiff in such a suit as has been brought by the proprietor of the Larkin House, and from what we know of Dr. VANDERPOEL it is extremely unlikely that there will be any attempt to prove either.

Whatever injury may have been done to the hotel by Dr. VANDERPOEL'S diagnosis, the house will probably be hurt by this lawsuit more than it will be helped; for thousands of persons who would not otherwise have heard anything about the matter will now learn that there was a case there this summer which a well-known New York physician pronounced to be scarlet fever.

Free Speech.

When HENRY GEORGE was running for Mayor two years ago he was savage in his assaults upon the police because they were at his meetings. The sight of a blue uniform to him was like a red rag to a bull.

He demanded, and rightly demanded, that there should be no interference by the police with freedom of speech. But there was no such interference. He was suffered to say what he pleased, even though he assailed the police themselves without reason and with intent to stir up hostility.

Yet what did he do on Friday night at the Cooper Institute? Because a large part of his audience did not agree with him in his opposition to Governor HILL, and exercised their right of manifesting their disagreement and their displeasure, HENRY GEORGE angrily called upon the police to violently interfere with the freedom of speech. What occurred is thus described in our report of the meeting, and the reports in the other papers are substantially the same:

"He walked over to where Inspector WILLIAMS was standing leaning against a pillar at the upper end of the platform, and said:

"'Inspector WILLIAMS, I believe that there are people here who want to hear the speaking.'

"The Inspector didn't budge. Mr. GEORGE waited for a reply, and it was then that Mr. IVINS rushed from behind his pillar and said to the Inspector: 'I suppose you won't move until a murder has been committed.'

"'I cannot put those people out,' replied the Inspector. 'This is a public meeting.'

"'No, it isn't,' snapped Mr. IVINS; 'we hired the hall.'"

Of course it was a public meeting. A Mugwump meeting for which a call was generally advertised, and to which the public are freely admitted, is as much of a public meeting as a Republican or a Democratic political meeting is; and whether citizens agree or disagree with those who get it up, they have a right to attend, and to applaud or to hiss, as they are minded.

Of course the Mugwumps hired the hall, but they had not bought the sentiments of the audience, and they had no right to interfere with their freedom of speech. The Mugwumps liked HENRY GEORGE'S abuse of Governor HILL, and applauded accordingly, as they had an undoubted right to do. The Democrats were of a different mind, and therefore, in the exercise of their unquestionable right, applauded Governor HILL.

Yet HENRY GEORGE called on Inspector WILLIAMS to send policemen to club the Democrats! The Mugwumps could applaud to their hearts' content, but the Democrats he would silence by force!

All honor to Inspector WILLIAMS that he refused to listen to such an appeal! Free trade may seem a precious boon to HENRY GEORGE and his Mugwump allies, but free speech and free assemblage are rights inexpressibly dear to the whole American people, and they will have them maintained.

To Whom it May Concern.

Can any one answer this letter to the satisfaction of the writer?

'TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir*: I have some relations in Richmond, Va. They are not in Richmond town, but are in that county. My mother was named HARRIET KING, and me and my brother PETER were sold together, and came as far as Duck Hill, Miss., together, and there we parted. I was sold to a man by the name of MOOKLAR. My owner's name was ROBERT KING. His wife died before I was sold. I cannot remember all of my mother's children. My sister was named EMMA KING. My father's name was ISHAM KING. He died a good while before I was sold. Please give me some information of the whereabouts of my relatives. Respectfully yours,

"SOPHIA BROWN.

"CARROLLTON, Miss., Sept. 3."

What strange things we have seen in our day! And how incredible they seem when revived by such an appeal as this!

An interesting discussion of bird music is furnished by a correspondent of *Science*. Incidentally pointing out that the catbird is our Northern mocking bird, capable of imitating any noise it may hear, the writer takes up what he says is a complete evolution in the song or notes of our ordinary robin. Ordinarily, he is a "clumsy singer, having a rough, seesaw note, that he repeats with little variation." He has precedence of the other birds in the morning song with which daylight is greeted in June, and his song, though not musical, is well adapted to constitute a matin cry. In June of last year, however, the writer says, he heard a cry "so particularly like articulation that I was startled: 'Hear this birdie! Hear this birdie! Hear this pretty birdie!' the last notes being exquisitely rendered, with a wave and upward bend." On careful examination, he found the singer to be a veritable robin redbreast. This year the bird returned, and "better yet, it was apparent that the babes of this family were singing, not the old robin's seesaw, but the new song." These robins, too, sang all day long. Later in the year the writer heard a robin singing a set of notes "most charmingly unlike anything I had ever heard."

From these facts, and from various published reports of the imitative powers of the robin, the writer believes that we shall soon see a remarkable evolution of robin music. Any such evolution cannot but compel us to give a warmer welcome than ever to the bird which, though a traditional favorite in England, has hitherto been accepted by us less for his beauty of plumage and of song than for his amusing and charming impudence and laziness.

We have on several occasions advised Mr. HILL not to force his nomination for Governor, as he seems inclined to do.—*New York Herald.*

Oh, no; the forcing is all on the side of the Democratic masses and not at all on the side of DAVID BENNETT HILL. We don't know whether he wants to run very much or not; but what anybody with his eyes open can see is that the Democratic voters mean that he shall run, and they won't hear of anything else. That is the reason why such a great newspaper as the *Herald* has been thundering against HILL for these many days, and all for nothing.

Mr. WILLIAM G. MURPHY of 240 Hewes street, Brooklyn, takes us to task for our unwavering support of ALLEN G. THURMAN, whom he condemns as "an old copperhead and free trader." Mr. MURPHY also inquires how any one who was a stanch Union man during the war, can now support Mr. THURMAN for Vice-President; and how a stanch protectionist can support the Democratic platform, with ALLEN G. THURMAN "making free trade speeches and advocating free trade doctrines."

Our correspondent is a pretty lively politician, but we will endeavor to satisfy him on every point.

That Mr. THURMAN is an old man is true, and we wish it were not so. In fact, we know several gentlemen concerning whom it would be for the public advantage if they were younger; but this is something that can't be helped, and we must take things as they are.

As for his being a copperhead, that is a subject which we have not thought it necessary to inquire into; in fact, we don't care a rap about it. The issues of twenty-five years ago were all disposed of long since; and when the Republican party took one of the great Generals of the Confederacy, in the person of JAMES LONGSTREET, and made him one of its high magnates and officeholders, they were all whitewashed forever, rebels, copperheads, and all.

As for the free tradish platform of the Democracy, does our correspondent remember how the late Dr. GEEELEY advocated the election of Gen. SCOTT for President, while he spit upon the platform on which SCOTT was nominated?

We support Judge THURMAN as a great old Jacksonian Democrat. He is an able, honest, outspoken, manly American statesman. He holds to the free trade philosophy, while we hold to the philosophy of protection, but we have not been accustomed to make either the one or the other of these doctrines the test of Democracy. The only test that we stand by is that of JEFFERSON; and when a statesman is honest and faithful to the Constitution we don't require that he should advocate those views of other subjects which we advocate.

Here is a gentleman who certainly needs information, and we proceed to supply it:

SIR: Does the platform adopted by the Democratic Convention at St. Louis contain any reference to the retaliation bill or fishery treaty? Did that Convention recommend tariff reduction *à la* MILLS bill?

I am anxious to vote intelligently at the coming election, and therefore desire to know what is the real issue.

A BENIGHTED DEMOCRAT.

The St. Louis platform makes no reference to the fishery treaty or the retaliation bill. That matter has become prominent since.

As to the question whether the Convention recommended tariff reduction according to the MILLS bill, we answer that it did not do this in a direct and unequivocal manner. Here is the language it employed:

"The Democratic party of the United States, in National Convention assembled, renews the pledge of its fidelity to the Democratic faith, and reaffirms the platform adopted by its representatives in the Convention of 1884; and endorses the views expressed by President CLEVELAND in his last annual message to Congress as the correct interpretation of that platform upon the question of tariff reduction; and also endorses the effort of our Democratic Representatives in Congress to secure a reduction of excessive taxation."

This contains the whole essence of the St. Louis platform upon the subject of taxation.

There is now in Chicago a Young Women's Campaign Republican Club that is to do tremendous work in the electioneering line for HARRISON and MORTON. In a number of other cities there are female clubs of the same kind, all laboring in an effervescent way for the Republican candidates. In this city the Women's Republican League is mustering its forces at the headquarters which it has lately taken possession of. The Republican managers are also sending out women as stump speakers for the party. The most notable of those who have thus far been announced as campaigners are Miss ANNA DICKINSON, who is to receive munificent compensation for her speeches, and Mrs. J. ELLEN FOSTER, who shows a list of appointments that will keep her busy. The only other political party besides the Republican party that has an impressive female contingent in the field operating in its interest is the Prohibitionist party.

A correspondent writes to ask that if we think the French spoliation claims are just we would put in a word in favor thereof.

Certainly these claims are just; and this long withholding of payment is an outrage upon justice and a deep disgrace to the American Congress.

As an illustration of progress in Central Asia it may be mentioned that while, a few years ago, the traveller was likely to be killed by the natives, he is now in greater danger of being smashed up in a railroad accident. A train on the Trans-Caspian road was upset a few weeks ago near Samarcand, and five people were killed. They happened to be train hands and Europeans, but had they been Mohammedan pilgrims, who now employ this modern method of expediting their journey to Mecca, there might have been a great outcry against this infidel invention for killing off the faithful. The introduction of collisions on the Central Asian railroad will make tourists thoughtful, for such occurrences, remote from civilized comforts, have their great disadvantages.

If Capt. WIGGINS had not been gifted with a lively imagination he probably would not have made himself talked about all around the world to-day as the man who is opening a trade route through northern waters to Siberia. When he was a young sailor everybody said the Kara Sea was ice-covered and unnavigable. One day he learned that Kara is a Tartar word meaning black, and the more he thought it over the more certain he became that the natives would never have applied that word to an ice-covered sea. He made up his mind that there must be plenty of open water there in the summer season, and it became the ambition of his life to show, as he has now done, that cargoes can be taken by water from British docks to fertile southern Siberia.

The Prohibitionists have opened their campaign with abounding energy and plenty of hard cash. Gen. FISK, their candidate for President, is out on a stumping tour, and the reports of his operations sent to the party's headquarters in this city are of a large and blooming pattern. There is a host of other orators of both sexes in the field, and the scenes at many of their meetings are like those at religious revivals. There are not a few complaints of the enemy's attempts to disturb the meetings, and it appears from the reports sent to the National Committee that the disturbers are nearly always Republicans. The distribution of campaign tracts is on a large scale, and many of these tracts are fitted to raise the readers' hair. In this State the Young Men's Prohibition League is doing heavy work with the aid of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. The Prohibitionist leaders are apt to become flamboyant in predicting the party's strength in the elections, but the Chairman of the Executive Committee, who is not a superheated statistician, looks for at least 50,000 votes in this State, and over half a million in the country, for the Presidential ticket.

Our distinguished Kentucky contemporary, the *Courier-Journal*, observes with all its genial Kentucky politeness that we cannot edit THE SUN as the *Courier-Journal* would wish it to be edited. Accordingly we have looked in the broad pages of our contemporary for its idea of the correct style of editorial conduct, and we find it in the leading article of that newspaper of Tuesday last, denouncing Mr. BLAINE, and we beg our readers to believe that nothing but the apparent necessity of showing what the great Louisville journal regards as the perfect model could induce us to reproduce its language. The *Courier-Journal* then speaks of Mr. BLAINE as the "Goddlemity of the Republican party;" and it inquires whether the "Goddlemity or the platform" of that party is to be taken as of authority!

If this blasphemous and shocking vulgarity is what is required by the taste of Kentucky and of free trade, we are glad to confess ourselves entirely unable to adopt it.

EX-Gov. DANIEL H. CHAMBERLAIN of South Carolina has abandoned protection and Republicanism for free trade and Democracy, and is stumping this State for CLEVELAND and THURMAN. At Nyack he favored the MILLS bill and added: "I will not attempt to conceal my belief that free trade as an ultimate principle is the true doctrine."—*Albany Express.*

When a scamp like CHAMBERLAIN abandons one party for another, the party he abandons may be grateful for the fact, and the party he adopts has no reason to be proud of it.

After all it seems proper to say once again that the opposition to Gov. HILL, of which we hear at times, did not materialize in a formidable way when he appeared at the THURMAN meeting in Madison Square Garden. Even the Mugwumps who support President CLEVELAND, but cannot tolerate Gov. HILL, restrained their animosity for a time. It was made evident, however, that DAVID B. HILL has a number of friends.

Yes, Where Is He?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir*: Where is the Old Observer? Surely, THE SUN cat is not eating his letters.

Let us hear from him and oblige an

THOY, Aug. 7. OLD ADMIRER.

We suppose he is safe in his tent. As he doesn't sympathize with our support of Cleveland and Thurman as the regular and unanimously nominated Democratic candidates, he does not exert himself in the study of public questions as he might be likely to do under other circumstances.

Plain Spoken, but Just.

From the New York Times.

We wonder if the Senators of the United States realize how thoroughly contemptible their conduct on such questions as the Chinese Exclusion bill seems to decent men who pay any attention to their antics.

There was probably not a member of the Senate yesterday who did not regard the passage of the bill after official notice that the treaty had not been rejected as a needless and silly offence to a power for whom we profess only friendship. Yet only three were found ready to vote against it.

It is just to Mr. Blair of New Hampshire, however, to say that he moved a reconsideration of the vote in order to propose an amendment to make the execution of the bill conditional on the action of the Chinese Government.

If anything could be more discreditable than the demagogy of the Senators on the main question it is the discussion of the alleged conduct of Mr. Harrison's law partner in the matter of securing naturalization for some Chinamen. There is no proof that anything of the sort ever happened, but suppose it did?

Must a man be an abject and cowardly slave to the prejudices of the ignorant in order to be elected to the office of President of the United States?

Why B. F. Rogers Changes His Politics.

KINGSTON, N. Y., Sept. 6.—Benj. F. Rogers, a life-long Democrat of Spencer, and who was an earnest supporter of Cleveland when running for Governor and President, has announced himself as in favor of the Republican ticket, and relates the following anecdote as the foundation for his change of political faith:

"I enlisted in August, 1862, in the 107th New York Regiment, and in the fall of 1863 was sent to Chattanooga with Gen. Hooker, and was then in Sherman's army until the war closed. On the 25th of May 1864, while fighting at Dallas, Ga., I was shot through my right thigh and sent to a hospital. After lying there six months it was decided that I should be placed in the invalid corps, but I asked them to let me go back to my regiment, and although the cord in my leg had contracted so that I had to walk on my toe, they sent me to join my regiment at Savannah. On my arrival there I found that Sherman had gone, and I was sent to Hilton Head, and from there a lot of us "old vets" were sent to Blair's Landing. Gen. Harrison had command of the garrison there, and one of my first duties was to act as guard in front of the General's tent. As I took my position he came out of his tent, and after acknowledging my salute, and seeing that I was lame, he asked me where I came from. I told him from what hospital I came, and he said 'the surgeon had no business to send you here.' I told him that I was sent at my own request. After asking me about my wound, he stepped into his tent and returned with a camp chair, and placing it before me told me to sit down, that I need not march, and that if I wanted a chair at any time I could always get one from his tent. Gen. Harrison is a true soldier and a gentleman, and he was honored and respected by all the boys in blue who knew him."

Approaching his Sphere.

From the Courier-Journal.

It is said that a man named Rutherford B. Hayes will be one of the exhibits at the Cincinnati Exposition to-day. He is gradually approaching his sphere as a dime museum curiosity on the strength of his one claim to notoriety as the only man who ever acted as President of the United States without being elected to the office or succeeding to it through the Vice-Presidency.

It was Queer, for a Fact.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir*: When will men supposedly intelligent cease to make fools of themselves? Was there ever a more idiotic and ridiculous display of inconsistency than that witnessed in the Cooper Union meeting on Friday evening? If meant to influence the Democratic Convention, which meets next week at Buffalo, how sublimely impudent it all was: to suppose that the representative body of Democratic electors would heed for a single instant the wild suggestion not to renominate David B. Hill, coming from a body of would-be politicians and "reformers" like Henry George, whose sole claim to recognition is that they belong almost to a man to a club which flaunts the American Stars and Stripes from an upper window, while it passes out free trade literature of the British pattern from its lower floor. In the matter of consistency, do those same misguided "reformers" not know that President Cleveland, whom they laud with every breath, is in favor of the renomination of Gov. Hill, and that in praising the former and denouncing the latter they make but a pitiable display of their own short-sightedness. When they have won over Mr. Cleveland—if they ever can, and I don't believe it—to their way of thinking, then and only then will it be becoming to praise the one and denounce the other at the same time and from the same platform. If they are as feeble in numerical strength as they are in mental perception, Gov. Hill need have no fear of them either now or on Nov. 6.

ANTI-SHAM REFORM.

SEPT. 8, 1888.

A Great Newspaper.

From the Writer.

THE SUN smells of news all the way through.

At Coney Island.

Sausage Broiler—Here you go, gents. Drop a nickel and try your digestion. A hot sausage on toast for half a dime.

Learning a Dangerous Thing.

Uncle Rastus (to his young hopeful)—'Dolphus, yo' young rascal, yo' take dat slate pencil outen yo' mouf an' stop chewin' it!

'Dolphus—Yes, pa.

Uncle Rastus—Don' yo' know it am dangerous to de lifin' ob de stummack to chew slate pencils? Some day edducation will kill yo', chile, kill yo' sho'.

Careful of the Book.

Young Author (making a call)—I see you have my new book on the table, Miss Hammersly.

Miss Hammersly—Oh, yes, Mr. Preface, and we have found it so interesting.

Young Author (taking the book)—I notice some of the leaves are not cut.

Miss Hammersly—Er—no, Mr. Preface; we are careful to keep it fresh as long as possible.

A Terrible Life.

"I don't understand women," remarked a postman, "and"—after a pause—"I don't believe I want to, either."

"What's the matter?"

"If I hand a letter to a woman she looks at me serenely and says, 'What, only one?' if I give her six she says, 'What, only six?' and if I had a hundred for her she would make the same remark. If I have only a paper to deliver—well, it's a terrible life to lead."

Give ready attention and prompt treatment to all affections of the bowels, diarrhœa, cholera morbus, dysentery, &c. Dr. Jayne's Carminative Balsam affords immediate relief, and speedily cures these complaints.—Adv.

WHAT IS GOING ON IN SOCIETY.

The season at Newport, which has been the best known for many years, has ended in a blaze of glory. Five large balls, in new and sumptuous settings, have done credit to the taste and refinement of the givers, while numerous minor dances, where the spirit of conviviality was not held puritanically in check, have effectually prevented the stigma of "slow" from attaching to any portion of the gayety. If the first duty of a woman is to look pretty, then have the women of Newport won a golden prize for duty well performed this summer, for never before were so many fair women gathered in one place. Even at Miss Leary's musicale on Thursday afternoon, where there was no foreign aid of dress or ornament, no