The Sun.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1888.

Last Sunday's edition of THE SUN *having been exhausted, we have reprinted the portion containing Dr.* MACKENZIE'S *book on the last illness of the Emperor* FREDERICK; *and those who wish for copies of it can obtain them at* THE SUN *office. Price five cents.*

Prospects.

According to a reporter of the *Press*, Governor HILL said to some friends on Thursday that he would have at least forty thousand more votes in this State than would be given to Mr. CLEVELAND.

We have never had a doubt that the Governor would lead the electoral ticket quite largely, and our estimate has been twenty thousand. The difference between the two will be made up for the most part by Republican votes given to the Governor on account of his vetoes of the high license bills. There is undoubtedly a very powerful body of that party who are in favor of HILL and against MILLER for this reason; but we have not supposed that they would amount to as large a force as forty thousand. Such an acquisition would, of course, elect Governor HILL beyond peradventure, and it would be a splendid tribute to his courage, steadiness, and fidelity to Democratic principle.

The most intelligent calculation may be changed by the unexpected number of votes which it is now evident will be cast in this town. "Experienced politicians," says the *New York Times*, "reckon that in a total vote of 250,000, CLEVELAND must receive a majority little, if at all, short of 60,000, and such a majority would doubtless amply suffice to secure him the State."

Whatever reasons may exist for confidence in this respect, we appeal to every Democratic supporter of Governor HILL to omit no effort to bring about the result which our Mugwump contemporary so confidently expects. Let every Democrat stand by the whole ticket, State and national, and not only vote it, but vote it entire. Amid the local contests which rage so violently in this town, let the first concern be to elect the President as well as elect the Governor.

Free Trade Democracy.

Mr. WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON, son of the famous abolitionist of that name, expresses himself in an interesting manner to a reporter of the *Cleveland Plaindealer*:

"I do not like the temporizing, compromising spirit shown by many of the Democratic party leaders in saying that free trade is not the aim or the party. Of course the MILLS bill is but a step and a slight one at that, toward free trade, but it is a step in that direction. I have been asked to speak in Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, and other States upon the subject of free trade but have declined to do so for fear I should be expected to moderate my ideas to suit the politicians. I have since been informed, however, that my fear in that respect was groundless, and that I might have had the privilege of saying what I pleased."

The merit of frankness and sincerity cannot be denied to Mr. GARRISON. He thinks clearly and speaks plainly, without ambiguity and without fear, like a man of earnest and intelligent convictions.

Mr. GARRISON has a perfect right to say that the Democratic party, as he understands it, is a party of free trade; but he should also remember that such Democrats as Mr. RANDALL, Mr. CONVERSE, Mr. ANDREW H. GREEN, and Mr. WALDO HUTCHINS are protectionists, just as JACKSON and JEFFERSON were protectionists of old. Mr. GARRISON'S party by no means includes the Great Democracy within its limits.

Neither should our free trade Democrat forget that in his latest utterance Mr. CLEVELAND emphatically repudiated free trade: "We are engaged in no free trade crusade," said the Democratic candidate.

But, above all, Mr. GARRISON should bear in mind that if the contest of the approaching election were to turn as squarely on the free trade question as Mr. GARRISON would evidently wish to have it, the Democratic party would certainly be crushed by the masses of the American people. They are against free trade.

The Adjournment of Congress.

The practical abandonment of the Senate Tariff bill by the Republicans in Congress is politics of the flimsiest order. It proves that this measure, strong in itself, was pure humbug so far as the intentions of its promoters were concerned.

If the Republicans in Congress had presented in the spring, as an alternative for the MILLS bill, some such bill as was tardily put forward in the Senate on October 4 under the pressure of a general disgust with the party's inaction, they would at least have earned credit for good faith in their professions. But there is every reason to suppose—and on this point we speak with knowledge—that the Democratic leaders were prepared at that time to accept and adopt a reasonable Republican measure of revenue reduction, and to make it a law. Mr. MILLS and a few other Southern extremists might have kicked, but these gentlemen were neither too numerous to be thrown overboard to lighten the ship, nor was their pride of authorship too important a consideration to be sacrificed for the sake of the party's success and the country's welfare.

The Republicans did not give the Democrats this opportunity, because it would have taken the tariff out of the canvass, and in the tariff was the single Republican hope of victory. No Republican plan was formulated until the campaign was so far advanced that the Democracy had committed itself by almost insensible degrees, on the stump and in many newspaper organs, to the House bill as the only possible or conceivable Democratic plan of revenue reduction; in short, until the MILLS frog had puffed himself nearly to ox dimensions.

When the Senate bill finally appeared it came as a measure for buncombe only; and although it was not then too late for the Democracy to seize the occasion to put itself squarely in line with Mr. CLEVELAND'S recommendation of a patriotic and non-partisan policy, the process of identification with MILLS had gone so far that courage failed and political good sense was lacking.

By consenting to adjournment to-day, the Republicans of the Senate abandon the ALDRICH bill, even as a mask for inaction. The issue remains until election day substantially what the Republican politicians have desired it to be from the first. Meanwhile the unjustifiably large total of the appropriations passed by the Democratic House and approved by President CLEVELAND, and the decrease in the Government's income are rapidly changing the aspect of the condition which confronts us. Democrats of the MILLS school who were a short time ago inventing tariff schedules to fit the surplus, are now expending their ingenuity upon the construction of an artificial surplus to fit the schedules. There is still margin enough between revenue and necessary expenditures for a moderate reduction of taxes with a view to the future, but the thing will not be done at the present session of Congress; and when it is done, it will not be done according to the MILLS formula.

Go to the polls, therefore, two weeks from next Tuesday and vote for CLEVELAND and THURMAN, because they are the Democratic nominees and you are a Democrat. The everlasting and always present issue is whether the corrupt old Republican party, the party of GRANT and ROBESON and BELKNAP and HAYES and the Fraud, shall get back into power. Vote as you did when you voted against HAYES, against GARFIELD, against BLAINE. Keep the rascals out! Back up CLEVELAND in keeping the offices filled with good Democrats. As for MILLS, with his headstrong vanity and educational nonsense—well, there is no reason why *you* also should become an architect of ruin.

Two of Dr. Miller's Jokes.

Dr. WARNER MILLER is coming out strong as a humorist. There is a solemn drollery absolutely irresistible about the speeches with which he regales the rural districts. What could be funnier, for instance, than his grave pretence that the Republican party of New York in general, and he himself in especial particular, are deeply concerned for temperance, and have meant and mean to do something great and good for it? We can imagine what profound laughter shakes the sides of the Hon. THOMAS C. PLATT, by whose kind permission the gentleman from Herkimer is running for Governor, as he reads the Republican candidate's protestations of love for temperance and longing for stiffer excise laws. And the large and jovial delegation of saloon keepers on the Republican County Committee of this island, how can they keep straight faces as they follow Dr. MILLER through his virtuous harangues? The merry dogs must have to go behind the bar and snicker, not to say smile. Such a mad wag is their candidate for Governor.

But Dr. MILLER'S greatest running high jump over the hurdle of facts was made at Hudson last Monday. There he surpassed himself and beat his record as a humorist:

"The Republican party has always been in favor of honest elections and an honest count."

If Dr. MILLER had said that old PARR had died in infancy, that the battle of New Orleans was fought by ANDREW JOHNSON, that NAPOLEON BONAPARTE was a Quaker, that the Rev. JOHN JASPER is a fervent admirer of COPERNICUS, that JESSE POMEROY is famed for his love for little children, that JOE CHAMBERLAIN is a consistent and an unselfish statesman, that Senator HENRY W. BLAIR is sane, that ROGER QUARLES MILLS is a red-hot Pennsylvania protectionist, that Buffalo WILLIAM belongs to the short-hair element, that BOULANGER is unambitious, that Dr. LYMAN ABBOTT is handsome, that the Hon. GEORGE FROST EDMUNDS is a BLAINE man, that Col. INGERSOLL is a Hard Shell Baptist, that ALEXANDER III. is an Anarchist, that the Hon. MCSWELL EVARTS has a terse style, that "LARRY" GODKIN is noted for his truthfulness, that the Hon. GEORGE JONES is an explorer and mountain climber: if Dr. MILLER had made these extraordinary assertions, not one of them would be as grotesque or as untrue as his ascription to the Republican party of a desire for honest elections.

Curiously enough, to add to the humor of the situation, the Hon. WILLIAM EATON CHANDLER has been asked by that other great humorist, the Hon. MATTHEW STANLEY QUAY, to act again in the capacity of a visiting statesman, and look after a fair count in this town! It would have increased the richness of Dr. MILLER'S joke had he also referred to Mr. CHANDLER as an expert in pure elections and honest counts.

The Fight in This Town.

The three tickets in the field for the other local offices to be filled at next month's election are likely to call forth quite as much effort and labor as will be developed in the selection of the Mayor. Tammany Hall has nominated a full ticket. The County Democracy has nominated a full ticket, and the Republicans have done the same. The fight between the three organizations will be one which will strain to the uttermost the resources of each, and will put to the practical test of a ballot-box decision the claims of each as to membership and strategy. Much will depend on the running qualities shown by the three candidates for the office of Sheriff, now held and administered by HUGH J. GRANT with such general satisfaction, but to which no other member of the Tammany organization has been chosen since 1876. The three candidates who aspire to succeed him are each of them old political fighters, and they come, strangely enough, from three different parts of the city.

Col. MURPHY, the County Democracy candidate, is a veteran of many contests. He hails from those lower wards which have been for a quarter of a century the bulwarks of Democratic strength, and which have proved in times past the political citadels of Tammany Hall. Mr. FLACK, now County Clerk, is the Tammany candidate, and he represents that important district of the upper east side which has of late years proved so influential in local politics. Mr. JACOBUS, the Republican candidate, is making this year his second effort for the office of Sheriff. He comes from a section of the town which has withstood changes, that quaint quarter known as the Ninth ward. To each of these gentlemen, there is reason to believe, the full fervor of loyalty will be shown by the organizations which have put them up, and the vote to be polled by each will be fairly representative, not alone of their popularity as individuals, but of the strength of the factions which they represent. In a municipal contest as confused, as complicated, and as interesting as the one upon which we are entering, it is much easier to speak of the popularity of a candidate from his record in the past than to forecast the chances of his acceptance by the voters in a canvass so exciting; and, as all three gentlemen have already been before the voters, such an examination is not difficult.

Mr. FLACK resides in the Twentieth district, which forms the base of the upper east side district from Forty-second street north to the Harlem River. We subjoin the vote cast in 1885 in the four Assembly districts which constitute this district, for Mr. JACOBUS, running for Sheriff on the Republican side, and Mr. FLACK, running for County Clerk on the Tammany side:

District.	Jacobus.	Flack.
Twentieth	2,548	3,651
Twenty-first	3,076	1,746
Twenty-second	3,687	5,583
Twenty-third	3,305	4,637
Total	12,616	15,619

Mr. JACOBUS has already represented in the Board of Aldermen the Senate district which is made up of the Seventh, Ninth, and Thirteenth Assembly, and these three districts voted in 1885 as follows:

District.	Jacobus.	Flack.
Seventh	3,826	1,736
Ninth	4,040	2,620
Thirteenth	4,176	2,422
Total	12,042	6,801

Col. MURPHY has never before been a candidate for any county office, but he has run repeatedly in that part of the town from which he comes, and was in 1885 a successful candidate there for State Senator. The district is made up of Wards One, Two, Three, Five, Six, and Eight entire, and of that portion of the Fourth ward which lies south of Roosevelt street. Here is the vote given in that district to the three candidates named:

Districts.	Jacobus.	Flack.	Murphy.
First	1,109	2,145	3,839
Second	747	2,144	3,060
Third	670	1,880	2,573
Fifth	1,580	1,836	3,843
Total	4,106	8,005	13,315

Mr. FLACK has not been a candidate since 1885. Mr. JACOBUS ran in 1886 and lost his own Assembly district by a majority of 921. Col. MURPHY ran last year and received 15,069 votes, against 13,315 in 1885. His competitor last year had 5,212. It would seem to be clear from all this that Col. MURPHY is personally the most popular candidate in the field for Sheriff; but a question in the contest even more important than this is the strength which each of the organizations will bring to its county candidates. The result is sure to be most bitterly contested, and the outcome will establish for some time at least whether Tammany Hall or the County Democracy is to be the dominant organization among the Democrats of this town; for New York city, whatever the temporary effect of any election, is Democratic through and through, and to the core. In the busy and eventful history of its municipal politics, great men and famous leaders have risen from time to time, factions have grown, halls become celebrated, and combinations of individuals remained potent; but the great party of the majority, the party of the people, the party of New York, has gone on to triumph unaffected by these changes. Never before were there so many Democrats in New York; at no period were the principles of the party more truly cherished than they are to-day; and he who would win the favor and the suffrage of the great metropolis must be, before all things, a Democrat.

The Mystery Still Unsolved.

Nearly a week has passed since the killing of the Italian FLACCOMIO, and yet the case remains as much of a mystery as ever. It appears that Capt. MCCULLAGH'S suspicions are strongly directed against SABATINO, one of the proprietors of the Italian restaurant in St. Mark's place, but they are only suspicions.

Yet this murder, if murder it was, took place early in the evening in front of the Cooper Union at the time of the holding of a large meeting there, and under the illumination of the electric light. So far as observation was concerned, it might as well have been in the broad daylight. FLACCOMIO and his companion were plainly seen by GARRITY and WEBER, and there were many other witnesses of the death of the man, even if they were not observers of what happened just previous to it.

Still, there is nothing like a satisfactory clue to the mystery. Very naturally SABATINO is suspected. He was with FLACCOMIO at the St. Mark's place restaurant up to a very short time before the murder, and they went out simultaneously together, says the waiter SCHEGGO, but by different doors and in different directions, says SABATINO himself. The long knife found near the dead man has been identified, apparently, as belonging to the kitchen of the restaurant, but whether the killing was done with it or with some other weapon is still very much in doubt. Coroner SCHOLER could not determine this point positively from the autopsy, though he was inclined to believe that it had been the instrument used, despite the circumstance that there was no blood on the knife when it was picked up. ALBERT WEBER says that when he saw the two men walking together shortly before the killing FLACCOMIO had the knife in his left hand. With such a weapon, a long baker's knife sharpened down to a point, it would have been next to impossible for FLACCOMIO to kill kimself, striking with the left hand. As the knife was found, too, the inference would be that after having plunged it into his breast he had drawn it out. That, of course, he could not have done.

If, then, he killed himself, he must have used some other weapon; but if that was the case, why did he have the kitchen knife? The first impression of the bystanders was that the man had committed suicide; but there is nothing in the evidence so far secured that points to self-murder, though it must be acknowledged that the evidence is not worth much as a support for any theory.

Nor do we find that anything has been obtained to show a motive for the murder on the part of the suspected SABATINO. He has not been identified as the companion of FLACCOMIO seen by GARRITY and WEBER, and there is no evidence of any quarrel between them. If SABATINO was the avenging agent of a secret society, of course there would be no need to seek such a motive personal to himself, for these Italian assassinations seem to be committed to a deputed agent, perhaps selected by lot. But would the vengeance commanded by the secret band be wreaked under circumstances such as those of the killing of FLACCOMIO in a public thoroughfare and under the glare of the electric light? Ordinarily these assassinations are committed in the dark or in some secluded place. If the murder is done in the sight of people, they are Italians only, and those who will keep the secret because of dread of the vindictive society. Sometimes a stranger will suddenly interrupt an Italian card party, for instance, plunge a knife into one of the members, and then depart as mysteriously as he came, well knowing that none of those present will dare identify him to the police.

If, then, SABATINO had planned, as a secret agent, to kill FLACCOMIO, would he have done the murder as he did? Nor does it seem that the crime was committed in any sudden heat of passion, for the men are described by WEBER as having been arm in arm, and apparently in friendly, though somewhat excited conversation. He does not at all sustain the early report attributed to GARRITY, that the killing was preceded by a scuffle. Besides, there was no attempt on the part of SABATINO to escape from justice.

Thus we see that the killing remains as much of a mystery as ever, for nothing has been found to connect AITA with the crime, except that he was an acquaintance of FLACCOMIO, and bears what is supposed to be some resemblance to the companion of the dead man, though he has been identified by neither WEBER nor GARRITY.

Don't Bet.

A respected correspondent who resides in an important town of Kansas desires to be informed, for betting purposes, about the political situation in this State:

"Please give me your opinion how New York will go at the coming election. Will CLEVELAND carry the State? If so, by what majority? Will it be safe to wager money on his carrying New York? And do you consider his election sure?"

Col. WILLIAM L. BROWN, who is one of the ablest and most energetic Democratic politicians we know, thinks that CLEVELAND will carry this State by 40,000. The *New York Times* thinks that he will carry this city by 60,000. This will balance the Republican majority north of the Harlem River and will leave the Democratic majority in Kings, Richmond, Queens, and Suffolk, ordinarily estimated at about 25,000 altogether, to form CLEVELAND'S majority in the State.

But, while we thus repeat for our correspondent the views of these intelligent and interested observers, we must say to him that we cannot give him our own judgment for betting purposes, and that he had better not bet at all. Betting is not right, and we trust our correspondent will not report to it. If he has any money to spare, let him devote it to some good use and not risk it in a wager. Above all, don't bet on any election!

It is not only in this city and throughout the State that the registration for the November election has swollen to proportions beyond precedent, estimates, and expectation. We hear news of the same kind from other cities and States. It is evident that we shall poll a prodigious vote this year, and that the whole body of the American people are deeply interested in politics. This is the best of good news for a republic resting upon the ballot that executes the people's will.

Mr. HEWITT has supporters among colored Americans, as was made apparent by the delegation of them that called upon him at the Mayor's office on Thursday; he has supporters among German-Americans, as was made evident at the recent *commers* of the German brewers; he has supporters among Irish-Americans, as could be seen at the combustible meeting of the DENIS SULLIVAN Association; he has supporters among the Polish-Americans, Italian-Americans, and British-Americans; and it is alleged by his opponents that he has supporters even among Know-Nothing Americans of native breed. New York is truly a cosmopolitan city, and all the races of mankind live here in peace like brothers desirous of each other's happiness.

At Thursday's meeting of the Democracy of Indiana at Peru, when a choir of young ladies delivered their views upon the tariff in a song that they sung to a beautiful tune, Judge THURMAN, the Old Roman, gave notice that he could not present his argument on the subject in the same melodious strain. It must be admitted that, if some of the speakers on the tariff would set their language to music and warble it with a fiddle accompaniment, the listeners would get more enjoyment out of it.

It was a striking presentation of a difficult case that was made by a big Sioux chief in yesterday's SUN. His demands were reasonable, and his reasoning was persuasive. Our Government must deal justly with the Indians in the treaty which is now being negotiated for the surrender of a large part of the Sioux reservation. It is a duty to guard the rights and the welfare of the remnant of the Indian stock now left in the country. They represent a race of mankind that is possessed of marked qualities, bodily and mental, and that we know to be capable of attaining an advanced civilization. The big chief whose language we reported yesterday spoke like a man of thought and brain, fully aware of the perils amid which his people are placed, and anxious that they should be permitted to enjoy the benefits of education and progress.

We now have a female candidate for President of the United States in the person of Mrs. BELVA LOCKWOOD, and a female candidate for Governor of this State in the person of Miss LINDA GILBERT, and a female candidate for Mayor of this city, as an opponent of HEWITT, GRANT, ERHARDT, and WARDWELL, in the person of Mrs. CYNTHIA LEONARD. We also have a Board of District Electors, the majority of whom are females, and one of the two electors at large is of the feminine sex. But none of these ladies is a voter. If the daughters of EVE enjoyed the privilege of the ballot box, their candidates would have a better show than we can look for in November.

PLACES FOR 26 DEMOCRATS.

A Lot of Cleveland and Thurman Men Get $1,000 Clerkships.

Democratic light penetrated the gloom and malarial atmosphere of the Custom House yesterday when Collector Magone announced these appointments to $1,000 clerkships, twenty-six in all:

W. J. Bowman, Thomas F. Casey, Henry M. Dunn, Frank Johnson, Aaron C. Hill, Frederick J. Kessler, John F. Manley, George F. Lamb, Louis Smidt, John Farrell, John O'Byrne, Jr., Leo Pick, Denis P. Larkin, and George H. D. Speir, New York city; Stephen W. Hamilton and W. H. Northup, Jr., Brooklyn; Nathan P. Lott, Valatie, N. Y.; John Kinsella, Jr., Port Jervis; Arthur M. Stilwell, Yonkers; George E. Donaldson, Kingston; Datus O. Palmer, Wells' Bridge, N. Y.; Stephen T. Van Emburgh, Hoboken; John J. Egan, Jersey City; Madison P. Sawyer, Matawan; Benjamin S. Ashby, Oakdale; Henry H. Munsell, Rye.

The vacancies have existed for some time, and the delay in filling them is charged to the procrastination of the United States civil service moguls in Washington. All the appointments are to civil service places, and all named yesterday are Democrats, for Cleveland and Thurman.

TO GREASE THE WHEELS A LITTLE.

The Free Trade Reform Club Begs for Cash.

WHEELER, CORTIS & GODKIN,

EVERETT P. WHEELER,
HAROLD G. CORTIS,
LAWRENCE GODKIN.

45 WILLIAM STREET,
TELEPHONE, "LAW" NO. 721. NEW YORK, Oct. 17, 1888.

DEAR SIR: As election time approaches, there is always a period of taking up collections. Pray consider that I am calling on you in my proper person, and asking for a subscription for the work the Reform Club is doing. It has all been done under my supervision, and is of the following character:

(1) The printing and distribution of documents. These we have endeavored to make temperate, fair, and appropriate to the issues involved in the present canvass, so far as they relate to the tariff. They have been distributed largely to selected lists of voters in different parts of this State, and largely through the medium of local committees in other states.

(2) The supplying of items and articles on the subject of the tariff to local newspapers in this and other States.

(3) The printing of supplements, which are sent to local newspapers, folded by them in their regular issue, and sent to their regular list of subscribers.

(4) The holding of public meetings.

The work has been done independently of the Democratic National and State Committees, but with their co-operation and approval, and has reached, undoubtedly, many voters not reached by the ordinary party channels. When our bills are made up on election day, we shall need, to defray the expenses of the entire work, $12,000. We have already received $8,750, and we think you would be pitiling some money to an excellent use if you were to add as liberal a subscription as you consistently can to the amounts already received. Yours faithfully, EVERETT P. WHEELER.

Checks should be made payable to the order of Constant A. Andrews, Treasurer.

Mills and Blaine Fight It Out.

From the Brooklyn Eagle.

Roger Q. Mills is a tortoise-shell-skinned cat attached to the Supply Department at the navy yard. He answers to his name, which is on the pay rolls, and goes to the officers' mess hall regularly when the bell rings at noon to draw his pay. The other day he sat on a coil of rope and indulged in a spirited argument with the black feline Jim Blaine, who is noted for the facility with which he avoids hot iron in the blacksmith shop to which he is attached. Mills held that the rodentia that are flocking to our shores and crowding out home industry should be restricted in their undermining operations, while Blaine maintained that it did not matter much, if the iron and railroad interests were let alone. Mills weighs ten pounds. He won.

Current Political Comment.

From Several Papers.

Another lie nailed.

From Many Esteemed Contemporaries.

The galled jade winces.

From Various Journals.

If you don't register you can't vote.

From a Number of Correspondents.

The situation in New York city is peculiar.

Who Can Beat This?

From the Detroit Free Press.

RISING SUN, O., Oct. 17.—The Democrats here have raised a pole 104 feet high, from which floats a Cleveland and Thurman banner. It is the highest pole in Northwestern Ohio.

The South Rejoices.

From the Atlanta Constitution.

It gives us infinite pleasure to state, with some degree of assurance, that the Hon. David B. Hill will be the next Governor of New York, to the tune of about 25,000 majority.

Friends and Enemies.

Old Man (solemnly)—My young friend, who was that who just asked you to go and have a drink?

Young Man—Barney Jones. He's a friend of mine.

Old Man (with continued solemnity)—Nay, my young friend, he is an enemy of yours.

Young Man—Well, I don't know but what you're right. Barney gave me two or three sure things on yesterday's races that made me walk home. You can't tell nowadays, old man, who are your friends are.

THE TIPPECANOE CELEBRATION.

A Glorious Old Fight Which Grandson Harrison Would New Like to Utilize.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 19.—The two days' gathering, nominally in memory of Gov. Harrison's victory over Tecumseh's brother, 77 years ago, just held on the old battle ground, labors under the disadvantage, viewed simply as an anniversary, of being decidedly premature. The defeat of the renowned Shawnoese chief really occurred on the 7th of November; but as this date is of no use for the present political canvass, the present alleged celebration of it was quietly squeezed three weeks ahead of time.

The historical incident itself, however, was well worthy of honor, and in no simply partisan way. Gen. Harrison did not scruple to trace the war with Tecumseh and his brother, the Prophet, to the machinations of officers and traders in the Northwest. In his address to the Legislative Council and House of Representatives of Indiana Territory, of which he was then Governor, he gave this account of it:

Nejperson who is in the least acquainted with the history of Indian affairs upon our northwestern frontier for some years past can be at any loss for the source of all this mischief, or will hesitate to believe that the Prophet is a tool of British fears or British avarice, designed for the purpose of forming a combination of the Indians, which, in case of war between that power and the United States, may assist them in the defence of Canada, or as the means of keeping back our settlements, and, by rendering us suspected and hated by the natives, secure to themselves a continuance of the valuable fur trade, which they have so long engrossed.

Whatever the facts as to the instigation of the difficulties, Tecumseh succeeded in forming a confederacy of the Northwest tribes to try to check the white man's progress, and Gen. Harrison, perceiving the danger, aroused the settlers to arms. Putting himself at the head of a force of regulars and militia, he reached the Wabash early in October, and thence proceeded to the settlement occupied by Elskwatawa, the Prophet, and encamped on the Tippecanoe River. There, instead of attacking the Indians, he gave opportunity for a peaceful parley; but before dawn of the day on which it was to have been held, the Indians, under the Prophet, Tecumseh being absent, attacked his camp. It happened that Harrison himself was awake awaiting for daylight and talking with his staff, and the troops quickly formed to repel the rush of the Indians, the first stress of which came upon the left, where Barton's regulars were posted. Col. Owen was shot down by the side of Harrison, who was conspicuous for bravery, and Col. Daviess was killed while charging with his dragoons. The outcome was the complete defeat of the Indians and the consequent ruin of Tecumseh's plan.

During the war with Great Britain, which broke out a few months later, Harrison had many other successes, commanding as he did the Army of the West, while the Army of the Centre was under Gen. Dearborn, and the Army of the North under Gen. Wade Hampton. In this war, Tecumseh took part with his Indians on the British side, and the white and the Indian General met each other on more than one field. At the Maumee Rapids, in 1813, Harrison was attacked in Fort Meigs by a mixed force of British and Indians under Proctor and Tecumseh, who were driven away. In October of the same year, an American army under Harrison, having crossed into Canada, fought a sharp battle on the Thames River with Proctor and Tecumseh, in which the famous Indian chief was killed and Proctor put to flight. Yet when, many years later, Gen. Harrison became a candidate for the Presidency, it was chiefly to his early victory that popular enthusiasm reverted, and under the name of "Old Tippecanoe" he marched on to his famous political triumph. Tippecanoe, in fact, was a battle to be proud of, since the forces were far more nearly equal than was usual in combats with Indians, and the assailants had had all the advantage of a treacherous night attack, yet were defeated with severe loss.

INTERESTING GOSSIP OF THE DAY.

It is now nearly two years since Prof. Short, the Professor of Latin at Columbia, died, and still the college is without a regular occupant of his chair. He was a noted linguist, and his name was a source of strength to the college, but the students think it a wonder that the trustees have not been able yet to get some one fit to take up his work. They feel that even if a man of as great reputation cannot be found, still some one might be elected who would be able to start with enthusiasm, and who by much study would soon rise to the plane on which stood the lamented Short. The general favorite among the college boys is Prof. Peck, who has directed the department since Prof. Short's death. He is more than a young man, and yet not an old man. His work has been promising as well as satisfactory, and the general wish among the students is that the trustees would stop wasting time and elect Prof. Peck.

Columbia has no great number of candidates for the vacant Presidency. The news that the venerable Dr. Barnard had given up the place must have got to the uttermost ends of the earth by this time, and yet there has been no surprising rush of men anxious to succeed him. A few have been pushed, but they have not all been of the right kind. It is generally conceded that Dr. Drisler, the acting President, is not seriously considered. His true sphere is in the Greek department. He serves because he is the senior member of the faculty. The trustees have discussed candidates time and again, but they have not yet, so far as any one knows, arrived at even the beginning of a decision. It is queer what difficulty college trustees find in electing a President. The old idea still exists that a college President must be a minister. Why this should be is hard to say. Perhaps it is chiefly the influence of a superstition that grew in the far away past of college life when the right of the college to stand *in loco parentis* had not even begun to be questioned. That the Columbia trustees may want to make some minister Columbia's President is a thought which just now is annoying many of the alumni and the undergraduates. They say they don't object to a minister simply because he is a minister, but on principle they believe the best man could be picked from the laity. Some of those most interested in Columbia's welfare would like to see some one of the present faculty made President. There are men who have long been connected with the institution, who know its needs, and who understand the students and their ways. Such a man the most interested alumni want. One of those suggested is Prof. Chandler, dean of the School of Mines. Another is Prof. Van Amringe, the professor of mathematics. Both are strong men, and Prof. Van Amringe is credited with being the very life of some of the movements which have improved Columbia in recent years.

The political advertisement idea has spread from the elevated cars to the stations. "For Sheriff, James S. Flack," in big black letters on a white ground, is appearing on the largest sized boards on the platforms now.

Ever since Matt Quay came to town to take charge of the campaign for the Republican party he has been one of the interesting figures in the hotel corridors and other places. A good many stories have been told about the Pennsylvania Senator. Nearly all of them tell of his acumen as a politician. His appearance alone would impress one. When on duty he is quiet, retiring, more or less thoughtful, and when he speaks it is in a softly modulated voice that is almost a whisper. He has a habit of turning his eyes from you in conversation, and his pet remark is, "I am not doing very much talking nowadays." It is noticed that he has narrowed the cabal in charge of Republican National Headquarters. In the early days national committeemen from many States clustered about him. That is all changed now, and the three men running headquarters now are Matt Quay, Col. Dudley, and, incidentally, John S. Clarkson. The lines have been thus narrowed because of Mr. Quay's determination that the old maxim that two or three heads are better than one is fallacious and deceptive. Mr. Quay has, in his quiet way, full confidence in his own abilities, and the folks at National Democratic Headquarters seem to respect them mightily. But even Mr. Quay has been taken in and done for in his time. His friends say, however, that only once has Mr. Quay been forced to bow before a mightier genius, and he was the colored editor of a Republican paper in Pennsylvania. Mr. Quay and some of his friends were in a barroom of a Pittsburgh hotel a couple of years ago, when the conversation turned on securing the colored vote in its entirety for the Republicans. In strolled the colored editor in question, and he struck Senator Quay for a subscription to his paper. It was only a dollar a year, and this was just the opportunity that Mr. Quay desired. He asked the colored editor and all hands to have something, and as the happiness began to flow Mr. Quay handed the colored editor a twenty-dollar bill. The editor carefully jammed the bill in his pocket, and the conversation and happiness continued. As the party was about to break up the Senator turned to the editor and inferentially remarking that, as he had subscribed for a year's subscription to the paper and had given him a twenty-dollar bill, there must be some change.

"Oh, no, Mr. Quay," replied the editor, "a year's subscription would have little influence on my people. I'll send you the paper for twenty years." Mr. Quay smiled at the length of time that he was to have the colored editor's paper fired at him. But in six months the paper was corralled by the Democrats, and the Senator has no use for it any more.

Georgetown University has received a great accession to its faculty in the appointment of the eminent mathematician and astronomer, the Rev. John Hagen, to the chair of astronomy and the directorship of the observatory. Father Hagen belongs to the German province of the Society of Jesus, but has been in this country for some years. He is a member of the Royal Mathematical Society of Berlin. Lately, in conjunction with Prof. Holden, now director of the Lick Observatory, he published a book, in which observations made by Argelander many years ago are calculated and reduced for the use of astronomers. It is expected that under his direction the observatory will enter upon a brilliant career.

POLITICAL NOTES.

All Politicians Should Read Them.

The registry during the first two days this year shows an increase of more than 34,000 over the first two days of 1884. Should the ratio of gain be continued during the two remaining days, which are Friday and Saturday of next week, the total increase will be 50,000. In 1884 the vote on President footed up 227,780, and if, as seems probable, the vote shows no more than the 5 per cent. decrease from the registry customary in Presidential years, this year's vote will amount to 275,000. It is a phenomenal total, and shows the great increase in the population up town, which has been going on steadily during the past four years.

It is thought surprising nowadays that in a municipal election in New York there should be four active candidates for the office of Mayor, but there is really nothing surprising about it. As far back as 1856, when the whole vote only amounted to 50,000, or less than one quarter of what it does now, there were four candidates, at least two of whom are known to the present generation of voters by reputation. One of these was Wilson G. Hunt; the other the late Fernando Wood. In 1856 there were five candidates for Mayor, Fernando Wood and Anthony J. Bleecker being among them. In the close municipal contest of 1859 there were three candidates. There were three in 1861 and three in 1863, Francis L. A. Poole being among them. In 1865 there were four candidates, just as there are now. There were John T. Hoffman, Tammany; Marshal O. Roberts, Republican; John Hecker, the flour merchant, and C. Godfrey Gunther, the furrier. The total vote was 81,000, and Hoffman's plurality was 1,100. There were three candidates in 1867, and again three in 1872. There were three in 1874, but since then there have usually been only two, except in 1883, when Mr. Hewitt was elected.

Of the three candidates for Coroner to be chosen next month, the name of one lawyer appears on the Tammany side and of one lawyer on the County Democracy side. The Republicans have not recognized the bar at all in their nominations, yet the Coroner is a judicial officer, the duties he has to perform corresponding in great measure with those rendered by Justices of the Peace in other parts of the country. He is, indeed, the committing magistrate in cases where murder is alleged or suspected.

Among the Assembly candidates spoken of is Capt. Washburn, Republican, in the Fifteenth, and Primer Gregory in the Seventh Assembly now represented in Albany by Judge Morgan. The probability of a triangular fight in each of these strong Democratic districts has produced the nomination of a number of young men who would, under other circumstances, have no show.

The German-American Democratic Association will declare its attitude in local matters at the adjourned meeting of its County Convention this evening. The Convention assembled on the evening of Monday, Oct. 8, and, after hearing reports from various committees, appointed a committee of its own to confer with other Democratic organizations. Tammany Hall had already placed its county ticket in the field, so the County Democracy was the only organization the committee could deal with. Dr. August Frech, who is Secretary of the German organization, was nominated for Coroner, and, as this is the only recognition which this German organization has received, it is supposed the County Convention will endorse tonight the whole County Democracy from Hewitt to Frech.

The next two weeks are going to be quite lively and interesting in that portion of New York known as the upper district beyond the Harlem and along the Bronx. The exuberant Purroy has marshaled his many followers in a strong effort to aid the Tammany canvass. Col. James J. Mooney, the Ollagawalla chieftain, who has succeeded Mr. Purroy in charge of the County Democracy interests, is himself running for the high office of Coroner, to which even Morrisania men are eligible. George H. Forster, President of the Board of Aldermen, is from the sylvan haven of Riverdale organizing the cohorts of Tammany and putting them into the field; and between these three, Republicans are scarce and Labor men few. Every Democrat in the upper district is called upon to range himself under one or the other standard, and a failure to enlist is said to mean political ostracism hereafter. The plan of politics in the upper districts is rather rustic. The distances are many, the roads rough, the grades sharp, the uncultivated territory extensive, and the means of communication primitive and few. Notwithstanding these disadvantages, a most vigorous struggle is going on, and some idea of its fierceness and intensity may be gained from knowledge of the fact that two such veterans as Gen. Franz Sigel and Col. E. T. Wood have been conscripted. Gen. Sigel is a reminder of a time long past. He was born in Zinschelon, in Baden, on Nov. 18, 1824. He came to America after the revolution of 1848, and participated in the war of the rebellion, rising to the dignity of a General in command of Union forces. So popular did he become among the soldiers who were of German birth or ancestry that the saying grew popular throughout the North "I fights mit Sigel." In 1880 Gen. Sigel was nominated by the Republicans for Secretary of State of New York, and he had as his colleague on the ticket for the office of Comptroller Horace Greeley. He was nominated by the Republicans to catch the vote of the personal liberty Germans; Mr. Greeley was nominated to catch the vote of the temperance farmers. The whole scheme fell through and the Democratic ticket, with Homer A. Nelson at its head, was a good victory. In 1871 Gen. Sigel was elected Register of this county by the Committee of Seventy, the Republicans, and the Reform Democracy. He was afterward with the Excise Board, became a Democrat in 1884, and is now the Pension Agent of the United States Government in New York. He resides in Morrisania.

Four years ago this was the vote of the Nineteenth Assembly district for Mayor: Hugh J. Grant, Tammany, 5,981; William R. Grace, County Democracy, 3,978; Gibbs, Republican, 1,514. From the indications of the registry, the vote in the Nineteenth district will this year reach 18,000, the gain being, nearly all of it, in the election districts extending from Eighty-sixth street to 135th street on the west side. The managers of the Hewitt canvass claim that their candidate will receive not less than 7,500 votes in the Nineteenth, beating Mr. Grant there by at least 1,000. It is the district where the latter gentleman resides, and in the lower part of which he is extremely popular.

In the Congress district now represented by Timothy J. Campbell, and in which Judge McCarthy has been nominated by Tammany Hall, the Republicans hold the balance of power, and on their action will depend in great measure the result of the election. The district is triangular in shape and is very easily bounded. On the north the line runs from Stanton street at the Bowery to Stanton street at the East River straight across. On the west the line extends from Stanton street and the Bowery, down the Bowery to Catharine, and through Catharine street to the East River. The remaining boundary is the East River itself.