The Sun.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1892.

THE SUN may be had of Messrs. Smith, Kinglis & Co., 23 Newcastle Street, Strand, London.

Three more ships arrived in this port from Hamburg yesterday. On two of them, the Normannia and the Rugia, there had been deaths at sea from a disease which the ships' doctors called cholerine, but which Health Officer JENKINS believes to have been cholera. The number of deaths on the Normannia was four, and the number on the Rugia five. There are still five cases of the disease on the Rugia and four on the Normannia. On the Rugia the disease has been confined to the steerage, but on the Normannia there have been, besides the deaths in the steerage, one death in the first cabin and one in the second. The third ship from Hamburg, the Stubbenhuk, brought steerage passengers only. Her surgeon has reported no deaths from any disease resembling cholera.

The three ships were sent to the lower bay. With the Moravia, they make four ships of the Hamburg-American line now in quarantine at this port. A new case of the disease developed on the Moravia on Friday. Dr. JENKINS says the Normannia and the Rugia must remain in quarantine for a week or more. There are many conspicuous New Yorkers among the Normannia's cabin passengers.

All the municipal departments that have to do with the health of the city continued yesterday their labors to prevent the introduction of cholera into the city.

In New York.

Within the past week, while there has been some apprehension of the cholera in New York, there has been far less than in most of the cities of Europe and America, and our stately city has gone on in its usual way, busy as ever and festive as always. The weather has been delightful as well as invigorating; and the week closed with a day as fine as day could be in our benignant autumnal season. Probably more than twice ten thousand of the New Yorkers who have been ruralizing for a long time past returned to their homes among us during the week, and multitudes of business people from all over the country came here, as they do every year in September, to see about the fall markets, the winter supplies, and other things. We assure the *Commercial Gazette* of Cincinnati that the people are not flying from New York, and that there is no panic here. Let the denizens of Cincinnati read our business news, our theatrical advertisements, our Wall street minutes, our sporting columns, our political reports, and all the annals of New York as daily printed in THE SUN; and they will see that, in these times, as at all times, New York is herself, her peerless self, the grand and proud city, strong and alert, virtuous and aspiring, an object of love to her own privileged people and of fascination to outsiders. It must have been the Bostonian squatter recently driven out of the city who told Cincinnati that New Yorkers are flying to the hills in a state of panic. We invite that squatter to tell us the name of any man or woman living here who is not happier, merrier, better off, and more sensible than he is, wherever he may have taken refuge.

In Vienna.

That city of Europe which made the most thorough preparations to ward off the cholera this year is the city of Vienna; and we learn by our despatches that not a case of cholera has appeared there. No city in the world, with the exception of New York, has applied preventive measures more excellent than those applied in Vienna. That, under circumstances of peculiar danger, the Vienna measures have been effective thus far is a fact that must be encouraging to all scientific sanitarians. To the north and west of it lie Hamburg, Berlin, and other infected cities, while in an easterly and northerly direction are the cholera nests of Poland and Russia; yet during the two months in which these regions have been ravaged Vienna has stood untouched.

Vienna began to adopt means of self-defence as soon as it became known that the cholera had entered western Russia. Its municipal authorities intrusted the work of defence to a body of medical experts to whom power was given, and nearly 500 of the physicians of the city offered their services to this body, without remuneration. Then the official experts, with the assistance of these brave, humane, self-sacrificing, and ever to be honored practitioners of medicine, entered upon their duties. The plague, while raging around Vienna, has not entered it. If it should enter the city, it will be confronted by as heroic a body of scientists as ever defied death in defence of mankind. Glory to the doctors of Vienna, who have long been renowned for their learning and their skill! If the city be saved, or if it be not, it should rear a monument in their honor higher than the tower of St. Stephen's Cathedral.

New York, like Vienna, has made good preparations to meet the danger with which it is threatened. GOD save New York!

A Remarkable Summer.

The political campaign of this summer has been spiritless from the start as compared with past canvasses for the election of a President. More than two months have elapsed since the nomination of the opposing candidates, yet the electioneering machinery is not in full motion in either party. In private conversation among the people politics is not the foremost theme. The people are keeping wonderfully cool for a Presidential campaign.

At present, too, there seems to be little prospect of political excitement for another month yet to come. The public attention is attracted by other matters, and most of all, of course, by the danger from cholera. Here in New York the security against all epidemics which the community has enjoyed for twenty-five years past, tends to lessen the alarm; but the actual presence at Quarantine of cholera-laden ships excites solicitude enough to make the possible incoming of the pestilence the chief subject of popular thought and discussion. Our arrangements and organization for the protection of the city from a visitor so dreadful are as complete and perfect as sanitary science and medical skill and experience can make them. No other port in the world is better guarded against imported disease than New York. Both our quarantine system and our sanitary administration within the city are models of efficiency demonstrated through many years; and at the present time they are more deserving of confidence than ever before. The substantial stoppage of immigration also serves to give further assurance to the people. But the inferior vigilance and scientific skill of other places, and especially places in Canada, may be the means of bringing the scourge to us. Even if cases of cholera are discovered on Manhattan Island, however, there is every reason for confidence that the Health Department will succeed in preventing anything like an epidemic which will add greatly to the death rate. If cholera can be stopped and stamped out anywhere, it will be in New York. Of that every citizen can rest assured. Whatever is possible in the way of prevention will be done by the health authorities. Yet, of course, the interest in the cholera question transcends for the moment the interest which the political contest arouses, and especially in this campaign, when the subject of politics was already occupying a subordinate place in the public thought.

Next to the cholera, the exciting subject just now with the great mass of the people is not the contest between CLEVELAND and HARRISON, but next Wednesday's battle between SULLIVAN and CORBETT. That event in pugilistic annals will have taken place before the part of the public who contribute most to the excitement of a political contest, will be prepared to give sufficient thought and feeling to the campaign to get their passions aroused. It may accordingly be October before the people are stirred up by political appeals, even if then they are carried away with an excitement such as we have been accustomed to in past elections.

A month, however, is time enough to give to the political business of this year. It is time enough to arouse an excitement sufficient to bring out a vote, which will be as large, comparatively, as was ever before cast in an election for President. Undoubtedly if the election were to be held next Tuesday, the case would be very different. Probably not more than two-thirds of the vote of New York would be polled. But before November the municipal ticket will stir the fighting blood of the great mass of our Democracy, and they will all get to the polls on election day.

On neither side are the people stimulated to hot zeal by the personality of the candidate. They are fired by party spirit, however, and that is much better than mere hero worship. In the end, we doubt not, it will send men to the polls so generally that the vote cast at the election will comprise as great a part of the voting population as have ever before been counted in an election for President.

A Floral Appeal from a Female Poet of Passion.

Some selected verses by Mrs. ELLA WHEELER WILCOX have been published in a new volume entitled, "An Erring Woman's Love." We speak of the book in this place because it contains what seems to be a personal appeal to us and a protest against such criticisms as we have made during the past ten years upon the so-called "passional" poetry perpetrated by the immodest pens of the young maidens and matrons of the now famous Milwaukee School of Female Poets. The appeal for more lenient judgment upon Mrs. WILCOX's vermilion sins is conveyed in the subjoined verses:

"Let the wild red rose bloom. Though not to thee
So delicately perfect as the white
And unwed lily drooping in the light;
Though she has known the kisses of the bee
And tells her amorous tale to passers-by
In perfumed whispers and with untaught grace,
Still let the red rose bloom in her own place;
She could not be a lily should she try."

Mrs. WILCOX's delusion is one of the most singular within our experience; and since we have a genuine liking for the estimable qualities which she has manifested in her writings, and a sincere respect for what we believe to be her personal character as a woman and a wife, we shall tell her plainly how her case strikes us.

We are willing that the wild red rose should bloom, although there is a limit to the extent to which even that flower can be permitted to communicate to the public certain physical sensations which it may have experienced. What THE SUN has endeavored for ten years to do in the interests of public and poetic morality is to discourage the white and unwed lily from passing itself off as a wild red rose, with all that the name implies. We do not ask the wild red rose to be a lily. We do most respectfully entreat the lily, the bluebell, the china aster, or the dandelion, as the case may be, not to disgrace itself and scandalize the whole flower garden by assuming the wanton airs of the wild red rose, or by gasping into the ears of the passers-by amorous yarns which have no foundation save in the unhealthy imaginings of the pretty impostor.

This amounts to saying that Mrs. ELLA WHEELER WILCOX totally misconceives the scope and functions of the talent which Heaven has provided for her; and that is precisely what we mean to say. She is really no more a poet of passion than JEREMY BENTHAM or Miss MARIA PARLOA, or the person that used to write couplets for the "Farmer's Almanac." The greater part of what she has written and published is sane and praiseworthy, whatever may be thought of its literary rating. Her verses addressed to the comprehension of children are unexceptionable in point of morality, instructive and interesting. Her religious poems carry both piety and common sense, without a particle of mawkishness or cant. Her verses of patriotism ring with honest sentiment. But Mrs. WILCOX is at her best, and nearest to her real poetic self, as an expounder in rhyme of the homely philosophy of every-day life. It is by her shrewd insight, her cheery and hearty sympathy with the minor joys and minor tribulations of existence, her power of redeeming from the commonplace such ideas as are worth stating in verse only when stated with a happy turn of wit, or brevity, or uncommon directness, and not least of all by her immense industry with the pen, that Mrs. WILCOX has achieved her remarkable vogue. The quality of some of her cheerfully didactic verse approaches that of the universal proverbs. She can well afford to be indifferent to the criticisms of those who draw the finer distinctions as to poetic values and methods. Her homeliest and most characteristic poems are quoted and quoted again, and they even go into the patent outsides. Mrs. WILCOX once informed THE SUN that she had received a grateful letter from a woman who had just been deterred from suicide by one of her poems. We can believe it; and we can also believe that thousands of people have not only derived innocent pleasure, but have also profited morally by such teaching as this, taken almost at random from a hundred equally characteristic stanzas at hand:

"It is easy enough to be pleasant
When life flows by like a song,
But the man worth while is one who will smile
When everything goes dead wrong.
For the test of heart is trouble,
And it always comes with the years;
And the smile that is worth the praises of earth,
Is the smile that shines through tears.

And now this gentle bluebell, or, if Mrs. WILCOX will allow us, this respectable hollyhock, comes pleading that it cannot be a lily if it tries, and asking THE SUN to let it pose as a passionate wild red rose and relate to the passer-by impure fictions about alleged intrigues with bumblebees. Never! while the sense of duty to the rising generation of poets and to the moral interests of the community remains unimpaired in these columns.

The selection of poems and subjects for the volume with which we have been favored represents Mrs. WILCOX's maturer judgment. She assures us on page 105 that it is September with her now, that her year has passed its fevered solstice, and that the autumn tinge of gold has subdued the vivid coloring of bold and passion-hued emotions. She adds this promise:

"I will cast
My August days behind me with my May,
Nor strive to drag them into autumn's place.
Nor swear I hope when I do but remember.
Now violet and rose have had their day
I'll pluck the soberer asters with good grace,
And call September nothing but September."

Yet we find plenty of evidence that the same silly ambition to be thought a wild red rose, the same self-conscious and forced simulation of love hysterics, as have disfigured and deformed too much of a career otherwise eminently creditable, are still active and visible in the case of our misguided friend. The manifestations are less frequent than in her previous volumes, but in regard to their intensity we must reluctantly report that we observe no improvement. September is as bad as August, July, or June. The pictures with which the book is illustrated are in some instances purposely indecent, and are only saved from being injurious to the minds of youth by the horrible drawing of the artists whom Mrs. WILCOX has employed to interpret her verses. The poet herself affects to see all nature in the light of certain physiological knowledge concerning which most married men and women are silent in public. If she goes in swimming, she abandons herself to her "strong-armed lover, the Sea." His breast of brine is close to hers, his kisses are on her face, and she bids the Sea to be bold and free as he wants to be, while she lies in his close embrace. If she writes of Regret, she pictures that emotion as a maiden widowed on her wedding day, mourning for imagined joys that were denied. If she writes of Remorse, remorse becomes personified as a crushed despondent Magdalen, brooding o'er the scars of pleasures that have been. If she writes of Summer, summer becomes a siren whose soft, fair arms encircle the earth in their languorous fold. And so on through the whole obnoxious lingo of feigned erotomania, until we come to the verses called "He that Looketh," too immoral to be quoted, and dealing with a pornographic variation not to be hinted at here.

Bah! The kindest thing that we can say about Mrs. WILCOX, in this disagreeable aspect of her industry, or about any of the school of female poets of passion who have followed her baneful example, is that the simulated article is forced, unnatural, and artificial to the last degree. There is no thrill in it to the blood of any reader past twenty. Why good young women, affectionate daughters and sisters, wives who are capable and painstaking housekeepers, mothers with boys in CÆSAR and girls in long dresses, should be so influenced by the writings of the acknowledged masters of incandescent verse as to become their feeble echoes and ridiculous imitators, is a mystery we have never been able to solve to our own satisfaction.

The attempt is particularly distressing in the case of Mrs. WILCOX, on account of the painful contrast with what is really meritorious in her poetry. The effect is much the same as if your prim aunt should be found practising the skirt dance in the village schoolyard, or addressing the Chairman of the School Committee in the burning words of HELOÏSE to ABELARD.

Scotland.

One of the most remarkable phenomena exhibited by the United Kingdom during the present century is the growth of Scotland. This is the more striking because it has been contemporaneous with the decadence of Ireland, whose population is now only about one-half of what it was before the great famine of 1846. That not only is the number of inhabitants increasing in North Britain, but that the conditions of life are undergoing singular improvement, is proved in a report of the Registrar-General, in which some interesting results of the recent census are embodied.

According to the enumeration made on the 5th of April, 1891, the number of inhabitants in Scotland amounts to 4,025,647. Ten years before the population was but 3,725,573; there has thus been a total increase of 290,074. As, however, the excess of registered births over registered deaths in the same period was 507,492, the loss of inhabitants due to the excess of emigration over immigration has been 217,418. The rate of increase, 7.77 per cent., is lower than in any preceding decade, with the exception of that ending in 1861, when it was six per cent. We may, therefore, assume that the present rate of increase will continue, in which case the population of Scotland will double itself in a little over eighty-nine years. We may add that on the day of enumeration there was a proportion of 107.2 females for every 100 males. This ratio is the lowest that has yet been experienced since 1801, when the ratio was that of 117.6 females to every 100 males. The proportion of females to males varies considerably in different counties. In three the males are in excess; in one of these, Linlithgow, there are only 88.96 females to 100 males. On the other hand, in Forfar, to every 100 males there are 121.50 females; in Bute, 124.14, and in Shetland, 135.3. The extraordinary excess of females in the three last-mentioned counties is, of course, due to the fact that the greater number of emigrants are able-bodied males.

In Scotland, as in England, there are evidences of a marked tendency of the people to concentration in towns, though the drift is not quite so noteworthy as it was in the preceding decade. At the date of the present census 65.37 per cent. of the inhabitants of Scotland resided in towns as compared with 61.75 per cent. in 1881. The proportion of those living in villages is now 11.57 per cent., having been 11.99 per cent. at the time of the previous enumeration. The ratio of residents in the rural districts has fallen from 26.26 per cent. in 1881 to 23.06 per cent. at the present time. It would further appear that, taking Scotland as a whole, there were 135 persons to every square mile, and that the number of acres to each person was 4.7. The density of population, however, varies greatly in different parts of the country. Four counties are very thinly settled; in Ross and Cromarty, for instance, there are only 25 persons to a square mile; in Argyll only 23; in Inverness 22, and in Sutherland but 11. Three counties, on the other hand, have over 1,000 persons to the square mile, viz., Lanark, with 1,186; Renfrew, with 1,187, and Edinburgh, with 1,199.

Now for some of the conditions of life. The average number of families to each house in Scotland was 1.07; the number of persons to a house, 4.92; the number of persons to a room, 1.52, and the number of rooms to a house, 3.24. The greatest average proportion of souls in each house occurs in Banff, viz., 5.05, and the fewest number of rooms to each family is found in Orkney, namely, 2.76. Taking the rural districts as a whole, however, the average number of rooms in each house is considerably larger than it is in town and village dwellings. Viewing Scotland collectively, we find that houses with two rooms and more have increased, and that a decrease is only observable in dwellings of one room with or without a window. At the present time there are but 398 rooms in Scotland in which persons live under so unhealthful conditions as to be without a window; there were 7,964 such rooms in 1861. Of houses of two rooms with windows, there has been an increase of 26,179 during the decennial period; of those with three rooms an increase of 23,858; and of those with four rooms an increase of 10,532. These figures testify to a notable advance in the sanitary conditions under which the people of Scotland are living. For other data bearing on the physical and moral situation of North Britain, that is to say, for vital, conjugal, and criminal statistics, we must await the report to be laid before Parliament at the coming session.

Woman.

"What is woman for?" So asked Dr. L. F. BRYSON at the annual meeting of the American Social Science Association at Saratoga on Aug. 30, 1892.

She is for soul, for thought, for love, for bewitchment, for romance, for beauty, and for man. She is for this world and for other worlds. She is for all time and after time. She is for memory and for hope. She is for dreams beauteous. She is for poetry and art. She is for the fulfilment of the human imagination. She is for the household and her mate. She is for everything that is worth anything. She is for life. She is for faith. She is for earth and heaven. She is for summer and for winter. She is for the glory of the world, which would be intolerable without her. She is for all delicacy and daintiness. She is for youth, for middle age, for old age. She is for the merry-hearted and for the weary-footed. She is for light. She is the crown of creation, the consummate masterpiece of nature. It was ROBERT BURNS who, in an hour of ecstasy, sang:

"Auld Nature swears, the lovely dears
Her noblest work she classes, O;
Her 'prentice han' she tried on man,
And then she made the lasses, O."

"What is woman for?" cries Dr. BRYSON, while standing up before the American Social Science Association. She is not for analysis by the chemical methods of the members of that body. She is not for the monoculous inspection of a lot of delegates assembled in convention. She is not for the gratification of social curiosity. She is not for science alone. Oh, no, no! She is for those only who surrender their souls wholly to her magic, and throw themselves unreservedly at her feet.

What rascal got into the *Rochester Union and Advertiser* office to assert that "protection, and Pennsylvania protection at that, has no more ardent and able supporter than the *Philadelphia Record*, a Republican journal which supported HARRISON in 1888, and supports him now"? Why, Brother SINGERLY has always been the wildest of the wild in his railyings round the flag of free trade. Nevertheless the *Philadelphia Record* and the *Rochester Union and Advertiser* too are Democrats truly.

The Russian Government, which is autocratic and despotic, has displayed the utmost imbecility in presence of the cholera, which has ravaged its territory from the Caucasus Mountains to the river Volga and the Gulf of Finland.

In the United States, which is a democratic republic, there has been the utmost energy in warding off the cholera, under the coöperation of the Federal and State authorities, and in dealing with the Russians, by whom our country is endangered.

The best government is that which governs best.

How happy they look when seen in our streets or parks, and in our theatres or churches, and in our elevated or equine chariots, and hastening to business or hurrying home after it, and studying the news and views of THE SUN to get food for thought. These are the New Yorkers who have been off in country places of one kind or another during the summer, and have spent a great part of the time in hankering to get back to the city. Now that they are here they want to see the squatter who said that nobody loves New York. This squatter ought to lecture.

It is hard to please Boston. We have praised its intellect, its business ways, some of its newspapers, its attractive women, its literary taste, its peaceful walks, its moral energy, its cookery, so far as beans are concerned; its able divines, its water supply, its capacity for expansion, its respectable citizens, its several magazines, its Revolutionary record, its brown bread, and all the commendable people and things that are to be found in it. Yet Boston is not satisfied, and the Boston papers step out to remark that Boston is not properly appreciated by us. We are stuck. We can't say that Boston is as big as New York, or has as much brains, or is as good a place to live in, or offers as tempting opportunities to wealth seekers, or looks half as fine, or has as many artists, poets, and philosophers, or is loved by its people as devotedly as New York is. We cannot help saying that Boston makes but a third-class show in the imagination when New York's first-class show is before our eyes. We may finally get tired of flattering Boston and trying to please it. Boston! pshaw!

Another new religion is on its way here. It was got up in California by a middle-sized, full-bearded, elderly man with spectacles, named MAYBELL, who is at this time in a special car of the Union Pacific, hastening to our city, which he hopes to reach by Monday next. He has made some money out of the new religion in San Francisco, but he believes he can make far more out of it in New York. We have examined the creed which he is to propagate among us. It is not interesting; it is macaronic, a mixture of mystery, fantasy, paradox, and flim-flam. There are two features of the new California religion that may be of concern to New Yorkers. Its adherents must pay for it in cash. MAYBELL being treasurer, and they must wear a uniform. MAYBELL furnishing the pattern. MAYBELL's own uniform will be a delight to our humorists. He wears a stovepipe hat, a blue military coat with epaulets and gilt buttons, a sash, a pair of trousers and high-heeled shoes with strings. As he described it to a San Francisco reporter, it is a clerico-military uniform, which makes him resemble a preacher at the top, an army General from the neck to the waist, and something else along the ground. We can't object to this garb, which is sure to attract attention to the new religion of which it is the symbol. We make MAYBELL a promise that, as soon as he appears in it here, his picture shall be given in THE SUN taken from life with a kodak, even though that picture should be by no means of booming his macaronic religion. According to Mr. PORTER's census, there are already a very large number of kinds of religion in New York; but there must yet be room for some of the new kinds from out West.

SOCIAL NEWS FROM LONDON.

The New Viceroy of Ireland—The Young Widower Who Takes Possession of Dublin Castle—Mr. Gladstone's Promotion of the Son of Monckton Milnes—His Connection with the Story of the Sheridans and the Incomparable Miss Linley.

LONDON, Aug. 25.—For the first time, I believe, since the days of the Earl of Carlisle, better known in political history as Lord Morpeth, Dublin Castle is to receive a marriageable representative of British royalty. From certain points of view this event will be of interest to Dublin society, in which marriageable young ladies, endowed with all the fascination of Irish wit and beauty, with match-making mammas of unusual skill and determination, are by no means unknown. Lord Carlisle pulled through the ordeal, however, unscathed, if not wholly unsinged, and returned to die at Castle Howard as he had lived, a bachelor. What will be the fate of young Lord Houghton? He is still a young man, and for public life in England a very young man, having scarcely attained his majority when he visited America in company with his brilliant, accomplished, and ever to be lamented father. But, young as he is, he is the widower of one of the loveliest English women of her time.

When Richard Monckton Milnes was raised to the peerage as Lord Houghton by Lord Palmerston in 1863, his only son and heir was a child hardly five years old. His mother, a woman of cleverness and spirit, who came of the blood and inherited some of the qualities of the famous Mrs. Crewe, "True blue and Mrs. Crewe," of the times of Charles James Fox, died, while young Robert was still a lad. Her death was hastened, if not directly caused, by the energetic efforts which she made to save the valuable papers and books of her husband during a fire which broke out in the night and destroyed no small part of his ancestral home at Feyston in Yorkshire. The blow was an irreparable one to her husband, who mourned in her, as he wrote at the time to one of his most intimate correspondents, "not only the best of wives, but the best friend that ever a man had."

Their son inherits something of his mother's beauty, and something, too, of her positive and determined character. Even as a boy his father used to say to him that he found it "awkward sometimes to be obliged to look up to Robert, who was so much older and wiser than himself." It would be hardly fair to infer from this that the young Lord Lieutenant of Ireland is a prig, for nothing could be more fatal to his success in the Irish capital than such an impression. There is no country in the world where priggishness, often the concomitant of many estimable qualities, is less prized, to put the case mildly, than in Ireland. The ways and manners of the new Chief Secretary of Ireland, Mr. John Morley, not unjustly exposed him during his very brief previous career in that office to a suspicion of priggishness; and this suspicion may perhaps be deepened into conviction if he passes much of his time at Dublin Castle before the reassembling of Parliament. Of this, however, happily for him, there is little danger, as he is likely to have his hands full in helping his chief arrange the details of the great measure which is to abolish his office, and with it the Lord Lieutenancy and all other visible signs and symbols of the Saxon domination in the land of Erin.

Lord Houghton, however, must make his home in Ireland, and it will, therefore, be of interest for Irishmen to know that he has certain gifts and graces of the sort most dear to the Irish heart. Without being a Nimrod, he is exceedingly fond of all field sports, a very good rider after hounds, and a very good shot. In these respects he will hit the tastes of Ireland as well as his immediate predecessor, the Earl of Zetland, and very much better than the Earl of Aberdeen, to whom the Viceroyalty was intrusted by Mr. Gladstone during his third lease of power as Premier. Lord Houghton's most intimate friend is the present Duke of Portland, who is only by a single year his senior, and of whom it is hardly necessary to say that he is one of the very few noble devotees of the turf in England who command not only the allegiance of the sporting fraternity but the respect of men of all sorts and conditions.

Only a year or two after his visit with his father to America, Robert Milnes was fortunate enough to win the heart and hand of Miss Sybil Grahame, a daughter of Sir Frederick Grahame of Netherby, a landolder of the Scottish border, so famous in song and story, whose hereditary estates are forever linked in literature with the ballad of young Lochinvar. Miss Sybil Grahame moved through the London fashionable world of a dozen years ago like a vision from another and higher sphere. Her beauty was of an exquisite type, more often seen in America than in England. She came by it rightfully. Her mother, Lady Hermione Grahame, was the beautiful daughter of a more beautiful mother, the late Duchess of Somerset, and the granddaughter of a grandmother more beautiful still. Miss Linley, the wife of Richard B. Sheridan, one of the most charming of the many charming portraits which put the name of Gainsborough above the name of Romney and at least on a level with the name of Sir Joshua Reynolds in that department of the painter's art, is a portrait of the "incomparable Miss Linley, the link between the angel and the mortal," with whom Richard Brinsley Sheridan, like the brilliant Irishman that he was, fell desperately in love at first sight, and with whom, like the reckless Irishman he was, he madly ran away to make her his wife at a time when, betwee them, they found it not very easy to scrape together money enough to pay for a post chaise. Of this love marriage between beauty and genius were born three daughters, each in her way a beauty and each in her way a genius. One of these, Caroline Norton, the poetess, who enthralled the devotion of the cleverest and most captivating statesman of the reign of Victoria, and who was persecuted for years under the muddle-headed former British conjugal law by a most unworthy and brutal husband, died only a few years ago as the wife of Sir William Sterling of Keir, the historian of Spanish art. Another married in her youth the Hon. Mr. Blackwood, afterward Lord Dufferin. She is known wherever Irish melodies are sung as the author of the "Irish Emigrant's Lament." She lived to see her son, the heir of many of her own most fascinating qualities, rise to the first rank among the public servants of England; and in the last years of her life she married Lord Gifford, the son and heir of the Marquis of Tweedale, at a time when he was a hopeless invalid, slowly dying of a mortal disease. The third daughter, the loveliest of the three "beautiful Sheridans," was celebrated by poets and painters half a century ago as the "Queen of Love and Beauty," who presided at the famous tournament given at Eglinton Castle a few years after the accession of Victoria. She was then the young wife of Viscount Seymour, known in the politics of later times as the Duke of Somerset, the second in point of precedence among the English Dukes, and, what is more to the purpose, one of the keenest-witted and clearest-headed of English Liberals. It was of him that the late Bernal Osborne once amiably observed, that "his wit and his genius would be admirable in a man, but were simply supernatural in a Duke." The Duke of Somerset and his Duchess both lived to an advanced age and died within a short time of each other, only a few years ago. The Duchess outlived her beautiful granddaughter, Lady Houghton, who married Robert Milnes four or five years before the death of his brilliant father, the first peer.

Few sons have ever had so devoted and affectionate a father, and it has always been a consolation to the friends of the first Lord Houghton to remember that, though he died in a foreign land, his son was with him at the last, when he passed away as a poet might have willed to die, in the midst of a summer storm of thunder and of lightning among the mountains of Auvergne. Two years afterward, in 1887, the present Lord Houghton lost his beautiful wife. She died after a very short illness, passing away quietly in her sleep, at Crewe Hall, the magnificent seat of Lord Crewe, the brother of the first Lady Houghton. This place, one of the finest in western England, with its almost unrivalled Jacobean gardens and its wealth of pictures and of porcelains, goes to the present Lord Houghton, his wife having never married. The first Lord Houghton, though always a man of means, could not be enrolled among the very wealthy peers of England, but by the union of his paternal inheritance with the very ample estates of Lord Crewe, the second Lord Houghton will be able, not only to discharge with adequate liberality the duties of hospitality which nowadays constitute, perhaps, the chief function of an Irish Viceroy, but also to take without inconvenience a step upward in the peerage, when his term of office at Dublin Castle is brought to an end, by the abolition of the Viceroyalty under Mr. Gladstone's as yet undeveloped project of home rule; or by the collapse of the Gladstone combination and the return of Lord Salisbury to power, arm in arm with Mr. Joseph Chamberlain and the Duke of Devonshire.

Of course, the sudden elevation of so young a man to a post so conspicuous cannot take place without provoking in the breasts of other Liberal and Radical peers emotions not entirely worthy of an Irvingian mind. There are intimations, indeed, that it has given serious offence to a very wealthy and recently ennobled peer, Lord Brassey, who had been selected for the place by many of the excellent people who rush into the business of Cabinet making with such cordial alacrity whenever a change takes place in an executive administration either in England or the United States. As Lord Brassey has recently married a second wife, it was doubtless thought that the entertainments of the castle might be judiciously intrusted to his; but Lord Brassey is an exceedingly active and enterprising person, and it perhaps occurred to Mr. Gladstone that activity and enterprise were hardly the qualities most to be desired in a Lord Lieutenant of Ireland at this moment. Lord Houghton has three little children, all girls, the oldest just entering her twelfth year. His only son died a year or two after his mother in Devonshire, while Lord Houghton was absent from England on a shooting excursion through South Africa and Madagascar with his brother-in-law, the Duke of Montrose, who married an elder daughter of Sir Frederick Grahame. K. P.

DIANA GOES TO CHICAGO.

A Smaller Figure Will Take Her Place on the Madison Square Garden Tower.

Love Diana, the huntress, will not spin around on her toes like a ballet dancer on top of the tower of the Madison Square Garden mandays longer. Early on Tuesday morning a firm of contractors will begin the work of taking her down from her perilous perch. It will probably take them all the week to do the job. She will be sent off to Chicago, where she will search for the winds again from the roof one of the World's Fair buildings, probably the New York State building.

Another Diana is to take her place. She will be 13 feet tall, five feet shorter than the present one. It is said that Mr. Stanford White, the architect of the Garden, is making the change at his own expense.

The work of taking down Diana will be a ticklish job. It will be necessary to rig what builders call a "gin" pole on top of the tower. This pole will be somewhat higher than the statue, which stands about 18 feet. After this pole has been put in position Diana will be lifted off the copper ball upon which she stands by means of ropes and tackle and will be lowered to the ground.

The present Diana is of sheet copper, braced with iron, and weighs about a ton. She was modelled by Augustus St. Gaudens, and built by W. H. Mullins of Salem, O. She stands balanced upon one foot on a big copper ball, and swings around on a seven-inch rod which turns on ball bearings. Shortly after the statue was put on guard on the top of the Madison Square tower fears were expressed that a hard wind might blow her down. A test was made which showed that she would stand a wind pressure of something like 5,000 pounds to the square inch.

MADE WAR ON THE ORGANIST.

And Now 67 Members of the Church Call for Pastor Herbst's Resignation.

POTTSTOWN, Pa., Sept. 3.—A church quarrel over the employment of an organist has convulsed St. Stephen's Reformed congregation here for several weeks. Last Christmas Prof. J. C. D. Koch entered into a contract with the church consistory to act as organist for one year. Not long afterward the consistory grew dissatisfied with the quality and character of music he furnished, and asked him to resign.

On the strength of the contract he refused, whereupon a new organist was secured, selected by the pastor, the Rev. C. H. Herbst. The new organist was Prof. H. F. Lamb. The choir stood by their old leader, Prof. Koch, but Pastor Herbst steadily ignored him, and has recognized Prof. Lamb instead, supplying the latter with the customary weekly list of hymns to be rendered on Sundays. The choir, when accompanied by Prof. Koch, have not been permitted to enter the church building on practice night.

Recently Prof. Koch and the choir, after an ineffectual attempt to gain admittance to the church for practice, on Saturday night forced open the doors. For this offence the consistory had Prof. Koch arrested, and on the next day stationed three uniformed policemen inside the church to prevent him from taking possession of the organ during the service. The Professor made no effort to do so, merely requesting the new organist to please vacate the organ.

Last Sunday the trouble culminated in the presentation of a petition to Pastor Herbst by the Koch faction, signed by eighty-seven members of the church, calling for the pastor's resignation. This action has so alarmed the consistory that they have yielded to the demand of the Koch party for a congregational meeting, to be held on Monday afternoon, when a vote will be taken on the question of expelling the pastor or of supporting him in his war on Prof. Koch and the choir.

"The Sun" Cholera Mixture.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir*: The merit of THE SUN cholera mixture as an assuager of those excruciating knife stabs peculiar to bowel disturbances is known to everybody who has used it. It is a simple remedy and a splendid one, and THE SUN does suffering humanity great service by keeping it before the public. Every household ought to have a bottle of THE SUN mixture in the corner of the cupboard, and every man ought to have a bottle in his desk drawer or on his bench.

But it is not to laud THE SUN or THE SUN cholera mixture that I write. It is to remonstrate with certain druggists for charging an exorbitant price for a medicine that is so essential to the poor, especially in these cholera times, when every gripe is a scare.

I recommended the mixture to a friend this morning, and a well-known druggist not many blocks from THE SUN office charged him fifty cents for a small bottle of it. It was fifty cents well spent, I have no doubt, but fifty cents is too much to ask for so simple and inexpensive a preparation. Druggists ought to waive part of their alleged 500 per cent. profit on this article at least.

THE SUN ought to keep the formula "standing" in a conspicuous place in its columns. In fact, it would do the poor a great service by distributing this valuable cure in small bottles at something like the actual cost of preparing it. Respectfully, THOS. M. KEARNS.

Who Is the Bigger Man?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir*: Who is the bigger man, Jenkins or the President of the United States? READER.

The bigger man is the one who has the law on his side.

The Maine Speech.

From the Detroit Free Press.

THE NEW YORK SUN deservedly criticises the dialect mongers who represent the back country in Maine as using the "a" sound in connection with the diphthong "ou" or "ow"—as "haouse," "caow," &c. This is not a Maine peculiarity at all, though it is occasionally heard there. It originated, it is said, on Cape Cod, but it is very common in Vermont, though a Vermonter would rather take poison than admit it. The principal Maine peculiarity is painful particularity in speech. The well-brought-up rusticate in Maine always "presumes" instead of supposing, and he is very apt to put the termination "ing" on words like garden, where it is not customarily used by cultivated people. The nearest he comes to the form of speech attributed to him and criticised by THE SUN—who is what is called in Maine a Kennebecker—is in doubling the letter "a" in such words as place, which he sometimes calls "plaace."

A deep-seated cough cruelly tries the lungs and wastes the general strength. A prudent resort for the afflicted is to Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant, a remedy for all troubled with asthma, bronchitis, or any pulmonary affection.—Adv.

Beside America's most beautiful river—the historic Hudson—runs "America's Greatest Railroad," the New York Central—best route between the East and West.—Adv.

WHAT IS GOING ON IN SOCIETY.

The last week of summer has been as gay, if not gayer, at Newport than any week of the entire season. The tennis tournament drew as large and apparently as interested an audience as it did at its beginning. The dinners, musicales, receptions, dances, and picnics given went off, one and all, with a most surprising dash and vim. The Aquidneck carried every day a goodly freight who seemed to enjoy to the utmost their privilege of being "tooled along" by so distinguished a coachman. The usual concourse of bystanders were on hand each morning to see the coach start, numbers of fresh new gowns were worn, and there was no sign to indicate that in a few weeks, nay, even days, the gay devotees of fashion will have turned their backs on this queen of watering places and sought for pastures new in fair Lenox and along the Hudson.

On Tuesday evening the Bachelor ball was given at the Casino, which was entirely transformed, both upper and lower piazzas being enclosed and the floors thereof covered with Turkish rugs. The supper was served at small tables, exquisitely decorated. Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, Mrs. James Waterbury, and Mrs. Cavendish-Bentinck received the guests. Their jewels were superb. Mrs. Vanderbilt and Mrs. Bentinck wore their orstwhile much commented upon crowns, while Mrs. Waterbury's jewels were marvellous in their brilliancy and beauty. The guests did not arrive until nearly 1 o'clock, much to the annoyance of the Receiving Committee, who appeared comparatively early. As one woman remarked, it seemed strange to go to a ball on Aug. 31, after having been invited for Aug. 30. But in spite of all drawbacks, the function was voted a complete success, and the bachelors at Newport can now rest for some time to come, and enjoy their well-earned repose.

Among the women who looked particularly well at the ball were Mrs. August Belmont, Mrs. Eaton, née French; the Countess Divonne, who wore a most marvellous French gown; Mrs. Jay, Miss Wetmore, Miss Havemeyer, Miss Hunnewell, Miss Adèle Grant, and Miss Hope Goddard. The engagement has been announced of Miss Georgetto Sherman, the daughter of Mr. W. Watts Sherman, to Mr. Harold Brown. As Mr. Brown's sister is Miss Sherman's stepmother, the engagement has given society even more than usual to discuss, and the ancient saw of "brother and sister have I none, yet this man's father is my father's son," has been repeated again and again. Still laugh as the world may, the match is an exceptional one and the young couple will start life with all one could wish.

On Tuesday also, the heir to the Hamersley millions made his début in society, his first bow it could scarcely be called, remarkable infant though he may be, but he exhibited a marvellous composure of manner and received the numberless congratulations with great grace. All the world and his wife turned out to do honor to Mr. and Mrs. J. Hooker Hamersley at their reception. Mrs. Hamersley was assisted in receiving by Mrs. A. Augustus Low and Miss Mill. The house was profusely decorated with flowers and palms. It was a most joyful occasion, for every one seemed to be in a good humor and heartily glad that a fitting representative of so much wealth had made his appearance.

The picnic given the same day by Mr. and Mrs. August Belmont was very successful. In no way has fashion done more for us than in revolutionizing this kind of entertainment. Now they are as