ON THE SOUND.

The Trip to Fall River and Back on the Steamer Providence.

SCENES AND INCIDENTS ON BOARD.

How the Band Plays and What the Passengers Do.

"Does that include stuffin', boss?"

It was Saturday afternoon, June 19, and the Sound steamer Providence was about to leave for Newport and Fall River. There was a crowd of orange women and newsboys and bootblacks and five cent cigar venders on the pier, who kept up an incessant clamor, and, owing to this fact, probably, the man in blue coat and brass buttons and gold laced hat, who stood at the carpeted gangplank, like Mrs. Frezziwig, "a vast substantial smile" in himself, did not hear this strange question about the "stuffin." Besides, the small cannon at the bow of the boat had just belched forth for the special benefit of the passengers a suffocating cloud of smoke, accompanied by a detonating report that would have done credit to a ten-inch Rodman, and the brass band "abaft the shaft," just over Mr. Gold Lace's head, was blowing like mad, as if to clear the smoke away and drown the report of the gun at the same time.

BEFORE THE START.

Finally the band's wind gave out, and a burly fellow pushed his way through the crowd to the gangplank and stood face to face with Mr. Gold Lace. He was a lively specimen of the Eighth ward rough, full of swagger and impudence and dressed to kill. He wore a white beaver, with the fur brushed the wrong way around the top, a flashy plaid vest with huge black buttons, and white pants so tight and long over his patent leathers that it was a miracle they didn't burst at every move he made. His hands were stuffed in a pair of kid gloves, the size of which it would be hazardous even to guess at, and on his left arm dangled a cadaverous-looking female in blue silk with jingling beads, whose head leaned so often on her companion's sleeve that her complexion was fast rubbing off on the glossy black surface. As he approached the boatman he put his hat on one side of his head, with the brim half hiding his eyes, and extending two blue tickets asked,

"Say, boss, does that include stuffin'?"

Mr. Gold Lace took the tickets and innocently inquired the meaning of "stuffin'," at which the cadaverous-looking female grinned very broadly, while her companion burst into a roar of laughter.

"Why, fodder, in course; that's what I means," finally spluttered out the man with the white hat, when he was able to catch his breath. Fodder being evidently better English for meals than "stuffin'" in the boatman's mind, he comprehended and replied:—

"Not much; that's only passage to Newport and back."

"Wha—at!" exclaimed the Eighth warder, as he passed over the gangway, "yer don't means ter say that I've got to pay extry for a bunk, does yer?"

"Yes, sir, if you can get one."

"Now, look 'ere, my fren, is Jim Fisk aboard?" and the fellow began to take off his kids by pulling the finger ends with his teeth.

"Why, what's that your business?"

"I'll tell yer why; I bought these 'ere tickets on the square, and 'taint quite the thing to charge extry for bed and board, and if Jim Fisk's here I'll take it out of his hide, I will."

With this sage remark the indignant rough strutted up stairs into the saloon, where he was seen a short time afterward seated on a sofa, whistling, "I wish I were an angel," and with his heels resting on a marble table in front of him.

ON THE WAY.

The gentleman of the elegant manners was not the only one of the many passengers who had many questions to ask, nor was he the only "peculiar" person aboard the steamer, for countrymen who lost their way in the saloons and were certain after an hour's hunt for their room to wind up just where they had started, were as thick as bees in a hive. When the steamer finally got under way, which she did about five o'clock, the brass band set to work and did its best to spoil the French operas and amuse the country folks who gathered about the brass instruments as though they had never seen a band before in all their lives. The rush for staterooms having come to an end by the time the boat had got well abreast of Blackwell's Island, the gong for

SUPPER

was sounded, and all the passengers—at least all who could scramble down stairs at once without breaking their necks—dashed down the winding staircase leading to the supper room. Several bran new hats, and even some "loves of bonnets" (for women were in the scramble as well as men) were crushed in the struggle; but the tables were soon well surrounded, and those who were unable to get "position, place and comfort" in time were compelled to prowl about, like hungry wolves, until their chance came about. But the supper tables did not long remain full; not because the mere looking at the good things spread out in dainty dishes were all-sufficient to appease the appetite, but because everybody was not aware of the price it costs to get a good supper aboard the Providence. There was a time when a passenger went to supper and got all he wanted for one dollar; but there is a new system now, and it worked on Saturday very much to the dismay of many an empty stomach. When each passenger sat down he was presented, first with a bill of fare, with the jaw-breaking names of the eatables, and the price of each; and secondly, with another bill, on which he had to write down everything he ordered, and put the price opposite each article. The grand sum total of the prices of course was his bill. In the system itself there was not so much to find fault with as there was with the prices. For instance, a gentleman who feels like having a good meal takes it into his head to start with fish, then a little porter-house steak, accompanied by an omelete. This costs him $1 95; and as potatoes are indispensable to the steak, he orders a plate, and as tea and bread (say French rolls) are equally indispensable, he orders them, and on getting up finds his bill $2 50. Of course this kind of thing was not expected by many of the travellers who had been used to the old way of doing business, and they were not slow in giving vent to their feelings. There is, however, a tea room, where a meal is served at lower prices; but, some way or other, by the time a man's appetite is satisfied by what he gets there, his bill falls at no very great distance from the bills of the other room.

IN THE SALOON.

After the supper the brass band transformed itself into an orchestra, and did its melodious best to enliven the passengers. The saloon was hung with banners and flags of all descriptions, the talismanic letters "J. F., Jr.," and "J. G.," inscribed in red on white flags, meeting the eye at every turn. The American flag found one or two places, but in one instance, instead of the stars and blue ground, there was an ugly looking steamboat. The passengers, while the orchestra was playing, amused themselves in various ways. Four young men, for instance, seemed to enjoy themselves to their hearts' content at a game of euchre, one of the sofas in the saloon being used as a card table. A big poster just over them warned everybody against gamblers, and announced in flaming characters that "no card playing is allowed in the saloons or cabins." Probably the four young men could not read or the officers of the boat could not see a card after five o'clock in the evening. Two egregious-looking youths, gotten up with all regard to the latest style in coats and hats and pants, promenaded up and down the apartment in the company of two women, whose painted faces, loud dress and abundance of paste diamonds that glittered from nearly every finger of their hands, proclaimed them to be, to use a mild term, "soiled doves." Several of the stateroom doors were flung wide open, and in several of them the bottle and the glass were handed about without regard to consequences, and the disgusting odor of bad whiskey oftentimes came wafted on the same gust of air that brought the sound of voices singing, in no low tones, songs that would have been better unsung.

THE "SOILED DOVES,"

of whom there were several on board, meanwhile flitted about the saloon with the most bold-faced impudence imaginable. Two of them had the effrontery to sit in their stateroom and smoke cigars, whiffing the smoke out of the windows into the faces of the passengers as they went by on deck. It may be that there are rules or regulations for their exclusion from the boat under certain conditions, but if there are any such rules or regulations they were not apparently enforced. Many of the officers appeared to know the women personally and always nodded to them in a friendly way as they passed, and as for the colored watchmen, they were as obsequious to the painted witches as could be. It was altogether out of the question for the decent people to try to avoid them, for they were certain to be encountered at almost every step, and there were many foolish young men on board who were so lost to all self-respect as to join these "lost ones" in their promenades about the decks and in the saloons, to the disgust of every respectable person who was compelled to witness, without being able to prevent, the shame. On the return trip on Sunday night from Fall River the boat was crowded, and, although several married ladies who were accompanied by their husbands had to sleep in the chairs the livelong night, the "soiled doves," every one, had staterooms, with plenty of room for themselves and others, too. They may have engaged them on the principle of "first come first served," but the fact that they had staterooms when respectable women had none is a fact for all that. But enough of a revolting subject.

THE BAR

was not the least attractive part of the boat during the voyage to Fall River and return. To reach it one of the supper rooms had to be traversed, and many times during the night fellows so drunk that they scarcely knew whether they were on board or on land passed through, singing, and stumbling sometimes over chairs and against tables. Several New York politicians on a bender were the principal patronizers of the place on Saturday night, and, as they usually do, made it rather unattractive to gentlemen who like to take their mint juleps and cocktails without having to risk any "onpleasantness" in getting them. The officers of the boat, however, were always on the alert for the boisterously inclined.

AT NEWPORT.

But few passengers got off on the arrival of the steamer at Newport, nearly all debarking at Fall River for Boston.

THE RETURN.

The wind blew strong during Saturday and Sunday night, and but few persons ventured on the decks after ten o'clock, and everybody but the *demi-monde* retired at about twelve o'clock, those having no staterooms roosting in chairs, or being flung out, on mattresses on the saloon floors. The boat on the return from Fall River was very crowded, and the orchestra up to ten o'clock whiled away the time with a "sacred concert," of which the following is a programme:—

PART FIRST.

1. "Welcome" march.....Weingarten
2. Overture, "L. Macon".....Auber
3. Venzano Song Waltz.....L. Venzano
4. Polka, "Hurricane" (cornet obligato, Mr. Hammond).....Nicholson
5. Selection, "Barbe Bleue".....Offenbach

PART SECOND.

6. "Schutzen" march.....Bilse
7. Waltz, "Rosige Lanner".....Zichser
8. Romanza from "L'Eclair," duet for horn and flute.....Halevy
9. Mazurka, "Spicen".....Strauss
10. Academy Galop.....Koppitz

New York was reached in safety on Monday morning, nobody falling overboard, not even the Eighth ward gentleman, who got fearfully seasick, and wanted the boat to stop till he got over it.

THE COAL TRADE.

Establishment of a Line of Steam Coasting Colliers—Trial Trip of One of the Vessels—Basis of Operations of the Company.

PHILADELPHIA, June 19, 1869.

Some time since Mr. Walworth D. Crane, of the well known house of W. D. Crane & Co., conceived a plan to supply a great public want, which is now being carried into practical effect, whereby New York, Boston, and, in fact, all points east of Philadelphia, can be supplied with coal from the great coal basins of Pennsylvania at greatly cheaper rates, with infinite more speed, certainty of delivery, at far less risk and an entire absence of the delays, annoyances and objections that are inseparably connected with the present tardy and inconvenient system of transporting coal by schooners and other kinds of sailing vessels. The plan is to substitute substantial steam colliers for sailing vessels, and Mr. Crane's project is just as superior to the old system of transporting coal as steam is to canvas for purposes of navigation. Mr. Crane followed up his idea of establishing steam colliers between Philadelphia and Boston with writing a prospectus of the transportation of coal by steam, and he submitted the result of his labors to a number of prominent gentlemen interested in such subjects, and among others to Mr. John Tucker, of the Reading Railroad, who recognized at once the immense benefits that would accrue to coal mining companies, railroads leading to the coal regions, and, above all, to coal consumers "down East," by the adoption of the proposed plan. Mr. Tucker gave the matter his earnest attention, and the affair culminated in the formation of the Pennsylvania, New York and New England Steam Navigation Company, and the prospectus mentioned as written by Mr. Crane was adopted without alteration as the principal basis of the company's actions. The present indications are that the most sanguine ideas of the projectors of the system of transporting coal east by means of steam colliers will be more than realized. Two great obstacles appeared in the path of the projectors at the outset, and they were, first, the fear that arrangements could not be perfected for loading the colliers at Richmond, and, second, that wharfage, &c., at Boston and the co-operation of the principal Eastern railroads could not be secured. These difficulties have entirely disappeared. The company are afforded every facility for loading the colliers at the Richmond coal wharves, the "Hub" awaits with open arms the arrival of the first coal-laden steam vessel, and the entire co-operation of the Providence and Worcester, Boston and Providence, Boston, Lowell and Nashua, Boston and Maine, Boston, Hartford and Erie, Boston and Albany, Fitchburg, Eastern, Hartford and New Haven, and, in fact, all the Eastern railroads have been secured, and there is not an obstacle in the way of the Pennsylvania, New York and New England Steam Transportation Company consummating the ends desired, not only by them, but all manufacturers, the great steam marine interests and all coal consumers in the Eastern States.

In one season there are shipped from Baltimore, Philadelphia, Elizabethport and other points 9,000,000 tons of coal, of which 3,500,000 tons are shipped to New York and surrounding points by canal and 5,500,000 tons landed at various points on Long Island Sound and eastward of that, all of which is transported by comparatively few sailing vessels, and it appears evident that some relief must be had.

With regard to the uncertainty attending the present freight on coals, it may be mentioned that in the commencement of the season schooner freights open from Philadelphia to Boston at $4 to $4 50 per ton and drop slowly to $3 and $3 25, and sometimes to $2 50, but for a very limited period, when coal is scarce. The advance commences after July 1 and is steadily kept up as the shipping season draws to a close. Mr. Crane proposes to make the freight on coal from Philadelphia to Boston, by means of steam colliers, of 500 tons register, at uniformly cheaper rates all the year round, without change or fluctuation. It may be mentioned that under the present system in many cases the cost of transportation on coal to Eastern ports amounts to over four-fifths of its value or cost at the point of shipment. Again, iron screw steamers carrying 500 tons of coal can be built and equipped at comparatively small cost, and screw vessels can make four trips to a schooner's one. It is calculated that the steamers can make at least three and a third voyages per month, while a coal schooner of the same tonnage takes twenty-two days to make the round voyage to Boston from Philadelphia. Another advantage of screw steamers consists in the fact that they are enabled, from their peculiar construction, to transport cargoes of 500 or 600 tons into harbors which can only admit schooners carrying 150 to 170 tons. Screw steamers for the transportation of coal have almost entirely superseded sailing vessels in Great Britain, and the day is not far distant when coal-carrying sailing craft in this country will be a thing of the past.

The Pennsylvania, New York and New England Steam Navigation Company have just completed their first steam collier, the Rattlesnake. She was launched at Chester, from the yard of Reaney, Son & Co., on the Delaware river, fourteen miles below Philadelphia, a few days since, and this afternoon the vessel made a trial trip on the Delaware, which was eminently successful in every particular. The steamer left Pine street wharf at one o'clock, with a large number of prominent citizens of Philadelphia, New York, Boston and other cities on board, and a small cargo of edibles and bibibles. The vessel steamed down the river as far as Gloucester and then put back up the stream, passing the river front of the city in gallant style. The Rattlesnake was saluted by hundreds of steamboats, ferryboats, propellers and other steam craft, which blew their whistles lustily, to which the Rattlesnake replied as she swiftly glided past them. After proceeding a moderate distance up the river, the steamer returned to Chestnut street wharf, where the party were landed, delighted with the trip and satisfied with the superior qualities of the new steam collier. It was found that the machinery of the steamer worked admirably, notwithstanding the fact that it was put in motion for the first time.

The Rattlesnake is 160 feet in length, 28 feet 10½ inches in breadth 11 feet draught. She has one engine of twenty-eighth inch stroke, one tubular boiler, pressure of steam thirty-five pounds; diameter of screw nine feet. Her screw can make eighty revolutions per minute, and her sailing capacity is nine knots per hour. The company are making arrangements for the immediate construction of a fleet of thirty vessels similar to the Rattlesnake, of from 500 to 1,000 tons capacity each, with iron barges as auxiliaries, all built in the most substantial manner, to steam at an average speed of from ten to eleven knots an hour when laden with coal, which will be transported under locked hatches, and the company will be responsible for all coal put on board, the dangers of the sea alone excepted.

A KENTUCKY TRAGEDY.

Shooting Affray Between Brothers-in-Law.

[From the Richmond (Ky.) Register, June 18.]

A horrible tragedy occurred near the late residence of the unfortunate subject of this sketch on Monday evening last. From all we can learn in regard to the affair it seems that Dud Dunbar was in the habit of maltreating and shamefully abusing his wife. Our informant states that on the evening above mentioned he had whipped her and she had returned to the house of her father (Mr. Powhattan Shearer, a worthy citizen of our county), who, accompanied by Mrs. Dunbar and her brother-in-law, Mr. Geo. Tipton, returned to Dunbar's house the same evening. Dunbar at first refused to open the door, but, learning that it was his wife, opened the door, stating that he would finish the—(his language was too bad to put in print.) Mr. Shearer informed him that he would attend to that matter, when Dunbar drew a revolver and was only prevented from shooting by his wife, who rushed between them. After some little conversation Dunbar seemed more calm and informed Tipton that a woman living about a mile distant was the cause of all the disturbance and that if he would accompany him he would prove the fact and burn her house in the bargain. Both started for the house, but when about half way across an open field through which they had to pass Dunbar suddenly drew his revolver, telling Tipton that he had him in the place he wanted him. The latter in an instant drew a revolver and fired, the ball taking effect in Dunbar's breast, who fell and expired without a struggle. His body remained in the field all night and was removed the following morning.

EUROPE.

ENGLAND.

The Coming Conflict—Boldness of the Lords and Cowardice of the Commons—The Necessity of an Elective House of Peers.

LONDON, June 10, 1869.

Before this correspondence appears in the columns of the HERALD the British House of Lords will have acted upon the motion for the second reading of the Irish Church bill, and the decision will have been made between that direct rejection of the measure demanded by Earl Derby and the less manly expedient of killing it by amendments which finds favor in the eyes of its more timorous opponents. It is unnecessary, therefore, to follow the English journals in their calculations of the relative strength of the conciliation and anti-conciliation parties, and their predictions as to whether the bill will or will not be suffered to go into committee. Indeed, it seems to be of very little practical importance, so far as the ultimate fate of the Established Church in Ireland is concerned, whether the course urged by Lord Derby or that advocated by the Marquis of Salisbury shall prevail. In the former event the ministerial measure rejected by the Lords on its second reading would in all probability be returned to them before next December in exactly its present form, through the instrumentality of a prorogation and a new session in August, and the battle would then have to be fought over again with a tolerably well assured backing down on the part of the Lords on the second trial. If the bill should now pass its second reading and go into committee the result of any vital amendment or alteration by the peers would lead to a disagreement on the part of the Commons, a conference, and the eventual triumph of the Lower House. Thus, in any case, the fate of the Established Church in Ireland appears to be sealed, and the only question of vital interest now is as to the effect which the threatened conflict on this question between the Lords and Commons may have upon other and more important institutions.

In view of the almost universally acknowledged fact that the opposition of the Lords to the principle of disestablishment and disendowment can only temporarily delay, without ultimately defeating, the proposed reform, it appears singular that the present contest should have been invited by those who alone are in danger of suffering from its effects; and the defiant tone adopted by Lord Derby, and his gallant lieutenant, Lord Cairns, can only be accounted for on the supposition that they regard Mr. Gladstone's present bill as the precursor of other and more serious encroachments upon "vested rights," and deem it the part of prudence to resist the first advance of the enemy. It is very well known that the Irish Church bill is to be followed by an Irish Land bill; in other words, that where the special privileges of a Church which embraces in its faith only an insignificant minority of the Irish people have been swept away, an enlightened and progressive government will seek to remove other and more practical evils from this unfortunate island, even at the risk of interfering with the special privileges of a handful of non-resident land owners. It may well be that such shrewd statesmen as Lords Derby and Cairns understand the position of the present government better than their associates, and foresee that the Ministry that has once entered boldly on the path of reform can know no turning back or standing still, and that the demands of a people long deprived of their natural rights are certain to increase in proportion to their appreciation of their own strength. Under such circumstances it may be skilful generalship to give battle at once to the advancing host and to risk an engagement in the open field rather than to stand the danger of a siege within their own walls.

It is a notable fact that up to the present time the dash and daring are confined to the Lords, and they seem rather to court the conflict which must decide their fate. This, probably, arises from the feeling that to yield now is to give up forever all but the mere shadow of their old power, and that hereditary legislation may as well be abolished entirely as be made a mere bauble, like the mace carried before the Sergeant-at-Arms of the Commons. On the other hand, the reformers appear to be startled by the issue they themselves have raised. The tone of their several organs is significant of this apparently unaccountable position of the hostile forces. The tory *Standard*, which at first advocated the passage of the Church bill by the Lords in obedience to the popular will, after putting on record their protest against its principle, now teems day after day with defiant articles and calls on the aristocracy of the country to stand by the peers and the constitution. Let the House of Lords be buried in the ruins of the connection between Church and State, it cries, rather than yield to the dictation of the Commons, led by the vulgar Bright and the traitor Gladstone, and it warns its readers that when the House of Lords has been got rid of the assault of the radicals will be turned next against the throne. This is its course of reasoning:—

> Nobody who has well considered the subject can doubt that the Crown excites no such feelings of envy and annoyance in the radical bosom as does the House of Lords, precisely because, while the latter is still an active and efficient power in politics, it is long since the former exercised the preventive authority which in theory still unquestionably belongs to it. Of late years Mr. Bright has rather gone out of his way to parade a sort of sentimental regard for the throne; but we may observe, without much fear of dissent, that his affection for it is based on the belief that it covers rather than checks his ulterior designs. The House of Lords, on the contrary, he hates with a vulgar hate, on every occasion vulgarly expressed, because even his self-sufficiency cannot persuade him that it does not present a formidable barrier to his levelling ambition. He cannot conceal from himself the fact that as a debating body it contains riper and more deliberate wisdom than the only assembly to which he can ever hope to belong; that in its bosom are to be found men far more eloquent than himself—if eloquence means something more than volubility and indiscriminatory passion—and that the empty arguments or tricky diatribes which often persuade the mixed legislative body he addresses must fail to shake a select audience of highly cultivated, fastidious and comparatively dispassionate men. It is this evident superiority of the House of Lords in dialectical force and oratorical good taste, conjoined to its power of vetoing raw or reckless measures, which irritates the more revolutionary elements which compose the Commons; and this feeling of constant irritation and annoyance tends to make its victims still more unreasonable, immoderate and sweeping in their demands. Let the Crown veto any measure, and there can be no doubt there would be an immediate proposal to abolish it from the radical ranks.

The tory organ neither underrates the popular feeling against the Peers, nor evinces any disposition to bend before the storm. Those who have evinced a disposition to temporize find no sympathy in its columns. It says:—

> The House of Lords is assailed just now by showers of petulant abuse. It stands in the way of people who are never disposed to regard it with favorable feelings. Every argument which democratic dislike of hereditary distinctions can furnish is freely used at this moment throughout the country, wherever the great question of the hour is discussed. In pot houses and drawing rooms, in clubs and railway carriages, the British mind is devoted to a consideration of the House of Lords, to a rumination over the prophecies of radicals who are declaring that the House of Lords will be swept away on the wave of popular enthusiasm which has already borne the Irish Church to its doom, to a review of old political dogmas and a reconsideration of old creeds. What is the use of the House of Lords? In whose interest does it stand "unmoved by the rush of the song," in the midst of institutions which are bowing before a tide of democratic opinion? These are the questions which are asked on all hands by the party which lives on destruction. Nothing which the Lords could do at such a moment could be more unwise than to discuss such questions themselves. Who could fight for a king who distrusted his own right or for an order which disbelieved in itself? It would be better that the Lords should adopt the haughtiest tone of self-assertion they could invent rather than one of such unreasonable humility as that which the Duke of Argyll is so eager to display. In answer to that question—to whose interest do the Peers sit?—it would be better that they should answer fiercely "In our own!" than condescend to plead mildly with their assailants and beg for toleration.

Beside this bold language, the words of the Ministerial journals seem tame indeed. It is true, they insist that the Upper House must give way, but they treat their defiant opponents in a very gingerly fashion and protest over and over again against the idea that there is any desire to override the Peers or deprive them of any of their privileges. "He must be a traitor in effect, if not in meaning," says the Gladstone *Telegraph*, "who could desire to provoke an irreconcilable conflict between the Peers and the Commons." Even the *Star*, which goes with John Bright in the advance of the reform Ministry, is disposed to avoid a contest with the Upper House. It admits that the Peers are slow and unwilling to apprehend new political truths; that they are exclusive and segregate, live and move and have their being in the delusion that they possess a potential veto on legislation, and are wrong and stubborn in proportion as the rest of the world becomes enlightened and advanced. At the same time the *Star* repudiates any desire on the part of the Commons to object to the "nominal independence" of the Upper House, and declares that "no change in the composition of the House of Lords is necessary to win for it the ceremonial respect of the House of Commons; but, on the other hand, no change in its composition will induce the House of Commons to tolerate the stoppage of any important measure by the Peers." Even now, it says, there is no need of alarm on the part of the Lords, and it promises them that if they will pass the Irish Church bill with a good grace, the discussion on the Life Peerages bill in the Lower House will be mild and even complimentary. In the meantime, however, the Lords have taken alarm at the opportunity which the Life Peerages bill would afford the Commons to haul the Upper House over the coals of debate, and will check its passage in their own body.

He who runs may read in all this the inevitable certainty of a conflict between the Lords and Commons and of the final abolition of the Upper House as at present constituted. The Irish Church bill does not personally affect the peers, and might be passed by them without damage to themselves or their order. But it must be followed by other and more material reforms, which in proportion as they extend the political rights and liberties of the people must abridge the special privileges of the favored classes. What, then, are the Lords to do? Must they admit the position that they have no right or power to oppose the will of the Commons, and so act the part of their own executioner? Or are they to make a stand for their ancient privileges only when their own interests are assailed, and when it can be urged against them that they suffered the rights of others to be swept away and only evinced boldness when selfishness was their backer? It was very certain that the position taken by the ministerial organs, and which will be maintained by the majority of the Commons, that the House of Lords is not an independent branch of the Legislature, but must yield its convictions to the will of the Commons, virtually abolishes the hereditary body. It at least makes it a mere mockery of legislation, and leaves it without any real power. The Lords may throw out some bills—little affairs that we care nothing about—say the Gladstone party; but they must not reject measures that we deem of importance and pass by large majorities. Why, then, send a bill to the House of Lords at all? How can the assent of the Upper House be necessary when its dissent is impossible? What advantage can there be in its consideration and discussion of a measure which it must perforce accept even against its strongest convictions of duty? On the other hand, if the Lords are really a branch of the National Legislature, with the same power as the Commons to pass or reject any bill that may come before them, and if their assent is absolutely necessary to the enactment of a law, what political liberty is left to the people, and how can any reform be secured or any existing evil removed? The Peers are hereditary legislators. The accident of birth gives them their seats in the Upper House, and no power can remove them. They may be bigotted, ignorant, intolerant; but the people cannot reach them. They are responsible to no one for their votes, and can defy every power except that of revolution. It is all very well to say that they dare not oppose the popular will, strongly expressed; but suppose they do so, regardless of consequences; what can reach them except that Cromwellian remedy which so speedily disposed of some of their predecessors?

It is plain that there is but one mode of removing the difficulty, and that is by electing the Peers by the popular vote and making them responsible to the people for their legislative action. The House of Lords is now either a mummery, without power, or it is a coequal branch of the Legislature, not chosen by the people and not responsible to any authority. If the former, then the nation is ruled by one House of the Legislature alone, and there is no check upon the popular branch, so generally conceded as necessary. If the latter, then despite the extension of the suffrage and the right to choose their own representations in the Commons, the people are really without any political power and at the mercy of a non-elective, irresponsible body. The election of the Peers would at once remove both these evils. It would create a House of Lords responsible to the people and with the power to hold a desirable check upon the Commons. It would besides greatly improve the character of the House, by opening the whole field of the nobility to the people and allowing them to choose the ablest men to be found there, independent of the accident of birth. The reform is too patent to be denied, and it will be singular if a man of John Bright's broad views, determined character and devotion to the cause of human progress does not at once inscribe upon his banner the words, "Away with hereditary legislation!"

FRANCE.

The Paris Races—Magnificent Scene—The Grand Prix—The Winning Horse—The Emperor and His Party—The Late Elections—Preparations for the Departure of the Chinese Embassy—The French Yacht Club.

PARIS, June 10, 1869.

The great race of the year that I announced in my last to come off on the 6th instant is over. A French horse that even its owner would not back was the winner. The weather was magnificent, rather hot for Paris, eighty-two degrees Fahrenheit at three o'clock in the afternoon. The drive to the race course in the Bois de Boulogne, through the Champs Elysées, the Avenue de l'Impératrice and the Bois, at this season of the year is indescribably beautiful and one of the great attractions of the day. The grand stands, too, were crowded with the fashion of Paris. The imperial tribune, in the centre, glittered with the presence of royalty. Besides the Emperor, who looked wonderfully well, and the Empress, who seemed very gay, there was the Queen of Holland, the Grand Duchess Marie of Russia, the Princess Matilde and their respective suites, all splendidly attired. Between the races vast crowds gathered in front of the tribune, as near as was allowed, and contemplated with great curiosity this galaxy of royal stars. Their comments were endless and amusing. "The Emperor grows no older," said one. "The Empress is the best looking among them," remarked another. "That one, at all events, seems in good condition," exclaimed a third, referring to the Princess Matilde, who has grown very stout, like her brother, Prince Napoleon. The mass of gorgeous equipages and exquisite toilets it is idle to describe, yet it is one of the great features of the races in the Bois. They are so near Paris that the roads are kept well watered and the dust can do no damage to either.

The event of the day was the race between English and French horses for the Grand Prix. Some twelve horses started. The distance, one mile and seven furlongs. The time three minutes and twenty seconds. It was generally supposed that the English horse Drummer would win, but the English world here discovered the horse was not in good condition and they bet cautiously. For the brief period of the race the silence of the thousands present was remarkable, when suddenly the cry arose of Glaneur, and cheer on cheer filled the air as the French horse flew by the judges' stand and won the race. Drummer, the English champion, was only a head behind and had a fall which doubtless lost him the victory. The owner of Glaneur, one of the oldest breeders in France, as he mounted the tribune to receive the congratulations of the Emperor, was overwhelmed with bravos. To say nothing of the glory, he pockets 141,000 francs, over $28,000, gold as we say, besides the imperial gift of a splendid silver vase richly embossed. This great race was established in 1863, and since then three English and three French horses have won, but this year the French are one ahead. Can't we get up an American horse to run next year? Leonard Jerome was at the race, and has no doubt made up his mind, like Tommy Dodd, "to go in and win," if he can only find a horse likely to accomplish the feat. He is as much on the *qui vive* for a horse as was Richard III. on Bosworth field.

It is time now to turn round and contemplate the great political race run here on Monday, but which will not be witnessed again for six years. At the last trial, two weeks ago, several of the candidates made a false start, as it were, and had to try it again, this time with better success, as far as Thiers and Jules Favre are concerned. It seems droll enough that these conspicuous men should have been outvoted only a fortnight ago and now come in at the head of the poll. This looks as if the Parisians were as fickle and illogical as the Athenians of old, or it may prove that their sober second thoughts induced them to abandon the demagogues first sustained and brought them back to politicians of shining abilities and great prestige. The truth of the matter is simply this—that in the interval the political *chefs* and journalists of Paris changed their tactics and decided to throw over the ultras, or "reds," they had previously chaperoned and elect Thiers and Jules Favre. They concluded these brilliant and experienced orators would do more service to the opposition in the new Assembly than such virulent ranters as Rochefort and Raspail. They saw that public opinion was shocked at the elevation of two such men to the position of lawgivers, and that they had only strengthened Napoleon instead of the contrary. They changed their game and their men, which shows how shrewd they are and that the Emperor has formidable antagonists to contend with.

Out of the sixty men elected on Monday the government has secured thirty members and the opposition twenty-eight. In two or three instances the same candidates have been elected for different places, and new elections must ensue. Let us go a little into statistics on this occasion. The whole number of votes polled for the new Assembly were 8,000,000 and a fraction; of these the government has obtained 5,500,000 and the opposition 2,500,000. This shows a majority of 3,000,000 in favor of Napoleon—a considerable heavier majority than Grant received in the United States, granting the difference in the vote. Further: out of the 5,500,000 for the government, 4,500,000 go it blind for the Emperor, while the other million have elected candidates in favor of the dynasty, but independent on questions of policy. The 2,500,000 given to the opposition may be thus divided:—Nearly 1,000,000 for the Orleanist dynasty, 1,500,000 for a republic, and the remaining fraction (only 153,000) for revolution. These figures I know are exact, and the opposition admit them. Therefore I am surprised that the London *Times* of yesterday states that nearly 3,500,000 had voted against the government and only 4,000,000 for it. This is a downright misrepresentation of facts, and shows vividly that the *Times* has become an organ of the Orleanist family living in England. This is no reason, however, why it should deceive its readers. Let it stick to facts, as the HERALD always does, but chop logic as it pleases.

There is beyond a doubt a considerable addition to the members of the opposition in the new Assembly, which indicates that the two prominent events since the last election, viz., the trip to Mexico and the Prussian campaign, have caused dissatisfaction to many French people. The Emperor is considered responsible and he is punished by an increase of the opposition members. However, the Emperor has abundant reason to be satisfied, and I have reason to know that he is very well satisfied. At the end of eighteen years' reign he comes out of the ordeal of universal suffrage three millions ahead. At the end of eighteen years' reign poor Louis Philippe came out at the little end of the horn, and had to take refuge in England. This proves that Napoleon, though younger and with less experience than his predecessor, has managed France much better.

Take the case also of Thiers, who considers himself, I know, a good deal greater man than Napoleon III. He was the hero of the parliamentary government of Louis Philippe, and after upsetting every ministry in succession he was not a member of, he finally ended by upsetting his royal master. No sooner was Napoleon elected President than he went into opposition, because he was not made chief cook and bottle washer, and what is the end of it, after twenty years of pitiless aggression? Why he ran in these last elections in six different districts and was rejected in all, polling but 37,000 votes. He is deeply chagrined, I understand, at finding Napoleon, whom he meant to knock over *à la* Louis Philippe, so strong and himself so weak. He takes a very *pesamment* view of things just now, I hear; but more of him anon. I think I have given you enough of politics to digest for to-day. I will add only one item more. For the week previous to the election of the 23d May the Post Office distributed over 21,000,000 of printed electoral cards, or, as we call them, documents, representing a receipt of nearly $100,000 in postage. This is good proof that the French are beginning to take a leading interest in politics, and it is time they should try to carry their views by firing off paper pellets of the brain, rather than discharging cannon at the barricades. If Napoleon effects so salutary a change as this in their old habits he will not have lived in vain.

Anson Burlingame, the American Chinese Envoy, is still in Paris, but is packing up for Berlin, his next destination. I have a good deal to tell about him and his visit to Paris that will be pleasant, perhaps entertaining, to hear, but I hesitate to go into the relation at the fag end of a letter that possibly has fatigued its readers already. Better reserve it for my next.

The French Yacht Club has come out in grand relief in its late election of officers. The Minister of Marine, or Navy Department, has become President, or, as we style it, Commodore, and two admirals figure as Vice Presidents. The Emperor, Prince Imperial and Prince Napoleon are announced as patrons. Yacht clubs seem to be looking up generally. Certes, that if New York has made great headway of late years, and the famous trip of some of its most daring members across the Atlantic in midwinter has vastly added to its renown, this bold feat has done a great deal to excite interest and rivalry in the clubs of England and France, and the Emperor is very desirous to stimulate young men of wealth and position to turn their attention to this manly pastime, as likely to encourage and develop maritime tastes in France, which is too much given up, assuredly, to the land-lubbers. I dare say this season will bring forth some exciting contests in the yachting world, and if no American can be found to bring over his horses to try a race on the Bois de Boulogne, let us hope that some of our more enterprising yachtmen will run over their fairy-like vessels and mount a broom at their masthead, like the Dutch admiral of yore, as they sail proudly and defiantly through the British Channel under the eyes of both England and France.

ROME.

The Return of His Holiness—The Festival of St. Phillip Neri—A Grand Sight—Reception of the Pope at Albano—The Return to Castel Gandolfo—The Fete of the Inflorata.

ROME, June 1, 1869.

Yesterday evening the Castle of St. Angelo fired a salute of thirty guns to announce to the Romans the return of the Sovereign Pontiff from Castel Gandolfo, where he had been staying for four days, enjoying a little country air after the fatiguing successive ceremonies of Wednesday and Thursday, the festivals of St. Philip Neri and the Corpus Domini. The procession of this latter solemnity took place with the usual almost Oriental splendor which characterizes it, all the ecclesiastical corporations of Rome, regular and secular, in their varied garbs and costumes, from the ascetic Capuchin to the scarlet-robed Cardinal, preceding the Pontiff in slow and solemn march around the ample colonnade of St. Peter's. The group of the Pope carried aloft on the *talamo*, a sort of litter on which he sits, but appears to be kneeling before the consecrated wafer, which he holds aloft, from the effect of drapery artistically folded round his person, borne by eighteen sturdy porters in crimson cut velvet and surrounded by his Swiss guards and court prelates, is a most impressive sight, and owes its origin to the infirmities as well as the genius of Pope Alexander VII. (Chigi), who found walking inconvenient, and therefore conceived this mode of carrying the Host while being carried himself. The same Pontiff enriched the Vatican with the grand colonnade around which the procession passes and the noble staircase known as the *Scala Regia*, down which the Pope and the court proceed from the palace to join it.

On Friday evening the Pope drove out to Castel Gandolfo, the inhabitants of Albano, headed by the local authorities, offering their obeisance as his Holiness passed before the gates of that town. On the following afternoon the Pope drove through Albano, which, for the first time since the catastrophe of the cholera in 1867, assumed a really festive appearance in his honor. Pio Nono went to perform his evening orisons at the Jesuits' church at Galloro, a beautifully situated spot between Gensano and Ariccia, returning at sunset over the magnificent viaduct separating the latter town from Albano, or rather connecting the two. This noble structure was illuminated with Bengal lights, producing a magic effect, which the Pope contemplated from a pavillion erected for him on the adjoining heights. On Sunday morning his Holiness drove from Castel Gandolfo round the lake of Albano, and along the shady avenues to Ariccia, and thence to Gensano, and round the equally picturesque lake of Nemi to the little town of that name, to be present at the commemoration of the second centenary of the installation of a miraculous wooden crucifix in the church of the Franciscan minors, which is an object of great veneration to the peasantry for many miles round.

After this ceremony, at which, if I might say so without committing a bull, there were more spectators of all grades present than the town of Nemi could possibly hold, his Holiness, accompanied by Cardinals Antonelli and Di Pietro, visited the Duke of Braschi at his feudal mansion and partook of a collation prepared there. It is reported that the Pope was the more interested in this excursion because he intends to buy the Duke of Braschi's castle and possessions at Nemi, as well as his palace in Rome, to found a princely patrimony and title for one of his nephews, who would thus be enregistered in the *libro d'Oro* at the Capitol among the nobility of Rome, but we have seen so very little tendency to nepotism on the part of Pio Nono during his long reign that I do not attach much credit to this rumor.

About twelve o'clock the Pope was returning to Castel Gandolfo by the same shady groves and alleys, saluted with bands of music and petards at the outskirts of Gensano and Ariccia, the villagers in their Sunday costumes kneeling as soon as the Papal equipage and the glancing uniforms of his escort became visible between the trees along the picturesque winding road. After dinner, at which repast his Holiness entertained several distinguished guests, he set out again through the towns of Albano and Ariccia for Gensano to witness the festival of the inflorata, for which the latter town is celebrated, but which had not been performed for the last sixteen years. Its peculiarity consists in the decoration of the pavement of a long, sloping street, along which the Holy Sacrament is carried in procession, with flowers in such varied designs and exact symmetry and harmony of color that, viewed from the windows and balconies on each side, the street seems to be covered with the richest Turkey carpets instead of poppies, violets, broomflowers, bluebells and "lilies of the field," not to mention a hundred other sorts of blossoms adapted to afford the various tints required. The designs are traced out first and then filled in with the several tints out of baskets, each of which only contains one sort of flower. The effect is magical, and the Pope's gestures from the balcony of the Municipal Palace seemed to indicate that he fully appreciated the taste of the inhabitants of Gensano, whatever he might think of their loyalty, for their reception of him was rather frigid and totally deprived of any political demonstration of fidelity. Indeed, there had been some disturbance on the preceding evening, caused by the over-zeal of some of the Pope's partisans, who arrived from Rome with a quantity of white and yellow flags, which they insisted on planting on each side of the Via Livia, the line of the Inflorata, an innovation resented by the young men of Gensano, who removed them very unceremoniously, declaring that the townspeople had gone to a great deal of trouble and expense to show the Inflorata to the Pope, but not to make him a political demonstration.

The festival was a very pretty one, and I thought it all the better for not having the laboriously gotten up appearance of a demonstration, which is now made the fashion in Rome every time the Pontiff shows himself in public. In driving back towards Albano, a little in advance of the Papal cortege, I found drawn up before the Church of Galloro a battalion of *squadriglière*, as they are called, in the picturesque costumes of the southern provinces, which gives them more the appearance of brigands than auxiliaries of the gendarmes, which is their precise definition. These active mountaineers, who have been enrolled to aid in the outrooting of brigandage, wear peaked hats, blue jackets, red waistcoats and sashes, blue kneebreeches, brown worsted stockings and sandals. They are armed with rifles and bayonets and are commanded by officers wearing *gendarmerie* uniforms. This is their first appearance on duty so near Rome, and the Pope blessed them accordingly. I am sorry to say that their presence did not prevent four brigands from waylaying and robbing a party of sight-seers from Nettuno, as they were returning to their native town that same evening, after the Inflorata.

Desertion among the Pontifical troops, which had ceased for a while, has recommenced with the desertion of thirteen Antibes legionaries and four foreign soldiers of the train. Of these one broke his leg in getting over the wall near Porta Pia and was left behind; of the other fugitives, five have been recaptured in the environs of Tivoli, and the remainder have got across the Italian frontier. An ex-Garibaldian officer and four members of the Neapolitan republican committee, who were lately in Rome, are supposed to have been seducing the legionaries from their duty. The King and Queen of Naples embarked at Civita Vecchia on Saturday for Marseilles *en route* for Germany. Their absence from Rome is not expected to be a very long one.

The Pope went last week to see Mr. Rufus G. Wells' balloon, which is now in preparation for a third ascent, in the Villa Borghese. Unfortunately Mr. Wells was not on the spot to receive his Holiness, not having been previously apprised of the honor of his visit. Mr. Wells was desirous of giving a new name to his balloon this time, but the police authorities objected to his calling it either General Grant, out of compliment to the new President, or Roma, out of deference to the Eternal City. He will also not be allowed to carry aloft the Papal and American flags, as he desired, the only banner he is to have being a white one, which he proposes to wave far above the upturned heads of the Romans on Sunday next.

SANDWICH ISLANDS.

Expected Visit of Prince Alfred—The Reciprocity Treaty—A Species of Coolie Slavery—The Leader of the Late Rebellion—Frightful Spread of Leprosy—Abuse of Seamen—Speculations About the New Minister from the United States.

HONOLULU, May 28, 1869.

The principal topic of conversation, and in fact the only one which excites much interest, is the anticipated visit of his Royal Highness Prince Alfred to these islands. The question which now agitates those most interested is as to whose guest he is to be. It is thought that being a member of the royal family of Great Britain he is properly a guest of his Majesty, and upon this basis arrangements are being made for his reception. Fears have been entertained by some that his Majesty might need relief from the cares of State about the time the Prince was expected, and step on board his yacht for a trip to his country residence on Molokai. It will be remembered that this was his course when the United States steamship Vanderbilt was expected with Queen Emma, on her return from a visit to the United States and Europe.

I have no doubt that his Majesty will strain a point to give the Prince a reception in keeping with his rank and position. The British residents will not be behindhand in honoring the son of their beloved Queen. They have ere this determined, in spite of the prostration of trade, to spend of their substance freely. I have not heard of any programme having been arranged for the disposition of the term of his stay, although balls, parties and native feasts and dances will be the order of the day and night. I am told that some of his fair country-women who reside here are already planning for the honor of becoming his partner at the first state ball. Somebody will be disappointed.

The Reciprocity treaty has again been a matter of discussion by planters and others interested in its passage. Hopes have been entertained that Congress would relent and grant this kingdom the boon which it seeks, and for which it has striven with all the energy of which it is capable. The most sanguine of its supporters firmly believed that as soon as Grant became President the treaty would become a fact, and the doings of Congress during its recent session have been eagerly read, but only to disappoint. The news at last reaches us that the treaty has been laid over until the next meeting of Congress, after a vote which gives us but little to hope for. It had been better for the interests of the United States if the question had been settled definitely. His Majesty's Ministry will still hold out the prospect of the passage of the treaty as a sop to quiet the restless American element of our population, and will doubtless use it to good effect with the planters at the next election for representatives to the Assembly.

After conversing with some of the sugar planters I am satisfied that there is a wide difference of opinion in regard to the policy of annexation to the United States. This may, doubtless will, surprise many, as the impression has been that all would support it. The objection to the measure, urged by those who oppose it, is that it would overturn the whole labor system of the kingdom and thus ruin the sugar interest. There is doubtless some basis for their fears. Slavery, or in fact any approach to it, is distasteful to Americans of the right stamp, and will never find a lodgment on United States territory. Mr. Harris, late Plenipotentiary to Washington, has been very busy since his return in endeavoring to conceal the fact that our coolie system has any features in common with the system of slavery, and may have succeeded with some parties. It is said that when informed that the Chancellor of the Kingdom had become the purchaser of the "Princeville" sugar estate, and that a part of the purchase consisted of the contracts of coolies employed on the estate, he promptly and emphatically pronounced the sale of the contracts, or, more correctly, the coolies, as a violation of the laws of the kingdom. However, when the Lewers sugar estate was put up at auction, and it was evident that money could be made by the purchase, the same Mr. Harris, in company with another government official, became the purchasers of the estate, together with the Chinese and Japanese coolies employed upon it, and still hold them under the contracts made with its former proprietor. "Oh! consistency," &c.

In order to show the feeling engendered by a discussion of the "peculiar institution," I note the fact that a minister of the Gospel felt called upon to warn his flock of the danger of trifling with the "institution," not presuming to go into a discussion of its wrongs, and in less than a week became aware that he was under the ban of a part of his congregation. Strange to say, his most positive and stubborn opposers were New England men; ay, born in Massachusetts, in the "Hub" itself. Those who oppose the "coolie" or "bonded labor" system do not claim that the laborers are abused, such instances being rare as yet, although rumors exist that flogging is more common than it used to be; but they claim that the necessities of planters and others have led to encroachments which should be resisted, lest the history of the slave system of America should be repeated on these fair islands.

Kaona, who led the late rebellion on Hawaii, and several of his followers have been sent to that island for trial. At last accounts no decision had been arrived at. It is feared that Kaona will escape punishment, owing to the influence which he and his followers have upon a majority of the natives from whom a jury will be drawn. It is a singular fact that the Hon. D. Kalakana, a petty chief and member of the House of Nobles, is assisting in their defence, although not known as a lawyer.

Leprosy is still spreading on these islands. It is a sad sight to see groups of the victims on their way to the vessel which conveys them to the leper settlement on Molokai, there to remain until death claims them. This scourge attacks old, middle aged and young of both sexes. In one group may be seen an aged woman, a stalwart man in the prime of life, the girl in her teens, the schoolboy and child of four years of age, all bearing the distinctive and never to be forgotten marks of leprosy. The ears of one are swollen; another's hands are deformed, the fingers being drawn into the palms of the hands and one or more joints gone from each finger, while another's face is so swollen and disfigured that his own friends find it hard to recognize him. Late reports from the Marquesas Islands give a fearful account of the ravages of this disease upon the island of Tahuata. Out of a population of over 1,000 but 200 survive at this time, and out of this number but few are free of disease. What with leprosy, other diseases and rum the Polynesian race seems doomed to rapid extinction.

The man John Brown, who was arrested for firing the ship King Philip, and who was convicted of the offence on trial before the Supreme Court, is now free. His counsel demanded a new trial upon the ground of certain irregularities, and it was granted, and the second jury were unanimous in the belief that he was innocent.

The abuse of seamen on board of American merchant ships is becoming of frequent occurrence. I before wrote of the abuse heaped upon the crew of the King Philip by their officers. This ship is anchored in our harbor, with a number of the crew on board not having worked out their advance pay. The officers seem to make it a study of ways and means to "work them up," as it is styled. Lately, parties from the shore have noticed the second anchor let go, and the crew immediately put to the windlass to take it again. Jack became tired of it at last, and one day removed the shackle pin, so that when the order was given to take the anchor the chain came in, but the anchor was *non est*. Divers were employed, and, after some trouble and delay, the anchor was found and secured.

The following extract from a local paper shows the style of man the first officer is:—

> Three men, recently discharged from the King Philip, had shipped in the Lorenzo, and went on board in a state of intoxication, a little before she sailed. One of the three men was directed by the mate to execute some order, which from his state he failed of doing, whereupon the mate knocked the man down, and kicked him in the face, inflicting a severe wound with his boot. The mate of the King Philip, it is said, was standing on the esplanade and encouraging his brother mate of the Lorenzo to "give those fellows —— for me," seemingly much delighted at the display of brutality.

Who would not set fire to a ship when by so doing one could part company with such a brute?

Some curiosity is manifested to know whom we are to have as Minister Resident. By the telegrams published in the San Francisco papers it would seem as though some difficulty was experienced in nominating a party suitable to all concerned. A rumor prevailed here at one time that a colored gentleman would be sent. Some little curiosity is evinced as to his reception here if such should be the case.

As a matter of economy, it is said that the United States naval agent has been recalled, and no successor named. At the same time a Consul has been appointed for Lahaina, a port which entertains about four ships a year, at a salary of $3,000 a year. Good for the Consul.

ANOTHER SCAFFOLD ACCIDENT.

One Man Instantly Killed and Another Fatally Injured.

[From the Cincinnati Evening Chronicle, June 19.]

In all our newspaper experience we have never known a year in which the fatality among house painters has been so great as it has this year. Since the season opened, to report the injury or death of a house painter, caused by the falling of the scaffold, has been almost a daily occurrence. The latest accident of this kind occurred this morning, about ten o'clock, at a grate and mantel establishment on the corner of Front and Harriet streets. The parties, named respectively Wm. H. Clarke and — Clyde, were engaged in painting the front side of the building, and had reached the windows of the fourth story, when the scaffolding on which they were standing gave way, and both were precipitated to the pavement below, a distance of over forty feet. The accident, from what we could learn, seems to have been the result of the grossest carelessness. The scaffold was sustained by rope and pulleys. The end of the rope which passes over the wheel was secured by wrapping it around the plank on which the men stood. This, it appears, had been so carelessly done by the men that it slipped off, the plank shot from under them, and in an instant they were hurled to the pavement, killing one (Mr. William H. Clarke) instantly, and injuring the other (Clyde) so seriously that he is not expected to live. Clarke's neck was broken, and he was impaled on a section of iron fence standing on the pavement, one of the spikes of which was driven into the flesh of his thigh some three or four inches.