THE NAPOLEONIC DRAMA.

Mr. Beecher on the Obsequies at Chiselhurst.

AN HISTORICAL LESSON.

England's Bloody Cross Abroad and Her Christian Charity at Home.

The cable despatch published in the HERALD descriptive of the funeral of the Prince Imperial was yesterday the topic of Mr. Beecher's discourse. He read that portion of the HERALD special in which the funeral and its surrounding circumstances are described with great feeling, and in the midst of an attention on the part of the large congregation that was almost solemn in its unusual silence. The services had somewhat of a funereal character. Before the sermon an adaptation of the melody of the Russian hymn was sung to the words—

God, the all terrible, thou who ordainest.

At the conclusion of the sermon the Spanish hymn was sung to a slower tune than usual to the words of

Far o'er hill and dell in the winds stealing,
List to the tolling bell mournfully pealing.

The sermon was founded on the following text:—Isaiah xi., 9—"They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain; for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea." Already, said Mr. Beecher, ages have rolled away and men have begun to think that this is but a poet's dream. The one conflict in this world has been the spirit of hurting and the spirit of helping. The two things that have divided empires have been the God of hate and the God of love, and every morning the promises hang like the golden clouds before the sun, and every evening the sun goes down in a blush canopied with darkness. And so nations have come and passed, and nations have come again and perished, and revelations seem to have brought forth nothing but blood, and for generations, while the race seemed to have gone upon an ascending scale, they have been precipitated again. The light of civilization in Egypt was quenched and has not been rekindled; and the glory of the Oriental monarchies went into night as the morning passes into evening, and the grandeur of the Solomonic empire ceased. The Jew is still the Wandering Jew and for the first time has taken root, but not as a Jew, but as a citizen of America.

THE GREAT BATTLE IN THE AIR.

Is mankind like the vegetables of the earth that are sown in spring and cut down and known no more? Where are the hopes that cheer great men in dark times, that the earth should be filled with the knowledge of the Lord? What is the prospect to-day of this great battle in the air between hate and love, between the God of organism and reconstruction, and the spirit of all evil treading under foot goodness, and everywhere ruling and ruining? The spirit of love, how does it compare to-day with that of any other age? Remembering that the kingdom of God is as a leaven that is hidden, I think that I may venture to say that there are unquestionably thousands of indications that the great battle is turning out more in favor of beneficence, and that the spirit of the age works through sympathy, kindness, benevolence and the love of God. It is true that the spirit of love is nowhere so absolute and so perfectly developed as in the household. In business relations selfishness more or less modified is the law; also between nation and nation the central principle is selfishness. Individual selfishness clothes itself with kindness to accomplish its own ends. If you rise higher than the selfish business affairs of men, or, in other words, to the realm of politics, selfishness is still more the law of procedure, and certainly the law of love is not the law of politics. If you go still higher and look at national and international life it would seem as if selfishness almost gloried; it scornfully repels all conceptions of sentimentalism—as it is pleased to call the gospel of benevolence—as against its interests, and for the same reason, as kindness would be abhored by diplomats, statesmen and rulers almost the world over. Religion itself has largely joined hands with popular administration in an attempt to re-establish right thinking, right worship and the principle of justice, not well understood; religion itself has been found not infrequently fighting on the side of selfishness and against true benevolence. While there is baseness in politics and in nations or lack of amity in religious administration, there is a change from winter toward spring, and from spring toward summer, although not enough change to plant seed, still less to gather fruit; yet long before the spring comes the farmer can discern the change that is approaching.

One event indicative of this change has taken place, as it were, but yesterday—one of those rare dramas. It is like a book. A single thing a book is, but of a thousand pages, comprising in itself even the history of ages. An event may be the last link of a chain that runs back a thousand years. The burial of the hope of his mother, the hope and ambition of his people in the Empire of yesterday—young Napoleon, named—is one of the most remarkable events of my time. Simple, comparatively, yet it has in it, as it were, a thousand years of history. As I presume that many of you have not read an account of the services at his funeral I shall take occasion to read a description which I find in the NEW YORK HERALD this morning, and upon that I shall base some remarks. Mr. Beecher here read the HERALD's special despatch descriptive of the funeral.

THE NAPOLEONS AND THEIR DOINGS.

Who was Napoleon? Ask all the nations along the Rhine. It was he whose footsteps trod down their governments. Ask Germany. Almost the very breath of life was beaten out of her valiant body! Ask Spain! Ask Italy! Ask Austria! Ask reconstructed Europe! He reigned almost without a rival. The power of the world was in his hands. He fell and died a prisoner on the Island of St. Helena, having been taken first a prisoner to the Island of Elba. Afterward the Empire of France went back to kingly hands. The exaltation of this man was one of those remarkable events which, like the throwing up of islands in the ocean, indicated cosmic changes. His destruction was as sudden and as complete as his elevation had been wonderful and complete. Was there ever a probability that, when one of his line died, Albion would be the chief mourner, and that in her bosom the funeral obsequies would be celebrated? There was not a hand in Great Britain that seventy-five years ago was not nerved to destroy France and her government. The wonderful exaltation to the French throne afterward of the so-called successor was scarcely less marvellous. He had wandered up and down England, scarcely saved from the disgraceful death of a vagabond. Out of foreign exile, out of a prison he rose to become the second Emperor of France. In his time it was that the language of amity was extended across the Channel, and Britain and France cordially shook hands with a grasp that has never yet been severed. He brought from Spain a brilliant scion of a noble family and almost in spite of the royal families of Europe put her upon the most brilliant throne in Europe and ruled for many years largely in the spirit of modern times. A man wiser than he had the reputation of being and far more foolish than others thought he was, and yet the event has shown how hollow was the Empire and how feeble was his genius. It is one of the strange things in the history of our time that he was overthrown by that nation whom the great Napoleon overthrew. None of us who have not read deeply in history can understand how utterly the Prussian and German people were thrashed, as the straw is thrashed upon the summer thrashing floor, by the iron flail of the Emperor. So extreme was the suffering that it broke the heart of that most beautiful and noble woman, the wife of King William, the father of the present Emperor. She died, as it were, struggling with the sorrows of her people. Her husband erected a tomb in the ground near Berlin; I can hardly mention it without tears. Mr. Beecher then, with broken voice, described the tomb as he saw it some years ago. I think, he continued, that the wrongs that came upon France were not too severe; for the conquerors had the wrongs of their Fatherland to avenge when they overthrew their oppressors. And if any man thinks that the terms were severe that were imposed upon France he should remember the tears and sorrows of the Empress Catharine and the horrors of suffering endured for more than fifty years that were behind the conquerors and victors who inflicted these terms upon France. The prisoner was Napoleon III., and, in the language of Scripture, it may be said of Eugénie, that the mother took a little child and fled (as was said of the mother of Jesus), and found her home in England. There, after the death of her husband, Eugénie lived in peace and nourished ambition for her son. It is there, then, that that son is brought back to his burial—the end of the line, the end of hope, apparently and rationally. But what is rational and what is probable in European affairs is hidden from our eyes upon this other side. We have seen so many unexpected dramas come and end that we lose faith in any judgments of the future. One hundred years, substantially, are represented in the burial of this young man.

ENGLAND'S BLOODY CROSS.

Mr. Beecher here commented at some length upon the progress toward peace that had been made between nations, and said that France and England were now joined together when for centuries they had been at enmity, and that enmity had made itself felt in England in its literature, its armies, its navies and its whole people. To speak well of a Frenchman was almost to deride yourself. There had been enough treasure expended between these two nations to have given every peasant a house to live in and an education. That had been for hundreds of years the spirit of these two adjacent peoples. Through the policies of Bright and Cobden and such true statesmen England formed a commercial alliance with France, and for nearly a quarter of a century they have lived hand in hand in peace with one another. The lion and, not exactly the lamb, but the leopard, had lain down together.

When the latest heir of the imperial throne sought a home he sought it in England and found it. He entered her armies, having been a cadet in her military school, and in gratitude for his military education volunteered to enter that unrighteous war which, as usual, Great Britain is waging with the ends of the earth. The flag of Great Britain is the most typical flag that ever waved. It is the cross emblazoned on a ground of blood. If there has ever been a kingdom on earth that has in it the cross and the power of the cross, it has been Great Britain. If there has ever been a nation since the time of sacred history that has buried the world in blood it has been Great Britain. The cross on a field of blood is the most emblematical and typical flag that floats to-day in the sun of heaven. Yet it was Great Britain that had opened her bosom and gave her sympathy to this young Frenchman. He had become, as it were, one of her sons, loved and honored; for he seems to have been a young man rich in genius and not altogether wanting in ability, though of that he was too young to have made proof. In this nation, or two such nations, divided only by language and by a narrow water, that have been in antagonistic relations through long years, is there no sign or token of the way in which the people are going? Is there no sign of gradual progress and simple kindness and benevolence? Look at the benevolence shown in Great Britain and almost universally felt the world over. I do not suppose that there is anywhere the hand of liberality so open as there is in Great Britain, not even in our own country. Our people have not had the chance to develop that Great Britain has had. The interior life of that island is the most liberal exposition of charity that has been known in history. And here, on such an occasion as the burial of this young Prince, may we not suppose that at last in that grave was also laid to rest that uniform spirit of interference which has made her at once the almoner, and I had almost said the dictator, of a royalty by which the people have been oppressed?

THE WIDOW'S GRIEF.

At Chiselhurst the central figure was not Victoria, the Queen and Empress; it was Eugénie. Her youth was spent in Spain, brilliant and beautiful. By unexpected developments she was transferred by the Emperor to the most brilliant court in the world. Then suddenly the scene shifts and from the very top of power she is a refugee; not a wanderer, but a guest in Great Britain; and, now a widowed mother, in all her glory she was not so great as she is to-day in her desolation. They gather about her from the Court of Great Britain—the noble Queen who has known the sorrow of the heart, and whose heart is easily opened in sympathy and sorrow to others, and all her royal sons and daughters-in-law. This poor uncrowned woman left upon the kindness of a foreign nation—they made procession from the throne and the palaces to the doors of her humble dwelling; they wept with her; they followed her son to the grave, and they made her weep there, too. There are no pearls, or necklaces, or tiaras that are of such priceless value as the tears that were shed by her and hers. Yet, sublime in her grief, and now, by this last trial of death, made a citizen of the world in the relation of every heart, she stands to-day in her deep desolation and grief not one step higher than the 10,000 other mothers who have broken their hearts over the cradle, and is not removed a hair's breadth from 10,000 other widowed mothers who are more pitiable and less able to speak their sorrows.

YACHTING.

RUN OF THE SEAWANHAKA YACHT SQUADRON FROM NEW LONDON TO NEWPORT—SAILING UNDER DIFFICULTIES—THE CHIEF THE WINNER.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE HERALD.]

NEWPORT, R. I., July 13, 1879.

The Seawanhaka yacht squadron started this morning from New London for Newport. The signal gun started the yachts at five minutes past six o'clock with a light land breeze blowing from the northward. The fleet were under way with a promptness characteristic of the Corinthian sailors, and it is greatly to the credit of the Seawanhaka Yacht Club that their efforts to promote Corinthian yachting has produced such gratifying results as the skilful management of the yachts indicates. As the squadron swept out of the harbor before the light breeze the Schemer had the lead. She hugged the north shore, followed closely by the Chief and Blanche. The Eddie kept further out after Caprice, and the Coming followed, soon getting the best of the Eddie. The little cutter Muriel, being slow in getting away, brought up the rear. Much interest is manifested in the Muriel by the Corinthian yachtsmen, as she represents the English type of racing cutter. The fleet soon ran out of the land breeze and found a dead calm in Fisher's Island Sound, and the Coming returned to New London.

WIND AND TIDE.

The sloops Chief, Schemer, Blanche and Midge, followed by the Eddie, Muriel and Caprice, soon felt a light southwest breeze, the headmost yachts feeling it first and getting well away from the rest. The Muriel, with her large spinaker set, passed the Caprice and finally overhauled the Eddie. The breeze continued very light, however, and the fleet was as much indebted to the tide as the wind for their progress. At a quarter to ten the breeze freshened a little and sent the yachts along finely, and the Eddie began to overhaul the Muriel and passed the Caprice, which had overhauled her by catching the breeze first.

PASSING WATCH HILL.

This little puff soon died out, and the yachts continued on very slowly, passing Watch Hill in the following order:—Chief, Schemer and Blanche, followed by the Midge, Muriel, Eddie and Caprice, the latter four well together and the light air drawing more aft. The Midge and Muriel again set their spinakers and forged ahead. At about one o'clock the breeze freshened with the change of tide, and the Eddie and Caprice entertained themselves with several lively luffing matches. The Midge had been holding on tenaciously to the Muriel, but the latter finally drew ahead with a large square-headed topsail set.

OFF POINT JUDITH.

The Chief was well ahead of the fleet and off Point Judith by two o'clock, with the Schemer following closely, but more under the shore to gain the slack tide, and the Blanche following her. The Muriel was improving her position, and the Eddie, with the freshening of the breeze, was leaving the Caprice and overhauling the Midge, which little craft was doing well, but doubless surprised at having the Muriel give her the slip so neatly. The Muriel's large gaff-topsail had something to do with this, no doubt, as the rest of the fleet, with the exception of the Chief, held to Corinthian sails. The Caprice and Eddie having no spinakers were obliged to fall to the rear. At half-past two the breeze again freshened a little, sending the leading yachts up the bay, and the rest of the fleet soon followed around Point Judith.

THE MURIEL.

This being the first appearance of the Muriel in a long distance sail with other yachts, her performance must be regarded as quite satisfactory before the wind, though she failed to catch the Chief, Schemer or Blanche. These vessels, though of about the same length, have more beam and less depth, and have a greater displacement, and may therefore be considered larger yachts. The run in from Point Judith and before the wind was not very interesting. The Muriel increased her lead, and the Midge and the Eddie drew away from the Caprice.

THE ARRIVAL.

The yachts arrived at Newport in the following order:—First, the Chief, and 1m. 3s. later the Schemer. Blanche did not arrive till later; then the Muriel and Midge followed by the Eddie and Caprice.

The Wanderer is here and will join the fleet in their cruise to New Bedford. The yachts will start at ten A. M. to-morrow.

ANDRE CHRISTOL'S REVENGE.

GRÆCO-ROMAN WRESTLING MATCH WITH A MAN WHO HAD ASSUMED HIS NAME—A DRAMATIC MEETING—THE CHAMPION VICTORIOUS.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE HERALD.]

KANSAS CITY, Mo., July 13, 1879.

Andre Christol and Lucien Marc had a Græco-Roman wrestling match here last night for $150 a side. A bitter feud has existed between them, owing to the fact that Lucien Marc has been starring under Christol's name, having thus wrestled with McLaughlin. Andre Christol retired from the ring in 1876 and went to the Black Hills, where he remained till this spring, when he started out to find Marc. He found him at Kansas City, accepted Marc's challenge, under the name of Leon Antoine, keeping out of sight to avoid recognition until after the money was up. The meeting was quite dramatic. Marc backed up to the wall of the room, shouting:—

"I know you, Andre Christol. You can't fool me. You are champion of the world!"

"Yes, I have followed you to reclaim my stolen name!" was the response.

THE CONTEST.

Two thousand people were present. Christol's second was Andrew Kessemer and Marc's James Gallager. The referee was Thomas Riley. The first round was won by Marc, in ten minutes, after a grand struggle. The second round Christol won in six minutes, breaking Marc's bridge. The third round and the match was also won by Christol in eight minutes.

A six days' walking contest commences here Monday.

BOATING IN THE WEST.

REGATTA OF THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY ASSOCIATION—HISTORY AND MEMBERSHIP OF THE ORGANIZATION—PROGRAMME AND ENTRIES.

KEOKUK, Iowa, July 10, 1879.

The Mississippi Valley Amateur Rowing Association is characteristically a Western institution, which, like most Western enterprises or societies, is of rapid growth. It is the natural outgrowth of a healthy interest in aquatic sports which has been wonderfully contagious during a few years past. Out of the old National Association grew the Northwestern, more adapted to the latitude of Ohio and Michigan; but as its regattas have never been held west of Toledo, with possibly an exception of one year at Detroit, a new want grew up. The incipient boat clubs in the thrifty cities along the Mississippi River only needed a nucleus to which to attach themselves in order to grow and multiply; and this has been the case, as the result bears unquestioned witness, and as Eastern boat builders will bear cheerful evidence. The Mississippi Valley Association has been organized but two years, and its first regatta was held on Peoria Lake in June of last year. That it was a success, for a new and comparatively unknown association, HERALD readers will recall.

THE MEMBERSHIP.

The membership of the association is far from being less local in its nature than the name chosen to distinguish it would imply. The cities named all figure in the membership, and several of them with more than one club each:—St. Louis, Mo.; Chicago, Peoria, Moline, Riverdale, Rock Island, Dixon, Ill.; St. Paul and Minneapolis, Minn.; Burlington, Keokuk, Davenport and Clinton, Iowa; Milwaukee and Madison, Wis. The number of applications to be acted upon at the annual convention which meets in this city next Monday evening is gratifying proof that the usefulness of this young association has hardly yet bugun.

THE REGATTA PROGRAMME.

The programme maps out three days' work—Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday next, July 15, 16 and 17—and this is more than likely to be overdrawn a day. The list of entries is more than double what it was last year, and the narrowness of the rowing water will require more of the races to be rowed in heats than was anticipated when the programme was made out; so each day will suggest some changes from the following, which is down on the bills:—

FIRST DAY.—Trial heats, junior sculls; senior four-oared shells; trial heats junior four-oared shells, and the Commodore's review.

SECOND DAY.—Final heat junior single sculls, four-oared gigs, final heat junior four-oared shells; double sculls, open to all amateurs; trial heats four-oared shells, open to all amateurs.

THIRD DAY.—Senior single sculls, six-oared barges, junior double sculls; final heat four-oared shells, open to all amateurs. These are to be followed by the inevitable tub races in different grades.

CONDITIONS PRESCRIBED.

The laws of boat racing of the National Association of Amateur Oarsmen have been adopted and will govern the races of the Mississippi Valley Association, in addition to which the society has a code of regatta rules of its own. These require that in the coming regatta all the races are to be two miles, with a turn, except the barge race, which will be one mile straightaway. In the gig and barge races ten seconds per oar per mile will be allowed for difference in number of oars. The distinction between a gig and a barge has not, until this year, been closely enough defined to prevent trouble, but the definitions now made by authority of some of the best oarsmen are these:—

A barge is an open boat, rowed from the gunwale, with straight and continuous gunwale, and no wash box above it, and carrying a coxswain.

A gig is an outrigged open boat, with straight and continuous gunwale and no wash box above it, and carrying a coxswain.

THE ENTRIES.

The entries were closed July 1st, and the official list of the secretary shows that the number is fifty-eight, a much longer and also a stronger showing than the friends of the association had reason to expect. It compares more than favorably with the Northwestern Association's regatta, held at Toledo July 3 and 4, and that of the National, which began at Saratoga on the 9th and closes to-day. The earlier dates on which these were held gives oarsmen the opportunity of attending two or all of them, and an examination of the entries for each reminds one that some of the more noted crews and scullers have done so, as the the Wah-wah-sums, and the Sho-wae-cae-mettes in fours and Butler and Hyndman in doubles.

JUNIOR SINGLE.—The list shows no less than seventeen entries in this race. The Burlington Club sends C. M. Schenck; the Riverdale, C. A. Billings; the Madison, T. H. Gill; the Milwaukee, A. J. Richter; the St. Paul, W. H. Underwood, William Rhodes, W. S. Getty and George C. Brecker; the Chicago, George T. Muchmore, W. V. Booth, T. R. Eddy, J. A. Lawrence and H. P. Darlington; the Minneapolis, W. L. Bassett; the Peoria, A. W. Beasley, and the Moline, B. F. Tillinghast.

SENIOR SINGLE.—Five scullers of fine abilities will figure in the senior single race, making it one of the most exciting races of the regatta:—C. A. Barnard, of Moline; H. P. Darlington, Chicago; H. M. Butler, St. Paul; W. H. Hyndman, also of St. Paul, and J. S. Denslow, Burlington.

JUNIOR DOUBLE.—There are six entries, which fact augurs well for the form of boating known as double sculling, as last year there were but two. The Sylvans, of Moline, will be represented by Lewis and Sleight; the Peorias by Brown and Walker; the Minnesotas, of St. Paul, by Getty and Rundlett; the Athletics, of Rock Island, by Heath and Andrews; the Riverdales by Muchmore and Billings, and the Madisons by William and Thomas Gill.

FREE TO ALL, DOUBLE.—The Moline and Madison junior doubles have also entered in the free-for-all. Butler and Hyndman, of St. Paul, and McElgun and Jopping, of the Wah-wah-sums, Saginaw City, will also row in this race.

JUNIOR FOUR.—Eight crews are down for the junior four-oared shell race. The Moline four will be made up of Keator, of this year's Yale freshmen crew, Cooper, Good and Brown; the Peorias of Brown, Cockle, Hook and Walker; the Modocs of St. Louis, Stumpf, Green, Brungard and Salzman; the Lurlines of Minneapolis, McC. Reeve, Bassett, Levering, Whitney; the Dixon four of Camp, a Cornell man, McMartin, Hutchinson and Laing; the Burlingtons, of Fowler, Schenck, Osgood and Ohrt; the Farraguts, of Chicago, Downs, Muchmore, J. E. and George, and Young; the Davenports, of Fleming.

SENIOR FOUR.—Modocs, St. Louis, Ferris, Cole, Taussig, Keller; Sylvans, Moline, Peregoy, Lewis, Rosborough and Cooper; Dixons, Camp, McMartin, Hutchinson, Laing; Farraguts, Chicago, Downs, J. E. and G. T. Muchmore, and Young. The last two crews being in both junior and senior fours.

FOUR-OARED SHELL, FREE TO ALL.—This now promises to be the most interesting race of the regatta, as in it the Sho-wae-cae-mette four of Nadeau, Durrell, Bowlsby and Duseau are expected to meet their old friends, the no less known Wah-wah-sums, made up of Smith, McElgun, Emerson and Haven. The Peorias send Brown, Cockle, Hook and Walker; the Sylvans Peregoy, Lewis, Rosborough and Cooper, and the university four, of St. Louis, made an entry at the latest moment, without sending the names of their men.

FOUR-OARED GIG—Four entries. The Peorias have Beasley, Allison, Huggins and Townsend; the Burlingtons, Parsons, Dodge, Gregg and Phelps; the Keokuk Rowing Club, Papin, Parrott, Huffman and Pond, and the South Side Club, also of this city, Welch, Walters, Malloy and McCaffrey.

SIX-OARED BARGE.—The Farraguts, of Chicago, enter Young, G. J. and J. E. Muchmore, Downs, Booth and Porter; the Modocs, of St. Louis, Cole, Ferris, Keller, Brunguard, Taussig and Green; the Peorias, Brown, Cockle, Hook, Walker, Day and Allison; the Burlingtons, Harrington, Parsons, Munro, Dodge, Gregg and Phelps, and the Keokuks, Marshall, Dunlap, Ehinger, Rice, Irwin and Williams.

THE KEOKUK COURSE.

Keokuk attracted the regatta here by munificent offers rather than by its rowing water. Peoria Lake, the Madison lakes, the Mississippi River at Moline and St. Paul, all furnish far better courses than we have here, but their pocketbooks were not so ready to guarantee the association all its expenses, handsome prizes, liberal advertising and a considerable sum as a bonus. The rowing will be done on the canal, built by the government three years ago. It is something over three miles in length by from three hundred and fifty to six hundred feet in width, with a sure depth of over seven feet. The course, as surveyed and buoyed off, gives a straight mile, averaging over four hundred feet in width. The Iowa banks, which run back from the river on a gentle slope, afford the finest opportunities for viewing the course. Following the line of the canal is a railroad, upon which it is arranged to run trains of cars following every race. These, with a large amphitheatre, will give the best views that one could wish. The boat houses of the Keokuk clubs are a mile below the start. These are connected with boats at the start and finish, and the amphitheatre by telephone, so that simultaneous announcements may be made without trouble. The course being well protected by bluffs smooth water can very safely be depended upon.

Keokuk is a city of fair hotel accommodations, but in view of the large attendance which is expected the several crews have been assigned quarters in private families, a great number of which have resolved themselves into private boarding houses for the next week.

The first club to send crews was the Farragut, of Chicago. They arrived Monday evening and have been followed each day since by others, so that the canal has already assumed a more animated appearance than ever before. The prospects now unite to make next Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday a season of aquatic sports which has had no equal west of Toledo in the history of Western boating.

HANLAN'S TRIUMPHAL PROGRESS.

A DAY ON HARLEM RIVER—SHOWING THE BOYS HIS STYLE—A PROBABLE MEETING WITH PLAISTED.

Edward Hanlan, the oarsman, was called upon yesterday morning at the Fifth Avenue Hotel by Mr. Samuel Coulson, of Montreal, Mr. Ward, his backer, E. D. Anderson, Mr. Shaw and Mr. Hazeley. They took breakfast with Hanlan, after which he received a large number of visitors. At one o'clock the party started for the Harlem River. The first boat house visited was that of the Atalanta club. Their flag was up in honor of Hanlan. Hanlan expected to make the tour in private, but to his astonishment the boat house was crowded in anticipation of his visit. He was received by the officers and members of the club with every mark of respect and cordiality. When the place had been fully inspected Hanlan was about to take his departure, when some of the members begged him not to leave without "cutting water" on the Harlem. Seeing that he hesitated a shell was promptly launched, and then to the delight of all the Canadian champion unbent. In a few minutes he had donned the rowing costume of the Atalantas and stepped out from the house into the shell. Roche, of the Dauntless Club, occupied another shell, and both pulled away at a 34 stroke toward Harlem Bridge. There were at least two thousand five hundred people present, and as the great sculler swept past there was a burst of applause. Hanlan bowed his acknowledgment. His style of rowing was greatly admired by the numerous boating experts present. One individual in a fit of enthusiasm cried out as Hanlan spurted under the bridge and shot ahead of his companion, "I'd sooner watch you, Ned, than a whole regatta." After going a short distance below the bridge Hanlan and Roche returned to the club house. He thanked the members for their courtesies, and then, with his party, visited the Athletic Club. There he was again compelled to enter a shell and take a short pull. Quite an ovation was given him as he returned, and a number of old New York oarsmen complimented him on his easy and graceful stroke and his general deportment as an oarsman. When Hanlan left he was presented with a splendid set of improved rowlocks by John A. Baines, the oarsman. The Nassau Club was visited. He was received with great enthusiasm by the members, and before departing sculled on the river in one of their shells. The Gramercy club gave the champion an informal reception. Here also he tried the oars. When he returned Mr. George Rohr took Hanlan, Mr. Ward and the rest out for a sail in his catamaran. The Nautilus Club was visited, and the reception given there was very warm. Refreshments were provided in a bountiful manner for the guests.

At half-past six o'clock Hanlan and his friends left Harlem River and had supper at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. He spoke very highly of the Harlem River course, and declared it to be equal if not superior to any he has ever seen. He is so well pleased that he hopes to row on its smooth waters in a regular contest.

In the evening Hanlan went to Koster & Bial's Garden, where he attracted great attention. He was here met by Harry Hill, who offered to show him the sporting side of life in New York. Hanlan, however, declined as he was quite exhausted by his perambulations in the afternoon. After leaving the Garden Hanlan visited the HERALD office and was shown the departments. Then he retired to his hotel.

HANLAN AND PLAISTED.

Ward, his backer, says he is not afraid to match Hanlan against any man who pulls an oar, and that after a short rest in Canada at his home he would be able to beat the time he made in England. In this view Mr. Ward is corroborated by a number of New York boating men, who say that Hanlan is improving. It is the general opinion that Hanlan is anxious to meet Plaisted and defeat him, as the latter is the only barrier to his claim to the championship of the world. Plaisted has twice defeated Hanlan, and was once defeated by him, but he claims that he can beat Hanlan if he gets a fair chance. The first race was at Montreal, May 16, 1878, where Plaisted was defeated. In June, 1878, at Silver Lake Hanlan rowed Plaisted for the single scull professional championship, and was beaten by a foul. The two were again brought together in Boston in July of the same year, when Plaisted again defeated the Kannuck through the latter fouling.

DESTROYED BY FIRE.

THE NEW YORK PLASTER MILLS BURNED DOWN AND OTHER BUILDINGS DAMAGED—SUSPICIONS OF INCENDIARISM.

A fire of formidable proportions and suspicious origin broke out in the four story brick building running from No. 469 to 475 Cherry street, at half-past four o'clock A. M. yesterday. The premises are occupied by Vantuyle & Co., and are known as the New York Plaster Mills, where the manufacture of plaster of Paris, marble dust, metallic paints and terra alba is carried on. The flames spread with startling rapidity to Nos. 716 and 718 Water street, and blazed with destructive fury consuming everything in its path. The premises were reduced to a complete wreck. The first and second floors were occupied by A. T. Tabor & Co., dealers in marble; the second and third stories by Vantuyle & Co. That part of the building numbered 716 was occupied by Samuel Ayres as a boat building establishment. Nothing was saved of the contents of these buildings and the losses are said to be very heavy. Nothing but portions of the blackened walls remain standing.

The New York Plaster Mills is located in the centre of the block, in Cherry street, with a frontage of seventy-five feet, and extends 100 feet back toward Water street. The houses in the vicinity are mostly dilapidated structures, and are occupied as stores, factories and wood yards. The block opposite on Cherry street is crowded with tenements. At Corlear and Water streets is located the New York Sugar Refining Company's eight story brick building, an extension of which was consumed, but by the energetic action of the firemen the main edifice escaped unscathed.

The police were unable to ascertain the cause of the fire. A strong suspicion exists that it was of incendiary origin. The mills have not been running for the past three weeks. Owing to some legal trouble with creditors the Plaster Mills have been in charge of the Sheriff, whose watchman, John Moriarty, was appointed to take charge of the property. The latter, it seems has neglected his duties. He says he was poorly paid for his labor and wanted to throw up the job. He knows nothing regarding the origin of the flames.

AN EXPLOSION.

When the firemen arrived the doors and windows were found to be securely fastened and the building enveloped in a sheet of flame. Suddenly a low rumbling sound was heard from within, and the windows were burst open by an explosion. From the first there was no possibility of getting the fire under subjection. The energies of the firemen were therefore concentrated on the adjoining buildings. At one time it was feared that the refinery would be included in the wreck. Powerful streams were poured upon the threatened structure from all directions, deluging it with water. A two story rear extension, known as the "Charcoal House," caught fire and was burned to the ground. With the exception of the extension of the refinery all the burned buildings belong to the Keteltas estate, the agents of which, H. and F. A. Keteltas, have their offices at No. 73 William street. The premises were old and dilapidated, and their loss is estimated at $10,000. Vantuyle & Co. lose $15,000 in stock and machinery; Taber, $10,000; Ayres, $500; the North River Refinery, $1,000, and Ward & Son, of No. 467 Cherry street, whose stables adjoin the plaster mills, were damaged $1,000. Vantuyle & Co. are in the country. The insurance patrol in charge of the burned premises believe the buildings and their contents to be heavily insured. Before moving to their present location the firm of Vantuyle & Co. had been burned out three or four times.

REMEDIES FOR SUNSTROKE.

Dr. Janes, of the Board of Health, has issued the following circular:—

Sunstroke is caused by excessive heat, and especially if the weather is "muggy." It is more apt to occur on the second, third or fourth day of a heated term than on the first. Loss of sleep, worry, excitement, close sleeping rooms, debility, abuse of stimulants, predispose to it. It is more apt to attack those working in the sun, and especially between the hours of eleven o'clock in the morning and four o'clock in the afternoon. On hot days wear thin clothing. Have as cool sleeping rooms as possible. Avoid loss of sleep and all unnecessary fatigue. If working indoors, and where there is artificial heat—laundries, &c.—see that the room is well ventilated. If working in the sun, wear a light hat (not black, as it absorbs heat), straw, &c., and put inside of it on the head a wet cloth or a large green leaf; frequently lift the hat from the head and see that the cloth is wet. Do not check perspiration, but drink what water you need to keep it up, as perspiration prevents the body from being overheated. Have, whenever possible, an additional shade, as a thin umbrella, when walking, a canvas or board cover when working in the sun. When much fatigued do not go to work, but be excused from work, especially after eleven o'clock in the morning on very hot days, if the work is in the sun. If a feeling of fatigue, dizziness, headache or exhaustion occurs, cease work immediately, lie down in a shady and cool place; apply cold cloths to and pour cold water over head and neck. If any one is overcome by the heat send immediately for the nearest good physician. While waiting for the physician give the person cool drinks of water or cold black tea or cold coffee if able to swallow. If the skin is hot and dry sponge with or pour cold water over the body and limbs, and apply to the head pounded ice, wrapped in a towel or other cloth. If there is no ice at hand keep a cold cloth on the head, and pour cold water on it, as well as on the body. If the person is pale, very faint and pulse feeble let him inhale ammonia for a few seconds, or give him a teaspoonful of aromatic spirits of ammonia in two tablespoonfuls of water with a little sugar.

ARRESTED ON SUSPICION.

Herman Schieder, aged thirty-five years, a barkeeper, was arrested in the Fourth precinct on Saturday night on suspicion of having caused the death of Pauline Theobold, of No. 85 Cliff street, who died from a fractured skull in Bellevue Hospital on Saturday

ANOTHER FENIAN "MARTYR."

EDWARD O'KELLY DIES IN NEWARK—THE HARDSHIPS OF SPIKE ISLAND—HIS CRIME AND ITS PUNISHMENT.

Edward O'Kelly, the last of the Fenian prisoners, who was released from Spike Island Convict Prison in February of this year, died at eleven o'clock on Saturday night, at St. Michael's Hospital, Newark, N. J. O'Kelly arrived in New York during the last week in February, and was present with other noted nationalists at the 101st anniversary celebration of Robert Emmet's death, held at the Academy of Music in this city. He stayed in this city a few weeks and then went to Newark, where, after a month or so, he found employment at his trade in Hogan's shoe factory on Plane street. The work was too severe for his frame, enervated as it was from the rigors of his servitude at Spike Island. He went to New Brighton, Staten Island, after a month at Hogan's factory, but stayed there only three days, when his lungs began to bleed and he returned to Newark. There he resided with a kind hearted Irish family, Mr. David Kane's, at No. 155 Warren street. Though treated with the tenderness that would have been accorded to a near relative, he grew worse, and he thought it would be better for him to go to St. Michael's Hospital. He did so, and there received the very best of care, but sank rapidly until death came. During his last days he was visited by his former fellow prisoners in Spike Island, Patrick Tierney, James Walsh and Robert Kelly, Dr. and Mrs. Brosnan, Captain John J. Breslin, Thomas Brennan and many others. Tierney remained an entire night with him.

SKETCH OF THE DECEASED.

Edward O'Kelly was born in Wicklow street, Dublin, about thirty-five years ago. He was a shoemaker by trade, and became a member of the Fenian organization. On the night of October 5, 1872, he was arrested on a charge of shooting one David Murphy, an employé of the Dublin *Irishman*, who was suspected of having given information to the Castle authorities prejudicial to the "men in the gap." It is due to Murphy to say that it has since been fully established that the suspicions against him were groundless. He was severely wounded in the head but did not die. O'Kelly was tried for shooting with intent to murder and was found guilty by the Special Commission and sentenced to imprisonment for life. He was consigned to Spike Island.

HIS PRISON LIFE.

Of his treatment there he himself spoke as follows to a HERALD reporter upon his arrival here last spring:—"Upon my arrival in Spike Island I was immediately put in the punishment cell. Here I had to sleep and take meals, but was 'allowed' to work during the day time. I was put at the most disgusting kind of work—cleaning closets sunk several feet into the rock, down which I was compelled to go. A severe illness ensued. I was put into the hospital, from which I was removed to my cold cell while still very sick; was again sent back to hospital, where I was kept altogether nine days, and again ordered to work. During that time I was given three and a half pounds of bread—nothing else. The doctor ordered me to the oakum house, which is especially set apart for invalids and in which the restrictions are unbearable. I was given two days' exercise, which consisted of sitting on the steps of the oakum house in frosty weather. I was attached to a working party that was sometimes sent outside of the prison, but on such occasions I was detached. For over two years a warden was kept over me, although at work. There was no one in the prison treated like me except the other Fenian prisoners. My health was completely broken down when released from the punishment cell, which was effected through the Irish members of Parliament. I was finally put at shoemending, and, instead of being kept in the same place with the others engaged in similar work, I was put into the carpenters' shop and made to undergo what might be termed a process of slow congelation.

HIS LIBERATION.

Ever since my imprisonment my family has been endeavoring to secure my release. I think it was in 1874 my sister waited on Sir John Gray, had an interview with him, and submitted for his approval and signature a memorial asking for my pardon. He promised to interest himself in the matter provided I signed the memorial myself. A copy of it was forwarded to me, but was withheld by the Governor of the prison. Whether it was sent me or not I would never sign it, for I would not beg for mercy where I did not get justice. These negotiations went on from time to time up to my release. I tried to get my friends not to memorialize for my release. I was at one time eighteen months without writing a letter to my family, because of the restrictions placed upon me by the Governor of the prison, who wanted to humiliate me into begging pardon. In March, 1878, my sister got a letter from Mr. O'Connor Power to the effect that my release would be effected by the first of the present year. I believe I would have been released before Christmas if I had not made an effort to remain in Ireland. They kept me in prison discipline until the day of my departure.

The Very Rev. Canon Pope addressed in last January a supplicating letter to the Chief Secretary for Ireland, asking that O'Kelly be fully pardoned. The pardon, which was at length obtained, stipulated that he should live in exile during the remainder of his life.

THE FUNERAL.

The arrangements for the funeral have not yet been made. Messrs. Tierney, Captain John J. Berry, John O'Leary and Mr. Green visited the Kane residence last evening, whither the body had been removed in the morning from the hospital. The obsequies will be quite imposing. By his friends Mr. O'Kelly is spoken of as having been a man of most amiable disposition, kind, affectionate and generous to a fault. He was never weary of speaking of the kindnesses received by him in Newark.

FILTHY THOROUGHFARES.

NEGLECTED PORTIONS OF THE THIRTEENTH WARD—DEAD ANIMALS NOT REMOVED.

From different localities in the Thirteenth ward complaints have recently been made concerning the negligence of the Street Cleaning Department and also the Department of Public Works. In the "Complaint Book" of last Saturday's HERALD an article appeared calling particular attention to a nuisance existing for a long time in Ridge street, between Grand and Division streets. Yesterday a reporter made a tour through certain portions of the above ward for the purpose of investigating the reports. The block alluded to in Ridge street was found to be in a deplorable condition. It is seventy-five feet in length. The pavement which is of cobble stones, is filled with depressions. Near the corner of Grand street, in front of a liquor store, a barrel half filled with decayed garbage and other refuse, over which a swarm of flies were holding high carnival, threw off a most offensive odor. On the same side of the street were two pools of stagnant water, in which old shoes and hats rode at anchor, while in the opposite gutter several pailfuls of brine were struggling for an entrance to the sewer. Other holes in the pavement were filled with water, and when the thermometer stands at ninety in the shade the stench is represented as sickening. Oilcloth and carpeting are strewn about the street.

"How long has this state of affairs existed?" the reporter asked of an old man who was enjoying his pipe in the shade of an awning.

"Ever since Columbus was a boy," he replied, taking the pipe from his mouth. "Why, what if it has?"

"Oh, nothing, only it looks bad ——"

"Yes, an' smells bad."

"Was anything ever done about it?"

"Well, now, I should remark that there was. Wasn't I sent from one party to another for about two weeks?"

"You complained about it then?"

"Certainly I did. First I went t' th' Health Board, then t' th' Street Cleaning Department, an' from there the divil himself knows where I went. Too much red tape altogether," he remarked, replacing the pipe between his teeth.

The reporter turned into Division street in the hope of getting a few breaths of pure air, but only to find himself confronted by miniature lakes of a greasy liquid, from which, under the scorching heat of the sun, foul gases rose and poisoned the atmosphere. In front of Nos. 237 and 242 there were small ponds, with no apparent inlet or outlet, in which frogs might navigate comfortably and grow fat on the scum. No. 222 is a two story frame dwelling, and the windows are not twenty feet from the gutter. Here a most sickening sight was presented and the nostrils were regaled with an obnoxious odor. Near the sidewalk, surrounded by all kinds of garbage and filth, lay a dead cat, cut up in a frightful manner. A small boy, who a few moments previous had ventured to turn the dead animal over with a long pole, stood on the opposite side of the street enjoying the effect while another urchin was still poking it.

ANOTHER THOROUGHFARE.

Attorney street, between Division and Delancey streets, is also in a bad condition. There seemed to be no attempt at cleanliness. Garbage and ashes were thrown about promiscuously. A large hole in the pavement in front of No. 66 was filled to overflowing with muddy water, in which a youngster was sailing an old straw hat. A dead dove lay in the gutter on the corner of Delancey street.

Captain Copeland, in whose precinct these nuisances were, said:—"It is no fault of the police. We do our best to have the streets cleaned properly. The carts leave here at half-past five o'clock every morning and are supposed to clean their route before stopping. The dead cat was reported last Friday. You see the men who collect the garbage are not allowed to take any dead animals whatever. Mr. Swift, who has the contract for their removal, is responsible. No matter if it is only a dead rat, we always notify him and he should remove it. In regard to the stagnant water we are not at fault either. If the Department of Public Works does not keep the pavements in proper condition it is almost impossible to keep them clean. The water will collect and remain there in spite of us. I remember that block in Ridge street. The pavement is very bad and has been many times reported. I don't think the streets were ever kept cleaner than they are at the present time."

THE AMERICAN ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

UNIVERSAL INTEREST IN THE UNDERTAKING.

[From the Syracuse (N. Y.) Standard, July 11.]

Recent despatches from San Francisco, Cal., announce the departure of the Arctic exploring yacht Jeannette on a voyage of discovery toward the North Pole. The departure was the occasion of much excitement in that city and of universal interest throughout the whole country. This vessel is reported to be the "best equipped that ever sailed for the Arctic regions." She is bark rigged, of 420 tons, with engines of 200 horse power. Her bows are fitted with solid timber, and stanchions, knees and planking are added wherever a strain can come in her struggles with the all but irresistible ice masses of the Polar seas; iron plates, extra boilers, duplicate machinery, ice saws and coverings and linings of several thicknesses of felt and canvas, a portable deck house and every convenience that experience and science can suggest have been supplied. The crew are no less well clothed than the vessel, with their canvas and woollen and blanket garments, and complete suits of fur are yet to come. The men selected for this perilous and honorable voyage are admirably fitted for it, the seamen being chosen for their known endurance of cold, their age, their height and physique and other qualifications, and the officers are all men of much experience and eminent scientific attainments. The route chosen by the Jeannette is practically a new one, and is believed to have the advantage of a warm current to enable the vessel to penetrate further toward the Pole than any other expedition. The route leads through Behring Strait, and recent discoveries by a Swedish explorer, who is still in the northern regions, prove that this route promises to be the most feasible of all yet attempted. Much is expected from this expedition, and it is to be hoped the most sanguine anticipations of its originators and patrons may be realized.

MYSTERIES OF THE NORTH.

[From the Elmira (N. Y.) Advertiser, July 11.]

The Jeannette is ordered to pass through Behring Strait and find a winter harbor as far north as she can penetrate. Leaving the vessel safely housed, a party well provided is to be despatched across the ice fields with dogs and sledges to attempt the journey to the Pole. The commander of the expedition is Lieutenant G. W. DeLong, a United States naval officer, who has been in the Arctic regions and knows the trials of a Polar voyage. A schooner will take a surplus cargo of coal and provisions to be landed at St. Michael's, in Behring Sea, as the size of the steamer did not permit taking a sufficient cargo for the entire absence. This surplus will be stored for any future emergency. Officers and crew can feel that no material resources have been withheld to abate from the courage and hardihood needed to prosecute the enterprise. The route to be followed is one least known—that through Behring Strait. The earliest attempts were simply to prove a northeast or southeast passage to India. For this purpose the earliest Russian and English navigators labored. The Sir John Franklin expeditions, one of which passed through Behring Strait, thoroughly mapped out the northern bounds of the American continent. One of these, commanded by McClure, demonstrated the feasibility of a passage along the northern shores of the continent, but he abandoned his ship in Barron's Straits. Captain Cook passed up through the straits in 1778, but only reached 70 deg. 45 min. north latitude. Whalers have gone up as far as safe to pursue their prey. So the vast region in that direction toward the Pole is unknown. There may be immense islands or a lonely ocean of ice. On the other side northeast of Spitzbergen an island was discovered by the Austrian expedition as large as Scotland. No one has penetrated higher than 75 degrees by the straits, whereas to the north of Greenland latitude 82 degrees has been reached. The well known channel between the Arctic and Pacific oceans, tidal currents and isothermal lines, as well as the suggestive habits of whales, demonstrate that this route may be possibly the best to reach the Pole.

THE GREAT GEOGRAPHICAL PROBLEM.

[From the Burlington (Vt.) Free Press, July 11.]

The present is the first strictly Polar expedition to start from the Pacific coast and attempt the route through Behring Strait. From Sebastian Cabot's voyage, nearly four hundred years ago, the Greenland side, for obvious reasons, has been the favorite route. Still, a few voyages have been made over the course the Jeannette is now to take. Behring made three voyages, in 1728, 1729 and 1741, during the first of which he sailed through the strait now known by his name, and later, in 1778, Cook reached latitude 70 deg. 44 min., but was compelled by the vast quantities of ice he encountered to return to the Sandwich Islands to winter, where he was killed a short time later. McClure, in 1850 demonstrated the possibility of getting around the northern shores of the continent with a vessel, but he left the great space to the north of Behring Strait as much a blank on the maps as it was when Captain Cook went up three-quarters of a century before, and turned back after reaching latitude 70 deg. 45 min. The highest point reached by the Vega (which demonstrated the practicability of the northeast passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific along the northern shores of Asia) was 77 deg. 40 min., and the most northern point gained by any explorer is 83 deg. 10 min.—by Sir George Nares. The North Pole is 800 miles beyond—and this reached, one of the very few great geographical problems remaining will be solved. Beyond the latitude of 70 degrees on Behring Strait hardly anything is known. A branch of the Japanese Warm Stream enters the Arctic Sea through Behring Strait, and it is believed that it emerges on the other side of the Continent through Baffin's Bay. The drift of the ice is consequently northward on this side and southward on the other, a circumstance which adds a new element of peril, as it cuts off retreat in case the ship meets with an accident which compels the party to take to the ice.

The purpose of the explorers is to proceed in the vessel as far as the ice will permit them, and then to go on in sledges. Whether or not they attain their ultimate goal they will, unless some great and unforeseen accident intervene, add largely to geographical and general knowledge—for their voyage is over a new and unexplored route; and whether or not they plant the United States flag at the North Pole, they will reflect lustre on their country and credit on themselves, and their commander will be worthy of ranking with Kane and Hall and Hayes.

COMMERCIAL POSSIBILITIES.

[From the Wilmington (Del.) Herald, July 11.]

The Jeannette is now ploughing her way northward through the Pacific to Behring Strait. Her mission is that of Polar exploration and the discovery of a practical seaway from the Pacific to the Atlantic Ocean. The voyage of Nordenskjöld, from Norway westward, along the northern coast of Europe and Asia, has opened the eyes of the commercial world to the practicability of carrying the immense products of the Siberian valleys to Europe by a way hitherto held to be eternally ice-locked. The Jeannette may also be the pioneer of many a fleet which will carry into the Pacific the products of the watershed north of the sources of the Mississippi and Missouri. It is to be hoped that favoring breezes will waft the gallant Jeannette in the pathway of success.

THE UNKNOWN NORTH.

[From the Salem (N. J.) Sunbeam, July 11.]

For two centuries and a half men have been seeking to penetrate the regions surrounding the North Pole, and, notwithstanding all their efforts, but comparatively little has yet been discovered there. The latest expedition is the one which has just started in the bark-rigged steam yacht Jeannette from San Francisco. The plan of Commander DeLong is to push into the ice floes north of Cape Barrow, as far as the Jeannette can possibly be worked this season, and from that point to continue the journey with dogs and sleds, using the vessel as a base of supplies. The Jeannette will carry supplies for three years, which will allow ample time to experiment with over-ice means of locomotion after the vessel has reached the extreme limit of her northern journey.

POSSIBILITIES OF SUCCESS.

[From the Norwich (Conn.) Bulletin, July 10.]

The Jeannette sailed this week from San Francisco for the Polar regions. This vessel is small, but admirably adapted to the work before her, manned by a crew selected with particular care and reference to the task assigned them, and provided most amply with all the supplies which the latest experience and widest knowledge in that department of discovery could suggest. The latest voyage in the Arctic regions which has possessed world-wide interest is that of Professor Nordenskjöld, who sailed from Hammerfest, on the north coast of Norway, to Behring Strait, nearly half way around the earth; but the eminent Scandinavian, successful as he was in finding an open passage north of the Asiatic continent, never ventured up toward the pole; and from the portion of the globe which he traversed very few attempts of the sort have ever been made. The Polar expeditions from Spitzbergen and points along the Atlantic coast have been almost numberless. To push up from the Pacific through Behring Strait, then, is to try an almost unknown route, and hence to court new possibilities of success.

BOW AND COMPASS NORTHWARD.

[From the Chicago Journal, July 11.]

Once more the hearts of Americans are led toward the Arctic seas by ties of common interest. Within the present week the American Arctic exploration steamer Jeannette has left the Bay of San Francisco with its bow and the point of its compass pointing in pathetic union—northward.

The best time for Arctic navigation has been selected by the projectors and the commander of the Jeannette, Lieutenant DeLong. Old whalers unite in pronouncing September the favorable month for making headway in northern latitudes, and the expedition expects to reach Behring Strait the 20th of August.