WORDS OF WISDOM.

Christ's Resurrection and the Lesson It Teaches.

"LAW IS THE GIFT OF GOD."

"The Graces of the Soul Given to Nourish the Spiritual Life."

FIFTH AVENUE BAPTIST CHURCH.

A COUNTRY WALK WITH CHRIST RISEN—SERMON BY REV. DR. ARMITAGE.

The Rev. Dr. Armitage preached at the Fifth Fifth avenue Baptist Church yesterday morning from Mark xvi., 12—"After that he appeared in another form to two of them, as they walked, going into the country." This was a Sunday afternoon, said the Doctor. On the preceding Friday the city of Jerusalem was thrown into a state of feverish excitement. Jesus had been crucified and His followers flew in every direction from impending violence. On Saturday they remained in concealment, and on Sunday morning one rumor reached them after another to the effect that He had risen from the dead. But these they could not credit. The little company, excited, worn out with alarm and grief, became despondent. The horrors of the last three days paralyzed them, and gloomy, sick at heart, two of them concluded that they had better retire from the dangers of the city into the repose and solace of the country till something was determined as to present facts and a afuture course. These two, the evangelist depicts as wending their way through the city gates, climbing the path together over the slopes about Jerusalem and making for the quiet village in the uplands. Christ's presence may be found as near amid the mountains and harvest fields, the various beauty of rural scenery, valley and plain brook and lake as in the metropolitan temple. Christ, the mysterious stranger, can join Himself to their company, and move up and down with them through the landscape, as He did in the days of His flesh. The eternal hum of the city is not without its melody; but the silence of the country is a perpetual hymn of praise. The winds murmuring through the trees make our hearts flutter, and the softer voice of the rill from the cleft rock soothes us, because they soothed Him. A thousand warblers in the bush, the screaming hawk and the merry lark lift us up to Christ, because His ear drank in their music. The noise of stream and tree leaf and breeze woven into a dirge-like chant, which binds the soul in all the pathos of a day dream—such influences felt on the spirits of these two sad pedestrians when Jesus, in another form, drew near to walk and talk with them. They supposed that they had left a dead Christ behind them in the city, and did not dream that, among the toils of the husbandman, the droning of the bee and the hum of the insect, they could commune with their living Lord. Christians to-day may leave the city like those sad hearted travellers, full or perplexity and darkness, neither able to discover their own blessings nor to bless others.

FROM DARKNESS TO LIGHT.

This country meeting with their risen Lord was unexpected. It led them out of darkness into light as gently as twilight leads to day. It opened to them new truths, silenced old fears and speculations and put them on their feet as Christian believers. They kept blundering on in their mistaken conjectures while the invisible One silently stole into their company, drew them out of their own doubts and brought them nearer to the truth at every step. He made them tell Him that bitter disappointment, that their hopes were crushed and that the story of the open grave had bewildered them most of all. He led them down to the very bottom of their griefs, and then, little by little, lifted them up again. They were half impatient that the stranger should seem to be ignorant of all that had taken place in Jerusalem till it became His turn to chide them for being so sluggish of heart to grasp the whole burden of prophecy, but the force and novelty of His interpretations melted away doubt after doubt and His eloquence had shortened the stretching miles when the wonderful traveller bid them good night. Then they began to beg for His longer company and it was not till He discovered Himself by the table of the roadside cottage that the object of that country walk was manifested, and rising up in the same hour they returned to Jerusalem and found the eleven gathered together, and saying the Lord is risen indeed; and they related what things were done in the way and how He became known to them in the breaking of bread. Now, beloved, if your country walks shall lead you to talk with Jesus, and you should come home with new faith and qualifications to do your work, I bid you Godspeed in your summer rambles.

CENTRAL METHODIST CHURCH.

THE SUPREMACY OF LAW—SERMON BY REV. DR. NEWMAN.

The Rev. Dr. Newman preached at the Central Methodist Church in the evening on the "Supremacy of Law," taking his text from Romans, vii., 2—"The law is holy, just and good." Law said the Doctor, is the expression of the legislative will. When applied to natural phenomena it implies the observed order of facts—the force by which such facts are produced, the measure of said force and the combinations of forces for a given purpose. When applied to rational creatures law is the manner in which an act shall be performed. In morals it is a rule of action proceeding from a superior having authority to command directed to inferiors having the ability to obey. Moral laws are mandatory, prohibitory and permissive—commanding what shall be done, restraining from what shall not be done and permitting what may be done without incurring a penalty. The divine will is the supreme law of the universe, written in the order and constitution of nature and contained in divine revelation. Law has its home in the bosom of God. So thought the ancients. Plato said, "No mortal can make law to purpose." Demosthenes said, "Law is the gift of God." Socrates said, "Even the unwritten laws of mankind were given by the gods."

THE DIVINE WILL.

But it was Christ who declared the supremacy of the divine will. It is reasonable to suppose that the Creator has a will concerning His creatures and that He has revealed the same to man. But, in these days of liberalism, men demand the right to do as they please and to be free to follow their own inclinations. But the cry for absolute liberty is inconsistent with the interests of man and the well being of society. Law is as prevalent as the universe—it binds atoms and worlds, rain drops and oceans, zephyrs and whirlwinds. Every flower, herb and tree, the fish of the deep, the birds of the air and the beasts of the field are subject to law. Is man, in his morals, an exception? He is a living, walking code of laws. One course of conduct is attended with pain; another with pleasure. Prudence and imprudence, temperance and intemperance, economy and prodigality are natural virtues and vices. They who demand absolute liberty in morals should remember that the law of limitation is as prevalent as law itself. The earth can revolve only so fast, the ocean can flow only so far. Man can grow only so high. Throw off this law of limitation and confusion and destruction would ensue. What would be the condition of society were the laws forbidding murder, theft and adultery abrogated? This earth would be turned into a living hell. The great duty of the pulpit in this day of prevalent crime is to preach the law. A stern morality should be proclaimed from every pulpit with discretion, but with severity. The people have taken advantage of the mild teachings of the pulpit and have grown too familiar with the pardoning mercy of God. The Church has sung too long,

> While the lamp of life holds out to burn
> The vilest sinner may return.

Its new and better song should be,

> Vain man, thy fond pursuits forbear,
> Repent, thine end is nigh.

Let our metropolitan pulpits proclaim to the people the law, which is holy, just and good. Let them teach the people the beneficence of law. It was Burke who said, "Law is beneficence acting by rule." The divine law is good in what it forbids no less than what it allows. Every act of obedience adds to the perfection of man's nature. Virtue and happiness are inseparable. Love is the fulfilling of the law.

CHURCH OF THE STRANGERS.

THE TRUE NATIONAL BASIS—SERMON BY REV. DR. DEEMS.

Rev. Dr. Deems continued his lecture on the "True National Basis" at the Church of the Strangers, on Mercer and Eighth streets, regretting that the days were gone when congregations would stand for hours to hear a sermon, and that a preacher must to-day break up his discourse into little bits. His main dogma was this—that the growth and prosperity of nations depend on the growth and prosperity of individuals. A people must be permeated by Bible ideas. To make any stir in the world it must be happy and satisfied; and the only durable satisfaction is that of a fixed principle. Better be one thing always, no matter what, than athiest to-day and deist to-morrow. That was the Poet Lamartine's complaint of France—that they had no solid basis of faith. There is no calculating the national effects of devotion to God and cultivation of spiritual interests. The tendency of the age is toward the material. In a nation like ours one long-headed, shrewd man may build a colossal fortune, and one such fortune has a disastrous effect upon the community. "Let us, too," say they, "let us build our Tower of Babel." Yet, there is no more money in the country because it is accumulated or dammed up in one place. God dams up the springs of wealth that the millrace of human progress may afterward flow. No people is great by reason of its material wealth. The riches that build a nation up are spiritual. That is what the pulpit does for men. That is why men meet in church Sunday after Sunday, why they go on singing the hymns they learned in childhood. And that is how the mind is turned from the temporal to the eternal, from the fretting of life to everlasting rest.

THE BOON OF JOY.

Joy is the first boon that Christianity adds to a national life. All nations are born in the midst of thanksgiving. Every time that France is regenerated there are new bursts of acclaim. Think of the joy felt by men of the Revolution, imagine the thrill that passed through the land when the articles of peace were signed. Nations should be merry and so should churches. If we so manage our church as to make it stupid and spiritless let us at once shut it up. Christians often have to walk in a spiritual slavery; they won't go to theatres, they don't enjoy their church services. "Something wrong," you say, and so there is. If every Christian would go through life remembering that in a thousand years from to-day he might be a soldier in the battalions of God he would know himself to be the happiest of men.

HOW THE WORLD GROWS RICH.

Material growth is the corollary of spiritual growth. Rome had command of the world—then why did she perish? Because the sinews of her arms were paralyzed and her wealth fell away. Look at our strikes, our war, and think what riches perished there. If each of these strikers had known the spiritual peace and joy he would have turned back to his labor and would have been patient. England owes more to John Wesley than to all her Prime Ministers. Wesley taught the miners of Cornwall to descend the shaft with songs of thanksgiving on their lips.

Americans, on the other hand, are perhaps the most vicious reformers in the world. "Radical" should be the name of a man who digs down, not of one who digs up. Instead of haranguing the people about their rights and wrongs harangue them by leading a life of holiness. Supplant the evil by planting the good. If a man is angry don't curse him; if a child is abrupt don't turn on it sharply. What we want more both in politics and pulpit is less preaching of error and more preaching of truth. Let every man and woman be a tree of God, ripening and bearing good fruit.

Nations are monumental. You walk through the ruins and say, "Here was Babylon, here Assyria, here Greece." Each of them stands upon the plain of time a monument to God, who draws in hieroglyphics a special lesson upon each. The time may come when our Republic shall have passed away and whoso comes after us shall read our epitaph, for good or for evil, written by the finger of God.

SERVICES AT OCEAN GROVE.

THE NEW JERSEY SABBATH SCHOOL ASSEMBLY—SERMON BY REV. DR. M'COSH, OF PRINCETON.

The great auditorium in Ocean Grove, N. J., was densely crowded yesterday morning by the New Jersey Sabbath School Assembly, consisting of pastors, teachers and their friends, numbering about four thousand souls. On the platform were seated Rev. Dr. Palmer, Rev. E. H. Stokes, D. D.; Rev. J. H. Thornley, W. F. Sherwin, Rev. Dr. Clark, George M. Evans, William H. Falconer, Rev. Dr. Wallace and others. The services were opened by the singing of "Nearer My God to Thee," the entire congregation assisting. Prayer was offered by the Rev. Dr. Fowler, of this city, and the Scriptures were read by Dr. Stokes. Prayer was also offered by Rev. S. McBride, of Philadelphia, and the hymn "Holy Ghost, light divine" was sung. Dr. McCosh, president of Princeton College, then preached on the works of God. The love of friends, he said, never seems so great as when they are about to separate. It seems as if these principles were at work when our Lord was parting from His disciples. They felt that they were to be left by one who had loved them with such great affection. It was then He gave them another promise. The spirit is spoken of as full of love and taking a great interest in the welfare of those for whom Christ died. The spirit always works by the truth. God does not make any new revelations of His will. If you want to know His will you must go to His words for it. He speaks to us in that spirit of truth; and wherever the word is preached the spirit is working. He does not always speak in the whirlwind or the fire. He speaks to us this morning in the still small voice of the spirit. He convinces us of sin. Your conscience tells you of your sin, although your lips may not speak it. The work of conviction of sin is something more than the ordinary reproaches of conscience; but it is something less than repentance that leads us to walk in the narrow path. It is a sense of the dreadfulness of sin, and it is needful to the great body of men that they should pass through such a stage. All may not feel that they have sinned. Such men should be roused to a sense of their unholiness. If God should call them away this hour they would go with unregenerate hearts unworthy to enter into heaven. If a terrible blow lays a child unconscious what are the first signs of life? Why, the struggle of the limbs, the tears, the cry of anguish. The unconscious in sin need the struggle of the spirit. Noah would not have been saved simply by knowing that the windows of heaven were to be opened. He was saved by taking refuge in the ark. The great evil of ritualism is the putting the ordinances of the Church in the place of the living Saviour. When a man's house is on fire it is not his first duty to have it handsomely furnished; but to extinguish the flames.

A MYSTERY.

In the work of conversion there is a mystery that we cannot understand. We cannot tell how the tree grows. But we do understand one thing about conversion. It is simply turning the soul to God. The shortest way to God is to go straight to Him. Don't try to work out a righteousness of your own. Faith saves, and faith means taking God at His word. In that very act of conversion you have given up sin and turned to holiness. Christ will not dwell in a heart where there are idols. They must be all broken. We must break them, and the work is done when we believe in the Lord Jesus. Then there is the work of sanctification. Every sin must be rooted out or they will become thorns in our sides—troubles and afflictions. How can you calm the waves of the angry ocean? Only by getting the winds of heaven to cease blowing on them. So with your sins. You may contend with them but you cannot control them without the help of Heaven. We do not go to Heaven until we have been reconciled to God through the blood of His Son. And He gives us also peace with our soul, the peace of heart, and then we have a blessed communion with Christ, such as you may have here to-day. In a vast congregation like this there are many who are not Christians. Do not let the opportunity pass. To the Sabbath school teachers I say, teach the children the Word of God. That is the only religion.

The services were closed by singing "Love Divine" and the benediction, pronounced by Dr. McCosh. During the afternoon two thousand persons attended the Sunday school in the Bishop James Tabernacle. At a quarter past six P. M. the multitude gathered on the beach near the surf and held a responsive meeting, repeating in concert nearly every passage in the Bible relating to the sea and singing the grand old Methodist hymns to the accompaniment of the breakers' deep and ceaseless monotone. In the evening the auditorium was again crowded to hear a sermon by Dr. Fowler.

THE CATHEDRAL.

MULTIPLICATION OF THE LOAVES AND FISHES—SERMON BY REV. FATHER DEALY, S. J.

For the first time since the dedication of the new Cathedral a solemn high mass did not characterize the half-past ten o'clock service yesterday. A "missa cantata," of which Rev. Father Bigley, of St. Agnes' Church, was the celebrant, was substituted. His Eminence the Cardinal was not present, he having gone on a short vacation. The music of the service was the mass in D, by Lyesl, with an offertory by Morshner.

The sermon was preached by Rev. Father Dealy, S. J., of the Church of St. Francis Xavier, West Sixteenth street, who took his text from the gospel of the Sunday in which is narrated the miracle of the loaves and fishes. The preacher was distinctly heard throughout the entire of the vast edifice, a fact which was especially noted by the clergy attached to the Cathedral, as the rumor prevailed that it was well nigh impossible for a preacher to make himself heard beyond a very limited portion of the edifice. The fruitful theme of the miracle which Christ performed in feeding the multitude with a few loaves and fishes was discoursed on by the preacher in a half hour's sermon. The lesson he inculcated was the faithful observance of all Christ's teachings. Christ found it necessary to give bodily sustenance to the 5,000 people by whom He was surrounded and wrought the miracle for that purpose; but there was to be learned from this act of the Saviour that the same multiplication of favors went on perpetually in regard to all of us, for we were constantly the recipients of His merciful graces and favors in our daily lives. In the Church which He established we saw this watchfulness, and in the spread of the Gospel all over the world, in spite of every persecution and obstacle, we understood how abundantly the multiplication of the Master's favors went on for the salvation of men. The loaves and fishes were given to sustain the hungry multitude, and so were the graces of the soul given to nourish the spiritual life. The preacher spoke forcibly of the return that was expected by Christ for His manifold favors to men, and contrasted the neglect of the sinner with the never ending love of God for all who wish to observe His law.

ST. AGNES' CHURCH.

During divine service at St. Agnes' Roman Catholic Church, East Forty-third street, the pastor, Rev. Harry McDowell, referred to the growth and prosperity of the parish. This church where we assemble to offer up divine worship, said the pastor, is six years old to-day, and what has been done during that time has been done well and wonderfully, and with the help and co-operation of priest and congregation. Six years ago to-day we assembled in the old market hall, the site of this church, and there began our labors and the organization of this parish. Our work has been wonderfully blessed. Thousands of the faithful have received spiritual instruction, the sacraments have been administered and the holy sacrifice of the mass has been offered up continuously in this temple dedicated to the Lord. As your pastor, I am grateful for the charity and zeal of this congregation, and there is cause for mutual congratulation that we have preserved those pleasant spiritual and fraternal relations which should always exist between a pastor and his flock.

CHRISTIAN WORKERS.

An open air meeting of the Brooklyn Association of Christian Workers was held in Leffert's Park, Brooklyn, yesterday afternoon. There were about one thousand two hundred people present, including old age, youth and childhood. The exercises consisted of preaching, prayers and singing of hymns. The principal speaker was Rev. Anna Oliver, and brief remarks were made by Rev. Mr. Hubbell, of New York, and Rev. Mr. Acres, of Brooklyn. Brother Shanks was in charge of the singing and Brother O'Donnell led the meeting. Rev. Anna Oliver, a dark eyed little woman of earnest delivery and graceful carriage, called on those present to save themselves while there was yet time, and then offered prayer. Mr. Hubbell advised his hearers to not only embrace religion, but when they had got it to hold on to it. He cited an example of two men fixing the top of a steeple, one on the shoulders of the other. Some hot metal fell on the arms of the under man, but despite the pain he did not loosen his hold of the other. This example, he added, should be followed by religious people. Mr. Acres spoke in a similar strain.

TRICKS OF THE COAL TRADE.

HOW THE CONSUMER IS CHEATED BY THE DEALER—A STANDARD OF MEASUREMENT WHICH IS MORE RELIABLE THAN THE DEALER'S SCALES.

In no considerable branch of domestic industry is competition so intense as in the coal trade, and, as a natural consequence, in none are the dealer's profits under more careful supervision. If he handles a ton of coal to the best advantage he considers himself lucky to make fifty cents by the transaction. Meanwhile an old customer calls at his office and demands a reduction of his prices. "Impossible," says the dealer; "my books will show you that the original cost of my coal, the expenses of freight, hoisting at the wharf, cartage and screening, together with the percentage of waste, leave me the scantiest interest on my outlay. If I forego this I may as well retire from business." "But," persists the customer, "Jones, at the corner of the street, has offered me a much cheaper price," and, though the dealer would argue for an hour, he knows that he has lost his customer. He consoles himself with the reflection that there are only two possible ways by which Jones, at the corner of the street, can undersell him. Jones either swindles the wholesale dealer or he swindles the customer. The wholesale dealer is presumed to know his business and may take care of himself. The customer is peculiarly defenceless.

AT THE SCALES.

Every day in the week hundreds of coal carts dump their contents in New York cellars, and these carts are wholly incapable of holding the ton for which the consumer has paid. He suspects there is something wrong. He proposes to have the loads weighed. He finds that the driver objects strenuously, even though the householder offers to recompense him for his lost time. His only available weighing place is one of the three or four public balances provided by the city, or the balance of a dealer in rivalry with the merchant of whom he has been purchasing. In either case he pays for the privilege, and, though he proves his suspicions right, gains nothing for his pains. Now the one simple standard of measurement is this:—

Times Full.

2,000 lbs. of Lehigh coal fill a flour barrel.... 8½ a 8¾
2,000 lbs. of Lackawanna fill a flour barrel.. 9 a 9⅛
2,000 lbs. of Pittston fill a flour barrel..... 9¼
2,000 lbs. of Scrahton fill a flour barrel..... 9¾

Instead of relying on these figures, which have been arrived at by actual tests of both weight and measure, many of the smaller purchasers of coal prefer to send their own carts to the yard. As the carts pass in they halt for a minute upon a wooden platform, connected with a balance inside the office, and worked by the clerk or manager who is there in charge. The balance is kept perfectly accurate. The city inspectors are liable to arrive at any instant to test their correctness, at the cost of $1 a visit, and it may be taken for granted that there is scarcely a fraudulent balance in the coal trade. The clerk registers the weight of horse and wagon, and the driver, returning with his coal from the yard, has the total weight taken and the first deducted. Unfortunately he has no means of ascertaining what changes have taken place in the balance during his absence. The least tightening of a screw would rob him of 100 pounds, the pressure of a foot would outweigh 200 pounds, the unperceived lifting of a rod would counterbalance 500 pounds. The driver takes his load and his certificate, and goes away contented, and the dealer has possibly sold him a cart full of coal weighing from 1,600 pounds to 1,800 pounds. Of course there are many honest dealers who would never sell coal on such terms; but they complain that they are gradually being pushed to the wall, that the fraudulent dealers are setting up mansions and buying country houses, and that the coal trade is becoming an abomination to all respectable people.

HOW THE CITY SUFFERS.

The largest purchaser of coal and the worst sufferer from the frauds in selling it is unquestionably the city. The consumption of its court houses, school houses, City Hall, fire departments and other public works is enormous. Each of its schools takes from 100 to 150 tons. It makes contracts for 20,000 tons at a time. It accepts the lowest bids, and those are often made at prices which cannot possibly afford profit to the dealer. It uses the services of certain weighmasters, no longer appointed by itself, but by the Cotton Exchange and Custom House, so that they are virtually irresponsible. It was once a matter of common repute that the coal paid for by the public schools was peddled round the streets. Janitors who were supposed to sign receipts would allow the carts to turn tail after they had been counted in a body and present themselves twice. One contractor admitted that, having engaged to supply the city with English cannel coal, he had substituted American, and nobody discovered the fraud. And one of the oldest and most respustable dealers in the city says that he contracted this year to supply an armory which for the preceding twelve months had consumed forty-four tons, and found that by no possible means could he make it take half that amount.

REMEDIES.

The method of protecting the public which finds most favor with experts is to get a law passed compelling coal dealers to have carts of certain regulation sizes—large enough to hold 2,000 pounds of the light weight quality of coals, with iron bands inside to mark the lines where tons of the heavier coals would fill the cart; each cart being inspected and stamped by the inspectors of weights and measures and only licensed by the city when showing the inspector's certificate and stamp; the inspectors being empowered to measure and weigh doubtful loads at any time and dishonest dealers fined and imprisoned, and all weighmasters being duly sworn. The second remedy is to eliminate the coal agents, and the third is to inform the public what are the absolutely lowest prices at which a ton of coal can honestly be bought.

RIVALS IN LOVE.

FAILURE OF FEMALE ARBITRATION IN AN AFFAIR OF THE HEART—ONE JEALOUS SWAIN SHOT IN THE BACK BY ANOTHER.

Thomas Kenney and Patrick Costello were rivals. The one lived at No. 23 East Twenty-fifth street, the other at No. 213 East Thirteenth street. Both had an affection for Josephine Conroy, and each had an inkling of the other's weakness in that respect. For a long time the swains kept up an appearance of friendliness; but on Saturday some fancied slight or unkind insinuation on the part of one of them led to an open rupture. The maiden fair forthwith became an object of contention and there was much wordy strife between the pair, which finally resulted in an agreement to lay their differences before her and invite her to arbitrate. This way of settling the difficulty appeared practical as well as romantic on the first blush, but somehow it did not give satisfaction. The young woman either declined interfering in their quarrel or took a position which aggravated it, for both rose in an ungentle frame of mind to leave her house, whither they had repaired to adjust matters. Before bidding their adieux, however, words ran high, and Costello suggested that their quarrel could only be settled by a resort to the somewhat obsolete practice of fighting it out. Rapiers seemed impracticable and pistols did not suggest themselves to the rivals, so the less melodramatic expedient of repairing to the dock and using their fists was determined on. So both champions bowed themselves out of the lovely Josephine's presence and went off prepared to do their fistic devoirs as "good men and true." It chanced, however, that Costello, the challenger, had not been prepared to see his proposition accepted so readily, and on the way down stairs he came to the conclusion that he had better have recourse to a more summary way of ending the difficulty. No sooner was this conceived than it was executed, and out from his pocket came a villanous looking seven-shooter, which he deliberately levelled at Kenney. The latter was on the stairs below him when he pulled the trigger, and as the report rang through the house he staggered down to the door with a bullet in his back. There was a tumult in the house at once, and the jealous swain was not able to withdraw before an officer appeared in sight. He went to durance with the air of a man who had done a solemn duty, and Kenney was taken away to have his wound examined. It was pronounced trifling by a physician, the ball having passed through the fleshy part of the back. Costello was yesterday arraigned in the Fifty-seventh Street Police Court and committed by Justice Kilbreth in $1,000.

OUR SHIPPING INTERESTS.

VIEWS OF A SHIPOWNER—LETTER FROM MR. AMBROSE SNOW ON THE QUESTION OF TAXING SHIP PROPERTY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD:—

As your journal has from time to time given us very sensible articles on our shipping interests, therefore as a shipowner of some experience I venture to give you my views of the article which appeared recently, as the suggestion of Mr. Blaine, for reviving our decayed ocean commerce. I quite agree with him that every unnecessary tax should be removed from ship property. To this end, so far as consular charges are concerned, a bill has been before Congress for a year, but up to this time there is no appearance of relief from that burden, a tax which all American ships have to bear now. As we understand Mr. Blaine's proposition it is, with reference to steamers, that our government shall give to any company or individual who will establish a monthly line of steam service between any point in our country and any point in a foreign country the sum of $25 per mile for the whole distance between the two points, and an additional sum if the departures are made more frequently, the size of the ship to be 3,000 tons, and all variations from that to diminish or increase the sum per mile.

Our present tonnage afloat receives but slight attention, except that he would recommend the removal of all unnecessary burdens upon it. He, however, indulges in the belief that, so long as trees grow and winds blow, we shall have sailing ships. I take it, however, that if there is not a better mode of relief than that suggested by him that our share of the ocean tonnage of the world will be small. My judgment is that if our government should enter upon this $25 a mile arrangement that the effect would be to build up some private companies and scatter confusion in the whole shipowning system of our country.

Take what we now have of ocean commerce, the situation of it now is that in those communities that grow up in the shipowning and shipbuilding business the struggle is still kept up to retain a share in the ocean carrying trade; but it is patent to all that their efforts become feebler year after year, and until their first and greatest want is met and provided for by our government the struggle will go on with less and less vitality.

The want here referred to is that the shipowning communities of this country should be placed by its government upon a footing of equality with the shipowners of other countries. An act so placing our shipowners must not fail to be applicable to all engaged in shipowning—whether steam or sail. The growth of any branch of trade must spring from the profits of its small beginnings.

This shipping interest is now brought face to face with a state of things which never before existed. Steamships and iron sailing ships are the latest and most improved freight carriers of the world. The freight steamer is built cheaper elsewhere than here; the iron sailing ship is also more cheaply built elsewhere than here. This species of freighter commands the preference at a higher rate of freight than vessels built of wood in most of the world's seaports. The misfortune of our case is that we have allowed our shipowners to rest under such disabilities that successful competition with foreign shipowners during all the past twenty years has been impossible, and therefore we find that, as we have gradually weakened in our competition on the various ocean routes, our place has been supplied by the foreigner, until to-day, when we wake up to a realization of our situation and begin to cast about for a remedy, that which we seek is not easily found. The great, free ocean wants certainly a given amount of freight carrying capacity. The present situation is that we have more than enough of it now afloat. What is best to be done? Shall we, by artificial means, enter upon the work of making property in ships when there is such an abundance of it now upon the ocean that it yields no profit to its possessors? I submit, would it not be far more sensible to allow our citizens who wish to engage in the shipowning business to go out with the people of other nations into the great market, and purchase a share in this superabundant tonnage now afloat, instead of taking our own people to raise sums of money to enable shipowners to enter upon the work of creating an article for use upon the ocean that there is no present need for? An American ship, built by an American mechanic, with honest money, may sound well as a bit of magniloquent declamation, but it has no sensible meaning to the mind of a man who is intelligent in the use of this kind of property.

While the present condition of this interest has been gradually approaching every kind of theory has been suggested to arrest the decay of this branch of industry; the changes have been rung loudly upon the benefits to flow from liberal subsidies; the gentlemen who so persistently clamored for this had their own little axes to grind. Mr. Blaine suggests something which he knows is the same thing; but his remedy is to be administered in a form that the struggling patient will be more likely to swallow than if prepared in the old John Roach and Pacific Mail style.

This subject, Mr. Editor, is an interesting one, and now the feeling is very general among all classes of our people that something should be done; that it is a disgrace to us as a nation that we have allowed our flag to be driven from the ocean. Now, as a practical shipowner, my judgment is that if we would recover our commerce upon the ocean we must not associate the shipbuilder in this question. We must drop him. We must legislate for the shipowner, enable him to own ships, and my word for it, the builder will be taken care of. I take it that all the legislation in the world would not help hatters if the people would not go upon the street and wear hats. An American hat, made by an American hatter, and with honest money, would have about the same meaning that the American built ship cry has.

Up to this time the remedies suggested have been subsidies, free ships, and export duties on all merchandise exported in foreign bottoms. The first has not been tried. Subsidies have been discussed, and in some instances tried. The judgment of those best qualified to form an opinion is against them; the export duty is in opposition to a plain provision of the constitution, and, therefore, cannot be tried.

AMBROSE SNOW.

PROFESSOR KING AND TRANSATLANTIC BALLOONING.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD:—

In a terse communication to the *Telegram* of last Friday evening I stated that if Professor King would fittingly instruct me in aeronautics, and would turn over to me—some time in the fall, when the winds blow strong and continuously to the southeast—his balloon, the Pioneer, that I would do all in my power to make the first air trip to Europe.

Last evening I called upon Mr. King at his balloon repository at Coney Island and announced myself as willing to undertake this seemingly dangerous feat. By his reception of my utterances I quickly concluded that, despite his frequent public boasts of an intention to attempt next year the crossing of the Atlantic, he would never dare verify his statement. He remarked:—

"Do you suppose I would entrust a ten thousand dollar balloon to an unexperienced aeronaut?" To which I responded, "Why not? Besides, I have over two months in which to learn whatever little is necessary. Then, give me one of Paul Boyton's suits and a floatable car, and if I don't reach the other side it will be because the balloon will have collapsed!"

One of his declarations was that a four years' study of aeronautics would hardly fit a man for the great feat; to which I laconically replied, "Bosh!"

Now I am confident in my opinion that with a properly equipped air ship the 3,000 miles or so dividing New York and the continent east may be overcome.

FRANCIS REED PORTER.

NEW YORK, July 13, 1879.

TRUTHFUL JEMMIE.

Patrick Mullen, a little man with red hair, was impressing some truths on the mind of a youth, the picture of himself, when the Justice in Essex Market Court, yesterday, said:—

"Your wife has two black eyes and complains that you gave her them."

Mullen—"Is it me! Oh, would you look at that now! Sure here's me boy, a bright lad, Your Honor, an' if you asks him about the case he'll tell you as how Mary Ann, me wife, was drunk, an', in fallin', give hersel' the eyes she's got."

"Then you are willing to abide the case by your son's testimony?"

"I am, Your Honor. Now, Jemmie, dear," giving the boy a wink of threatening import, "step up an' tell the truth."

"James, did you see this occurrence?" said the Court.

"I did, sir."

"Was your mother drunk?"

"No, sir. She was as sober as could be. Father was very drunk though, and he kicked her and struck her with his fist."

"Jemmie!" said Mullen, in a severe tone.

"Now, dad," said the boy, "you ain't a goin' to frighten me fur a cent. The Judge seen you give me the wink and knew what was up for a dead sure thing."

Mullen was committed and "Jemmie dear" left court with his mother.

OUR COMPLAINT BOOK.

[NOTE.—Letters intended for this column must be accompanied by the writer's full name and address to insure attention. Complainants who are unwilling to comply with this rule simply waste time in writing. Write only on one side of the paper.—ED. HERALD.]

RUINED HOMES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD:—

Is there no redress for the prudent portion of the community against the monopoly of the elevated railroad companies who are ruining the city? Is there no protection for those who have labored hard for fifty years to procure homes for their families to live in? Is there no municipal power to protect the citizens from usurpation? Is there no power to stop this greed for gain before the city is destroyed? That is what the honest citizens wish to know.

J. A.

THE "L" ROAD FARES AGAIN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD:—

As you are ever ready to hear the poor as well as the rich, will you please publish the suggestion of a poor woman for the rich managers of the "L" roads? I notice in to-day's HERALD the question of fares comes up again, wherein the company say that, while they would like to adopt the five cents fare, they believe it will not pay. I would suggest that they try it for one month (showing their profits to the public), then if it don't pay charge the old fares again.

FAIR PLAY.

ERRATIC EXCURSIONS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD:—

Would it not be as well for the steamer Josephine, to Newburg and return, to state in her advertisement "if the weather is fine we will make daily trips, otherwise not?" She was advertised in the HERALD to go Tuesday, but failed to connect. She also advertised Thursday, the 10th inst., to run daily, and Saturday failed to do so. My family were there until half-past eleven A. M. each day. On the 8th they sent no word to Twenty-fifth street, and let the crowd disperse when they became tired of waiting.

LONG BRANCH.

THE MEANEST OF BRUTES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD:—

I live within a couple of blocks of the Central Park, and it has always been customary for my children to go there in the early morning and play. Of late they have been approached by a man who has grossly insulted them; and only this afternoon my two little girls, aged eight and four years, came home and had the same story of the disgusting acts and talk of this party and others like him, who tried to induce them to go with him. I merely wish to call the attention of others, whose children no doubt have been treated in the same way, and to give fair warning to these parties, whoever they may be, that my children are going to the Park every morning and evening. I shall be within hearing distance. I have given them a signal, and the first man or woman who offers them an insult of any kind again, will know it. I will not call in the police to arrest, but to carry their body from the Park. I will kill as sure as I get at them.

HENDERSON.

THE "FINEST" ONCE MORE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD:—

We are compelled to look to the HERALD for the relief that the "finest police force in the world" do not give us. The front of the International Hotel, Nos. 17 and 19 Park row, is infested with a lot of thieving vagabonds, under the guise of bootblacks, who do nothing but curse and swear and insult ladies and gentlemen as they pass by. When Captain Williams was in this precinct he gave the thieves to understand that they could not "work" Park row, but now they have charge of that street, as the police seem to be afraid of them—at least they never interfere with them. The ages of the thieves range from seventeen to twenty-one or twenty-two years. We have applied to the captain of the precinct several times, but can get no relief from that source. Pocketbooks and silk handkerchiefs fall into the hands of the thieves if displayed on that street. We hope that you will do something through your valuable journal that will rid us of this nuisance.

J. VAN BRIMMER & CO., Proprietors.

SEVERE ON THE RESIDENTS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD:—

I would be pleased if in your journal you would call the attention of those in authority to the intolerable nuisance made by the Metropolitan Elevated Railroad at the terminus in Sixth avenue:—

First—The cleaning and tinkering of cars after ten P. M.

Second—The storing of cars from Fifty-third to Fifty-ninth street.

Third—The constant hissing of steam in front of residences from five A. M.

Fourth—The impossibility of opening the windows for a breath of fresh air without being constantly under the impertinent staring of the employes of the road.

Fifth—The raking of fires and allowing the live coals to fall in the street.

Sixth—The storing of cars the whole day on Sundays.

The road is a great public convenience, no doubt, but for those unfortunately residing on the line, particularly the upper terminus, it is a perfect nuisance. Cannot these objections be remedied and all cars be stored and cleaned at the lower terminus in Church street, where there are comparatively no residents?

SIXTH AVENUE.

RAILROAD OFFICIALS WHO READ THE PAPERS.

[Copy of circular order.]

NEW YORK, LAKE ERIE AND WESTERN RAILROAD COMPANY.
SUPERINTENDENT'S OFFICE, EASTERN DIVISION, JERSEY CITY, July 7, 1879.

CONDUCTORS EASTERN DIVISION AND BRANCHES:—

The following appeared in the NEW YORK HERALD of June 2, 1879:—

OUTRAGEOUS.

Many of the brakemen on freight cars of the Erie Railway are in the habit of insulting ladies at small stations or near country crossings. Most of these insulters sit in the red cabooses at the ends of their trains, and when they see a lady driving along a road or walking near her home they throw kisses, yell in vulgar, if not obscene tones, and make other demonstrations that are not decent. It is worth remarking that the brakemen on passenger trains on this road are generally free from these practices.

Careful inquiry has satisfied me that the above complaint is well founded. This must be stopped, and at once, as any man caught using any vulgar or insulting language or waving his handkerchief or hands at strange ladies will be immediately discharged. Conductors will be held personally responsible for the conduct of their men in this matter.

E. O. HILL, Division Superintendent.

LAUNDRY HIGH PRICES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD:—

Ever since the war we have been paying laundresses one shilling for laundrying one shirt and proportional prices for all other garments. As provisions, rents and almost all kinds of labor can now be procured for less than one-half their cost ten years since, is it not high time that the war prices of laundresses took a tumble? We send almost all kinds of provisions to England, consequently they must be dearer there than here. Yet a laundress there will work at the washtub a whole day for twenty-five cents and her meals, or she will laundry one dozen of men's garments, including, perhaps, one white vest, for twenty-five cents. More—she will agree to laundry a bachelor's garments all the year round for twenty-five cents weekly and will not grumble or charge extra in the summer weeks when the number of pieces average more than double that of the cooler weeks. It is considered mean to complain of one's wash bill, but now that the majority of men's laundrying is done by "Chinese cheap (?) labor"—or, rather, almost nude foreigners, whose expenses are so trivial that ten cents per day (I am informed) will both feed and clothe them—I think it is in order to demand a reduction of fifty per cent from present charges. If this reduction is made, and it is true that "cleanliness is next to Godliness," many a poor fellow in the vicinity of the Battery will be enabled to be nearer to holiness—or, at least, nearer to John Chinaman—than heretofore. At present prices a Chinese laundryman earns more per day than five laboring men.

R. W.

OVERWORKED CLERKS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD:—

Will you kindly consider the many hours the dry goods clerks of the east side establishments, from avenue A to C, are compelled to work, through the excessive love of money of their employers and in consequence of a few customers patronizing those stores in the evening, when the heat in the store is overpowering and unendurable from the effects of the gaslights?

We are obliged to report for duty at seven A. M. and are not permitted to leave any night before ten P. M. On Saturday we are compelled to remain until the terrible hour of twelve, while many are seen even after that hour selling a few yards of calico or muslin, as the case may be. Now, not alone that we unfortunate beings are