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The Evening Star.

VOL. 52—NO. 7,907. WASHINGTON, D. C., MONDAY, AUGUST 5, 1878. TWO CENTS.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

DARLINGTON HOOPES, an esteemed Minister amongst Friends, will hold an Appointed Meeting at Friends' Meeting House, on I street, between 18th and 19th streets, TO-MORROW EVENING, at 8 o'clock. All invited. 1t*

SECOND GRAND 1,000 MILE EXCURSION FROM BALTIMORE TO NANTUCKET, MASS.,
And the Great Camp Meeting and Illumination and Fete Champetre at Martha's Vineyard, the City by the Sea of 1,000 Cottages,
Via Philadelphia, New York, Newport, R. I., and Boston, Mass.
Round trip tickets from Washington, including Boston, $16.50. Round trip tickets from Washington, (exclusive of Boston,) $15.00. Apply B. and O. R. R. Office, 485 Pennsylvania ave. aug5 4t

JUSTICES' OFFICE,
456 LOUISIANA AVENUE.
C. S. BUNDY, opposite City Hall, Justice of the Peace. jy6-1m

THE BEST SUMMER DRINKS,
MILBURN'S POLAR SODA,
With Ice-cold Tea, Coffee and Chocolate, at 1429 Pennsylvania avenue.
This TONIC SODA is unrivalled. jy5-tr

THE NATIONAL SAFE DEPOSIT COMPANY, corner 15th and New York avenue, receives Trunks of Silverware and other valuables on deposit; also rents Safes. Its vaults are burglar, fire and damp proof. Charges moderate. Office hours, 9 a. m. to 4 p. m. je13-2m

HAYWARD & HUTCHINSON,
317 9TH STREET NORTHWEST,
With very extensive facilities for manufacturing, are now showing a line of MARBLEIZED MANTLES unequal for richness of design and color and rivaling in extent any establishment in the country. Architects' designs for Mantles and Wainscotings closely followed, and imitations of rare and beautiful marbles exactly produced. Agents for BARSTOW WROUGHT IRON FURNACE. Baltimore KITCHENER RANGES; also the Russia fire-place STOVE. Contractors for Plumbing and Gas-fitting and Copper Work. With a large force of competent mechanics in their various branches and long personal experience, will do good work cheaper than any other house. m2-1y

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LIGHT CASSIMERE PANTS.
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LIGHT CASSIMERE PANTS.

WHITE MARSEILLES VESTS.
WHITE MARSEILLES VESTS.
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YOUTH'S AND BOY'S SUITS.
YOUTH'S AND BOY'S SUITS.
YOUTH'S AND BOY'S SUITS.

WORSTED COATS AND VESTS.
WORSTED COATS AND VESTS.
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AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES.
AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES.
AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES.

A. STRAUS,
POPULAR CLOTHING HOUSE,
1011 Pennsylvania avenue.
Between Tenth and Eleventh sts,
Three doors from 11th st.
jy23 tr

A MAZINGLY LOW PRICES
FOR LUMBER
AT
WILLET & LIBBEY'S,
Corner Sixth Street and New York Avenue.
jy8-tr

FOR HOT WEATHER.
We are now prepared to furnish
EAST INDIA VAMBOO CLOTH,
SEERSUCKER
and MADRAS SEERSUCKER,
at reasonable rates for the heated term.
F. J. HEIBERGER, Tailor,
No. 535 15th street,
Washington, D. C.
jy9-tr

CAMPBELL & KENNEDY,
Builders' Hardware, Bar Iron, Steel,
TIN PLATE,
CUTLERY, TOOLS, FILES, &c.
606 Penn. ave., opp. Metropolitan Hotel.
jy22-1y

APOLLINARIS
NATURAL
MINERAL WATER.
Highly Effervescent.
APPROVED by the Academie de Medecine of France, and its sale in France authorized by special order of the French Government.
Recommended by the highest MEDICAL AUTHORITIES in New York as
"A delightful beverage."
"Far superior to Vichy, Seltzer, or any other."
"Most grateful and refreshing."
"Absolutely pure and wholesome; superior to all for daily use; free from all the objections urged against Croton and artificially aerated waters."
"Impregnated only with its own gas."
"Useful and very agreeable."
"Healthful and well suited for Dyspepsia and cases of acute disease.
"Mildly antacid; agrees well with Dyspeptics, and where there is a gouty diathesis."
"By far the most agreeable, alone or mixed with wine; useful in Catarrhs of Stomach or Bladder, and in Gout."
"Not only a luxury, but a necessity."
To be had of all Wine Merchants, Grocers, Druggists, and Mineral Water dealers throughout the United States, and wholesale of
FRED'K DE BARY & CO.,
SOLE AGENTS,
Nos. 41 & 43 Warren st., New York.
Every genuine bottle bears the registered yellow pictorial label of the Apollinaris Company (Limited), London. aug30-m,w,f,eow,1y

SWEET JACKSON'S NAVY
CHEWING BEST. TOBACCO.
Awarded highest prize at Centennial Exposition for fine chewing qualities and excellence and lasting character of sweetening and flavoring. The best tobacco ever made. As our blue strip trade-mark is closely imitated on inferior goods, see that Jackson's Best is on every plug. Sold by all dealers. Send for sample, free, to C. A. JACKSON & Co., M'f'rs, Petersburg, Va. j14-m,th&k,1

THE ADAMANTINE BRICK COMPANY
are selling
MERCHANTABLE BRICK
AT LOWEST MARKET RATES,
delivered in any part of the city.
These Brick make a beautiful hard-finished wall,
EQUAL TO THE BEST HAND MADE FRONTS.
Samples can be seen at
OFFICE NATIONAL HOTEL BLOCK,
corner Pennsylvania ave. and 6th st.
je19-eo3m

LAME AND SICK HORSES pronounced incurable cured free of cost. GILES' LINIMENT IODIDE AMMONIA. Spavins, Splints, Ringbones, Bunches, Thoroughpins, Sprung Knees, cured without blemish. Stains, Shoulder Lameness, Navicular Disease, Shoe Boils, cure guaranteed. Send for pamphlets containing full information to Dr. WM. M. GILES, 120 West Broadway, New York. Use only for horses the liniment in yellow wrappers. Sold by all druggists. Wholesale, STOTT & CROMWELL. jy5-eo8m*

OSTRICH and every kind of ORNAMENTAL FEATHERS dyed and manufactured at the FRENCH ESTABLISHMENT, 616 9th street, opposite United States Patent Office. my23-tr

THE EVENING STAR.

Washington News and Gossip.

GOVERNMENT RECEIPTS TO-DAY.—Internal revenue, $464,676.83; customs, $492,212.94.

SUBSCRIPTIONS to the four per cent. loan to-day $1,265,000.

SECRETARY THOMPSON returned to the city yesterday, and this morning resumed his official duties, relieving Attorney Genera Devans, and leaving that official to the charge of his own department only.

THE PRESIDENT, accompanied by Dr. Wilson, of Ohio, and Mr. Burchard Hayes, visited the Signal office Saturday afternoon for the purpose of seeing how the weather reports were prepared. He expressed himself much interested in the work, and especially so in that portion of the office containing the self-recording instruments.

SECRETARY MCCRARY returned to the city yesterday, and assumed control of the War department to-day.

TREASURER GILFILLAN, Mrs. Gilfillan, and their daughters, Misses Nellie and May, leave for Ocean City this evening. Assistant Treasurer Wyman will act as treasurer during Mr. Gilfillan's absence.

COUNTERFEITERS ARRESTED.—The secret service division has information of the arrest at Pittsfield, Mass., on Saturday last, of Warren Bailey, of South Edgemont, Mass., and George Craver, of Hoosatonic, Mass. They are extensive dealers in counterfeit money, and belonged to the same gang as Mike O'Connor, who was arrested in New York last week. Both of them have been taken to Boston for trial.

PERSONAL.—Col. Geo. K. Leet, formerly on Gen. Grant's staff, and late of the well-known firm of Leet & Stocking, of New York, is now a ticket seller on the elevated railroad in that city. ....“Hon. Joseph E. Chaffee, United States Senator from Nevada,” is what “Gath” calls the gentleman who answers in the Senate to the name of Jerome B. Chaffee, of Colorado. ....Mrs. M. B. Archer has gone to Atlantic City, where she has recently purchased a cottage, to remain with some of her pupils until the opening of her school at Highland Place. ....Lewis J. Davis and wife have gone to Saratoga. ....It is said that the recent failure of Mr. McVicker leaves John T. Ford the only solvent old-time theatrical manager in this country. Some of the youngsters may have a little money left, but they will probably get rid of it this fall. ....Walter B. Williams and family have returned from Cape May. ....The following Washingtonians were registered in Paris on Saturday: J. A. Hickox, 271 Rue St. Honore; George M. Oyster, Hotel Splendide. ....Representative Foster, of Ohio, arrived in the city last evening. ....Postmaster Tyler, of Baltimore, had an interview with the President to-day.

ANOTHER CALL FOR FIVE-TWENTIES.—Secretary Sherman gives notice that the principal and accrued interest of the bonds hereinbelow designated, known as “Five-twenty Bonds,” of the Act of March 3, 1865, consols of 1865, will be paid at the Treasury of the United States, in the city of Washington, on and after the 5th day of November, 1878, and that the interest on said bonds will cease on that day:—Coupon bonds—$50—No. 69,501 to No. 70,000; $100—No. 120,001 to No. 123,000; $500—No. 81,001 to No. 86,000; $1,000—No. 157,001 to No. 163,500; total coupon, $2,500,000. Registered bonds—$100—No. 18,451 to No. 18,550; $500—No. 10,701 to No. 10,750; $1,000—No. 35,851 to No. 36,100; $5,000—No. 10,251 to No. 10,400; $10,000—No. 19,801 to No. 20,500; total registered, $2,500,000. Aggregate, $5,000,000. All above numbers inclusive.

STATIONS for the display of cautionary signals been ordered by the chief signal officer at following named points on the New England coast: Millbridge, Belfast, Deer Island, and Booth's Bay in Maine; Portsmouth in New Hampshire; Newburyport, Marblehead, Highland Light, Chatham, Hyannis, and New Bedford in Massachusetts, and Watch Hill in Rhode Island. The total number of stations of this class established by the signal service since July 1st is thirty-two.

COINAGE was executed at the United States mints during the month of July as follows: Of gold, (double eagles), 89,000 pieces, with a value of $1,780,000; standard silver dollars, 1,017,000. Minor coins—Five cent pieces, $10; three cent pieces, $6, and one cent pieces, $857. The total number of pieces coined during the month was 2,033,100, and their value, $3,027,983.

MORE NOTARIES PUBLIC APPOINTED.—The President to-day made the following appointments as notaries public for the District of Columbia: H. S. Washburn, Thos. J. Meyers, Charles F. Wollard, B. F. Steiger, John B. Thompson, Geo. W. Bagg, Fred. W. Jones, Waldo M. Tastet, B. L. Blackford, M. P. Callan, Frank Gait, John F. Riley, Wm. B. Morgan, Robert H. Ward, Arthur T. Brice, Chas. W. Handy, Richard McAllister, jr., Geo. A. King, Henry C. Johnson, Samuel G. Young, S. A. Terry, M. M. Roherer, Samuel C. Mills, Wm. P. Young, John J. Chew, George A. Henry, E. R. French, A. C. Richards, E. M. Finch, Jos. T. Colwell, jr., R. O. Holtzman, E. D. Wright, William Selby, H. B. Moulton, Clinton P. Farrell, Chris Edie, Anthony Hyde, Hartwell P. Heath, Wm. H. Crook, S. W. Rittenhouse and John C. Poor.

THE $5 LEGAL TENDER NOTE which was presented and canceled at the Treasury on Saturday last is a counterfeit, and was not printed from a genuine plate, as has been stated in the public prints. The counterfeit is of the old series of March 10, 1863, and was printed on plain paper—the special paper not having been introduced until 1869. The genuine plate of this series was engraved and the notes printed by the American Bank Note Company, of New York. There is no counterfeit out on the present legal tender issue, series of 1869, engraved and printed by the Bureau of Engraving and Printing.

MRS. HAYES, Mrs. Secretary Sherman, Miss Fanny Hayes and Burchard Hayes will leave this evening for New York on the 9:30 p. m. train. They will be joined in New York tomorrow by Secretary Sherman and proceed to Newport, where the party will remain for about ten days.

THE PRACTICE SHIP Constellation, with the first and third classes of cadet midshipmen aboard, arrived at New Bedford, Mass., Saturday morning.

PLOT FOR A DIME NOVEL.—A report has been received at the Indian Office from Peter Ronan, Indian agent at the Flathead agency, M. T., which gives an interesting account of the recovery by “Captain George,” a friendly Nez Perce, of his daughter, who was stolen from him by some miserable white men. “Captain George” had been useful to the whites as an interpreter, and was aided by them to get his daughter from Sitting Bull's camp. He returned with her as far as Carroll and was there attacked and left for dead by some wretches, who carried off his daughter. After his recovery he searched through the country for his child, with his wounds unhealed, in constant danger from whites, who were liable to mistake him for a hostile, and was finally successful in his search.

ARMY ORDERS.—Capt. Wm. McCleave, 8th cavalry, is appointed as inspector of certain camp and garrison equipage and quartermasters' stores on hand at the St. Louis powder depot. Major Charles Haywood, U. S. M. C., on duty in this city, has been granted thirty days leave of absence. Twenty days leave is granted Capt. P. C. Pope, on duty at Boston.

THE MARRIAGE of Rear Admiral John J. Almy, of the United States navy, to Alida, daughter of the late Colonel Charles K. Gardner, was celebrated very quietly on Thursday afternoon at Christ church, corner of 5th avenue and 35th street. Only the immediate relatives and friends of the bridegroom and bride were present. The bride is a well-preserved brunette of forty-five, tall and stately. Commodore Almy is sixty-four years of age, but looks ten years younger. The bride is a native of Washington and the daughter of a former auditor of the treasury.—[*N. Y. World, 3d.*

THE FOLLOWING NOMINATIONS for Congress have been made by the democrats of South Carolina: 1st district, John S. Richardson; 2d district; M. P. O'Connor; 3d district, D. Wyatt Aiken; 4th district, J. H. Evins; 5th district, G. D. Tillman.

☞ The charges against J. Z. Tappan, late treasurer of the Boston Packing company, are to be brought before the Boston grand jury.

EUROPE REVISITED.

LIFE ON A GERMAN STEAMER—THE TRIP OF THE MOSEL FROM NEW YORK TO SOUTHAMPTON—STEAMER AMUSEMENTS AND STEAMER POLITICS—THE DYNAMITE FIEND AND THE MOSEL—A SAD STORY OF AN UNHAPPY GIRL—HOW ANIMALS BEHAVE AT SEA—THE DANGERS OF FAST STEAMING IN A FOG—WE SIGHT THE SCILLYS—THE LIZARD—ISLE OF WIGHT—SOUTHAMPTON.

[*Editorial Correspondence of The Star.*]

NORTH GERMAN LLOYD STEAMER MOSEL, SOUTHAMPTON, July 24, 1878.

In 1855, infected with the Bayard Taylor fever for roughing it in Europe on fifty cents a day, I took a twenty-five dollar passage in the steerage of a crazy steamer sent out by some New York speculators for sale or charter to the British government, for service in the Crimean war. Whatever became of the wretched old hulk after it reached Liverpool I never learned, but I know that we had to make several stoppages on the way to tinker the worn-out machinery: and it was probably owing only to the fact that we had pleasant weather that we ever reached port. Having pretty well outgrown the enthusiasm of youth for abnormally rough travel, I now in revisiting Europe proposed to be good to myself, and get as comfortable quarters as possible. But ther the question arose as to which *was* the best of the dozen lines of fine steamers running now between the United States and Europe. One had a reputation for speed, another for safety, another for its dietary; and then there was the question of the relative merits of ships with first cabins amidships, with the minimum of motion; or aft, away from the disagreeable neighborhood of the steerage but nearer the noisy screw; of vessels with berths outside the dining saloon; or below it, and where the port holes must be closed in wet weather, &c., &c. Amid the multiplicity of counsels I decided, on the favorable report of some of our solid men of Washington who have traveled by the North German Lloyd line (New York to Bremen, touching at Southampton) to take passage by the steamer Mosel of that line, leaving New York July 13th. The result has justified their praise, for the Mosel is undoubtedly one of the most comfortable and sea-worthy vessels that travels the Atlantic, and her veteran Captain Neynaber, who is “Commodore” by right of forty years service on the ocean, and twenty four years as master, is a happy compound of firmness and good temper, energy and good seamanship. He has been trained in the rigid school of seamanship prescribed for officers by Germany, and is able to claim that he has never lost a dollar of insurance for his company or has had any appreciable accidents of any kind. This company blows its horn so little, on our side of the water at least, that few persons in America are perhaps aware that, with the single exception of the Oriental line, it is the largest steamship company in the world, and has more than fifty steamers afloat.

SOMETHING ABOUT A GERMAN STEAMER.

The peculiarities of life on a German steamer have interest to an American. Going aboard at Hoboken you are met at the gangway by half a dozen alert, smartly dressed young men, employes of the steamer, who pour a dozen enquiries upon you in German, which naturally causes you to think you have made a mistake in going on a ship where you don't understand the lingo, but presently it turns out that the young fellows speak both German and English, and thereafter everything is satisfactory. They paste the yellow labels on your baggage, indicating whether it is for Southampton or Bremen; and then the portion of it that is to go to your stateroom is despatched there at once. With your stateroom key in your pocket, and the troublesome question of baggage off your mind, you are at leisure to look around and enjoy the animated scenes of the sailing of a big ocean steamer.

LEAVE TAKING.

Though the majority of our passengers are Germans, there is a large sprinkling of Americans, but the latter are so much less demonstrative in leave-taking that they make little figure in the present scene. The steamer is crowded with the friends of passengers who have come to see them off. The quantity of flowers contributed in parting is prodigious exceeding the floral wealth on the front of the stage at our college commencements. Instead of the dreaded bilge-water the smell of flowers, and especially the penetrating flavor of the tuber rose, pervades the ship; and as the bouquets are preserved for some days the stale aroma becomes too much of a good thing. At some of the tables in the main saloon groups are celebrating the occasion of leave-taking with champagne lunches, and as many of the participators are old voyagers who do not look upon an Atlantic trip in the light of an eternal separation, there is considerable hilarity prevailing hereabout. On the decks, and especially in the second cabin and steerage, there is a good deal of noisy lamentation. One bearded young man, who has parted with his comrades in continental fashion, with a hug and kiss, burst out into a regular boo-hoo of grief as he goes down the gang-plank. As the boat gets out into the stream, the pier-head is seen to be alive with the good-bye people, and a thousand or more handkerchiefs are shaken vigorously while the steamer is in sight. At the same time we notice a perfect eruption of brass bands. There is a band on the pier, a band on the Oder, the companion steamer to our Mosel, and bands on a couple of tugs that accompany us down the bay. Moreover, we discover amidst the medley blare from all these instruments that we have a band of our own, playing away as loud as the best of them. Further, it is developed that the latter band belongs to the Mosel (composed of stewards, or waiters of the second cabin), and so, like the lady told of in the nursery rhymes, “with rings on her fingers and bells on her toes,” our steamer shall have music wherever she goes. One of the accompanying tugs is filled with young men who seem to have for their center of devotion a charming young lady on the Mosel. The charming young lady stands upon a “bitt,” I believe they call it—a sort of post to which the sailors hitch ropes—and essays to repay the devotion of the young men in the tug by throwing them flowers from an immense boquet. The flowers fall short, and into the water, despite the desperate efforts of one young man, who spoils a new silk umbrella by using it for a scoop net. Then the pretty young lady makes a more successful effort; she launches the whole boquet into the air; the young men in the tug put themselves into base ball positions to catch it on the fly; and then, according to the way things generally go in this world, it falls into the lap of a snaggle-toothed frowzy looking chap, too lazy to even put up his hands for it. He grins, and appropriates the easily won trophy, but finally yields to remonstrances and divides the flowers with his fellows. About this time the water begins to roughen a bit; the pretty young lady collapses upon a steamer chair, with a slop basin convenient, and the subsequent proceedings of the young men in the tug interest her no more. Now comes Sandy Hook, and the pilot goes ashore, loaded down with letters written by the passengers on their way down the bay. Just as the pilot boat is fairly off it is called back, and a “stowaway,” a poor fellow who has tried to steal a passage, is escorted down the ladder and sent ashore with the pilot.

HOW WE AMUSE OURSELVES ON THE MOSEL.

The passengers are rather a sea-sick lot; very few gather at the dinner table, and those who do look pre-occupied and solemn. As one of them explains it, they are thinking of the loved ones at home. It is not until three or four days that the tables are cheerfully filled. The German steamers pride themselves upon their table fare. The cooking is mixed, French and German, and is very good. Our cook is not only an artist in his line, but is so wonderfully handsome that the ladies go in squads to ask him about his dishes and to get a look at him. The bill of fare is made up to suit Americans, but is sufficiently varied to include lots of things loved by the Teutonic stomach; and we find it an interesting line of experiment to sample the various German dishes, especially in the way of relishes at lunch—the caviaire, the delicate flavored raw ham of Westphalia, the raw fish, (slightly salted), including herrings, sardines, &c., &c.; the cheese, pickles, preserves, &c., in no end of varieties. There are four meals per day on the Mosel—breakfast, lunch, dinner and tea. I believe on the Cunarders they have five meals a day, inserting a supper somewhere, but how they manage to get through them is not easily conceived. The gong always seems to be sounding on the Mosel, to summon you to eat something, and if you are not forthcoming a set of vigilant stewards pervade the vessel to notify you of the impending meal. The attendance, by the way, is of the very best I have ever seen on any line of travel. The waiters or stewards, both at table and elsewhere, are not only the most obliging and attentive possible, but they know their business so thoroughly that their duties are performed with a readiness and neatness that leaves nothing to be wished.

THE FEMALE FRAUD AT SEA.

By Wednesday the passengers generally are equal to enjoying the trip, and various amusements are set on foot. The game of shuffle-board is played on deck a good deal. In this game you push some wooden quoits upon squares marked with figures, with a crutch-shaped stick. It seems about the simplest of games possible, but the young ladies bring an amount of croquet cheating to bear in playing it that is appalling, considering that there is but a plank between them and eternity. One saintly-looking Madonna-faced young female kicks the quoits into position and out of position under cover of her skirts in a way that her adversaries truly despise. It is felt that she ought to have “*Fraud*” branded on her forehead in the biggest job type of the New York *Sun*. When the weather is particularly balmy there is dancing on deck, and when it rains or blows there are indoor amusements—proverbs, charades, singing, &c. Our obliging band enlivens the voyage with music morning and evening on deck, and at dinner in the cabin. On Sunday it supplies sacred music, or approximately in that direction, as it were. At any rate it is not lively music. Sunday evenings, according to the customs of the two countries, the Protestant Americans gather in the saloon and sing hymns, while the Protestant Germans, in another cabin, indulge in social amusements, with secular music.

SMOKING-ROOM POLITICS.

Of an evening the bald headed old fellows who are not in demand in the ladies' cabin are apt to gather in the smoking-room, where they discuss the fifty-two elements of a pack of cards, and, at the same time, such matters as the Eastern question, the European balance of power, Bismarck, Beaconsfield, and American politics. Upon the latter, the other night, the talk drifted to the next Presidential nomination to the following effect: A New Yorker, a veteran democratic politician, who was a delegate to the St. Louis convention, expressed the opinion that Grant was the coming man, and he said that very many democrats of that city and state would vote for him as a safe man. He declared that if Grant and Tilden were in the field, the latter would not go out of the city with more than ten thousand majority; that if Hendricks was the democratic nominee, he would leave the city with perhaps forty-five thousand majority, but would not carry the state against Grant. The Germans would quite generally go for Grant, he said.

A young Indianapolis lawyer, (who was a gallant Union soldier,) who wants to see Ben Harrison nominated by the republicans, said that three-fourths of the republicans of Indiana were for Grant.

A Chicago business man, republican, dead against Grant personally, and a third term for anybody, was willing to concede that it looked a little Grantish now, but he thought this was due to the natural pride of the Americans over the distinction with which he was received in Europe. It was sometime yet before the nomination, and he doubted if Grant could retain that eclat.

A New Orleans business man, democrat, said Grant could not carry a southern state, but being questioned if any republican could, he said probably not.

Two or three other smokers, one of them a Western New Yorker, concurred in the opinion that Grant was looming up and would be hard to beat. I give this talk for what it is worth as a presidential “straw” from the off-hand views of half a dozen Americans from different quarters of the Union. Perhaps it only indicates the fellow-feeling of a lot of smokers for a distinguished comrade.

ROMANTIC EPISODES IN THE CAREER OF A STEAMER.

A huge iron steamer like the Mosel, with all its various departments of machinery, freight, and hotel, managed with methodical precision, seems so thoroughly a matter-of-fact concern that one would scarce give it credit for any romance about its career. Yet our prosaic looking Mosel was the steamer selected for the most tragic fate that ever befel a vessel freighted with human life. This was the steamer upon which the “dynamite fiend,” Thomassen, had arranged in 1875 to place his infernal machine with the design of blowing it up, to secure the insurance on boxes filled with sawdust purporting to contain freight of value. The machine, it will be remembered, consisted of a piece of ingenious clock-work, arranged to run for five days and then to explode a quantity of dynamite in the same package sufficient to blow the steamer into inch pieces. Thomassen, himself had taken passage on the Mosel from Bremerhaven to Southampton, where he intended to leave the vessel and have it go to its doom. The cask containing the machine was taken to the steamer on a cart, but providentially (for the steamer and passengers) it slipped from the hands of the cartman in unloading it and fell to the ground, exploding the dynamite and killing or wounding 18 people. Thomassen, immediately after the explosion, shot himself through the head, but before he died confessed the details of his plan of unparalleled atrocity. It appears that he had been working on his project for six years; yet one of our passengers who knew him, and met him frequently during those years says he appeared to be the most light-hearted and kindly of men, and was held by his associates in the American Club at Dresden to be a thorough good fellow. He had endeavored to introduce his machine and bogus freight on several steamers of different lines, but had always failed from one cause and another, as he did in this final attempt, which ended his career. The amount of insurance he had effected this time was only about $500, and for this petty sum he was willing to murder a whole ship load of people. There was at the time a good deal of uneasiness in the mind of the traveling public from the fear that he had accomplices in his scheme and that the devilish work might be continued, but all the evidence elicited then and since goes to show that no other human being had any share in it. Thomassen had traveled all over the world, and while in the United States married in St. Louis. His wife (a beautiful woman) and children were left destitute on his death, as it appears he had run through his money. Some charitable people raised means to support the family but she turned out badly, deserting her children, and it was subsequently ascertained that her reputation was not of the best before her marriage. The police authorities of Germany, France, and the United States had her under surveillance for a year or two, as she traveled, but nothing was developed to show that she had any complicity in her husband's scheme.

TIRED OF LIFE.

Another incident, out of the common, in the career of our steamer was the fate of a young lady passenger, who, returning to her native Germany after a residence in America, mounted the rail of the vessel when at the mouth of the Weser, only a few miles from her home, and threw herself into the water. Life preservers were thrown to her, and the captain shouted to her to seize one, but she answered with a negative gesture of utter despair, and deliberately thrust her head under the water. Her water-proof cloak buoyed her up, and boats sent out from the steamer rescued her body before it sunk, but she was found to be drowned beyond resuscitation. It was learned that she had been betrayed and deserted in America, and that the dread of her shame being known at home caused her to put an end to her life.

ANIMALS AT SEA.

It is a fact perhaps not widely known that most of the wild animals procured for the menageries and zoological gardens of Europe and America are brought from Africa by a German New Yorker named Reichie, who has an aquarium in that city. It is another curious fact that these animals should come from Africa mainly through North Germany. It seems they are collected in Africa (mainly cubs) and brought to Trieste, and thence to North Germany, and from there are distributed to the countries where they are needed. It thus happens that the North German steamers frequently carry these animals to the United States; and it is interesting to hear about their habits on ship-board. The lions, tigers and hyenas are great cowards in a storm. They also suffer a good deal from sea-sickness, and whine about it. The elephant has little to say when he is sea-sick, but he sways his great head from side to side, and looks “unutterable things.” It has been described by a famous writer (Charles Reade) how the sagacious elephant in storms at sea, saves himself from being washed off the deck by throwing himself flat upon his belly with all his four legs and his trunk spread out with suction power upon the planks. Captain Neynaber being interrogated upon this point, remarks, with a sly wink in the direction of the undersigned, that it will not do to believe all we see in print. He says that no ship master would undertake to carry a loose elephant on deck. A loose elephant tumbling about in a gale would be a more dangerous object than the loose gun told of by Victor Hugo. The elephant, and all the other wild animals transported by steamer are confined in the strongest kind of boxes, and the boxes themselves are secured in the firmest manner. The horse, it appears, is the most nervious and sensitive animal that goes to sea, and a hen shows the most utter disgust with life when sea-sick, by vomiting and eccentric movements.

THE FOG DANGER.

During three nights on our trip we have been delayed by fogs. On two of these occasions the fog was very dense for hours, and the dolorous music of the fog-horn and the hesitating and irregular motion of the screw, with occasionally its cessation altogether, showed that our cautious captain was not of the sort who run through fogs at full speed to make quick trips. I suspect that passengers by ocean steamers are not always aware of the risks they run when a fog is encountered. With the sharp competition from thirteen steamer lines crossing the North Atlantic there is strong temptation to run at full speed through fogs to make quick time; and as they all cross on the same general track the risk of collision is greatly increased by the large number of steamers now employed. The captain of one of the fast steamers openly avows that it is his policy to run at full speed through fogs on the ground that in a collision it is the slow vessel that gets hurt, and that it is better to run down than to be run down; but this theory that the fastest vessel escapes harm is as unsound as it is selfish and lawless. The history of steamer collisions shows that the striking vessel is as often injured as the one struck, and the long list of vessels reported missing makes it probable that in very many cases both the colliding vessels go down; especially if the collision takes places at a distance from land. The masters of many of the lines considered careful dislike so exceedingly to have their passage spoiled by “slowing down” in a fog that it is feared they are inclined to follow in some degree in the bad practice of the fast captains. I notice by the logs of the European steamers arriving at New York, published in the New York *Maritime Register*, July 10th, that they report dense fogs, and yet the run of several of the steamers on the very days reported as foggy indicates that they were rushing ahead at the rate of 13½, 14 and 15½ miles an hour, and shows conclusively that they did not reduce speed at all. Running at this rate of speed, the sound of an approaching vessel cannot be heard, and when seen though the fog there is no time to avert a collision. Germany has a late law visiting heavy penalties upon shipmasters who run at speed through a fog, and England and most of the maritime nations of North Europe have similar laws. The United States should have such a law, and it should be enforced. Otherwise, with the increasing number of Atlantic steamers there will be a terrible disaster some day.

LAND IN SIGHT.

We sighted the Scillys, some ragged looking rocks, (where the Schiller was wrecked,) at 1:30 p. m. July 23, and through the afternoon got glimpses through the fog of Lizard Point and the famous Eddystone lighthouse. The weather was sultry, and people went about the steamer enquiring “Is it warm enough for you?” just as they sometimes do in Washington. Through the night there was a dense fog, and the steamer slowed down to a snail's pace. In the morning we took a pilot aboard off the Needles, (some rocks that look more like camels,) and everybody made a rush to know what had taken place in the world for the last ten days, but about all the news he had to tell was that Lord Beaconsfield had received the order of the Garter. We steamed along by the picturesque Isle of Wight to Southampton, from whence I mail this letter, and leave at midnight for Havre. C. S. N.

The Drowning of Lieutenants Rucker and Henley.

The Tucson (Nevada) *Star* of July 18 has the following details of the drowning of Lieutenants Rucker and Henley, at Camp Supply, on the 11th of that month: “They met their deaths in White River cañon. Henley had been scouting between Camp Supply and the Hatchet mountains, and had returned with his Indian company. His command he had stationed in the cañon in the vicinity of the Point of Rocks, when he started on horseback up the cañon toward Supply camp. Twice he had succeeded in crossing the fearful torrent of water that was rushing madly along its course, carrying everything with it that came in reach, and arriving about opposite Supply camp he made a third attempt to cross the angry stream. Reaching the rapid current, his horse lost his foothold in the bed of the stream, and Henley was plunged into the water. He swam with the current for a considerable distance, when his body was thrown against a tree with great force, far out into the stream. The blow he received rendered him helpless. Lieut. Rucker, who was near at hand, mounted his horse and rode rapidly a short distance below, and plunged into the stream, hoping to catch Henley as he floated by. But, alas! the fate of noble Rucker! He too, was separated from his horse, immediately sank in the roaring, rumbling current, and was seen no more alive. Rucker's body was found at 7 o'clock the same evening, about a mile down the stream, and at 10 o'clock the same evening the body of Henley was found near where Rucker's was taken out. Henley's skull was fractured, and it was thought by the surgeon that death ensued immediately after the fracture was received, which was probably at the tree or stump described above. Efforts at resuscitation were thoroughly made, but death had claimed its own. The bodies were sent to Bowie on the 12th, and buried on the 13th at that post. The funeral was one of the most imposing ever witnessed in Arizona, the officers and men performing the last sad rites.”

AN OLD SOLDIER KILLED ON THE RAILROAD.—A dispatch from Cumberland, Md., dated yesterday, says: At 10:30 this morning a man walking along the Baltimore and Ohio railroad track, three miles west of this city, stepped off the north to the south track to avoid a train, but was struck by one on the opposite track, which he had not seen, and was instantly killed. In a carpet sack he was carrying were five discharges from the United States regular army, dated August 4, 1848, November 4, 1853, July 27, 1868, June 27, 1871, and July 13, 1876, indicating twenty-five years' service. He was born in Sligo, Ireland, and was 47 years old. A letter, dated January 1, 1878, addressed to the care of the Soldiers' Home, Milwaukee, indicated that he had been there. There was also a letter from his sister in New Orleans. He had no record of his family. It is supposed he was going to Washington.

ARREST OF DR. MARY WALKER.—Dr. Mary Walker was arrested and taken to the police central office, in New York, Saturday afternoon, by an officer of the steamboat squad, who found her at pier 42, North river, going from office to office and followed by a crowd of idle persons. When questioned by the officer as to her business or identity she became insolent, and he was compelled to arrest her. When brought to the central office the police commissioners and the chief of police were absent, but to the sergeant in charge she gave her age as forty, but declined to give her present residence. She claimed that the officer had acted unwisely, that he ought to have known her, and had no power to arrest her. She was discharged, and left threatening to have the officer removed.

THE YELLOW FEVER IN NEW ORLEANS.—Dispatches from Texas show that quite a number of railroad towns and cities in that state are thoroughly quarantined against New Orleans, and that it is their determination to keep yellow fever out of Texas if possible. The International and Great Northern Railway company refuse to take any passengers, freight, express matter or mails from New Orleans over their road. There were in New Orleans for the 24 hours ending Saturday noon 38 new cases and seven deaths from yellow fever. Total cases during the season 233; total deaths 60. New cases to Sunday noon 20, deaths 11. There had been rainy weather during the 24 hours, the mercury falling ten degrees. It is unfavorable weather for the sick.

MISS MARY ANDERSON, the actress, arrived at New York, from Europe, on Saturday, on the steamship Montreal. She returns in perfect health with a thoroughly equipped wardrobe, having had all her dresses made under the direction of the costumer of the Theatre Francaise.

OUTRAGED BY A TRAMP.—A fourteen-year-old adopted daughter of Hon. Edward Crosby was brutally outraged by a tramp Saturday forenoon within a short distance of home, at Brattleboro, Vt. A handkerchief was drawn tightly over her mouth, suppressing her screams. A reward of $500 is offered for the arrest of the villain.

THE HOSTILE INDIANS in Idaho are still commiting ravages. Four Chinamen were butchered, and another was spared in order to cook their breakfast. They told him he had better leave, as 300 more Indians from Oregon would soon be there.

MURDERED BECAUSE HE HIRED A CHINAMAN.—A. M. Tullis, a wealthy cattle raiser of Grand Island, Sacramento county, Cal., was murdered on Friday evening while at work in his orchard. It is suspected that he has been murdered because of his refusal to discharge the Chinamen employed by him as ranchmen.

☞ Miss Kellogg is in Paris. Janauschek at Kissingen, Madame Modjeska is at Warsaw, Poland. They will all be in New York on or about September 1.

Johnson-Grant-Stanton Imbroglio.

George Alfred Townsend gives as Judge Hilton's version of the above affair, which has never yet been satisfactorily explained:

“I went to Washington and in the course of general conversation with Grant and his wife, touched on the incident of Stanton resuming the War office and said if there was an explanation of it no time ought to be lost in having it published. It was one of those things impugning the personal honor of General Grant, which was doing him harm in lofty minds.

“His wife, who was one of the truest women and wives in the world, a woman all over—she had more influence with that man than all the statesmen in the country—said to me:

“‘You are right, Judge Hilton. It ought to be published. But General Grant will not allow a word to be said about it. Now I want to tell you,