NEW YORK LETTER.

THE LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF THE METROPOLIS.

The Dude of the Sea—An Anecdote of Nilsson—Crooks—Fire-Escapes—Blackmailing.

[Correspondence of the Richmond Dispatch.]

NEW YORK, April 30, 1887.

The captain of a first-class ocean steamer is always a social success when he is in port if he desires to be. Of course, many do not care for other distinction than comes from being leader of the little social world within their ships. The captains of the Cunarders are nearly all fond of society. Perhaps the most pronounced success is the captain of the Aurania. His handsome face and charming manners have won him the rather unjust title of the "Dude of the Ocean." The salary of a Cunard captain is about $3,500, and he can make $500 to $1,000 a year extra by renting his cabin, which is the finest and handsomest on the vessel. There are other privileges. The day before sailing the captain can give a dinner to his friends, and it is always a good one. In this way he makes returns for the social favors he receives. I happened to meet the captain of the Aurania shortly after his arrival here the other day, and he found awaiting him about a hundred letters from leading people in New York and vicinity inviting him to dinner parties, theatre parties, and so on. It was impossible, of course, to accept them all, and where he could not accept he was sure to offend, so that it requires a great deal of tact. In fact, to be a popular commander of a vessel, he tells me that it is necessary to be trained in diplomacy. Very often there will be a dozen ladies on board his vessel, and he dare not show one more attention than the other, and even with the exercise of the greatest tact the captain often makes matters very unpleasant for himself. It is necessary to systematize matters. It is the ambition of the majority of the passengers to sit on the right hand of the captain at the dinner-table, and of course it is for him to say who the person shall be. To avoid trouble, should any lady or gentleman have a title from the English Government he will select the one holding the highest rank, or upon occasion the courtesy will be extended to some distinguished American. In the absence of distinguished persons he selects the one who has been across the ocean the greatest number of times. One of these captains was telling me about a trip that Christine Nilsson made with him. She was the most distinguished lady aboard, and he was possibly more considerate with her than with any of the others. A number of other lady passengers were highly indignant at this, and referred to Miss Nilsson in a very unkind way. One lady spoke of her as a "common singer" and claimed the social honors for herself. But by a little incident they all were made to acknowledge that Miss Nilsson was entitled to superior attention. One night there was a terrible gale, and all the timid passengers thought that the good old ship would certainly go down. The captain, who during fair weather had spent a large part of his time in a social way, now took his place on the bridge. The waves swept over the vessel, and nobody but the officers of the ship were allowed on deck. It was necessary for the captain to be strapped to the bridge, or he certainly would have been swept off his feet at any moment. Miss Nilsson occupied the captain's cabin, which was directly under the bridge. A few feet below it was a port-hole, and by stooping down the captain could get his ear within a short distance of it. He had been on the bridge for seven hours, and every one wondered that he had not succumbed through exhaustion. While he kept his post many of the hardships of his trying position were relieved by Miss Nilsson's divine singing. The captain was passionately fond of music, and Miss Nilsson sat for hours with her face to the port-hole pouring out her magnificent voice in its full power, so that the captain might hear her. The next morning the storm was over. At the breakfast table every one was heaping praise upon the captain, when he said that had it not been for Miss Nilsson's singing he could not have remained so long at his post, and said that the passengers owed to her as much as to any one else a vote of thanks for their safety. They appreciated it, and during the rest of the voyage by unanimous consent the captain was allowed to pay exclusive attention to the fair singer.

HARD LINES FOR CITY CROOKS.

It is one of the boasts of the New York detectives that they are personally acquainted with all the professional criminals in and near town. The results of this acquaintance are often peculiar. You are talking with Detective Prior a few feet from the door of the Fifth-Avenue Hotel, and he sees a young dandy halt a few feet away. "Better keep right on," he says to the dandy; "hurry up, now." "Oh, good morning," says the dandy. "I'm only going to set my watch." That is Kid Miller, chief of the bunco-men, and the detective will not allow him to stop in front of the hotel. You are pushing your way into Macy's shopping-store, and a little ladylike body is just ahead of you. Suddenly some one steps up to her and roughly orders her to "Get out at once." "Certainly, sir," she says very meekly, "I was only going to match a piece of silk." She lies. She is a shop-lifter, and the man who ordered her out is a detective.

Perhaps you are at the Arion ball with its 5,000 dancers and lookers-on. You walk in the lobby near the entrance for a breath of air and meet Captain Williams, in uniform, alert and handsome as an eagle. He darts from your side and stands in front of a stout, elderly, well-dressed gentleman so as to oppose his progress. "What do you mean by coming here?" he says. The man answers boldly: "My wife is here and I have come to take her home." "That'll do now," says the Captain; "there's the door; get!" And, as Artemus Ward used to say, "he gets." Of course, the man is a pick-pocket.

A neatly-dressed, rather substantial-looking man of middle age, sends in his card to Inspector Byrnes at police headquarters. The name on the card is that of a burglar better known by an *alias*—say "Red Leary," for instance. "Well, what do you want?" Mr. Byrnes asks gruffly. He has an especial tone for men of that class, and it is a tone that forbids familiarity and suggests mastery—a very different tone from the quiet and easy one he has for his friends.

"I would like to be in Wall street fifteen minutes to-morrow, Inspector," says the burglar. "I want to see about a personal matter."

A FAVOR.

"I will have one of my corps meet you at Broad and Wall at noon sharp," says the Inspector.

The burglar thanked the official, for it is a favor to such a man even to be allowed to go to the money centre with a detective at his shoulder all the time he is there. To go without this permission and escort means a certainty of being arrested and locked up. The only known crooks that get into Wall street under Byrnes are men in business there whose offences he cannot punish; the only others are the employés who default now and then.

This is not the only part of town that shady characters are excluded from. It has always been a favorite method with Captain Williams to say to rascals of various sorts: "If you ever put your foot in my precinct I'll send you up." This may not be according to law, but it's according to fact, and they give that precinct a wide berth. Pick-pockets like the Allen brothers, who are well known, have a hard time of it in New York. No matter how much they may want to see a play or a ball game or attend a meeting there is apt to be some one to stop them at the entrance with a "Right-about face, now. You can't get in here." I have seen a pick-pocket hustled along like a bit of flown in the wind from one block to another, while apparently an innocent spectator of a street parade.

And yet on the other hand they elude observation very often. The hostiles are not always on bad terms either. You will sometimes see a burglar and a detective nod pleasantly as they pass each other, and even stop for a moment's chat. Perhaps the detective may have once sent the thief up for a term of years, but the thief is even the more proud of the acquaintance on that account, and likes to ask the officer if it was not "a good job" he went to jail for. A reply in the affirmative is like meat and strong drink to a criminal.

FIRE-ESCAPES AND ESCAPED TOUGHS.

The utility of fire-escapes has been well tested during the past week, for there have been several big tenement-house fires, and if it had not been for the iron ladders on the outside of the buildings an appalling loss of life would unquestionably have resulted. In nearly every case the fires in the big tenement houses have eaten away the stairways first. A fire in a tenement at night is an awful thing, for the men, women, and children are packed away seventy or eighty feet above the ground at the rate of fifty or sixty on a floor, and they are absolutely at the mercy of the flames unless the proper fire-escapes are at hand. There is one thing that every citizen in New York believes in with his heart and soul—and that is the fire department. In the tenement fires of last week the tenants gathered in groups on the fire-escapes high up in the air and waited with white faces for the arrival of the fire department. Few if any of them attempted to climb down the narrow ladders. They simply clung together and watched the streets below.

When the life-saving corps of the fire department got to them they obeyed the firmen like children, and followed each other down the ladders under the direction of the popular heroes without a thought of revolt or independent action.

The tenement-house people are not always docile, however. In the presence of the flames they are terrified, but when they go abroad they develop into terrors themselves. When they begin the excursion season they are a constant menace to the thousand of New Yorkers who are anxious to live in the suburbs, where they can come to town every day. The crowds of excursionists whoop things up at stated intervals during the summer season. "The O'Mulligan Coteries," "Gentlemen's Sons from 'Way Back," "Real Bloods," "Square-Back Rangers," "O'Gilligan's Own Friends," and other such exclusive social organizations leave the city every day in fine weather and settle like a flock of locusts on the prettiest country within easy reach. When the New York tough is off on a holiday the universe itself stands in awe. Such a thing as a casual murder does not disturb any one's serenity during the picnic season, and the invasion of private grounds, including insults to an unprotected family, and general carnage among the flowers and shrubbery, pass as the regulation thing. Some of the places along the Hudson have armed constables with shotguns, howitzers, &c., to keep the excursionists off, but the danger which lurks at these points seems to add an additional charm to them, and the roughs and toughs of both sexes make the beautiful environs of New York a source of terror instead of happiness to the reputable citizens of the town. Efforts are making to abate the evil to a certain extent by providing regular grounds for the pic-nics. But the genuine New York tough likes his bit of nature in simple form. He doesn't care for swings, merry-go-rounds, flowers, shooting-galleries, and other time-honored and familiar appurtenances of the professional pic-nic grounds, but likes that which is nature's own. Hence he descends with malice aforethought on the spot where he is least expected, and havoc and misery results. The river is afloat with police boats, and the shores are lined with armed men in preparation for the usual spring outing of the New York tough.

AN EXPLORER FROM FRANCE.

I have had an interesting interview with a French mechanician, Victor Delahay, who has just arrived in this country upon a special mission in behalf of his Government. He has been sent here by the Minister of the Interior, Lockroy, to examine the iron-works that construct the machinery used in textile manufactures, with a view to the introdection of similar establishments in France upon a peculiar system. The French Government proposes to erect these works itself, with funds drawn from the public treasury, and deliver them over to the Society of Mechanicians, which shall run them on its own account and derive such advantages as may accrue from them. If the report given by the official agent now in this country is favorable the Minister will secure an appropriation of 6,000,000 francs for the prosecution of the scheme, and thus an extensive industry will be introduced into France under circumstances calculated to promote its development. Nearly all the machinery now used there in the textile manufacture is purchased in Belgium and England, but it is believed that there are inventions in use in this country which enable our iron-works to turn out machinery far superior to that procured from Belgium or England, and it is to examine the facts of the case that Mr. Delahay has been sent on his mission. There are many Americans who will ridicule the idea of the Government assuming the direction of such an industrial project and putting it in the hands of the skilled workmen; but it must be remembered that the French Government undertakes many functions which are regarded as beyond the province of ours, and that French workmen have within late years been making imperative demands upon the State to extend its operations in the industrial line. The present Minister of the Interior favors these demands in a greater measure than any of his predecessors has yet done. Besides the undertaking here referred to he will, as soon as practicable, procure an appropriation for the establishment of a vast "Labor Exchange" in Paris, for the service of all the industries and all the workers of France; and it is expected that this will be completed before the great Exposition in 1889.

We hear a great deal by cable about the alarms of war in France and the never-ending preparations for hostilities; but the important facts here given, which are but a few of those communicated to me by Mr. Delahay, show that the French Government is not wholly absorbed with the belligerent news, but is also striving to handle, in a large way, the menacing question of industry and social order. All this is in accord with the versatile genius of the irrepressible French race.

FEMALE BLACKMAILERS.

One of the most hideous pests of New York is the female blackmailer. Many of them invade the offices of lawyers and business-men as agents for the sale of various portable articles. Stories of their nefarious exploits are heard on every hand, but they are seldom published. Human nature is such that it is ready to believe the worst of mankind, and thus the man of spotless life and the woman of whitest sanctity, by a strange and weird exigency, become the unconscious confederates of the female blackmailer. These adventuresses pretend to be the widows of soldiers seeking a pension, or they are gathering subscriptions for some well-known charity, or they are selling books or works of art or stationery; in fact, almost any pretence is used for the purpose of seeing the banker, merchant, or lawyer alone. It may seem surprising that a lawyer could be entrapped, but it has been done. The case of Alexander Hamilton is historical. He was entrapped by a voluptuous woman and acceded to some of her demands for money, but when she and her pretended husband went too far he confessed the whole matter in a public letter, at the same time indignantly denying that he had ever used his place as Secretary of the Treasury, which he then held, to further the interests of the schemers. That letter twitched the fangs from the serpent's mouth. A young lawyer on Nassau street, I heard the other day, was victimized by a woman who sold engravings. He had a large practice in civil cases, but knew nothing of the criminal classes. The adventuress in this case was a handsome woman of thirty, well dressed, and modest in demeanor. He subscribed for the engravings, and she delivered them weekly. At the third call the clerks heard a dispute between the woman and the lawyer in his private office. The woman's voice was angry and threatening; the lawyer in a lower one was pleading and expostulating. She left in a few minutes apparently in a state of great excitement. The lawyer, it was noticed, became nervous and preoccupied. The woman called every week for four months. Then the young lawyer consulted another in the criminal practice, and revealed the fact that at the third call, which the woman made for the purpose of leaving the engravings, she had asked him for $100 as a gift. If he refused, she would go to his wife, to whom he had been married only about two years, and tell her that she had been in the habit of calling on him, and that he had conducted himself in an improper manner. He had at first refused to give her the money, and had defied her to do her utmost. She left her address, however, and said that if she did not receive the money by noon the next day she would carry her threat into execution. He was in a quandary. Before 12 o'clock the next day, however, he had decided that it would be better to pay the money, and he did so. A week later she called and demanded $25 a week as the price of her silence. He weekly paid it for about four months and then called in the assistance of a criminal lawyer, who at once sent a detective to the office to await the arrival of the woman who was to come that day. When the woman entered the detective's head was bent over a desk in the outer office, apparently engaged in clerical work. He recognized her at once as an adventuress well known to the police. He allowed her to enter the lawyer's private office, get her weekly blackmail, and leave without a scene. When she stepped into the elevator he followed. She recognized him with a blank look of astonishment. He did not address her until they reached the street and the other passengers in the elevator were out of hearing. Then he said to her:

"Well, Mollie, I see you are at your old tricks again, ain't you?"

She did not reply. Then he added: "I will trouble you to give me that $25 you have in your pocket." The woman gave it up at once. "Now," said the detective, "I am going home with you, Mollie. Where do you live?"

They took the elevated road and went to a handsomely-furnished flat up town. The door was opened by an old woman, apparently the younger woman's mother, and she also had a servant. The surroundings were attractive; everything had the appearance of a refined and respectable home. The detective said to the handsome adventuress: "Now I am going to search the house for the money you have taken from that man down town."

"Oh! don't do that," she answered. "I will give you all that I have." And she soon brought him about ninety dollars. Then the detective left. He knew that he could get no more, and that if he arrested her there would necessarily be unwelcome publicity for her victim. The lawyer was never troubled thereafter. The same woman is still at work on other victims. Those who have been blackmailed do not publicly complain, and thus women of that class prey on society almost with impunity. A clergyman up town paid blackmail for a long time before he invoked the aid of his friends. A merchant paid blackmail once when a woman thrust herself into his private office and threatened to scream if he did not. He never paid again, for he gave strict orders not to admit the woman. Many merchants and bankers refuse to see a woman until she has stated her business in full to a clerk. This rule protects many millionaires from the wiles of these sharks.

Sanitary Measures—Ventilation.

To the Editor of the Dispatch:

With each act of respiration, which in the healthy adult occurs about seventeen times a minute, a portion of air is absorbed by the blood-vessels of the lungs. As this absorption affords a ready method of introducing impurities and injurious substances into the circulation, the importance of pure fresh air becomes apparent.

Air which has been breathed into and expired from the lungs becomes charged with carbonic-acid gas, and is unfit for respiration again until that ingredient has been removed by the agency of the vegetable kingdom.

For this reason all buildings where a number of persons occupy the same room for any length of time should be constructed so as to allow a plentiful supply of fresh air. This is particularly important in the case of school-houses, where the young are confined for many hours in the day, and are often compelled to incur the double risk of damp feet and a close, contaminated atmosphere. The danger should be averted, not only by a proper construction of the buildings, but by opening the doors and windows at every recess, except in very cold weather, so as to freshen and purify the air as much as possible.

The necessity of ventilation becomes more urgent with the rise of temperature in warmer weather. In the winter season its benefits must be frequently compromised to secure the more important benefit of protection from cold. Besides, the air is more concentrated at this season of the year, and less of it is required for vital purposes.

The danger of draughts of cold air should be carefully avoided. Lowering the upper sash of the window is probably the best method of letting in fresh air.

It is greatly conducive to health as well as comfort, which are almost synonymous terms, to allow the freest access of fresh air by open doors and windows during the heat of summer, by night as well as during the day. "Night air," the evils of which have been too much exaggerated, is much less to be dreaded in hot weather than that which adds to the oppression of heat the contamination of breathing.

M. D.

Jesse Grant writes that his boy is the image of his grandfather, the General.

Carter Harrison is going to write an epistle to the Chicagoans defending his record as mayor of that town. He will allude to the Socialistic bombs and riots only in an incidental way.

BULWER'S WIFE.

ANOTHER STIRRING UP OF AN OLD SCANDAL.

The Biography of Lady Lytton and Her "Vindication"—The Novelist's Portrait Painted Anew.

The London *St. James Gazette* thus speaks of a new publication of painful interest: It is the "Life of Rosina, Lady Lytton; Published in Vindication of Her Memory." The biographer is her ladyship's literary executor, Miss Louisa Devey. The following is a brief indication of the character of the work, which extends to 400 pages: The book opens with an interesting account of Miss Wheeler's early life and surroundings. She first met Bulwer at the house of Miss Benger in 1827, and was struck by his dandified appearance. "He had just returned from Paris, and was resplendent with French polish, so far as boots went. His cobweb cambric shirt-front was a triumph of lace and embroidery, a combination never seen in this country till six or seven years later, except on babies' frocks. Studs, too, except in racing stables, were then *non est*; but a perfect galaxy glittered along the milky way down the centre of this fairy-like lingerie. His hair, which was really golden, glitteringly golden and abundant, he wore literally in long ringlets that almost reached his shoulders." Miss Wheeler did not fall so deeply in love with Bulwer as he apparently did with her. At all events he paid her a large number of very inflated compliments. The end of it was that, after Miss Wheeler had twice refused him, they were married in August, 1827. It is alleged in this book that she brought her husband £300 a year; but there is admittedly some doubt on the point. It is also mentioned that she was only six months older than he; although he afterward "succeeded in inducing numbers of his friends to believe that he had thrown himself away in boyhood upon a woman almost old enough to be his mother." The first "incident" of the married life occurs about ten months after the wedding, "nearly a month before the birth of her daughter." Mrs. Bulwer "was in the constant habit of assisting her husband as much as possible in his literary labors, and on that occasion had been helping him by getting down books from library shelves. Worn out and exhausted one evening, she had lain down on the sofa, when her lord and master ordered her to hand down another volume and for that purpose to mount a step-ladder. 'Really, Edward,' she said, 'I cannot do more, I am so tired.' In a sudden fit of fury he sprang to his feet and kicked her in the side with such savage violence that she fainted from the pain." When the baby was born he put it out to nurse, "lest it should interfere with his domestic arrangements. In his elegant phraseology, he declined to allow his wife's time 'to be taken up by any d——d child.'" Mrs. Bulwer's maid at this time, and down to 1845, was a Miss Fyrne; and deposition of hers is printed, in which it is stated that Bulwer, "in one of his brutal rages, kicked and banged her ladyship about the stone floor till she was black and blue"; and further, that on one occasion, while they were dining together, "he seized a carving knife and rushed at his wife, when she cried out: 'For God's sake, Edward, take care what you are about!' when he dropped the knife, and, springing on her like a tiger, made his teeth meet in her left cheek." It does not appear that Miss Fyrne, or, indeed, any one except Bulwer and his wife, were present when this happened, and the story rests, therefore, upon the evidence of Mrs. Bulwer herself. Her record of this and other incidents, by the way, is in the somewhat curious form of a series of letters addressed by "the shade of Lord Byron" to the "rising and risen male generation of Great Britain," in which it is Bulwer who speaks, in language put into his mouth by his wife.

In consequence of the carving-knife episode a separation was talked about. But it did not take place till some time afterward. In the spring of 1835 Bulwer took chambers for himself in the Albany, and placed his wife and children at Berrymead Priory, Acton. At Berrymead Mrs. Bulwer kept a journal, from which copious extracts are given. They are very depressing reading. The loneliness in which Bulwer left her engendered a morbid frame of mind. The journal is a curious mixture of forced gayety and gloomy complainings, with an under-current of confirmed cynicism. The end of it is quite tragic:

January 7th.—Too ill to write.

February 20th.—My jailer returned with his amiable epicurian *debauché* friend, Mr. F. Y——, after a five-weeks' absence; and ill as I have been, too, he could not be here one day alone.

March 1st.—From crying, coughing, and violent agitation, I have burst a small blood-vessel. Oh, my God! my God! when will You take me?

Very soon afterward the final rupture took place. Bulwer had promised to dine with his wife one evening at Berrymead. But at 9 o'clock a message arrived that he was very ill and quite unable to leave his chambers. Mrs. Bulwer immediately started for London, and surprised him under circumstances which resulted in a formal separation. The deed, which is printed in full, gives Mrs. Bulwer £400 a year for herself during Bulwer's life and £50 each for her two children so long as Bulwer "shall consent that each such child" should remain with her. If at this time, as is alleged, Bulwer's income was £3,000 to £4,000 a year, these allowances were certainly not extravagant. His wife speaks of the deed as "infamously one-sided," and great blame is laid on her trustees, Sir Francis Hastings Doyle and Sir T. G. Cullum. On June 14, 1836, Mrs. Bulwer, with her children, quitted Berrymead forever.

Now begins the most painful part of the story. "For nearly forty-six years was this unhappy lady condemned to protract her weary and joyless existence," perpetually harried by creditors and pursued by the relentless persecution of her husband. The £500 a year would have been little enough if it had been regularly paid, but it was not. (We take the statements of the book without inquiring into their credibility.) But that was not the worst. Through the agency of a false friend the affection of her children for Mrs. Bulwer was undermined, and finally they were taken from her. Going to live with two ladies at Bath—one "a feather-bed sample of obese plainness," the other "a skewer-like specimen of ugliness," she was swindled out of some hundreds of pounds, and had to take to "scribbledom." This inflamed her husband's resentment so much that he set spies upon her, circulated the basest calumnies respecting her, tried to stop the publication of her novels, and reduced her relations with her children to a formal correspondence. In 1839 Lady Bulwer (her husband had now been created a baronet) went to Paris, where Sir Edward's brother Henry was Secretary of Legation. "Here," she writes, "began the organized system of espionage, by anonymous letters and foul conspiracies, which have never for one moment ceased."

It is impossible to give in few words an idea of the bitterness which subsisted between the husband and wife. She calls him "Sir Liar," "that fiend," and so on. Her indebtedness went on increasing, and the "persecution" continued. At Llangallen an attempt was made, "if not to poison her, at all events seriously to injure her health." This was in 1854, when "Sir Edward was giving out all over London that I was quite mad." In 1857 she published her "Appeal to the Justice and Charity of the English People," which brought her a little money, though insufficient even to pay her debts. She writes that "she hopes soon to have a nice long drive in her hearse"; that she is "without literally a penny-piece in the world"; that she "is nearly mad from total want of sleep"; and that she is "slaving at another book"; though writing "is the most torturing and detrimental thing to my chest possible," so that "while I write I have to hold my handkerchief with my left hand to my mouth to prevent the blood gushing out." The next incident of importance is Lady Lytton's sudden appearance on the hustings at Hertford, where her husband was a candidate. "Sir Liar's head fell literally as if he had been shot; he staggered against the post, and seemed not to have strength to move. I then said, in a loud, calm, and stern voice, 'Sir Edward George Earle Bulwer Lytton, as I am not in the habit of stabbing in the back, it is to you, in the first instance, that I address myself.' * * * Sir Liar, with his hands before his face, made a rush from the hustings. The mob began to hiss and cry, 'Ah, coward! he's guilty; he dare not face her.'" Sir Edward, we are told, now "lost no time in resorting to the desperate expedient of incarcerating his wife in a lunatic asylum." How this design was carried out is well known. It is alleged on Lord Lytton's side that he acted *bona fide*, believing that his wife was insane; but the allegations here, of course, are that he instigated a vile conspiracy. Lady Lytton's account of the affair is given at length. Sir Edward was Colonial Secretary under Lord Derby; and the hubbub raised about his wife's incarceration was so great that she had to be set at liberty.

JOHN W. DANENHOWER.

Broken Down by Hardships Incurred in Arctic Exploration.

John W. Danenhower was born in Chicago September 30, 1849, and entered the Naval Academy in 1866. He was graduated in 1870, when he was ordered, as midshipman, to the Plymouth, on which ship and on the Juniata he served two years in the European squadron. The young officer served on the Portsmouth during the surveying and exploring cruise from 1871 to 1874, when he was ordered to examination for master, and received his commission. In 1875 he was ordered to the Naval Observatory at Washington, and put upon signal duty under Commodore Parker. Lieutenant Danenhower was attached to the steamship Vandalia during her cruise in the Mediterranean in 1878, when General Grant and his family were on board. It was shortly before this that his friends thought it advisable to confine him for about two months in an insane asylum.

The deceased was one of the first officers who volunteered to go upon the Jeannette Arctic expedition sent out by James Gordon Bennett. On July 8, 1879, the Jeannette sailed from San Francisco on a polar expedition by way of Behrings strait. Lieutenant Danenhower was the second officer of the steamer, which was commanded by Lieutenant George W. De Long. In January, 1880, the Jeannette was hemmed in by the ice near Wrangell Land, and for eighteen months drifted helplessly. On June 24, 1881, she sank, crushed by the ice. Lieutenant Danenhower and Engineer Melville left her in a whaleboat. Captain De Long and others occupied a big cutter, while seven went with Lieutenant Chipp in a small cutter. On July 29th the crew made Bennett island, where they stopped to rest. In September a gale scattered the boats and Chipp's party was never seen nor heard of afterward. The story of Lieutenant Danenhower's search for Captain De Long's party and the finding of the bodies is well remembered. He arrived in New York May 28, 1882, with R. L. Newcomb, Jack Coles, and Long Sing. On June 2d ensuing he was tendered a reception at the Continental Hotel, Philadelphia, by his friends.

In September, 1884, Danenhower was assigned to duty at Annapolis as assistant commander of cadets. He held this position at the time of his death. The deceased officer was married in New York while on leave of absence, and leaves a widow, a daughter of State-Senator Sloan, of New York, and two children.

He was a tall and powerfully-built man, but gentle of speech, courteous in manner, and fond of children. The cadets at the Naval Academy honored and loved him, and deeply deplore his loss.

Bull-Fight by Electric Light.

ST. LOUIS, April 29.—A special from the City of Mexico says: The novelty of a bull-fight by electric light drew an immense crowd to the Colon Plaza. Among the spectators were President Diaz and several members of his Cabinet. The arena was brilliantly lighted by ten electric lights, and the gaudy uniform of the matadors fairly blazed. The door of the bull-pen was thrown open and the first bull made a frantic rush at the picadors, and in a minute was master of the arena, having killed one horse and gored two others. One matador and a picador were laid out, though not killed. The fighters became very timid and plied the sword from the side, being afraid to face the animal, as is usual. Of five bulls every one was desperate in the blazing light, and horses and fighters were rolled over and tossed in a terrible manner. One swordsman attempted to kill the bull as he charged and was caught on the horns and tossed out of the arena almost lifeless. The result of the fight was four horses killed, several torn and crippled, two matadors nearly killed, and several picadors disabled. The dazzling light seems to make the animals wild. This was the first time bull-fighting has been tried by the electric light.

The Three Per Cents.

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 29.—Secretary Fairchild said this afternoon, in answer to inquiries on the subject, that he had not yet fully made up his mind with regard to the uncalled 3 per cent. bonds. It is, however, regarded as practically settled that there will be no more calls for bonds during the present fiscal year, and that the amount of 3 per cents. outstanding, amounting to about $19,000,000, will be reserved for the sinking-fund requirements of the next fiscal year, beginning July 1st.

ADOLF ERIC NORDENSKJOLD,

Swedish Explorer, Preparing for a Voyage to the South Pole.

Whether he hopes to reach the South Pole or not we cannot say, but Baron Nordenskjold, the eminent Swedish explorer, is meditating an Antartic expedition. His past achievements warrant the expectation that his plans will be

carried out. He expresses himself as confident that he will reach a point farther South than has yet been reached, provided that he can get a supply of coal to insure the progress of his steamer in the melancholy waste of waters within the Antartic Circle. The Baron expects to be absent a year and a half on his expedition, during which he will pursue scientific observations. For this task he is well qualified. His taste for scientific inquiry is natural, inherited from his ancestors, and has been the subject of incessant cultivation.

Adolf Eric Nordenskjold was born at Helsingfors on November 18, 1832. His father was chief of the Finland Mining Department. Early in his life it was observed that the lad cared more for practical than theoretical learning. He was educated at Borgo and the University of Helsingfors. His attention to scientific pursuits was the marked feature of his university career, as it had been of his earlier life. He spent his vacations in excursions to the rich mineral localities of Finland. At Helsingfors Nordenskjold was appointed director of the faculay of mathematics and physics, an office from which he was removed in 1855. In 1858 he became mineralogist at Stockholm. His first experience as explorer was in 1859, when he accompanied Torell on his expedition. Upon his return he was nominated director of Riks Museum. In 1861 he went to Spitzbergen with Torell. Three years later he headed the expedition which successfully completed the measurement and mapped the southern part of Spitzbergen. The Nordenskjold expedition of 1868 completed observations which accurately fixed the position of that land, and attained the latitude of 81° and 42', which has only twice been exceeded. In 1870 the explorer made a scientific tour of Greenland. Expeditions led by him in 1872 and 1875 were succeeded by the most important of his enterprises thus far. This was undertaken in 1878 for the purpose of exploring the North-Polar Sea from the mouth of the Yenesei east to Behring strait. Nordenskjold left Gothenburg in July, 1878, and reached Yokohama in September, 1879. As results of this brilliant achievement he announced the opinions that communication by sea for commercial purposes is practicable between Europe and the Obi-Yenesei; also, that the voyage from the Atlantic to the Pacific, in the Siberian sea, can be done, but would be useless to commerce; and that further exploration is necessary to determine whether sea communication between the Pacific and the mouth of the Lena can be established.

In April, 1880, Nordenskjold was created a baron. He has been the recipient of distinguished honors from learned societies in his own and other countries.

A Mysteriously-Guarded Well.

A Buffalo (N. Y.) special says: About two months ago persons began drilling an oil-well at a place called Zoar, in the town of Collins, this county. A few days ago it was rumored that they had struck oil, gas, or something in immense quantities; that the well had been plugged and the derrick boarded; that the parties were guarding the well with shotguns, and that no one was allowed near it. Some visitors who went up there found simply a derrick boarded up, a rope strung around it, and the well guarded by some men. No one could discover any indications of oil or gas. The men would say but little, except that they were down about 1,000 feet, and were waiting for further orders. Possibly they have something valuable, and possibly it is merely a sharp dodge to get some one to raise money to lower the well further. It is understood that all the land in that vicinity has been leased to various parties for contemplated oil purposes.

The Last Male Representative.

[London World.]

A profound sensation was excited in Inverness on Wednesday by the sad news that The Chisholm had died suddenly on the previous day at March Hall, his mother's residence in Midlothian. The sorrow which this event causes in the Highlands is intensified by the fact that the late chief of this powerful clan was the last male representative of the ancient and illustrious family of the Chisholms of Comar. The Chisholm was in his twenty-fourth year, and was known to be in delicate health, but no danger had been anticipated. He was greatly beloved by his tenantry; and at an estate dinner which he gave at Erchless Castle a few weeks ago his health was drunk with an enthusiasm rarely witnessed on such occasions in these days. The family estates in the counties of Inverness and Ross, which extend to nearly 120,000 acres, pass to the two sisters of the late chief.

Entries for the Jubilee Yacht Race.

LONDON, April 29.—Seventy yachts are said to have been entered for the jubilee race, and it is probable that more will be added to the list of competitors before the entries close June 7th.

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