Daily Globe.

Official paper of the City and County.

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The Washington News Bureau of the St. Paul GLOBE is located at 1,424 New York avenue Residents of the northwest visiting Washington and having matters of local interest to give the public will receive prompt and courteous attention by calling at or addressing the above number. All letters so addressed to give the name and Washington address of the sender, to ensure attention.

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THE GLOBE AT CHICAGO.

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The GLOBE is on sale at the following news stands in Chicago;

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GRAND PACIFIC,
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SUTHERLAND'S, 97 Adams street.
SUTHERLAND'S, Exposition Building.

DAILY WEATHER BULLETIN.

OFFICE CHIEF SIGNAL OFFICER, WASHINGTON, D. C., June 8, 9:56 p. m.

Observations taken at the same moment of time at all stations named.

UPPER MISSISSIPPI VALLEY.

	Bar.	Ther.	Wind.	Weather.
St. Paul	29.86	59	N	Lt. rain
La Crosse	29.75	67	N	Cloudy

NORTHWEST.

	Bar.	Ther.	Wind.	Weather.
Bismarck	30.03	58	NE	Clear
Ft. Garry	30.10	50	N	Fair
Minnedosa	30.10	49	SE	Clear
Moorhead	29.99	59	N	Fair
Quapelle	30.02	50	NW	Cloudy
St. Vincent	30.06	50	NE	Clear

NORTHERN ROCKY MOUNTAIN SLOPE.

	Bar.	Ther.	Wind.	Weather.
Ft. Buford	30.04	58	NE	Clear
Helena, M. T.	29.84	68	SW	Fair
Huron, D. T.	29.96	55	N	Fair
Medicine Hat	29.90	71	SE	Clear

UPPER LAKES.

	Bar.	Ther.	Wind.	Weather.
Duluth	29.97	51	NE	Foggy

DAILY LOCAL MEANS.

Bar.	Ther.	Dew Point.	Wind.	Weather
29.798	64.1	59.9	N	Cl'dy&rainy

Amount rainfall. 25.0; Maximum thermometer 74.0; minimum thermometer 57.0; daily range 17.0.

River—Observed height 6 feet, 7 inches. Fall in twenty-four hours, 1 inch.

NOTE—Barometer corrected for temperature and elevation.

P. F. LYONS,
Sergeant, Signal Corps, U. S. A.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

WASHINGTON, June 9, 1 a. m.—Indications for Upper Mississippi, partly cloudy weather, winds shifting to northerly, generally cooler weather, higher barometer. Missouri valley, local rains, followed by clearing weather, north to west wind higher barometer, cool weather in southern portions, stationary temperature in northern portion,

THERE are no symptoms of the campaign of fire, as yet.

THE Boston *Herald* gives notice that Blaine cannot carry Massachusetts.

ST. PAUL is promised a touch of professional base-ball this afternoon.

THE returning delegates from Chicago seem to have left all their enthusiasm behind them.

THE Republican party has condoned the Mulligan affair, the Fort Smith and Little Rock railroad purchase of influence, Peruvian guano claims and so on, in taking the tattooed man for its natiodal candidate.

HORATIO SEYMOUR, of Whitesboro, N. Y., reached his 74th birthday May 31. That day he quietly visited Utica, one mile distant from his home, and dined there. It is pleasing to know that the venerable sage, though for years very far from being physically robust, is at this time in the enjoyment of comfortable health, and bids fair for years to prolong his valuable life, honored and respected, as but few men are, by the whole American republic.

THE Democracy of New York are for Tilden first, and Flower afterwards. If Mr. Tilden does not decline a nomination, and it seems at present that there is no possibility that he will, he will be preferred to all others for the Presidential nomination. Next to him stands Mr. Flower in the confidence and respect of a large majority of the Democrats of New York, though Gov. Cleveland has a strong and respectable following. The Utica *Observer* says:

"The selection of delegates from the First Oneida district who are favorable to the nomination of Tilden or Flower for the Presidency represents justly the sentiment of this section, in which are resident so many of the personal and political friends of Mr. Flower and so many of the early and earnest supporters of Mr. Tilden. The convention did not instruct, but this was unnecessary, as the the position of the delegates was well known."

What is true of Oneida county, may be said to be true of every locality of the state.

NOTWITHSTANDING all the fuss and fury of Republicans over the nomination of Mr. Blaine, the fact remains that, aside from Mr. Arthur, no weaker candidate, or one more easily defeated, could have been presented. Mr. Arthur, aside from the official patronage he wields, is weakness personified. But as the dispenser of patronage, in these days of venal Republicanism, he might have evened up with Mr. Blaine in running qualities and yet have been remanded to private life by the popular vote. Mr. Blaine's weakness lies in his public political record. Better would it have been for the Republican party to have nominated a man without a record. When Mr. Blaine's tergiversations in public life are fully unfolded and ventilated, as they will be, a vast majority of the American people will withhold from him the national power which he seeks to seize and wild, and leave him a stranded and broken down politician to chew the bitter cud of disappointment as best he may.

The gentlemen who rushed tumultuously into the nomination of Blaine on Black Friday, already regret the inconsiderateness of the transaction. For the moment, in surroundings machine made, the fact that Blaine has a record was quite overlooked, so much so that a good many who voted for him would be glad to "take it back" and vote for some one else. When it became known that Judge Vest would name Blaine, his life-long friend Hon. Wm. M. Dickson, addressed him a letter in which are stated several facts that will soon be exposed and the g. o. p. saddled with Blaine's record to which Judge Dickson, an eminent citizen of Cincinnati, was ardently opposed. The following is the letter:

CINCINNATI, Ohio, June 2.

Judge West,

It is announced that you are to present the name of Mr. Blaine.

His nomination, you are aware, will drive from the Republican party men who were with it at its birth, and who have never failed to vote the ticket. They cannot, as honest men, vote for the author of the Mulligan letters.

Judge, you have in your own state a reputation for high integrity. Will you explain in your speech how you can support a man who claimed an interest in an Arkansas railroad on the ground of service rendered it by his rulings as speaker of the House? The friends of Mr. Blaine take pride in comparing him to the gallant "Harry of the West." Can you imagine, Judge, that Mr. Clay could have written such a letter? Can the Republican party make the man who has written that letter its standard bearer? Sincerely yours,

W. M. DICKSON.

Judge West paid no attention to the note of warning, but made his nominating speech and the convention nominated the tattooed man regardless of his antecedents.

THE REPUBLICAN NATIONAL CONVENTION.

The close of the session of the Republican national convention affords the country an opportunity to form some conclusion as to the character of the campaign which is to be inaugurated, and some of the issues on which it will be fought. In this direction may be seen the uprising of the menacing spirit of an aggressive foreign policy, which is of far more consequence than all else involved in the contest. The reduction of the tariff, civil service reform, and all the others, are without consequence or comparison with this question of a foreign policy. Blaine is ambitious for distinction; he is dramatic in his character, fond of showy effects, and anxious to gain a wider stage for the exhibition of his abilities than is afforded by the narrow area occupied by Hayes and Arthur.

Already the newspapers which favor his election are announcing that now there is a possibility that this nation will make itself known abroad; that it will now settle this Irish-American difficulty, and will make itself acknowledged. We will now settle our scores with Chili; the insults of Germany will be cared for; England will be given to understand that she must be responsible to us for the exercise of her power over adopted Americans who may be caught in *flagrante delicto* on her soil. These are a few affluences which have already been made over the nomination of Mr. Blaine, and they outline a programme which includes tremendous possibilities. To carry out all this there will need to be bought at once a navy commensurate with this policy, We cannot stop to build one, for within the four years which would belong to Mr. Blaine, if elected, there would not be time to build one first class ship. It might be difficult to buy a navy; we might get a few cruisers, but there is no possibility that, either by purchase or construction, could we secure the naval outfit necessary to do the fiftieth part of all that is promised by the spokesmen of Mr. Blaine; the convention which nominated Mr. Blaine had no policy of foreign interference in its mind. There is no mention of any such intent in its platform, which was adopted before Mr. Blaine was nominated. It is a platform which permits this country to attend to its own business, and which allows foreigners the boon of attending to their own affairs; but Mr. Blaine will extend this declaration of policy and principles; he will give us a spirited foreign policy, say his admirers.

It is a somewhat singular thing, that the same thing which had no existence in the minds of the convention, should already have become so prominent in the newspapers, and held up as one of the reasons why Mr. Blaine should be made the president. Evidently it is purposed to run him outside of the platform adopted by the men who nominated him. An aggressive foreign policy is not hinted at in the platform, and yet it is in the interests of an aggressive foreign policy that his election is to be asked. Of what use then is a formal declaration of principles? Why was the long string of resolutions introduced and passed at Chicago? Possibly it might have been intended to suit the complexion of any one who should be nominated; to mean everything or nothing as the exigencies of the future might demand.

Had any other of the aspirants been nominated, they would have been as little in sympathy with the generalities of that instrument as Blaine is said to be. The icy Edmunds would not have deigned to give it an interpretation, or a thought further than that if it was intended in any way to interfere with him it would be gross impertinence. Arthur, in ease he had been chosen and elected, would have gone on in his good natured, easy way, and the platform would in no way have affected his dinners, or his political action. In fact, as one may infer from what has already been asserted by the organs of Blaine, the platform is of no consequence. It is to be the men who control the policy of the country, and not the declarations of the party's representatives.

This suggests that, at no time during the late convention was there any real issues outside of personal ones before the delegates. It was Arthur, Hawley, Blaine, Edmunds and Logan that were being fought for, and not a line of policy. It was wholly a personal contest, in which entered no consideration of principles, or party issues.

Nobody asked whether or not the various gentlemen who were proposed as candates would stand on the platform enunciated. This is distinctly proved by the semi official announcement that the fortunate candidate will go before the people on an issue which is not even hinted at, or in any way alluded to by the party declaration. From this fact is also permitted the inference that the delegates did not represent the Republican masses but simply the men who were presented for selection. It is a well known fact that in the nominating work there prevailed only efforts to place this man or that in the front as a leader. The Arthur men wished to retain the present corps of officials; the others wished to secure the establishment of a new corps. It was a contest between various warring cliques, or combinations of office-holders and office-seekers. The machine was brought into play in the interests of individuals. All sorts of trades were proffered and made, whose purpose was to secure strength to some individual and not to benefit the party and ultimately the country. There was nowhere unanimity save in adhesion to the interests of some particular person. Delays were made to allow opportunity for the purchase of salable delegates. In no single particular is there evidence that the convention was laboring for anything save the domination of certain men, and in consequence the advancement of the interests of certain office seeking organizations.

There is strong presumptive proof of this in the fact that the convention was made up of a class of men whose average was far below that of Republican conventions heretofore held. There was not a really great man in it. There were not three good speakers in the 800 delegates.

It seemed to be a body of men who had come together for common place purposes. They wrangled, fought, and were as far from a high grade of thought and action as can be imagined. The fact that the convention was composed of such a class of men, goes far to establish that the purposes of their assembling was not higher than their own character. The stream does not rise above its source. The outcome of this gathering of common place men is that within forty-eight hours it is announced by the organs of the successful candidates that he is before the people on a wholly independent issue, one that his supporters never even thought of when they urged his nomination.

THE POLITICAL CHANGES OF FOUR YEARS.

The last four years have witnessed political changes far more remarkable than any that have ever before occurred in an equal period of time in the country's history.

Four years ago Grant, and his enthusiastic champion, Conkling, were among the most powerful factors in American politics. In the convention of 1880 at Chicago they were the most conspicuous in the front rank. In the Chicago convention of 1884 they were neither heard nor thought of. Both, as far as political activity, respect and influence are concerned they have passed into the serene obscurity of the sere and yellow leaf.

Conkling committed political *hari kari* by madly throwing up his senatorial commission. The criminal operations of Grant's firm in Wall street have clouded his name for all time, and wrecked him politically as well as financially.

Though his firm is branded with criminality and dishonesty, and premeditated swindling conduct, the friends of Gen. Grant are disposed to acquit him of all guilty or criminal knowledge of his firm's swindles, but to do this they assign him to the position of credulous incompetency, and leave him a spectacle to be gazed at as an idiotic old granny in financial and business transactions. A magnificent position to occupy for the "great soldier," the "first citizen of the republic," standing on the pedestal of a criminal or a granny. His honesty vindicated at the expense of his sagacity. But this is the best his mortified and perplexed friends can do for him. Then the cold world says, in Shakespearean contempt, "whistle him down the wind to prey on fortune." He will no longer vex the political or financial interests of the country. The public are well rid of him.

During the past four years the assassin's bullet changed the whole policy of national administration, by placing a man in the executive chair who was not elected to that position.

The Chicago convention of last week refusec to sanction Guiteau's seleetion for President.

Behold what four years have wrought! Garfield is dead. Arthur is in the last stages and throes of political life. Conkling is a political recluse, without influence or following, consigned to the political Gehenna, a role of just retribution. Grant, hopeless, despairing, is shivering on the confines of the political potter's field. A new political generation has arisen, leaving the old hulks behind and striking out for pastures new. The Plumed Knight is riding the topmost wave of electoral effervescence, to be engulfed in November, to be relegated to returnless political exile.

After these four eventful years, What! A change of adminstration. A new dynasty, Reform the tocsin and reply thrilling and pulisng the through all its measures. The great Augean stable, defiled by the slime of national corruption, is to be thoroughly cleansed. The old corruptionists are to be turned out into the barren wilderness where no treasury pap abounds, like old rats routed for their long occupied, unwholesome, rotten burrows. Honesty in private life, adequate capacity in administration, economy in the public service, fidelity in official trusts, patriot devotion to the general welfare to the exclusion of mere selfish aggrandizement; in fine, a new era of administrative reform, all are to be secured while official slime and corruption are frowned upon and punished.

After two decades of deadly national night shade, let the poison of corruption be removed, let the shadow of misrule be obliterated from the national dial, and the effulgent light of a new political day shine forth.

To this end let the Democrats labor with honest zeal, and resolute, persistent purpose. Let no factious spirit weaken or retard the progressive onward work, but push on the column of reform, till November seals the doom of the political corruptionists, by the fiat of the peaceful ballot box, when the spoiler will stand rebuked and abashed in the withering frowns of a thoroughly aroused and justly incensed and indignant people.

Robbing John Chinaman.

At about 6 o'clock yesterday afternoon a small sized, seedy looking tramp entered the laundry of Sam Lung, near the corner of Fifth and Robert streets, and seizing upon a starch box in which that oriental kept his bank capital, poured it into his pockets and sought to escape. Sam didn't see it in that light, and grabbed onto this wholesale appropriator of the fruits of lots of washee, and the two struggled out of the door into the street, Sam excitedly demanding his money in the Hong Kong language, and his assistant with hody in the wildest contortions yelling "policee, stoppe thiefee," etc. Near by was a stalwart Scotchman conversing with a friend on the street who, thinking that the Chinaman was abusing the small sized tramp, seized hold of the Celestial and held him firmly while the latter made a high run down Fifth street and escaped from sight. An officer appearing, it took several minutes to unravel the facts from the lingual vocabulary of the highly irritated Chinaman, and the Scotchman added to the mystery of his interference by getting mad and giving back talk to the officer, who finally marched him up to the city hall as an accomplice, a large crowd following. Here the Scotchman made an explanation of his conduct which he should have done before, and was released, and the officers securing a description of the thief started in pursuit. Before an hour had elapsed Officer George Defour struck his trail, and coming in sight of him gave chase, the fellow in the race jumping a fence like a fox and trying to thus elude his pursuer. But it was no use for George proved the most agile of the two and soon had him by the throat and searched him, but failed to find any of the swag which he had had more than ample time to secrete. He was taken to the city hall and the search gone over again, but without any better success. He was recognized there by the detectives as W. M. Nolon, generally known as "Shorty Nolon," who robbed a place on Minnesota street about four years ago, and since that time has been missing. Sam Lung considers himself out about $36 by the occurrence, while the thief protests his innocence. As to the latter, he is in a bad fix, as fully twenty persons who were in the vicinity and saw Sam struggling with him give him full recognition.

Forepaugh's Advertising Palace.

The advertising show car of Forepaugh's circus, which is to be held in St. Paul, July 12, arrived at the union depot yard at 9 o'clock yesterday, and is gorgeously ornamented and pictured to a degree that would banish the wits out of the head of the small boy for a full month to come, or until the white elephant was mirrored in both his eyes. The force accompaning this advertising palace to post and bill Ramsey county is Chas. Reed, Harry W. Lemon, C. Hodge, Fred. Bultz, Thos. Post, Henry E. Kerr, George Goodheart, Henry Cullom, John E. McCarthy, George M. Griffith, Frank Barnum, Jas. Silverton and Pete Cavenaugh.

Great Swedish Religious Gathering

The Swedish Evangelical Lutheran mission a religious organization of the United States, which met at Princeton, Illinois, last year and which assembles at Des Moines, Iowa, in the summer of 1885, commenced its sessions with the Swedish Mission church on Bradley street, Rev. John F. Soderstrion pastor, last Thursday, holding meetings day and evening, and that edifice not proving large enough to hold those desiring to attend these services, morning, afternoon and evening gatherings were held in Market hall yesterday, immense congregations of the Sweedish nationality. Fully twenty pastors from all parts of the country have conducted the several services of the gathering, which breaks up to-night, while the singing has been by the two Hultman brothers of Omaha, very talented and well-known in the denomination. Rev. Mr. Bijort, of Chicago, the president of the mission, preached yesterday morning. Rev. E. A. Wenstrord and A. Lidmen, of New York, in the afternoon, and Revs. A. Mungerson, of Princeton, Ill., and E. A. Skoyskor, of Minneapolis, in the evening.

Seventh Street Assessment Kickers.

It has been being carried on for several days quite silently but nevertheless with pertinacious pertinacity in the shape of obtaining signatures to a petition to the common council against the Seventh street assessment as exorbitant on the property holders outside that street proper, and at the same time binding such petitioners to pay sums from $8 to $10 to fight the city legally if this assessment is not heeded and the assessments are not reduced. The point which will be sought to be made if the matter comes to the courts on a test case is that the city has no right to assess property owners for eight blocks on each side of Seventh street and outside of that street proper, for this improvement, except as they may take the whole city into the assessment. They will also bring forward in argument that this property on the outside streets will in time have its own assessment burdens to bear for grading, paving and sewerage, which the Seventh street property holders cannot be called upon to assist in paying, and that therefore the assessment of property off of Seventh street though contiguous to it is illegal.

Visit of Inspection.

A special train of five cars arrived in the city at 1:30 p. m. yesterday from Minne apolis with President Alexander Mitchell, of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railroad, Vice Presidents Selah Chamberlain and Julius Wodsworth, Assistant Manager Roswell Miller, General Superintendent J. T. Clark, Assistant General Superindent C. H. Prior, Superintendent of the River and Dubuque division, C. W. Case, and other officers of that road. These officers are running over the company's lines on a visit of inspection and left the city at four o'clock the same afternoon over the I. & M. division.

LATE CITY GLOBULES.

The Fanny Lewis of the St. Louis and St. Paul Packet company is expected to arrive to-day at midnight, and will leave at ten o'clock to-morrow morning on the return trip.

Although no hail fell in the city limits in the storm of Saturday, yet it fell with stones as large as pigeon's eggs in the region of the Harvester works, and garden stuffs and fruits were swept away mercilessly by it. It is said the effects of the storm were very severe for quite an area east of the city.

Officer Rose on complaint of residents on College avenue that men were calling at houses thereon with a view of finding if the men folks were at home and the women unprotected, while in search last night for these culprits accidentally found a colored man named Tim Graham hiding in a lumber yard, and, he not being able to give a satisfactory account of himself Rose lodged him in a cell at the city hall.

Arrested on Suspicion.

Hermann Johnson is a boarder in a Swede hash house on Minnesota street, and on Saturday night got up from his couch in a room where two other inmates were domiciled, and after roaming around the house paid a visit out of doors and returned. When another roomer in the house got up in the morning he found his pants and $60 in money gone, whereupon he raised a big breeze, when the roomers who had slept with one eye open gave Johnson away and he was arrested and taken to the city hall by Officer Schaffer.

LATE MINNEAPOLIS NEWS.

Last night David Blakely was advised that Christine Nilsson had been detained by a storm, and would not arrive until this evening, consequently the Minnetonka portion of the programme which had been arranged by her countrymen will be postponed until to-morrow. The evening festivities will take place, however, as outlined.

At one o'clock this morning Officer Tom McNamara brought to the city lock-up a German who had made a desperate attempt to commit suicide. He had taken a keen razor and went into the grove in North Minneapolis and cut his throat almost from ear to ear and partially severed his windpipe, so that he breathed with difficulty. He spoke feebly and said his name is Ernest Swan and that he is a stranger in the city, with no family or friends. He had boarded at the Falls hotel, and from some imaginary injustice at the hands of the other boarders he had been driven to the rash act. His explanations were inconsistent, showing conclusively that he was laboring under an aberration of the mind. He is a common laborer and clad in coarse clothing. Dr. Freeman was called and sewed the ugly gash. The man had bled but little, as none of the arteries nor large veins had been severed. When the doctor had finished with him he rallied and was seemingly as strong as ever. He was taken to the College hospital.

Thomas Fagan, who owned a saloon on Washington avenue, between Fourteenth and Fifteenth avenues north, separated from his wife four years ago, owing to domestic infelicity. He suspected his wife's virtue, and on Saturday swore out a warrant for the arrest of Charies Hummel, charging him with comitting adultery with Mrs. Fagan. Officer French, accompanied by Officers Lawrence and Buck, visited Mrs. Fagan's apartments on Fifth street, between Fourteenth and Fifteenth avenues north, and rapped at the door. At first Mrs. F. refused admittance, but finally opened the door. At the same instant Hummel, wihout stopping to put on his shoes sprang through the second story window, screen and all to the sidewalk, badly spraining his arm. Laurence and Euch being stationed at the door quickly caught him and placed him under arrest. Hammel is single, and about twenty-six years old and of respectable and well to do parents. He claims he did not occupy a room with Mrs. Fagan and protests his innocence.

An Irish Disturbance.

LONDON, June 8.—The Orange meeting here to-day protested against the proclamation of Earl Spencer, directed against the meeting of their brethern, which was announced for to-day at Newry. They expressed their sympathy with the loyalists in Ireland and resolved to give them every assistance. Shortly before the meeting separated telegrams were received stating that 850 Orrngemen started for Newry by the Shanrear route, 650 more sailed from Fleetwood and 1,200 from Barrow for the same same destination.

NEWRY, June 8.—The Nationalists paraded the streets with bands and banners. The meeting was held outside of town. On the return ef the Nationalists from the meeting and when the procession reached the Protestant quarter of the town, the Protestants retaliated. Several shots were fired. The police and troops interfered and four Nationalists and several Orangemen were arrested. Many persons were injured.

Blaine's Congratulations.

AUGUSTA, Me., June 8.—Congratulatory telegrams continued to reach Mr. Blaine during Friday night and Saturday. Over one thousand telegrams were receiyed written three hours after his nomination. Many were from Europe, among the most prominent being one from Minister Morton, at Paris, and Jonh Hay and Clarence King, in London. The following was received from Cleveland:

Hon. James G. Blaine, Augusta: Our household joins in one great thanksgiving. From the quiet of our home we send a most earnest wish that through the turbulent months to follow, and on the day of victory, you may be guarded and kept. [Signed.] L. R. GARFIELD.

A cordial dispatch was also received from the Garfield boys, students in Wilburn college. The following dispatches were also received: Ben Harrison sends a dispatch promising the electoral vote of Indiana. Longstreet sends congratulations of the Whig Republicans of Georgia.

SUNDAY'S SHADOWS.

Reflected From Wicked Chicago for Entertainment of the Northwest.

A Forerunner of Blakely's Musical Festival Heard in Chicago,

Awakens a Reflective Strain of Thought in the "Globe" Mind.

The Great Presentation Speeches Reviewed, Contrasted, Described and Criticised.

The Books Closed and the Arabs With Folded Tents Marching Homeward.

[Special Telegram to the Globe.]

CHICAGO, June 8.—As I lay on my downy cough at my hotel, this morning wondering whether the Chicago churches were open on Sunday (I know the theatres are) and what the price of admission would be to secure a chunk of Chicago religion, there came wafted into my open window the melody of "The Last Rose of Summer," which was being executed on a jewsharp by a street Arab. As the soft and breezy notes of the jewsharp, with their rising and falling cadences, came floating sweetly and with tender thrill, I wondered, as I grew meditative, whether this was a prelude to Dave Blakely's musical festival. The plaintive wail relative to this "last rose" has been going on for a good while, and the jewsharp execution was doubtless the result of the inquiring Arab's mind who sought to find out how many "last roses" there are left. It also recalled to me that other noble sentiment, "How soon we are forgot."

It was only day before yesterday that amid the blare of trumpet and beat of drum men were wildly proclaiming the virtues of this and that man for President of the United States. Each little or big coterie had the best man——for them, and each little or big coterie was very certain that all the rest were the very worst men—— for the country. "Here's your Arthur, Blaine, Logan or Sherman badges," was the shout of Friday, but on Saturday there was a "last rose" left "blooming alone." The rest had been gathered to that cavernous oblivion to which the public kindly assigns defeated politicians. I remember being in Washington when one President was about to retire and a new one was soon to be inducted, (this was before eight to seven was invented), and I was struck with the force of the expression relative to "worshiping the rising sun." The retiring chap was given no consideration whatever, and in my verdancy, when I heard people talking about the President I at first supposed the occupant of the White house was referred to, but I soon learned it was the man who was to be the President in a short time who was the one under consideration. The other fellow was a squeezed lemon, and there were none so poor as to do him reverence. The incoming man would have the postoffices at his disposal, and his was the shrine before whom the populace bowed, the Mecca to which the politicians of the country made their pilgrimage.

History is repeating itself. It always does. That is the way we make history. But yesterday Arthur, with his 150,000 official henchmen, was king. To-day none are so poor as to do him reverence. In a few short months it will be Blaine or a Democrat, and so Arthur no longer hopes or plots for the succession, he is in indifference relative to the use of the great patronage at his disposal. He can fall back upon the civil service measure which that illustrious Democrat, Senator Pendleton, has supplied him and take his whisky punch in comparative comfort.

A CONTRAST.

Last Sunday I found my colored brethren and the street preachers in possession of the town. The hotels were crowded, the streets were thronged, and the outside work of the great coming event was in full blast. To-day the hotels are deserted, the streets comparatively quiet, the average Chicago soul not being worth saving. or the task being too hopeless to undertake. I have found no street missionaries laboring in the cause of Christ. I commend their judgment in their last Sunday's labors, for if there is work anywhere for the religious missionary it is in the ranks of the "grand old party." Judging from the convention scenes of the week which followed the missionary efforts of last Sunday I do not believe their labors bore much fruit, but at the same time the proceedings of the gathering demonstrated the great field that was opened for religious labor. As I passed Hooley's theatre about noon I found a large multitude of ladies and gentlemen emerging from the building. I had supposed that the regular exercises of the Chicago theatre did not begin on Sunday until evening, but I learned on inquiry that this was a Methodist meeting which occupied the boards in the morning, and that the regular Chicago exercises on Sunday do not begin until eight p. m. This relieved me a good deal, for I at first thought that they gave matinees Sunday forenoon in this badly demoralized convention city.

A CONVENTION RETROSPECT.

Sitting in the crowded convention hall in the face of a tumultuous audience from 7 p. m. Thursday until 2 a. m. Friday, gave me very little time to give the readers of Friday's GLOBE much idea of the scene presented, or business transacted, and I accordingly turn back a couple of leaves in the book of time and recur to this memorable night of the convention week. It was a brilliant and never to be forgotten scene. The well lighted hall presented a perfect sea of upturned faces, as viewed from the raised platform occupied by the press. The audience was in expectancy as the presentation of candidates for a presidential nomination is expected to develop both great eloquence and enthusiasm. Many, too, recalled a similar eventful night four years ago, when the intellectual giants of the Republican party were down on the bills as star performers. It was not, however. anticipated that that scene could be repeated. There was neither the material nor the occasion to produce the repetition. That was the one scene of a life time, and I never expect to look on the like again. Then Roscoe Conkling was the bright particular oratorical star, with the assassinated president scarcely occupying a second place. The scene as Conkling, ignoring the presidential platform, took his position on the reportorial table nearest the audience—the delegates—standing, tall and erect, a magnificent specimen of physical development, was absolutely inspiring. When the long and prolonged applause had subsided, without any preliminary "Mr. President" or "Gentlemen of the convention" he recited in tones so distinct that 15,000 people heard his words, this stanza of the famous Chas. G. Halpin, (Miles O'Rielly).

"When asked what state he hails from,
Our sole reply shall be,
He hails from Appomattox, and its famous apple tree."

If an electrical battery could have fired that audience off like a rocket, the effect could not have been more marked or instantaneous. The wildest scenes of the past week were as nothing in comparison, and as he proceeded with an oratory positively matchless, uttering his sentences so measured, clear and deliberate, it was a scene worth a journey of a 1,000 miles to witness.

When Joy, of Michigan, presented Blaine, the contrast was so painful that the supporters of the plumed knight swore with rage, and many of them literally shed tears of disappointment. It was not until Frye, of Maine, came to the rescue with a fiery seconding speech, that they could be in the least degree reconciled.

Garfield followed with an effort which will live in the annals of American oratory, but the cold blooded character of his subject—John Sherman—placed him at a disadvantage and the merits of his effort is better appreciated as it is read to-day than as it was heard four years ago. This was in direct contrast with Conkling's, for his speech can never be fully appreciated save by those who heard it uttered. Take this passage, for instance:

"Vilified and reviled, ruthlessly aspersed by unnumbered presses, not in other lands, but in his own, assaults upon him have seasoned and strengthened his hold on the public heart. Calumnies' ammunition has all been exploded; the powder has all been burned once—its force is spent—and the name of Grant will glitter a bright and imperishable star in the diadem of the republic when those who have tried to tarnish it have moldered in forgotten graves, and when their memories and their epitaphs have vanished utterly."

Though the paragraph contained less than 100 words, he was, probably three minutes in uttering it, every word being measured, every pause made clear, it reads tame as I peruse it to-day and contrast it with its delivery.

The speeches of last Thursday night, and early Friday morning, had many brilliant and memorable passages, but nothing which equal ed the work of the master minds who were present in Chicago in 1880.

Brandegee's speech, in presenting Hawley was tedious, and though it would pass as a moderately fair effort, every one felt that his subject had no chance in the race, and that made a lack of interest which prevented an appreciation of what merit it possessed.

Gov. Cullom's presentation of Logan was clap trap and commonplace, and the failure to pack the galleries with the veterans made the applause only moderate.

It was when Maine was reached that the pent up enthusiasm of that vast audience burst forth in a hurricane of applause, and a cyclone of demoniac yells. Profiting by their sad experience of four years ago the Blaine men did not propose to have their joy turned into sadness by Joy, of Michigan, and Judge West, the blind orator of Ohio, had been selected to present Blaine's name, with ex-Gov. Davis, of Maine, to second it. Judge West is a resident of Bellefontaine, Ohio, and totally blind. The Arthur men declared that he had been selected because no man who had ever seen the tattoo marks on his subject could warm up in advocating his cause. Judge West was the Republican candidate for governor of Ohio, in 1878, and was defeated by Bishop, of Cincinnati, the Democratic candidate. He was then nearly blind, and has since become totally so. It was strange that a blind man should have been sent to the convention at all. As he was led to the platform the scene was peculiar. He is a tall and physically feeble old man, and his countenance having almost the pallor of death. A high chair was provided for him, as it was understood he did not have the physical ability to stand while delivering his address. The first five minutes of his speech he stood upon the edge of the platform with two men watching to see that he did not so warm up as to step off, and twice they were obliged to admonish him by a clutch at his coat tail that a tumble was imminent. He then sank back into his chair and delivered the rest of his speech in a sitting posture, occasionally rising to his feet to give emphasis to some special sentence. He had evidently studied to make one especially dramatic sentence in his speech. In speaking of the battle for the freedom of the slaves, he rose to his feet and with vigorous gesticulation which called for his utmost physical effort, exclaimed:

"Wherever blows fell thickest and fastest, there in the fore front of the battle was seen to move the white plume of James A. Garfield, our "Henry of Navarre."

As he sunk back into his chair exhausted by his effort, his head reclining on the back of the chair, he discovered his mistake and declaimed the sentence over again substituting James G. Blaine for James A. Garfield, but the effect was lost. Very few, beyond the reporter's table, heard the correction. Steve Elkins, Blaine's chief fugleman, had set it up for a demonstration of applause at this passage, and some of the claquers took it up as it was, but the greater number didn't think Garfield's name belonged in that passage, and were waiting to be given the proper signal from Elkins, who was on the platform, to yell, while those who did applaud drowned the correction, and the elaborately conceived plot for "unpremeditated applause" still fell still-born. It was, fortunately, near the close of his speech, or the mistake would have been still more embarrassing.

The general verdict on Judge West's effort is not favorable, but I do not share it. I regard his speech as an excellent one for his cause, well delivered considering his physical condition, and saving for the slip noted, very effective, and as effective as any nominating speech.

Still, I consider, as I have already stated, if Gov. Davis had had the first place instead of the second, he would have improved upon any other speech of the evening, and he did improve upon Judge West's as it was. He won great praise as an orator, and by very many was given the laurels of the evening. While all accorded him the ability, many of his friends feared his voice would be inadequate for such a vast hall, but I doubt whether any other speaker of the entire evening made himself better heard than Gov. Davis, and his speech was rapturously applauded.

Townsend's presentation of Arthur's name, was almost as bad as Joy's presentation of Blaine's four years ago. Townsend is a man over seventy years of age, with snow white hair and about as big around the waist as he is tall, so that he looked a good deal like a white headed barrel with spectacles on. His speech was only noticeable for his thrusts at Conkling and "Me Too" Platt. That demonstrated that there is an irrepressible conflict in the "grand old party" in the empire state, which makes it certain that Blaine cannot carry New York in November.

Bingham, of Pennsylvania, who seconded Arthur's nomination, ought to join the shakers,—at least he shook himself so much that I suspect he belongs to that gang, anyway. His chief ambition seemed to be to shove the eye glasses off his nose, and then replace them. He had the temerity to eulogize the supervisor of roads in Fremont, Ohio, named Hayes, and pronounced a "dust to dust, ashes to ashes," funeral oration over Gen. Garfield. He wound up this portion of his speech with a verse of poetry, but the short hand reporters were such matter of fact persons that they did not discover it, and ran it right in as prose, so that the printed reports of his speech leave the poetry all out, typographically speaking. I am sorry for this, because, as the poetry was not original with him it was the best part of the speech.

Judge Foraker, the late defeated Republican candidate for governor of Onio, labored under the same disadvantage as Gen. Garfield four years ago, in having a cold subject to consider in the person of John Sherman. John is an icicle kind of a man, but Foraker is a smart fellow and made a splendid speech. He essayed to give a little taffy to the other candidates before he reached Sherman, but when he mentioned Blaine the shriekers applauded so long that he announced that he wouldn't mention anyone else until he came to his own man. He made a neat turn by telling the Blaineites "never to holler until you get out of the woods." While his speech was excellent oratorically it had no effect on the audience, because Sherman's candidacy was only a matter of form and half of the Ohio delegation was for Blaine on the start.

It was after one o'clock in the morning before Vermont (the last state with a candidate) was reached, and Edmunds was presented by ex-Gov. Long, of Massachusetts, and George William Curtis, of New York. They are both able men and splendid speakers, and their efforts combined made the Edmunds presentation the best literary effort of the evening. But it makes all the difference in the world whether you are speaking to a sympathetic or a hostile audience. There was too much Blaine steam in the boilers for Edmunds to come in, and their able efforts didn't awaken a responsive chord.

A BAD SELECTION.

Perhaps Gen. Henderson, on a warm day and without a cold, would make a good presiding officer, but at this time and place he proved most terribly incompetent. He had such a cold that it was positively painful see his efforts to speak above a whisper. His face would redden, the perspiration would start out on his forehead, and he looked as though he would either burst or choke to death in his frantic efforts to make himself heard. He ought to have had sense enough to have called one of his vice presidents to the chair, or had one of the reading clerks announce the motions and his rulings, but he did neither. He called Gov. Long, of Massachusetts, to the chair for about ten minutes, and McKinley, of Ohio, had a similar period, and those were the only times when there was any degree of order or quiet in the proceedings. With a different chairman a much more orderly scene would have been witnessed, and business would have been more rapidly dsipatched. The delegates could not understand the motions which he put, or the decisions which he made, and the convention became an absolute howling mob for lack of a competent presiding officer.

THIRTEEN YEARS AGO.

The first Sunday in November, 1871, and to-day are the only entire Sabbaths I ever passed in Chicago. I have always preferred to spend my Sabbaths in a Christian city like St. Paul, rather than in wicked Chicago. Even if I had to journey 400 miles to do so, but having the responsibility of the "grand old party's" national convention on my hands, I could not well escape this time. The Minnesota delegation having gone home and left me in charge, I must fullfil the trust and close up matters in good shape. In fact, now that I have got used to this line of business I don't know but I had better remain until a month from to-day when the convention is to meet that is to nominate the next president of the United States. That will be an interesting occasion, because it is arranged to ratify their proceedings at the polls.

But I degress, I have strolled about Chicago to-day. I have been recalling the Chicago of thirteen years ago on that November Sunday. It was three years after the great fire, and Chicago the north and south sides, lay a smouldering mass of ruins. With an old resident of Chicago I drove for miles and miles through the streets of the city, which were literally a desert waste, swept clean by the tongue of flame. One house only stood on the stretch of four miles, from the site of the smoldering court house to Lincoln park. As the north side had been chiefly occupied by residences, it had been swept so absolutely that it looked like a Minnesota prairie, which had never had a habitation, overrun by fire. On the south side, where the chief business blocks had stood, we threaded our way through the heat and debris and smouldering ruins without a single building standing. And now as I look at the stately business blocks, the absolute architectural palaces which would do credit to any city in the world, and which line the streets, and when I recall that half a score of years has elapsed since most of these structures were erected, I place Chicago in the front rank of any city in the civilized world.

The day following the great fire Joseph Medill, in his hastily rehabilitated *Tribune*, published a ringing editorial entitled "Chicago Will Rise Again." No truer words were ever uttered, and the Chicago of to-day has risen far superior to the Chicago prior to that wild October disaster in 1871. Her position as a trade center cannot be destroyed by the elements, and the people of this city have reason to be proud of their labors and success. This demonstrates that the vitality of a city does not depend upon the brick and stone and wood which may temporarily supply its structures, but in its natural advantages and such artificial ones as railroad lines supply. A city that has the basis for a city is as impregnable a fixture as the earth itself.

ODDS AND ENDS.

When Conger, the white delegate from the District of Columbia, was protesting against Carson, the colored delegate (there being but two from the district), having appointed himself a member of the national committee, he shouted at the chair: "I want to know if you are going to stifle the voice of the District of Columbia in this convention?" The chair replied: "I would be exceedingly glad to do so," and I guess he spoke his sentiments. Sambo was too many for his white compatriot.

The *Times* headed Senator Sabin's speech announcing that Minnesota had concluded to be solid for Blaine, "getting into the band wagon." Sabin delivered it well, and his "getting into the band wagon" was very generally listened to, which is saying a good deal in a convention where scarcely anything was heard but yells and cat calls.

There is talk about another ticket with Edmunds and Lincoln at the head, but that is all nonsense, neither one would ruin their party's chance by heading a third ticket. The way for the other Republicans to get to the front is to defeat Blaine at the polls, and then a new light will have to spring up four years hence. A vote for the Democratic candidate will count a double one for a third ticket.

I feel as though I ought to apoligize to some one, and I guess it is to the telegraph wire for attempting to load a joke onto it at the conclusion of my letter in Saturday's GLOBE. It was only murdered in transmission, as it ought to have been, and I am only sorry I didn't strangle it before it was born. There has been several instances when the wire has mixed me up a little during the past week, but the convention was a good deal of a mixture itself, and if the wire will accept my apology I won't do so again.

One of the Chicago papers elaborately explains why the water at the convention tasted of whisky. I venture to say that there wasn't a delegate who had any use for water last week. The apology was unnessary and ill-timed.

I believe Gen. McLaren and myself are the only ones from Minnesota who have been sufficiently stalwart to see the whole thing through, and attend church besides. A tour of the hotels discloses no other Cassibianca than McLaren, every other fellow on the steamboat has fled, and he only stopped to scrape off the moss so that Bill King need not execute his threat of doing it when he gets home.

No flower of our kindred,
No rosebud is nigh,
To reflect back our blushes——

I refer to the general's blushes. I never blush myself. But as all good things must end I suppose the "grand old party" could not be expected to keep their convention in operation, and I accordingly close my record and joining McLaren——

Fold my tent like the Arab,
And as silently steal away.

H. P. H.

The libraries at Yale college contain 161,000 volumes. The college library proper has 15,000 volumes.