

THE ROSS-SMITH RACE.

Ross Defeated by One Length and a Half After an Exciting Struggle.

THREE MILE HORSE, Sept. 1.

At 3.30 the Bertha lays at the stake boat and whistles three times to "come out." Just now a St. John man refuses an even bet of \$300 on Smith. Any quantity of money is being offered on Smith at even, but cannot find takers. Ross appears at his shore quarters and quickly gets into his scull and pulls over to the referee's boat. He wears a blue cap, trimmed with red band and tassels, striped blue and white shirt and blue drawers. He playfully sculls up and down the water near the referee's boat. Referee asks where is Smith. An annoying delay of several minutes occurs here. The Bertha again sends up

THREE UNHEALTHY YELLS, intended for signals. At 3.40 Smith's boat appears in sight; he is being rowed down from his quarters by Messrs. Spelman and Macdonald. Ross pulls over to where Smith's shell is and waits for him. In the meantime the representatives of the two men, Wm. Ross and Kuttan, toss for positions. Smith wins it; he chooses the inside water. Ross rows over to his quarter and takes off his striped shirt, and comes back with only his drawers and cap on. Smith also appears in sight, when a wild cheer is heard from his friends on shore. He wears a blue cap with white star, white flannel and colored drawers. Both men are in magnificent condition, and handle the oars in beautiful style. Smith pulls over to the referee's boat and asks Mr. Townsend "which position?" "Inside," Mr. Townsend replies. Smith answers "All right, my boys," and pulls away. The two men quickly get into position, and are waiting for the word "Go," when a boat pulls directly under Smith's boat, and, notwithstanding the shouts and remonstrances of those on shore, the boat stays there. Warren waves his hand, "What is it?" The man says

"THE STAKEBOAT IS ADRIFT." Ross says, "Never mind, let us have three miles straightaway," to which Smith replies, "You'll get it as straightaway as you want it." A moment later the four oars touched the water with lightning rapidity, and the men are off amid great cheering from the crowds on shore. The referee and a half dozen shout to them to "Come back, come back." They pull three hundred yards, and Warren's oar drops. "Not bad" is the universal remark. The had gone on a short practice. The delay is terribly annoying. The water is every moment getting rougher, but the referee has to go up to the turning boats to find that the outside boat has drifted several yards out of position. The boats were moored at low tide, and the incoming tide had caused the boat to drift several yards. The men were detailed to put her to rights, and the Bertha steams back to the starting point.

After a vexatious delay, the signal is given that the boats are all right, and at 22 minutes to six both men appear in their boats, and being recognized by the multitude were heartily cheered. Smith was first in position, quickly followed by Ross. At this moment the excitement was intense, and when at its highest point, among those on board the Bertha, another annoying hitch occurs. A few minutes remedies this. Both men are waiting patiently, both as calm and collected as if nothing unusual was happening. At 5.55, the referee gave the word "Go," and both boats bounded forward with tremendous speed, Ross pulling 36 to the minute and Smith 33.

ROSS TOOK FIRST WATER and led for at least 700 yards. The wildest enthusiasm prevailed among the people on shore, and as the boats sped along the course it increased and became more intense. Ross promised to lead from the start and fulfilled his promise. At the Tandy wharf he was fully one length ahead, pulling 33 sweeping strokes and steering a much better course than Smith, who had gone a great deal too far towards the shore, and several lengths out of his course, thus giving Ross a decided advantage, which the latter was not slow in making the most of. Both men now settled down to solid work, Ross at an average of 35 strokes. Ross gained perceptibly until off the Convent, when Smith's friends gave a tremendous cheer, which seemed to impel him to a new effort, for in response he put on three successive magnificent spurts, rowing 36 strokes to the minute, until he was neck and neck with his powerful antagonist. By this time Smith had pulled into line, and was rowing a straight course, his strong, sweeping strokes giving a decided advantage, and a minute later he was fully a length ahead, and settled to a stroke of 35 to the minute. He appeared to sit in his seat more easily, and worked more freely than Ross, and was rowing in magnificent form. Ross was pulling a slower, but more powerful stroke than Smith, and did not appear to have so complete a command of his shell. He doubtless relied on his repeatedly expressed theory that he was

going to row Smith down, pump him, etc., but he was deceived in the man. Smith had obtained the lead, and from that moment had the race in his own hands. He gained steadily, and on the part of Ross was unsuccess. When off the four-mile post the cheering was most enthusiastic. Ross spurted for three or four boat lengths, but this had no effect on Smith, who replied by slightly increasing his stroke. When nearing Smith's quarters both men steered straight for the quailing boats, and a terrible struggle commenced, in which Smith showed himself the best man. Ross was already rowed down; his friends on the referee's boat admitted it. Smith turned his boat at a minute to six o'clock. He made a beautiful turn, pulling eleven strokes, and straightened for home before Ross commenced to turn, being fully three lengths ahead. Mr. Dolphin expressed the opinion that Ross was rowed out. A tremendous cheer was given for Smith when on the home stretch, and when off his quarters Smith led by five lengths. At this point

ROSS PUT ON A MAGNIFICENT SPURT and made a desperate effort to diminish the distance, but it was futile, for Smith was master of the course. Ross now settled down to 30 strokes, and had evidently lost heart. Smith also lessened his stroke, and allowed Ross to gain on him until only a couple of boat lengths separated them. Off the four-mile post the cheering was perfectly deafening and Ross looked over his shoulder and put on another spurt, pulling 36 strokes in magnificent form for three boat lengths, but the open water between the two shells was impassable. As they neared the finishing boat, Smith slackened his speed and kept about a length ahead of his opponent. The wildest excitement prevailed. Smith crossed into Ross' water, and many of his friends returned a foul, but the one reply Warren returned a couple of extra strokes. Warren passed the winning boat a length and a half ahead amid the deaf-

ening cheers of his friends. The time officially stated by the referee was 21 minutes 8 1/2 seconds. Smith

COULD EASILY HAVE WON BY TEN LENGTHS

if he had been so disposed, as was acknowledged by Mr. B. Brennan. At the conclusion Smith rowed over to Ross and shook hands, which was the signal for another outburst of enthusiasm. Smith rowed over to his float, and was shortly afterwards taken to his quarters. Ross then rowed over to his quarters, where he was received with great enthusiasm. The defeated oarsman and his New Brunswick supporters took their defeat in a manly way. They frankly acknowledged Smith to be the best man, and that he had squarely and honestly defeated Ross. They speak highly of the treatment received from the Halifax Rowing association and the Halifaxians, and return home freely acknowledging the continued supremacy of Halifax in aquatic affairs. It will be noticed that Smith and Morris made better time at Silver Lake than was made today, but this may be accounted for by the difference between fresh and salt water.

The Pen and Razor.

[From the New York Star.]

Thomas Kinsella, editor of the Brooklyn Eagle, and Rev. Bernard Peters, editor of the Williamsburg Times, have been on very unfriendly terms for several months. During Kinsella's absence from Brooklyn one day, the Eagle printed an article in which considerable testimony was adduced to prove that Rev. Mr. Peters, before appearing in the role of a clergyman, was known as a first-class barber. In face of the strong case made against him, Mr. Peters did not deny that he had for a considerable time wielded a razor, but with great bitterness of feeling attacked Mr. Kinsella's social character. Mr. Peters next printed in his paper a column article, setting forth the righteous work he had accomplished after forsaking the barber shop for the pulpit. To this, Mr. Kinsella made the reply that Mr. Peters appeared to better advantage as a barber than as clergyman or editor. Thereupon, Peters cut Kinsella—not with his razor, but socially.

When the Sprague-Contingent affair was made public Mr. Peters thought he saw an opportunity for getting even with his old-time enemy, Kinsella, so he caused to be written an article entitled "What is the injured husband to do?" The query answered in this way:

The injured husband to right his wrongs, if he be a man of war and blood, will follow the example of "licker or Colander" and shoot the deceiver down on the spot where he finds him. But if he be a man of peace and believes in peaceful methods he will go to the courts and exact by law the penalty in dollars, 15,000 strong and over so many thousand dollars, and he will take the price of his ruined peace of home to the betrayed and say to her: "This is the price of your soul. This the law grants for the wrong inflicted upon me, but I will beget on you before I will touch kindred line of this sad gain. You have made yourself, by your infidelity to me, an outcast of society; here take it, and make the best of the good you may get of it, in your dishonored seclusion from the world."

When it is remembered that Mr. Kinsella once paid \$15,000 for an indiscretion, Mr. Peters' editorial will be understood.

Mr. Kinsella, in reply to his adversary's attack, wrote the following exasperating paragraph:

What is the injured husband to do? If he is a barber he will apply for the custom of the destroyer of his home, or sue for damages. At this stage of the quarrel the reverend editor of the Times, forgetting the holy calling he once honored, fell to calling names. Referring to Kinsella he said:

An Indian who shot a tomahawk his victim, who should next scalp him, and who should then tie his body to a tree and let a hawk or a buzzard take him, would be a more barbarous degree of inhumanity than does the big-headed Comanche who controls our Western district contemporary.

But even this sledge-hammer blow failed to put a quietus on the "big-headed Comanche" of the Eagle, and the witless barbarian again opened on the reverend editor of the Times. In an article headed "The chivalry of the barber's shop applied to a delicate subject," he says:

If our contemporary met with a similar misfortune to that which confronts Sprague, in his own opinion, at all events, we make no doubt that he would instantly institute a suit against the se for senator from New York for over so many thousand dollars, and he might be quite flattered by the size of his case. After he had got the scandal well under way, we have no doubt our contemporary would then begin to think that he placed an unreasonable money value on his "honor," and he would incline to the belief that he might take less and still make profitable advantage of it.

This argument ad hominem seems to have completely upset Rev. Mr. Peters' mental equilibrium. Lighthearts falling him, he sat down, interviewed himself for the Times and with a recklessness born of outraged sensibility launched out into profanity.

Assured by himself that the "public mind is greatly excited, no doubt" over the fight between himself and Kinsella, the reverend editor declared: "The contest shall be prolonged so long as I have health and strength and that portion of talent with which I am gifted. From that contest, sir, although it may unsettle men's minds and excite their feelings, and render them incapable for the discharge of the every-day duties of ordinary life; from that contest, sir, I will never shrink till I have set my heel upon the big-headed Comanche of the Eagle. I wish the people of Brooklyn, and the people of this country, to know, sir, that they may rely upon me; that I will not desert them; that I am resolved to stand by them, sir, to the last."

Here the interviewer grasped Rev. Mr. Peters' hand and exclaimed, "Your conduct is most noble, sir."

The quarrel, as far as the Times and Eagle are concerned, rests at this point; but it is reported that Mr. Peters proposes to seek satisfaction outside of his newspaper office. He has expressed the wish, it is said, that Kinsella will challenge him. In such an event the reverend editor will have a decided advantage over his opponent, for as the challenged party, he may select his own weapons. Armed with the flashing blade he is reputed to have once used so skillfully, his adversary will stand but a poor show for his life. Having finished Kinsella, Mr. Peters in his capacity of clergyman, can preach a funeral sermon; and, if looking for a "big-headed Comanche" obituary, thus bringing into requisition the talents of the various professions he has adorned.

The first French secretary of state who had to do with foreign affairs was Louis Ruvault, appointed by Henri III. in 1583; and from him to M. Waddington the present Minister, the post has been held by 106 persons—41 secretaries of state and 65 ministers. The one celebrated of them since the beginning of the last century was Cardinal Dubois [1718-1788]. Gen. Demouriez (1794), Prince de Talleyrand (1797 and 1814), Duc de Richelieu (1815), Chateaubriand (1822), Prince de Polignac (1820), Comte de Mole (1830), Duc de Broglie (1832), M. Thiers (1840), M. Guizot (1840), M. Lamartine (1848), Duc de Gramont (1870), and M. Jules Favre (1870).

Miscellaneous Reading.

"John Kelly's sour mash," on a big sign in front of the Prescott house, has no reference to Tammany's chieftain, but to a kind of whiskey.

The French academy has awarded a first prize for virtue to a sailor who saved nine lives at the risk of his own; and a second prize to two women for maintaining an orphanage by their own united labor.

When John Dixon, a Savannah negro, sat up in bed in the midst of his own funeral services, the assembled mourners ran yelling from the house, some of them getting out through the windows.

Chief Justice Morris of Ireland, and his wife and daughter, were recently driving through a pass in the Tyrol, when an avalanche was heard. They jumped out of the carriage and hastened on. The carriage was swept away, and the driver was killed.

The conjuring materials taken from a Georgian negro consisted of goose quills filled with broken needles, a vial of iron rust, the feathers of various birds, and a snake skin. The negroes of his neighborhood had long believed in and feared his power of working mischief with charms.

The latest news from that interesting exile, Mr. Theodore Thomas, is encouraging. Field marshal Murat Halstead reports that he is "in the ascendant and rising," and that under his able instruction the pizzicato chords and straccato strokes of the Cincinnati orchestra already show improvement.

News from Civita Vecchia tells of a striking act of courage performed by Garibaldi's daughter, a child of 12 years old. While bathing, a young man near, who could not swim, got out of his depth, and at his cry for help she struck out bravely for him, caught him as he was sinking, and brought him safe to land.

Red snow, which is usually found only in Arctic latitudes, is seen on a lofty summit near Mount Stanford in the Sierra Nevada. For several acres the vast drifts are of a beautiful pinkish tint to the depth of three or four inches. It is a beautiful spectacle. One explanation of it is that myriads of minute organisms cover the surface.

Mary Keesenker, one of the most enthusiastic of the converts at a camp meeting at Urbana, Ohio, fell into a trance while praying. Her friends believed that her condition was the result of a special blessing, and would not permit a physician to do anything for her. She lay unconscious several days, and finally died of spinal meningitis.

Anna Mayer of Louisville was told by her parents to practise steadily at the piano for two hours. They heard her pounding the keys about half of the prescribed time, and then the sound ceased. Mr. Mayer soon went to the parlor, and found her lying on the floor unconscious from chloroform, while two negro thieves were ransacking in an adjoining room.

The home for friendless girls at Deptford, England, was a murderous fraud. Laura Addiscott, its founder and matron, was assiduous in soliciting subscriptions, while she slowly starved the inmates on short rations of bread, molasses, and oatmeal. Four little girls died, and an investigation disclosed the wretchedness of the place. The woman was tried on a charge of manslaughter, and narrowly escaped conviction.

Although the French parliament sat at Versailles eight years, no four-in-hand was ever started for the regular conveyance of passengers thence to Paris and back. The drive takes only an hour and a half, and lies along capital roads, with picturesque scenery. But though several members of the jockey club kept talking year after year of their intention to set up "an mail," the project always ended in cigar smoke.

George Thompson was on his death bed in a hospital at Lexington, Ky. He sent for a police detective and confessed that he was a fugitive murderer from Tennessee, saying that he did not wish to die with the crime on his conscience. But he soon rallied, and there being hope of his recovery, declared that the confession must have been a freak of delirium, as he remembered nothing about it, and certainly had never killed anybody. However, he had time before he died to confess anew what was found to be the truth.

Lieut. Gen. Valentine Baker Pasha is likely to be nominated by the Ottoman government to an important civil and military post in Kurdistan. The continued excesses of the Kurds in western Armenia render necessary the presence there of a commander of ability. Baker Pasha showed himself such during the late war, he is popular with the Turkish army, and there is reason to believe that he will succeed in repressing the violence that now prevails, and in giving the country the advantages of peace and settled government.

There are only eighty-one female telegraph clerks employed in the imperial telegraph service of Germany, and they are all in the grand duchy of Baden, where they were "taken over" with the telegraphs when, a few years ago, these were purchased by the empire. Their salaries average from \$515 to \$1,000 a year, besides an allowance for lodging. But it has been determined by the authorities that any vacancies which may occur shall be filled by male clerks, not by females. Even in the private telegraph service of the railway companies, female clerks are few and far between.

In reply to an invitation to attend an anti-flogging meeting in South-west a few days ago, the Bishop of Manchester wrote: "I am hardly prepared to throw myself without reserve into the agitation for abolishing the punishment of the lash in the British army. Officers whom I know, who were not abusers, but humane gentlemen, have told me that they doubt if the discipline of regiments can be fully maintained without it. It is a humiliating confession to make, for there is no doubt that the punishment is a degrading one, and flogging ought not to be inflicted unless in the most extreme cases, when the man would seem hardly capable of further degradation."

Lord O'Hagan is the only Roman Catholic who has ever held the office of lord chancellor of Ireland, and, with the exception, we believe, of Lord Clare, the only one ever raised to a peerage in the United Kingdom. This last reward was the result of his services to Mr. Gladstone in the Irish church and land bills. It is a remarkable commentary on the ways of political life in England that while Mr. Gladstone has given titles and honors to scores of men, he himself has no handle to his name other than that common to all members of the privy council, nor any decoration whatever. Pitt and Fox were "the honorable" in right of birth, but neither ever had any order of knighthood. Pitt declined the garter, but accepted it for his brother, the second and last Earl of Chatham, a very weak vessel.

The Paris Petit Journal gives an interesting account of the progress of French savings, which shows what a wonderfully thrifty as well as wealthy country France is. The deposits for the seventeen years before the war showed a very marked increase in the material prosperity of the country, their annual

progression being about 30,000,000 francs, or \$6,000,000. After the war the deposits fell suddenly from 720,000,000 francs to 515,000,000 francs in 1872; then they began to rise gradually to 535,000,000 francs in 1875, and to 573,000,000 francs in 1877. At this date successful efforts were made to propagate the system of savings banks, and the deposits rose to 650,000,000 francs in 1875, to 769,000,000 francs in 1876, to 863,000,000 francs in 1877, and to 1,010,000,000 francs in 1878. Thus, in the space of four years, the deposits augmented 437,000,000 francs. No deposit is allowed to exceed 1,000 francs; when this sum is exceeded the savings bank purchases rente, which it delivers to the depositor.

The death, announced by cable, of Sir John Shaw Lefevre, formerly clerk of the parliament, and brother of ex-speaker Viscount Eversley, recalls the wonderful success of the descendants of those Protestants whom the edict of Nantes and earlier decrees banished from France. What seemed a dreadful misfortune proved the making of the Bouvieres, Lefevres, Laboucheres, Layards, and many other families, now of the first distinction in England. English and French combined ought to produce a superior animal, and no "strain" is more enduring than that of French blood. The late Lord Tannin's father, Peter Cesar Labouchere, was a man who remarkably illustrated Dutch solidity and French finesse. He married a Barling, and left a son who showed in his exquisite taste for the fine arts his French blood, and in his calm manners and shrewd common sense his Anglo-Dutch breeding. His nephew, the editor of the Truth, has much that is French about him.

In the large commercial cities of Germany and England may be found a considerable number of English married to Germans, but in the higher class of society English international marriages are chiefly with Americans.

In an article on the Russian peasantry the Moltva observes that the chief peasant in a village sometimes has more power than any man in the empire except the Czar. He has the power for instance, of ordering a culprit to be flogged, a right which is denied by law to any other public functionary or citizen in the empire. Further, a majority of the peasants in a commune can sentence one of their number to be beaten with sticks, and there is no appeal against the sentence, and the commune can still sentence a man to banishment to Siberia for life. This sentence has been passed for such petty offences as stealing a handkerchief or a little honey, or opening a brandy shop without the permission of the commune. In the government of Samara a man was sentenced to be banished together with his family. Shortly after, however, the senate, to whom the case was referred, decided that the man should be permitted to remain in his village, on the ground that his health would not permit of his going to Siberia. The case of the man's wife, however, was not considered; and the sentence was carried out, so far as she was concerned, though she was innocent of any crime, and had been directed to go to Siberia merely in order that she should not be separated from her husband.

The Parnell-Gray Quarrel

Both in England and Ireland great attention has been attracted within the last ten or twelve days to something more than a controversy between Mr. Parnell and Mr. Dwyer Gray, which threatened to break up the thin appearance of unity still subsisting in the home rule party. The controversy was concerned with two sets of facts, or alleged facts. The first set was the following:—It was said that on the night after the Ennis election Mr. Parnell was so elated with the victory he had achieved over the combined priests and moderate liberals that he quite forgot the decorum and reserve imposed upon him both by prudence and official position, and, while waiting at the Limerick Junction station for the mail train, addressed an improvised mob of peasants, describing in very caustic language some of his home rule colleagues in the house of commons. Now, any one who has the privilege of even a slight acquaintance with Mr. Parnell would know at once that such a slip was all but impossible. He is too much a gentleman—has himself too well in hand to allow himself to be betrayed into such grossness. But the report came to London, and it may well be that some of the gentlemen recognized their own portraits in the descriptions attributed to Mr. Parnell, and the recognition did not tend to make them more amiably disposed towards a colleague about whose thoroughness neither friend nor foe could make a mistake. The second incident was more serious, and made men forget for a time the first. It came about thus:—The Dublin Freeman's Journal, which is the property of Mr. Gray, contained a letter from its London correspondent, in which the rumors about the Limerick Junction speech were renewed, and it was further stated that at a meeting of home rule members a few days before, at which the attitude to be taken up on the Irish university question was discussed, Mr. Parnell had denounced the men who were not favorable to a vigorous policy as "a cowardly set of Papist rats." Meantime letters began to appear in the newspapers declaring that these rumors were part of a plot to discredit Parnell with the Irish Catholics, who were beginning pretty generally to show their appreciation of his candor and stanchness. Some who were influential priests. The controversy threatened to be an angry one, which would gather strength and bitterness as it proceeded. People were beginning to speculate what would be the next step, especially as Parnell announced his intention to explain his conduct before large public meetings in Ireland and ask the decision of his Catholic fellow-countrymen. Suddenly the *l'es eus ex machina* appeared in the person of Archbishop Croke, of Cashel, who addressed a letter to the editor of the Freeman's Journal, and at the same time telegraphed a most emphatic request to both members to forget the past and become friends. Dr. Croke is known to hold advanced views and to admire Mr. Parnell. The greater portion of the county Tipperary, for which Mr. Gray is member, is in his diocese. Hence there were reasons powerful enough to influence both men. A meeting was arranged by mutual friends and friendship to restore harmony. A fresh indication of established harmony was told that Mr. Parnell will immediately accompany to Ireland Mr. Shaw, the recognized chairman of the home rule members, in order to make arrangements in view of the approaching general election. Thus ends the scandal which might easily have widened into an irreparable and most mischievous breach. Doubtless the combatants will still retain some scars. But if all differences between Irish politicians could be as easily settled there would be hope for the Green Isle yet.

According to an act passed last session all schooner clearing at the Quebec custom house must now ship their crews and take out articles at the shipping office. This regulation is now being enforced here, all schooner captains having to furnish the collector with a certificate from the shipping master that the law has been complied with before they can clear.

Naturalist's Portfolio.

FIGHTING ANTS WITH ANTS.—The negroes of Mauritius have an interesting way of disposing of the termites, or white ants, which destroy their houses, and everything of wood in the country. When they see the covered ways of the termites coming near a building, they drop a train of syrup from one of these ways to the nearest nest of black ants. Black ants are very fond of sweets, but still more fond of termites. The first ones that discover the syrup follow it up till they reach the termite passage, when they at once return to their nest and prepare for war. In a few hours a black army in endless columns leaves the home, and starts for the white-ant stronghold. With great fury they rush into the galleries, and soon entirely destroy their enemies; and each one, on its return home, carries a dead termite, probably to eat.

THREATENED EXTIRPATION OF THE WILD PIGEON.—Sportsmen are waking up to the fact that the indiscriminate and wholesale slaughter of pigeons is rapidly thinning out the species. Sporting papers are full of complaints about the manner in which netters and trappers capture and kill the birds at their nestings in Michigan and elsewhere. It is suggested that a law be passed by all states in which the pigeon brings forth its young, prohibiting the killing or trapping of the birds for three years. It is claimed that this would give the flocks a chance to recuperate to such an extent that similar laws would not have to be passed for years afterwards. As a substitute for the pigeon during the years that pigeon-destroying is barred, the marsh blackbird is suggested. This bird is very abundant on the Calumet, Kankakee and Illinois rivers. It is claimed that they are great corn and grain destroyers, and that they could easily be spared. To show the way in which sportsmen massacre pigeons, 14,000 birds have recently been caught for slaughter at Peoria.—Chicago Journal.

Duke of Kent.

A German Jew paper, the *Lebaltische Hochenschrift*, has published the following historical reminiscence:—In the year 1810, under the nominal rule of George III., his son, Edward, Duke of Kent, settled in London in consequence of the unsettled state of his finances, and of the necessity of living more economically than was possible in England. Two years later he married the widowed Princess of Leiningen, with whom he subsequently resided at her castle at Amorbach, in the (old) Bavaria. There the prince was visited by Moses Montefiore (with whom he was acquainted), in order to arrange some financial matters, and during this visit the last mentioned personage took the opportunity of calling the attention of the royal duke to an expected change in the occupancy of the English throne, and advised him to return to his native country. The duke was, however, unwell, and postponed his departure, being desirous of awaiting his recovery before introducing his consort at the English court. Montefiore then betook himself to the duchess and urgently pressed on her notice the fact that no one could be heir to the throne unless he or she were born in England; that under the circumstances in which she was then situated she owed it to herself and to her coming child at once to repair to England. He reminded her that the death of George III. was shortly expected; that both the Prince Regent and the Duke of Clarence (afterwards William IV.) were childless;—the Prince Regent had lost his only child, the Princess Charlotte, in 1817 and that, consequently, after the two princes just mentioned, the throne would devolve on the Duke of Kent and his descendants. So earnestly did Mr. Montefiore press his point, especially with reference to the necessity for the heir to be born in England that the duchess followed his advice, and urged her husband to accompany her to England. On the 24th May, 1819, she gave birth to a daughter, eighteen years later, succeeded to the throne as Queen Victoria. This circumstance, concludes our contemporary, was the result of the sensible advice given by Moses Montefiore, and in part accounts for the esteem in which the venerable baronet is held by the court.—Leisure Hour.

Mistaken Identification.

A very remarkable case of mistaken identification was brought to light at the morgue in Brooklyn, yesterday. Ten years ago it seems Colonel Nagle, a well known Fenian leader, leaving a widow, Mrs. Sarah Nagle, but no children. It is said that Mrs. Nagle, who is now forty-five years of age, was addicted to the use of liquor. On Tuesday morning last, as reported in yesterday's Herald, the body of a woman was found in the river, near the Atlantic dock. Deceased, who was about forty-five years of age, wore a black alpaca dress, white undergarments, laced shoes, and in her pocket were found a whiskey flask and fifteen cents. The remains were taken to the morgue, and in the evening an old lady and a middle aged woman called and asked to see the body. They were given a description of the deceased, and said that it corresponded with the woman they were looking for, though they did not give the name of the person. On seeing the corpse the younger woman remarked that it was the person whom they had supposed it to be. Her companion did not look at the corpse. On Wednesday afternoon several well-dressed women called at the morgue and said they were from New York. They identified the body and said to the keeper that she was well connected, but they would not give her name. The same day Mr. George Wade, of South Portland avenue, visited the morgue and said that the deceased was Mrs. Sarah Nagle, a widow; that he had paid her board from week to week, and that he had given her more money than she was entitled to. After he had taken his departure, keeper McGuire was informed by persons who said they knew her that Mrs. Nagle was not dead. On Friday morning he ascertained that she was stopping at Mrs. McMahon's house on Navy street. He did not, however, apprise Mr. Wade of this discovery. Yesterday several women visited the morgue and wept over the remains. Coroner Simms had, in the meantime, taken Mr. Wade's affidavit and those of the several women who identified the deceased. The former recognized her chiefly by a scar or other mark on the forehead. He was summoned before the coroner's jury about two o'clock in the afternoon while the undertaker was in waiting without, and he reiterated his identification.

A LITTLE SURPRISE.

"Well, then," said the corner, "come out here and we will fix it up." Coroner Simms then conducted Mr. Wade to the front office of the dead house, where the real Mrs. Nagle was seated in company with a female friend. Mr. Wade threw up his hands and exclaimed, "My God! what's going to become of me!" Mrs. Nagle arose from her chair, and said in a loud tone of voice, "Well, I don't blame you." A few words of explanation followed, in which she stated that Mr. Wade had in his possession \$10,000 of her estate. She then left the morgue in company with him and her female companion. The undertaker was turned away and an inquest held on the body of the unknown woman, which was then interred at the expense of the country.

A TRAMP.

Since the opening of navigation this year 350 vessels have arrived in this port, and 312 departed, leaving in port now 328 vessels. For the same period last year 322 vessels were entered inwards, and 282 outwards, leaving 338 vessels in port. This year's 312 river craft have arrived against 3303 up to this date last year, showing a decrease of 181.

Mr. Wade was visited by a reporter last evening and said that he had been well acquainted with Mrs. Nagle's parents. Her maiden name was Taggart, and they resided in Willow street, Brooklyn heights. Her father was quite wealthy. Sarah, Mr. Wade said, was a spoiled child, and when she came to womanhood married Colonel Nagle, who went to Ireland in command of a Fenian expedition. The party was arrested and all its members confined in prison for a long time. The colonel after a few years received a pardon and was allowed to return to this country. He had been here but a short time, however, when he died. Mr. Wade said further that upon his own return from Europe he found her in poor circumstances, and knowing that she was entitled to some money brought suit against a relative to recover. In this he succeeded, but her money became exhausted about two years ago, and he had since continued to pay her board rather than have her become a charge upon the country. He had another judgment of \$3,000 against the relative, but was unable to collect it, as the defendant was without means. After the discovery made yesterday he accompanied her to one of her former residences, and after furnishing her with some money, returned home.—New York Herald.

Catching an Alligator.

On the end of a well worn afternoon out party turned back along the smooth paths through the natural park. At one lumber camp we passed logs which were being rafted down a creek to a bay in Florida. As the shadows were growing heavier under the trees, our host, L., paused opposite a small pond covering a quarter acre in an open. Do you see that alligator? he said, pointing to a black log six or seven feet long lying half in mud and half in water a few yards out. That fellow is stupid yet, just out of winter quarters and half torpid. A pine knot thrown and striking close by did not disturb him. The professor, roused to action, scooped a prize. "Gentlemen, we must have that specimen for the Chicago academy of sciences. We must capture him. No eye to be lunged out or skull cracked by a musket ball. We'll ship him alive, and mount him afterward at our leisure." The good genius of our friend appeared on the scene at the instant in a long-shanked, dark, mounted on that imp of awkwardness, our senile pony acquaintance of the morning. A sound the beast's neck was whirled a lariat of length, evidently at the expense of some white man's clothes-line. That rope was just the thing to yank our dizzy alligator out with. A bargain was quickly struck. L., as best posted in habits of the game, was to take the loose end of the lariat and, wading out, drop a slip nose over the rough tail. The colored gentleman was to start his steed, and we were to give a helping pull. The programme was carried out to that extent without a slip. The pony moved and so did the alligator. The ducky yelled and struck his heels in, and everybody shouted the resistance at the other end of the lariat, made the discovery to what he had become attached, and at once devoted his whole attention to the subject. There ensued a system of kicking that caused the long-shanked colored gentleman to vacate the saddle and take up a position between the ears, where he hung like a spider. Then followed a slight that drew the half grown alligator with a rush out of the water, and over the ground and against trees until the lariat parted. In the gloom that had now gathered, the terror-stricken pony disappeared among the trees in a dissolving view of high-lighted heels, with a woolly head and rolling eyes hanging on somewhere. As the latter did not come back for his pay, it was presumed that he desired to terminate the contract. As to the alligator, however torpid he may have been when the proceedings started, the mad race, too foremost, over the ground and against trees, effectually warmed him up, and the blood commenced to circulate sufficiently for all practical purposes. The jaws came together like a steel trap whenever we approached, and as it was late and we had no weapons, this valuable specimen was left to himself, and lost to science.—Chicago Tribune.

A Letter From a Tramp.

The following letter appeared in Wednesday's N. Y. Sun:—

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN:—Sir: In last Friday's Sun "Justice" and "Indignant" gave expression to sentiments that do credit to their humanity, and consideration for the rights of a class whose walks are through the darkest paths of life have been evinced by the Sun on many occasions. It is a solemn truth that fortune takes strange vagaries, and that a combination of circumstances may reduce any man to the condition of a beggar, through no fault of his, but in spite of his best exertions to prevent it. Yet the minds of many good people have been embittered of late against tramps by one or two sheets whose vituperative eloquence is not yet exhausted. The word tramp seems to be a synonyme for thief with these libellers, that know nothing and care less about the history of the lives or misfortunes of our wretched creatures, or of how we were reduced to our present situation.

I know there are some tramps who will thrive, as well as richer folks; but my experience assures me that poverty is the only crime that most of them (especially the more wretched looking) can be charged with. As I do not know the particulars of Taylor's battle with a tramp, I cannot, of course, say how far that constable's conduct was reprehensible; but I know that for a long time past any ill-minded officer could have a whack at a tramp, knowing that that tramp was too poor to get justice, and too unpopular to get pity.

As a rule, our wretchedness excites fear rather than commiseration, and although some of us have been happier days, and never wilfully injured a fellow creature, we are seldom anything but objects of contempt and reproach.

If a trifling misfortune happens to a rich man the world knows of it, and he at once becomes an object of public attention and sympathy, while I and my fellows, wanting the comforts of a settled home, sleeping to-night on the board beds of a station house, to-morrow night on the benches of the park; working when we can get a job, and begging or starving when we can get none, with no friends to whom we can unbosom our trials and afflictions, none with whom we can share our thoughts, or to whom we can look for sympathy—we suffer unknown in solitude and silence, except when petty tyranny turns its attention toward us in order to persecute us.

Let criminals be punished, whether they be tramps or millionaires; but in this free land let no one be clubbed merely because he has the misfortune to be dirty or bare-footed.

A TRAMP.