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FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

GREAT BRITAIN.

MR. REVERDY JOHNSON'S LAST EXHIBITIONS—THE CUNARD JOB—THE TESTIMONY OF MR. BURNS—"THE PALL MALL GAZETTE" ON PRESIDENT GRANT.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

LONDON, April 3.—The delay in appointing a Minister to England occasions some comments which I wish President Grant could hear. Among all our old enemies who for the last six months have been Mr. Reverdy Johnson's warmest friends, there is open exultation. They say he is not to be recalled after all. That is not perhaps of much consequence, since they will be, as usual, abundantly comforted by the result. They say also that even if recalled, his recall after so long delay will imply neither disgrace to him nor repudiation of his professions and his conduct. That *is* of consequence, and it would have been well if it could have been anticipated by the President, and prevented by prompt action. I do not hesitate to say that the retention of Mr. Johnson for a month as Minister under Grant's administration is a national misfortune. It throws doubt on the position. It permits Mr. Johnson's friends to assert, with a show of reason, that the American press—and THE TRIBUNE especially—misrepresented President Grant's views in respect to Mr. Johnson's attitude and his convention. They say, and I think they have a right to say, that the delay in removing him is an indorsement of his course as Minister. Of course, I know it is not so meant. I know that three months ago nobody was more indignant at the humiliations put upon his country by Mr. Johnson than Gen. Grant. *I* don't suppose he has in the least changed his opinion. And I know also the reason alleged for the delay, the deplorable controversy about the Tenure-of-Office law and the President's reported determination to make *no* removals while that dispute is unsettled. But Englishmen neither know nor care for such details. They look at the facts. They see Mr. Johnson still Minister—Minister for a month after the inauguration of a President whose accession they expected as a signal for the instant repudiation of Mr. Andrew Johnson's Envoy. They chuckle over it, and when they and Mr. Reverdy Johnson get merry together over their wine things are said which I think President Grant, if he knew them, would put a stop to, even at the risk of conceding a point in his struggle with the Senate. Before this letter can be read in America, I suppose and hope the removal will have been made. My complaint may seem in that case to have come after the grievance is removed, but I will endure that reproach. The removal now cannot do for us what it would have done three weeks ago. The hands can't be put back on the clock. There is a month during which Mr. Reverdy Johnson has had some right to say he was here as the representative of a Republican Administration. He has improved that opportunity to make that Administration responsible for some of his most odious and degrading exhibitions. This week he has been speaking at Newcastle, again repeating his maudlin utterances, his assurances of an affection that does not exist except in his excited fancy, and of that desire for compromising just claims which the whole American nation has repudiated with energy. President Grant ought not to have exposed us again to that humiliation.

When, some time ago, the Corn Exchange at Luton (described in a former letter as being in progress, together with some features of the town and its antique inhabitants,) was completed it was suggested that the American Minister was an available person to open it. Accordingly the Tories, a military officer or two, and the High Churchmen of the place, sent an invitation in due course to Mr. Johnson. It was of course accepted. A gentleman in town sent up to Mr. Johnson a copy of THE TRIBUNE containing the notice of Luton, to which I have referred, as a loan, together with other papers. Their timeliness and usefulness were subsequently acknowledged, when the remark was made by the sender that it was odd that the parties inviting Mr. Johnson were persons who did not care anything for America, and had been accustomed to rejoice in any disaster happening to her. At the same time a mischievous friend, who knew Mr. Johnson's ways, gave a hint that he should be invited to open some Sunday-School of the Dissenting type, or perform at some chapel ceremony. Of course Mr. Johnson accepted this also, to the consternation of the select party, who thought they had the exclusive privilege of parading a live American Minister before the straw-bonnet town; and they gave out that Mr. Johnson would not come. This stopped the sale of the tickets for the Dissenting Tea Party. But the clergyman in despair wrote to the Embassy, and received answer that Mr. Johnson would come. Again the sale of the tickets went up, and a triumphal arch was erected in the Dissenting street. Great was the dismay of the Corn Exchange party, who had pledged themselves Mr. Johnson would never go to the Dissenters. On the night of the dinner the chapel was crowded in every part, when, lo! news came that His Excellency had received a telegram demanding his immediate presence in town, as the United States were going to pieces again, or some other dreadful catastrophe had occurred, requiring Mr. Johnson's immediate attention. The Minister was put into a private carriage and driven off from the Corn Exchange to the railway station, and the Dissenters, like Lord Ullin and his congregation of tea-drinkers, were "left lamenting." Mr. Johnson's invitation to Newcastle-on-Tyne, where he has this week appeared with a loquacity surpassing all previous efforts, is still more peculiar. The Liberals had an avowed disinclination to the invitation, which was got up by the Tory section of the Town Council. The Northern members of Parliament made no secret of their aversion to the proceeding. This was so well understood that the Mayor wrote Mr. Johnson a letter which was suggestive of the visit dropping through. Mr. Johnson had the sagacity to see the purport of it, and indicated that the invitation might lapse. Scarcely three weeks ago *The Newcastle Chronicle*, edited by an influential member of the Council, stated that the visit was off. It came on again through a Mr. Allhansen, the proprietor of some chemical works which he wanted to show to Mr. Johnson, and who is also concerned in some scheme for running steamers from Newcastle-on-Tyne to America, from which he hoped to obtain some advantage through Mr. Johnson's influence. He wrote a pressing letter of invitation, offering Mr. Johnson the hospitality of his house, and as Newcastle has historic repute for the genial entertainment of strangers, and is withal a very interesting place, both picturesquely and commercially, to see, it was an invitation which a visitor might naturally be disposed to accept, and which Mr. Johnson did accept. Thus brought into the town, the old question was revived of paying him official attention, and as Newcastle never does these things by halves, a great display has been made—both of and by Mr. Reverdy Johnson.

The report of the House Committee on the Cunard job has at last been printed, together with the evidence. The Committee, by a majority vote, recommended that the contracts should be canceled, but the adjournment of the House for the Easter holidays prevented the taking a vote on the report, until after the date within which the contracts became complete by lapse of time. Had the vote been taken there can be no doubt the job would have been repudiated. Not only is the evidence overwhelming, but the Government, after some vacillation had at last made up their mind to throw over the contract, as too bad to be defended. The difficulty is, they did not decide soon enough. The interior history of the business is one which I should be glad to relate, and which the public has both a right and an interest to know, but I am precluded from stating the facts by a subsequent request of my informant to regard the conversation as confidential.

The report itself, and the evidence, fill 196 folio pages. Some of the testimony is of a very remarkable character. I may say in a general way that it confirms and more than confirms my own statements made at considerable length in a former letter. The evidence most damaging to the Cunard Company is that given by Mr. Burns, one of the partners and managers of that company.

Mr. Burns commenced his testimony by stating, in a majestic way, that he did not intend to come before the Committee at all, but finally, out of respect to them, had consented to appear. This effort to put the Committee under a sense of obligation, did not, however, succeed. The Chairman replied quietly—though his reply is not in the printed evidence—that the Committee desired Mr. Burns's evidence, and that if he had refused to come they should have sent for him. I believe he did not say send the Sergeant-at-Arms; but Mr. Burns, like all others present, understood what was meant, and he became comparatively docile. The incident is only worth mentioning as an illustration of what an Englishman would call the very swell style in which the Cunard people treat the Government and their other patrons. Mr. Burns then proceeded to testify that this Cunard Company consisted of Sir Edward and Mr. William Cunard, Messrs. MacIver, his brother, and himself—that these six or seven individuals were the sole partners. Doubtless the Committee felt a sense of relief on discovering that this association, heretofore surrounded with a kind of awful mystery, was only human. Then came an account of the new "alliance" entered into between the Cunard and Inman Companies, which, said Mr. Burns, had been "fighting" each other for twenty years. The Cunards had all along had enormous subsidies, Inman had had none, but old arrangements were broken up, the Post-Office in 1868 showed a disposition to treat with the Inman Company on the same terms as the Cunard, and then a flow of light broke in upon the mind of Mr. Burns. If, he said to himself, we cannot have a contract by ourselves, let us have it with Inman, and with him alone. In that way we can at least keep out those dreadful "foreign" companies. For it appears that, spite of subsidies and jobs, the Cunard Company was in a bad way. "Foreign competitors had come in, being under no British rules, and had so eaten in upon our service that we were obliged for our common preservation to make common cause." So Cunard and Inman struck hands. They made a joint offer to carry the mails for £150,000 a year. The Government declined. Then Mr. Burns went to London to see what could be done, and he finally assented to the offer of £105,000 because "there was a greater advantage than the money in that contract, which was that I was enabled by this negotiation to cement a commercial friendship with Mr. Inman, which I consider of more value to him and to us"—meaning, of course, that they hoped by a coalition to drive the "foreigners" out of the kingdom. Mr. Burns was then asked as to the Tuesday service, which formed one part of their tender. At first he protested against the Tuesday boats being called "slow cargo boats," but in the end he had to admit that they deserved that name. "The Tuesday service," he said "was never contemplated to be a service of such great excellence or such great speed as the Saturday service." Asked whether, even now in the event of the ratification of this very contract, procured on the strength of an offer to carry the Tuesday mails, he meant to make the Tuesday service as good as the Saturday, Mr. Burns said No. The Tuesday mails are to be carried for eight years, apparently, in such tubs as the Tarifa, the Siberia, and the Samaria. He justified the payment on the ground of the extra expense incurred by calling at Queenstown, but presently had to admit that the expense of calling at Queenstown would not exceed £10,000 a year, while he received £35,000 for it, and moreover that these Tuesday vessels had called and would call at Queenstown for passengers, whether they took the mails or not. As a specimen of the way in which Mr. Burns sought to fence with the questions of the Committee, take the following dialogue:

Q. Do you not send boats to Queenstown that do not carry mails? A. All the ships that go to America now carry mails.
Q. Do all your ships call at Queenstown, then? A. Yes, all of them, because they all carry mails.
Q. Every ship that you send to America carries mails? A. Yes.
Q. Did all your ships call at Queenstown in the year 1868? A. Yes, all of them.
Q. Did they all then carry mails? A. No, the B (slow cargo) ships did not carry mails.
Q. But they called at Queenstown? A. They called at Queenstown.

Of first-class vessels Mr. Burns admitted they had but six in their whole fleet, yet he testified also that to keep up one efficient mail service weekly eight or nine were required. He swore that their instructions to commanders enjoined upon them always to study safety before speed, but did not say whether this injunction had applied to the recent race between the Russia and the City of Paris. The contradictions in his extraordinary testimony are so numerous that I can only select here and there a sample. Mr. Seeley asks if, without a subsidy, the Company would not still dispatch their ships at fixed periods. "No," replies Mr. Burns, bluntly, "that depends entirely on trade requirements." A few minutes later the question is repeated: "Supposing you had no subsidy, should you run steamers regularly to the United States throughout the year if you did not carry the mail bags?" Answer—"I hope so." "You intend to do so, do you?" Answer—"*Yes, fully.*"

The Committee were naturally interested to discover how it was that foreign companies which had no subsidy should be able to "get into" the Cunard so as to drive it into an alliance with Inman for self-preservation. Even the ingenuity of Mr. Burns was taxed to supply reasons. He talked vaguely about Board of Trade restrictions to which English companies were subject, and from which foreign companies were exempt. Then came this dialogue:

Q. I think I understood you to say that it would scarcely be possible for you to go on as you are without this subsidy? A. Certainly.
Q. And Mr. Inman was of your opinion? A. Yes.
Q. And therefore you coalesced together? A. Yes.
Q. Against the other steamship companies? A. No, not against the other steamship companies.
Q. But in order to preserve your position? A. Yes, because we found that our own country was not supporting us against foreign aggression!

Because, in other words, the Government doubted whether to go on paying enormous subsidies to enable the Cunard Company to compete with "foreign" lines, which, without any subsidies, were building better and faster ships, and so, naturally, attracting every year more passengers. The colloquy proceeds:

Q. You mean that they were getting the goods and passengers? A. Not so much goods as passengers. That was one of the great causes which brought Mr. Inman and myself together.
Q. Then, what was simply your motive for coalescing with Mr. Inman? A. *It was simply a matter of self-preservation.*

That, at least, was an honest, though humiliating, confession. Earlier in his examination (pp. 111-112), Mr. Burns had stated that they were in close competition with French lines, and German lines, but that it was the German lines who were "eating in upon our traffic" most of all. Now, he stated a half hour later, that the French lines affect him by abstracting cabin passengers (as if cabin passengers to America were the natural property of the Cunard Company), and when asked if he is also injured by the North German Lloyd and Hamburg lines, answers: "We may be injured by a policy, but it is impossible to say with regard to those companies"—the same companies which shortly before he had described as foreign aggressors, who ate into the Cunard, even more than the French line.

I think anybody who takes the trouble to follow Mr. John Burns a little way through the winding course of his evidence, can have no difficulty in coming to a conclusion on the merits of the case. The North German Lloyd and Hamburg Companies have built within the last two or three years some 12 or 13 very fast ships. They are admirably managed, and in their attention to the comfort of passengers they have greatly surpassed the Cunarders. Passengers have found out the facts, and are crowding the German lines. The Cunard Company have built no new vessels for two or three years, and only two since 1864. They have, in all, but five first-class ships for mail and passenger traffic. On their own showing, eight or nine such ships are requisite for a single weekly service. To support their failing line, heretofore enormously subsidized for one service, they have obtained a fresh subsidy of £70,000 a year for eight years on the pretense of carrying two mails weekly by a fleet insufficient for one service. The job, shameful as it is, has just escaped being repudiated, and in spite of the evidence now published, the Company will fatten for the next eight years on money plundered from the Treasury for a service they will not and cannot perform. It is unpleasant, but things have been so managed that there is no help for it. Mr. Seeley still hopes to secure an alternative penny postage on the system I explained in my last letter, but he is hopelessly beaten in his struggle with an odious monopoly.

It may interest you to see what kind of ammunition is furnished to enemies of America by *The New-York Nation*, and what use they make of it. The following is from to-day's *Pall Mall Gazette*, which, after charging bribery upon Gov. Fenton, says:

"But still more striking circumstances are stated affecting Gen. Grant himself. They are told, not by an enemy, but by a Republican, in the columns of *The New-York Nation*. He says that the President nominated Mr. Stewart to an appointment 'the day after he had presented Gen. Grant with a check for $65,000, for a house given to him by a number of gentlemen, of whom Mr. Stewart was one.' Another of his nominees, Mr. Borie, subscribed for the purchase of a horse for Gen. Grant in Philadelphia. 'Gen. Grant's avowed determination,' says the writer, 'to bestow a number of valuable offices upon his personal friends is not wise or just.' He mentions one or two other instances. This is not corruption on the part of the President, but it is very remarkable indiscretion."

The malicious ingenuity with which facts in themselves innocent are wrought into an accusation against President Grant could not easily be surpassed. The indecency and untruthfulness of the libel may fairly, perhaps, be divided between the two guilty journals. G. W. S.

FRANCE.

THE NEW TRIUMPH OF VICTORIEN SARDOU—THE FRENCH THEATER.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

PARIS, March 30.—Of the many stage triumphs Victorien Sardou has won, this last of the *Patrie* is the greatest, as both to him and the public it is the most honorable. The subject is grander, the sentiment nobler, the treatment larger and more vigorous, than in any of his previous works. It is an historical drama—a tragedy, as we say—not classic but eminently heroic. Reviving, though without the slightest touch of imitation, the traditions of Victor Hugo and Dumas, it is fit that it should be brought out at the Porte St. Martin, the scene of their triumphs, restored now from its prodigal debauchery of leg pieces and Bengal lights to the legitimate drama. It is worth noting, by the way, as a rather singular feature of an historical drama of the romantic school, that Sardou has managed, without any forced restrictions, to limit a real unity of action within 24 hours and the walls of one city. The city is Brussels, under Alva and the Council of Troubles, in 1570. The tragedy has for its historical base a conspiracy of the patriots still remaining there for the overthrow of the Spanish rule, in the execution of which they are to be aided from without by the Prince of Orange, who lies near one of the gates awaiting their signal for attack. The plot is revealed to Alva by the wife of one of the chief conspirators, for the sake of destroying him and saving another, his friend and her lover. The character of this personage has been criticised by some as unnatural; but remembering that she is young, Spanish, passionately in guilty love, and that her husband is old, heretic, and as absorbed in passionate love for his country and liberty—seeing withal that Fargueil, the first actress in strongly emotional parts now on the stage, and it does not appear unnatural.

I will not attempt to give here an analysis of the piece. It would be but a skeleton at best—but the bones of the banquet that thousands crowd to nightly at the Porte St. Martin. I speak of it all rather for the sake of introducing a few words about the guests. Here is the most popular play of the season. To secure a good seat in the house you must take it weeks in advance, or pay an extravagant price for it to the speculators. The superior art of the three principal actors, the satisfactory performance of the least roles, the admirable *mise en scene*, the tableaux and nicely harmonized stage effects of all kinds (which, it is said, are almost as much of Sardou's authorship as the libretto), doubtless contribute for a large part to the attractiveness of the drama. But these are but the proper means, and always kept subdued to their legitimate end of illustrating and completing the expression of its leading sentiment. This sentiment, indicated by the title of the work, *Patrie*, is patriotism, not *Chauvinism*—not "our country, right or wrong," but our country right, with its rights, civil and religious liberty. And as often as—and this occurs very often during the five acts—this sentiment is emphasized by a striking situation, by generous words, or by sublime acts of sacrifice, there swells the multitudinous applause deep, loud, and long. The critics, too, the Monday feuilletonists of the evening and the morning—though among them Sardou counts a number of intimate enemies and mortal friends—are singularly agreed in his praise this time. The few discordant notes do but enhance the general encomium; they are sounded only by two or three inharmonious Government or Church organs. It has for a long time been a favorite, slightly justified amusement with some malicious few to search for and discover or invent plagiarism in each new play of Sardou's writing. The right long since conceded to Molière, Shakespeare, and the less wealthy poets, to take their goods where they find them, has been denied to him; and essential or accidental similarities between anything in the fable or phrase of one of his comedies, and anything picked or strained out of one of Edgar Poe's or of some lesser writer's stories, were paraded as *corpus delicti*, proofs of large-handed robbery. With modest inconsistency, these pitiful detectives while insisting on the *vol manifest*, always equally insisted on the excessive ingenuity of the plagiarist in disguising the manifest theft. One of these subaltern literary police made a long report in the *Figaro* last week, the object of which was to show that *Patrie* was little more than a French version of a libretto written long years ago by Camerano for an opera of Verdi's, which could not get played. By the detectives own showing, the resemblance was exactly of the same kind, and specifically much the same as that which Fluellen discovers between Macedon and Monmoth. Deprecating any intention of being disagreeable to the plagiarist, he signs himself *Inconnu*, the Unknown. Sardou, who has, if he chooses to turn it that way, a talent of writing for the press quite as remarkable as for the stage, smashes the argument and its author, with a gravestone, as it were, and epitaphs on it, in a letter addressed to the dramatic editorial critic of the *Figaro* as follows: "Here is my answer to the strange letter of your *Inconnu:* I never did read or see the Italian opera he speaks of, nor does his brief analysis of it provoke any desire to. I will not do this charge of plagiarism the honor of refuting it; that is an office admirably performed by the *Inconnu* himself in his comparison of the two pieces. To save him the trouble of further search in Camerano for details of the conspiracy, I refer him directly to Hooft, History of the Low Countries, Vol. I., p. 163. It is much more interesting and more instructive reading than the Italian *libretto*."

To return to the drama, and its reception by the French public. Without exaggerating the intrinsic literary and moral value of either, the two taken together—such a success of such a play—are hopeful and noteworthy signs and substantial proof of the awakened, advancing new spirit of the time. Watchful of that spirit, intelligently and by unconscious instinct sympathetic with it, Sardou, who is in no sense a politician or reformer, but *par excellence* in all senses, and by trade a playwright, writing for the popular stage and success for the day, rises, with the new day and the resurrected public life—the revived political vitality of the French public—to a higher theme and a loftier style than he dreamed of, thought of, cared for, desired, or dared to venture on ten years ago, five years ago, two years ago. In those years, even if the censorship had permitted the letter of *Patrie*, the audience had not accepted, and assimilated to their own, its spirit.

The age and body of the time—his form and presence being mirrored on the French theater with a degree of fidelity unapproached by ours, where pieces and actors are mostly foreign, merely entertaining, not representing nor occupying us—the stage here is all the world in epitome—offers at least a microcosmic view of the great public's taste and sentiment. Tried by the theatrical standard, these have undergone a creditable change of late. There is not now, nor has there for some time been, in Paris, any of those garish spectacles whose principal authors were the machinist, ballet-master, and undressmaker—the so-called literary collaborator subordinating his brains, with due appreciation of their worth, to the legs of the troupe. It was just at the Porte St. Martin where these had such vogue, but where, at last, it is comfortable to know that the finest work of them, the *Biche au Bois*, at last ruined Marc Fouriner; that Felix Raphael inaugurated his management last Autumn with the drama of Cadio, a literary work drawn from one of George Sand's, or, as that lady author now more femininely signs herself, Madame Lina Dudevant Sand. Not deterred from his purpose by the very moderate pecuniary success of this first attempt, M. Felix, in his reformatory efforts, has now secured his reward in *Patrie*. It is no offense to Mr. Raphael Felix to say that he is not a fanatical moral reformer, nor that his literary tastes and acquirements are inferior to those of Marc Fouriner, who has given reputable proofs of his quality in both those kinds. But he is a very shrewd dealer in theatrical goods, and aims to furnish such as suit his customers, and so draws them in nightly crowds to his house in Paris with legitimate drama, as he drew them in nightly crowds to his London last year with the bold bouffoneries of Mlle. Schneider.

She, being really a very clever actress, still draws at the Bouffes in the *Diva*, Offenbach's last musical drollery. I think it will be his last in that kind, with which he and his imitators have nearly satiated the French public. He too has ambition for better things. *Vert-Vert* is having a good run at the Opera Comique, and is admitted by critics and public to be in advance of his two previous attempts to compose for that house. Now he is in negotiation for a five act libretto, a *Grand* Opera, with Sardou, who, it is said, has also received proposals from Verdi to librettize the *Patrie* for that composer. Nor is this the end of the trophies of Victorien, the Victorious; the Brussels folks are proposing to present him with the liberty of their city, and Belgians resident in Paris are getting up a subscription to offer some more substantial token of honor to "a great writer who has produced a great work that will show all France what kind of men those are whom certain ones would make Frenchmen of to rob them of their past for the benefit of the history of France. The name of this writer is Sardou. The title of his drama is PATRIE! and this country is ours," and so on through several slightly emphatic, but earnest paragraphs, runs the patriotic call of the organizer of the subscription to his compatriots living in France, who do protest against the "agglomeration" of their free little Belgium to Napoleonized, great France.

Although it was performed for the last night, *La Famille des Gueux* deserves a word in this connection. The subject of the piece is drawn, like that of *Patrie*, from the history of the Revolt of the Netherlands. Its two authors, Messrs. Jules Claretie and Petrucelli della Galtina, both of whom have made themselves honorable places in other departments of literature, are novices in dramatic writing. In plot, dialogue, situations, and all stage effects, it is far inferior to the work of their long-practiced skilled rival, but in sentiment keeps the same high level, breathing the same lofty spirit of devotion to country and freedom. After a fair success at the *Ambigu Comique*, it gives way to *Vautrin*.

This comedy of Balzac's was brought out and played for the first time on the 14th March, 1840. On the 15th, it was put under interdict by the authorities because Frederick Lemaitre, then in his prime, had got himself up for Vautrin in a guise that was "too sarcastical" for the then reigning monarch. What made it worse was, that the malicious public and the suspicious minister both fancied they discovered in the character as well as in the appearance of Vautrin some traits of resemblance to Louis Philippe. Lemaitre resumes his old part—that is, what is left of him; he is only a ruin, still a rather grand one, of the grand artist of 1840.

La Dame aux Camelias is again resumed at the Vaudeville, with Doche in the part of Marguerite, which she created at the first performance, 17 years ago. One of the provincial Academies proposes as a subject for a prize essay: "The modern drama from the point of view of art and manners: Female dishonor is the theme daily treated on our cotemporary French stage. Consider the value of such a dramatic motive; seek for the causes and study the literary and moral consequences of the persistent use of it; examine especially the nature and effects of the prestige with which it is the mode to surround fallen women."

Among new pieces accepted, or in rehearsal, are *Le Juif Polonais*, an historical drama by the novelists Erckman-Chatrian; *Gutenberg*, an historical drama by Ed. Fournier; *Julie*, comedy of manners, by Octave Feuillet.

At the Theatre Lyrique Wagner's Rienzi is in its completing rehearsals.

Patti-Caux is back from Russia and has appeared at the Italiens, and was "ovated," of course.

Nillson has received her diploma as member of the Stockholm Academy.

HUNGARY.

RESULT OF THE ELECTIONS.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

BERLIN, April 2.—The latest returns received from Pesth give the result in 392 districts of the votes for Deputies in the Lower House of the Hungarian Assembly. Of these, 224 return members of the Deak party, and 168 have decided in favor of the Opposition. Sixteen are yet to be heard from; but as these are mostly country districts, which are inclined to the Opposition, it is improbable that the Government will succeed in more than eight. Dividing the districts yet undecided equally between the Governmental party and the Opposition, the vote will stand 232 against 176. In the last session the Government could count upon the support of 276 votes in the Chamber of Deputies. In the last election, although retaining a majority of 56, it has lost 44 votes. Beside this numerical loss, most of the Deak party who lost their seats were of considerable influence, and their places were gained by the ablest of their opponents. Deak and Eötvös, the Minister of Public Instruction, have been reëlected, but in Pesth itself the party lost three of its best members, including the Minister of Agriculture and Commerce, Von Gorove, and the fourth was elected as much because he was an Israelite as because he adhered to the Governmental party. In this contest an amount of political activity was displayed such as is rarely to be met with here on the Continent of Europe. It was most spirited between Gorove and the Opposition candidate, Jokai, a newspaper editor, a poet, and a pamphleteer, notorious for his extreme doctrines. As the day advanced, so great was the excitement that a military force had to be detailed to prevent a disturbance. At 7 o'clock in the evening 2,281 votes had been given, 1,121 for Jokai, and 1,160 for Gorove. The polls were to be closed at 11½ o'clock the following morning, and it was agreed between the party leaders that demonstrations should be postponed until the final decision should be made known. At midnight, Jokai was 21 ahead, and the advantage he alternately lost and regained; his opponents seem to have underestimated his strength, for although at 10 o'clock they had an advance of 10, an hour later they had to give up the fight, for at that time, when with a majority of five they had polled their last vote, his party was still able to bring up a reserve of 26, including 11 sick and infirm voters, and so gain the day. At early morning a crowd assembled to learn the result, increasing rapidly with every hour, and when finally the result was announced to a multitude of many thousands of demonstrative men and women, the scene was indescribable. Every one fell on the neck of his neighbor, whether a man or woman; it might be an apprentice-boy, an old Jew, or a servant-girl. Hundreds of young girls and women, young and old men, wept and screamed until they were hoarse—"Jokai has gained the day." A rider made his way through the crowd swinging his staff in the air and crying "Jokai has the majority." With astonishing rapidity he was pulled from his horse, himself and animal were embraced with endearing remarks, more appropriate when applied to human beings alone and to an opposite sex, and he was carried away in triumph by a delirious multitude. Yet these extravagant tokens of joy were the simple effect of a success, devoid of any great political or moral significance, working upon an ardent temperament.

This reverse is in effect a reaction. The party which now rules in Hungary really desires the welfare of their country, but they appeared to think that that welfare could best be secured in the particular way they had marked out, and, in their fancied power, they became arrogant and intolerant toward contrary opinions. They held themselves distant from the Left and the Extremists and acquired their cordial hatred. Andrassy is represented as having, while with the Emperor at Agram, expressed himself quite openly as taking no interest in the retention of Beust as Imperial Chancellor, but on the contrary he would accept a change with the best possible grace. He returned to Pesth to find his dictatorial power seriously impaired. His majority, formerly more than two-thirds in the Chamber of Deputies, was reduced by 40, and the strength of the opposition, which he despised, correspondingly increased; in three districts, some of his best supporters supplanted by members of the Extreme Left—Jokai, the demagogue; Esernatony, who was so progressive that Jokai refused him the use of his columns; Vidacs, had frequently stood in danger of prosecution for high treason on account of his connection with revolutionary societies, and one of his ministers defeated and compelled to resign.

One of the immediate effects of these elections will be to strengthen the movement for a federate government. The Andrassy Ministry regard this growing inclination to a federal system for the entire monarchy with extreme disfavor, and well they may, for it would, if consummated, be a disastrous blow to Magyar supremacy; and it is probably one great cause of their dissatisfaction with Count Beust that the latter, with the Austrian Minister Count Taaffe, shows a disposition to favor the project of a federal monarchy in preference to the present dualism. Another effect will be very considerable efforts to conciliate the Poles of Galicia, and it is stated that for this purpose an Imperial visit to Galicia is projected to take place in June, after the close of the Hungarian Assembly. It is regarded at Vienna as an urgent necessity to reëstablish the compact majority in the council of the Empire rendered doubtful by the decreased majority in the Hungarian Assembly, and, above all, to prevent an understanding between the Poles and the Hungarian opposition. It is hinted through an Austrian semi-official medium that the Austrian Government is disposed to a settlement of the claims of Galicia by that province being made to bear to Cisleithania the same relation that Croatia bears to Transleithania. A part of the Polish opposition through the intervention of some of the Hungarian politicians have signified their willingness to partially recede from their demands in order to facilitate an accommodation. The object of this intervention of the Hungarians was to isolate the Czechs and exclude them from participation in the arrangement. If the probable future condition of Galicia can be compared to that of Croatia, at least similar reasons exist for Siebenbürgen occupying the same position in relation to Bohemia. The Hungarian majority have always treated with intolerance the other races with which they have had to deal. They were not satisfied until the complete incorporation of Siebenbürgen in the Kingdom of Hungary was an accomplished fact, and entirely ignored the protests of Romans and Saxons against that act. The combined governments are now pursuing precisely the same course toward the Czech opposition in Bohemia; evidences of this come to light every day.

EUROPEAN GUIDE-BOOKS FOR AMERICANS.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

SIR: A remark in your Spanish correspondence in THE TRIBUNE of this morning (April 3) reminds me to perform a neglected duty, viz.: to caution American travelers in Europe not to place too much reliance upon the recommendation of hotels given in the guide-books generally, and I am sorry not to be able to except the principal book of this kind issued in this country. I found this book occasionally useful, but so often unreliable that I ceased to be governed by its recommendations unless corroborated by other evidence, and during a journey with my family through most of Europe, I met many other travelers who had come to the same conclusion. To be brief I will give two illustrations. At Interloken, Switzerland, where there are numerous good hotels, I said to the proprietor of the hotel I stopped at, "How is it that with so many good hotels here, yours is the only one mentioned as the 'principal hotel' here, in our American Handbook?" His frank response was, "I paid 500 francs to have it so, and it was a good investment." I thought I discovered an undue proportion of these "500 francs" in my bill on leaving. At Brussels I said to "mine host," "How is it that your hotel"—the best one there as it happened—"is so strongly commended in our American Hand Book, and the only one mentioned in the Capital of Belgium, while your neighbor, across the square, is similarly treated by Bradshaw?" "Why," said he, "I pay for my puff, and the other man is an agent for Bradshaw's books." Legitimate advertising is all right, and a discriminating list of good hotels, entirely independent of pecuniary influences, would be a very great convenience to travelers, but I don't know where to find it. It is advisable for every traveler abroad to gather from all his traveled friends and acquaintances as much particular information as he can about hotels, before starting; and to keep with him a list of those which have been well tried and approved by previous voyagers. Murray and Bædeker's guide books I found most reliable, though the former is generally behind the times, and very unfair so far as Russia is concerned; and the elder Bædeker died two or three years ago I believe, so that we shall not have his aid hereafter, and his tastes so far as hotels are concerned, was a little too German to suit most uneconomical Americans. O. J.

THE EAST RIVER BRIDGE.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

SIR: Not more than one-third of the ships and large schooners now in port could pass under a bridge of a hight of 130 feet without striking their spars, and the result would be a serious objection to large vessels going above the bridge at all, as the cost of letting down and sending up the spars, beside the inconvenience, would be more than the cost of towage to Jersey City or up the North River. One of the results of a bridge would be an immense depreciation of storehouse and water-right property above it; and it seems to me that it would be, when built, but comparatively little used, because the ferry-boats would be preferred by nine-tenths of the passers as being more expeditious, more comfortable, convenient, and certainly equally safe, as the public records will show that double the number of casualties and injuries to life and person have occurred on our street railways as on our ferry-boats during the same period of time. There appears to be no doubt that in a short time science will discover a better and cheaper mode of crossing the river than by either bridge or ferry-boat. It is estimated that the cost of building would be $7,000,000, but, judging from experience in the Court-House, Harlem River Bridge, and a number of other jobs, we would be fortunate if we escaped with $20,000,000, and ten years to build it in.

A TAX-PAYER OF NEW-YORK AND BROOKLYN.

New-York, April 5, 1869.

SENATOR SPRAGUE.

THE MONTAGUES AND CAPULETS OF RHODE ISLAND.

WILLIAM SPRAGUE AND THE SPRAGUES—BROWN AND IVES—SENATOR ANTHONY AND HIS PARTY—THE SECRET SPRINGS OF SENATOR SPRAGUE'S RECENT SPEECHES.

[FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.]

PROVIDENCE, April 16.—On the railroad cars going out of and coming into this city, in the street cars, in the streets, and on the street-corners, wherever men meet and exchange greetings the only general topic of conversation just now is the recent action of Senator Sprague. On the Providence and Stonington road this morning I heard men all around me say, "Sprague has hurt himself all over this country." "Sprague has disgraced himself." "Sprague is a disgrace to the State." "What does he mean?" "I do not understand it, but Sprague knows what he is about." "Sprague always comes out all right." "There are going to be lively times in Rhode Island about this time," was chimed in from the other side until I was sorely perplexed to know who was in the right, or who the most in earnest. A good Methodist clergyman heard it all, and way quite as much perplexed as I was, but he valorously whispered to his wife, whom he had only married the day before, "It's all about a speech Sprague made in the Senate—or I should say in the House of Representatives." That was the way he understood it; but the truth is times are lively here already, and some night, nobody knows when, Sprague will come tumbling down from Washington, and make them livelier still. So far, he has not deigned to make any explanation of his course, but some day, before long, the explanation and the intrepid young Senator will come before the people of Rhode Island together. Then we shall hear what he has to say about Rhode Island's honor, and there will be, no doubt, fresh "aspersions" to be accounted for, and reimbittered attacks upon the great family whom he has typified by the splendid figure, "A million dollars."

Two households, both alike in dignity, from ancient grudge break to new mutiny, was said of old; but now, instead of fair Verona, the scene is laid among the looms and spindles of little Rhody, and, as befits the spirit of this manufacturing and commercial age, it is the house of Sprague against the house of Brown & Ives. Of these two great houses, the Spragues are the youngest and the most energetic, if not the richest; Brown & Ives the oldest and most aristocratic, the proudest of their birth and breeding, their wealth and culture, and the most exclusive in matters pertaining to their personal affiliations and social recognitions.

The house of Sprague started with Amasa Sprague, the grandfather of Amasa and William, the present representatives of the house. He was succeeded by his sons Amasa and William, and thus, the firm of A. & W. Sprague came into existence. At the death of the "Old Governor," as William Sprague, the uncle of the "two boys" who now control the house of A. & W. Sprague, is generally called even now, the business had not yet assumed anything like its present giant proportions. That event occurred in 1856, and there were at that time only six calico printing machines in the print works at Cranston. Since then, however, not only has addition after addition and extension after extension been put to the works, until the mills form an extensive village in themselves, but every species of improved machinery has also been procured and set in motion. Instead of six-color machines, the highest number any machine was capable of printing at the death of the "Old Governor," there are in the works at Cranston, to-day, machines which print 12. There are now 30 machines in the works, and 50,000 pieces of cloth can be printed and finished in a week. This immense establishment is driven by six engines varying from 40 to 300 horse power, and the consumption of coal per day is not short of 100 tuns. Twenty-five donkey engines are scattered over the establishment to do special duty wherever needed. Trimming machines, washing and drying machines, dyeing apparatus, engraving machines, all the immense and complicated machinery necessary to the manufacture of the material for a new dress. The villages where the operatives reside are built after a uniform model, and consist of story and a half double houses. In the store at Cranston an immense business is done. The Spragues do their own slaughtering, and kill about 25 head of cattle per week, and sheep and hogs in proportion. The meat is furnished to their operatives four and five cents per pound cheaper than it can be bought in the Providence market, and the "store" sells goods of every kind at a proportionately low figure, the sales in a single year amounting to $400,000.

Amasa Sprague resides at Cranston, about one mile from the City of Providence, and William lives with his mother in the City of Providence. What this woman has had to do with building up an immense business, the influence of which is felt everywhere in the country has never been told. "The boys" habitually resort to her for advice, and the "old Governor" was accustomed to hold her judgement in the highest esteem. Her counsels to the old firm of A. & W. Sprague have been transfered to the new house, and have proved as beneficial to her sons as to their father and their uncle. She is now an old lady of 70 years, but her faculties are as vigorous as ever.

The house of A. & W. Sprague, as at present constituted, resembles the old house of that name in a striking degree. Amasa Sprague, at his home at Cranston, is much like Amasa Sprague, his father. As the father hated politics, so, too, the son dislikes the turmoil of party, and devotes himself to his family, his business, and his trotters. He has now in his stables, near the Narragansett Race-Course, an association of which he is President, much thoroughbred and blooded stock—the famous horse Rhode Island and the Dutch Girl among the others. Of Rhode Island he is especially confident, and expects him to trot his mile in 2:20 at the June meeting at the Narragansett Park. But William Sprague, the uncle, and William Sprague, the nephew, both naturally took to politics. Both were Governors of the State, and both Senators of the United States. In his recent course in the Senate, William Sprague the younger, only did what would have been done by William Sprague the elder under like circumstances, and it would have been done by the latter with the same intrepidity, the same disregard of consequences, and the same defiance of the opinions of others that the former exhibited in the past few weeks. In these bold acts, apparently so incapable of explanation, Sprague may have calculated to some extent upon his "Rhode Islanders." In the works at Cranston, 2,000 hands are employed besides those engaged at their other mills. In this there is a power as great as in 250,000 spindles fed by the ingenuity and foresight of Senator Sprague and his brother. He boasted in one of his speeches, or perhaps, rather complained, that small manufacturers were breaking down because they could not do as he does. It was very vaguely put, and was not generally understood. He simply meant that his purchases of stock were so immense that those who could not buy in like immense quantities cannot compete with him. But he also meant to say that he can make better goods out of inferior material than any one else. His great point, however, was that persons who do not own an immense capital cannot borrow, owing to the course of legislation in the last few years, and that men like himself, by their great facilities and large capital, crush their neighbors either willingly or unwillingly. Ten thousand bales of cotton, 2,000 casks of madder, and proportionate quantities of drugs is no unusual single purchase. They consumed 17,000 bales of cotton the last year, and within the past five months have bought at least 10,000,000 yards of cloth from other manufacturers and printed it in their own works at Cranston.

The Spragues have mills at other places besides Providence, even as far away as Augusta, Me. Their "Baltic" mills are an immense affair, as are also the "Quidnick," "Natick," "Arctic," and "Central Falls." They have besides many outside interests. Their farm at Cranston alone contains 2,000 acres of land, worth from $200 to $300 per acre, and in all of the following Companies they have a controlling or a very large interest:

R. I. Locomotive Works, Perkin's Sheet Iron Co., Phenix Iron Foundery, Comstock Foundery, R. I. Horse Shoe Co., American Horse Nail Co., Nicholson File Co., Boston Wheat and Bread Co., U. S. Flax Manufacturing Co., Providence and New-York Steamship Co. This view scarcely gives an idea of the immensity of the enterprises into many of which they become engaged by taking hold of the failing enterprises of others. The immensity of the whole can only be judged from the immensity of any one of the undertakings named in the foregoing list. All are so great in themselves that the successful conduct of any of them would stamp a man as eminently successful in business, and give him the prestige and social influence of great wealth.

The house of Brown & Ives ante-dates the Revolutionary War. It began as a commercial house long before cotton-spinning was thought of, much less had become a staple manufacture and the source of wealth and power. Always eminently conservative, the house has