

Announcements, etc., This Column. LINA EDWARDS THEATER—Sonia Bell Rogers. NINA'S GARDEN—"Across the Continent."

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Mr. Greeley's Letters from Texas and the Lower Mississippi, with his Address to the Farmers of Texas and his speech on his return to New York.

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New-York Daily Tribune.

FRIDAY, JULY 21, 1871.

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to be declared vacant. They are hard to suit; they denounce these gentlemen of Orleans as pretenders for taking their seats, and wish now to disfranchise them for leaving them.

The resolute stand taken by King Amadeus a few weeks ago in favor of making constitutionalism a reality in Spain, does not seem to have met with perfect success.

GLADSTONE'S COUP D'ETAT.

We have high British authority for saying that the country has determined to make the British Army an open profession.

But the system, bad as it is, is ancient and time-honored. It is coincident with the British Army, and though William III. for a short time prohibited it, in 1701 it was revived, and from that time until now it has been a subject for rules and regulations, which have been sanctioned by royal warrant.

To say that this is a great blow at ancient abuses and ancient privileges is to state faintly the case as now presented to the astonished British public.

This coup d'etat will be far-reaching in its consequences. It is a great victory for democracy in England.

That our actual system of election to legislative bodies by local majorities is imperfect, need hardly be argued.

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under an overwhelming adverse majority, the Democrats of Lancaster, the Republicans of Berks, "still live;" but, so far as the Legislature is concerned, has no further efficacy or value.

That many should spare themselves the trouble of going three or four miles to vote under such depressing conditions, is very natural. And the majority suffer along with the minority. As the majority gets no matter how—a place on the ticket of the dominant party is morally certain of election, however incompetent or unfit, there is an indecent scramble for nominations and all manner of "log-rolling," not to speak of outright corruption, to secure them. One result is the average representation of those great Counties by weaker and worse men than either party would venture to nominate if they were as evenly balanced in politics as Franklin or Mercer is. And, since most of the Pennsylvania counties have a fixed political character, the evil here indicated is a very grave one.

Minority or Complete Representation would simply allow each voter in every County or other Assembly district to enunciate his vote on one or more candidates, and have it counted accordingly. Thus, if Lancaster and Berks each choose three representatives, the Democrats of the former, the Republicans of the latter, would vote on a single candidate, print his name twice on each ballot, and thus elect him beyond contingency; as, at the worst, the poll in Berks would stand—(allowing that county to have 12,000 Democratic to 6,000 Republican voters.)—18,000 for the single Republican candidate, while it would not be practicable to apportion the Democratic vote so nicely between two candidates as to give each of them 18,000 or over. And so with Lancaster on the other side.

The two Counties would thus elect just as many representatives of each party as they now do, but with these differences:

- 1. Every voter in each County would have a voice in choosing them, a substantial reason for voting, and be represented by a man of his choice in the Legislature;
2. The power of the "Court-House clique" of managing politicians in either county would be considerably abridged;
3. The system of manipulation would incite and accustom the voters to greater freedom of action and independence of party drill.

Such are some of the reasons which impel us to advocate what is known as Minority Representation. We believe the legislation of our own State would be purer and more beneficent if the Republicans of this end, the Democrats of the rural districts, were more fully and fairly represented than they are or can be under the present system.

A Mr. Edward Stanwood labors zealously, in the last North American Review, to make the worse appear the better reason on this subject. He dilates upon the recent choice of a School Board in London as proving cumulative voting unfair; but we judge of it differently. An excellent Board was chosen, wherein all substantial interests are fairly represented. The Roman Catholics, for example, would have had no chance of an election in Mary-le-Bone under the majority system; yet they cumulated their votes on a single candidate and elected him. So the Established Church, the Presbyterians, and the Radicals, each cumulated on a single candidate and elected him. Neither of these interests control the Board; each has a voice in it, and can see that no other takes undue advantage. We can imagine no fairer or more promising result.

The fact that a minority of the voters may sometimes choose a majority of the representatives under the cumulative system is urged by Mr. Stanwood as fatal, when we all know that the objection applies to our present system as well. The probability of such a result seems to us greatly lessened by the cumulative system.

Illinois has adopted this plan, after full discussion by a direct popular vote. Our own State chose her present Court of Appeals in such manner as to accord two of the seven Judges to the weaker party. Pennsylvania has accepted it in certain municipal elections, where it has worked so well that she is evidently inclining to give it a further trial. We shall be disappointed if her next Constitutional Convention (which cannot be postponed many years) does not adopt it for the choice of both Houses of her Legislature. Its progress may be slow; but Complete Representation is destined to become the rule rather than the exception, we cherish a joyful hope.

UNDER CONVICTION OF SIN.

There is no sight more cheering to good men and virtuous newspapers than that of the awakening of a yeasty conscience in the breast of an old offender. The approval of the just men who form the vast majority of the readers of THE TRIBUNE is not so grateful as the occasional symptoms of conviction which we see in the utterances of the erring. An object for which THE TRIBUNE labors in season and out of season is to cultivate a more strict and delicate regard for truth among public speakers and public journals, and we see with the liveliest satisfaction that our words have at last produced a profound impression upon the most brilliant and reckless lieder known to our Conventions and our Lyceums. We have brought Mr. Wendell Phillips to a realizing sense of the exceeding sinfulness of bearing false witness against his neighbor. In the last number of THE Anti-Slavery Standard, he lashes himself and his fellows with the sharpest thongs in his penitential armory, and inveighs in terms as energetic and mordant as those employed in this paper against the vice of libel and misstatement which is the greatest blemish upon American eloquence and journalism, and against which we have exhausted all moral means, and against which we have repeatedly counselled the relentless employment of civil and criminal prosecutions.

It is perhaps too much to expect from Mr. Phillips, in his present condition of spiritual trouble, any proper acknowledgment of the service we have done him in opening his eyes to the enormity of his besetting sin. But he might have refrained from making so boyish an exhibition of his temper at the very time he was justifying our dealings toward him. No child is grateful for having its face washed, but it shows innate depravity by kicking the shins of the nurse who is performing that wholesome office. Mr. Phillips, annoyed by his new remorse, and not yet reconciled to the chastening hand, comes back instinctively to his old rebellious habit of attacking THE TRIBUNE, by way of revenging himself for having adopted its principles.

his old rebellious habit of attacking THE TRIBUNE, by way of revenging himself for having adopted its principles. He shows that the original Adam is still strong within him, and betrays how powerful a reserve of libel is still left in him even at the moment he is denouncing the old devil of calumny and all his works. "The cardinal vice of our Press," quoth Mr. Phillips, "is the theory it assumes—and professes that it is not held to the report of facts, but only to gather up what is reported." This doctrine Mr. Phillips condemns, and then straightway puts it in practice. He adopts as his own a vulgar libel against THE TRIBUNE and asserts it as a positive fact. He charges it with having bribed some one to betray his trust, and calls its correspondents, who are in every respect as gentlemen and men of honor as the peers of Mr. Phillips, indecent names, on a charge which is the creation of his own unhealthy imagination. He cannot possibly know what he is talking about. He charges honest men with dishonest acts in a petty moment of spite, and, to use his own language, "flings about assertions, careless of their truth, and too indifferent to inquire." His penitence does not end here. He upbraids Mr. Carpenter simply for having blackguarded THE TRIBUNE, and having accused Senators Morton and Weston of a breach of trust in this matter, when, if he had taken the trouble to inquire, he could have known that neither of these gentlemen had the slightest intimation of our possession of the Treaty until they saw it in print. The world has, besides the sworn testimony before the Senate, our word that no Senator or officer broke his official oath or violated his obligations in furnishing us with a document which the country wanted to see, and had a right to see; and our word in this matter is better and stronger than that of Mr. Phillips, or any other such reckless lieder. This avowal is wrong from him in this very exhibition of spite and unbecoming confession. The Press is more powerful, he admits at last, what he has often tried to deny, than the stump or the lyceum. The reputable journals of the country, bound by their solemn responsibility, have, as they deserve to have, tenfold the influence upon the intelligent thought of the people, possessed by the most gifted and most electric of rhetoricians. Mr. Phillips may sway an audience at his will as long as he is kept within the sound of his "silver-sounding trumpet." He may distort facts, discolor science, and bewitch the grave face of history into absurd grimaces—for he is unlike the scholar he criticizes, "who would be ashamed to misquote Plato," and has no hesitation whatever in making an historical event face all ways for his metaphors. But when the enchanted audience has dispersed and the power of his magic is spent, the Press resumes, by common sense and common honesty, its legitimate influence and leadership.

It will be a difficult task for Mr. Phillips to struggle slowly back to the ways to which THE TRIBUNE has long been wooing him. The contest by which he is to conquer his tendency to evil speech and uncharitable judgment is to be long and arduous. Most of the principles avowed in his recent manifesto are correct and laudable. But will the time ever come when the eloquent doctor will swallow his own prescription? Will he ever cease to carp and slander and rail? Will he ever consent to subordinate his own fantastic suspicions and distrusts to that confidence in God and his fellow-men which is the sole basis of political action? He is, we repeat it, in a promising way. He recognizes the aberrations of others, though he cannot form a just judgment on them. The earliest symptom of the maniac's cure is his recognition of the insanity around him. It is much for Mr. Phillips to learn that he is not the general overseer of the XIXth century. "Let me make the newspapers," says he, "and I care not who 'makes the religion or the laws.'" The newspapers are already better made than he can do it—witness his sorry, wretched attempt at one—and it would be a drearily world if he made his religion and his laws. Can it be that a glimmering fancy of this has already assailed him? He says there is a tyranny in party, a cruel tyranny in capital, and is not sure that the tyranny of labor, which he is now scolding his finest to establish, will not be more cruel still. "We are 'near walking,'" said Novalis, "when we dream 'that we dream.'" May we not hope that our magnificent talking-man is coming, angrily and reluctantly it may be, to a knowledge of his true relation to the universe?

IS IT PRESS OR CITY INFAMY?

It is tolerably well known that THE TRIBUNE believes in libel suits. We respectfully suggest to Messrs. Oakley Hall and Richard Connolly that this a good time for one.

Newspapers are not licensed defamers, and the man who, being grossly and intentionally libeled, on a matter of sufficient importance and in a quarter sufficiently respectable, neglects to punish the libeler in the legal way, falls of his duty to society, as well as to himself. Messrs. Oakley Hall and Richard Connolly cannot honorably neglect now to bring a libel suit against THE New-York Times. It professes to have procured (in some surreptitious way) copies of certain of the Controller's accounts, which should always have been accessible to the public, but have hitherto been kept secret; and on the strength of these, in an article the substance of which is elsewhere printed, it charges the Mayor and Controller with a variety of pecuniary transactions, shamefully fraudulent on their face, and notably with these astounding payments "for keeping ten 'city armories in repair for nine months!'"

A. J. Orvey, for pasting, \$17,000 21  
John H. Keyser, for printing, 100,000 21  
J. H. Keyser, for printing, 100,000 21  
G. S. Miller, for carpenter work, 4,000 21  
Total, \$174,000 21

A large part of this enormously disproportionate sum, it is distinctly charged, went into the pockets of the Mayor and Controller. Now these charges are true or false. If true, the thieves who thus prostitute great public trust should be prosecuted so vigorously and promptly that within a twelve-month either Sing Sing should hold them or this continent should not. If false, the journal that so grossly libels the chief officers of its city should be taught that slander so monstrous is a luxury too costly to be indulged in more than once in its lifetime.

Messrs. Hall and Connolly! THE Times seems to recognize this situation and accept it. It says it calls you thieves, because it can prove you so, in the investigation, in a court of law, to which it invites you. You cannot afford to ignore that invitation. We have from time to time made weighty charges against you, ourselves; but never without believing we had ample proofs. We have scrupulously refrained from the intemperate and indiscriminate style of attack in which THE Times

has of late profusely indulged, because words thus used lose their force, and because we did not have proofs to warrant charges which, nevertheless, we have often believed to be true. We have now no copies, secretly obtained, of Mr. Connolly's books. But THE Times says it has; and on their authority it at last makes specific charges so damning that they ought to crush either you or it. We tell you, in all calmness and candor, that you cannot, without infamy, sit still under them. Dare you accept the challenge to a court of law?

A BOSTON EARTHQUAKE.

Boston has never been the same old Boston since Mr. Gilmore's Jubilee. The very next season it had a tremendous tornado, and now it has earthquakes. It is hard to imagine the Common quivering like a man with the ague, or decorous Beacon street shaken out of its propriety by subterranean rumblings of volcanic forces; and the series of disturbances which have recently been felt in so many portions of the world, moving apparently like a great wave from one side of the globe to the other, devastating whole cities in Asia, shaking ships at sea, and even rocking in a bed, buildings in the suburbs of New-York, seem to have now reached New-England, and been felt more or less distinctly from Massachusetts Bay all along the coast of Maine.

We need hardly say that when Boston is shaken it is time for somebody to utter a word. The New-York Blatherkite will probably seize the opportunity to explain more fully its celebrated theory of waves and crusts, and the back-acting bounce, with which it agitated the scientific world when we had our last little shaking in New-York; but it is to be hoped that other eminent authorities also will have given careful attention to these startling phenomena whose cause has thus far baffled the curiosity of ages. The extraordinary natural disturbances of the last two years have vividly reminded us how little we know about the physical constitution and laws of our own planet. We have discovered something of the pathways of the sea and the air; we have traced the invisible currents of the ocean; we have learned something of the origin and the track of storms; and we can even tell what the most remote of the planets is made of; but we have made no progress toward the elucidation of some of the commonest as well as the most terrible natural phenomena. We do not know why the earth is rent and convulsed, nor why it vomits fire, and we can give no explanation of sudden departures from the ordinary course of the seasons, unusual periods of heat, or cold, or rain, or drought, or shiftings of the isothermal lines. Yet these things are governed, like all the universe, by fixed laws, and it is quite within the limits of possibility that science may yet teach us how not only to explain but to foresee them.

CUNDURANGO.

Our readers may or may not have noted that, in the ever-proceeding warfare between the Medical schools characterized as regular and irregular respectively, we incline generally to the side of the irregular, heretic new-fights—in short, the quacks. Doubtless, each school blunders, bores, and injures and kills, pretending to know more than it ever did know; but we cannot forget that the Circulation of the Blood, Vaccination, &c., &c., were originally stigmatized as quackeries, while bleeding, calomel, and dosing cold water and fresh air to fever-stricken soldiers, were regular within our remembrance. We have not a doubt that Galen and Zoroaster, if half as able and successful as modern reports them, were regarded by the old fogies of their day as quacks—brilliant, dashing fellows, but erratic and unsafe.

We know very little of Cundurango, the new cure-all for Cancer; but the fact that "the Washington City Medical Society" has pronounced against it impresses it in our favor. That Society will not fellowship Dr. Augusta, because he is a nigger, and can't abide Dr. Cox, because he consults with Homeopaths, and is now after Dr. Bliss for the latter reason, and is going for him again, because he professes faith in Cundurango, and has sent his partner to a barely accessible portion of South America to procure a supply of the specific. They appear to have tried it on a patient nearly dead with cancer, and he died—wherefore, they will have none of it! (How would they abide a kindred ordeal?) We advise no one to buy and use Cundurango; we presume people will die of Cancer in 1800 as they did in 1800; yet we cannot doubt that Cundurango has helped some sufferers by Cancer; and the fact that it is indorsed by the "regular" faculty of Kenndred shall not impel us to refuse it the fair trial it seeks. Whenever Cundurango shall have become attainable at any reasonable price, we shall hope to hear that sufferers by Cancer are giving it a fair trial, and are prepared to set forth the truth respecting its merits as their experience shall reveal it.

PLEASURE SPOTS IN THE CITY.

If it be true that the taste and wealth of a great city are best illustrated by the condition and number of its places of public resort, we may conclude that New-York has, of late years, considerably increased in material prosperity and has improved in esthetics. At any rate, it is true that the number and elegance of our public parks attract attention and draw forth the complimentary conclusion of visitors that we have made progress in both directions.

The present City Government has been careful enough to display liberality and thoughtful care in the management of the parks, whatever may be said of its doings elsewhere. These pleasure-spots appeal so directly to the senses of the people, they are so open to criticism, and so capable of being made to invite blessing or cursing on the heads of their controllers, that it is manifestly the part of wisdom for our rulers to make them inviting. Much may be excused to great public sinners who make free public resorts lovely and attractive. The present management undoubtedly has not been as economical as that of the past. There has been much and unskilful, and pulling-down, sodding and unsodding, and superfluous digging. We have had exhibitions of living statuary in the parks, where movers and axmen have stood in motionless picturesque attitude for no other apparent purpose than to invite the admiration of the passing citizen, who never sees rural studies like these elsewhere.

But the many poor who go forth to "draw a breath of fresh air in the bright pleasure spots of the city, at close of day, will not complain at any lavish expenditures whose fruit is so clearly visible. The Park Commissioners spent only about half a million dollars during the year 1870 in embellishments. What the alterations have cost this year is one of the uninvolved mysteries in Controller Connolly's office; but if this is not dispro-

portion to last year's expenses, we shall have reason to be duly thankful.

The many improvements in the principal parks of the city and of Brooklyn are happily set forth in an elaborate description which we publish on another page. Many of the facts therein given will appear new to thousands of New-York readers, for unfortunately the more distant parks are not as well known to the poorer people as those who recognize their civilizing influence could wish. Central and Prospect Parks, for instance, are so removed from the haunts of poor and busy men that they cannot be reached but at an expenditure of time and money, which deters many from venturing on an exploration. Besides, they are so extensive in area and so filled with rival attractions that it requires a long visit to make the tour of all. One of the greatest improvements which the Commissioners can now devise would be means of quick and cheap transit to and through the parks. The cars in Central Park cannot well be made free, but they ought to be tacked in number and their charges reduced at least by one half.

There is promise that the alterations in the lower City Parks will be finished during the present year. We certainly hope the Commissioners mean to redeem it. The delay in completing the City Hall Park seems necessary. The fountain before the Hall ought surely to be finished at an early day; and the sodding and bordering must be done soon or go undone until next year, leaving the Park an eyecore for a whole winter.

INDIAN EXTIRPATION.

The Indian policy of the Administration is that of civilization. Latterly, despite the unimproving character of the material to be molded into peaceful and industrious communities, there has grown up a strong hope that the long-studied Indian problem is to be solved by treating these wild creatures as human beings, teaching them the arts of peace, and winning them to habits of thrift. The results of some of the experiments of the Government have given us reason to believe that, after all, the Aborigines, or what remains of them, may be assimilated into the self-supporting population of the country; so that the end may not be extermination, but absorption. We believe that Gen. Parker, whose retirement from the Indian Bureau was lately announced, is to be credited with the soundest and most practical view of this whole question ever entertained by any public officer who has had ought to do with Indian affairs; and the present Administration will always be remembered as one that has done much to prove that the Red Man, bad, shiftless, and irreparable as he is, has yet some spark of humanity, and is fit for something better than bloody extermination.

Not so, however, thinks and believes the average frontier settler. He considers the Indians unmitigated nuisances, hinderances, vermin, whose lives are unnecessary and whose end is to be slaughtered. Officers of the Government—civil and military—who have passed much time among the Indians, and have made them a study, are convinced it is possible that they may be measurably reclaimed from their cruel, venal ways, and they have thus been won over to the humane policy of the Government.

In Arizona, where the meanest, wildest, and most intractable Indians—the Apaches—still rove, a few were collected on a reservation at Camp Grant, not far from Tucson. From the official report of Lieut. Williams, commanding the post, we learn that the number of Indians there assembled had increased to five hundred and ten, with constant additions. These people, men, women, and children, were engaged in gathering hay for the Government, and their food was supplied in army rations, supplemented by such simple harvests as were garnered by the women and children in the neighboring hills. The experiment of bringing together Indians in a small community, and gradually teaching them to subsist peacefully, was a success at Camp Grant. But we all know how the bloody end came. The settlers at Tucson, remembering that Apaches had killed white men, made a descent upon the defenseless creatures, and cruelly butchered the women and children, the men having escaped at the first warning.

This was the protest of white Arizona against the humane policy of civilizing Indians. These settlers insist that the Apaches shall be exterminated; and when an attempt is made to teach them to be peaceful, they break up the slowly-succeeding scheme by murder. It will not do, they argue, for Indian war to cease; if there are no Indian wars, there will be no troops to feed and no military contracts to fill. The United States Paymaster furnishes the basis for prosperity for a greater proportion of the white people. To see the Indians at peace, bringing in hay at low prices—this is bitterness to the soul of the white Arizona, who chooses that there shall be a small army kept in the Territory, and that he shall have no aboriginal competitor in supplying his quartermaster. It is likely that the same obstacles to Indian civilization exist in New-Mexico, where Gov. Pele has just stopped a candidate for white man upon the Indians of that Territory. It is difficult, but it is true, that the chief obstacle to-day to the humane policy of gradually winning the Indian from improvident selfishness is the selfish meanness of the White Man.

"If there were to be used at all by our people," says Mr. W. E. Robinson, in THE Irish World, "the honorable gentleman adds: 'To accept battle unprepared and to retire with disaster is a very heinous crime; to come off triumphant might, perhaps, put another complexion on the whole affair.' We beseech permission to ask Mr. Robinson whether any such a very grim complexion could be put upon any affair which consisted simply and nakedly in the triumph of one Irish party over another, after a squinted fight in the streets of New-York? We do not chance to be of Irish extraction may yet have some rights which the most rabid Fenian is bound both by law and courtesy to respect; and it is hardly proper for us to ask why thousands of Irish people should be renewed in the 'thorough-faction lights' of this great city, which has ever extended a favor of this great city to every Irish immigrant, without asking to which side in this venerable, and we must admit most absurd controversy, he belonged? We know neither party, either for sympathy or condemnation, except as we may know it historically. Whatever causes of disagreement may have existed in Ireland, there are no causes of disagreement here in New-York, and no political oppression to—no ecclesiastical and no political oppression to—lead against Orangemen—no foul wrong and cruelty to charge against the other side. In the name of common sense, we beg Mr. Robinson to tell us what reason there is for fighting at all."

A London correspondent of THE Chicago Advertiser makes this comparison between Beecher and Spurgeon: "Beecher talks a text, and by a score of apt and masterly illustrative metaphors throws forth its (powerful) message; Spurgeon arrives at the same end by dint of powerful concrete logic, treating closely about and then discarding the concrete, leaving only the abstract, and then the 'simon'." The one is a generalist, the other a specialist. Spurgeon's style is more like that of a lawyer, and Beecher's like that of a preacher. Beecher is a generalist, Spurgeon is a specialist. Beecher is a generalist, Spurgeon is a specialist.