

Amusements, etc., this Evening. BOOTH'S THEATRE.—"The Black Crook." FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE.—"Divorce." GRAND OPERA HOUSE.—"No Throughfare."

Business Notices. SAVE FIFTEEN PER CENT. PORTABLE WINDOW VENTILATOR, MAINE'S PATENT. BILLS AND PAPERS, SNOW AND RAIN. SOMETHING WARM.—The warmest thing out.

Advertisements.—Palmer Imbros. Love and Endowment Policies. Terms of the Tribune.

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This will not do! Specific charges have been made against one of your officials. They have been met with no adequate defense nor explanation. You decline to order an investigation; you thus take sides with the accused.

Senator Carpenter is "the funny man" of the Senate, and divides with Senator Nye the honors of every humorous occasion. He came out strong, yesterday, on the Civil Service Reform movement, which gave him abundant material for quips and cranks; but in the midst of his buffooneries he so far forgot his character as special defender of the Administration as to intimate that the President's good words in favor of Civil Service Reform were only buncombe and meant nothing serious.

Mr. Jay Cooke's card, denying the truth of current reports concerning the unreality of the recent proposition to the Secretary of the Treasury to take the new loan, shows that such an offer has actually and in good faith been made. It appears from Mr. Cooke's statement that a new American and European syndicate has been formed for the purpose of taking fifty millions of the new five-per-cent during the present month, and an equal amount during the year; also that, provided Congress will make the interest payable in London, the same parties will take two hundred millions more of the five, and three hundred millions of the four-and-a-half. As to the other terms, they are now stated to be the same as those on which the Secretary negotiated the previous \$130,000,000 with the syndicate. This proposition is yet pending, and, considering the unpopularity of the last operation with the syndicate, there is reason to believe that it will not be perfected.

The original Kuw-Nothing, in the person of Mr. A. B. Cornell, Surveyor of Customs, was before the Congress Committee of Investigation, yesterday. Mr. Cornell knows nothing of any division in the Republican party of this State, nothing of any attempt to control the Syracuse Convention by using patronage, nothing of Custom-house officials traveling through the State on political missions; and he knew nothing of the particular result which the Custom-house people aimed to secure in the Syracuse Convention. Mr. Cornell differs from Mr. Spencer, whose testimony he so flatly contradicts, in this: Mr. Spencer thinks it all right to use the patronage of the Administration to carry Conventions for the President and those who call themselves his friends; thus thinking, he acknowledges everything, is timid about saying that this sort of thing is just right, so he denies everything. The morality in neither case is high enough to discourage anybody.

A CHANCE FOR RETIREMENT. Now is a good time, while the attention of Congress and the country is directed to Retrenchment and Reform in the Civil Service, to top off all excesses. Something has already been done in this direction; the diminution in the list of products and interests taxed for purposes of internal revenue has somewhat abated the office-holding nuisance in one branch of the Treasury Service. The arrogant bureau which, a year ago, thought itself sufficiently strong to demand recognition as a separate Executive Department, has dwindled, is dwindling, to an unimportant, and, we trust, short-lived limb of the vast financial system of the Government from which it sprang. It will not be long until the collection of excise duties on spirits and tobacco, and the sale of stamps, will be small enough and compact enough to warrant the relegation to private life of a great army of officials who now consume the substance of the land and demoralize the politics of the nation. Next must be pruned away other useless branches, some of which have been left alone simply because public attention has not been much called to their needless existence. Of these, less conspicuous in its useless costliness, but less useful than any, is the so-called Naval Office of the Customs Service. That this department of our Custom-houses is an anachronism, a fossil remainder, an absurd relic of an ancient order of things, has already been so far acknowledged that the office has been abolished at all of the ports of entry in the country, save some half-dozen, where the political patronage and value of the same in partisan machinery is strong enough to extend a lease of life indefinitely. It could not be expected that Congressmen who find a positive element of political strength in the distribution of offices should have enough stern virtue, in the midst of a general demoralization, to resolutely cut off any portion of their patronage.

Yet, Congress has again and again been told that the Naval Office is an expensive superfluity; Congress Committees have received ample testimony on that point; and the veteran Commissioner of Customs, the Hon. Nathan Sargent, has repeatedly and conclusively shown that the Government yearly costs the country hundreds of thousands of dollars more than it should, simply to keep up a number of these useless offices and their subordinates. The Naval Office of the Port was designated, in colonial days, as the custodian of the King's private share of the avails of duties levied on imports. He was usually the senior officer of the Royal Navy stationed at the port where he exercised his functions, which were simply to watch the civil officers of the Crown and see that His Majesty got all that belonged to him. When the young Republic erected its own governmental service, it need most of the machinery which had been left by the mother country, and so the Naval Office in the Custom-house, representing no higher idea than the King's privy purse, became part of the new republican system of collection of the revenue. In those days of imperfect public service, the Naval Office, as it continued to be called, was the auditing department of the Custom-house. The accounts of the Collector were there examined and approved; permits, clearances, registers, and similar documents were countersigned in it, and a general account-in-little of the multifarious business of the Custom-house was there kept for the ostensible purpose of checking the Collector's department. This is still substantially the theory

of the system. But it has grown up to be an enormous and impertinent abuse. The Auditor is in the Collector's end of the Custom-house, and is known by his proper title. The red tape and circumlocution which require the signature and examination of the Naval Office to permits and other formal papers, is still preserved, but the necessity and value for the formula have long since departed. The life has gone; but the tree lives on. The Naval Office is of as much use to the public service as a fifth wheel to a coach; but he is gifted with a large salary, shares equally with the Collector and Surveyor in the distribution of all the moieties which belong to the Customs officers, and maintains an ample staff of clerks, useful in conventions and primaries, but who, otherwise, are "dropping buckets into empty wells, and 'growing old in drawing nothing up.'" Mr. A. H. Ladin, Naval Officer at the Port of New-York, is a fair example of the value of this special variety of superfluous pensioners upon the public service. His office leisure is devoted to wire-pulling and the study of all the little games which make the professional politician useful to his clique. If the Congress Committee on Retrenchment want any illustration of the public value of such an officer, let them look into the case of Naval Officer Ladin, whom at least one friendly journal complimented as having "carried" the Speakership of the Assembly for Mr. Henry Smith. The folly and extravagance of maintaining at New-York and four or five other ports of the country a useless office like that which we have had under consideration has been made apparent by arguments based on more practical considerations than this last. But, while every man conversant with the workings of the Customs Service knows that the Naval Office is a useless encumbrance, the superfluity is made more conspicuous by meddlesome efforts to use official influence and patronage to further the ends, not even of party, but of faction.

BEN. FRANKLIN'S BEVERAGE.

"That the admirers of Mr. Greeley should impute to him all the virtues of Franklin may be pardoned, though it is only fair to say that if any American had stood upon his own bottom Mr. Greeley is that man. But really it will not do for Mr. Greeley to return to the Franklin with all his own attributes. Mr. Greeley, we believe, is quite as 'totally abstinent' as Father Mathew or George Cruikshank, but because he is virtuous let him not aver that Franklin loved not cakes and ale. The sage who thrashed the tyrants of earth and cribbed the lightnings of heaven was an honest drinker, as drinkers in his time were. Even in Mr. Sparks's puritanized record of his ways and works, Mr. Greeley may find the proof of this—as, for example, in a certain epistle from the free-thinking republican envoy to his Catholic friend, the Abbe Morellet, wherein Franklin invites that worthy to come out and sup with him in order to see him surpass 'the miracle of Cana in Galilee.' For by that miracle, he adds, water was converted into the very poor wine of Syria; whereas his own skill would enable him to transmute water into a most delectable liquid known as punch."

The World's smartness is such that it has only to be allowed to assign whatsoever position it will to an adversary to render it a formidable disputant. In the above, it quickly assumes that Mr. Greeley had asserted that Ben. Franklin was through life "as totally 'abstinent as Father Mathew or George Cruikshank'" in their riper years—a position which it triumphantly combats.

Mr. Greeley had nowise exposed himself to this criticism. The only words which seem to justify it are these: "I love and revere Ben [Franklin] as a journeyman printer who was loyal and did not drink."

"We will prove the strict accuracy of this statement by citing a passage from Franklin's autobiography which narrates his experiences as a journeyman printer during his first sojourn in London. Familiar as this narrative is, there are very many who may read it again with profit. At all events, we commend it heartily to the sober consideration of our critic. Franklin says:

"I now began to think of laying by some money. The printing house of Wats, near Lincoln's Inn-Fields, being a still more considerable one than that in which I worked, it was probable I might find it more advantageous to be employed there. I offered myself, and was accepted; and in this house I continued during the remainder of my stay in London.

"On my entrance, I worked at first as a pressman, conceiving that I had need of bodily exercise, to which I had been accustomed in America, where the printers work alternately as compositors and at the press. I drank nothing but water. The other workmen, to the number of about fifty, were great drinkers of beer. I carried occasionally a large form of letters in each hand up and down stairs, while the rest employed both hands to carry one. They were surprised to see, by this and many other examples, that the American was not the man they used to call me, was stronger than those who drank porter. The beer-brew had sufficient employment during the whole day in serving that house alone. My fellow pressman drank every day a pint of beer before breakfast, a pint with bread and cheese for breakfast, one between breakfast and dinner, one at dinner, one again about six o'clock in the afternoon, and another after he had finished his day's work. This custom appeared to me abominable; but he had need, he said, of all this beer, in order to acquire strength to work.

"I endeavored to convince him that bodily strength furnished by beer could only be in proportion to the solid part of the barley dissolved in the water of which the beer was composed; that there was a larger portion of flour in a penny loaf; and that consequently if he ate this loaf, and drank a pint of water with it, he would derive more strength from it than from a pint of beer. This reasoning, however, did not prevent him from drinking his accustomed quantity of beer, and paying every Saturday night a score of four or five shillings a week for this cursed beverage; an expense from which I was wholly exempt. Thus do these poor devils continue all their lives in a state of voluntary wretchedness and poverty."

"We respectfully suggest that this passage might profitably be printed in large type and posted in the composing-room of The World; and it might not be a bad thing to have the editorial writers on that journal required to run up every Saturday night and read it carefully through. Whatever their lucubrations might possibly lose in smartness thereby would be more than compensated in their greater usefulness and moral worth.

from a similar fate. Nor can we suspect either U. S. Senator from this State of being a party to so disgraceful a transaction.

THE COURT OF OYER AND TERMINER.

A curious question has been raised in the Court of Appeals affecting the validity of the present organization of the Court of Oyer and Terminer, and the legality of all sentences passed by it since April, 1870. An Act passed in 1847 provided that it should be held by a Justice of the Supreme Court and two associates, who were to be either Judges of the Court of Common Pleas, the Mayor, the Recorder, or Aldermen. In 1853 it was enacted that no Alderman should thereafter sit as Judge of the Oyer and Terminer; and by a supplementary act it was provided that the court should be held by a single Justice of the Supreme Court. This provision was repeated in the Charter Amendment of 1857, and the court has been constituted in this way ever since. The new Charter, however, of 1870 expressly repealed the Acts of 1857 and 1853; and it is contended by the appellant in the present case (who is one George H. Smith, sentenced to three years in the State Prison for false pretenses) that the Act of 1847 was thereby restored to its full force, and the court must, consequently, be held by three Judges. The importance of the question can be seen at a glance; if the claim of the appellant be sustained, there has been no legally-constituted Oyer and Terminer in this county since April, 1870, and all sentences purporting to have been imposed by such a tribunal are void.

The issue, however, has already been decided by the General Term of the Supreme Court (Ingraham and Barnard), in the case of William O'Kelly, convicted of larceny of bonds. John Sedgwick appeared for the plaintiff in error, and District Attorney Garvin for the people, and after argument the judgment of the court below was sustained and the legality of the present constitution of the Oyer and Terminer was affirmed. In pronouncing the decision Judge Ingraham held that the repealing section in the Act of 1870 was to be construed according to the evident intention of the Legislature, to repeal not the whole of the preceding statutes to which it referred, but so much of them only as was inconsistent with or related to the government of the city as therein provided. It was a local act, intended merely to reorganize the city government, whereas the court is a State Court, organized under the Constitution. But there is another consideration. Even if the Acts of 1853 and 1857 were to be understood as wholly repealed, the Act of 1847 would not be restored. It seems to have escaped notice there is now no such statute to be revived, for it was abolished in 1848 by the Code of Procedure, the 17th section of which runs as follows: "All statutes now 'in force providing for the designation of the times and places of holding the terms of the Supreme Court, Circuit Courts, and Courts of Oyer and Terminer, and of the Judges who shall hold the same, are repealed from and after the first day of July, 1848.' By the 23d section of the Code the Governor was authorized to designate the Judges by whom such courts should be held up to the year 1850. It seems clear therefore that if the new Charter repealed the whole of the Acts of 1853 and 1857 it left no provision whatever for the Court of Oyer and Terminer except Sec. 6 of Art. VI. of the Constitution, which declares that 'any one of the Justices of the Supreme Court may preside in Courts of Oyer and Terminer in any county.'

FUNNY.

The Evening Post is intensely amused that THE TRIBUNE should maintain—1. That Protection cheapens Manufactures; 2. That Protection is needed to save certain of our Home Manufactures from disastrous foreign competition. Yet The Post quite well understands that American newspapers are cheaper this day—quantity and quality of their contents considered—than they would or could be if foreign newspapers could replace and supplant them precisely as foreign Metals or Fabrics can and do supplant in our markets the rival products of our own industry. Nor will it deny that nearly every manufacturer which our country has protected for twenty years or over is this day cheaper—in most cases, much cheaper—than when we began to protect it, though meantime, owing to the vast augmentation of the volume of Money, there has been a general appreciation of currency values.

That the overthrow of our Protective system would be immediately followed by enormous importations of foreign manufactures and their sale at low prices; that this would cause a glut in our markets and a stoppage, through bankruptcy, of many, if not most, of our manufacturing establishments; that this would be followed in turn by a general advance of prices on the part of the foreign producers and exporters who had thus obtained control of our markets—all this would be a simple repetition of what we have repeatedly experienced, but especially after our last war with Great Britain, when it was avowed in the British Parliament (by Henry Brougham, if we recollect aright) that it had been deemed good policy thus to sacrifice a few millions of pounds sterling in order to strangle in the cradle those young and rising foreign manufactures from which a formidable competition was apprehended. All this is exceedingly funny in the view of The Post. American Industry, however, admonishes that organ of the importers in the language of Esop's frogs to the stoning boys: "This may be sport to you, but it is death to us."

SMART.

The hackneyed proverb that nothing succeeds like success, either cynically or in earnest, according to its user, affirms the moral independence of ends, and the indifference of means, provided their fitness and adaptability have been proved. More or less the world has always maintained a steady reverence for the man who does what he attempts to do, without much doubt of the original propriety of the intention or of the methods which, however unscrupulously, have been employed. This feeling has its creditable as well as its contemptible phases; but the tendency of modern society both here and in Europe is to confound capacity with virtue. The nineteenth century, itself rather a feeble and addle-headed one, has discarded the old reverence for physical strength which gave leadership and dedication to thews and sinews, and which was a respectable and sincere sort of surrender; and we now get upon our moral narrow-bones to those who in simpler times would have worn motley and sold quack physic at the fairs. We might as well, with the little contrivance which we can muster, and it will not be much, admit that pervading all ranks of American society, except a small and special one, is a huge admiration of the adventurer who makes his fortune.

We admit, with the corners of our mouths demurely drawn down, that he has proved himself to be a scamp, but then we plead that he has been so uncommonly clever that his frauds have been quite out of the common course; that his winnings have been great and glittering; that he has passed in the race those who were squeamish or scrupulous—that he has been, whatever may be meant by that word, smart! This convenient adjective has many meanings, and with those which indicate respectable qualities of character we have at present nothing to do. Our purpose now is to point out the reverence which the world feels for dazzling and undeniable results—for the scepters, the enormous money fortunes, the popular plaudits, the positions of power and of honor, into the origin and the causes of which it is considered impertinent or idle to inquire. It is enough if we may write upon the tombstone of our idol, "He was smart." To be sure, he was not smart enough to save himself from the somewhat narrow receptacle to which he has been consigned. But, nevertheless, he was smart!

The reader of this article, if it should have the good fortune to be read by anybody, may perhaps, by looking from his window, see half a dozen spires, all of greater or less architectural ugliness, but some of them, he may observe, surmounted by crosses. These pinnacles, it is needless to explain, belong to churches, and to Christian churches. Within them, every Sunday and oftener, are expounded and enforced the doctrines of that religion which always begins by asking what it will profit a man to gain the whole world and lose his own soul. If anybody supposes that we are about to cant, we hasten to assure him that he is mistaken; all we mean to do is to ask under what dreadful delusion it has happened that we have erected these religious buildings at all! There they are, and dreadful many of them are to look upon—but there they are, with bells, and pews, and altars, and a Sunday-school room for the little ones in the cellar. What astonishes us, the point upon which we humbly ask for a ray or so of light to be thrown, is the existence of these edifices at all. If we go inside at the proper hour, somebody in the pulpit will tell us that dust we are and unto dust we shall return; that we should lay up treasures, not in railroad securities, but where there is no corruption, nor moth, nor thieves; and that the time cometh when the cleverest man can be neither a bull nor a bear. We join in singing a short hymn expressive of our hurry to go to the eternal place in which there are no time-bargains. As we come out with our wives hooked to our arms, and our yonkers all in their best following, our talk is of the gentleman last murdered. "Not a Christian," "my dear," says the family father to his rib, "but he was smart."

We are the slaves of our eyes and of our ears, which are long enough. We are the born victims of ostentation and gable and gossip. We feel a kind of sneaking affection for the man who was obliging enough to be killed in order that we might have something to talk about; and we share this grateful emotion with the vociferous newsboys, who are quite sure that the victim was reconciled to his assassination, if he but thought in those extreme moments how his name would be proclaimed from Harlem to the Battery. It adds a fresh zest to our exquisite sensations to be told how good the murdered man was, and how many was his appearance in his coffin. Men who just now were somewhat unpopular regain their credit by crying over the corpse. The details, little and great, are almost intolerably delicious. What beautiful mistresses, what matchless horses, what brilliant diamonds! How he went about like Solomon in all his glory! How, though not old, he beat at their own game men grown gray upon the Stock Exchange! A generous man, Sir! why should we chuckishly ask how the money was acquired which he gave away so lavishly? Sir, he was smart!

Well, if the play has been so brilliant—with such magic transformations, such wealth of blue and crimson fires, such stary raiment for Columbine, such neatly-devised tricks for Harlequin—now that the lights are out and the curtain down, why should we complain of an unpleasant smell in the pit? Who are we that should expect anything to be permanent in this changing world? If there was just a touch of tragedy in the final act, at any rate Belshazzar did not linger to impudently sue for the obole. The great pitch-link of worldly success flamed and spluttered and smoked to the last, and all our mouths opened an inch wider at the suddenness of the extinction. There was a sort of Monte Cristo smartness even in the shuffling off. There is no jewelry so brilliant as that which you may see any day displayed upon area railings—the brooches only two shillings apiece, and the ear-rings only three shillings a pair, French paste outglitters Golconda itself. When society has resolutely determined that sham is not merely as good as reality, but better, or at least the same, the old-fashioned skeptics must be quiet, if they would not be lynched. The nisi in the proverb is impertinent—it should be de mortuis bonum, at all hazards, if the departed have been smart enough to merit a total abdication of our moral manhood. So let us fall into military procession; "The Dead March in Saul," Mr. Band Master, if you please; and up to heaven, as a sweet offering, shall go our chorus cry of "Smart!"

The Legislature of Kentucky was recently tempted to do wrong for party's sake, and refused. The County of Fayette—Henry Clay's home—saw fit to elect a Republican to the present House. His majority was small; there was some rioting about the polls; the Democracy of Fayette had not been accustomed to getting whipped, mainly by "niggers" who were their slaves till 1865; so they tried to have Col. Goodloe ejected from his seat and their candidate, Dr. Price, installed in his stead. The House heard them patiently, and decided not to elect a representative for the County of Fayette. That ought not to earn the overwhelming Democratic majority any praise; but then we must consider the times we live in. We respectfully urge another House of Representatives to profit by the example in acting on the contest from Texas.

The comments of the English press during the illness of the Prince of Wales give us curious hints of some dark corners of superstition and bigotry which were hardly to be looked for behind the downright foreground of John Bull's character. One of the first London journals reminds its readers that the Hindus proscribed that the Queen, by accepting the Koh-i-noor, accepted the curse that has always accompanied it, and will be left without direct successor to her throne. Others remark with surprise that the Archbishop of Canterbury, in his prayer for the Prince's recovery, "recognized his need of God's pardon as plainly as words could put it." It was perfectly aright, it appears, for every morning paper

to comment on the dissipated habits and lack of virtue of the man who lay a-dying, but this official recognition between the Archbishop and God that Kings were sinners, outraged the national loyalty. We learn, too, from The Spectator, that the operation of transfusion was seriously contemplated during the period of the Prince's weakness, and cannot but wonder that patriotic superstition did not seize on the idea to oppose it. What is a Prince's right to the throne in his blood, what is to be done when he has to become the blood of another man? Half a dozen black drops in the veins of an American citizen a few years ago made him no longer a man, but a chattel; what if the veins of this heir to the Crown had been filled with a phlebotomist's blood? or was the idea a subtle scheme of the doctors to appease Odger and Bradford, by mixing subject and monarch in this novel and most laudable method? The experiment would have offered such new fields for nice discussion, that it is almost a pity it was not tried.

And all the modifications to the contrary, occasional phenomena might lead us to suppose that the world after all is growing gentler and tender-hearted. Nothing is so more marked than in the usual reluctance to speak evil of the dead. Under some aspects this is natural and salutary. We have by war, and struggle, and heart-burning enough in this world, one might think, without prolonging them beyond the grave, and making each finite life to drag after it a lengthening chain of dissension or reproach which the individual has passed into the infinite. When such a life has been limited in its sphere, its influence and its example to the narrow circle of average relation, it is the part of good sense as of good feeling to close all private accounts, and heal all personal feuds at the cemetery gate; and in our comment on the dead, if comment we must, to temper the frankness of sincerity, not only with the liberality of the philosopher, but the ample charity of the Christian. With men in public station the case is otherwise. If it be true that none, however obscure, lives or dies for himself alone, it is eminently so of those who in their lives have been prominent in the eye of the world—whose characters and actions will not die with them, and whose influence as warning or example reaches far beyond the comparatively petty result of their individual effort or personality. In such instances a due regard to public well-being, to the purity and equilibrium of the general moral atmosphere, calls for strictness of judgment and frankness of expression. The late Vice-President of Erie was in his life as a citizen on a hill. His name was in every man's mouth. Millions of men on both sides of the Atlantic, who never saw his face, and whose lives and fortunes could not, by the broadest interpretation, be considered as directly affected by his own, were yet familiar with the main outlines of that life, and moved, for good or ill, by the astounding echoes of that fortune. As to the pernicious influence of a man and his career, our opinion has been freely and frequently expressed in these columns; we could hardly give more emphatic expression now. But it may not be out of place to put on record, in the name of sense and consistency, our protest against the mawkish sentimentality or culpable insincerity of seeking to gild the fame of the departed Admiral with the halo of virtues at which he himself would have been the first to be surprised.

When a workman rises in a Labor Reform Convention (as such a man did in Connecticut) and hints that, if the wrongs of the American laborer are not righted, he will resort to the revolutionary violence of the Paris Commune, it is the duty of the Convention thus insulted to put that offending and offensive laborer out at once. Such threats, we think, are simply foolish, both because we do not believe that there is any disposition on the part of Capital knowingly to oppress labor, but principally because for every wrong against either individual or classes our laws afford a remedy. As a whole, considering the result of the long misunderstanding between moneyed men and producers, we incline to the idea that the latter have had the best of it. It is true that there has been a miserable middle and serious loss upon both sides; but the steady tendency has been toward an appreciation and not toward a diminution of the wages of labor. Capital can afford to wait longer, but there is a point beyond which it cannot afford to wait.

It is worth while to notice this instance of slow legislation. It has just been discovered in Maine that for a year past the Superior Court of Cumberland County has been without criminal jurisdiction, because, at the last revision of the statutes, the provision conferring such jurisdiction was omitted. Meanwhile, the Court went on assigning, trying, convicting, and sentencing criminal offenders, just as if it had a legal right to do so. What was to be done now? There the magistrates were in jail, and it was equally clear that by every principle of law they should be liberated. This would not do, however; and so the Legislature, after talking the matter over, voted to legalize the doings of the Court. This is a case, we are getting over a difficulty, and one which the Supreme Court of Maine will hardly sanction, if, by accident, the question of the validity of the act could be raised before it.

We have a queer account of a debate in the Boston Board of Aldermen, which throws a flood of light on the great question of eating and drinking at the public expense. All the money for "contingent expenses" having been expended in dinners and suppers, a proposition was made to transfer one thousand dollars to this alimentary and bibitory fund. Then the Aldermen aired their virtue. One said the practice of eating suppers demoralized and injured common decency. Another told of committee-suppers which cost \$13 per head. Another thought that the committee drank too much. Another asserted that hungry and thirsty men tried to get into the Board expressly that they might eat, drink, and ride gratuitously. This was exceedingly promising; only unfortunately, after all this display of official integrity, the order appropriating the money was passed without a dissenting vote. We suppose that the debate must have made those who participated in it both hungry and thirsty.

There is nothing like mild and milky language, especially when you have to do with public characters. A newspaper in Maine does not venture to say to palm-itching members of the Legislature "Don't steal!" or "Don't sell yourself!" or "Don't perjure yourself!" But the journalist thus sweetly insinuates his advice: "Members must resist the insidious approaches and golden arguments of the disciples of fraud!" We are really living in very delicate times. Though a man may have uttered falsehood until his face in color rivals the sea of spades, it is a gross violation of the proprieties of life to tell him that he is "a liar." The word is handy, short, and definite, but our lips are forbidden to speak it, and out pens to write it. To be sure it's in the Bible, and there is rather a distinct statement there of the future residence of those who are economical of the truth; but even the name of that place must not be mentioned to ears polite.

Good gracious! What is civilization, as we call it, doing for Japan? Among other fresh items of intelligence from that favored land, is the information that a great many fires have occurred at Yedo, "all caused by the careless use of kerosene." Not content with blowing ourselves up, and roasting our children and destroying our houses, we must send this diabolical fluid to heretofore happy Japan, there to work the same hot mischief and misery. We should not be at all surprised, and nobody would have a right to complain, if the Mikado should totally prohibit the importation of these mean mixtures into Japan. It will be observed that we take it for granted that the kerosene in question is American; such is the reasonable presumption until the contrary is proved; though possibly there may be a Kankoo making it in Yedo.

It appears that the document giving a list of articles on which the import duties yield but little revenue, referred to in THE TRIBUNE lately, was not the work of the Bureau of Statistics. The statement of duties derived from those articles, during the year 1871, was taken from the tables of the Bureau, but the conclusions thereon were those of the Secretary of the Treasury.