Announcements, etc., This Morning.

BOOTH'S THEATER.—"Daddy O'Dowd." Mr. Dion Boucicault.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.—"Under the Gaslight."

NEW FIFTH AVENUE THEATER.—"Divorce."

NIBLO'S GARDEN.—The Vokes Family.

OLYMPIC THEATER.—"Humpty Dumpty." George L. Fox.

UNION SQUARE THEATER.—"Fron-Fron." Miss Agnes Ethel.

WALLACK'S THEATER.—"David Garrick." E. A. Sothern and Miss Kate Reignolds.

ASSOCIATION HALL.—Concert. Hampton Students.

BARNUM'S WORLD'S FAIR, American Institute Building—Day and Evening.

SOMERVILLE ART GALLERY.—Exhibition of Oil Paintings.

TONY PASTOR'S OPERA HOUSE.—Varieties.

Business Notices.

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New-York Daily Tribune.

FOUNDED BY HORACE GREELEY.

TUESDAY, APRIL 15, 1873.

The health of the Pope is improving. ==== M. de Rémusat has delivered an address to the Paris electors.

The Government has authorized the extermination of the Modocs. ==== Quartermaster Owens, a Cunard pilot, and others, testified in the Atlantic investigation at Halifax. ==== A large planing-mill was burned at St. Louis.

Three leading trunk lines have adopted a lower freight tariff. ==== Mayor Havemeyer supports Controller Green's views in regard to the vacation of assessments. ==== Two mercantile failures were reported. ==== There was a run on the Hoboken Savings Bank. ==== The Committee of One Hundred quarreled over the Brooklyn Charter. ==== Several stock brokers testified before the Grand Jury in regard to the rates of interest. ==== The new Coinage act causes great inconvenience. ==== Gold, 118⅜, 118¾, 118⅜. Thermometer, 45°, 51°, 46°.

The additional information which we print to-day concerning Modoc murders, gives no new color to the dismal story. The evidence that the Modocs orignally intended treachery is accumulating; the possibility of their extermination seems to be left entirely to the military force of the country.

Whether the salaries of the Judges of the Supreme Court for the 1st Judicial District are too high or not may be a question for debate. Certainly, however, it is clear that it would be incongruous and unjust to put their salaries below those of Justices of Common Pleas, as proposed by the bill at Albany, which correspondents in another column assail.

The Union Pacific Railroad is preparing for a vigorous fight against the Government. The counsel engaged to contest the suits authorized by Congress are among the great legal lights of the country. It remains to be seen if the National Government can bring metal powerful enough to cope with Messrs. Caleb Cushing, Wm. M. Evarts, B. R. Curtis, and their learned associates.

Good citizens will heartily applaud the action of the Board of Aldermen in confirming the Mayor's nominations for Excise Commissioners. Messrs. J. L. Stewart, D. D. T. Marshall, and J. R. Voorhis, have been indorsed by their fellow-citizens as men of estimable character, and their acceptance by the legislative branch of the Government is an acknowledgment of the soundness of the Mayor's judgment.

To add to the present financial difficulties, the new law of Congress relating to gold coins goes into effect. The gold currency of the country has been depreciated in weight by usage and other means, and no "short-weight" coins are to be allowed in circulation hereafter. The retiring of these coins and the needed adjustment by the officers of the Government will cause a temporary inconvenience which might have been averted by a little forethought on the part of Congress.

An amazing confession of ignorance came out, yesterday, in the course of the examination of a petty officer of the Atlantic. Quartermaster Owen, when trying to show something about the run of the ship, confessed that he could not divide 170 by 14. He had studied navigation, but he did not understand "ciphering." How many officers of the Atlantic were as ignorant in their sphere of duty as Mr. Quartermaster Owen was in his? Another point brought out is that Sambro light was burning all night. Why it was not seen from the ship is still an unsolved mystery.

THE POPE.

It is a Catholic tradition that the Apostle Peter presided over the Christian Church as Bishop of Rome for a full quarter of a century. From that time until the accession of Pius IX. not one of the two hundred and fifty or more names in the list of pontiffs is accredited with so long a reign, although Pius VI. fell short of it by only a few months; and it came to be a sort of superstition in Italy that "the years of Peter" should never be filled by any of Peter's successors. But the venerable man who is now supposed to be closing his eventful career in the Vatican, surrounded by the Princes of the Church and guarded by the little Papal army of half a regiment, has long passed the allotted term. The 16th of next June will be the 27th anniversary of his election. He came to the throne amid the acclamations of all Italy. A patriot, a reformer, a liberal, his accession was hailed as a new era for the people and the Church. He was welcomed by Protestant England and America, and his name gave a fresh impulse to the revolutionary forces which then menaced the principal States of the Continent. How strangely the positions of parties have changed! Long ago Pope Pius IX. became in the popular mind the chief representative of political and intellectual reaction; and though he will always be honored for his private virtues and personal amiability, as well as for certain qualities of greatness which will be better recognized when time has assuaged the bitterness of the controversies that called them forth, it may be said of him officially that in his latter years he has been deserted and friendless.

If he die the forty-five cardinals will choose his successor without interference, and will not be severely perplexed by the rivalries of candidates. The dignity has lost its political importance, its emoluments, and most of its attractions for worldly ambition. The pontiff has no temporal subjects. He has no territory except the inclosure of his palace, and that he holds by a precarious tenure. He has no revenue except the voluntary offerings of good Catholics. He is a king without a kingdom or a treasury. Troubles of every kind are pressing fast upon him. In a few years, in all human probability, he will be a fugitive. The Catholic powers no longer intrigue for the succession, as they did of old. It is no longer necessary in the conclave to consult the preferences of France, or to spare the susceptibilities of Spain and Austria. The church is to be congratulated upon the indifference with which the political powers regard this once momentous choice. Liberal or conservative, patriot or reactionist, it is all one now; and the cardinals will have no embarrassment in casting their suffrages for the man who will best promote the spiritual interests of the faithful.

While there can be no political significance in the choice, whatever it may be, it is equally certain that there can be no theological significance either. The Council abolished all difference of doctrinal views in the conclave. Every line now is distinctly drawn, and the new Pope is certain to teach exactly what his predecessor taught, to hold the dogma of infallibility in all its strictness, and to preach the syllabus in all its particulars. It is morally impossible that he should hold out any comfort to the Old Catholics of Germany, or abate any of those pretensions for which the German Empire now makes war upon the Catholicism of Rome.

The rule that the Pope shall be an Italian has been observed for three hundred and fifty years. It rests upon no stronger basis than tacit consent, and has no other reason than such as may be found in the union of the temporal and spiritual power. That reason has now disappeared; but while the Church still hopes to recover her Italian possessions, it is not likely that the old custom will be broken.

A QUESTION OF STATE RIGHTS.

In the United States Supreme Court yesterday an opinion was given involving the proper construction of late amendments to the Constitution. It is reported in full on our second page. We should hardly expect to see questions affecting the relations of the United States and the several States arise from so remote a cause. But a local quarrel among the butchers of New-Orleans has given occasion for the determination of just such important issues. The Louisiana Legislature granted certain exclusive rights and privileges to an incorporated association known as the Crescent City Live Stock Landing and Slaughter-house Company. The law granting these rights compelled the discontinuance of all stock-landings and the closing of all slaughter-houses except those owned or controlled by the Company. The statute was denounced as creating an exclusive and odious monopoly. The butchers opposed to the Company carried the case to the Supreme Court, denying that any exclusive privilege can be conferred on any of its citizens or corporations by the Legislature of any State. It is further set up by the butchers that the statute in question is a violation of the Constitution of the United States in these several particulars:

That it creates an involuntary servitude forbidden by the XIIIth Article of Amendment; that it abridges the privileges and immunities of citizens of the United States; that it denies to the plaintiffs the equal protection of the laws; that it deprives them of their property without due process of law, contrary to the provisions of the first section of the XIVth Article of Amendment.

The opinion of the Court first disposes of the question of the right of a State Legislature to grant such exclusive privileges as may come within the definition of the word monopoly. It is held that such a right does exist in the Legislature. The other questions are much graver, and their elucidation is of the very first importance. The opinion is elaborate, not to say ornamental, and deserves general attention. The XIIIth Amendment declared the personal freedom of the human race within the jurisdiction of this Government. The Supreme Court, construing the meaning of that portion of the fundamental law, holds that the servitude alluded to in the Amendment is strictly personal; and that as the rights of the ex-slaves in the pursuit of life, liberty, and property might be curtailed, the XIVth Amendment became necessary. This later addition to the fundamental law defined the citizenship of the United States. Not only this; the Court holds that the first clause of the XIVth Article defines also the citizenship of States. No such attempt has ever before been made in the Constitution nor by Congress. It is declared that "All persons "born or naturalized in the United States "and subject to the jurisdiction thereof "are citizens of the United States and of the "State wherein they reside." It follows, however, that a man may be a citizen of the United States without being a citizen of a State. Moreover, an important element is needed to convert the former into the latter. The two citizenships are wholly distinct from each other; and it is the privileges and immunities of the citizen of the United States only which are placed under the protection of the Federal Constitution. It was held by the plaintiffs in this case that the Louisiana Legislature had violated the spirit of the section which states that "No State shall make or enforce "any laws which shall abridge the privileges "or immunities of citizens of the United "States." The Court asks if it was the intention of the framers of the XIVth Amendment to transfer to the Federal Government by this Article the entire domain of civil rights. This query is answered, of course, in the negative; and the Court proceeds to separate the rights of citizens of States from the rights of citizens of the United States. The former are included under these general heads: Protection by the Government, with the right to acquire and possess property of every kind, and to pursue and obtain happiness and safety, subject, nevertheless, to such restraints as the Government may prescribe for the general good of the whole.

It will be noticed, however, that the Supreme Court does not choose particularly to define the rights and immunities of citizens of the United States which no State can abridge: no such definition is now required. But it does mention some of those privileges, which are the right to demand the protection of the Government on the high seas and in foreign countries; the right of peaceable assembly; the right of petition; the right to become a citizen of any State of the Union by acquiring a residence therein, &c. Briefly, then, the late amendments to the fundamental law do not transfer to the Federal Government the guardianship of the rights and immunities of citizens heretofore in the custody and keeping of the several States. Such a departure from the spirit of our institutions would be to subject the State Governments to the constant censorship of the National Government. It would subject these local governments to the control of Congress. It would disturb the balance between State and Federal power. It will be readily perceived that certain fundamental principles underlie the rights which depend upon the Federal Government for their protection as well as existence. What those principles are may be determined by an application of the theory outlined by the Supreme Court. The Court does not venture on any elaborate extension of its views in this direction. The thoughtful reader will see, however, that the denial of the grounds assumed by the New-Orleans plaintiffs carries with it a most important decision.

IRISH HISTORY IN IRISH SCHOOLS.

Weak are the ways of "statesmanship," and especially of English "statesmanship," so far as all Irish affairs are concerned. Of Catholic education in Ireland and of the success of the Irish in educational matters when at all left to themselves, the representative of THE TRIBUNE, whose remarkable and timely correspondence from Dublin we have been lately printing, treated at length in the letter printed in THE TRIBUNE of Saturday. But while the Gladstone overthrow and reinstatement give a fresh interest to the old, old misfortunes of the unhappy country, we are glad to seize the opportunity to direct attention more to phases of English effort to deal with the problem of Irish education.

There is nothing which is likely to fill a liberal mind with a vaster and deeper indignation than efforts, by mousing ways and by unfair expedients, to divert the mind of a people not into the habit of thinking, but into a habit of thinking erroneously. This is to contaminate the fountains of education at their source. It betrays an ignoble timidity, and, to a certain extent, a bad conscience. It follows the policy of shifts and expedients, and seeks to accomplish the largest ends by the smallest means. When we meet in history with the story of attempts to conceal truth, to pervert the popular judgment and to keep men from thinking for themselves—and it is a story which we meet with too often—we are accustomed, in this nineteenth century, to thank our stars that we were born when inquisitions and censorships and expurgatorial indexes, to say nothing of the stake and the State gibbet, had gone out of fashion. But the managing men of monarchical politics are much the same in all ages; and the race of those who think that fire can be smothered by flax is perennial. Poor Ireland never had any other government than one of shifts—has she, with her Model Schools, any better to-day?

The Irish youth, it seems, are not to know Irish history! What would be thought of an American school system which took care that the pupils should know nothing of American history? Of course the cases from one point of view are not alike; but the question is, whether an Irishman has not a right to be acquainted with the history of his country? However, this is a matter which will be better comprehended by a statement of several facts.

When Dr. Lyon Playfair lately was in Dublin, investigating the education problem, he visited the Central Model Schools in Marlborough-street, Dublin. In the boys' school, after the head master had examined several classes, Dr. Playfair thought that he would put a few interrogatories on his own account. So he began with: "When was the Confederation "of Kilkenny, and how did it originate?" Nobody knew anything about it. "Who "was Owen O'Neill?" Blank ignorance! "What were the issues at stake "at the Battle of Boyne, and what was the "result?" Here an Irish lad timidly answered, "Orangemen and Catholics; King James ran "away." "Who was the Duke of Tyrconnell?" Vacancy and silence! "For what is "Limerick remarkable?" "They make good "hams, Sir!" was the answer. Things were getting critical; and the Resident Commissioner interfered with, "Dr. Playfair, I did "not wish to interrupt you, but you evidently "are not aware that, under our system, history, or at least Irish history, is unfortunately "excluded." Dr. Playfair was naturally incredulous. He came from Scotland, where any attempt to exclude Scotch history from the schools would naturally be followed by a riot. But he was forced to accept the fact. Irish history cannot be legally taught in Irish schools!

Now, the shame of this is that it is keeping up, in a small way, the numerous and outrageous provisions of the old Irish Code, with all its harassing details, and with all its sanguinary penalties. Why should n't Irish history be taught in Irish schools? Why should English statesmen be so shamefaced about the sins of their ancestors? To us this seems the greater folly because we believe that an Irishman well read in Irish history would be infinitely more likely to be a good citizen. If he felt that his country had great wrongs, he would also know that she had committed great errors, which it would be wicked folly to repeat. An Irish school which does not teach Irish history is an anomaly and an anachronism.

OUR WONDERLAND.

Had the district now designated as the Yellowstone National Park been known in the earlier days of civilization, there would have been many a legend of classic romance as closely associated with its wonders as oracles are with Delphian groves, or the gloom of Avernus with the lake that rests on the sulphurous soil of the Campania. Even the formal report for 1872, of the Superintendent of the Park, transmitted to the Secretary of the Interior, breaks out at intervals in the superlatives by which language naturally attempts to describe that which surpasses it. The reports of the Exploring Expedition under Prof. Hayden and the engraved drawings accompanying them have widely familiarized the public with the leading features of this land of geysers and mud volcanoes, of plunging cataracts and precipitous cañons. The report of the Superintendent gives many new particulars of the scenery and the curiosities, and specifies the simpler details of route, outfit and mode of travel, which are so necessary to the traveler in a region little known. July, August, and September are the best months for visiting it, and these, fortunately, are the months when our busy people are most at liberty.

Which of us, reading of the sunny slopes of Vesuvius, or the fleecy summits of the Alps, has not sighed in thinking that a wide and stormy ocean intervenes between us and those attractive scenes? But grander, wilder, and yet lovelier scenery is now within a week's journey, all by land, and almost all by rail. No tale of travel, or even of Eastern fairy-land, offers anything stranger than the Upper Basin, where hundreds of geysers project vast quantities of steam and water in every conceivable form, gleaming in the sunshine with rainbow colors, glittering by moonlight with a dazzling whiteness. Around Yellowstone Lake there are snow-clad mountains whose peaks have as yet proved inaccessible, being among the loftiest on the continent. From the bosom of the lake, between its green and beautiful islands, from time to time the water springs in air, and jets of steam arise. The Grand Cañon of the Yellowstone is a chasm forty miles in length, from one to three thousand feet in depth. Jets of hot vapor issue from its sides. Cataracts plunge into it. From its depths the stars are visible in the daytime.

To the naturalist and the student of the physical sciences, there are opportunities here of the grandest character. There is not only novelty and the chance—nay, the certainty—of liberal additions to note-books and cabinets; there is a field where the most stupendous operations of nature and the problems of the earth's history are developed before the very eyes of the observer. There are basins lined with the most varied colored porphyries, and waters in which if any object be plunged it is covered with a calcite as pure as alabaster. There are depths of sulphurous vapors and of steaming springs that the plummet has not yet sounded. And there is not only an infinite variety in these objects of curiosity; they are changing in form and character, some hour by hour, some age by age. In some places the central heat has piled up its monuments and departed; in others it is evidently diminishing in power. Within the two years since their discovery old geysers have closed and new ones have opened. Pine trees more than an hundred feet in hight, that were growing on the margin of a mud volcano, have within the same period sunk into and been ingulfed by it, and the volcano itself has ceased operation, leaving only dried hillocks and a shapeless crater.

Surely in these days when the frailty of the means employed to preserve voyagers from the dangers of the sea has been made so terribly apparent, the artist, the tourist, the seeker for health, for pleasure, or for scientific knowledge, may with advantage take counsel of his fears, his purse, and his convenience, and find all that eye or imagination craves within the limits of our own domain.

Widstrand, the Swedish ex-Royal Secretary, who lives in Minnesota, has reached a hight of economy of which even a Dio Lewis is ignorant. Having read a statement that Indian corn contains more than four times as much oily matter as wheat flour, and that one pound of it parched and made into bread is more than equal to two pounds of fat meat, the careful Swede resolved to test its power. Mixing corn meal with water, he, with own devoted hands, made a cake one inch thick and seven inches in diameter, which he baked on the coals in the parlor stove. A cake of this size proved to be more than sufficient for one meal. Three times a day for weeks the experiment was made; he ate nothing else, did n't want anything else, did n't lose weight, and was perfectly well. He must have a constitution before which even hard-boiled eggs might bow and mince-pie blush. To rational people he presents the argument that as it takes but one hour's work—beside fencing—to produce half a bushel of corn, which is more than sufficient for ten days for one person, it need n't cost anybody more than five dollars a year to live. "Rational people," he declares, "will be more satisfied on that than on the fare at the best hotels in Europe or America." Moreover, he observes that half an acre will produce all the vegetables one person will need for a year—without hard labor; that when the weather is warm it is very comfortable and healthy to go barefoot; that a "very comfortable house," large enough for one person, can be built in Minnesota for $20, and that almost anybody can do it for himself. Therefore nobody need be at a loss for a den wherein to dwell and fare surpassing that of the best hotels at the rate of five dollars a year.

We who read the newspapers for points of information or amusement are obliged to be specially wary in the department of animated nature. The propensity of some journals to invent impossible creatures is at once reprehensible and diverting. Therefore when *The Los Angeles* (Cal.) *Express* announces that "a genuine mermaid" is now on exhibition in that place, we neither affirm nor deny the truth of the statement. But if it be admitted as a fib, then we bow to the exquisite and far-reaching imagination which it exhibits. To say that the mermaiden has "a very broad mouth" is nothing, but to say that her "nose is a combination of the Roman and the snub," is to manifest original powers of invention. We are pleased to know that "there are eleven ribs, extending round the body and meeting at the breast." We are agreeably aroused to be told that "here the fishy portion of the thing begins." We might have supposed that it began some time before. Still it is "the fishy portion" which fastest enchains our interest—the upper half being common-place, and not in the least astounding or novel. The "fishy portion" is covered with scales, as it ought to be. But when we are further informed that the spine has a "a dorsal fin," we wonder what the great Agassiz would say to that, if her ladyship should be sent to him in preservative pickle of alcohol or brine. It is satisfactory to know that "the cerebellum and Adam's apple are very prominent," though why a sea-virgin should have an Adam's apple, it remains for the comparative zoölogists to explain. We can comprehend why the nose should be "a combination of the Roman and the snub," but the Adam's apple leaves our faith in the whole narrative just a little staggered.

There was a great debate on base-ball playing before the Boston City Council Committee, last week, on the petition of the Beacon Base-Ball Club "for leave to use the inclosed portion of the parade-ground on the Common for a play-ground." Mr. Faulkener objected. He considered the base-ball to be an objectionable thing. While he was passing it had "been driven close to his face, so that he barely escaped it; and he had heard of numerous persons who had been injured." A Mr. Frothingham was "hit in the groin and had never had a well day since." Mr. Sargent, who is apparently of a rustic, poetical, and we may say ornithological turn, "had rather hear robins singing, and look out upon the green turf than to hear the shouts of the ball-players and be choked with the dust which they made." Then came a Mr. Bradley, who indulged in tender reminiscences. "The game of ball," he said, "which he had played in his youth was a simple game, and attended with no danger; but now the ball resembles grape-shot." With one of these the speaker's "own little girl had been knocked down." The fact is, the matter seems to have become serious, for "ladies were afraid to pass Beacon-st." "Mr. Price said he had been obliged to dodge quite frequently while passing the ground." Really, though base-ball be a fine game, we advise the Bostonians not to play it any more, if it should turn out to be murderous.

Lord Dalling and Bulwer wrote some clever letters, lately published, to Miss Mary Fox of Holland House. They are full of all sorts of advice to his beautiful young correspondent. One upon marriage is significant and alarming when we consider that 'tis a man who writes. Where did he learn all this? "Men," he says, "will not marry a woman so much because they admire her, as because they think she admires them. If you wish to keep well with your husband, and if you wish to get a husband, the happy individual must think you consider no man equal to him. All men will believe this and think it quite natural." He tells the fair lady that "it is not necessary she should adore" the man she marries; it is only necessary he should think he is adored. We are not disposed to believe that the whole feminine sex are nothing but Becky Sharps, and dearly should we like to read the response of the charming girl to whom this cynic wrote.

The city authorities of Quebec, after long deliberation, have determined to have its walls and gates pulled down, much to the dissatisfaction of many of the citizens, who do not hesitate to pronounce the action of the municipal fathers open to the suspicion of jobbery. Quebec has long been an object of interest to tourists on account of its antiquity and its quaintness, and the walls, which it alone possesses of all the Canadian towns, have been a special attraction. The walls down, the power of the magnet will be diminished, and the revenue derived from strangers materially lessened. As the city has slender prospect of gaining any commercial importance, not a few of the inhabitants hold that while the proposed changes can do little if any good, they may work much harm. Quebec, without walls, would not be Quebec at all; and Quebec, without tourists, would become poor indeed.

The Church of England has lately revived a system of penances of the most useful and disagreeable sort. At abominably early hours gorgeous carriages deposit at the doors of sacred edifices in fashionable quarters ladies carefully gloved in large, yellow, ugly housemaid's gauntlets. Equipped in this fashion they go through the unusual and therefore exceedingly tiresome tasks of dusting hassocks, sweeping floors, and cleaning stoves. To black-lead a very large and very cold stove on a chilly Spring morning is not calculated to be a charming exercise for a white-handed, dainty lady of society; neither is the thumping of a quantity of fat and dusty hassocks an agreeable thing to do. The ecclesiastical authorities who led these fashionable souls to repentance—and got their churches cleaned at the same time—deserve no end of praise.

Tupper is not exactly a euphonious name, but people who are born to it can't very well get rid of it, except by marriage or an act of the Legislature. There is a Mrs. Tupper, who lives in Winona, Minn., and she is n't at all ashamed of the name which her lord and master bestowed upon her. In fact, she is rather proud of it, as it is also the name of one of the greatest, most original, and probably immortal authors who have written the English language. But she is honorable in the respect of loyalty to the family. She wished lately to make a present to Mr. Tupper (her husband), and she gave him a handsome copy of *the* Mr. Tupper's "works"—handsome, and so printed and bound that it weighed ten pounds. It was quite an establishment or utensil in itself, and altogether too weighty a book to be read at all, which must have been the best thing about it.

The Rev. Francis Hodgson, M. D., preached at Lewisburg, Penn., on the Sabbath evening prior to the election, bringing out, as we are told, clearly the fact "that all reforms, whether moral or physical, are usually attended with pecuniary loss to somebody." His text was, "Sirs, ye know that by this craft we have our wealth." The secret, we suppose, of the truth is, that men do not follow evil devices for nothing. All those abuses which reforms must necessarily attack, are likely to have a monetary root. Men may indulge in vice for its own sake, but those who help them to pleasures expect to have their wages. Those who commit sin for its own sake would be powerless for error if it were not for those who sell the opportunities of sin for a price. Six or eight men thrive on one man's ruin.

We read that in one of the prettiest villages of New-Hampshire there resides a lady (wife and mother) who is an accomplished musician, and has been the organist until recently of one of the village churches. But she had acquired an uncontrollable appetite for strong drink—a passion so strong that the "organist would leave her seat, retire, and drink." As this method of musical inspiration, of course, resulted disastrously, the organist was discharged, and she has been sent to an inebriate asylum. A case like this shows what the appetite is. Nobody can understand why this poor woman should do such a disreputable thing—nobody except herself. She knows well enough, in the bitterness and grief of her heart.

A rural capital may not be a bad thing. *The Des Moines* (Iowa) *Reporter* says: "Wheat sowing has commenced in the north part of the city; in the south it will be quite generally through with this week." Whereupon a Peoria newspaper says: "Think of the capital of a State with 1,500,000 inhabitants being located in a wheat-field!" But it might be worse. It might be located in a corrupt, vicious, and godless great town, ready to introduce the country members to vices which they had otherwise not known. A legislature sitting in a wheat field should have a primitive and bucolic simplicity, taking us back to the stern and simple beginnings of ancient republics. It may be doubtful whether Des Moines, rural as it is, can do that.

Should the President (male) of a female college kiss the students? The Rev. Dr. Munsell, President of the Illinois Wesleyan University, has been brought before the Trustees upon a charge of "paternally kissing the young ladies." The Trustees report that they "regard the course of Dr. Munsell in kissing *different* young ladies as unwise and improper," from which we infer that the salutes would have been perfectly wise and proper if the doctor had confined himself to one young lady. But the Trustees say that the kissing was always "in the presence of third parties, so that there could have been no improper intent." This is mild; but the Doctor is huffy about the matter, and has resigned the President's chair.

FINE ARTS.

THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

FORTY-EIGHTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION—RECEPTION AND PRIVATE VIEW.

The annual receptions to which the artists composing the Academy invite their friends, and their friends' friends, have always this pleasant feature, that we are sure to see in these handsome rooms in the course of the long evening, a goodly representation of the intelligent, earnest women and the men of native gifts and culture, who make the true "best society" of our city. It is neutral ground, where opinions of all colors in religion and politics, people interested in various schemes for the bettering of the world, and people who better the world by their mere being in it, come together by natural affinity, hoping to find the muses, but, in case of disappointment, very well able to make a bright, breezy, sunlit, chatty Olympus out of their own resources. If we had a grumpy, misbeleving foreigner on our hands—though this class of outlandish people is almost extinct now-a-days, and in its place there is springing up a family of gushing tourists, full of enthusiasm for America, and swallowing us whole with bland contentment as if we were oysters—but if we should have one of the wholesome, old-fashioned, grumpy kind on our hands, we really do not know where (supposing him to be a Dodo of an open, intelligent mind) we could take him with greater certainty of convincing him at a blow that we were not a nation of Colfaxes, and Jay Goulds, and Fisks and Barnards and Vanderbilts than to a reception at the Academy. Why, we believe that even that bitter-sweet fruit of the tree of too much knowledge, Mr. Ruskin himself, who has lately expressed an amiable wish to have the City of New-York burned to the ground would, in the essential goodness of his heart, if once he could see how many deputies sense and right-feeling, and desire for excellence and achievement of excellence sent to the Academy last night—seize a Babcock extinguisher and stand ready to put us out if once we should catch fire, rather than bear the brand himself. But, when it comes to the pictures, we are afraid the show on the walls of the Academy cannot be looked upon as fairly representing American Art. Our Academicians pursue a plan—if it be a plan—directly opposite to that pursued by the artists of England and France. The artists of those countries—the most distinguished as well as those who have not as yet achieved greatness—are both eager to send their latest work to the exhibition, and they strive with all their might to make their latest work their best. No Frenchman who has painted a picture that he believes will do him credit, consents to sell it except on the condition that it be sent to the Salon. And the same rule is followed in England. But here, of late years especially, it has come to be the custom for an artist, as soon as he has assured a paying reputation, to withdraw entirely from the Academy, or if he still continue to exhibit there he sends pictures that would never have won him repute, and that yearly weaken the repute he has already won. The result is not far to seek. For the last five or six years the Exhibitions have been steadily deteriorating until now it is our unpleasant duty to declare that as a whole we do not see how a lower depth could well be reached than has been reached this year.

To-day, however, we will not dwell on disagreeables, but try to find something to say a cheerful word about. It puts one into good humor, in spite of depressing elements, to see so large an assembly of people as was gathered last night coursing unweariedly through the rooms in happy spirits, full of confidence that somewhere they were sure to come across something good. Here, including water colors, crayon drawings, and architectural sketches, there are 323 pictures, not a large number, it is true, for a year's Exhibition, but still large enough to make opportunity for plenty of good work. And though the good is out of all proportion to the poor, bad, and indifferent, yet there are a few good pieces. Eastman Johnson sends three pictures, and one of them, a lady standing before a mass of hollyhocks and admiring the beauty of one of the flowers, is quite delightful in color, a picture sure to be much admired. Another picture by him is in a vein altogether different—a mother is giving her baby-boy a bath in a woodland pool; the child's elder sister lies on the ground and delights in the plump little fellow's mingled fear and pleasure. Eastman Johnson is a remarkable painter of children, and it is a real pity that we could not all have been allowed to see in this exhibition a picture he has recently finished representing a little girl giving her dolls a tea-party. What, in the hands of almost any other of our men would degenerate into caricature, or would become insipid, is turned by Eastman Johnson into the surest interpretation of nature touched oftener with delicate humor than with pathos. If some Frenchman or German—some Edouard Frère or Meyer von Bremen—in a happy hour had painted such a picture as Johnson's portraits of Mr. B.'s family, where the little girl is rapt in delighted wonder over the dancing of a puppet, had painted such a picture as this or "Sunday Morning," or "Fiddling His Way," or any one of half a dozen others, we should have heard tall crowing from the morning side of the ocean. If the Doll's Tea Party could have been shown alongside "The Lady and the Hollyhocks" we should have been able to point out how much brighter a chord of color Mr. Johnson is working in than he used to employ. Mr. Page has only one picture, and that is not the Shakespeare he has long been working over, as we hoped it would be. The present picture is a portrait of Mr. Page himself, and is not very pleasing. Still, like everything he does, it is not to be lightly passed over; it is an individual work, and the colors have been mixed with brains, which always tells. Either this head is only rubbed in, or else Mr. Page is changing his method—perhaps only trying an experiment.

Neither Mr. Tiffany's work nor that of Mr. Swain Gifford is as good as the work he had in the Water Color Exhibition. Mr. Swain Gifford has no important picture, but Mr. Tiffany has one of considerable size—"Tangiers outside the Walls"—but it is not what we ought to have had from Mr. Tiffany, an artist who has made so many admirers that he ought to do his best always, and nothing here, we think, shows him at his best. Mr. Jervis McEntee has two large landscapes, one of which, No. 228, is full of his well-known feeling; but there is nothing monotonous nor conventional in his treatment of the subject. While McEntee is a thoroughly American painter, and while every American recognizes the truth to our landscape of his pictures, it is remarkable how strongly his pictures recall some of the cotemporary French landscape. But it by no means imitates the work of anybody; it seems to us thoroughly original and individual, and if McEntee be not to-day the American landscape painter highest in favor with thoughtful lovers of nature, he is sure, we think, not to lose any of the ground he has already gained, nor to part with a single friend. And among the men who make up the strict academic circle, we do not know one who can compare with McEntee for mingled poetry of feeling and knowledge of the lovely but limited field in which he has chosen to work.

Mr. Geo. C. Lambdin has sent two or three of the flower-pieces he has been painting recently, and which are by far the best work he has ever done. These subjects are essentially decorative, and it is a pity that our furniture and houses did not offer some field in which it could find a place more appropriate than shut up in a formal frame. Mr. Lambdin's flowers are painted with remarkable accuracy and with ample detail, but the artist's enjoyment seems to be found in the color fully as much as in the form. We do not know where better flower painting than this by Mr. Lambdin will be found. Some of the French work is as effective, but it is rare to find this effectiveness joined to such accuracy of observation of the structure of plants and such nice feeling for their way of growth.

Mr. S. R. Gifford's "Constantinople" has, no doubt, considerable merit, but we get tired of this artist's constant recourse to mist and mistiness to give effect to his pictures. He seems to dread "making things out," and too often, as in the present case, belittles what might have been a noble subject, by choosing its least impressive and least beautiful aspect.

Mr. F. T. Vanee's "Spring," No. 138, though coarse in the painting, and showing no very profound study of Nature nor delight in her detail, has yet a homely attractiveness about it that encourages us to hope something better may be in store for us. Mr. Cropsey's landscape makes an impression just the reverse, and seems to indicate that he has gone in-doors with the intention of staying there and painting pictures from memory. It is to be regretted that this should be so, for Mr. Cropsey's work in former times, though always crude, had yet a taste of nature in it—a certain honesty that made it likeable if not lovable. Such pictures as this are neither. The portraits this year are of very indifferent quality. Mr. Huntington has several portraits of gentlemen which he rarely paints well, and no "Portrait of a Lady" which he does sometimes paint well, or wellish. Mr. Hicks has the place of honor in the South Room, and a very poor match it is for the astonishing "Columbus" of Mr. Herrmann Brücke at the other end. Whether Mr. Brücke studied historical painting with Mr. Wm. H. Powell, or with the late Mr. Leutze, we do not know, but he is not to be looked down upon by the admirers of either of these great painters. It is rather late in the day, however, for the Academy to admit such a picture into its Exhibition at all, much less to give it an honorable place. Art is hindered, not helped, by such concessions. Mr. Loop has a good portrait, a modest, unaffected piece of painting, and Mr. Le Clear has among other pictures a portrait of Mr. Bayard Taylor, easily recognizable, and doing the artist credit. Finally, to close our rapid glance at the Exhibition, we must not omit to speak of Mr. Ferry's excellent pictures, "Fireside Stories" and "Sunday Morning," in which we note a rapid advance both in the ability to master general effect and in the ability to paint detail with a beautiful but unobtrusive tou