

Announcements and Meetings.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC—Italian Opera: "Lucia di Lammermoor." ... BROADWAY THEATRE—"Zip" Lotis. ... DALY'S FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE—"Charity."

Index to Advertisements.

AMUSEMENT—Eleventh Page—5th and 6th columns. BANKING AND FINANCIAL—Ninth Page—1st column. ... HAS PAID OVER NINETEEN THOUSAND CLAIMS.

Business Notices.

ADVERTISING RATES. DAILY TRIBUNE, 50c per annum. ... TERMS, cash in advance.

New-York Daily Tribune.

FOUNDED BY HORACE GREELEY. MONDAY, APRIL 13, 1874.

TRIPLE SHEET.

Proposals for a settlement of the Carlist war, made by Marshal Serrano, have been rejected by the Carlists. ... The King of Siam has signed the treaty with England.

Dr. Dio Lewis, the Temperance reformer, has stirred up some feeling in Boston. Hearing himself disparaged from one of the Boston pulpits yesterday, he attempted a reply on the spot.

It is reported that the books of the Pacific Mail Company are to be taken to Washington. We fear that the books the Committee are likely to get will not prove much save that nearly a million dollars disappeared mysteriously about the time legislation was wanted.

A correspondent of THE TRIBUNE, in a letter published last Saturday, called attention to some extraordinary Custom-house seizures made in San Francisco in 1866. The seizure was directed against champagne. For various reasons this article of importation has been favorite game with the Custom-house spies and informers.

Pittsburg has gained an unpleasant prominence as the first city in which active measures have been taken by the municipal government to "head off" the Temperance Crusaders. It is proposed to hinder the women by a city ordinance, arresting persons found parading or praying in the streets.

public; for a time they suspended operations. But, taking counsel of their courage rather than their fears, they will recommence their work to-day. If the city authorities attempt to arrest these praying women, a collision is inevitable; it is not in Western men, of all others, to stand by tranquilly while women are roughly handled.

Washington dispatches say that the President has no intention of immediately making any changes in the Treasury Department on account of recent developments in the Sanborn inquiry. This determination, however, need not necessarily be the result of the President's desire to save Messrs. Richardson and Sawyer, who have been so damaged by the investigation. It is said that he considers these gentlemen "good fellows," who have lost all their friends but himself. Perhaps, then, he prefers that they shall stay in office until they shall have been presented to the Senate under articles of impeachment by the House.

SOME OF MR. SHEPHERD'S BILLS. We publish this morning a remarkable letter from Washington respecting a transaction between Mr. A. R. Shepherd and Assistant Secretary Sawyer. Mr. Shepherd it seems has a contract with the Government to furnish a certain patent roofing for the public buildings on the following terms: The United States is to pay the cost of the material and labor, and Mr. Shepherd is to receive a commission of fifty per cent on these payments, beside a royalty of five dollars on each square of the roofing.

The gentleman who made these discoveries, a Mr. Wheeler, supposed that an error had been committed, and respectfully waited upon Secretary Richardson with his information. The case was referred to Assistant Secretary Sawyer, and a time was set for Mr. Wheeler to meet Sawyer with sworn copies of the bills, vouchers, and other papers necessary to an examination. At the appointed hour Mr. Wheeler presented himself with the documents, and instead of encountering Mr. Sawyer he found awaiting him a letter from the Secretary stating that Mr. Sawyer had "examined" the charges (this, be it remembered, before the proofs had been submitted) and found them "not sustained in any degree by the facts."

Of course there may be an explanation of the apparent discrepancies in Mr. Shepherd's accounts; but the circumstances are in the highest degree suspicious. If in the "ordinary course of business" somebody should start on its rounds through the Treasury an order for an examination of this case, and that order should chance to be referred to Mr. Richardson, we hope the Secretary will chance to sign it. Mr. Shepherd's roofing company has contracts for covering a great many public buildings, and we should like to know upon what principle the work is paid for.

A BREACH-OF-PROMISE LETTER.

In these days diplomatic mysteries never last long. In the dark ages before newspapers, the knowledge of diplomatic proceedings was confined to a very limited circle, and the most important documents of centuries ago are continually being unearthed by the indefatigable Motleys and Martins of the present. But the journalist of to-day will leave very little to be done by the historians of the future except to select the most available material from the vast mass at their disposition. Our own service, of course, works in a glass hive, as an English statesman once graphically said, and if there is anything which escapes the newspapers in the course of the year, the State Department cleans out its pigeon-holes in December and sends in everything with the President's Message. If our Envoy, fondly trusting that the "confidential" over his dispatch is a seal of secrecy, gives his intimate opinion of the public and private morals of the King of Thule, he may begin to pack his portmanteau as soon after New Year's as convenient, for he will certainly read his piquant disclosures in the papers which announce to him that Congress is in session. He is lucky if he escapes with black looks and snubbings. In Santiago de Cuba they mobbed and would fain have hanged one of our Consuls because one of his confidential dispatches was published in Washington. These things ought certainly to teach our diplomats not to be zealous. The best way is to write no dispatches, and the next best is to put nothing in them, for, sooner or later, they will be printed. The chance of a judicious murderer's keeping his secret is much better than that of a modern Envoy.

A dispatch which has been discussed and doubted for four years may be said to have enjoyed a relative eternity of mystery. This is the case with that now famous instruction sent by Count von Beust to Prince Metternich, in Paris, in July of 1870, which has been given to the public in the columns of the Temps of that city. There has been such a cloud of contradictions set afloat about this document, so much hot blood aroused by the discussion concerning it, that it has at last assumed an importance in no way belonging to it, and its publication may lead to serious complications. But in fact it is not an especially significant dispatch. Both sides will claim that it sustains their respective theories about it. The Austrian Premier said, "We consider the cause of France as our own, but the alliance of Russia and Prussia prevents the armed intervention of Austria." The one party can say that this implied a conditional promise to support, and the other can reply that it expressly refused any support whatever. The rest of the dispatch, which instructs Prince Metternich to advise that overtures be made to Italy, is simply a piece of that fussy impertinence which has so often marred and rendered useless the best work of Count von Beust.

The chief interest of the incident is as an illustration of the curious reverses of time. There was probably never a Nemesis more prompt than that which brought back to the lips of Napoleon III. in 1870 the poisoned chalice he had affectionately presented in 1866 to his good friend and brother, Francis Joseph of Austria. While the war was brewing between Prussia and Austria, the chief use of the Prince of Metternich in Paris was to be lied to by the Emperor and write home encoura-

ging dispatches upon the strength of it. Even up to the time when hostilities began, there was the strongest confidence in Vienna that France would not permit them to be badly beaten, and after the disaster of Sadowa the Austrians still tried to save their dignity and involve their false friend in their quarrel by coding Venetia to France instead of to Italy. But the Italians and Prussians paid no attention to the fence, and Victor Emmanuel marched to Venice without much care whether Lobau would get there first to give him the keys. The clever Emperor thought he had so effectually dissembled his love for Austria that he might ask a fee from Prussia for moral aid rendered in the war—though he had done no more to earn it than Sanborn had to earn his fifty per cent. He asked for the Rhine frontier, and he received an answer, in Bismarck's most Gothic manner, which offended and humiliated him beyond even his endurance, and really caused the next war. Before that really began, there was every reason to hope for the concurrence of Austria. Both the Emperor and his Prime Minister cherished a cordial ill-will to Prussia, and would have been happy to share in her chastisement. But they had to count with public opinion, which in Austria was German, and in Hungary was for peace. Under the circumstances they could do no more than encourage France to whip Prussia by herself, and this was the purpose of those dispatches of Count von Beust, which the innocent Duke de Gramont and his candid master received as promises of active alliance.

THE GREAT ISSUE.

Five or six years ago, Horace Greeley, in a reply to one of the early inflationists, said, "Finally, General, we differ in this:—You regard the question of the payment of the Government bonds in gold as merely a question of law;—I regard it as even more a question of morals." That is precisely the aspect of the financial dispute to-day; and the country will therefore welcome the admirable statement, printed on the first page of to-day's TRIBUNE, in which the eminent head of the Divinity School at Yale brings forward the moral phase of inflation, as the rising issue about which parties are to crystallize. There has been long searching for such an issue. Most sagacious politicians have for some time realized the truth which Dr. Bacon so clearly states, that both the old parties are falling to pieces. All have been disgusted by the revelations of corruption in both, and by the responsibility of leading men in both for those dishonest schemes of inflation, against which they were distinctly pledged in their platforms. Clearly the more hopeful outlook was in the union of the men who wanted to fight corruption and to defend honesty in finance and in general politics. But how were such men to find ground of common action and issues so sharply defined as to command the popular attention? Up to this time their attitude has been merely one of expectancy. The action of Congress forces upon them a change. What better issue can they find than the one just now forced:—Shall the national dollar be the truth or a lie?

Dr. Bacon's views are presented in the form of a letter to the Hon. William Walter Phelps. They deserve special weight with that most important class of our citizens of whom Mr. Phelps is a conspicuous type—the young men of education, responsibility, and honor, who go into politics because they wish to advance the interests of the country and not to fill their pockets.

MISS CARROLL'S MEMORIAL.

This year, as for several years past, Miss Anna Ella Carroll comes before Congress with her claim for compensation for services rendered during the civil war. For a while this claim was laughed at on general principles, because Miss Carroll was a woman. Afterward it was frowned upon, as disrespectful in its essence to some of our great captains. But it gathered strength and consistency all the while, until it at last obtained the suffrages of many Congressmen and the favorable report of a committee. It is now by no means impossible that it may yet be recognized by considerable parties in both Houses, and even that Miss Carroll may some day obtain the extraordinary one. She asserts and assumes to prove that she originated and suggested to the Government the plan for opening the Mississippi and breaking the rebel power in the South-West, which was finally adopted and carried out. She claims to have made out a detailed plan of the campaign in which our armies ascended the Tennessee River to the decisive position which they occupied on the Memphis and Charleston Railroad. She claims further to have written an important series of papers on the Rebellion, for which the War Department promised her a compensation which she has not received. The latter claim is not so serious, and will scarcely hold, but the proofs she brings to sustain her assertions in relation to the Tennessee campaign are of a character which it is almost equally difficult to admit or to deny. The Hon. Thomas A. Scott, Assistant Secretary of War, certifies to the justice of the claim in the most positive and unqualified terms. His statement is worth giving in his own words:

PHILADELPHIA, June 24, 1870. On or about the 30th of November, 1861, Miss Carroll, as stated in her memorial, called on me, as Assistant Secretary of War, and suggested the propriety of abandoning the expedition which was then preparing to descend the Mississippi River, and to adopt instead the Tennessee River, and handed to me the plan of campaign, as appended to her memorial, which plan I submitted to the Secretary of War, and its general ideas were adopted. On my return from the South-West, in 1862, I informed Miss Carroll, as she states in her memorial, that through the adoption of this plan the country had been saved millions, and that it entitled her to the kind consideration of Congress.

Col. Scott repeats this unreserved declaration in two or three different forms. The Hon. B. F. Wade is equally emphatic. He says that President Lincoln and Mr. Stanton both informed him that the credit of the Tennessee campaign was due to Miss Carroll. The Hon. O. H. Browning, Senator from Illinois, gives the same evidence with equal distinctness. Chief-Justice Evans of the Supreme Court of Texas goes further into details, giving the case of the memorialist far more fully and strongly than she presents it herself. The venerable Elisha Whittlesey joins in the same representations. Such legal authorities as Reverdy Johnson and Truman Smith say that the evidence is complete in her favor. Finally, the Military Committee of the Senate in the XLIIst Congress, after maturely weighing the case, reported through their Chairman, Senator Howard of Michigan, that Miss Carroll had established her claim. The case thus supported is one of the most

remarkable ones which has ever come before the National Legislature. The decision is of importance to more than the memorialist. If it is in her favor, the country will, of course, give her ungrudgingly the compensation she deserves, although others have already been munificently paid in money and glory for the work she claims to have done.

STREET CLEANING.

If the recommendations of the Assembly Committee touching the cleaning of the New-York streets could be carried out, our city would wear a new face. We ought to have Broadway and all the Avenues below Central Park, and the whole area of the city below Canal-st., swept every night. The rest of the city should be cleaned twice and three times a week. Specially dirty localities ought to have more frequent attention. Every cart and every sweeper should have a particular portion of the work to attend to. Ashes and garbage should be removed promptly. Patrolmen should be required to report the condition of their beats. These, with some details of administration, are the principal reforms recommended by the Committee. There can be no doubt that they are all within the reach of the present authorities, and that they would prove highly effective if they were honestly carried out. The only serious question is a question of money.

What it would cost to clean the city on this plan, supposing the work to be faithfully done, nobody can tell. The experiment has never been tried, and there are no data for a close calculation. The testimony elicited by the Committee tends to show, however, that an appropriation equal to that of last year ought to be more than enough. We need, in the first place, new views of duty in the Police Board. The business of street cleaning now is partly a branch of politics and partly a job for private profit. Names are put upon the pay-rolls as a reward for party services; and inspectors are appointed to look after ward policemen instead of looking after the streets; and cartmen are kept busy filling somebody's sunken lots, and picking up requisites of manure, when they ought to be removing mud and garbage. If we can establish a reform at the head of the Department, we may see the street cleaners organized as a real working force, which they are not now, and never have been. Then a great deal of money can be saved by the more general employment of machines. Before the machines can be thoroughly used, however, the streets must be cleared of unnecessary obstructions. There are certain quarters of the town which look at evening like a stable yard. When nearly half the roadway is taken up by wagons left standing for the night before the owners' doors, the streets cannot be cleaned either by machine or by the broom. Removing these vehicles will be a great difficulty of course; but they must be put out of the way, or else the streets must remain dirty. Finally, a great deal of the appropriation can be saved by making an economical disposition of the sweepings, separating fertilizing and other valuable substances from the refuse, and putting both where they will do most good.

The Committee has wisely decided not to attempt the cleaning of New-York by Albany legislation. He is not much of a man who cannot wash his own face. We have probably all the power under the present charter that we need; and it seems to be now the part of the Board of Police to get together and plan a reorganization of the Street Cleaning Bureau by the light of the suggestions of Mr. Eastman's Committee.

BURN OR BURY.

Nothing is more curious to notice than the manner in which an idea becomes epidemic. This matter of cremation, for instance. Men have died and worms have eaten them for generations without protest on either side until a month or two ago, when in Germany, Italy, England, and this country a sudden crusade set out simultaneously against coffins, winding-sheets, and moist, unpleasant bodies, and crowds of scientific and sentimental gentlemen cry aloud in the market places, demanding of posterity a "furnace of fire-proof bricks with ten holes below and one hundred and fifty pounds of wood," by means of which they may promptly be converted into lime, or, as otherwise stated, a "pure and holy flame." The number moving practically in the matter in Europe is estimated at three or four thousand; in New-York they may be counted by the score, but their vigor and almost wrathful zeal will perhaps atone for want of numbers. The matter is, after all, one which science will argue, but which feeling will decide; and in the meeting a few nights ago there was not any appreciable show of either the one or the other. In order to make converts it would have been wise either to prove that the new mode of dealing with the bodies of the departed was more healthful for the living, or to have surrounded it with a semblance of greater care and tenderness for the dead. Our friends, however, all appeared to have undertaken the work in a white heat of antagonism to all who differed with them, which the subject hardly calls for. The "dead body" being what might be called the *piece de resistance* of the debate, was attacked by each speaker and handled roughly enough. Now most of us weaker mortals are apt to remember but one "dead body" when we hear the words; one which we do not name; we think of dear hands that never will open to grasp ours again; of a still, white face which means all that was worth caring for in life to us. For these vehement gentlemen to denounce it as a dead animal, a loathsome carcass, a putrid carrion, is hardly the way to invite popular prejudices to their side of the question. After haling the hypothetical dead man to light who has been passing solemnly under the sod for so many generations as into the valley of the shadow of death, followed only by tears and reverent silence, and having shown him to be only a most unpleasant nuisance and fraud, our reformers brought on their arguments in favor of burning and making a prompt and speedy end of him. These arguments reduced to their real meaning simply were that he was needed as manure. We were bidden to estimate the wastage of 1,300,000 people every third of a century. Counties of James River were neither marl nor any other fertilizer is used were held up to us as frightful examples of bad soil in case this sort of thing was persevered in. The man who refused to give his body as manure was a "fat. One gentleman appealed to "those fine 'fat fellows, the gourdmands," and assured them his ashes should go to nourish the early vegetables and the ox, from which comes sirloin steaks. Whether this inducement brought in the gourdmands to any extent we are not informed. We were adjured to burn ourselves, and not only to burn, but to "refuse to ur our ashes," to insist that they be immediately scattered over the earth for farm-

ing or garden purposes; which would, we think, be an obstinate persistence in principle creditable to any dead body. Some cowardly member who had planned a resolution by which they could make fruitifiers of all their friends, but themselves escape in a coffin and bearse to Greenwood, were arrested, as one may say, in the very act, and summarily forced to accept the furnace and one hundred and fifty pounds of fuel. Indeed, so completely did the whole subject assume this economical bearing that we should not have been surprised if the company furnishing the furnace, &c., had turned out to be a joint stock association for the sale of human guano.

We have no wish to ridicule our friends or their efforts; we only suggest that they have gone the wrong way to work. Whether cremation be the most civilized, rational, or healthful way of disposing of the dead, and the most tender to the feelings of the living, is yet open to argument, and depends very much, in fact, upon the manner in which it is done. The burning of Shelley's body, meant to be a poetic and classic rite, was in reality, according to Trelawney, ghastly and nauseous beyond description. The mass of men, and women too, have precisely that feeling of revulsion for their dead which our reformers abjure with such contempt. Weakness or not, it is an indisputable fact on which the success or defeat of their effort, after all, depends, and they should recognize and treat it with respect. They will hardly persuade a husband, for instance, to give them the body of his wife by asking for it as a rotten carcass, or induce the mother to part with the babe that has lain in her bosom on the consideration that it is needed for manure.

FACTS FOR A FRIENDLY INQUIRER.

We are in frequent receipt of letters like the following, but have preferred to suppress them. We mean now to make only a single exception:

To the Editor of THE TRIBUNE.

Sir: Some of your unhappy cotemporaries, whom you are probably too busy to answer, find their favorite subject of discussion in the circulation, the conduct, and the financial condition of THE TRIBUNE. I read to-day a statement which to my own knowledge is untrue, where a specially jealous rival claims double your circulation, the dealer himself told me that your sales were largely in excess of any other. In another matter I have had occasion to detect a falsehood emanating from the same quarter. It was said a Wall-st. broker had a large amount of TRIBUNE stock for sale cheap. I inquired and found he had three \$1,000 shares, which he said were worth \$9,000. This may be cheap, but it is certainly not low.

Now, as a general thing, I approve your policy of not noticing the abuse of inferior newspapers. If business men should occupy himself not about his business, but in railing against his neighbor, how about the amount of his trade, then about the nature of his credit, then about the extent of his profits, then about the character of his loans, such a business man would be recognized at once as excessively jealous, and therefore excessively inferior; and would be promptly sent to Coventry. You're very rich to send newspapers of that sort there. A blackguard on the press and a blackguard in the gutter deserve just about equal consideration.

But you certainly did a good thing yesterday in the frank statement which stopped the mouths of your detractors who were sneering about your dividends. If a circulating agent has now broken out again in circulation. Many of your friends, myself among them, wish you would make an exception to your rules for one and tell us how much truth and how much envy there is in the daily yarn of the papers, which seem scoured out of their wits by the shadow of your prosperity. Yours sincerely, MERCHANT.

New-York, April 13, 1874. Newspapers which really have large or increasing circulations never need to inform the public of it by certificates. Much less are they likely to enter into disputes with envious rivals about it. It is only your third-class paper that finds space or inclination for that kind of wrangling. The above letter, however, comes from a source so friendly and so intelligent that, solely for the satisfaction of our correspondent and of friends feeling as he does, we take this occasion to say that—

1. The aggregate circulation of THE TRIBUNE exceeds that of any other four-cent paper in New-York.

2. The circulation of THE WEEKLY TRIBUNE is three times that of any other paper of its class in New-York,—four times that of any other save one.

3. The circulation of THE SEMI-WEEKLY TRIBUNE is four or five times greater than that of any other semi-weekly in New-York.

4. The circulation of THE DAILY TRIBUNE is greater than that of any other four cent paper in New-York except THE HERALD.

5. The general testimony of newswriters, alike in town and country, has been, that since the panic most newspapers have shown more or less loss, and that the only paper of its class which has been steadily gaining has been THE TRIBUNE. Of the character and value of our circulation we need not speak. The facts above mentioned about its extent are well known among all who have cared to inform themselves on the subject; and are not disputed, so far as we know, by any reputable newspaper, or in any well-informed quarter. If they should be denied, with heated iteration and laborious collation of one-sided or false statements, by unfortunates who feel their momentary luck passing away with the credit of the partisan combinations upon which they depend for support, the circumstance would be neither unnatural nor deserving of notice.

LAMB AND PEAS.

Now comes on the season of the vernal lamb and the elusive pea. Already the markets are afflicted with the plaintive bleat of infant sheep torn untimely from their dams; and the fair promise of Spring is anticipated in scanty heaps of the Carolina vegetable, which no more resembles the succulent peascod of New-Jersey than the shriveled Digby hering resembles the silvery, arrowy tenant of Taunton waters. These delusive cates beguile the fancy of those who think that money can change isothermal lines, making the brown one green, or who seek to cloy the hungry edge of appetite by bare imagination of a feast. But the Apician banquet, which in our climate is the only early Summer idyl of the table, is not yet ready. It is as true now as when Bryant wrote it that the country ever has a lagging Spring. This year, at least, the town can boast no borders flushed with sudden bloom. The April violets and heliotropes that perfume the street corners are not more Spring-like now than they were last January, when, between infrequent storms, women tempted fate in diaphanous gowns, and the sealskin coat became a burden. Easter Sunday saw much Spring gear; and, though not a few people denied themselves the public consolations of religion because milliners do sometimes disappoint, lilacs, roses and crisp nameless nothings were out in the air. Even the average man, dining at his club on pale lamb and ghastrly peas, urged the season with light-headed craving and creamy elvans. But all

this was vanity. By sunset, the north wind blew chilly, and the bleak sky closed over us as it was wont.

While the vernal feast remains in abeyance, the clothes question is unsettled. The fair, creatures who somewhat remind us of the ancient Athenians, in that they spend their time in buying or wearing some new thing, are at their wits' end. The multifarious millinery which is ready is also premature. The other multifarious trappings which are not even selected must remain unthought. This is that joy deferred which makes the heart sick. The fair wearer of good clothes is in a state of distracted incompleteness; for, though the Winter is over and gone, the lark declines to warble sweet on the spray, and she has an injured sense of having nothing to wear. The male creature, too, is conscious that his Winter coat is tinged with a suspicion of unfitness; underneath is hidden a suggestion of shabbiness that shrinks from exposure to the tardy Spring. He dallies over the delicate cassimeres that would be burdensome in August, but simply rheumatic now. He clings affectionately to his overcoat as to an old friend; but it irks him a little that he cannot honorably shed it. And in these cold, damp days, when belles and beaux agree that the weather is "perfectly horrid," hundreds of our brothers and sisters lament that the threadbare garments which scarcely covered them through the mild Winter are insufficient for the chilly Spring. These, long buoyed up by the hope of warmer days coming, look dolefully at the prospect through their looped and windowed raggedness.

The vernal banquet is promise rather than fruition; it is suggestion rather than reality; although the careful housekeeper, scanning present prices, may think it very real. Yet green peas, economically considered, are the immature seedlings of next year, the promise of another generation—so to speak. And what is lamb but a playful forerunner of the autumnal mutton and the succulent saddle which shall coldly furnish forth December luncheon tables? This aroma of promise is all there is of the Spring of which lamb and peas are the ushers. Ever since the world began, it has been the fashion of the poets to sing the praises of Spring—with a cold in the head. But the history of the human race has been even long protest against the gentle fraud. Even Coleridge, in Christabel, complains that "Spring comes late up this way;" and, three centuries ago, Ronsard prayed, "God shield 'these, Easter daisies.' It is an old story. Spring is late this year. It is late every year. As regularly as the seasons revolve, it is a matter of remark in the vernal equinox that this is an unusually backward season. In fact, it is as periodically unusual as the wilting heat of Summer or the severe cold of Winter, both of which are annual topics of wonder to the Oldest Inhabitant. Nevertheless, with all their drawbacks and irritations, the Spring months never pretended to have anything to recommend them but their notice of the coming of warmer days and kinder skies. We should rob life of half its enjoyment if we insisted on seizing the core of things as we go along. The robin, for example, is only a fancy, an anticipation of something else to come. Personally, he is a nuisance; gastronomically, he is a very indifferent bird; nevertheless, poets have glorified him always, and his associations are chiefly æsthetic and sentimental. For this he is tolerated—even welcomed. So practical people who have to do with bonds, stocks, and daily newspapers may look up to the gray sky, where the clangor of the wild geese proclaims the heart of Winter broken, and feel that the promise of pleasanter days is honestly made. March, April, and May, like lamb and peas, are only suggestions. It is foolish to crush the evanescent charm of the time by trying to grasp it. It is unjust to blame these months for their unexpected rigor; it should not be unexpected. By and by, when the fierce heats of the dog-days are upon us, we shall be sorry for the hard things we have said of this season. Let us be patient. April was never June; it never will be.

It is announced that the Meteorological Committee of the Board of Trade of London have decided to return to the use of the storm signals of Admiral Fitzroy. These signals, which have for some years past, since the death of that eminent meteorologist, been discontinued, gave formerly great satisfaction to those directly interested in the navigation of the sea; although many landmen were found who harped upon the occasional mistakes that occurred. The success of Admiral Fitzroy and the necessity of a similar work to secure the safety of the shipping in American ports, had great weight with Congress in the deliberations incident to the establishment of the system of storm warnings of the Army Weather Bureau. Indeed, the system of Admiral Fitzroy has been so far followed that there is not now throughout the civilized world a single seaport of any importance that does not provide for the prediction of approaching storms as carefully as it provides for the preservation of its channels or the maintenance of efficient light-houses. In Great Britain the plan adopted is to let the Government provide the meteorological observers, the telegraphy and the storm predictions; while the individual seaports provide for the display of the warning signals. By this arrangement the expense of the system is very uniformly distributed. In this country the army provides for all the expenses, including the signals; an arrangement that increases very materially the necessary appropriations made by Congress; but that is said to insure more perfect performance of the work. In one point, however, the English system is manifestly superior to our own, viz: in that the signal adopted in that country indicates the direction from which the approaching gale is expected to blow. It is well known that the signal displayed at New-York tells us merely that high winds are expected, but gives us no further hint as to their character, whether they are to come from the North, South, East or West. Many a vessel is consequently detained for fear of a north-east wind is approaching, only to find that the gale is a westerly one and would have been helpful had she put out to sea. It surely cannot be that the Signal Office has not the information necessary to justify the display of such signals as are used in England. Would it not be an improvement if throughout the world a uniform system of storm signals should be adopted such as the English system, which is already well known and highly appreciated?

Some indiscreet friend or subtle enemy of the Hon. John A. Bingham, United States Minister to Japan, published in a Washington newspaper an extract from a private letter written by the Minister. The quotation fully found its way back to Japan, and, as it asserted that English influence was declining in that Empire, it seems to have created a great stir among the foreign residents, who, on account of the smallness of their numbers and their isolated position, constitute a very excitable Little Pledgling indeed. The Japan Mail, the organ of the pro-British party, makes Judge Bingham's artless gossip the text for a tremendous editorial "crusader," which is amusingly in excess of the demands of the occasion. We must confess that the natural thing to expect would be the publication of the Minister's confidential reports to the State Department. But in this instance the trust, such as it was, consisted in Judge Bingham's trusting his crude notions of things to a private correspondent.