

Amusements and Meetings Co-Night.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—1:30 and 7:45; "Julius Cesar."
THEATRE.—2 and 8; "Viviani."
FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE.—7:45; "The Pique Family," Ac.

Index to Advertisements.

AMUSEMENTS.—10th Page—4th, 5th, and 6th columns.
BANKING HOUSES AND BANKERS.—10th Page—2d column.
BOARD AND ROOMS.—10th Page—3d and 4th columns.

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FOUNDED BY HORACE GREELEY.
SATURDAY, MARCH 18, 1876.

TRIPLE SHEET.

THE NEWS THIS MORNING.

FOREIGN.—The war between the Liberians and Grebos was deemed nearly ended.
DOMESTIC.—The Opera-house at Springfield, Ill., burned down yesterday; loss, \$130,000; uninsured.

CITY AND SUBURBAN.—St. Patrick's Day was celebrated in New-York and its vicinity with large processions, and with banquets and other festivities in the evening.

THE WEATHER.—The Government report predicts cold weather, with wind.
During the Moody and Sankey meetings at the Hippodrome, and to meet the popular demand for THE TRIBUNE's reports of Mr. Moody's Sermons, we will send THE DAILY TRIBUNE to any address, postpaid, for \$1 per month.

Gen. Sherman comes to the rescue of the army. The fallen Secretary, we are told, was all right until he went out of the army into civil life. Gen. Hancock, we are reminded, has been acquitted. Gen. Grant's services to his country are rehearsed. But—bless you! it is not the army that is under fire.

By rejecting the Marquis of Hartington's amendment, the British House of Commons has practically decided that Queen Victoria shall also be called "Empress of India." The British people very generally dislike the new title, but their influence was overcome in the House by that of the Crown and the titled aristocracy.

Judge Westbrook's denial of the motions for a stay of proceedings in the Tweed suits is an important gain for the prosecution. It looks as though these suits had rounded their stormiest cape and may make the rest of the voyage in comparative safety. How much of the cargo they will bring into port is yet, however, somewhat uncertain.

Peace is dawning on the African republic. Since last September, the Liberians and Grebos have been fighting because of an old territorial dispute, but according to recent advices both belligerents were willing to come to terms. Having repulsed the Grebos at Topman, the Liberians are doubtless more ready that the war should end, since they have sufficiently retrieved their military fame.

The Republican Senatorial caucus is discussing the question whether the President's Indiana policy shall continue to receive support.

The widespread popular doubt as to whether that policy is best for the Indians is not, however, the moving cause of the debate. In fact the welfare of the redskins does not at all enter into the question; what the Senators want is that the appointments of Indian agents shall be distributed with some regard to the claims of party and the shrieks of locality.

Gen. Butler sends a letter to THE TRIBUNE on the Lawrence and Dana case. It is not to be supposed, of course, that Gen. Butler's opposition to Mr. Dana is dictated by disinterested regard for the sacredness of literary property, and yet it is the old copyright quarrel which forms the subject of this sharp and adroit epistle. Gen. Butler sets forth the Lawrence side of the story with unquestionable skill. We know something of the other side,—enough at any rate to perceive that some of the General's statements are grotesque exaggerations or distortions of the facts,—but Mr. Dana is well able to protect his own reputation, and he will now probably think it best to give his account of the affair to the public.

"He had a brother—not that man, but the 'other man,' the late Mr. Burton used to exclaim to delighted audiences. Something like this is the explanation of Gen. Peck, the now witness on post-traderships. There is always a brother in the case. There is Orvil Grant, the brother whose influence makes and unmake post-traders more readily than Warwick made kings. Then there is a post-trader who gets and keeps his position by nursing an invalid brother of Mrs. Belknap. Finally, Gen. Babcock has a brother. A fortunate post-trader is not only supported by brother Babcock, but is so grateful that he shares with him the profits of the berth. Well, no man can be blamed for having a brother.

By a large majority—80 to 36—the Assembly has passed the bill to create a Superintendent of State Prisons and abolish the present office of Inspector. Coincidentally with this comes the supplementary report of the Committee on Prison Management, which sets forth the evidence that the system is costly chiefly because the prisoners are not kept at work; and suggests that what is wanted is a man of executive ability who could discover suitable branches of labor for prisoners and arrange for disposing of the products in a business way. In short, this portion of the affairs of the State needs to be managed on business principles.

In the communication of "Several Gentlemen" in another column deserves the immediate consideration of all men of taste and culture. Our civic processions have always heretofore been far below our military displays, because expressing no intelligent plan of representation. The coming anniversary requires the employment of every commemorative feature which can add to its grace or dignity, especially of such as will present themselves to the entire multitude then gathered together. The illustration of American history by a series of living pictures, the actors wherein themselves represent the races and faiths which are blended in our composite nationality, would indeed be a pageant worthy of the occasion.

It is a privilege to make a newspaper for so conscientious a reader as Prof. Taylor Lewis, whose keen eye catches everything in our columns. A number of our correspondents have been vexing themselves with the relations of morality and religion, and we have been publishing their letters at random for several weeks. Prof. Lewis has followed the course of this minor current of popular discussion, and reviews the correspondence to-day in a letter remarkable for its clearness and vigor. According to his view, morality, the branch, cannot bear or give life to religion, the root principle. Some of our correspondents, he thinks, have been befogged by reading Matthew Arnold. It may be so; and yet there was another Arnold, the Master of Rugby, who once wrote to a skeptical friend: "Begin by regarding everything from the moral point of view 'and you will end by believing in God.'"

Prof. Timothy Dwight, one of the leading spirits of the Advisory Council, and one of the committee of three appointed to select the Scandal Investigating Commission, makes a vigorous reply to the five eminent Doctors of Divinity who have seen fit to criticize the action of that body. Dr. Storrs, Dr. Dexter, and the other critics hold that the Council had no right to consider, much less reject the plan proposed by the Andover Church, and furthermore that it had no right to suggest any method of investigation. Prof. Dwight goes back to the Cambridge and Boston platforms and argues that the Andover letter was in open violation of the fundamental principles of Congregationalism. The church system, he urges, is based upon New-England common sense, and the Council would have stultified itself if it had said to Plymouth Church: "You have not done enough; 'but we won't tell you what to do now.'"

If an appeal is made to common sense, we must go further than this. The disputants in this controversy are fighting behind the bulwarks of Congregational precedent when they ought to come out and face each other in the scandal ditch. Those who criticize the action of the Council believe that Mr. Beecher is guilty. Let them take up with Dr. Bacon's suggestion and present charges against Mr. Beecher. That will lead to the organization of the Investigating Commission, and we shall soon find out what it is worth.

STUCK IN THE MUD.
To one who has lost his way, and has been floundering all night in the swamps, it is some satisfaction to know where he is, even if it be in a particularly deep mudhole. The Democratic party was lost, and is found—up to its eyes in the slough of repudiation. It has a financial policy at last. That policy lacks sense as much as it lacks honesty, but the caucus, that court of last resort for all true Democrats, has decided. Hereafter the wretched hiring of a bondholder who would pay any respect to promises of the United States, or preserve any of the restrictions by which Republicans have prevented an unlimited issue of paper notes, may be branded as a deserter from the Democratic camp. We have not desired to see that party take this ground. We pity the man who, for the sake of partisan advantage, can see with pleasure the honor of the nation thus assailed by a great party. In vain have we warned hard-money Democrats, so-called, that they were being dragged into the deepest and nastiest of political ditches. Earnest but insufficient protests have been treated with contempt. Mr. Wells, within a week nominated for Congress by Democrats of the IIIrd District in Connecticut, denounced the caucus bill as the original rag-baby and very slightly disguised in a new dress, and predicted that it would soon be loved and

nursed as their own by all the inflationists. All effort was wasted. The so-called hard-money Democrats had not the pluck to break away from caucus dictation, though knowing that a dishonest party must prevail, for more than two-thirds of the Democratic Representatives had voted for the unqualified and unconditional repudiation proposed by Mr. Holman. They stayed, and of course were submerged. The bill to which they now stand pledged is scarcely less than unqualified repudiation, and nothing less than unlimited inflation. Mr. Wells was right; it is the same rag-baby, and every bit as ugly a brat as when Allen and Cary were displaying it before yelling communists in Ohio.

The blunt repudiation of the pledge of 1875 is qualified only by a new pledge, that a reserve of coin shall be accumulated yearly. The same dishonesty which now repeats the solemn pledge of one year ago, the ice being once broken, may at any time more easily repeat the pledge to hold coin. Nor is there any provision that the coin thus held shall ever be applied to the payment of dishonored notes. That would be contraction. That contraction, we may be sure, will be quite as stoutly resisted as any future time as now. Of what possible value, as a step toward redemption, will the mere accumulation of idle coin be when there is not the slightest provision that the coin shall ever be used to pay and retire notes, when the opposition to payment and retirement of notes is so strong that hard-money Democrats, so-called, do not dare even to propose that course, and when they, as well as the avowed repudiationists, show such contempt for public pledges as to make it certain that the accumulation of coin will be stopped whenever communists or repudiationists object to it? Such a "provision for redemption," by such a Congress, is altogether too thin and gauzy to cloak or qualify the repudiation of the pledge of 1875. It leaves plainly exposed in all its ugliness that act of shameless bad faith, and decent men will desert it, whenever the smoke of party strife no longer clouds their eyes, as they would detest any other swindle.

To make it more certain that the promised store of gold will not and cannot be accumulated, this same caucus bill provides for unlimited issues of paper. Wherever the channels of circulation are filled with paper it drives out coin; wherever prices are ruled by paper, coin is expiated, driven to other hands, and becomes hard to get. But this bill proposes, first, to increase the amount of legal tenders in active circulation by decreasing the amount required to be held as reserve. It provides that the banks shall accumulate about ten millions yearly of coin, but may hold this in place of part of the reserve now required; hence the amount of legal tenders free to be poured into circulation would be increased by about ten millions yearly. Nor is this the worst. When the raving and wild-eyed inflationists in the Republican party demanded "free banking," even they consented that it should be restrained by a retirement of greenbacks amounting to 80 per cent of the new bank notes issued. But the hard-money Democrats, so-called, now propose that new issues of the banks, unlimited in amount, shall be unrestrained by any retirement of greenbacks whatever. In comparison with them, the Republican inflationists were marvelously conscientious, for they acknowledged that it was possible to issue too much paper, and believed that the retirement of \$80,000,000 of legal tenders, in which bank notes are to be redeemed, would effectually prevent an increase of more than \$100,000,000 in the volume of bank issues. But the Democrats are acting upon the threat of a veteran leader of that party, who said: "During the 'war you made us take that stuff (greenbacks) at the point of the bayonet; now we mean to give you more than you want of it.'"

Is this the best end of the Democratic party? It maintains that the solemn pledges of the public faith, given by the acts of 1869 and 1875, are not binding upon the nation because Republicans passed those acts. Is it then the most sacred duty of a high-toned Democrat to repeal and repudiate everything done by Republicans as far as possible, including pledges of the public faith? At any rate, some tact must be observed. Since the New-Hampshire election, those fools get soundly rated who have been telling what the party means to do. But let the Presidential election give them the long-desired power, and some Democrats in caucus will straightway consider whether, among other things of Republican origin, this blood-sucking debt, created to carry on an abolition war, should not be repudiated. Possibly such Democrats may then be sufficiently high-toned to repeal the war itself; who knows?

AT LAST CASE.
We learn from Washington that the members of the House representing Northern Illinois have resolved to "test" the confirmation of Mr. Derrierson, whom the President has nominated to be Collector of Internal Revenue for that District. They make no objection to him on the score of fitness. They only complain that the President has exercised his constitutional right and duty of making the nomination at all. Since the Whisky Ring disclosures the Executive has disregarded the old practice of consulting local politicians in making revenue service appointments, and the Illinois delegation, we are told, have borne the affront with great impatience. At last they have struck.

We hope the President will stand firm. It is his business to make appointments, not the business of Congressmen. He and not they will be held responsible for making good ones. The claim of Senators and Representatives to the patronage of their respective States and Districts is an insolent and demoralizing usurpation. It has more to do with the corruption of our civil service than any other agency; it is the chief obstacle in the way of all reform. Gen. Grant makes some very bad appointments when he is left to himself; but when he has been debauched the service as Spencer did, for instance, when he was allowed to control the patronage of Alabama? Spencer was enabled to set up a fraudulent Legislature, buy some of the members, frighten others, drop one, hoodwink two or three more, send troops into peaceful counties to coerce the voters, and so get himself "re-elected" to the United States Senate with the aid of money stolen from the post-office, because he controlled the patronage of his State. He could not pay for the services of his agents out of his own pocket; he paid them in Federal appointments, making some postmasters, some marshals, some collectors, some consuls, some gaugers, and threatening a great many more with removal if they would not do as he wished. Other Congressmen, who have not been so much found out as Spencer, have sustained themselves by similar practices; and the result is seen in a civil service which is one of the worst out of Turkey, a Govern-

ment whose ordinary expenses (interest on the debt not included) have more than trebled in twenty years, and a system of politics which is little better than bargain and sale. Gen. Grant alone could never have done half the mischief which has been accomplished by his supporters in Congress since they set the Constitution at defiance by arrogating to themselves the appointing power.

It is a significant coincidence that just while the Illinois Congressmen are insisting upon the continuance of this abuse, the Senate under the manipulation of Richard H. Dana, jr., because Mr. Dana opposed Butler's election to Congress. Gen. Butler of course assigns a different reason for his hostility, but every man of common sense knows what the real one is, and knows that the Senate knows what it is too. Mr. Dana is to be punished because he ran counter to the personal fortunes of a politician who enjoyed the confidence of the Administration and claimed for that reason a right to control the party machinery of his district for his own purposes.

THE NEW-JERSEY REPUBLICAN DELEGATION.

Mr. Frelinghuysen's friends will not acknowledge that he is "eliminated" from the Presidential contest. There seems to be no lively demand for him or his kind among "the people," but then "the people" is a shadowy entity at best, and isn't always numerously manifest at State conventions. The committees on the other hand and the gentlemen who print tickets for the primaries constitute a very tangible and potent reality, and they appreciate Mr. Frelinghuysen. They can rely upon him. If Gen. Grant recognizes the Kellogg Government he never wanders off into bye and forbidden paths with Edmunds and the Morrills, but he votes for Pinchback to the bitter end. If any investigation is to be suppressed they can always count on him. If the name of Mr. Williams is sent to his Committee, Mr. Williams's laurel is forgotten, and he is reported as a proper Chief-Justice even though Mr. Frelinghuysen is driven to sacrifice his personal notions of propriety, congenial and acquired, upon the altar of his loyalty to the Presidential wish. Mr. Caldwell and other gentlemen have occasion to remember Mr. Frelinghuysen with gratitude, and upon the whole he is to be commended as an admirable sample of the thick-and-thin party man in this degenerate era of political independence.

But then Mr. Frelinghuysen admires Mr. Conkling, and Mr. Conkling would admire Mr. Frelinghuysen if Mr. Conkling admired anybody but himself. And so the managers in New-Jersey who are to secure a delegation in favor of a "complimentary vote" to Mr. Frelinghuysen have promised Mr. Cornell that they will hand over these votes to him of the magnificent torso when the times are ripe. This looks like ungrateful trifling with New-Jersey's favorite son; but upon the whole it is a beautiful programme, and if it works well Mr. Frelinghuysen will smile and take the stump. But John Y. Foster has already promised the State to Mr. Blaine. Are there any other candidates who hold a mortgage upon this delegation?

SPRING WEATHER TO ORDER.

It is proposed by a reverend and scientific gentleman in Kentucky to abolish Winter—the very thing which Nature seems to have been trying to do this season. Mr. Woolfolk of Lexington expects to secure a constant supply of ethereal mildness by firing guns. Under the genial influences of his explosions flowers will bloom, sweet showers will descend, trees will bud, birds will mate, and early green peas be sold in the market at reasonable prices. We do not know that we exactly understand Mr. Woolfolk's theory, but we have found it highly impressive, like most things which we don't exactly understand. However, we are told that in the North Temperate Zone there are two currents—the tropical and the polar. The more of the first which we have the warmer we grow; the more of the second we have the colder we grow; we hope nobody at this time of day will dispute these indisputable facts. What you want to make a lovely, open Winter, with no sleighing, no skating, and no frozen noses, and with a plenty of fevers, is minus Polar and plus Tropical. There is a wind blowing from the Tropic of Cancer, of the south-west sort, and this is nice and comfortable; there is another wind blowing on the top of this from the N. P., and this means over-casts. The Polar current cannot get down to us and produce that familiar phenomenon, "the Coldest Day of the Season," except by cutting a hole in the Tropical. Through this it "pours its volume," and sometimes a large number of volumes. When it manages to elbow its way through, then is the time to bring out the furs and umbrellas. The P. C. and the T. C., as we understand it, are not upon good terms and don't readily mingle in social intercourse, and that is why we have "convulsions of the elements." The Tropical way is to rise higher and higher, until it becomes "embanked," being in this respect exactly like a Wall-st. capitalist. This obstructs Polar's flow, and both being "restrained from behind," like a brigadier-general in difficulties, the Polar cuts through the Tropical, and "discharges its mass through the 'storm track.'" This the Rev. Mr. Woolfolk proposes (not being a bit afraid of it) "to confine to a given area." How is he to do this? As many other things are done—"by explosions of gunpowder." All that is needed is "a day's cannonading." This will always "break a vortex." The Tropical Current is weakened. The Polar Current passes peacefully along about its business. All is serene. The oldest inhabitant says that he never knew such a mild Winter. Coal bills are reduced to a minimum. Operations in the principal mines are suspended, and yet the miners under the soothing influence of the weather are as peaceful as any "surface waters into the Arctic and out 'through Behring's Straits into the Pacific.'" And all this time the Rev. Mr. Woolfolk, with his assistants, is working his batteries on the Aleutian Islands. "Ice and snow," he says, "would soon disappear." We should think so, and be glad to do it.

We have a suspicion that we have not explained Mr. Woolfolk's plan very satisfactorily; but, at any rate, we are sure of the guns. These will give a touch of festivity to the operations, and make the dulllest Winter day lively. Being asked at what point he would erect his experimental batteries, Mr. Woolfolk answers argently: "I would select the Pacific Ocean. I would erect a battery on the Aleutian Islands. 'The southerly wind would sweep constantly 'the Atlantic, driving before it the warm 'surface waters into the Arctic and out 'through Behring's Straits into the Pacific.'" And all this time the Rev. Mr. Woolfolk, with his assistants, is working his batteries on the Aleutian Islands. "Ice and snow," he says, "would soon disappear." We should think so, and be glad to do it.

We dare not venture to speculate upon the physical, moral, and social changes which will be produced by Mr. Woolfolk's astonishing cannonade. Our first impulse was to look into our Buckle, to see if the change might not be followed by earthquakes; in which case we should recommend a fortification of the Aleutian Islands to keep Mr. Woolfolk and his guns from landing and being landed. We are rather doubtful about the expediency of permitting any gentleman, however scientific, thus to take the weather of the world into his keeping. The Meteorological Gunner of the Universe would hold a place of great trust; and when a man calmly takes possession of the Pacific Ocean with a view to taking possession also of the Atlantic and Arctic Oceans, not to mention Behring's Straits, we are not sure that it is not a matter for Mr. Secretary of State, or at any rate for the Weather Bureau. There is no knowing what mischief Mr. Woolfolk may do with his guns; nor how dreadfully he may disturb the peace of the world by his rash experiments.

The predicted revival of the recklessness of the Grant politicians follows upon the New-Hampshire election even closer than we expected. The party backs in this State, who admitted and deplored a week ago the bribery which made last Tuesday's election a disgrace to America, have already recovered their spirits. They throw up their hats and shout over the great Republican victory, and feel so much encouraged by the apparent weakness—or poverty—of the Democrats that in three or four districts they immediately make up delegations to the State Convention pledged to Conkling. So soon does New-Hampshire efface the lesson of the Union

League Club. It is about equally hard to teach to an Administration Republican and a Bourbon Democrat. Mr. Hewitt has already done more than most new members achieve in an entire first session at Washington. He has made two noticeable speeches, which have commanded the attention of the whole country. In one he went flat against the policy of his own party leaders; in the other against what has been rather inconsiderately adopted as the policy of his own associates in the war for hard money. In both he has shown the fruits of honest and independent thinking. He put an end, we think, to the follies of the bill for abolishing commerce by doing away with important consulates; and he has certainly given pause to the hasty people who wish to try Mr. Richardson's specie-resumption scheme again on a larger scale.

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL CONGRESS.

The Sunday-school Congress meeting in Plainfield, New-Jersey, and composed of members of almost every Protestant sect, has adjourned after a session marked by great earnestness and unanimity of aim. New methods of instruction in religious truths were brought forward and carefully examined, and the duties of superintendents and teachers were discussed with such zeal that it is only fair to assume that every sincere member of the Congress went home warmed and encouraged by the sense of a strong popular support in his good work. Since Robert Raikes less than a century ago paid the four old dames to teach the ragged little wretches whom he brought to them on Sunday mornings, there has been a wonderful change in the primal idea and management of Sunday-schools. The teaching was made gratuitous even in Raikes's time, and every secular device to make knowledge attractive or to give it a firm hold upon the memory of the pupil has been brought to bear in this religious instruction. Maps, pictures, music, panoramic views, and a system of rewards which begins at the toddling baby have all been called in to aid in the work.

It has been discovered, too, that the contributions of the vast army of little folks are by no means to be despised in the promotion of any church enterprise; and the custom of leaving these contributions in general in every sect and church. Thereby we are assured not only is the money raised for good purposes, but the youthful Christian is taught self-denial, charity, the absolute duty of returning the money lent him by the Lord. There is much sound truth in this theory. The danger is, that in the careless practice while the money is raised the good effect upon the child is lost. Thousands, tens of thousands of children, set out every Sunday morning with their pennies to send to the heathen, whose only clear idea in giving is the ambition that their class shall raise more than any other; or in a vulgar ostentation which surely need not be a part of the religious training of our children. If their comprehension goes beyond the class-box, it centers on "the wretched heathen" as represented in Sunday-school literature and as unlike the real Hindoo or Chinaman as a stage Yankee is unlike the educated Bostonian. If the little ones are to be taught self-denial or charity, let it be for tangible objects, for the poor in their own village, for a hospital, an asylum, some want which they can comprehend, some benefit which they can see and measure.

We have alluded before now to the faults of the Sunday-school system simply because we consider the system in itself so admirable, so powerful a lever for the elevation of humanity that the faults appear to us inexcusable. They are such as will grow into any system by the mere force of routine, and have become so integrated in this one that the eyes most accustomed to them cannot separate them from true religious training. Very few parents trouble themselves to know precisely what spiritual truths are imparted to their little ones on Sunday morning, or by whom. They think that the teacher is necessarily a Christian, and all Christians are alike good people. Now the truth is that all those young men and women have their own God; that is, they only know God as He is measured by their peculiar character, brain, and experience. They give that idea, and only that, to the child who is at the most receptive age of life. Many a mother would be amazed to know the conception of his Maker which her child has received from some crude boy or girl teacher. Let Sunday-schools increase and flourish. But let them be more strictly under the oversight of parents, and in every case be made an adjunct to home teaching, and not a substitute for it.

Some time ago the Police Commissioners undertook to abolish the shocking nuisance of processions and parades in the lower part of the city, where they block up five or six lines of horse railway and subject a large population to serious inconvenience and pecuniary loss. But the Irish Societies were too strong for them. They vowed they would march where they chose—and they did. We believe some sort of compromise was agreed upon last year. The societies were allowed to come down Chatham-st. to the Park, provided they would take the side of the road, and leave the tracks clear. They accepted the terms, and then took the whole street. This year the attempt to keep the procession above Canal-st. was abandoned, and during several hours of the busiest part of the day the two principal thoroughfares in the city were completely closed. This is a glorious government; but it is not strong enough to manage the Ancient Order of Hibernians.

We venture to publish another of John Paul's letters from England, notwithstanding the indignant protest which Mr. L. Hopeton Everitt, M. D., F. R. C. S., enters against them as a breach of international good breeding. If this sensitive critic has been horrified by the earlier letters of the series, containing, as he says, "absurd reflections upon the British Empire, its government, royal establishment, and people," how his soul will be harrowed up when he sees John Paul prowl about Westminster Abbey, note-book in hand, and staring the historic monuments out of countenance! We can hear him groan: "The cap and bells in our Abbey! Ugh! Now let me die!" Well, really, we don't wish to widen the breach between England and America; we wish to be "gentlemanly, you know;" but so long as John Paul has blundered into the Abbey, we must allow him to get on.

The predicted revival of the recklessness of the Grant politicians follows upon the New-Hampshire election even closer than we expected. The party backs in this State, who admitted and deplored a week ago the bribery which made last Tuesday's election a disgrace to America, have already recovered their spirits. They throw up their hats and shout over the great Republican victory, and feel so much encouraged by the apparent weakness—or poverty—of the Democrats that in three or four districts they immediately make up delegations to the State Convention pledged to Conkling. So soon does New-Hampshire efface the lesson of the Union

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The Board of Aldermen celebrated the eve of St. Patrick by passing the new hack ordinance over the Mayor's veto. We do not know that it matters much. No hack ordinance in this city has ever been of the least avail, and whether the law allows a high charge or insists upon a low one, the unwary traveler will be plundered all the same, and the shrewd citizen will take his precautions in advance.

The ladies of the Mount Vernon Aid Society appear to the patriotism and curiosity of New-York with the alluring promise of a "frog opera," to be given at the Union League Theater on the 19th and 20th of April. We do not know exactly what it is but it must be very nice.

PERSONAL.
The first edition of Dr. Norman Macleod's Memoirs was all brought up before it was issued. The Queen, after perusing a copy, ordered one of each for her children.

The Rev. Dr. Behrens was ordained pastor of the Union Congregational Church at Providence on Wednesday. President Robinson of Brown University took part in the exercises.

The late Miss Charlotte Cushman's will has not yet been published, but it is believed the estate will be large as has been estimated—over \$500,000. The executors are Mr. Edward C. Cushman, her nephew and adopted son, and Mr. Crowe, a merchant of St. Louis and his business partner.

Mr. E. C. Stedman has opened an office again and resumed his old commission business as a stock broker at No. 80 Broadway. Mr. Stedman has been a member of the Stock Exchange for many years, is alert, energetic, and likely to do as good a business in Wall-st. as in literature. He gave up his business two or three years ago to finish a number of literary undertakings, the most important of which was the volume of Victorian Poets. It is to be feared that the long-continued translation of a number of new poets will have done him some injury as a buyer and seller of stocks.

Signor Rossi's appearance is this Sunday described by a writer in *Littérateur's Magazine*. "In person, Signor Rossi is less strikingly handsome than is his rival, Salvini, but he possesses a singularly attractive and pleasing countenance. He is a Piedmontese, blue-eyed and fair-complexioned, with chestnut hair, the abundant locks of which are just touched with gray. He is tall and finely proportioned, with the bearing of a nobleman and the hands of a peasant. On the stage he is peculiarly pleasing in manner, and is said to be a noble-hearted and generous gentleman, as well as an amiable and good man, singularly free from conceit and deluging in his art."

Bishop Haven's appearance as presiding officer at the fifty-second session of the Pittsburgh Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church brought the following story to the recollection of the correspondent of *The Pittsburgh Chronicle*: "Dr. Newhall, the former President of Delaware College, and a personal friend of the Bishop Haven, was very sick. The disease attacked him about a week before the opening of the conference. For many days he thought himself immortal, and refused to eat anything whatever. The Bishop happened to visit him during this time, and tried to prevail upon his sick friend to take some nourishment. 'No; I do not want anything,' said he. 'I am immortal. I am in heaven. This has been my wish for a number of years, and looking at my life, how I have troubled you, I say: 'But, Haven, how in the world did you get here? I had my last person I expected to see in this place.'"

Mrs. Kemble's gossip in *The Atlantic* has these reminiscences: "An Aunt Edinburgh friend of ours was Baroness Home, a Scottish lady dignitary; a charming old gentleman, of the very old school, who always wore powder and a pigtail, knee breeches, gold buckles, and black silk stockings; and who sent a thrill of delight through my girl's breast when he addressed me, as he invariably did, by the dignified title of 'ma'am'; though I must sorrowfully add that my triumph on this score was considerably abated when, on the occasion of my second visit to Edinburgh after he had come out on the stage of life, he became a great frequenter of my house, and I found him to be a very old friend, who was too aged and infirm to go to the theater, and who said to me as I sat on a low stool by his sofa, 'Why, when you were a child, I used to come to see you at 80 years old. But, I am putting his hand under my chin and raising my face towards him, 'How am I to believe that?' said he. 'I am immortal. I am in heaven. This has been my wish for a number of years, and looking at my life, how I have troubled you, I say: 'But, Haven, how in the world did you get here? I had my last person I expected to see in this place.'"

WASHINGTON, March 17.—Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, in an oral report, says that the Hon. John Jay, late Minister to Vienna, is not in debt to the Government in the sum of \$25,498, as heretofore reported on the 1st of July last. This clearance of a balance against him has been entirely overlooked.

POLITICAL NOTES.
The Democratic press of this State seems inclined to favor an unpledged delegation to the National Convention.

Utien is sending delegates to the Republican State Convention, pledged in favor of Senator Conkling. A unanimous Conkling delegation has also been sent from Broome County.

There are loud calls for Bishop Haven. An eager county longs to know if he is as much of a third-term man as he was before the Babcock and the Belknap scandals. There is no reason to suppose that Africa like those would shake the devotion of so ardent an adherent.

Why is there such an ominous silence about the size of that Greenback Convention held at Syracuse last week? The State delegations give the number of persons present. It is entirely possible that a speaker of a single hour's speech frightened away the few delegates who ventured to attend.

An entertaining rumor is flying about this country that Mr. Blaine has decided to take himself out of the Presidential race, and to favor a ticket with Bristow for the first place and Charles Francis Adams for the second. It is pretty safe to say the rumor is not true, but who was the person who had the audacity to put the name of Adams on the list? Whoever he is he had better keep away from Springfield, Mass.

The Hayes movement in Ohio is weakening. The first-wave has demoralized it badly. The Cincinnati Commercial makes a seductive attempt to ruin it entirely by urging its advocates to compromise on the Vice-Presidency. It calls the effort to have a complimentary vote cast for Hayes "local pique," and adds: "The solid vote of Ohio for Bristow would knock the Morton and Conkling schemes out of time, and the ticket might be Blistow and Hayes. The objection that was made against the Western ticket was that it was not an Eastern ticket. Bristow and Hayes live in the center of the country."