Amusements and Meetings To-Night.

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FIFTH AVENUE THEATER.—"Vesta."
UNION SQUARE THEATER.—"Snake."
WALLACK'S THEATER.—"Rosedale."

ACADEMY OF DESIGN.—Day and Evening: Annual Exhibition.
GILMORE'S GARDEN.—Concert.
HELLER'S WONDER THEATER.—Magical and Musical Performances.
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New-York Daily Tribune.

FOUNDED BY HORACE GREELEY.

MONDAY, MAY 28, 1877.

THE NEWS THIS MORNING.

FOREIGN.—The Russians have sunk a Turkish monitor in the Danube. ═══ The bombardment of the defenses at Kars is slackening. ═══ A war council has been formed at Constantinople. ═══ The City of Brussels when spoken on Friday last was 270 miles from Fastnet Light. ═══ Jongleur won the prize of the Jockey at Chantilly yesterday.

DOMESTIC.—Gen. Logan will be appointed Collector at Chicago. ═══ Gen. Ord is at Washington to talk about the Mexican raids. ═══ The reported secret meeting in Washington to organize a Blaine party in opposition to Mr. Hayes has dwindled to a meeting of about six men, and Mr. Blaine had nothing to do with it. ═══ A secret meeting of engineers of the Lehigh Valley Railroad was held yesterday. It is reported that it was decided to strike against a reduction of wages.

CITY AND SUBURBAN.—The Produce Exchange's annual report shows how the grain trade is diverted from New-York. ═══ Unauthorized loans of Pennsylvania Railroad funds by Engineer Howell amount to $44,000. ═══ An exaggerated report of immense thefts from the Central Railroad of New-Jersey proves to have been founded on some swindling on a small scale. ═══ Lincoln's statue in Brooklyn was decorated. ═══ The Coaching Club had its annual parade. ═══ Gold, 107, 106¾, 106⅞. Gold value of the legal-tender dollar at the close, 93 9/10 cents. Stocks dull; prices all lower, and closing weak.

THE WEATHER.—TRIBUNE local observations indicate warmer and generally fair weather, with occasional cloudiness. Thermometer yesterday, 62°, 69°, 59°.

Persons leaving town for the season, and Summer travelers, can have THE DAILY TRIBUNE *mailed to them, postpaid, for $1 per month, the address being changed as often as desired.*

Before entering upon his office, the new Collector of the Port of Chicago can have a whole month to grapple with the science of political economy.

If this sort of thing continues, the burglars' manuals will have a marginal note—Beware of Utica! Here is one member of the profession who commits a burglary one Sunday morning and finds himself the next Sunday on the way to Auburn under sentence for 20 years, and in the same week three others of the fraternity go through all the stages, from handcuffs to penitentiary, in seventeen hours. This is New-Jersey workmanship of the first class, and that province must look to her laurels.

All estimates that have from time to time been made as to the amount and value of the timber annually stolen from the Government domain give enormous figures. That this systematic business of thieving can be wholly prevented is too much to hope; but the Interior Department has been fortunate in the success of an effort to bring it under control—an effort that has recovered a greater value to the Government in two months, than had been obtained under other systems in 20 years.

A few days ago THE TRIBUNE called attention to the probability that the torpedo would prove a formidable weapon in the Eastern war. A telegram this morning gives a brief account of the destruction of a Turkish monitor by means of torpedo launches. These are probably surface boats, bearing an explosive in the bow, and carrying a crew of three or four men. One of these boats was exhibited and tested several weeks ago at a French naval review; the affair was described in THE TRIBUNE'S column of Science for the People, April 14.

Servia, like Roumania, has bided her time. She was from the first willing to aid Russia, but she has discreetly waited until the westward march of the Muscovite legions rendered her cooperation of greater account. She has now nearly 50,000 men distributed at points whence they may support the Roumanian and Russian forces the moment their aid is required. Her strategic position will also enable Servia to render important assistance during the approaching Bulgarian campaign. It is not improbable that the Russians will follow the same line of advance on Constantinople as she contemplated in the disastrous war last year.

Secretary Thompson has inaugurated in a quiet way a reform that may have important results. A Senator, making his customary draft upon the Department for places in a navy-yard, is referred to the Commandant at that point, with the distinct intimation that the Secretary does not propose to stock the navy-yards hereafter with political appointees. If Secretary Thompson can purify the navy-yards, he can purify anything, and it is too soon yet to predict his success. But it is enough for the present to enjoy the astonishment of a Senator of the United States, who has been accustomed to have his drafts for patronage promptly honored by the Secretary of the Navy in person, but now finds himself coolly "referred"—a Senator "referred"!—to the Commandant of the Yard—a mere military person, with no appreciation of "the wants of "the party."

Judge Dykman has nipped in the bud a very pretty little legal expedient. A husband alleging that his acts of violence toward his wife occurred only when he was in the delirium of fever, the Judge declares that he hasn't proved it in the first place, and, in the second place, it wouldn't make any difference if he had. Temporary insanity has been worn threadbare; if it had not been for this decision, temporary delirium might have come into vogue—it may yet. It is a much milder and more accommodating phrase, and may have a great future before it in marital jurisprudence. Murder, under the impulse of temporary delirium, would hardly seem to be murder at all, and when a man wanted to step outside of any of the other Ten Commandments, he would need only to go out of his head. The less trouble that took, the easier the theory. Let the lawyers think of it.

IT IS NOT AN EXPERIMENT.

The unhappy gentlemen who met in Washington the other night and solemnly resolved that the President's refusal to "recognize" them in the distribution of offices was treason to the Republican party and an outrage upon free government, may have been very absurd, but we should do them the justice to remember that politicians and journalists from whom we have a right to expect common sense have given, and still give, no little confirmation to their wild notions. Clinging to the idea that the first business of a President is to fill the offices with men who can be depended upon to "work" effectively for the party and "run the "organization" in the next political campaign, they hold that President Hayes committed an awful blunder or an awful crime when he allowed the control of the machine in the Southern States to fall from his hands, and the native inhabitants of that part of the country to resume the management of their own affairs. And we regret to notice that a great many of the true friends of the Administration are innocently strengthening the malcontents in this false position.

For example they defend the course the President has pursued with respect to the South by arguing that it is going to prove the destruction of the Democratic party. Let Hayes alone for a few weeks, say these loose reasoners, and you will see. The Old Line Whigs are getting out of their tombs. The Bourbons and the Conservatives are falling apart. There will be a Hayes party before long in Georgia and the Carolinas. You will never hear of the bulldozer again. You will never more be shocked by political murders and intimidation, but white and black hereafter shall go to the polls together in peace and friendship:

"All crimes shall cease, and ancient frauds shall fail,
Returning Justice lift aloft her scales."

Of course, if these cheerful anticipations lead to disappointment, it will then be said that the policy of Mr. Hayes has been a costly blunder, and how can the prophets reply? If it can be shown that such anticipations are unreasonable, what then can they say, in they persist in defending it not because it is intrinsically just and constitutional, but because they guess it will worry the Democrats?

We must look at this question quietly. In the long run every act of justice will benefit the person or party that does it; as Mr. Hayes neatly expressed it, he serves his party best who serves his country best. But we need not expect that the disorders of the South will be cured by two or three acts of the Executive. They are the fruit of two centuries and a half of misgovernment, and they will not disappear in our time. The best men of the South are well aware that it is of vital importance to them just now to repress turbulence, to treat the negroes fairly, to show that they are ambitious to establish honest, efficient, and equitable government in the place of the scandalous administrations that have just been displaced. But we have never been so foolishly sanguine as to imagine that the best men of the South would suddenly have everything their own way. We may as well admit that the lion has not had his nails pared and his teeth drawn. There will be more outrages like those in Mississippi; there will be cheating and intimidation at the polls; and in a great many places the colored voter will be habitually interfered with in the exercise of the suffrage so long as there is any vitality in the negro party, or any danger of the elevation of a negro to a moderately important office. There is no cure for these evils until education and other influences have gradually changed the character of Southern society. They were not cured but aggravated by the bayonet-policy of President Grant; they will disappear not instantly but slowly under the different policy of his successor.

Whatever the result, the course of the President remains essentially right, and therefore prudent. He is not trying experiments. He is simply recognizing the constitutional limitations of his authority and the reserved prerogatives of the States, and in so doing he saves the country from a great danger. One of these days it will be generally admitted that he has adopted the only line of conduct open to him under the laws of the land; but in the mean time he may look for trouble.

CONFEDERATE GRAVES.

It is a noticeable fact that in all the arrangements this year for the celebration of Decoration Day the principal question has been the honor due not to the graves of Union but Confederate soldiers. In the border States, in some instances, corps from both armies will join in the observance of the day; in the North the Federal organizations have either determined to decorate the graves of their ancient enemies officially with those of their own dead, or, where that was not practicable, owing to their regulations, to do it as individuals. More especial care, in many cases, will be given to them than to others; palmetto trees have been sent for to plant over South Carolinians; gray moss to drape over Georgians. Indeed, we suspect the founders of this national holiday must be amazed to find it expressing quite as much respect for the foes of the Union as regret for those who died to defend it. But if a day is to be legally set apart as an annual reminder of the civil war, it is only natural and proper that it should express the changes in popular feeling about the war, and popular feeling just now dictates that it shall be put out of sight as far as possible. Ten years dulls even personal sorrow for the dead; in a good many places Decoration Day is already observed not as an anniversary of tender sorrow, but of general jollification. We hear of yacht races, parades, much speech-making and more drinking to-day all over the country. The most significant and sentimental meaning expressed is this kindly honor heartily paid for the first time universally to the graves of Southerners. Now, a few wreaths laid on graves is a trivial thing; but the effect, no doubt, will be good. The Southerners—especially the educated class—are a less saturnine, suspicious people than their Northern brethren; more easily affected by sentiment and ready to take it as a sign of real feeling. They were readily converted to belief in President Hayes, whom two weeks before they denounced as a Robespierre and Judas; their applause followed instantaneously on the first sign that he meant to deal fairly by them.

But after all it is not from funeral wreaths, nor kindly-forced messages from one section to the other to-day, nor even from the wise policy of the President, that we need look for final and decisive adjustment of the difficulties between the North and South. The facts of the case may as well be met fairly. There was a deep-seated antipathy between them before the war, growing not more out of a conflict of interests than radical differences of character. The faults of one section were precisely those which the other could neither comprehend nor pardon. The acute, money-getting Northerner had no patience with the lazy arrogance of the land-princes of the South, who despised him as heartily. One was shrewd; the other sentimental. This one was ready to try spiritualism, free love, any new road to religion or doubt; the other was as a rule strictly orthodox; the law-abiding Northerner was willing to leave even the choice of a President to a temporary court; the Southerner settled his petty quarrels by Lynch law or the pistol. Since the war the South has the rancor of personal injury added to these natural differences; while we honestly believe the Northerner likes his brother much better for having given him a sound thrashing. It has been by the will of politicians, not of the people, that injury to the South has been continued so long. On the part of the Northern States there is to-day a hearty, honest desire to sustain the President in his expression of fraternal feeling.

As for the Southerner, there is now no reason for a radical difference between him and us. He is no longer a large landholder; he can no longer afford to be lazy or arrogant. Sheer necessity must in the end drive him to other occupations than meditations on his past greatness or schemes of revenge against those who have injured him. These are rough words, but we mean them only as common-sense statements of facts. Just now Young Carolina or Young Virginia is rather proud in mentioning that he "has been impoverished "by the war;" but presently he will be forced to go to work, to mine, manufacture, open the resources of his country, as the New-Yorker or New-Englander has done, and so and by growing more like and nearer to those long-despised kinsmen. It is the community of practical interests which makes a homogeneous people, not sentimental or friendly speeches or actions, however well meant. When the educated class of the South go to work (which the policy of the Government will now enable them to do), they will lift with them the great substratum of poor whites and bulldozers, in whom their own faults are vulgarized, and by whose murders and outrages they are judged. Then we can lay green wreaths upon the graves of Union and Confederate dead with more meaning than to-day.

THE CUSTOM-HOUSE WEIGHER REVEALED.

It was in a sudden burst of energy, and out of an inspiration of pardus on the part of a witness struggling in the hands of the Custom-house Commission, that that inscrutable and mysterious being, the Custom-house Weigher, was revealed to us. The Commission had sought the Weigher through great wastes of testimony and deserts of evidence. They had baited for him, and set traps and snares; they had fished for him with the worm and the fly, the gudgeon, the lobster, and the clam; they had dredged, and dug, and grappled; had fumbled through all the muddy depths of the Custom-house with the oyster tongs; had drawn seines and lain in wait with the red spear and scoop net; had "gone a "gunning" for him with all sorts of small arms; they had extended their tentacles all over the harbor, and searched with a lighted candle and a dog all over the land; and held out cheese. In vain the vast endeavor; no Custom-house Weigher bit or was snared or scooped or brought in by the dog. There were rumors of Weighers among the persons who weighed; names of Weighers appeared on the pay-rolls, and there were signs here of the Weigher's existence in the shape of autographs. Except for the signatures to the pay-rolls the Commission would have been justified in reporting the Weigher as a myth: an extinct *genus* that had developed up or down into some new form of animated nature and scouched off every remembrance of its earlier period of existence except an exceedingly regular and uncommonly active autograph. The Weigher baffled the search of the Commission. There were no traces of him beyond the pay-roll. For a long time no one could be found who had ever seen him. He was as elusive and mysterious and inscrutable as the Sea Serpent himself.

But this could not last always. One day there was an Assistant Weigher on the stand. Assistant Weighers are by no means a rarity, and it is said that several Assistant Weighers have actually been known to weigh; though affidavits to that effect, except from the Assistant Weighers themselves, are not frequent. The Assistant Weigher to whom reference is now had was in the hands of the Commission. The confession had been extorted from him in an unguarded moment that he had seen a Weigher. From that moment he had no peace. Immediately the Commission, exasperated by the long and fruitless search for a live Weigher, put upon this witness the hot pincers of investigation. They followed up this Weigher; they traced him to Harlem and Yonkers, and a considerable distance up the river, till he eluded them in the fastnesses of the Catskills. They inquired diligently as to his business, but he slipped about so from coal-yard to market, and thence to the furniture business, and had such indefinite partnership relations with his sons and uncles and mothers-in-law, that it was found impossible to fix him. He had never been known to weigh anything whatever, except himself, and that was only from curiosity, for he paid no Government duty, and did none except to sign his name. "What service then "does he render the Government for the pay "he receives?" inquired the persistent Commission, who, foiled at every other point, were determined to get some light on the mystery of the Weigher's employment. "Service?" repeated the witness, with an air of bewilderment to which succeeded shortly a gleam of intelligence as he added, "Service? oh yes, "he reads the newspapers and talks politics."

Eureka! The Weigher! Revealed in a sentence! "What service does he render the "Government for his salary?" "He reads the "newspapers and talks politics." Was there ever a portrait more distinct and pronounced? Never so few strokes of the pen furnished forth so striking a likeness or so powerful a picture. No citizen can fail to recognize the Weigher in the vivid outlines struck out with such unconscious inspiration by this witness. The Commission owe him thanks for rewarding their laborious search, and the community can never repay him for revealing the Weigher. The man does not live, or at least has not yet been discovered, who has ever seen the Weigher weigh, but that is not necessary. The Assistant Weighers weigh; or rather they employ deputies to go around and make inquiries of persons who *have* weighed, and take memorandums about what they suppose things to weigh. The Weigher resides in remote regions and engages in other pursuits than weighing. His service consists in reading the newspapers and talking politics. For this he is liberally paid by the best Government in the world, under the best civil service on the planet, and rare and infrequent and elusive as the Weigher is upon ordinary occasions, he has never yet been known to miss a pay-day. Of course the Weigher cannot perform this service alone. In addition to the Assistant Weighers and their deputies and the men who actually weigh, the Weigher has Clerks and Assistant Clerks and Deputies and Accountants and such. These are above the grade of the men who actually weigh—if there be any such—for they assist the Weigher directly and must necessarily be men of function. The Commission having discovered the occupation of the Weigher, felt encouraged to inquire what service the corps of clerks in the office performed. They learned that these gentlemen "come late, go away "early, read the newspapers, and talk politics." And that is a companion portrait to the other. It is strikingly like and will be universally recognized. Everybody has seen the Weigher and the Weigher's Clerks thousands of times, but without knowing their office. Now that we know what the Weigher and his Clerks actually do, we shall be able to recognize them in the State Conventions and primaries, where they are principally found. Quite a number of Weighers have been discovered since the first one was accidentally revealed; none found weighing, however. They have been discovered in most cases prosecuting the duties described above—"reading the newspapers and talking politics." It might be a good plan to exhibit one live Weigher on the docks under glass.

THE CASE OF MR. McCARTHY.

Far be it from us to express any opinion as to the rights or wrongs of this reverend bell-ligerent gentleman who is now keeping the reporters so busy. We do not know nor want to know how many glasses of lager or piece of bacon he buys, nor whether he pays his debts or not. Neither do we care to follow him in his pursuit of "the dear Mr. "Sweetser," who, a reverend, "like a ferret "that has hold of a rat." There is an old saying about the proper place for the cleaning of soiled linen which our churches need gravely to consider. The more they are washed in public the dirtier they grow. Hardly has the air grown clear after the malarious poison of the Beecher trial than another trial similar in character and termination takes place in Philadelphia, and drags its slow length of moral filth through the newspapers for weeks. And now we have Messrs. McCarthy and Sweetser and the ladies of their congregation sparring in public for the amusement of the town, which regards this church for the time as a sort of religious prize-ring.

We suppose that this kind of thing is inevitable, even in a professedly religious body. Clergymen are human. But for the sake of decency and Christianity let some veil be thrown over the details of their transgressions. It is the business of a church when a minister is accused to try him; let the investigation be searching and the punishment swift and stern. But it is not just nor decent to invite the whole world to listen to prurient gossip and the wagging of unlicensed women's tongues, or the reply of these so-called men of God, often still more unlicensed and foul. If the man be innocent, it is unfair to damn him with this wide, unmerited obloquy; if guilty, it is enough to make public his guilt and banishment from the ranks of the Christian ministry. Let the offending arm be cut off and cast from them, not carried about to exhibit its canker on the streets.

Many of us retain the old-fashioned belief of our youth in the purity and dignity of the order to which this Mr. McCarthy belongs, and the respect for the sobriety, gentleness, and chastity requisite in the man who assumes to become a teacher of the truth as it was in Christ Jesus. We should be glad to transmit this faith and respect to our children. But how is that possible when such trials as that of McCarthy here and Bott in Philadelphia fill the papers, and not only the members of the churches but the clergymen themselves take pleasure in showing how much of a Merry Andrew, if not a criminal, a minister can be, without any apparent consciousness of his shortcomings?

Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe being interrogated respecting the original of "Uncle Tom," responds that in the character "traits and incidents of various people are combined." Many of these were furnished by the life of the Rev. J. Henson, "but not all." "He was not Uncle Tom," says Mrs. Stowe, "neither was any other one person that I know of." No critical reader, we think, supposes that exactly such a person as Uncle Tom ever lived. He is quite as improbable, we may say impossible, as the little girl to whom he imparts religious instruction; but, on the other hand, he is probably as like the Rev. Mr. Henson as Harold Skimpole (in "Bleak House") is like Leigh Hunt. If peculiar characters were put into books precisely as they are, they would be like photographs, very like, but often very unlike indeed.

Nothing is more satirical than the facts of life, which often exceed in sarcasm the most elaborate fiction. Every one remembers how a friend of Thackeray, after praising "The Newcomes" generally, objected to Mrs. Mackenzie—the Old Campaigner—as very clever, but such an exaggeration as to appear unnatural and impossible. "Impossible!" echoed the author, "why, Mrs. Mackenzie was my own mother-in-law." Here also is a bitter satire upon the constancy of man, which is entirely veritable, having been developed in the regular course of business. The superintendent of one of the principal railways radiating from Chicago, speaking recently of the losses sustained from articles of freight left on their hands, said that they suffered more from gravestones than anything else. "How can you suffer from gravestones?" was the inquiry. "Very easily. A man, you see, buries his wife, and orders a stone for her grave from some distant point. Before it is finished and delivered he will have another wife, and in that event it is ten to one that he will decline to take the stone, unless the freight has been prepaid. We insist now on prepayment for that kind of property, for we have accumulated gravestones enough to start a big cemetery, and on that sort of thing it is pretty hard to realize." An instance like this put into a story would be called cynicism, or at least an ill-natured fancy. But railway corporations are neither cynical nor fanciful. They simply feel that they can't afford to be made responsible for a man's change of affection until they experience a change of purse.

PERSONAL.

The Misses De Foe are to receive, by order of the Queen, a yearly pension each of $375.

The President will attend Harvard Commencement this year, at which time his son will be graduated from the Law School.

Col. Hammond of Baltimore—the husband of the ex-rebel, Miss Belle Boyd—was a soldier at Balaklava. He was also one of the Louisiana "Tigers" in the civil war.

The Lord Erskine who recently died was Thomas Americus, grandson of Chancellor Erskine, and eldest son of David, Second Lord Erskine and Miss Frances Cadwallader of Philadelphia. His title devolves upon his brother, John Cadwallader Erskine.

Gen. W. W. Loring, one of the Khedive's American officers, now wears two stars of brilliants surrounded by crescents—the order of the Medjidie. He has received also the Osmanli decoration, which is only conferred on commanders of an army in the field.

When the inauguration of the statue to Marshal Ney took place at Marcq, the Pope, in memory of the services rendered by that officer when as Colonel, in 1849, he handed to His Holiness in Gaeta the keys of the Eternal City, and announced that the French troops had entered it, conferred on the widow of the Marshal the title of Countess, with succession to her son and his heirs.

Reporter—"Do you regard the policy now pursued by the Administration as originating personally with Mr. Hayes?" Col. Robert Ingersoll—"Unquestionably. I think he began shaping it from the moment that he looked for want to success in the Presidential contest, and without doubt it embodies his conscientious views upon the subject of restoring the country to a state of tranquillity."

Prof. Park once said of Choate, the pleader: "If he had not been the first lawyer of his time, he might have been its most eminent theologian." It is only fair to add that Mr. Choate, knowing nothing of this remark, said to the same gentleman—Mr. Lawrence, then of Andover—that "if Prof. Park had not been the great theologian that he was, he would have surpassed any man living in the American bar."

Mr. Gladstone says that Wedgwood, the potter, is one of his heroes, considering "him to be, take him altogether, the most extraordinary man whose name is recorded in the history of the commercial world. Wedgwood not only completely revolutionized the character of the fabrics of his day, but he carried the manufacture of earthenware to by far the highest point it had ever attained in any country in the world."

Princess Demidoff, a young Russian lady wearing the full uniform of a hussar and mounted on a magnificent charger, rode at the head of a splendid regiment of cavalry through the outskirts of Bucharest not long ago. She is the daughter of the honorary colonel and proprietor of the regiment, who is reported as spending $50,000 a year upon it. No Russian cavalry is so well mounted, the horses averaging 16 hands, comprising chestnuts, whites, browns, and bays respectively.

Don Carlos has written a letter protesting against the application of the law voted by the Cortes last July, and intended to abolish the privileges enjoyed by certain provinces. He says at the end, in relation to the Basque people: "Let not this noble people be cast down, and let them not lament the death of its ancient and venerable liberties. They will still live under the shelter of the standard of the true Spain. I am the depositary. I guard it pure and spotless for the moment when God shall mark the hour of His justice."

One day, just after President Lincoln's second inauguration, a Massachusetts merchant, visiting Washington, noticed the great crowd of office-seekers who waited for an audience with the President, and thought he, too, would like to see him. Writing his name on a card, he added the line, "Holds no public office, and wants none." The card was taken to President Lincoln, and, instantly jumping up, he said, to the attendant, "Show him up—he is a curiosity." Passing the long line of office-seekers, the merchant went up to the President, who was refreshed to meet a man who did not want an office, and urged his stay. A long and pleasant conversation followed.

The Rev. E. E. Hale does not believe in the gloom and wretchedness of divers weekly papers. "I am afraid," he says, "that young men who read the journals much—not having yet found out the best ways of saving time—are apt to be unduly impressed with the weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth of those writers for the press who find nothing good outside the walls of their own offices. From such moanings unutterable the educated young men of America would sink back despairing, but that always in the same issue of the same journal, whichever it may be, there appears the gleam of golden hope. It seems that in that particular office, by the united graces of natural selection, of evolution, and of accident, there is one clear fountain of absolute truth and absolute wisdom. From that office weekly will trickle forth rills of wise direction, sufficient for one week for the salvation of the land."

OTTAWA, May 26.—Lord Clarence Paget and Miss Paget are guests of the Governor-General at Rideau Hall.

QUEENSTOWN, May 27.—Ex-President Grant and wife arrived to-day on the steamship Indiana. They did not land, but proceeded to Liverpool on the steamship. Both are in good health.

LONDON, May 27.—*The Observer* states that Mme. Titiens, the prima donna, is dangerously ill. She underwent a surgical operation recently, and on Thursday and Friday the worst fears were entertained, but yesterday there were some encouraging indications, and although for many days her state will be so critical that not even any member of her own family will be permitted to see her, there is still room to hope that her life will be spared.

POLITICAL NOTES.

The new party is born at last, but it is yet too small to be christened.

If Gov. Stone can't find a jury to convict the Kemper murderers, he will discover before long that a larger jury has convicted and sentenced him.

Somebody accuses Proctor Knott of cribbing the whole of his famous Duluth speech, but nobody questions the originality of his subsequent speeches and acts.

Mr. Randall steps to the front to say with emphasis and boldness that he is in favor of extending our trade with Mexico and with Central and South America. Who cares if you are, Mr. Randall? What the country wants to know is your opinion of a Texas Pacific subsidy.

Another candidate for Speaker. Congressman J. D. C. Atkins of Tennessee is brought forward by several Southern journals, which attribute to him a round of qualifications, including a friendship for the Texas Pacific subsidy. There will be music in the Congressional Democratic caucus.

The bloody shirt outrage in Louisiana has dwindled with unusual rapidity. Instead of being assassinated by a body of men, to wit, bulldozers, Lewis was killed by one man, who is now in jail, and the murder is the result of a family feud. It will be difficult to start the outrage mill on a paying basis with so poor a grist as this.

The judge whom Gov. Stone says he has "stirred up" has not yet called a special term of his court, and the local Democratic press does not believe he will. One of these journals, *The Meridian Mercury*, says: "Special instructions to grand jurors are likely to go unheeded, and to save an exhibition of their impotency had best not be given. The best thing the law and the ministers can do about the tragedy is to save their strength for the future as wiser than wasting it foolishly and vainly on the past."

An interesting and valuable political map of the United States has been published by James L. Onderdonk of this city. It is compiled by Emil Mahlo, and gives the political complexion of every Congressional district at a glance by the simple and intelligible plan of printing all those Democratic in green and those Republican in red. The size of the majorities is marked by shades of the same colors. The names of the Congressmen are also printed on the districts. The map is to be corrected and republished every two years.

The Ohio "dissatisfaction" has dwindled more rapidly than any other known political commodity excepting David Dudley Field's reputation. Even in Ashtabula County, the home of Ben. Wade, the traces of unhappiness are nearly gone, for *The Sentinel* of that place says it does not know of a man in the county who voted for Hayes who would now vote against the Republican party. It does not deny that there are many who are still discontented, but it thinks they would be puzzled to suggest any other course for the President than the one he has followed.

The Cameron attempt to revive the third-term movement has been a dismal failure, but each day brings revelations to strengthen the supposition that the effort was actually made. A Philadelphia politician has written a letter to a friend in Washington, saying of the reception to Gen. Grant in Philadelphia that it was adroitly managed to give it the appearance of a rebuke of Hayes by the Cameronians, who are very sore, first, because of the new policy, and, secondly, because Pennsylvania has no representative in the Cabinet. These gentlemen spared neither pains nor expense; but, says the writer, they will fail—have failed—of their purpose. They cannot carry the people with them, and will be compelled themselves right speedily to give in their adhesion to the new order of things, or make up their minds to go out of politics.

The talk about internal improvements of one kind and another has induced *The Cincinnati Commercial* to make an interesting calculation. It finds that all the Government appropriations for railroads, canals, &c., from 1789 to 1875 amount to about $104,000,000, of which sum $84,000,000 was in Pacific Railway subsidies. *The Commercial* adds: "It results from these figures that what the Government is now asked to guarantee for one single internal improvement, the Southern Pacific Railroad, demands as much almost as has been expended in internal improvements from 1789 to 1875, including the enormous Pacific Railway subsidies of eighty-four millions. And a single one of the great canal improvement schemes now proposed in the south will cost more than three times as much as the Government paid out for every canal, bridge, road, and military road constructed or aided by the United States from the beginning until now."

An entertaining peep into the harmonious Democratic household is furnished as follows by the Washington correspondent of *The Troy Times*: "There are marked indications here of bitter feeling against Tilden on account of his very evident interference in the Speakership campaign. There is now no doubt that the Tilden clique are using their influence in favor of Randall for speaker. Rival candidates have discovered this, and are indignant, annoyed, and disconcerted by it. Should Tilden attempt to actively work for Randall the Democratic party would find itself in a curious position upon the opening of Congress. The Western Democrats never liked Sam Tilden. They don't as a class like Sam Randall any better. The hand of Gramercy Park is clearly seen in the Speakership campaign. There are not wanting men among the Democrats here who say that it was the Tilden management which compassed the disgrace of the party in the last Presidential campaign, and which consented to the surrender in Congress of last Winter, and that these same men shall not be allowed to organize the next House of Representatives in their own interest."

Senator Christiancy has made several attempts to stop a Democratic falsehood about him and ex-Secretary Chandler, but each time in vain. At last he tumbles over the original rumor and its subsequent additions in the following card: "In reference to a movement attributed to Mr. Chandler for making him United States Circuit Judge in place of Judge Emmons, deceased, there was no foundation for a report of that kind; first, because I would not accept the office if tendered to me, and second, that Mr. Chandler himself must know this perfectly well, because he knew I had refused it before Judge Emmons was appointed and when Mr. Chandler and the Michigan delegation had suggested my appointment; and as to resigning the office of Senator, I saw no reason to suppose that I should retire from it until the expiration of my term. I did not speak of the hopes of Mr. Chandler getting back into the Senate through me at all, nor did I say one word about Mr. Chandler being now or ever having been a party to any movement, scheme, or intrigue for any such purpose, or that there ever had been such. But I said nothing derogatory to Mr. Chandler, and I expressly told the friend that I had nothing to say which could be to his (Chandler's) prejudice or to his discredit in any respect."

GENERAL NOTES.

The young ladies of the graduating class at the Lewiston (Me.) High School will all be dressed on Commencement day in American prints.

Colorado has a Methodist church without a single male member. The women do all the business; and it is observed that there is a balance in the treasury.

Peter B. Brigham, who died in Boston last Thursday, worth $2,000,000, made the first of his fortune by keeping an oyster saloon. He used to pass around among his customers, asking, "Are your oysters well cooked?" and when he was paid for them always said, "Thank you, Sir, call again," which courtesy may partly account for the $2,000,000.

Kladderadatsch has a cartoon of France with a republican cockade in her hair, leaning against a beautiful cow, which is branded, "Exposition, 1878." France is vaccinating one tender arm for peace. Over her head is the sage remark, "Foresight is the mother of wisdom," and under the cartoon the assurance that "Even should the war become epidemic, the precaution will help a little."

The United States Marshal at Chicago the other day found himself in a quandary. For infraction of the revenue law he had seized 4,000 pounds of damaged leaf tobacco. Several times he tried to sell it, but always there were no bidders. Finally, he received orders to get rid of it in some way. Accordingly he put it on a tug, towed it into the lake, and then and there dumped it. The tug men fished out some of it, but it proved too bad for smoking or for chewing.

The recent panic in the Théâter Français, Rouen, was unutterably silly. The curtain had just risen when the occupants of the gallery were alarmed by a red light through the windows at the back, caused by a chimney being on fire in a neighboring house. A cry of "fire" was raised by some one, and in an instant there was a general stampede of actors and spectators. The curtain was lowered, but the manager, who preserved his presence of mind, announced in a loud voice that there was no danger to any one present. After a few moments the fugitives were induced to return to their seats.

Here is a waif from the Orient which will interest many readers. In another column are reproduced fac-similes of the decoration and diploma conferred upon Mr. Thaddeus Fairbanks, the inventor of the Fairbanks scales, by the Bey of Tunis. Mr. Fairbanks is now over 80 years of age, and is still active in business. The scales, which have earned a world-wide reputation, were invented in 1830, and the various improvements since made in them are covered by some 30 patents. During the past 40 years the growth of the firm has been so rapid that were the various patents to expire to-day, its manufacturing facilities and immense business would still enable it to defy competition not only at home but abroad. Mr. Thaddeus Fairbanks is one of the few inventors who has lived to enjoy the fruits of his skill, and the action of the Eastern monarch is not only a well deserved compliment to him but also a tribute to American inventive genius.

The House of Representatives of Michigan has been considering the question of the reduction of the salaries of the Professors in the University, on the ground that at this time everybody's salary is in the process of reduction. An attempt was made to send the School of Mines to the Lake Superior country, but it remains at Ann Arbor. A funny scene occurred during the debate. One Dr. Willet thought there was no danger of losing the professors by a reduction of the stipends. "Oh, no," he said, with emphasis, "they will cling on like rats to a drowning ship." Explosions of laughter followed this variation of the proverb; but the doctor didn't better matters much by saying, "And I mean like drowning skins—like—like rats—" Here the doctor broke completely down, and was obliged to roar with the others. One member cried, "Don't you mean like sinks to a drowning rat?" Another, "No, he means what he said at first; they'll cling on like rats to a drowning ship; that is, they will all clear." Then the merriment subsided, and the debate went soberly on.

A correspondent of *The Chicago Inter-Ocean*, who recently traveled in the same railroad car with Mrs. Ann Eliza Young, maintains that she is a misanthropist. The conductor was leading toward the back platform a strange-looking man who would not pay his fare, and the prisoner made this appeal to the passengers: "My wife is a little insane. She is trying to get away from me. Her baggage is checked through to Kalamazoo, and I have not sufficient money to pay my fare, and the conductor must put me off unless I obtain it. Will any gentleman here give me enough to see me through? I have friends in Kalamazoo, so I can refund the money when I reach there." Mrs. Young's heart was touched; she responded to the call; the conductor led back the prisoner; and at that moment the prisoner's wife entered the car. Mrs. Young had been deceived. It was not the wife but the husband who was "a little insane." The husband said: "My wife has spells of derangement every once in a while. Sometimes the spells come on in the night. I have had awful times with her. Couldn't you go over to my wife and talk to her, and get her to give us my judgment?" The wife said: "My husband drew a knife on me and threatened to stick it through my heart, and that was a little too much to bear." Mrs. Young talked with the woman, and took her to dinner at White Pigeon, while the crazy husband was begging from the crowd for aid so that he might follow his runaway bride to Kalamazoo.

The judgment of the Judicial Committee in the Ridsdale appeal case was announced in London on May 12. This is the decision which has been anxiously awaited in the Anglican communion. The court, after weeks of argument and deliberation, now hold (1) that the eucharistic vestments introduced by the Ritualists are illegal; (2) that though the most natural interpretation of the rubrics is that the minister should stand throughout at the