Amusements and Meetings To-Night.

FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE—"Humpty-Dumpty's Dream."
NIBLO'S GARDEN—"East Lynne."
PARK THEATRE—"Our Boys."
STANDARD THEATRE—"Frisk."
UNION SQUARE THEATRE—"Lady of Lyons."
WALLACK'S THEATRE—"Diplomacy."

BOOTH'S THEATRE—Lecture, Matilda Fletcher.
GILMORE'S GARDEN—Liederkranz Festival and Concert. Thomas.
IRVING HALL—2 and 8: The Phonograph.
NEW-YORK AQUARIUM—Day and Evening.

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Business Notices.

HAVE you tried the Perfection blend of Mocha and Java coffee in glass jars?

HANKINSON'S Steam Carpet Cleaning Works, 15 East 27th-st. Established 1861. Orders by mail or otherwise promptly attended to.

NEITHER drugged, liquored nor watered—Dr. UNDERHILL'S pure wines from the Croton Point Vineyards.

"SURF HOTEL," Fire Island Beach. Through tickets $1 25; excursion, $2 25. Trains leave Hunter's Point, L. I., and Atlantic-ave., Brooklyn, at 9:30 a. m. and 4:30 p. m. Transient board, $3 per day.

WILBOR'S COD LIVER OIL AND LIME.—The great popularity of this safe and efficacious preparation is alone attributable to its intrinsic worth. In the cure of coughs, colds, asthma, bronchitis, whooping cough, scrofulous humors, and all consumptive symptoms, it has no superior, if equal. Let no one neglect the early symptoms of disease, when an agent is thus at hand which will alleviate all complaints of the chest, lungs or throat. Manufactured only by A. B. WILBOR, Chemist, Boston. Sold by all druggists.

DAILY TRIBUNE, Mail Subscribers, $10 per annum.
SEMI-WEEKLY TRIBUNE, Mail Subscribers, $3 per an.
WEEKLY TRIBUNE, Mail Subscribers, $2 per annum.
Terms, cash in advance.

New-York Daily Tribune.

FOUNDED BY HORACE GREELEY.

THURSDAY, JUNE 13, 1878.

THE NEWS THIS MORNING.

FOREIGN.—The European Congress is to assemble to-day in Berlin. ═ In Quebec the soldiers fired on strikers who had been plundering a flour store. ═ George V., ex-King of Hanover, is dead. ═ In Belgium, the Liberals will have a majority of ten in the Chamber of Deputies.

CONGRESS.—In the Senate to-day, the bills on the calendar were taken up and a large number of them passed; the Deficiency bill was passed without amendment; a brief debate took place over the Eight-Hour Law. ═ In the House, the Sundry Civil bill was debated all day and variously amended; Mr. Kelley and Mr. Ewing attempted to have the bill amended in a manner hostile to the Resumption Act; Mr. Garfield spoke against the idea, and it was defeated—88 to 106; the House held an evening session, and the Republicans tried to finish the Sundry Civil bill; there was great uproar and confusion; the House adjourned after midnight without passing the bill.

DOMESTIC.—The witnesses before the Potter Committee yesterday were ex-Congressman Darrall and the notary and witnesses to the alleged Webber agreement, as also Appointment Clerk Smith; the testimony was interesting; General Butler treated Smith so harshly that Mr. Cox read him a severe lecture. ═ General Fremont has been confirmed as Governor of Arizona. ═ The row of new light-houses on the Florida reefs is completed. ═ Mr. Glover will not submit a full report to Congress this session. ═ The Ohio Republican Convention nominated a State ticket and adopted a platform. ═ The Hon. Clarkson N. Potter delivered an oration at Roanoke College. ═ The standing of the class of 1878 at the Military Academy was announced; the cadets were reviewed by the President, General Sherman and General Sheridan. ═ Argument in the motion for a receiver of the Wabash Railway was heard at Chicago.

CITY AND SUBURBAN.—William Cullen Bryant died yesterday, after fourteen days of illness. ═ William H. Vanderbilt and Chauncey M. Depew made affidavits denying conspiracy. ═ The Western railway managers gave up their freight compact. ═ Trunk line officials arranged percentages. ═ Alden B. Stockwell failed. ═ The Board of Trade and Transportation denounced railway discriminations. ═ Investigations were made in regard to the suicide of Lucien Levys and James H. Van Houten. ═ Rufus Miner, a notorious criminal, escaped from a court officer. ═ The New-Jersey Yacht Club held its annual regatta. ═ Gold 101, 101, 101. Gold value of the legal-tender dollar at the close, 99 cents. Stocks active and lower, closing weak.

THE WEATHER.—TRIBUNE local observations indicate clear or partly cloudy weather. Thermometer yesterday, 61°, 75°, 63°.

General Butler occupied the whole session of the Potter Committee yesterday in ascertaining the character of ex-Congressman Darrall. This is as far away from the subject of inquiry as the moral qualities of those telegraphic rats.

The abandonment of the pooling compact with reference to East-bound freight is only the formal announcement of a state of things that has existed ever since the compact was formed. Its abandonment was urged by various railroad managers because it had never been enforced, and there seems to have been no dissenting voice.

General Ewing and Judge Kelley are entitled to credit for devising one of the smallest political manœuvres on record. Ambitious brutes that dispute the progress of locomotives have been heard of before; but when these distinguished gentlemen seek to stay the progress of resumption by cutting off the appropriation of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing so that the necessary bonds cannot be printed, they exhaust the possibilities of metaphor. After the House had ridden over them yesterday, Messrs. Ewing and Kelley must have felt that two grasshoppers can't grease a track.

What sort of political economy is this, Mr. Dawes? Here is Charles Sumner's successor standing on the same side with the Democratic Jones, of Florida, and the Republican Spencer, of the Black Hills, in favor of paying a full day's wages to Government workmen for eight hours' work, when private workmen get but eight hours' pay for eight hours' work. Mr. Dawes advocates it on the ground that this was the intent and meaning of those who passed the Eight-Hour Law. Perhaps it was, but the law, as it was passed, does not require the Government to disorganize the labor market, and the Government is quite right in refusing to do it.

The platform of the Ohio Republicans exceeds even the promises that were made for it. Not only was there entire unanimity in denouncing the attack on the President's title and an entire absence of real controversy over the question of indorsing his Administration, but there was an indorsement also. The Convention recognized "in his Administration the "highest integrity and patriotism, the most "sincere effort to promote political purity and "harmony and secure general business prosperity throughout the whole country." For this the President is indebted, first and directly to the Democratic crusade for fraud; and, secondly, for the unanimity with which it was approved, to an absurd and outrageous speech forced upon the Convention by the preposterous Beatty. When this ranter called Mr. Hayes "a scoundrel," it was only another instance of the President's good luck in his enemies.—The remainder of the platform is excellent in many respects. The demand for a cessation of financial agitation comes with a pleasant sound from an Ohio Convention; the approval of the course of Southern Democrats in opposing revolution is well-timed; the denunciation of the new Presidential campaign is hearty. There are some knots, but not in the big planks.

One of the great statesmen of the Civil War once said, in speaking of a desired reform which could only be accomplished by a change in the fundamental law. "You can't amend "the Constitution." Mr. Clarkson N. Potter, in his address before the literary societies of Roanoke College, Virginia, delivered yesterday, recognizes just as clearly the difficulty of amending a Constitution for which the American people justly have a most superstitious reverence. But it is by this process, no matter what inertia or actual opposition is to be overcome, that Mr. Potter hopes to see the evils which now exist in our Government finally cured. He has no faith in spasms of Civil Service Reform on the part of Administrations, though a spasm should last four years. He has no faith in attempts to lessen the evils of over-legislation by sporadic efforts to get good men into Congress and the Legislature. He insists that the only effectual way to prevent either Executive or Legislative crimes against the general good is to make the commission of them as nearly impossible as it can be made, or, to use his own phrase, by "severely "depriving the Legislature of the power to "legislate for any citizen in preference to or "at the expense of the whole." In like manner, he would deprive the President of much of his enormous patronage, which, Mr. Potter truly declares, the telegraph has vastly magnified, and would distribute it to localities, electing postmasters and giving subordinate place-holders fixed terms. Thus the battle for office which, now that one hand dispenses a hundred thousand appointments, assumes, every four years, the character of a gigantic struggle, would spend its force in thousands of insignificant contests. He would place some check on corporations, and would save Congress from temptation by establishing courts of claims. The Fathers were innovators; we must be also. To adapt the Constitution to present needs is "to continue, "not to change it." Mr. Potter's paper will attract attention, because its author is known to be a more intelligent student of public affairs than many of his colleagues in Congress, and because of the gravity and sincerity with which he discusses great and growing evils.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Among the natives of New-England who have filled a conspicuous place in the social, political, and literary life of New-York, none have been more widely known, more cordially cherished, or more brilliantly honored, than the eminent citizen whose death is announced this morning. Born within the shadow of the verdant mountains of Western Massachusetts, the character of Mr. Bryant partook of the healthy and substantial qualities of his native soil. The rocky hills of Hampshire County formed a congenial and appropriate birth-place for a person of his firm and unyielding nature. The ground-plan of his being was constructed on a foundation of massive strength, singular power of endurance, and tenacity of resistance to every outward influence. Beneath a lithe and delicate physical organization, a slender frame which might seem to have been at the mercy of the passing wind, a subtle tenuity of fibre which promised neither length of days, nor vigor of action, he concealed an energy of purpose, a strength of will, a power of antagonism, which made his presence felt, and not unfrequently feared, in the most strenuous circles of political strife or intellectual discussion. In the utterance of his convictions, as well as in the formation of his opinions, he recognized no authority beyond the spontaneous workings of his own mind. Nothing could impose a restraint upon his freedom of thought; nothing could daunt his courage in the expression of his principles. The vein of austerity which entered so largely into his composition tempered the sweetness of his nature and preserved an almost womanly kindness of heart from becoming an example of soft complisance.

In his younger days, as we are told by those who knew him at that period of his life, he displayed a shrinking timidity in social intercourse, was indisposed to general conversation, restricted in the expression of his ideas, ill at ease in a feminine presence, with little command of colloquial language, and, in fact, with no taste for the pleasures of society. With a wider experience of the world, this timidity gave place to a more assured confidence in himself; he enlarged the circle of his acquaintance, entered more freely into general society, by which, in his later years, he was greatly courted, and which he greatly enjoyed; but he never entirely overcame the habitual reserve which formed so large an ingredient in his nature. In the tenderness of the family home, and in the proud sympathy of his father with the precocious genius of the son, he found the necessary aliment of affection, and for a long time seemed disinclined to pass beyond the corner of the ancient fireplace for a wider appreciation and love. In after life he certainly had not the need of communication which makes so many persons delightful social companions, while it exposes others to ridicule by the flush of their garrulity and the naïveté of their confessions; he was always a model of dignity and repose; never talking for the sake of talking; never wasting his time and fatiguing his listeners by empty discourse; never courting dispute and controversy; but never averse to the expression of dissent from your opinion, and at times perhaps a little too ready to expose an error in your statements or a fallacy in your reasoning. His reserve of manner no doubt often subjected him to misapprehension. He was sometimes set down as hard, cold, unsympathetic by reason of his paucity of words, or his astringent silence; but his reticence came from no lack of kindly feeling, but in addition to his natural reserve, from a dislike to solemn commonplace, and an invincible desire to verify his assertions before hazarding their utterance. Young men have been known to complain of his want of interest in their pursuits, of the lack of encouragement which they experienced at his hands, of finding the cold shoulder instead of a friendly grasp, when they were longing for a word, or some sign of recognition from the Master in Israel; but his apparent want of cordiality doubtless arose from his invincible distaste for demonstration and his lack of facility in the use of current phrases, the paper money of society and not the genuine coin, and implied no barrenness of thought or frigidity of feeling. His real sympathies were large and generous. No public object failed to receive from him the attention it deserved. No worthy cause languished for want of his liberal support. He was ever ready with purse and pen to promote the claims of a wise philanthropy. Justly may he be called a public-spirited citizen, deeply concerned in whatever concerned the interests of the commonwealth.

Mr. Bryant at a very early age began to take part in the politics of his country. Born at a central point of the old Massachusetts Federalism, at a time when party lines were rigidly drawn, and party spirit flaming with a fierce intensity, he was true to the traditions of Washington and Hamilton, of George Cabot and Fisher Ames; he had been taught from his infancy to look upon Jefferson as the great red dragon of the Apocalypse, and his earliest attempts in verse were denunciations of the principles and the policy of that unclean and monstrous Beast. At a period of maturer age and larger experience, in common with many leading politicians of the Federal school, his sympathies were warmly enlisted in favor of General Jackson, and he became an earnest advocate of the principles and measures of that energetic statesman. His views of public policy were doubtless the result of sincere conviction. He was strongly wedded to his favorite beliefs; he urged them in season, and sometimes perhaps out of season, with all the energy of tongue and pen; if he ever appeared a little wayward and one-sided in their defence, or too aggressive in their assertion, he was never accused of being prompted in his urgency by a passion for office or the love of gain. In the great crisis of the country brought on by the Civil War, he was resolute in his adherence to the principles of American unity, and afforded a powerful aid to the cause in the zeal and devotion of the prominent newspaper of which he had so long been the head.

But it is as a poet and a man of letters that the name of Mr. Bryant will be cherished with the fondest remembrance, and year to year add fresh honors to the brightness of his fame. For more than half a century he has stood in the highest ranks of American literature, the peer of Washington Irving and Richard Dana, of Prescott and Bancroft, shedding the benignant light of his renown on the noble company of our younger poets and authors who have received inspiration from his genius, and achieved a splendor of success in the same line of glory with their illustrious example. The poetry of Mr. Bryant has been generally recognized as the application of rare artistic skill to the expression of profound thought and tender feeling. Its most remarkable characteristic is the union of deep reflection with creative imagination, appealing alike to the intelligence of the thoughtful reader, and the natural sympathies of the heart. The command of poetic diction is no less striking than its power over the sources of pathos, and the fidelity with which it reproduces the imaginative aspects of Nature, clothing the common realities of human experience with a picturesque charm.

As a writer of prose Mr. Bryant would have perhaps enjoyed a more brilliant reputation if he had been less distinguished in the walks of poetry. His "Thanatopsis," "The Water Fowl," "The Death of the Flowers," "The Fringed Gentian," "The Evening Wind," "The Old Man's Funeral," "The Planting of the Apple Tree," not to mention others of more recent date, are familiar to the lovers of poetry in every American household; but his acute political disquisitions, his admirable narratives of foreign travel, and his suggestive critical papers, which would have made the fame of a less eminent writer, are comparatively little known, and, as we think, somewhat to the disadvantage of the younger race of writers in this country who would find in the study of these productions many choice lessons in the art of composition. The language contains few more perfect models of the simple graces of style, of chaste descriptive power, and of the nameless felicities of expression which diffuse a subtle charm over the most unpretending prose, like the odors from a bank of violets.

As a public speaker, Mr. Bryant has been too conspicuous of late years not to demand a distinct reference. Few occasions of literary or social festivity in New-York have been considered complete without his presence. He was always the honored guest of the evening, and the moment in which he was to be called upon to speak was awaited with eager expectation that never ended in disappointment. He was singularly happy in seizing the tone of the company, no matter what were the circumstances or the occasion; his remarks were not only pertinent, but eminently felicitous; with no pretensions to artificial eloquence, he was always impressive, often pathetic, and sometimes indulging in a vein of quiet humor whose zest and pungency touched the feelings of the audience to the quick. On more important public occasions, when the principal speech of the day was assigned to Mr. Bryant, he discharged the trust with a tranquil dignity of manner, a serene self-possession, and an amplitude of knowledge and illustration that invariably won the admiration of the spectators. His last address in this kind, delivered on the day of his fatal attack, on the occasion of unveiling the bust of Mazzini in Central Park, was a masterpiece of descriptive oratory, unsurpassed by any of his previous efforts for a similar purpose. Never was there a more just or feeling tribute to the character of the Italian patriot. Seldom has been presented a more discriminating analysis of a great political career, or a finer portraiture of the admirable qualities of a noble and heroic personage. Mr. Bryant had been so prominent in the public eye during these latter years, he was so remarkable for the freshness of his intellect and the activity of his bearing, he shared in the social excitements of the day with such cheerful alacrity, that we are deprived of the usual consolations in the presence of death suggested by the fact that the departed has left us in the fulness of years and the ripened glories of venerable old age. Mr. Bryant's decease is almost as if a young man had passed away from this busy scene. If he has not gone in the glorious prime of youth, or the lusty strength of early manhood, the hour of sunset has closed upon him while as yet the effacing fingers of Time had not touched the beauty of his character, the vigor of his intellect, or the vital springs of his activity.

CLAIMS AGAINST THE GOVERNMENT.

The chief source of corruption in Congress, delay and inefficiency in the transaction of the public business, and demoralizing practices in the management of the departments, is the avalanche of "private claims" which sweeps down every session upon the Senate and the House of Representatives. The evil has been growing ever since the formation of the Government. The framers of the Constitution made no provision for the determination of appeals by the private citizen to the justice or generosity of the Government. Following the English theory, they held that the Government could not be sued, but it was presumed to be always ready to do justice on petition, and at first the demands for relief were not more numerous than Congress could attend to. But in the course of years claimants have become so many and Congress has become so large that this method of dispensing relief is no longer practicable. Congress refers the matter to committees; committees delegate it to sub-committees, often consisting of only a single person—and he, perhaps, quite unfit for the task; and when it has run the chances of the committee it is exposed in the House to such a multitude of accidents and influences that it is a wonder if a just claim is ever successful, or an unjust one defeated.

Some years ago Congress provided a partial remedy for this evil by the creation of the Court of Claims. The class of cases of which this Court has jurisdiction, however, is strictly limited, and there is an immense number of other cases, not covered by the statutes, which can only be disposed of by the discretion of the National Legislature. Such, for instance, are "claims falling within the principles, but not the terms, of existing laws;" claims for important service to the Government rendered under circumstances which impose upon the Government a moral but not a legal obligation to give compensation; applications for the extension of patents, claims for damages from the wrong or mistake of the Government itself, etc., etc. It will perhaps surprise the reader to know that the number of these exceptional claims submitted to Congress is no less than 2,500 at every session, or about five every day. It is utterly impossible that either Congress or its committees should give proper attention to such a multitude of private bills. Hence the lobby flourishes. Hence the Capitol always echoes with rumors of jobbery and corruption. Hence—as a report now in our hands observes—"there "are just claims which have been before the "Congress for half a century, and been favorably considered in one Congress by one House, "and in another Congress by the other, without "ever having received that concurrent action "in any Congress necessary to determine them. "There are other claims which have been repeatedly rejected by both houses, which are "again and again presented for the chances of "legislation." The pursuit of justice in Congress is like a search for the same boon in the tribunal of a Turkish pasha.

Mr. Clarkson N. Potter, from the Committee on Reform in the Civil Service, has now introduced a bill to sweep away this abuse. He proposes that "any person who may have a claim against "the United States, of which the Court of "Claims would not now have jurisdiction, but "founded upon equity and justice, may file "his bill in the Court of Claims of the United "States, setting out the grounds of his claim "and the relief desired by him." The Court shall try the issues of fact and report the findings to Congress, with a recommendation; and Congress will thereupon give the final decision. No claim is to be considered by Congress until it has passed this ordeal. In some respects this seems to be a very sensible bill. It will put a stop to a vast amount of fraud and corruption, it will expedite business, it will help honest claimants, and it will protect the public Treasury. At the same time it reserves to Congress the ultimate right to decide all exceptional claims upon equitable principles. The investigation of the facts, which cannot be made in a committee room, is referred to a court of law organized expressly for that sort of work. And we do not suppose that anybody can object to a judicial inquiry into the facts except petitioners whose claims will not bear examination, lobby-agents who fatten on the existing wrongs, and here and there a thrifty Congressman who wishes to turn a penny by the help of the present system. The bill, however, so far as we can see, is entirely unguarded against one abuse, which ought to constitute an insuperable objection. There is nothing to prevent the thousands of disloyal claimants for damages done during the war from flooding the court with their claims, and securing judicial recommendations in their favor. If this point can be carefully guarded, the bill will doubtless do good. If it cannot be, the bill should be promptly and effectively killed.

MISTAKING SAUCE FOR SOUP.

There was a remarkable coincidence on Tuesday. Two small knots of earnest Democrats, widely separated, and having, so far as is known, no communication with each other even by telephone, made the same mistake. Each mistook clam sauce for clam soup. The first mistake so horrified a statesman known as "Gabe Case" that he cried "Great Heavens!" and "snatched a plate." The effect of the other has not yet appeared, but there is no doubt that several statesmen who are industriously searching for a fraud trail that doesn't double on them, and run under their own wood pile, indulged in passionate exclamations when they heard of it, and would have "snatched a plate" had there been one handy.

There was a clam-bake, it seems, on that day at what our vivacious contemporary, *The World*, calls "General Committeeman Gabe Case's Hotel," near McComb's Dam. A large number of gentlemen whom *The World*—inadvertently, we presume—calls "politicians," were in attendance and assisting. Among them we discover the names of those well-known Reformers, Captain Isaiah Rynders, ex-Alderman Purroy, who broke Delegate Jones's jaw at Nyack; Major Quincy, of the Sheriff's office, who recently expressed the opinion that Mr. Tilden could never find a real first-class guiding-star outside of Tammany Hall; Mr. S. Foster Dewey, private secretary of the late Mr. Tweed; Colonel John R. Fellows, the orator; Mr. Hughes, the pedestrian, and others no less distinguished. "The instigator of the clam-bake"—an office of which we know nothing definite, but presume to be somewhat akin to that of "Wiskinskie" or "Sagamore"—was Mr. Shepherd F. Knapp, who "footed the invitations," and "is a strong candidate for the Mayoralty in the next Tammany Convention." These gentlemen, to quote the vivid description of our contemporary, "grappled with 20 barrels of soft clams, 6 barrels of hard clams, 200 bunches of asparagus, 75 pairs of spring chickens, 1 barrel of Bermuda potatoes, 1 barrel of sweet potatoes, 100 pounds of tripe, and 600 pounds of sheepshead." We have a notion, though it is not so stated in the report, that this entertainment of hard clams and soft clams, so generously garnished with asparagus, tripe and sheepshead, was gotten up in honor of the late Reform candidate for the Presidency. We are led to this conclusion by the fact that it was apparently a Tammany affair, and Tammany Hall has recently expressed great interest in Mr. Tilden in an address of the most touching obituary character. Moreover, we have reason to believe that most of these gentlemen united with great cordiality in the tribute paid by an earnest Democrat to Mr. Tilden more than a year ago, which pronounced him a "dam clam." There was some doubt at the time as to what precisely a "dam clam" was. It is probably safe to say now, in the light which this gathering throws backward upon history, that the intention of the eulogist was to describe him as a McComb's Dam clam. Whether a McComb's Dam soft clam, or a McComb's Dam hard clam, we will not venture to express an opinion. It is quite likely that his most intimate friends may differ on that question. Enough for the present purpose that this noble array of statesmen—we regret that *The World* should call them "politicians"—had gathered at "Gabe Case's Hotel" to express over the dam clam garnished with tripe and sheepshead, their esteem and affection for the dam clam garnished with Hendricks and a bureau—to do justice to the one while doing honor to the other.

There seems to have been what might be called a crisis in this entertainment. "Gabe Case" discovered it. It is not stated at what precise time. But it appears from our contemporary's report that there was drinking going on—though we are surprised that "Gabe" should have permitted it—and that Major Quincy made a speech and Captain Rynders another; and that a Baltimore man sang "My Joanna lives in Harlem" while Hosea B. Perkins was making another speech. Somewhere in the midst of these confused festivities, between the clams and the sheepshead, or possibly between the asparagus and the tripe, "a party of young politicians" were discovered at a table "with soup plates and spoons hard at work." Discovered by "Gabe Case," who may have been shocked at seeing anybody eating soup at that stage of the banquet. At any rate he shouted to them at once in a horrified tone, "Great Heavens, men, what are you eating?" And they—so innocent are "young politicians" at a clam-bake—answered mildly, "Soup." It was then that "Gabe" snatched a plate and shrieked: "Soup! You're eating the sauce for the clams!" The tableau must have been fine. But here our contemporary has dropped a veil upon the picture. It is not unlikely that these young men had consumed all the sauce before they were discovered, and that in consequence of the blunder some of the truest friends of political reform that ever signed a pay-roll or disturbed a primary were obliged to eat their clams, both hard and soft, without sauce. Fancy the feelings of such men as Major Quincy or ex-Alderman Purroy upon being told that they must upon such an occasion take their clams dry because some young politicians had mistaken the sauce for soup.

The same thing was happening at Washington, and almost at the same hour. There, too, the devotees of the dam clam had gathered for a bake. They had assembled their Spring chickens and lame ducks, their asparagus, tripe and sheepshead, and the sauce for *their* dam clam was in the form of a bill for overhauling, reviewing, and ripping up generally the Presidential election. It was not intended as a separate course, but only as a sauce for serving up the dam clam with presently. But a number of Democrats in the Judiciary Committee—"young politicians" perhaps—turned over the subject, and said: "We don't care much for dam clams, any how. Let's call this the first course for 1880, instead of sauce for the cold clams warmed over from 1876." So they voted that they had no right to review the Presidential election or attack the President's title. The proposed bake was only a cold one warmed over at best, and this disappearance of the sauce will be fatal to it. It is true that this was not so entirely an accident as that which so overcame "Gabe Case" at McComb's Dam, but the coincidence is none the less striking. In both instances the politicians jumped on to the sauce and called it soup, leaving the dam clam to be served dry. They might do that up at "Gabe Case's," but they never can make it go with a cold one warmed over. Things are so badly mixed on the Presidential question at Washington that young politicians will do well to inquire when anything relating to it is served up to them: "Is this a sauce or a soup?"

The Honorable William Kimmel, of Maryland, is of no particular account, and the little eruptive notoriety which he has recently achieved is to be credited altogether to the volcanic Mr. Blair, who chose to use him as a crater and to discharge through him some red-hot resolutions and a bill. What becomes of Mr. Blair's man, or of his works, is hardly a matter of public interest; but the fact that the Judiciary Committee of the House is sick of Mr. Blair and his man, and has kicked their bill out of doors, is significant from one point of view. It proves that Mr. Potter's dredging-machine has already scooped up all there is at the bottom of the electoral count, and that it hasn't been much of a find after all. So long as there was the slenderest hope of fastening any "operative fraud" upon Mr. Hayes or his intimate friends, the Democrats kept brandishing their threat to attack the President's title. And now their sitting down on Kimmel with a solemn disavowal of any such intention, and with a declaration that they have no power nor right to assail the President's title if they would, is nothing but an acknowledgment that the investigation has been a flat failure. Mr. Potter may dig around in the mud for a while yet, and try to convince himself that he is looking for something, but he knows better and so does everybody else. Mr. Stephens was right. It has been a farce—but it was not the fault of the stage managers that it did not turn out a tragedy.

The Police Commissioners are in need of a sensible officer at the Twenty-third Precinct Station House. According to his own statement, the highway robbery of Mr. Lafetra was committed within a few blocks of the station at ten minutes past 10 o'clock, yet he made no report of it to the other stations or the Central Office, in order that the police generally might be informed of the outrage and engage in the pursuit of the highwaymen, until 12:17 a. m. In the meantime the newspaper reporters had collected the facts, while the police remained in utter ignorance. It is safe to suppose that highwaymen generally will consult their best interests by next appearing in the same precinct, satisfied that ready and active pursuit is not likely to follow.

POLITICAL NOTES.

Anderson has propagated too large a brood of lies for one man to keep track of.

General Butler seems to think it is a good time to empty his hat of those delayed bricks.

There isn't much left of Alexander Stephens, but most of what there is seems to be backbone.

There are still no signs of a report from Glover. He ought at least to furnish the country with a bill of expenses.

Mr. Potter is trying to prove by witnesses that he was formerly hostile to Tilden. This is a waste of time. Public interest is consolidated only upon the cause of his conversion.

Fresh batches of Louisiana swearers continue to arrive in Washington. They are all in splendid condition, every one of them being backed heavily to swear the bark off a hickory tree at forty rods.

Anderson says he has no pity for Sherman, but he does feel very sorry for Stanley Matthews. This will be an affecting disclosure for Mr. Matthews. The chances are that his feelings will be so wrought upon that he will send Anderson an elaborate letter of thanks.

Ex-Congressman Darrall says of Anderson's character that while it might be considered bad in the North, "it was considered good to fair in New-Orleans." That is a tribute to New-Orleans which will be likely to prompt Mr. Darrall's neighbors to go a gunning for him when he visits them again.

Pitkin's associates in New-Orleans declare that he will be governed in his testimony entirely by General Butler, whose especial friend he is. They think he will tell all he knows, and tell it in such a way as to hurt the President as much as possible. This does not seem to be an alarming announcement.

Secretary Sherman is still determined to give the Potter investigators a chance to find out a good deal more than they wish to. He says if they do not act upon his letter, offering to show intimidation in the two Feliciana parishes, he will give the evidence to the country himself. He has the testimony all collected and ready for use, and he declares it shows conclusively not only intimidation and bulldozing, but murder.

Republicans of all kinds in Wisconsin unite in a belief that the party in that State is sure of success this Fall. Hitherto the strength of the party has been impaired by the squabbles of factions, but the Democratic attack on the President has consolidated and harmonized the party, so that its common purpose now is the defeat of the old enemy. The Republicans feel sure of carrying the State, securing the Legislature, and holding their present number, if not gaining more Congressmen.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Planché is graphically described as an "old butterfly—over eighty, and as fresh as a boy."

Mrs. Hayes, it is said, will probably go to the White Mountains this Summer, with the wife of Secretary Thompson.

M. Shishkin, the Russian Minister, and Señor Mantilla, the Spanish Minister, will occupy with their families two cottages at Saratoga this Summer.

Mr. Whittier, it is announced, will read a poem at Mr. Bowen's Fourth of July celebration in Woodstock, and Vice-President Wheeler will make a speech.

M. Meissonier's proposed picture of M. Thiers, it is incredibly asserted, will represent the statesman lying on his bed after death, with the artist himself in the foreground sketching the body.

Mr. Thurlow Weed has accepted an invitation to attend the approaching meeting of the New-York Press Association, saying that his "professional associations and memories occupy and solace the evening of life."

The Hon. Roscoe Conkling is not, as many people suppose, a native of "the loveliest village of the plain." He was born in Albany, forty-eight years ago last October, and went to Auburn with his family when he was seven years old.

Mr. Clarkson Potter's oration before the literary societies of Roanoke College was not hindered by the accident which happened to him on Tuesday. While reading a letter on his road home from the Capitol he fell, owing to an unseen obstruction on the pavement, badly but not seriously injuring his leg.

Mrs. Corwin, the venerable widow of Thomas Corwin, died suddenly at her home in Ohio, on Monday morning. During her later years she has been feeble in body but bright and cheerful in spirit. She was a tall and stately woman, of strong character and domestic tastes. During much of her noted husband's active public life she remained quietly at home caring for their five children—all of whom are still living. Mrs. Corwin died in the room in which she was married in 1822. She had long expressed the hope, so often heard on the lips of the self-reliant people of her generation, that she should not live until she became helpless or a care to her friends.

The late Thomas Winans began mechanical experiments in the nursery, where he found amusement for his infant mind in building little railroads and running toy trains upon them. For many years he has lived in seclusion—a seclusion so complete that there are said to be persons who have been living around him for twenty years who never saw his face. His home and grounds were surrounded by massive walls, ten feet high. In 1850 the citizens of Baltimore objected, on moral grounds, to the splendid casts of the antique statues in the galleries of the Vatican and the Louvre, which ornamented his grounds, and the City Council required him either to remove them or to build a fence; he chose the latter.

GENERAL NOTES.

A young girl was struck blind in Cleveland Sunday night. She went to bed with strong eyes, and in excellent health. During the night she felt "a sort of pricking" for a second or two about her eyes, and then a snap, as if something had broken. These sensations were accompanied by no pain, and after they had passed away there was no uncomfortable feeling about the eyes. In the morning she was stone-blind.

On the day when Hödel attempted to assassinate the Emperor, a woman was arrested for exclaiming, "What a pity he missed his aim!" In emulation of the Parisian pétroleuse she behaved most audaciously in court, abusing the judges and insulting the witnesses. On her condemnation she became so exasperated that she doubled her fists and burst out into curses and threats against the Court. Such shameless behavior is by no means uncommon among the women of the lower orders in Berlin, many of whom are fervent disciples of the nefarious doctrines of Socialism.

Three lives for a life is the ratio which Pennsylvania justice seems to have ciphered out. During the last eighteen months fifteen Mollies have been hanged in Pottsville, Mauch Chunk and Bloomsburg: five for the murder of Yost, three each for the murder of Rea and Jones, and two each for the murder of Powell and Sanzer. The average is three executions per murder. The Sheriffs have become quite expert in choking men to death. The execution of Donnelly at Pottsville, on Tuesday, is spoken of as a remarkably clean job, the pulse of the doomed man ceasing to beat in 9½ minutes.

Mrs. Jane Grey Swisshelm regards the labor movement as the "boiled-down, double-distilled, highly-concentrated extract of all meanness." She maintains that no negro on any Southern plantation ever was more thoroughly enslaved than the man who is coerced by a trades-union to give up his employment, and see his family suffer, at the bidding of a society-secretary on a fat salary. "I began work," she writes to *The Chicago Tribune*, "when I was two and a half years old, and, when I was three, had won a reputation for needlework and rocking the cradle. From that time until this I have been at work—sometimes twenty hours out of the twenty-four, and seldom less than twelve. I have never received more than $700 a year salary, and seldom that much. Of what I have received I have never used for myself more than supplied me with comfortable lodgings, plain food, and about $25 worth of clothing per annum. I own nothing now but my clothes, and society does not owe me a dollar. It has not money enough to pay me for doing anything I do not want to do, or to refrain from doing anything I do want to do; and never had." Mrs Swisshelm has studied the "woman's movement" to good purpose. She relates how, once upon a time, a set of women got it into their heads that they had a right to go into all the trades, and, instead of exercising that right, they spent their time talking about it, and the right is in abeyance even to this day; and now men have been smitten with the talking mania, and proclaim that they cannot do any useful labor without a society, while a set of men who do nothing but talk tell them that the proceeds of their labor are to belong, not to the laborer, but to society, which means that the Agitation Committee are to be kept in good clothes, good lodgings, and plenty of beer and tobacco, by 10-cent monthly dues wheedled out of workingmen.

PUBLIC OPINION.

Since the Republican party was born there has been no hour of its life when it was so rent with strife and demoralization as now.—[Washington Post (Dem.)

The Republican party or any of its leaders have never made a concession to the Democratic party that has not been bitterly regretted. All such movements have come back on us in evil and wrong.—[Pittsburg Commercial Gazette (Rep.)

We are of the opinion that, so far as Matthews's relations with James E. Anderson were concerned, he was guilty of nothing more serious than an error of judgment, as he himself has declared; and, under the circumstances, persistence in a refusal to testify can only excite needless suspicion in regard to him.—[Troy Times (Rep.)

REVOLUTION OR NOTHING.

From The Vicksburg Herald.

Mr. Hendricks favors the investigation, but doesn't want Hayes disturbed. This seems to us to be a very curious position. What, then, is the good of investigation?

MR. MANTON MARBLE MUST WRITE ANOTHER CARD.

From The Cincinnati Commercial.

There was nothing more terrible turned up in Florida yesterday than a remark by Manton Marble, Mr. Tilden's zealous and confidential friend, to one of the canvassing board, that if he "did right" there was no danger that he would "die poor." If General Noyes had made such a remark as that it would have been awful.

ONE DEFENDER FOR MATTHEWS.

From The Cincinnati Gazette.

If nothing worse against Senator Matthews should be shown than that he had too much blood in him to refuse or neglect to stand by a man whom he believed to be capable and honest, and had made great sacrifices in the cause of the party and of justice, he will have a high standing in public estimation, and a far higher standing than the Potter prosecutors and stalwart Republicans who are so anxious for his scalp. The prosecutors will find that Matthews has blood in him; that he has pluck, and that he has ability; and if he does not turn the tables upon them before he gets through, those who know him best will be greatly disappointed.

A DEMOCRATIC QUARREL BREWING.

From The Elmira Gazette (Dem.)

The Democratic party of the State of New-York cannot consent to follow Tammany in its opposition to Mr. Tilden, especially if that opposition carries them (as it does Tammany King politicians) over among the Republicans as supporters and defenders of the frauds which made Hayes President and John Kelly & Co