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SUNDAY, MARCH 14, 1880.

TRIPLE SHEET.

THE NEWS THIS MORNING.

FOREIGN.—In a cable dispatch the London correspondent of THE TRIBUNE describes the British electoral campaign as in full swing; the Liberals expect to gain thirty-three seats. ═══ The steamer Montana went ashore near Holyhead yesterday morning; no lives were lost; the mails were also saved. ═══ The General Transatlantic Company has resumed weekly trips from Havre to New-York. ═══ The betting is heavily against Mr. Lorillard's horses.

DOMESTIC.—Assistant-Secretary Hawley, of the Treasury Department, has resigned. ═══ Congressional committees heard testimony yesterday on the subjects of the duty on paper and the negro exodus. ═══ An attempt was made to kill the Mayor of Louisville. ═══ Ex-Governor Garcelon testified again yesterday. ═══ At 6 o'clock last evening O'Leary had scored 500 miles; Weston, 476. ═══ Mrs. Griffing, a widow, was smothered by a fire at Norwich, N. Y.

CITY AND SUBURBAN.—The Rev. Dr. Morgan Dix and Daniel Buckley have been the victims of a forged-letter writer. ═══ The sale of J. Abner Harper's pictures was concluded last evening. ═══ The alumni of the College of Physicians and Surgeons partook of their annual dinner. ═══ The subject of rapid transit was considered by the West Side Association. ═══ A fire in Eighth-ave. caused a loss of $65,000. ═══ Marine underwriters favor the abolition of compulsory pilotage. ═══ Gold value of the legal-tender silver dollar (412½ grains), 87.01 cents. ═══ Stocks active; first declining, then rallying, and closing feverish and irregular.

THE WEATHER.—TRIBUNE local observations indicate warmer and generally cloudy weather, with light snow or rain. Thermometer yesterday: Highest, 30°; lowest, 23°; average, 27°.

The operations of the Civil Service machine have not always been as regular and trustworthy as could be desired, but it did a good stroke of work yesterday when it promoted Mr. Upton to the post of Assistant-Secretary of the Treasury, made vacant by Mr. Hawley's resignation.

There ought to be no question as to the passage of the bills pending in Congress to extend the time for the completion of the Northern Pacific and Texas Pacific Railroads. A great deal of work has been done on both these important lines, and both are now being rapidly pushed forward. The panic of 1873, and the long depression which followed, are more responsible for the delay in completing them than any lack of zeal on the part of their managers.

President Hayes's Canal Message is not approved by the English press. Our special London cable dispatch reports a general growl from the leading newspapers at what they call the fresh assertion and extension of the Monroe Doctrine embodied in the Message. *The Standard*, which usually reflects the views of the Foreign Office, goes so far as to talk about the duty of the British Government to watch American pretensions, and resist them if necessary. It seems a little inconsistent that a nation which has constantly interfered with the affairs of other people in every quarter of the globe should take offence at the very reasonable proposition that the United States should protect its own interests on the American Continent.

The shipyards of New-York and Philadelphia are busy building new vessels for coastwise and river traffic and furbishing up the steamers of the regular Summer passenger lines in preparation for the business of the coming season. Our report of the operations at the yards makes no mention of any keels being laid for the transatlantic trade. American shipbuilders must still content themselves with minor orders, while the English and Scotch furnish the big iron hulls that carry our products to all the ports of Europe. Some day, no doubt, we shall change all this, but unhappily for American pride, that day seems as far off as ever.

Messrs. Scribner & Co., who have undertaken the charge of whatever funds may be raised in this country for the relief of the terrible famine raging in the northern part of Brazil, ask the assistance of the newspaper press in bringing the matter before the public. Their appeal will no doubt meet with a ready response. Americans have not forgotten the uniform kindness shown by the Emperor of Brazil to their countrymen who have visited his dominions on errands of science or business, and they will only need the information published in connection with Messrs. Scribner & Co.'s letter, showing the magnitude of the calamity and the noble efforts of the Brazilian Government to mitigate it, to display their sympathy in a substantial manner. No such frightful famine as prevails in the Province of Ceara has been known in civilized countries in modern times. The Irish and Silesians are in sore distress, but these wretched Brazilians are dying by the thousand. Five hundred thousand have already perished from actual starvation or from disease caused by hunger.

One of the largest of the many passenger steamers which ply between New-York and Liverpool, the Montana, of the Guion Line, went ashore early yesterday morning near Holyhead, Wales, in a fog. Fortunately the sea was calm and no loss of life resulted. Few travellers who cross the Atlantic realize that the most dangerous part of the entire voyage is that which comes after they leave Queenstown. The sight of land fills the passengers on an outward-bound steamer with a sense of security, but the officers know that from the land they have more to fear than from the tempests of the open sea. The mist-enshrouded promontories of Wales, which the ship must pass before it reaches the Mersey, are more redoubtable foes than all the storms that rage between Fire Island and Fastnet Light. The Montana is not the first steamer lost near Holyhead. Her mishap doubtless comes from shaping her course so as to hug the Welsh coast too closely, in order to make the distance as short as possible.

The British Government, which, according to Mr. Grant Duff's epigram, "floated in by "beer, and floated out by water," now finds itself exposed to angry tempests, with slight prospects of safe moorings. In the excellent outline of the situation which Mr. Smalley gives in his cable dispatch from London, he describes the Liberals as ready for the contest and full of confidence. They expect to gain in all thirty-three seats, and thus deprive the Government of a working majority. As these gains include the Home Rulers, some Liberals would be satisfied with less, fearing the reaction which may result were they to gain power through Irish votes. Lord Beaconsfield's manifesto has, however, had the effect of impelling the Irish to make common cause with the Liberals without exacting conditions. This may render a Parliamentary alliance more feasible hereafter. The Tories are somewhat depressed by the reports from the country at large, but they are likely to hold their own in the counties where the Liberals find it difficult to select even suitable candidates. The cry of threatened dismemberment, which it appears Lord Beaconsfield devised when the Irish members seemed bent on obstructive tactics, has now lost its power, so that before the contest closes the Government may find itself forced to act largely on the defensive. It has taken care to propose few fiscal changes in its revenue statement, but it cannot fail to awaken much hostility by compelling coöperative enterprises to pay income tax.

PATIENCE WITH KEARNEYISM.

We are so patient and tolerant a people, so keenly alive to anything that has the appearance of encroaching upon individual liberty, or of limiting the scope of free institutions, that it seems sometimes as though demagogues and disorganizers might have their will of us almost unopposed. Menaces against organized institutions, threats against representative men, revolutionary harangues, and all manner of disquieting and violent talk are permitted, and no one ever thinks of attempting their suppression or interrupting the blatant flow. But our conservatism is not sluggish and inert from want of courage or lack of interest, as they find out to their discomfiture who carry their audacity or their trifling too far. The patience of the people is the furthest thing in the world from timidity. It is born rather of the highest courage; of the courage that not only begets confidence, but is confidence itself. It tolerates bluster because it has no fear of it. It permits Mr. Denis Kearney to foam at the mouth and breathe out threatenings and slaughter simply because it takes intelligent measure of him, and rates him as contemptible rather than dangerous. It trusts "the common "sense of most" to hold this person and his followers in reasonable check; and unless he infringes law or does some overt act of violence, it lets him rant.

We make great allowance for the swiftness of the times and the high pressure under which our people act, and we account the ravings of such fellows as Kearney as a sort of steam-escape. It is noisy but not dangerous, and though it is rasping and disagreeable, it is better to let it go on to exhaustion than to make it worse and perhaps dangerous by attempting to shut it off. There could be no better proof of the absolute confidence we have in popular government, and of our belief that it affords equal and exact justice to all, and that under it there is no injury without a remedy, nor injustice without redress, than the indifference with which we view the efforts of fanatics of one kind and another to array classes against each other, create disaffection and disturb the public peace. We are fixed in our conviction of two things: first, that the rule of the majority is in the long run beneficent and just, and can be trusted to right all wrongs and establish equity; and, second, that there is intelligence enough, and patience and self-restraint enough in the people to wait its action. So, though there may be here and there local and temporary causes for dissatisfaction with the operation of statutes, customs, precedents, and even natural laws—and these there must be always—we have, as a rule, no fears but that in the end justice will be done in due course, and without violence or wrenching.

For the honest half-thinkers who do not realize that discontent is universal and eternal, but think their own limitations are exclusive and their hardships peculiar, there is only charitable judgment and kindly sympathy. If they wrestle madly with their environments, and blindly beat the air with illogical denunciation and fruitless endeavor, it is because their laborious lives have left them little leisure for the philosophic thinking that brings the larger view of their relations to society, teaches them some self-adjustment, calms their restlessness, and leads them nearer to contentment. These men are learning something every day. Even the vagabond demagogues who work upon their prejudices and excite their passions for purposes of mischief, are in the end a lesson to them; for passion soon burns itself out, and the demagogue very soon discloses his ignorance, duplicity and quackery. With the honest but misguided victim of the demagogue, society is patient, believing that at heart he means well, and is not simply set on mischief. Toward a ranting knave like Kearney, who goes about inciting violence and threatening murder, arson and revolution, its patience is exercised for widely different reasons. It is, first, from unwillingness to restrict liberty of thought and speech even when it has degenerated into license—the disposition being to err, if at all, on the side of liberty, rather than of repression; and second, because his own loose tongue is the best antidote for his villanous instructions.

Ours is the only Government that can afford to punish sedition with public contempt. There is a point, however, where foolish demagogism, harmless though it may be as against permanent institutions, does become dangerous to the existing peace and order, and when this is reached nothing remains but to take the would-be assassin by the throat, and put him beyond present power to do mischief. So long as Kearney confined himself to denunciations of the existing order, or of class distinctions, or of particular laws, he might rave and fume to his heart's content; offensive and disgusting as it was, there was no disposition to restrict or punish his foul-mouthed utterances. But now that he has openly threatened murder and arson and incited assassination, the case is different. That was foolishness; this is crime. What lately passed for political agitation, has now come to be felony, and should be so treated. As a pestilent demagogue preaching doctrines subversive of peace and order, he was not interfered with. As an actual disturber of the peace he is amenable to law and deserving of punishment. He has no doubt striven to keep within the law in his actions, saving himself from harm while inciting others to the commission of crime, but he seems to have overstepped the boundary and exposed himself to prosecution. It is intimated that in the present state of affairs in San Francisco he cannot be convicted. Very well; the arrest is a warning to him that he is trespassing on the forbearance of the public, and if impunity should make him, as is likely, more reckless and defiant, it will have the effect to bring the business sooner to a head, and shorten this fellow's scandalous career.

ELEVATED RAILWAY AFFAIRS.

The movement against the news stands on the elevated railroads is not of the first importance. The news stands are a convenience to the travelling public; they are in effect additional means for saving the time of patrons; they tend to increase the sale of the better class of newspapers and periodicals; and they injure none other than rival news stands, which it is not the duty of the Legislature to relieve from competition.

We are not of those who believe that the reduction of fares to five cents will appreciably injure the elevated railroads. But discussion of Mr. Astor's measure has brought out some arguments against enforcing the reduction. Its possible effect of delaying further extension of the lines the probability of its leading to long litigation, and the certainty of its inducing mistaken economy in the quality of the accommodations, are points which deserve consideration. The danger that this economy may lead to careless management and consequent danger to passengers is also to be thought of. The elevated roads make a further point when they complain of the manifest injustice of requiring a road built on a costly plan to carry passengers at half a cent a mile, while a cheap surface road is allowed to charge 16 cents for a less distance.

One thing is clear; whether or not these arguments from the elevated road people are sufficient to stop the movement for uniform five-cent fares, they do not affect the prevalent demand for an extension of the five-cent hours. Whatever the fate of Mr. Astor's bill, the company could do no more graceful, or politic, or profitable thing than promptly to make this concession.

IRRESPONSIBLE CHARITIES.

THE TRIBUNE recently called attention to the existing laws touching the supervision of the humane side of our charities, and suggested the possibility that a change of system is needed. There is another branch of the subject in which the need of change is absolute and pressing, and which should receive the prompt attention of the Legislature. Considered from this side, our State charitable institutions are seen to be less orderly and business-like than certain branches of the public service in which corruption once reigned triumphant.

Order has been brought out of chaos in our administration of the canals. They are no longer managed in three divisions by three distinct and equal heads, with the same results that would follow if the New-York Central Railroad had three division superintendents, with equal power to start trains and run up hills as they chose. The State prisons are no longer petty kingdoms, with no checks upon the expenditures of the petty monarchs. But the State charities, which cost the people as much money as both these branches of the public service combined, are, in some respects at least, far behind them, in orderliness, if not in economy. The State pays for the maintenance of its charitable institutions which shelter the insane, the deaf and dumb, idiots, etc., and for the support of inmates, mostly paupers, in other than State institutions, more than $1,000,000 a year, or as much as the joint expenses of the canals and prisons during the last fiscal year. And yet this sum is expended practically without supervision or check, and the necessary appropriations are only obtained by a species of lobbying, alike demoralizing to the institutions, and harassing to the Legislature. When money is needed, the head of the institution visits Albany, and perhaps wastes weeks and months there which should be devoted to his duties at home. In this way the institution suffers; it, on the other hand, he is led by local pride or any other motive into making extravagant estimates, the State suffers. The State has absolutely no protection except in its Legislature, where there is little knowledge upon the subject, and less zeal; where there are always some who are interested in pushing such an appropriation through, and seldom any who will take the trouble to scrutinize it.

It is nearly a year since this strange condition of things was brought squarely before the Legislature by an excellent report upon the charitable institutions of the State, made by Mr. E. K. Apgar under the direction of the Controller, and reinforced by some wise suggestions from that official. It was then shown that not only was there no check upon the expenditure of this large amount of State money, but that there was an entire absence of uniformity in the reports of these institutions, which rendered it almost impossible to make any intelligent comparison of their respective administrations. It thus became difficult to discover, even after the money had been expended, whether the management of any institution had been economical or careless. It was suggested by the Controller that a system of supervision could be created without increasing the present number of officials or causing additional expense. The State Board of Charities could act as an Appropriations Committee, and act intelligently. The annual appropriations desired by each institution could be estimated and submitted to the Board on October 1 of each year. The Board could examine the estimates, and certify the amount needed to the Legislature at the opening of its session—no appropriations to be made which were not certified in this manner. Each institution could be required to make an annual report, classified and arranged upon a system to be prescribed by the Board. With respect to the current expenses, Mr. Olcott recommended that all the receipts of the institutions be paid into the State Treasury, that appropriations be made large enough to cover all expenses, and the Controller make advances every month upon estimates. This would render the system of charities analogous, so far as the management of its finances was concerned, to the canal and prison systems. There would be proper uniformity and routine; there would be no lobbying, and need be no waste. In short, it would be business-like; and if the State must spend a million a year for humane objects, there seems to be the best of reasons why it should be spent in a business-like way.

THE TRIBUNE has a strong prejudice against the creation of new offices, but, nevertheless, suggests for the consideration of the Legislature the question of instituting a Superintendency of State Charities. Such an official might regulate both the financial and humane features of our State charities, might save money and prevent cruelty, might replace looseness with strictness, extravagance with economy. The tendency of the time is toward single heads of departments and fixity of responsibility. The plan has succeeded admirably in two recent instances in this State, and is at least worthy of consideration.

THE PONCAS.

Senator Kirkwood's Committee appear to be making an honest effort to get at the truth of the Ponca outrage. The witnesses whom THE TRIBUNE named a month ago as necessary to a full hearing of the details have been sent for from Dakota and the Indian Territory. Our readers whose interest in this case has induced them to follow the testimony day by day will find that the story of the Poncas has been substantiated in every detail. The fact has been proved that they were tricked into signing a paper which was interpreted to them to mean exactly the reverse of what it did mean; that they were banished from their homes and robbed of their property with brutal haste and cruelty; that they are still living in the unhealthy district to which they were exiled, as many of them, that is, as have not died of fever and exhaustion. "We counted the deaths," said White Eagle, "until they reached 200, and then we grew "tired. My four children died after that."

The story has every element of dramatic pathos in it. Take the incident of Big Snake, to which we referred the other day. This man, an honest, intelligent chief, a man who had never had a quarrel with a white man, goes to visit his kinsfolk, the Cheyennes, it is not alleged with any evil purpose. An Indian, however, like the slaves before emancipation, cannot go from place to place without a pass from his master, who, in the redman's case, is the Agent. This Indian is imprisoned for months by the Agent. On his release he is arrested again, but refuses to be handcuffed unless he knows the reason why. He is told that the Agent thinks he intends to kill him, but protests that he has not even a knife to cut tobacco. The Agent, however, orders the soldiers to handcuff him, and the chief, pushing them back, is shot dead through the heart. We repeat the story only to call attention to the fact that if a Georgia planter before the war had taken it into his head to be afraid of one of his slaves whom he had maltreated, he would not have been authorized to call in the United States soldiery to shoot him for him.

It was not, probably, the Agent, who had the power to order, who was to blame, nor the soldiers, who must obey orders. It is the law which is to blame, which gives the Agent power which he can abuse. So long as the Indian is not "a person," not protected by the Courts, like other men, in person and property, such murders as this may be repeated a thousand times with impunity. It is an argument which we have made before, but the wrong is not yet remedied.

THE SALVATION ARMY.

The Salvation Army, the advance-guard of which, in the shape of half-a dozen women and a man, landed from the Australia the other day at Castle Garden, have been well known in England during the last two or three years. The idea of their founder, William Booth, seems to have been rational and commendable enough—the same, in fact, as that of the Wesleys and the Countess of Huntingdon—to bring the Gospel into the streets to the hordes of ignorant poor who will not go to the churches to find it for themselves. No right-minded person can visit England, even now, without wishing that the gulf could be bridged over between the stately and costly church services and the wretched gin-drinking paupers in the London slums, although the Dissenting churches on the one hand, and the Ritualists on the other, have done much in that direction.

This Salvation Army make assault upon the kingdom of the devil by a new kind of tactics. Their usual plan, according to the English press, is to take hands, dressed in a fantastic garb, and march abreast into some crowded thoroughfare, singing hymns set to some popular tune. When the attention of the mob is gained they begin to preach. Converts, no matter what their past history or education, are immediately enrolled as preachers and exhorters, and carry on the warfare against the world and the devil. Such an organization and ministry must necessarily attract to it much fiery, untempered zeal and (as the ministers are supported by contributions of the faithful) quite as much humbuggery and fraud. Navvies, whether real converts or dead-beats who step out of the gin-shops to the pulpit are not likely to practice all the Christian graces: hence our English files have reported regularly for the last two years encounters between the police and the officers of the Salvation Army. On the whole, however, these people appear to be sincere, and the worst side of their character and actions would certainly be reported in England—a country which, more than any other, abjures innovations in religion. At Eton, it will be remembered, the boys were officially punished for going to hear Mr. Moody, though they can drink or gamble, if they choose, with impunity.

The leaders show their shrewdness in adopting a distinctive dress, catchwords, etc. Ignorant and emotional people like these dramatic accessories to their religion, as the Catholic Church well knows. The Salvation Army will find they are not needed here as in England. Churches are plenty, and open to the poorest. Still, so long as they conduct themselves properly they will no doubt be treated civilly and generously.

The penniless, half-starved immigrants in sheepskin coats who lately landed at Castle Garden, and whom the reporters call Hungarians, are in reality Slovaks, a race numbering about 1,000,000 souls, which inhabits the northwestern portion of Hungary, and has no kinship in language, ancestry or customs with the Magyars, who are the Hungarians proper. The Slovaks are perhaps the most ignorant and miserable peasantry in Christian Europe. Their country is rough and poor, and they subsist mainly on potatoes. Their language belongs to the Slavonic group, and is more closely related to Bohemian than to any other tongue. It has no literature. Bands of Slovaks frequently leave their farms and go to the cities of Austria and Hungary, where they perform the rudest kind of labor. The women work with the men, and can scarcely be distinguished from them in features or dress. It is not an uncommon sight, in Vienna, to see Slovak women digging sewers, cleaning the streets or carrying bricks and mortar to the tops of buildings. The immigrants who have come to New-York seem to have been driven from their homes by famine, resulting from the destruction of their crops by floods. The condition of their country resembles that of Silesia. The Magyars, with whom these poor people are confounded, rarely emigrate. They have a fertile country, and are intelligent, industrious, and intensely patriotic. The only considerable influx of Hungarian immigration we have ever received was after the suppression of the Revolution of 1848.

Dr. Stephan, the chief of the German Postal and Telegraph Department, gave a novel ball in Vienna lately. All the servants were dressed in the costume of postilions. In the course of the festivities a post-wagon, fully equipped, with harness and driver, was driven into the dancing saloon. The guests danced around a telegraph-pole adorned with many-colored ribbons. Envelopes containing bon-bons were distributed among them from letter-boxes exactly like those upon the Berlin street-corners. Werner Siemens, the inventor, who is called the German Edison, provided for the occasion a novel electrical light-house. The dancers were given keys to the door of the towers, some of which had the magic quality of causing the lamp to send forth a brilliant flame. The couples possessing the right keys waltzed in the glow of the sudden illumination, but those who could not make the tower respond were obliged to retire from the floor amid the amusement of the spectators. At 1 o'clock a fanfare of postilions' horns gave the signal for supper.

One dismal little item of news comes from Russia—the unpleasantly significant fact that while for years past the private sales of gunpowder in all the Empire have not exceeded in value 700,000 roubles, in 1879 the returns reached the sum of 1,000,000 roubles. It is supposed that the revolutionary party has bought and secreted large stores of the explosive, with a view to a literal blowing up of the Government, or a contest in the field with whatever may be left of it, after one of the sulphurous Palace episodes. There is nothing more curious than the faith which the modern Communist has in gunpowder as a reformatory agent, notwithstanding all history demonstrates its worse than worthlessness. The political missionary whose first notion is that he must kill somebody, isn't likely to make the world any happier, or to bring about any change at all desirable. What never has been done is isn't likely to be done now. Guy Fawkeses are out of date.

We find an interesting account of women's voting in *The Springfield Republican*. The town was Westfield, Mass. The first to vote was Miss Belle Holton, a high school teacher; then followed two or three normal school teachers; but at 2 o'clock in marched in a body, forty-eight women led by a police officer, who cleared the way for them. We are sorry to say that only two or three of all the men present were well-bred enough to remove their hats or to stop smoking when the women appeared, which proves that there are blackguards in Westfield as elsewhere. The more a man thinks that woman should not vote, the more civil he should be to her when she appears at the polls. If not an ass, he would see that in no better way could he enforce his position than by a peculiar and studied politeness; and if he neglects this he proves that the women whom he insults are better fitted to vote than he is.

The storm of Thursday offered another opportunity for our life-saving crews to show their mettle. From all along the Jersey coast come reports of foundered vessels, and crews saved by the skilled and watchful life-saving soldiers on shore. The country has reason to be proud of this branch of her service, which has proved this Winter the efficacy of the severe inspection and drilling given to it during the last two years by the Superintendent and his assistants. It is curious to observe that the papers which hotly contested the establishment of this service on a secure basis step by step, are now foremost in leading the applause for its gallant work. With the multitude, according to the old saw, nothing succeeds but success.

Garcelon swears he is an Innocent. Did he have a wicked nephew?

Mr. Randall shouldn't squander his frank by sending out documents giving Mr. Tilden a clean war record. If the Claimant is renominated, his Reform record will be the one in which public interest will centre. Randall might prepare for that by franking to the brethren in Pennsylvania and elsewhere a few thousand copies of THE TRIBUNE CIPHER PAMPHLET.

The Seymour trouble has broken out again in the same old way. On Wednesday a correspondent of *The Washington Post* visited him at his home in Deerfield, and after gazing in undisguised rapture at his erect figure, "stately in carriage as a lumberman of the forest," his "wonderfully brilliant pair of eyes," his "mobile mouth and resolute chin," asked him if he considered a New-York candidate necessary for Democratic success this year. He replied at once that he did not, as the New-York Democrats would unanimously support any good man outside the State, such as Bayard, Thurman, Hancock or English. As for his own candidacy, the party must let him grow old in his own way and go among the younger men for a candidate. "But," said the correspondent, "if the party insists with anything like unanimity that you lead its forces next Summer your friends think you will not feel at liberty to decline." Whereupon the Governor "looked thoughtfully at the fire" and then entered upon a rambling conversation about the horror he felt at the prospect of being overrun by office-seekers, but left on the mind of his interviewer a conviction that he would not "feel at liberty to decline." When this conversation was read in *The World* newspaper office on Friday, a dispatch was sent at once to Deerfield to know if it were true, and the answer came that the Governor had no recollection of such conversation, and that he "will not allow his name to be presented again to the people as a candidate for the Presidency under any circumstances whatever." That leaves the great question just where it was before. The next outbreak will be along in about a month.

Garcelon says he first heard of the "counting out" scheme from the newspapers, and admits that he was "pleasantly surprised" at the results of that marvellous tabulation by his Council which cheated the people of Maine out of their will as expressed through the ballot-box. He isn't so shrewd as the accomplished Innocent he so palpably imitates. Tilden also heard first of the cipher frauds of his wicked partners through the newspapers, but he didn't make the mistake of saying he was "pleasantly surprised." He was indignant and "rebuked" the cipherers warmly in public, and set them at work again with an admonition to be more careful about leaving tracks in future.

Why did Pillsbury leave Maine so abruptly? Garcelon's confession throws some light on this conundrum. Pillsbury may not have acted the part of wicked nephew, but a man who runs away always throws suspicion upon himself.

Negroes, who have been bulldozed and robbed in the South, are more convincing witnesses as to the causes of the negro exodus than the Democratic editors and politicians whom Voorhees imported from Indiana.

Whenever a Democratic official gets caught in a suspicious transaction, he declares that it was carried on under his nose unbeknownst to him. To escape conviction as a rogue he confesses that he is a fool.

Is there a Northern State in which, if left to themselves, a majority of the Republicans wouldn't vote for the nomination of Blaine?

The third termers make no popular canvasses. Why?

Senator Cameron says he is annoyed at the newspaper reports about his attitude on the Presidential question. He tells the Washington correspondent of *The Philadelphia Press* that he is for Grant and has no second choice. His confidence that Grant will be nominated is as strong as human confidence can be. He expects to see the contest practically settled before the convention meets, and anticipates that the first ballot will carry nearly all the States for Grant.

PERSONAL.

There is a rumor that Prince Leopold of Britain is to be married to a beautiful young Scottish lady.

The memory of Stonewall Jackson is to be honored in Virginia, the Senate having incorporated a new county under the name of "Stonewall," and named its county seat "Jackson."

The Austrian Empress has one curious and unusual appendage on her saddle-tree when she goes hunting. This is a black and yellow fan which she carries to protect her weak eyes from the sunshine.

Professor Asger Hamerick, of Baltimore, in a lecture on Music the other day, said that if he had heard "Pinafore" without being told what it was, he would have taken it for a collection of ancient English airs.

Mr. Hoppin, the genial Secretary of Legation in London, is charged by *The World* of that city with wearing at court a sort of uniform including knee-breeches. As this is contrary to American rule and precedent, that lively journal wants to know if he will be censured by the Government.

Mr. Ruskin is up in arms about Mr. Irving's *Shylock*—as about most other things indeed. He says: "I did, and do, much admire Mr. Irving's own acting of *Shylock*; but I entirely dissent (and indignantly as well as entirely) from his general reading and treatment of the play."

The wise man to whom "Colonel Servosse," the hero of "The Fool's Errand," is described as writing for advice is said to have been the late Henry Wilson, and it is stated further that the letters from him published in the book are matters of fact, not of fancy.

Senator Bayard is tall and slender; his head is small, but well proportioned; his eyes are deeply shaded by overhanging brows. His diction and his gestures are agreeable, but an unpleasant voice goes far to spoil his oratory. He never writes his speeches before delivery, speaking with the help of a memorandum pad lying on his desk.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe says of Miss Kate Field's recent entertainment in Boston that she carried it through with astonishing freshness and vigor, and that it gave great amusement to those present. "Miss Field's voice," Mrs. Howe adds, "is agreeable in quality, and her use of it bears evidence of careful study and training."

Mr. Charles Dickens (son of the novelist) and Mr Joseph Hatton have written a four-act drama on "The Mystery of Edwin Drood," in which the murderer of Edwin Drood naturally turns out to be Jasper, the choir-master. The play ends with an exciting scene in the opium-smoking den, where Jasper beholds in a dream the details of his crime and arrest, which are also made visible to the audience, and wakes to find the realization of the climax of his vision in the entrance of the officers of justice.

Amelia Radcliffe, otherwise known as the Countess of Derwentwater, has just died in England. She spent nearly all her life in eccentric endeavors to maintain her claim to that title and the estates. The claim when carefully investigated was found to be wholly groundless. She took up her quarters several years ago in the ruins of the old castle at Dilston, whence she was forcibly ejected. Then she entered a distraint for rent on one of the farms of the estate, and sold the live stock at auction, for which the Admiralty, who had possession, recovered $2,500 damages. She was at last adjudicated a bankrupt and was committed for a time to Newcastle Jail.

LONDON, March 13.—*The Standard* says: "We understand that Sir Garnet Wolseley has accepted the post of Quartermaster-General at the Horse Guards, Whitehall. He will return to England from the Cape in the beginning of the month of July." ═══ *The Sportsman* says: "Mr. Howland Robbins, who has just arrived from New-York, has been elected a temporary member of the Turf Club. His name was proposed by Captain O. Montagu and seconded by the Viscount Mandeville."

GENERAL NOTES.

A young negro, seven feet high, has recently been posing in Hartford as a Zulu chief. A theological student addressed him in the Zulu language, but could not make himself understood. This would seem to "give away" either the theological student or the Zulu chief.

According to the terms of the contract for the St. Gothard Line there will be only seven months between the completion of the tunnel and the opening of the line, which is to be ready for traffic on the 1st of October; and opinions are much divided as to whether the contractors will be able to get rails laid in time. They are under penalties of $200 a day during the first six months and double that sum afterwards for every day they are behindhand, and they intend to increase the number of workmen and to pay higher wages so as to be ready.

The worthless non-producers who spend the time which ought to be devoted to earning their living in listening to profane and ribald exhortations at the San Francisco Sand Lots are greatly mystified by the presence of a well-dressed man whom they know not. He never misses a meeting, but he never says a word. He wears a long white beard, and preserves an air of mysterious secrecy. The most direful assaults upon the English language fail to produce the least change in his demeanor, and when the last objurgation has been uttered he retires in good order.

Whatever progress Lord Beaconsfield may make in wisdom as he grows older, he certainly does not improve in simplicity of style. Here is a sentence from His Lordship's late manifesto concerning Ireland: "Having attempted and failed to encroach our colonies by their policy of decomposition, they may now perhaps recognize in the disintegration of the United Kingdom a mode which will not only accomplish, but premature their purpose." Why not say: "Having failed to the colonies, they hope to succeed in Ireland"? The author of "Contarini Fleming" evidently thinks that Ireland is to be saved by a liberal use of polysyllables. If he could only work "vivisectionarium" and "rationalization" and "transubstantiation" into a speech or state paper the Empire would be safe forever!

The increase of crime in South Carolina is attributed by *The News and Courier*, of Charleston, to whiskey and the habit of carrying concealed weapons. A passionate impulse, a crook of the finger, and—death. It is killing in haste, and repenting at leisure. When he who has a weapon in his pocket is excited by whiskey, arousing the savage instincts which are found in every breast, his control over himself is gone. A brother man is hurried into eternity with as little concern as a fly is crushed on the wall. The remedies are (1) the abolition of the practice of carrying concealed weapons, and (2) the discouragement of intemperance. The Legislature can effect the first reform, but the women alone, according to this moralist, can save the State from the curse of intemperance. He entreats them to banish from their society every man, however near or dear, who dares to approach them with the flush of liquor on his cheek and its stain upon his heart; to strike from the list of their acquaintances every one who is known to be a tippler; and in everything that they do, and wherever they go, to draw the line sharply between the man who is his own master and the man who is whiskey's slave.

Mrs. De Ham, of Pittsburg, has received per medium, a special dispatch from her husband in spirit-land. She has been convinced that he was murdered and the information which she receives from the undiscovered country corroborates her suspicions. He had $500 in his possession on the day of his death, and $3 was all the money that could be found afterward. His bank-book was also missing, and has never been found. He now writes: "I would have chosen another way of leaving the world could I have done so, but I have no regrets, and would not return to-day were it possible. Trust God, my dear wife, and He will do all He can to help you. I am led to believe that things will come out better for you and the little ones than you expect. God knows you were ever a true and faithful wife, and there will yet come to you, as my wife, moneys from over the sea—from sunny Bordeaux. You will live on earth to see the man who sent me out of the body. I have no desire for vengeance. Then trust God, He hath said, 'Vengeance is mine; I will repay,' and my murderer's mind is full of remorse. I will come to you often and impress you what to do."

BITS OF CRITICISM.

MR. BARTLEY CAMPBELL'S PLAYS.—It is just to American managers and playwrights to observe that it is not only by his own countrymen that Mr. Bartley Campbell's most serious efforts in the past have been "laughed at and pronounced a confirmed failure." This gentleman produced at our St. James Theatre, about three years ago, an absurd romantic drama, in five acts, entitled "The Virginian," which was received with well-deserved ridicule and withdrawn after twelve nights. On that occasion Mr. Campbell, who had come to England to superintend the production of this elaborate piece, announced by public advertisement that his play was greeted nightly with "alternate smiles and tears," and that "every act was encored." He also published a pretended criticism from *The Daily News*, of a highly laudatory character, no word of which ever appeared in our columns. Upon his attention being directed to this circumstance, Mr. Campbell expressed regret that he had inadvertently attributed to us "a very sound and sensible opinion which subsequent investigation proved to have really appeared in a contemporary." He omitted, however, to mention the name of the "contemporary" referred to, though he was kind enough to assure us that he regarded the mistake as all the more unfortunate, since the journal in question "carried an influence" which is no wise attached to our own miserable observations on his play. These little eccentricities may perhaps be set