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SUNDAY, JANUARY 22, 1882.

TWELVE PAGES.

THE NEWS THIS MORNING.

FOREIGN.—The London cable dispatch to THE TRIBUNE says that Mr. Childers has defended his administration of the army. ═══ Lord Lytton has attacked Mr. Gladstone's policy. ═══ Active sympathy with the Russian Jews is manifested in England. ═══ Mrs. Langtry has achieved success in "Ours" at the Haymarket Theatre. ═══ Lieutenant Danenhower and nine men left Yakutsk for Irkutsk on the 8th instant. ═══ Two thousand delegates have attended a conference of tenant farmers at Belfast. ═══ The bill for the incorporation of Hamburg in the Zollverein has been passed in the German Reichstag. ═══ There have been disturbances at Damietta, Egypt, in consequence of the hostility of the soldiers and Mussulmans against the Christians. ═══ The editor of the *Diritto*, of Rome, and his staff have resigned because that journal has been sold to the Banque Franco-Romain of Paris. ═══ The Italian Chamber of Deputies has adopted the Reform bill as amended by the Senate. ═══ Two hundred destitute Russian Jews reached Hamburg on Wednesday. ═══ There were considerable fluctuations on the Paris Bourse yesterday.

DOMESTIC.—Guiteau yesterday read to the jury the speech which he prepared for that purpose and which was published in New-York papers on Monday. ═══ The Illinois Supreme Court has decided that the act of the Legislature creating Probate Courts in Cook and La Salle Counties was unconstitutional; much excitement was created in Chicago by the decision. ═══ Two passenger trains on the Charleston and Savannah Railroad came in collision near Charleston; two persons were killed and several were hurt. ═══ August Johanemeyer, a farmer living near Sedalia, Mo., placed obstructions on the track of the Missouri, Kansas and Texas Railroad, and a special train, on which was Jay Gould, narrowly escaped being wrecked. ═══ Three railway laborers near Superior City, Wis., were buried under a land-slide. ═══ Ex-Governor Bullock was buried at Worcester, Mass. ═══ The members of a family at Georgetown, Ohio, were bound by thieves, who carried away $3,800. ═══ Fire at Atlanta, Ga., destroyed seven buildings and caused a heavy loss. ═══ The fish firm of Isbell & Merrill, of Detroit, has gone into the hands of a receiver. ═══ Justice Westbrook has granted a motion to remove the Sessions bribery case to the Court of Oyer and Terminer of Albany County. ═══ It is stated at Chicago that a new railroad company has been formed under the name of the New-Mexican Railway Company, with $37,000,000 capital; the scheme is to build eighteen roads in New-Mexico. ═══ The Boston agents of the freight lines have been ordered to advance rates on Western bound freights.

CITY AND SUBURBAN.—A reception was given last night to the Governors of Kansas and Georgia at the house of W. E. Dodge. ═══ There were no developments in the railway settlement. ═══ It is learned that Patti will sing in this city in opera in February or March. ═══ A decision was rendered against Jay Gould in a suit in court. ═══ Gold value of the legal tender silver dollar (412½ grains) 86.90 cents. ═══ Stocks were dull, and generally lower, and closed weak.

THE WEATHER.—TRIBUNE local observations indicate colder and fair weather, preceded by partly cloudy weather and slight chances of light rain early in the day. Thermometer yesterday: Highest, 40°; lowest, 28°; average, 34°.

The drama occupies an unusually large share of our space this morning. In addition to the customary records of the local stage, the freshest gossip of the London green-rooms is given in our special cable dispatches, and two foreign letters are devoted to the same subject. The London letter derives special interest from the fact that it discusses the charges of plagiarism freely made against a playwright whose ability was tested last night by a New-York audience. The resemblances are traced to one of the most successful of Mr. Thomas Hardy's novels, which has been dramatized by himself. The Paris letter describes how Victor Hugo's "Ninety-Three" has been presented in dramatic form.

This seems to be a good month for travellers to stay at home, for recklessness in railroad management is becoming glaring. Two passenger trains running at full speed in opposite directions on the same track have demolished each other near Charleston, S. C. The responsibility for the fatal result apparently rests with the conductor who went beyond the station where the trains had been ordered to pass each other. As this is not a political offence, but an instance of downright criminal carelessness, the South Carolina authorities may find it convenient to order a thorough investigation and ascertain precisely where the blame lies.

The Austrian garrisons and relief columns in Herzegovina are holding their ground, but are evidently beset on all sides with bands of fanatical insurgents. Such continuous skirmishing indicates a formidable revolt, and order cannot be restored without a protracted struggle. It is to be hoped that the War Department has taken the precaution to dispatch German and Slav regiments to the frontiers. When the first fighting occurred in Bosnia the Magyar regiments were uniformly engaged; and as that race was opposed to the annexation of Slav provinces, uproar was caused at Pesth. Andrassy's popularity in Hungary suffered in consequence of this fact. It will be prudent in this campaign to select the regiments with more discretion.

Our London correspondent telegraphs that despite the election of a committee of the Chamber hostile to revision, Gambetta expects to have his proposals for constitutional reform ultimately accepted. The reason assigned is that the Deputies will have to deal with the constituencies, where the Premier's strength really lies. It must be borne in mind, however, that these constituencies cannot be directly consulted unless President Grevy and the Senate agree to dissolve the Lower House, and if that appeal to the country be taken, the constituencies may not ratify a policy which will deprive them of local representation. That the country wants to have Gambetta retain the Premiership is reasonably certain. But it by no means follows that the present constituencies have a marked preference for department elections.

When the news came not long ago that the first party of the Jeannette crew which arrived at the Lena settlements had journeyed south, the two officers in command were hastily condemned in some quarters for abandoning the search for their companions. It now appears that one of those officers was nearly blind, and that the other had personally conducted the search for De Long and Chipp in the Lena delta. Why he suspended operations after getting fairly on the trail of the main party is not apparent, but in the absence of definite information it may safely be assumed that he had good reasons for acting as he did. When shipwrecked explorers are as unfortunate and as far off as the survivors of the Jeannette, captious critics should not be impatient of delay and do rank injustice to brave men.

Mr. Brooks intends to make another effort to persuade the Assembly to elect a temporary Speaker. As the officer provided for by his resolution would have all the powers of a real Speaker, and would undoubtedly hold the place during the session, it is hard to see what argument can be urged to induce the Tammany men to support his plan, unless, indeed, there is a desire to end the fight by a subterfuge. Thus far the Tammanyites show no disposition to put the candidate of their enemies in the chair, as Mr. Brooks's resolution would do, and invest him with all the powers of the Speakership. They look upon Brooks's compromise about as the Indian in the old, old story, did on the white man's proposition for dividing a turkey and a crow, which were the spoils of a joint hunting expedition. "You take the crow and I'll take the turkey," said the white man, "or I'll take the turkey and you take the crow." "You no talk turkey to me," replied the Indian. Mr. Brooks's scheme does not talk turkey to Tammany. It gives the Tildenites the Speakership and the power to name the committees just the same as if the bolters submitted to the caucus nomination.

Guiteau has spoken his piece with school-boy heat and school-girl sobs. It was the rambling address which was published in Monday's issue, a brief preface being the only new feature. In the introductory remarks he took pains to repeat what he had said a day or two before respecting a recent decision of the Court of Appeals, which, coming from the "progressive" State of New-York, was to "revolutionize the old rules" and be "a grand step forward in the laws of insanity." One of his latest speeches was in this way served up cold as an "appetizer," and the remaining course was an olla podrida of stale crumbs which had fallen from his table from day to day. That he evidently considered it a feast of letters and a flow of oratory is not the slightest ground for any presumption of insanity. There is many a sensible man who has written doggerel and read it with affected voice and excited gesture as if it were the most tuneful and soul-stirring verse. Cardinal Richelieu was accounted an entirely rational man, yet he did not know that his poetry was execrable. What is true of the matter holds also in regard to the manner. Insanity is not to be inferred from any extravagances in Guiteau's delivery of his self-styled Ciceronian periods. The method in the madness is too well defined. All the references to the so-called inspirational period were flaunted in the face of the jury with the same tone, gesture and rolling of the eye which have characterized his stage business from the opening of the trial.

CARRYING IT TOO FAR.

Our Tammany friends who are just now masquerading as Anti-Monopolists and Friends of the People seem rather sensitive to criticism. While they themselves go around with their tongues in their cheeks making jokes on their masks and indulging in much merriment over the figure they cut as Friends of the Poor, they strenuously object to any outside intimation that they are not lying awake nights devising measures for the suppression of monopolies and the relief of a distressed people groaning under the tyranny that forces them to pay fares and freights. Here is the silvery-tongued Grady, for instance, disporting himself at Albany as an Anti-Monopolist and Friend of the People, and having, no doubt, a great deal of fun out of it, but when it is intimated that he isn't consumed so much by a desire for the popular welfare as for Grady's advancement, he rises up and wants to know who says he isn't and hasn't always been the foe of monopolies and friend of the poor. Now Grady, it seems to us, is carrying it too far. So long as he and his Tammany confederates wear their masks as Anti-Monopolists, and for purely business purposes keep up the illusion on the surface, the public looks on and is willing to be amused. But when Grady comes out and complains at being laughed at, and asseverates that the gang are not masquerading; that they are in downright earnest; that they are really Anti-Monopolists and Friends of the Poor, it looks altogether too much like "teaching his grandmother to suck eggs."

The trouble with these demagogues who posture as Friends of the People and Friends of the Poor is that they take the Public for a fool. Not only for a fool, but for a deaf, dumb and blind fool. Their attempts to impose upon the intelligence of the people are accompanied by such stage "asides" and perfectly audible *sotto voce* running comments that no person of sense, rich or poor, capitalist or laborer, can fail to comprehend the meaning of the performance and the purpose of the players. As between the two rival factions at Albany, the position of Grady and his associates is, as we have heretofore taken occasion to say, a strong one. Tammany holds the balance of power and desires to trade it off. The Anti-Monopoly dodge furnishes the only plausible basis for a trade. It contains something that has the semblance of a political principle. The Tammany men have planted themselves on it, and with a very pretty affectation of devotion to it refused to move until their terms—not as a trading balance of power, or bolting faction, but as genuine and sincere champions of a great cause—are acceded to. Therein they have the other faction on the hip. Upon the face of affairs they appear as a very consistent and devoted band of adherents to principle. THE TRIBUNE has taken pains, even at the risk of being charged with favoring their cause, to point out that their position as an Anti-Monopolist balance of power, sturdily asserting itself, is impregnable from the other side, and that if they only stick to it the Country Democrats must in the end yield to their demands.

But the public understands the game all the same. When Mr. Grady comes to the footlights and says, "Why do you laugh at us? We are in dead earnest," he only increases the merriment. Their playing themselves off on the opposite faction as Friends of the Poor in such a way as to disable the opposition is sufficiently ludicrous; when it comes to playing the thing on the public, the farce becomes uproarious. For nothing is better understood than that the self-styled Friend of the Poor in politics is always a demagogue, always a humbug and cheat. Whether it is General Butler raiding Massachusetts for the Governorship, Thurber buttering the masses with oleomargarine, or any of the beer-pushing ward politicians who, like the late Mr. Morrissey, were "born into that spear of life," the people see through and understand them all, and know precisely what they are driving at. Grady & Co. make a mistake in wasting time on the public. The public is amused, and not in the least fooled. All that anybody is waiting for now is for the two trading Democratic factions to come down to business and conclude their bargains. They will come together in some sort of a trade eventually, of course. Nothing else is expected. Meantime the delay of the deadlock is borne with equanimity in consideration of the fact that so long as the two factions keep apart they are doing no great mischief.

PARK COMMISSIONER LANE RESOLVES.

In a letter which appears in another column Commissioner Lane asks for a frank opinion on certain resolutions which he proposes to offer at the next symposium of the Park Board. In regard to Resolution I., it may be said that there is no particular wisdom in electing a man, however worthy, to a position which he cannot take. It is understood that Mr. Olmsted has rented his house here, and for another year at least will reside in Boston, where he is engaged on important public and private works. For the present, then, Mr. Olmsted is out of the question, and, this being the fact, the further use of his name would be "insincere and obstructive."

Perhaps no member of any other administrative body, evolved, like the Park Board, out of civilized society, ever felt the necessity of resolving, as Mr. Lane does in Resolution II., that an officer selected for a specific duty should be allowed to perform that duty. Or, to state the matter definitely in another form, no one but a New-York Park Commissioner ever dreamed that the distinctive work of a gardener should be taken from the hands of a competent and nominally responsible man, selected for this special service, and handed over to one who was not appointed as a gardener, whose reports to his superiors and explanations to the public demonstrate that he is perversely ignorant of the elementary principles of the gardener's art, and whose destructive performances are in flagrant violation of every recognized teaching of science and canon of taste. In the earlier days of common-sense management the Park was divided into six districts, each under the charge of a division gardener, who was allowed a certain number of assistants, and who was responsible for the trees, shrubs and plants of his territory; while the entire force was exclusively under the control of the superintending gardener, and nothing could be done on ground covered by plantations of any kind without his orders. Here, then, were skilled men, doing the work to which they had been trained, while a direct chain of accountability ran through the force from bottom to top, so that everyone knew that he would receive the credit or censure he deserved. Into this well-ordered system bounds Mr. Aneurin Jones and kicks over the entire fabric. With the connivance of his creators he usurps all responsibility. He commands the subordinate gardeners to file their saws for a general amputation without any orders from Mr. Fischer, their chief, and indeed in direct opposition to his authority and their own ideas. And lest these men should be restrained by some remonstrances of a lingering professional conscience from sweeping away the delicate and beautiful growth which they know should be preserved with tenderest care, Mr. Jones adds to the force ignorant laborers who know nothing of what they cut or why they cut it, and who therefore can swing an impartial and relentless axe against the choicest shrubbery. Mr. Lane's second resolution ought to pass; but it is a shame that there should be any question about so simple and elementary a principle of administration in a body of such high official standing as the Park Board.

The purport, scope and intention of Resolution III. are not clear. Mr. Vaux was chosen Landscape Architect by a majority of the Park Board. There is no question as to his competency, and as one of the designers of the Park he is acquainted with its special needs. He has signified to the Park Board that he would accept the position under certain conditions which do not seem to be unreasonable. The Commissioners are dawdling over the matter when they should act. They can accept Mr. Vaux's proposition or reject it. If they reject it they should have something better to offer, and they must be able to prove to the people of the city that it is better.

Mr. Lane is in error when he asserts that THE TRIBUNE desires to "get rid of Mr. Jones." Mr. Jones knows nothing of gardening and still less of landscape art, but he has been encouraged to usurp the functions both of gardener and artist, and as a consequence he has mutilated and vulgarized whatever he has touched. It is plain, therefore, that the exuberant activities of Mr. Jones should be restrained within strict limits. Mr. Lane is also wrong when he assumes that THE TRIBUNE is laboring to restore Mr. Olmsted. This is not a question of men, but of principles, and the attitude of THE TRIBUNE has been reasonably plain and consistent in this matter. The Park need not perish when Messrs. Olmsted and Vaux and Parsons and Fischer die. But it will speedily go to ruin unless its maintenance is now intrusted to men who are skilled in every branch of park work. It is the duty of the Commissioners to see that the most important work of the kind on this continent is placed under the executive control of men of recognized training, experience and achievement. If they fail in this it will be the duty of the people to demand another and a better Commission.

MAKING IT HOT FOR THEM.

The Earl of Lytton recalls, in a recently printed article, a suggestive story concerning the transient penitence of that Chevalier de Guise (a nephew of the Balafré) who confessed to a Jesuit friar the strength of his attachment to a lady with whom he was in relations forbidden by the Church. The friar refused him absolution unless he would promise to break them off. He hesitated, but was at length persuaded to join with the friar in prayer for strength. The friar prayed, however, with such unction that the Chevalier stopped him, anxiously exclaiming, "Not so hot, father! not so hot! Heaven may hear you." The world of human nature which the story opens to us will probably repay us for the labor of a short exploration. That there are sinners on the globe is the pretty uniform verdict of mankind. Laborious efforts to trace the genealogy of sin from ignorances mated in shame, or from innocent mistakes, leave the facts where they were when the oldest poets took up their homilies. That many men are in similar case to the Chevalier de Guise—that of loving a sin too much to wish to lose the love of it—none will deny, even in these days of graceful explanations of "human mistakes." And it is something gained by the moralist if he can provoke a confession that the sinner does not wish to surrender—does not wish Infinite Power to take from him—the taste and enjoyment of his favorite moral poison. We are made very familiar by current apologetics with the supposed helplessness of evil-doers. Even the Christian women may be heard taking up their parable concerning the helplessness of the drunkard, while refined forms of scientific expertism testify that a peculiarly wicked crime is proof of a peculiar insanity. Genetic evolution of bad deeds, the doctrine of our helplessness under certain temptations, and the theory that only madmen do great wrongs, are having "a good time" in the land. But what if the transiently penitent Chevalier furnishes us with a much better explanation? To be sure the story—like that of the Prodigal Son—is an old one; but they may have known a few things "down in Judea," or even in the Middle Ages.

The advantage of the explanation suggested by the Chevalier in the story may lie in the truth it conveys; some precious ballast of that sort must keep the story alive. The probable truth is that the drunkard does not want to quit his cups, that the assassin wants to kill for hate or revenge, and that the genetic taint is evil loves and passions. There are old-fashioned words that we hesitate to write for the sensitive people about us, who may be supposed to suspect us of preaching when we are only trying to speak a little plain sense about some very practical matters. Nothing can be more practical than the treatment of wrong-doing. There is probably no mistake in the common judgment that it is something more serious than an inconvenience—that it cuts deep into the vitals of progress and well-being. So serious a matter demands more than exculpating explanations. Heredity, environment and the rest are fine words, but they will not butter our parsnips—deliver us from wrong-doers. Explanations that leave us all without responsibility—tracing crimes to dead ancestors and the "otherness of the environment"—seem to take away the protection for which we pay large sums in the form of government. If the apologies are sound and just, we shall have to submit to the new dispensation; but what if the truth be that men do wrong on purpose, loving the sweet sins like the Chevalier, or loving the fruits of unlovely sins like other wrong-doers? What if the statement should run, not "Can't help it," but "Don't want to help it"? That was the Chevalier's case. Is it not the common case? And if it is the common case, should not society persevere in treatment that will provoke a desire to help it? Very old-fashioned this question is; but is there a new fashion so adapted to the needs of both sinners and their victims? We cannot discover any remedial force in "he cannot help it"; while "make him help it" has made a great many converts. It may be unintellectual and even undignified to be scared into decency, sobriety or respectable conduct; but, wanting a goose cooked, we are glad of a fire hot enough to do the business. And the man who was scared out of an indecency or inebriety may come to thank heaven that it was hot enough for the purpose. "Compulsion in morals"—yes, we know how dreadfully unintellectual it is, but there is a certain amount of motive power in it, you may be sure.

Besides the fondness which he does not want prayed out of him, the evil man has a characteristic that the old preachers understood—indeed, it is rumored that there are modern preachers who understand it. The evil man is more or less ashamed of himself, and in that condition he is more susceptible to fear than to logic—especially if the logic runs to the effect that "he can't help himself." In plain terms, the evil man is a coward at the bottom of him, and you can scare him though you cannot persuade him. It is very true, O noble Sentimentalist, that this is not the way to make a saint; but neither you nor we are just now engaged in that branch of manufacture. Let gnostic or agnostic, old creed or ethical sparkle, take in hand the making of saints. Our want is restraint on evil men; and we have more faith in assaults on their cowardly fears. They do evil because they like it, and they are ashamed of themselves. What is the value of cultivating the self-respect of men who have none to cultivate? Betrayers of women have been cured of the practice by horsewhipping; leave the preachers to consider how the lash affected their desire. We may, however, presume to guess that enough of the lash would be an effective counter-irritant. To make evil-doing dangerous is after all quite as philosophical as to disperse responsibility in speculations that ignore the Chevalier's love for his guilty pleasures and the evil man's self-shame and cowardice. Let us keep to the good old plan of making it hot for them.

A POINT OF JUSTICE.

It has been said, with reference to Mrs. Langtry's recent entry into the dramatic profession, in London, that the extraordinary favor accorded to this lady in some quarters has excited a "jealousy" of her on the part of members of the dramatic profession. This is doubtless true, to some extent, for Mrs. Langtry was exceedingly well received by the fashionable world, and, in some cases, extravagantly praised in the press, and there are always persons who view with bitter resentment and ill-will every piece of good fortune that befalls anybody but themselves. It is easy to understand, however, that the feeling entertained by just, liberal and reputable members of the dramatic profession toward Mrs. Langtry—or toward any other amateur who suddenly undertakes the stage, and is immediately hailed as their equal—might properly be described by another phrase than that of "professional jealousy." If it were termed a right and proper resentment of a gross injustice, it would be better named. The art of acting is a great and difficult art. It is not learned in a day, nor in a year. It exacts from those who honestly study and serve it much labor and many sacrifices, endless patience, and conscientious and passionate devotion. It can only be acquired in one way—by toil and experience; and it cannot be acquired in this way unless the student is possessed of dramatic faculties and temperament, together with certain indispensable physical qualifications. Those members of the dramatic profession, accordingly, who have devoted their time to this art, and, through years of study and experience, become proficient in its exercise, are well entitled to object to the public injustice—should it occur—which places any amateur, when at the very threshold of her career, on a professional equality with themselves.

There is no instance recorded in the history of the English acted drama wherein a beginner was the equal of an experienced actor. It is perfectly impossible, we think, that this should be, and we have no idea that Mrs. Langtry offers an exception to the inexorable laws of nature. We have read many descriptions of this lady's personation of *Miss Hardcastle*. She, evidently, looked and spoke well, and got through the bar-maid scene creditably, without breaking down, and that was all. There are scores of young ladies who could do as much, and whom nobody would dream of calling actresses, or of engaging at a high salary in the leading comedy theatre of a great capital. If, then, Mrs. Langtry had not been a lady of high social position, a favorite with leading families, and a person of famous beauty, her entry into the dramatic profession must have been a far more difficult one than it has been, and could not have attracted anything like the attention it has received. She is to be congratulated on her signal good fortune, and since, obviously, she is a pleasing and promising novice, it is earnestly to be hoped that she will persist and succeed. But, in the meantime, while "professional jealousy" is to be contemned as inexpressibly contemptible, something certainly is due, in all such cases, to established professional rank.

We have referred to this subject because instances of this kind are not altogether uncommon here, and because they almost invariably make a large amount of trouble. If a man who had distinguished himself by playing billiards, or by walking a thousand miles in a thousand hours, or by eating a hundred feet of pickles, or in any other exceptional way, and had thus become a notoriety, were suddenly to write a slip-shod string of verses, and be instantly hailed as the equal of Tennyson or Longfellow in the art of poetry, these established bards would assuredly be entitled to exclaim, "Pooh-pooh to you!"—and we have no manner of doubt that that's what they would say—and it wouldn't mean professional jealousy either. What is true of the art of poetry is true of the art of acting. The crown belongs to achievement, and not to aspiration—to the maturity of a noble career, and not to its juvenescence.

How many of the thousands who for six days in the week cross the ferries on either side of New-York, morning and evening, ever give so much as a thought to the unequalled opportunity which they have, if they would only improve it, of breathing fresh air for five or ten minutes twice a day? The cabins of the average ferry boat are never provided with very perfect ventilating apparatus, and especially during the crowded morning and evening hours in the winter season they become filled with foul and poisonous air from thousands of lungs, which cannot be renewed before the cabins are packed again to their utmost capacity. But out in front or in the rear one can get undiluted oxygen which is like the breath of life to those who have spent the day in close and ill-ventilated offices or shops. Even in the coldest weather the bracing influence of such deep draughts of pure air far more than compensates for the momentary chilly feeling which may result from the exposure. Let the readers of THE TRIBUNE make the experiment. Resist the temptation to squeeze into the crowded cabin in order to glance over your morning or evening paper, and see if the exhilaration which you will soon feel from breathing unpolluted air for a few minutes does not fully repay you. At any rate, the thought that you are not taking into your system the poison that has been thrown out from the lungs of hundreds of other men and women will be no small satisfaction.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Blaine will not occupy his new house in Washington until next autumn.

The tercentenary of Sir Francis Drake is to be celebrated, and the Prince of Wales has contributed to the fund.

Queen Victoria has a taste for birthday books, and keeps a little volume at hand wherein are collected the autographs of many interesting people.

Princess Elizabeth of Hesse-Darmstadt, the plain but good-hearted daughter of the clever Princess Alice of England, is going to marry the brother of the Princess of Wales, Waldemar of Denmark.

Clarence A. Seward, of this city, is spoken of as likely to receive the offer of Judge Blatchford's place on the bench of the United States Circuit Court, in the event of the appointment of Judge Blatchford to the United States Supreme Court.

United States Assistant District-Attorney Herrick will leave the city on Tuesday next, in company with Senator Jones, of Nevada, and others, for Colorado. Mr. Herrick will be absent three or four weeks.

Professor Henry Draper succeeds his father, the late Dr. J. W. Draper, in the Chair of Chemistry in the University of the City of New-York. The Rev. M. Maury, a son-in-law of Dr. Draper, has been teaching in the University this year.

Ex-Governor Paul Dillingham, of Vermont, at eighty-three years old, is a tall, erect and handsome man, who is still as active as many youths. He attends personally to a good share of the business of his law office, and as president of a bank performs many other duties.

District-Attorney McKeon is suffering from sore throat and appears at his office with his neck bound up with an ample wrap. In view of the exposure to disease to which he is naturally subjected in the performance of his official duty, and as a precautionary measure, he has also been vaccinated. But in spite of these afflictions and the infirmities of age, he is the most active man in his department.

A memorial to Charles Kingsley is to be erected at Westward Ho, the Devonshire town which supplied a title to one of his most charming stories, and in the neighborhood of which he lived when a boy and for a short time in his manhood. This memorial is to take the form of an institution to be called the "Kingsley College." The school will have some unusual features—such as a separate room for each boy, and a French cook.

Gambetta has given up his attempt to learn the German language, having found it took too much of his time. Frenchmen are complaining that there are about him too many people of German antecedents. M. Weiss, his new Minister, is shown by his very name to be of German origin. He is a great reader of German poetry, has translated Goethe's "Hermann and Dorothea," and has even published a commendatory essay upon that poem. Futher, Gambetta's secretary, B. Gerard, was at one time reader to the present German Empress; his literary lieutenants, Spuller and Reinach, both proclaim by their surnames their Teutonic ancestry.

The Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, in his address on the centennial anniversary of Webster's birth, gave a pleasant little sketch of a morning spent at Marshfield. "His matchless form rises to my eye," he said, "as he welcomed the British Minister and myself at his door on a midsummer morning, clad in his favorite rustic suit, with the broad-brimmed white hat overshadowing that Olympian brow. He was a subject for Rembrandt on that morning, and Rembrandt never had a subject more worthy of his magic brush. I remember well how proudly he treated us to fish of his own catching, to game of his own shooting, to beef or mutton of his own raising, and to vegetables of every sort from his own gardens, with nothing on his table from any other source except the delicious Black Hamburgs. But his own presence and his own conversation were the choicest luxuries we enjoyed. He was not always gracious in society, and at other people's tables, on ceremonious occasions, he was sometimes reserved and moody. But he was the very prince of hosts at his own board; on that occasion, certainly, his rich reminiscences and sparkling anecdotes 'outdid the meat, outdid the frolic wine.'"

CITY OF MEXICO, Jan. 19.—President Gonzalez has been confined to his bed during the past two days. His frequent illness is caused by a bone working through an old wound of his amputated arm.

GENERAL NOTES.

Many persons will see the natural sequence of German scepticism and delsm in the fact that more suicides are recorded in Leipsic than in any of the other great European capitals.

A London solicitor recently announced in *The Times* his intention of engaging two young women as writers in his office, with the view of testing their capabilities, "not as mechanical writers, but as intelligent brain-workers in the law."

De Jongh, who was condemned to twenty-five years' penal servitude for the murder of the school-boy Boogaardt near the Hague, has become insane in prison. He is constantly haunted with terrible visions of his victim, and his condition is such that the medical attendants believe he cannot live much longer.

In the possession of the First National Bank of Whitehall is the keystone of the archway of the gate in the wall that surrounded the manor house of Major Philip Skene. *The Albany Argus* remarks that, as the bank is about going into liquidation, this relic of the colonial history of New-York ought to be placed among the archives of the State in the Geological Museum.

In view of the alarming prevalence of small-pox in Chicago and its vicinity, it has been proposed to the city authorities to issue a prohibition of the miscellaneous balls and dances in public halls. This step has been generally taken in the cities and villages of Iowa, and its propriety and advantage have been recognized by the State Board of Health.

A Wisconsin farmer has been put under bonds to keep the peace on account of his attempts to mutilate an old lady whom he believes to be a witch. He avers in defence that she has bewitched his cattle and has repeatedly entered his domicile through the chimney, the keyhole and other inconvenient and inappropriate apertures, contrary to his wish and to his great terror and distress.

If Homer could have foreseen the time when a tunnel would be constructed under the straits of Messina from Scylla to Charybdis, he would have been comforted and might possibly even have confined himself to the truth in singing about those rocks which poetic license has made immortal. The Italian Government having granted a concession to a private firm of contractors, the preliminary borings will be begun as soon as the engineers have finished their plans and estimates.

There is lamentation in England over the fact that, depressed by foreign competition, the native cheesemakers have allowed the quality of their products to deteriorate. Fancy continental cheeses of delicate quality and flavor are now found in every English hotel and on thousands of private tables where only a short time ago they were unknown. Meanwhile Americans are paying round prices for imported cheeses which were made in this country, sent abroad and returned with the English stamp. Verily humanity likes to be cheated.

The mildness of the present winter in Europe is indicated by the circumstance that an inhabitant of Andernach-on-the-Rhine had fresh asparagus from his own garden at dinner on New-Year's day. There is a German proverb that "January rainbows take away all snows," and during the present month at least one gorgeous rainbow has been visible from Berlin. There is seldom much snow to be removed in the German capital, but if January rainbows could be induced to take away the penetrating chill and dampness, the leaden skies, the filth and stench and general dreariness of that city in winter they would confer an everlasting boon upon its million inhabitants, not to speak of the stranger within its gates.

Following is a verbatim copy of one of the first temperance pledges subscribed to in Maine: "Phipsburg, February, 1828. We the subscribers to this paper knowing of the evils that do daly arise in consequence of the generality of our Citizens making frequent use of Liquors do concent and agree each one for himself that we will not take or use any Strong liquors knowingly such as Rum, Brandy, Gin, either mixt or unmixt except for a medison for the term of time hereby annexed to each of our names, and that we will throw divine assistance fulill our present ingagements; and also in some measure will try to enfluence others to take up with the same resolutions. (Signed) James Bowker, for the term of one year & Samuel Small Jr 2 years."

In an interesting letter to *The Boston Herald* upon Webster's famous seventh of March speech, Mr. Oliver Johnson declares, upon the authority of Joshua R. Giddings, that Webster had prepared an anti-slavery speech in accordance with Northern sentiment. The brief of this, in Webster's writing, was placed in Mr. Giddings's hands by George Ashman, and he was requested to inform Webster if it would satisfy the anti-slavery sentiment of the North. The brief gave Mr. Giddings the fullest satisfaction, and he felt no further anxiety as to Webster's position on the great question. Mr. Giddings had no positive knowledge by what arguments and appeals Webster's fixed resolve was overcome, but he believed that through his ambition to become President he was seduced to take the Southern side. Senator Foote, of Mississippi, being the chief negotiator. These statements were made to Mr. Johnson by Mr. Giddings in the course of a private interview in the spring of 1851 at Salem, Ohio.

BITS OF CRITICISM.

BYRON'S IMMORTAL WORK.—To our mind the selected poems of Matthew Arnold form a more delightful and desirable volume than Mr. Arnold's selections either from Byron or Wordsworth. We believe that many contemporary lovers of poetry, if they had to choose one volume out of the three, would prefer Mr. Arnold's, and that few would prefer Byron's. The voyage of Byron has passed. He is doubtless, a great poet, and is most admired by critics like Mr. Arnold and Mr. Swinburne, who are poets themselves. But he appears to have lost the touch of the age. His verse lacks that felicity, that finish, that indefinable charm of musical words which Mr. Tennyson and Mr. Arnold possess, and which was the gift of Shelley, Keats and Coleridge. For a poet to want this charm is at present to fail to attract many lovers of poetry. The loose-collared corsair has gone out, and the long-haired "blue and white young man" has come in, as the idol of the merely girlish and gushing class of readers of poetry. What then remains of Byron—what of him is immortal? We say "Don Juan." That is a modern epic, perhaps the only modern epic—a romantic poem of adventurous life, in which religion, society, morals, manners, all the stuff of an age of the world are represented. To make selections from "Don Juan" is like making selections from the Odyssey. Thus, though Mr. Arnold has selected a hundred fine pictures, and strokes of satire and cries of passion from Byron, he has not, we think, presented that portion of his work on which his fame will ultimately rest; for that portion can only be presented as a whole.—[Pall Mall Gazette.

WEBSTER'S STYLE.—The English language never was, and probably it never will be again, so splendidly employed as it was employed by Daniel Webster; and he thus employed it with an apparent ease, and with the noblest affluence, that justly warranted his title of "the godlike," a title conferred upon him, not by flattery, but through a true appreciation of powers that at least seemed to be more than human. The "organ tones" of his oratory are fully represented by his printed words, and you are under their dominion as you read. As we do read him, we are reminded of the mighty strength and the calm majesty of a broad and deep river—not a raving, roaring, rushing stream, but a superb volume of water, that flows serenely, but with invincible force into that vast ocean which it feeds, and bearing on its bosom great argosies laden with the agents and means of that civilization through the triumph of which the human race is to be enlightened and elevated, and made capable of performing its high part in the loftiest work that belongs to the scheme of creation.—[The Boston Traveller.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLME'ES POETICAL WORKS.—Although upwards of half a century has elapsed between the dates of the first and last poems in this collection, no reader will be able to det