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ACADEMY OF MUSIC—8—Opera.
BOOTH'S THEATRE—8—"Never Too Late to Mend."
BIJOU OPERA HOUSE—8—"Vim."
CASINO—8—French Opera.
COSMOPOLITAN—8—"White Slave."
DALY'S THEATRE—8:15—"Seven-Twenty-Eight."
FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE—8—"Cinderella at School."
GRAND OPERA HOUSE—8—"The Romany Rye."
HAVERLY'S 14TH STREET THEATRE—8—"The Planter's Wife."
HENDERSON'S STANDARD THEATRE—8:15—"Patience."
MADISON SQUARE GARDEN—2 and 8—Barnum's Circus.
MADISON SQUARE THEATRE—8:30—"Young Mrs. Winthrop."
NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN—Exhibition of paintings.
NIBLO'S GARDEN—8—"M'liss."
SAN FRANCISCO OPERA HOUSE—8—Willie Edouin.
STAR THEATRE—8—"Vice Versa."
THEATRE COMIQUE—8—"The Muddy Day."
THALIA THEATRE—8—"The Gold Uncle."
UNION SQUARE THEATRE—8—"A Parisian Romance."
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Business Notices.

"ALDERNEY BRAND" CONDENSED MILK
Buy always

Brummell's celebrated Cough Drops are used by over 8,000 people daily to relieve and cure coughs and colds. Keep a box of them in your house.

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T. G. SELLEW,
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Agent for the CELEBRATED WOOTON DESKS,
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Greatest Show on Earth and the Great London Circus combined.
Exhibiting in Madison Square Garden,
Monday, March 26, at 2 p. m.,
and every evening at 8 o'clock thereafter.
Two Menageries, Three Circus Companies, Hippodrome, Museum and Stage Performances.
See advertisements in amusement columns.

The MODEMANN PEERLESS ARTIFICIAL TEETH do not exhibit unsightly divisions on the gum. Exceedingly fine full sets, perfectly adapted to the anatomy of the mouth, and guaranteed to stand the test of time, $5, $7 and $10. Painless extracting with pure fresh nitrous oxide or laughing gas, direct from the cylinder. Improved method, half the usual price and no charge for artificial teeth are to be inserted. In this department a dentist attends. Teeth repaired in 30 minutes. Sets made in three hours if required. No. 542 and 544 Lexington-av., southwest corner 54th-st. Spacious and private entrance, first door below 54th-st.
DR. MODEMANN.

Tourists should go to Brazil and enjoy a tropical climate in its coolest season.
U. S. & BRAZIL MAIL S. S. CO., New-York.

Z.—CHARLES M. KURTZ'S
Illustrated Art Notes.
Spring Exhibition Academy of Design.
Illustrations by Artist Exhibitors.

New-York Daily Tribune.

FOUNDED BY HORACE GREELEY

NEW-YORK, TUESDAY, APRIL 3.

THE NEWS THIS MORNING.

FOREIGN.—An attempt has been made to burn a bonded warehouse in Liverpool. ═ In the House of Commons yesterday Mr. Parnell made a statement in reference to the so-called "Kilmainham Treaty." ═ Another arrest has been made in Cork. ═ Public officers and buildings in London are strongly guarded. ═ The War Office has ordered an analysis of explosive materials to be made. ═ A stock-broker in Brussels is reported to have embezzled 1,000,000 francs. ═ The British revenue for the year ended March 31 was £89,001,000; the expenditures were £89,086,000.

DOMESTIC.—The Citizens' ticket, nominated by the Republicans, was elected at Hartford yesterday. ═ An important decision was rendered by the United States Supreme Court in regard to ex post facto laws. ═ There were further developments before the Massachusetts Legislative Committee, concerning the management of the Tewksbury Almshouse. ═ The Mexican Central Railroad Company elected a Board of Directors at Boston. ═ Ex-Congressman John N. Hungerford died at Corning, N. Y., yesterday.

CITY AND SUBURBAN.—The trustees of Columbia College yesterday issued an appeal to the public for funds sufficient to found a university. ═ The Mayor nominated William P. Mitchell, Charles Welde and William H. Philips for Excise Commissioners. ═ Joseph W. Frazier, a dealer in arms, suspended, with liabilities of $100,000. ═ Warrants have been issued for the arrest of many persons for stealing goods from the burned Inman pier. ═ A compromise has been effected in the suits about the Jumel estate. ═ P. T. Barnum was arrested yesterday at the instance of Mr. Gerry's society. ═ The disappearance of J. & G. Lehmann, button manufacturers, was reported. ═ Securities worth $20,000 have been stolen from a publisher's office. ═ The Rev. Dr. John Hall lectured last night on "The Perils of a City Life." ═ Professor Tyler spoke on "American Colleges in Colonial Times." ═ Gold value of the legal tender silver dollar (412½ grains), 83.57 cents. ═ Stocks were excessively dull and lower and closed weak without recovery.

THE WEATHER.—TRIBUNE local observations indicate fair or clear and warmer weather. Temperature yesterday: Highest, 44°; lowest, 31°; average, 37½°.

¶ The question of the Kilmainham Negotiation is now narrowed down to an issue of veracity between Mr. Parnell and Mr. Gladstone. The Irish leader asserts that when he was in jail the first overtures for his release came from the Government, and that if Lord Carlingford denies this his denial is inaccurate. Mr. Gladstone affirms that Lord Carlingford spoke truly when he said Mr. Parnell made the first propositions. Here the matter is likely to end. The Premier refuses to appoint a committee of inquiry into the matter.

The penny-wise owner of the buildings in Grand-st. which tumbled down in November, 1881, now wishes probably that he had adopted a more liberal policy in regard to repairs. He has just been ordered by the Courts to pay the administrators of two children who were killed in the fall of the buildings $8,500. It would have been money in Mr. Levy's pockets if he had done as the Buildings Bureau directed. There is a hint in this which the owners of other dilapidated houses would do well to heed.

One of the nominations for Excise Commissioners made by the Mayor yesterday is better than those which he has made hitherto had led us to expect. Mr. W. H. Philips, a member of the Produce Exchange, has the reputation of being an excellent man and no politician. This selection is to Mr. Edson's credit. Not so much can be said, however, of the other two names. Mr. W. P. Mitchell is already a member of the Board, and is a ward politician in all that the word implies. Mr. Charles Welde is a Tammany leader who has always wanted an office. He realizes the duty a man owes his party. We know what that means. It will be seen that the predominating influence in the Board, therefore, will be political. This would be exceedingly discouraging if it were not for the fact that the Aldermen and the other politicians do not seem pleased. The Aldermen laid the nominations over.

By the application yesterday in the United States Supreme Court of the ex post facto principle of the Constitution a man's neck was saved after a fight of seven years. In 1875 Charles F. Kring, of St. Louis, was tried for the murder of a woman, and sentenced to be hanged. Since then he has had numerous trials and has been sentenced to imprisonment or hanging or the jury has disagreed, just as it has happened. Once he pleaded guilty of murder in the second degree; but under a later law of the State, he was tried again and sentenced to death. The Supreme Court has now overturned all the State decisions in the case, and says the man cannot be hanged because the law under which he was last convicted was passed after the offence was committed, and operated to the prisoner's disadvantage. This seems to be so clearly a case of ex post facto law that it is hard to imagine what arguments were used to sustain the position of the State of Missouri in the Supreme Court. This decision is sustained by a bare majority of one; but that one makes world of difference to Kring.

The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children has looked after the welfare of children who are used in shows with commendable zeal; but, unfortunately, no line seems ever to get drawn up to which managers can go. As often as new children appear as performers all the questions at issue as to health and morals have to be gone over again, to the botheration of the public and the free advertisement of the show. There is certainly a field for the legitimate use of children in places of amusement. They appear nightly up to a late hour in one of our best known theatres, and the Society finds no fault. Probably the moral atmosphere of P. T. Barnum's show is as good as that of most theatres; moreover, some eminent physicians declared yesterday, after seeing the Elliott children perform, that they did nothing injurious. It is a pity the society ever has to appear to interfere without sufficient reason. Mr. Barnum is known to be a humane man, and in the present instance a strong public sentiment has formed in his favor.

A SEVERE CURE.

Amputation is sometimes the very best thing that a man can have done for himself. So the complete surrender of this city to the control of a partisan Democratic government may be the best means in the end of breaking up the power of that party in this city and State. It is a long time since the people of New-York have had opportunity to see what unrestricted Democratic government in a city like this really means. It might not be a bad thing in the end to have the character and tendencies of the Democratic party thus illustrated in practical operation, and on a stage where all the world must witness the performance.

The city would suffer for a time, no doubt. No one can contemplate without grave apprehension the transfer of the Police and Fire departments, the parks, public works, charities and other branches of the government of this city, to a set of ravenous Democratic politicians. Almost the only tolerable feature of the government of this most misgoverned city has been that the control of certain of these departments, upon which the property, health, prosperity, personal rights and even the very life of the citizen depend, has been kept from politicians of either party. But that has enabled the Democratic party to escape a full test of its incapacity for governing—a manifestation of that inherent and dangerous demagogism which disregards all rights and all reason in a crazy scramble for the spoils. Very good citizens, including many substantial property-owners, continue active Democrats because they find it hard to believe that any party in a great city like this would care nothing for the general welfare, be blind to its own interest, and bring ruin upon the community. Seeing is believing. When these men have suffered for a while from Democratic rule they will go about begging men of other parties to help them in casting off the accursed yoke.

These citizens have been captured by a phrase. It seems to them that "local self-government" is as good a thing for a great city as for any other political body. To doubt that the majority of the persons who may at any time happen to vote in this city are capable of ruling it well, it seems to them, is to doubt the capacity of the people for self-government. They do not consider that such a city as this is at all times largely inhabited by persons who are in no sense permanent residents, who have nothing to bind them to the soil or to make them care in any definite way whether the government of the city is good or bad. They work here this month, and may work in Philadelphia or New-Haven next month; they board here to-day, and may board in Brooklyn, Westchester or New-Jersey to-morrow. It requires a high grade of intelligence to comprehend the effect of bad municipal government upon the prosperity of every workman within the city, and those who possess that degree of intelligence are not very many. A government which these transient dwellers can make and unmake at pleasure is as little a test of the fitness of "the people" for self-government as if every person who had been a guest at a hotel in the city during the year should be invited to cast his vote in the election of its rulers. As well leave a railroad company to be managed by all the passengers on its cars.

Besides these transient or unsettled voters, who have no permanent interest in the welfare of a city, there is also in New-York a great army of enemies of society and of all social order. The dangerous classes gravitate to such a centre of population as water runs down hill. To these must be added in New-York a much larger army of ignorant persons, who have no property interests anywhere nor the hope of any, and who are led by the most unscrupulous demagogue simply because he is the most unscrupulous. Now, it is the inherent vice of the Democratic party that it appeals everywhere to these classes of voters who have the least interest in good government. To expect them to maintain a good local government is not a bit less foolish than to expect the thieves to select and pay good policemen.

But it is the Democratic cry, as usual, that the voters of New-York ought to govern themselves. There are thousands of places to be filled, and thousands of hungry Democrats who want to fill them, and therefore New-York must "govern itself" again. No doubt the experiment will be made. The more respectable and intelligent members of the Democratic party are utterly powerless to resist when the working politicians of it get a sight of plunder within reach. Once more these respectable men will try to persuade themselves that a city ought to govern itself, and that a Democratic city ought to have a Democratic government, and so will vote again side by side with persons who ought to have no share whatever in deciding whether the city shall be orderly or lawless, solvent or bankrupt. Then the party machine will distribute the spoils to the creatures who do the dirty work of party, and the results will presently appear.

One of the results, it is altogether probable, will be a reaction, not against the particular faction or set that may get power, but against the Democratic party. For once there are no disguises in this plundering raid. It is bluntly avowed by the leaders that a Democratic Legislature means to give power to a Democratic Mayor to appoint Democratic officials with assent of Democratic Aldermen. The party as such distinctly avows its purpose to grab for its own uses the government which belongs to the citizens without distinction of party. Sooner or later, Democrats who have anything to lose will be imploring a Legislature to take away the power thus shamelessly seized. It will serve them right if they are then informed that the only way to get rid of Democratic misrule is to vote against the Democratic party.

BUTLER'S HOPES.

Governor Butler has been down to Washington and has assured his friends there that he is "seriously" in the field for the Presidency. He wishes to have it understood that there is no joke about it. He means business. All fooling is to be frowned down as out of place. He hopes "to compel" the Democratic National Convention to nominate him. That declaration ought to be evidence enough that he is in earnest. No man who was not "seriously" a candidate would make an avowal like that. He virtually admits that the Democrats do not want him; but what of that? They did not want him for Governor of Massachusetts, but he made them take him. It is no joke for any party when Butler is "seriously" determined to become its candidate. He worried the Massachusetts Republicans for many years, trying "to compel" them to nominate him for Governor; and while he did not succeed in that, he did have the satisfaction of defeating them as the candidate of the Democrats, which was the worst humiliation he could subject them to. His serious assault on Massachusetts was, therefore, doubly successful, and it has nerved him to the bolder experiment of capturing the National Democracy.

Will he succeed in it? The chances are heavily against him. If he could make the Democrats believe that he could be elected they would nominate him quicker than a wink. His principles, or lack of principles, would not trouble them for a moment. But in order to convince them of his popular strength he must pursue a very different course from the one he has followed since he became Governor. He went into office as a "reformer"; he has administered the office like a man who sought to degrade rather than improve politics. He has done nothing worthy of commendation, but many things deserving severe condemnation. He went into office with a great reputation for smartness, which was his chiefest element of popular strength. This has been badly shattered by his unfortunate tilt with the Senate Judiciary Committee, and it has been made known to the world that there are men in Massachusetts smarter even than Butler is. He has got the laugh on himself badly, and that is always an unlucky thing for your smart candidate. Once let the popular confidence in his smartness be shaken and the beginning of the end is in sight. Furthermore there are really but few people in this country in any party who wish to see the highest office in the land placed in the control of a man who has no sense of official dignity. Butler has treated the Governorship of Massachusetts as if it were a thing to be won and then thrown aside as if not worth the having. That is not the way to acquire strength as a candidate for a higher office.

These are some of the obstacles to Governor Butler's hopes, and there are others no less formidable. He says he expects to win by securing the delegations from Rhode Island, Maine and New-Hampshire, and by inducing Mr. Tilden to use his influence in his favor. That is one of the finest collection of broken reeds a man ever picked out to lean upon. It is extremely doubtful if he will be able to get the delegations from any of the New-England States in 1884, if his popularity continues to wane as rapidly as it has during the past month; but even if he did get them, what good would they do him? All the States named are surely Republican. As for Tilden's influence, is the Governor really so "fresh" as to flatter himself for a moment that he can get that? Has Tilden ever been induced to cast that for anybody except himself? Ask General Hancock how it was with his efforts to secure it in 1880. The only man who will ever have Tilden's influence for the Presidency will be Samuel J. Tilden. Just as soon as any other man is nominated he loses his interest in politics and lapses into a Sage. Governor Butler's prospects are not, therefore, so bright as they might be. His candidacy is likely to be a good deal more "serious" for him than for anybody else.

MR. COX'S CANVASS.

We congratulate ourselves upon having started up the Democratic candidates for Speaker to a considerable degree of activity. Within four or five days past the Speakership ball has been fairly set in motion. The candidates—two of them at least, Cox and Springer—have begun posturing and skipping, and there is now a good prospect that the public will have the entertainment upon which its heart has been set ever since it became known that the next Congress would be under Democratic control. This is as it should be. Without the seven or eight months' wrangling over the biggest apple in the basket it would have seemed hardly worth while to put the Democrats in possession. Our own candidate, Mr. Samuel Cox, who rose so promptly and "sailed his castor into the ring" upon THE TRIBUNE'S intimation that the performance lagged and the audience was getting impatient, continues to be the conspicuous feature of the situation. He has opened his campaign in such characteristic fashion, and so exactly as THE TRIBUNE predicted he would, that we feel warranted in pointing to the prediction with pride. On Saturday last—March 31, and it must be confessed suspiciously near the 1st day of April—an Associated Press dispatch was sent out from Washington opening thus: "Mr. "Cox's friends consider him as good as elected "Speaker." And that is precisely the manner in which we said he would open the campaign—with the announcement that he had "a sure thing."

The succeeding sentence illustrates very well the direction and the rate at which his Speakership campaign usually proceeds. Mark the first announcement, that "his friends consider him as good as elected." The next is: "They say he holds the balance of power already." There's a difference between being "as good as elected" and holding a "balance of power." The former statement is qualified but not strengthened by the latter. The dispatch proceeds: "His friends say that seventeen votes have been pledged from New-York"—these are figures, but not very startling ones—"that he will get all the Irish vote"—and that, after he gets beyond New-York, is not extensive—that he "will get the Illinois vote with one or two "exceptions, *after a complimentary vote for "Springer*"—which is just a trifle indefinite and uncertain—"and the Indiana vote *after a complimentary vote for Holman*." The dispatch continues: "Then, they say, Cox will "pick up a vote here and a vote there, finally "getting enough to elect him." The construction of this dispatch follows perfectly Mr. Cox's usual canvass for the Speakership. It begins with considering him "as good as elected." It follows with the claim of a "balance of power." This claim it rests upon "seventeen pledged votes," to which it adds "all the Irish vote"—making say twenty—and the vote of Illinois and Indiana—*after some complimentary votes*. Then he "picks up a vote here and a vote there" and is "finally" elected. And the arguments in favor of his election present the same graceful tapering off appearance with the summary of his prospects. The arguments are two in number: First, that "New-York has not had the Speakership for sixty-three years," and second, that "the gavel was then swayed by an uncle of Mr. Cox."

This is the kind of canvass, our readers will remember, that we predicted for Mr. Cox. The dispatch admirably foreshadows it. It is in his usual style. It begins at the big end, and immediately tapers off. He is now "as good as elected." Presently he will "hold the balance of power." Then he will count up seventeen votes, and in the end the nearest he will get to the Speakership will be that his uncle swayed the gavel sixty-three years ago. He conducts his canvass upon the plan of the young person who bulged into the domestic circle with the intelligence that there were "more'n a thousand cats out in the yard," but qualified the assertion a little later by the remark that "there was certainly our old cat and another one." We repeat that American politics furnish no more amusing spectacle than Mr. Samuel Cox running for Speaker. For that reason he is our candidate.

The United States Army is engaged in trying to reform General Butler's nephew, who has just been taken out of the Inebriate Asylum at Washington and sent west as an army forage master. The diplomatic department tried to reform George in vain, and now the whole army is to try its moral force and discipline on him. Well, the army cannot now be said to be wholly unemployed, or, for that matter, too large.

The opening of the trout season brings our first realizing sense of the pressure of spring. Few comparatively will be so fortunate as to inaugurate the season in person, yet the appearance of brook trout at Fulton Market and on bills of fare has a sentimental as well as a gastronomical interest. The mere sight of the graceful shapes and starry sides, and the knowledge that more fortunate brethren are testing rod and reel against these gamy fish, are enough to distract thoughts and talk from business grooves to piscatorial adventures and to refreshing memories of Adirondack mountain brooks, of scented Maine lakes and New-England meadow streams. Such thoughts come like a breath of country air and fan into a flame the spring ferment in our blood which yearns for relief from brick walls and freedom out-of-doors. After all, those who whipped the Long Island trout preserves yesterday may have missed the flavor which belonged to the days when as barelegged boys armed with hickory pole and perhaps bent pin they warily followed down some country brook. Yet it is fortunate that zealous sportsmen have taken to preserving trout in the neighborhood of the city, for without their efforts trout here now would have been practically exterminated on Long Island. And this would have been deplored by every true lover of the gentle craft, even though these preserves remain to him unknown ground. But the trout meets in the preserves his Capua, and becoming slothful, deteriorates until his flesh is not worthy of comparison with that of his wild brother. Wherever we find the trout, however, we are indebted to him for much. All followers of Izaak Walton know the benignant influence of the health-giving sport and the fair aspects of nature among which the trout-fisher is brought, while those, unfortunately the majority, who are denied all this, can at least mingle pleasant memories with toothsome morsels so dainty that the trout should be unselfishly resigned to die for others' good.

PERSONAL.

The Marquis de Biron, president of the French Jockey Club, who died a fortnight ago in Paris, aged eighty years, was once a page of Louis XVIII, and afterward an officer of the Royal Guard. He had been president of the jockey club thirty-two years.

The sword worn by John Hampden during the civil war in England has just been sold at auction in London for fifty-eight guineas. It is a long rapier with cross hilt and scroll guard, and was in the possession of the Hampden family until 1861, when it was sold with other effects of John Hampden, a lineal descendant of its original owner.

Edward Hanlan, the famous Canadian oarsman, says he only learned to swim last summer. He can now swim only a little, the muscles of his arms quickly becoming tired—a singular confession, he admits, for a sculler to make. His wife wants him to retire from the sculling profession, and he says he thinks he will soon follow her advice.

Mlle. Lina Braun, at whose villa at Baden-Baden Prince Gortschakoff died, will sue the sons of the late ex-Chancellor for the 28,000 marks per year which her guest had promised her. It is now said that the sons had hard work to prevent their father from fulfilling his frequently given promise to marry the woman, who had completely fascinated him ever since the Berlin Congress.

The Hon. William H. Duncan, who died at Hanover, N. H., last week, was graduated at the head of Dartmouth's class of 1830, among the thirty members of which were Judge Gouverneur Morris of Michigan, Judge A. M. Peabody of California, President A. D. Smith of Dartmouth, and Professor J. B. Niles of Indiana. He was married to Miss Sarah M. Olcott, a sister of the wife of Rufus Choate, and was for many years an intimate friend and associate of Mr. Choate and Daniel Webster.

An elderly gentleman, *The London Globe* reports, recently presented himself at one of the entrances of the new law courts of London. "No admittance except on business," said the porter, who did not remember having seen the elderly gentleman before. The latter explained that his name was Gladstone—William Ewart Gladstone. The porter thought he had heard that name somewhere, in a paper likely; but orders were orders, and—finally, however, he was convinced, and Mr. Gladstone went on his way speculating upon subsidiary reputations, and the janitor remained wondering that this Mr. Gladstone—or whatever his name is—should insist upon going in that way against orders.

Senator Vest has had his little experience with some bunko men in this city. A few days ago, in Washington, he received a beautifully written letter from New-York, stating that a new schooner was being fitted out for the Life Saving Service; that—as was the case with its predecessors—it was to be named after some eminent Christian statesman; and that—it was respectfully desired that Senator Vest would allow his name to be the chosen one. It was further added that it was usual in such cases for the individual who was to be honored to present the vessel with her virgin colors, a complete outfit, to cost not more than $75. The writer concluded with the remark that his wife was a Baltimore woman and knew some of Mrs. Vest's relatives. He hoped that, if in New-York, Senator Vest would call personally at an address which he gave. The Senator showed the letter to his wife, and she was enthusiastic over the matter. She saw in imagination the "Vest" daring the sea and storm, in the noble work of life saving. She, in fact, offered to give the $75 from her pin money. But her husband was more cautious. He forwarded the letter to a friend in this city for investigation. That friend went to the address given, and found it the most pronounced hovel in Squatterdom; and after he had been set upon by a dozen dogs and two dozen goats, and pelted by their owners with stones and superannuated vegetables as an "exciseman," he concluded to report the whole thing a swindle.

WASHINGTON, April 2.—Secretary Folger is gaining in health and strength every day. All his unfavorable symptoms have disappeared except a slight inflammation about his eyes. His appetite is good and his sleep sound and refreshing. He has received a number of visitors lately, including several Treasury Department officials. It is supposed that he will leave Washington for Bermuda in a few days, providing the weather is favorable.

GENERAL NOTES.

The real estate assessors of Philadelphia report that there are in that city 265 pieces of real estate property whose owners cannot be found and are not known.

German papers announce the recent death, at Tiffen of the "peasant doctor," Alois Greinigg, who enjoyed a wonderful fame among the common people through all the country round, and was, moreover, often consulted by his rich and intelligent neighbors. His most conspicuous cures were effected in the line of sprains and fractures, and his principal remedy was a salve the secret of which had descended through nearly a century to one member of the family in each generation, but is now supposed to be buried with its late possessor.

In a letter to a friend in Berlin, Professor Nordenskjold lately wrote as follows: "As for my expedition to Greenland, it is my intention, starting from Auleitsivikfjord on the west coast in 65° 30′ north latitude, to push into the interior. Relying on the fact that all the winds which reach the coast from the interior are dry and comparatively warm, I believe, contrary to the prevailing opinion, that the interior is free from ice. I further believe that, under the meteorological conditions now existing south of 80° north latitude, ice-covered continents are a physical impossibility."

Conspicuous among the really useful consular reports published by the State Department at Washington is a translation of the tariff laws and duties of Mexico by the Hon. Warner P. Sutton, United States Consul-General for Northern Mexico at Matamoros. The United States Minister to Mexico and the Mexican Minister to the United States have cordially commended the accuracy and arrangement of this translation, and American merchants will find it useful and trustworthy. It is Number 20—June, 1882—in the series of Consular Reports.

A fortune-teller named Eliza Loveridge recently called upon the wife of a small tradesman in Wolverhampton, England, and after shuffling a pack of cards solemnly informed her that her worst enemy was her mother-in-law. This revelation seems to have fallen directly in line with the wife's apprehensions, for she immediately paid half-a-crown to have the old lady "paralyzed," promising as her part of the contract to obtain a lock of her husband's hair and some "dragon's blood," and to steal a small quantity of flour from a neighboring shop. At this point the husband ascertained what was going on and procured a warrant for the arrest of the fortune-teller.

The Art Museum of Cincinnati, for which $315,000 was subscribed nearly two years ago, is to be placed in Eden Park, among the hills overlooking the city. The foundations have been laid and one wing of the building, which is to be a fine limestone structure, will probably be completed this year. About half of the electro-plate fac-similes of the art objects in gold and silver owned by the Governments of Russia and Holland, and duplicated from the copies in the Kensington Museum, have been received. The complete collection, ordered by Judge Hosley two years ago, numbers 600 pieces, and will cost about $30,000. A fine collection of antique arms and armor has just been received from Europe.

BLAINE AND THE CAMERONS.

BLAINE'S NOTIONS AS TO RELIGIOUS TOLERATION.

Mr. Blaine's good-natured toleration of the Camerons, father and son, in spite of their open hostility and secret treachery, has sometimes been a trial to his friends, who were amazed at finding Don Cameron hanging in frequent personal attendance about the man whom his State wanted for the Presidency in 1876 and in 1880, and against whom on each occasion he relentlessly used his political machine. An old private letter of Mr. Blaine's, obviously never intended for publication, but which somebody has recently given to the press, is especially interesting in showing that Mr. Blaine at least was never deceived by Don Cameron's personal attentions and profuse protestations of friendliness for him "if only Grant were out of the way."

There is a sort of family connection which may in part explain the toleration. Cameron married a Sherman and one of the Shermans (the General) is married to a favorite cousin of Blaine's. The exhumed private letter is as follows:

WASHINGTON, March 10, 1876.

MY DEAR FRIEND: I agree with you that the charge of my being a Catholic is very provoking, considering the motive that inspires it, and very exasperating when I see it connived at, if not in fact originated, by men who sat with me in Presbyterian Bible class when I was a student and you a professor in Washington College. The charge is part and parcel of the tactics of the Cameron gang to rob me of the Pennsylvania delegates, when in fact four-fifths of the Republicans of the State desire my nomination. My ancestors on my father's side were, as you know, always identified with the Presbyterian Church, and they were prominent and honored in the old colony of Pennsylvania several generations before the Camerons blessed Scotland by leaving it.

But while thanking you for what you have done to set my Pittsburg friends right on this question, I will never consent to make any public declaration upon the subject, and for two reasons: First, because I abhor the introduction of anything that looks like a religious test or qualification for office in a republic where perfect freedom of conscience is the birthright of every citizen, and second, because my mother was, as you well know, a devoted Catholic. I would not for a thousand Presidencies speak a disrespectful word of my mother's religion, and no pressure will draw me into any avowal of hostility or indifference to Catholics, though I have never received and do not expect any political support from them. You are at liberty to show this to the gentleman who urged you to write me.

Many thanks for your kind invitation, but I can hardly promise myself the pleasure of a visit to Western Pennsylvania this spring. You know, however, that a large part of my heart is always in the Monongahela Valley. Always sincerely your friend, J. G. BLAINE.

Dr. James King, Pittsburg.

PUBLIC OPINION.

BROTHERS IN TROUBLE.

From The Philadelphia Press (Rep.)

Henry Watterson is having almost as much trouble in Louisville as Edwin Booth in Philadelphia. The Democrat is in the throes of a Salmi Morse in producing the "Passion Play."

A GOOD TIME FOR A NEW START.

From The Philadelphia Press (Rep.)

The vacancy which has come by a hand other than his own gives the President an opportunity which he might have sought from no chilly making. It enables him to do something toward supplying the main defects of his Cabinet. His Cabinet is weak—it should be strengthened. It is one-sided—and should be broadened. It is not representative—and should be made to stand for all the great elements of the party. It fails to embody in any adequate degree the vigorous progressive forces of Republicanism—and should be adjusted to recognize and reflect the sentiment without which Republicanism cannot succeed. The man called to the Cabinet in place of Mr. Howe should be a strong and able statesman, a real Republican leader, not a factionist, not a mere politician, but a man with the political sense, and in quick sympathy with the vital advance elements of the party. And it would be no misfortune if there could be such a representative Republican in the place of one or two other members of the Cabinet.

AN INSTRUCTIVE COMPARISON.

From The Hartford Courant (Rep.)

It is well to look once in a while at the quotations of a few State bonds that are not printed in our market reports. Arkansas 6s bring 15 per cent of their par, Louisiana old bonds bring 36 and later issues bring 65. North Carolina bonds range from 5 to 31. South Carolinas vary from 4 to 50. Tennessee bonds are about alike, ranging only between 40 and 45. Virginia issues go all the way from 11 to 45. These shameful figures of repudiation tell their own story. But the moral that is so often drawn—that a repudiating State has no credit—is all moonshine. Georgia, Alabama and South Carolina, which have repudiated, have to-day new issues of bonds selling above par, while the old promises to pay are almost worthless. So, too, Minnesota has cheated her creditors, and it is greatly to the credit of Connecticut that our Legislature has refused to admit the new Minnesota bonds to the list of trust investments permitted by law. If enough States would take the honest attitude of Connecticut there would be more municipal honor. States cannot sue and recover on defaulted bonds, but an honest State can forbid purchases by savings banks and trustees of the promises made by States that have already broken faith with their creditors.

MUSIC AND DRAMA.

ITALIAN OPERA—THE FLYING DUTCHMAN.

The second representation of Wagner's opera last evening attracted a larger audience than the first performance. Indeed, the Academy was filled after the manner of a Patti night. It is scarcely too much to say that the rendering last evening deserves only praise. The entire representation was distinctly superior to the former one, chiefly of course in ensemble, but even the solo artists gained certainty, and perhaps confidence, from their earlier appearance in a work so trying and difficult. The four leading artists last evening really left little to be desired. Mme. Albani's dramatic art and the beauty of her singing have never during her visit to America appeared so clearly as in the second act, especially in the great duo of the last scene. Signor Galassi was superb throughout, in the romantic and striking role which befits him so perfectly. Signor Manfredi's *Dalando* was a close, careful study of the sordid, boorish captain. Signor Ravelli was in remarkably good voice.

The orchestra deserved peculiar praise.

THE MUDDY DAY.

The dramatic sensation, last night, within the city limits, was the new play at the Theatre Comique. This is called "The Muddy Day," and it may be described as a frolic in three sections. Mr. Edward Harrigan is the author of it, and himself and Mr. Tony Hart are the representatives of its chief characters. It drew a multitude of spectators,—the theatre being crowded to its extreme limit,—and it was received with almost incessant laughter. The absolute lawlessness of the nonsense that it comprises is in part accountable for this result, but the better part of its success is attributable to the skill, talent and thoroughness of embellishment with which a mass of absurdity is handled by the principal actors. "The Muddy Day" is the name of a scow, of which *Roger McNab* (Mr. Harrigan) is captain, and which is provided with a crew of Irishmen. *Captain McNab* is a suitor for the hand of *Mrs. Mary Ann O'Leary* (Tony Hart), an Irish widow, employed as a servant in a family of Quakers. *Captain Schoonover*, a German (Mr. H. A. Fisher), commander of the scow King William, manned by Italians, is the rival of *Captain McNab*, alike in love and business. The piece displays these marine heroes in their contest for the widow and for thirty-two loads of Broadway mud. These few details serve sufficiently to indicate the drift and character of the piece. Mr. Harrigan could not reasonably be expected to carry the facility of invention much further than he had already done in this photographic field. The subject is limited to a few types of character and a few sets of incidents. Here, as in "Squatter Sovereignty," two parties of pugnacious peasants are opposed, and a loquacious and comical Irishwoman is in quest of a fugacious article of property. A Billy Goat was pursued in that piece, a feather bed in "McSorley's Inflation," and now it is a trunk in which the widow preserves the portrait and the side-whiskers of her deceased husband. The first act breaks up in a fight betwixt the rival scow-captains and their respective crews; and the second ends with the sinking of a negro church, at the water side—as the culmination of a Fair, at which the widow's hallowed relics, stolen by a negro, have been exposed for sale. There are the usual interludes of negro farce, and there are songs and dances, all along the line of the representation. The piecing incident, in act second, was unpleasantly coarse, and the christening incident failed of being funny because it was suggestive of cruelty and pain. Some little time was lost in preliminaries, but once the frolic is started the piece rattles along its aimless course with incessant gaiety. A story of sadness is cast upon the Quakers, but this was inapt, and there was somewhat too much of levity on the score of the negro Bethel. The features that carry this nonsense and that will be remembered are the exceedingly droll and comically faithful impersonation of the shrewd widow by Tony Hart, and the caricatured manner of Mr. Harrigan, together with a band of conscientiously correct auxiliaries and a general excellence of character costume.

CINDERELLA AT SCHOOL.

The clever and bright musical comedy, "Cinderella at School," is too well known to the New-York public to require description. It was produced last evening at the Fifth Avenue Theatre with a strong cast, under the management of Mr. Henry E. Dixey, who himself played *Professor Syntax*, the other chief characters being taken by Mr. Paul Arthur, Mr. Eugene Clark, Mr. Frank Rea, Mr. W. P. Bown, Miss Vernona Jarbeau, Miss Rose Temple and Miss Francesca Gutierrie.

Mr. Dixey's characteristic humor scarcely needs mention more than his excellent quality of invariably respecting the limits of good taste. Mr. Arthur made much of the part of *Jack Polo*, and Miss Jarbeau and Miss Temple were specially good. Miss Gutierrie's vocal powers were useful. The music generally was satisfactory, the chorus being excellent; the hunting song of the first act was capitally done and was re-demanded.

The performance throughout was in every manner commendable and well deserves attention during the single week for which it will hold the Fifth Avenue stage.

MADISON SQUARE THEATRE.

It has been decided to change the bill at the Madison Square Theatre next week. "Young Mrs. Winthrop," accordingly, will be withdrawn, to make way for "A Russian Honeymoon,"—the comedy by Mrs. Burton-Harrison which was acted at this theatre, some time ago by amateurs, but which now will be presented by the regular company. Miss Ada Dyas is to enact a lady styled the *Baroness Vladimir*, and Mrs. Agnes Booth is cast for the *Countess Worofski*. This latter person corresponds to *Juliana* in "The Honeymoon,"—the well-known English comedy by John Tobin, on which, and on "The Lady of Lyons," "A Russian Honeymoon" appears to have been founded. Tobin's piece, as is well known, dates back to 1805, and a sentimental Hibernian has recently discovered and promulgated that Tobin was an Irishman—for the reason that he was buried near Cork. As a matter of fact he was born at, or near, Salisbury, in England, of English parents, and his burial at Cork was incidental to his having died there on shipboard, on his way to the West Indies. All this, of course, is an old story—but many an old story has to be told nowadays, in view of the astonishing