CAPITAL GOSSIP.

PECUNIARY, ARTISTIC AND PERSONAL.

FEATURES OF RECENT FAILURES—MEMORIES OF WHISTLER—CONGRESSIONAL BASEBALL ADMIRERS.

[FROM THE REGULAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.]

WASHINGTON, June 21.—The failures of several bankers here within the last few weeks, and the irregularities in the accounts of the disbursing clerks of the departments, have again drawn attention to the spirit of speculation so prevalent among Government employes. In each of the failures clerks who draw on an average not more than from $20 to $50 a week were involved. One of the speculating bankers seems to have had almost a monopoly of Congressmen. Among his customers were at least twenty-five members, each of whom had a running account at the "bank," the profits from which he would reinvest instead of drawing them out. On the morning of the failure many well-known public men met each other much to their mutual surprise, no doubt, in the office of the bucket-shop keeper, who in the meantime had decamped and left nothing behind him except an empty safe and the recollection of some very good dinners with which he was in the habit of luring his victims to their destruction.

A characteristic of all the failures announced so far is the rottenness of the concerns. The proportion which the liabilities bear to the assets is simply startling. Practically there are no assets, and the liabilities amount, in the case of three bankers, to over a million dollars. This seems small when compared with the Grant & Ward failure, but is comparatively larger and more keenly felt among a greater number of people than in New-York—where more money, of course, is involved, but where the ventures, investments and risks taken do not represent, as they do here, the savings of many years, or a large proportion of the annual income of the loser. Many of the sufferers by these failures will probably never present their claims, because they are for the most part based upon speculations which would, if known, compromise them in their official position.

The failure of one of these concerns especially has been received with very little sympathy on the part of the public. It was one of the "ten per cent" establishments, or in other words one of those places where Government clerks could get money advanced at the rate of 10 per cent a month upon the assignment of their salaries. This establishment had many depositors who each left their money there with the understanding that they should have the lion's share in the 10 per cent transactions. Among them were Government employes in high places, it is said, who by their course gave direct encouragement to those harpies from whom it was their duty to protect their subordinates. Nobody will feel sorry that they were deceived by greater skinflints than they themselves tried to be.

An addition to the statuary in the old House of Representatives has been made in the course of the week. It is the gift of the State of Pennsylvania, and represents Peter Muhlenberg, the "fighting parson" of the Revolution. As a work of art it is better than the average statue in the collection, which is not saying much. Considering that it is the work of a young woman—Miss Blanche Nevin, of Philadelphia—it is in many ways remarkable and gives promise of far better things from her hand in the future.

Muhlenberg was educated for the ministry and preached in Woodstock, Va. His last sermon was upon the duties men owe to their country; and saying, "There is a time for all things; a time to preach and a time to fight, and now is the time to fight," he stripped off his gown, put on a uniform, read his commission as colonel, and formed a regiment among his parishioners. It is this episode which the artist has selected for representation in her work. Muhlenberg is clad in full uniform, that of the Continentals. He is in the act of throwing off the ministerial robes which have up to that moment concealed from his congregation the practical turn of his warlike spirit. The left hand grasps the sword at his side, while the right is engaged in casting aside the gown. One foot is put well forward, as in the act of stepping out of the pulpit. The face is that of a youth scarce twenty years old, effeminate, almost, and lacking in character. It has none of that determination which one would naturally look for in a man capable of such energetic conduct. It may, nevertheless, be a good portrait, the artist having had access, it is understood, to a number of paintings and prints put at her disposal by the Muhlenberg family. Taken as a whole, the pose of the figure is a little too theatrical. It is almost offensively aggressive and lacks dignity and stateliness. In some of the details, however, the work shows remarkable cleverness. The folds of the robe are as perfect as the heavy material in the hands of the sculptor would permit it to be. The modelling of the hands, too, shows considerable talent. It is only taken as a whole that the feeling which the work produces in the beholder is one of disappointment and regret at the inadequacy of the treatment of the subject.

Among the pictures of ex-Speakers of the House of Representatives—they are for the most part "cheap and nasty" crayon copies, taken from oil paintings or prints of the period—which hang in the lobby of the House, at the rear of the Speaker's chair, there is one to which no name is attached and the identity of which has long been a matter of conjecture. It has hung there for years and no one, apparently, has known where it came from. The other day Mr. Rockwell, of Massachusetts, examined the full list of Speakers and, upon comparing it with the names represented in the collection of portraits, found that all the Speakers figured in the collection except Theodore Sedgwick, of Massachusetts, Speaker of the House during the VIth Congress, December, 1799, to March 3, 1801, and Nathaniel Macon, of North Carolina, who was Speaker from 1801 to 1807. In talking of the matter with Mr. Spofford, the Librarian, the latter at once recollected to have seen a small volume entitled "A History of Berkshire County, Clergymen and Laymen," which he thought might throw some light on the subject and which he forthwith hunted up. The book was found to contain a steel engraved portrait of Judge Sedgwick. What lends additional interest to the matter, especially to New-York, is the fact that the author of the book is none other than the Rev. David D. Field, father of David Dudley and Cyrus W. Field. The portrait in the book gives a profile view of Judge Sedgwick with wig and queue. That in the House lobby is a full face portrait without a wig. The general appearance of the two, however, is such as to justify the belief that both are portraits of Speaker Sedgwick. This belief is strengthened by what Judge Bennett, of North Carolina, says in regard to ex-Speaker Macon, whose portrait is missing altogether. Mr. Macon, it appears from the statements of members of his family, would never consent to have his portrait taken. He seemed to have a prejudice against such a course, and in the instance of an artist who had attempted to take a sketch of him clandestinely compelled the offender to desist from his purpose by the most violent threats of what was to befall him if he persisted in his nefarious design. Mr. Rockwell has also written to Mrs. Rackemann, of Lenox, Mass., one of the grand-daughters of Judge Sedgwick, about the matter. While there is still some doubt in regard to the identity of the portrait, it seems probable that Mr. Rockwell's surmises will prove to be correct.

Whistler, the eccentric artist, passed a winter here in Washington almost twenty years ago. His artistic talent had even then been developed to a marked degree,—it seems he stood high in drawing while at West Point,—and some of his pen and ink sketches made at that time are said to have given promise of the work he has since done. According to *The Capital* he was while here temporarily attached to the office of the Coast Survey as a topographical draughtsman, but not being at first especially familiar with the class of work to which he had been assigned, his pay was small, and he occupied limited quarters at an unpretentious boarding house. A sketch of his "attic" is still preserved by the friend to whom he gave it. It represents the young artist preparing his morning cup of coffee assisted by a grotesque-looking "Topsy," who has just handed a cup of the steaming beverage to an impecunious lodger with Micawber proclivities. The "knowing" manner with which the guest, as a professed connoisseur, manipulates the acceptable offering, and the exquisite satisfaction with which the host contemplates the result of his agreeable occupation, are quaintly portrayed. It is said that he delineated, with pencil and crayon, upon the walls of his attic, many excellent caricatures. The exact location of the humble room where Whistler lived while in Washington is somewhat uncertain, all the obtainable knowledge on the subject being that it was on Twelfth-st., somewhere near Pennsylvania-ave. Those who knew Whistler in the days of his obscurity and adversity speak admiringly of his unfailing good nature under circumstances calculated to daunt a bold heart, and of his ready wit, which at all times made him a companion to be heartily welcomed.

The friends of the project to put the Bartholdi Statue of Liberty on Bedloe's Island in New-York Harbor have obtained permission to place a model of the statue and pedestal inside the Capitol. The resolution did not pass the Senate without some comment, not at all complimentary in its nature to the indifference of New-York capitalists, which made the exhibition of a model in the halls of Congress necessary in order to secure attention and money.

Congressman Dorsheimer is industriously at work on his life of Martin Van Buren for the "American Statesman" series. His contract with the publishers calls for the delivery of the manuscript by October 1. Some new material has been put into his hands by the grand-daughter of Van Buren, which has not been at the disposal of historical writers heretofore. While not shedding a new or even a different light upon the history of his Administration, these papers are said to contain many data concerning men and things of more than local or temporary interest, which the lack of space and the limited scope of his work will not permit Mr. Dorsheimer to use.

The sporting element in the House, now that the short season of races in the neighborhood is over, is reduced to the game of baseball for its amusement. There are some members who never miss a game, and who obtain pears, if necessary, to witness the "sport." Messrs. Hiscock, Adams, Belmont and Payne can be counted upon to appear on the grand stand whenever a New-York club plays. "Sam" Miller, of Pennsylvania, however, is always there, no matter what club is on the field. Representative O'Neill, of St. Louis, too, is an ardent admirer of the game and rarely misses a chance to take a hand in it when business permits. He is vice-president of his home club and an expert.

Welcker's Hotel, the scene of many of "Sam" Ward's brilliant entertainments, is undergoing improvements which will not only enlarge the accommodations but add materially to the looks of Fifteenth-st. The imposing building just above the hotel, intended for the Columbian University, is another building which, when finished, will prove an architectural ornament to the city.

MR. HOWELLS'S OPERETTA.

HOW IT CAME TO BE WRITTEN.

EXPERIMENTING ON AN ENGLISHMAN—MR. HENSCHEL AND THE MUSIC.

[FROM A STAFF CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.]

BOSTON, June 20.—In a comfortable, roomy, old-fashioned house in Louisburg Square which he has occupied since his return from Europe last year, Mr. Howells spends portions of these sultry days in correcting the proof-sheets of the opuretta which he is writing in co-operation with Mr. Henschel. Occasional whiffs of sea odors float into his work-room to keep him in mind of the theatre of his original inspiration, and to alternate most deliciously with the hot blasts from the baking walls round about; and when he would have relief from the contemplation of latter-day American character he has only to saunter to the front window of his sitting-room to glance through a vista of noble trees and see a queer old Greek garden statue only a stone's-throw distant, wrapped in a toga of dingy marble everlasting stuff.

The bulk of Mr. Howells's work on the operetta is complete. He finished the libretto some weeks ago, and such writing as he still does on it is only in the way of occasional changes made to meet the exactions of Mr. Henschel's muse. Mr. Henschel has withdrawn himself to the solitude of Haydenville, in Hampshire County, Mass., and there has given himself up wholly to the work of musical composition. He has completed the first act and is now well into the second. He is reversing the ordinary process and is writing the pianoforte score first, reserving the orchestration for work aboard and in Europe. He intends to return to England in July, setting sail about the middle of the month. Curiosity is naturally on tip-toe regarding the result of the collaboration, but thus far everybody has been baffled. Except that the title of the operetta is "A Sea Change; or, Love's Stowaway," that Mr. Tyler, of the Bijou Theatre, has secured the right of performance, and that it will be brought out on November 10, the public knows nothing about the operetta. That the scene of action is on ship-board is an easy deduction from the title of the operetta.

Perhaps not half a dozen persons have seen Mr. Howells's libretto. Together with the music it is to be published by James R. Osgood & Co., and it will unquestionably be issued in separate form in order that it may receive the attention that every literary production from Mr. Howells's graceful pen deserves. The secret of its dramatic motive is locked up in a few breasts, and the home criticism which the author has availed himself of is that of his eldest daughter. Surreptitious borrowing, to call it by no harder name, is a very common practice since the American theatre was seized with a hunger for novelties in the line of musical comedy, and the manager of the Bijou is haunted by visions of wicked printers emulative of the unconsionable type-setter of whom newspaper tradition relates that once he carried off the first impression of a Presidential message on a portion of his linen. Even in Mr. Tyler's own theatre this week, the merry-makers from the theatre of similar name in New-York have interpolated in "Blue Beard" one of the popular songs from "Nell Gwynne," the operetta which Mr. Metcalf has reserved for himself next season. And so it is that every precaution has been taken to keep the little secret of what constitutes the dramatic concert of "A Sea Change." But the story of how it came to be written may be told.

Nearly two years ago Mr. Henschel, who by the way has already an opera of a heroic cast in the list of his accomplishments, went to Mr. Howells with a request for a libretto. The novelist thought favorably of the idea, and promised Mr. Henschel some day to do the work. He has a liking for dramatic writing, and probably turned with some of the fervor of an old-time love to the notion of again trying his hand at versifying. Mr. Howells was a poet before he was a novelist; a tradition for which I decline to vouch in any way, but which still clings about a newspaper with which he was connected in his youth, would seem to imply in a humorous manner that he was more a poet than a journalist at that period. At least I am told that among the stories about the many distinguished graduates from the old *Cincinnati Gazette* is one to the effect that once upon a time young Howells preferred to send down from Columbus an original poem on Spring instead of a piece of sensational news, and that whatever may have been thought of his rhymes his journalistic stock went down in the estimation of the grossic editor. But this story is probably apocryphal. Whether it is a revival of the old love or not that made him willing to write lines for music I do not know, but it is certain that he is in love with his occupation now. Before he had begun the fulfilment of his promise to Mr. Henschel, he published his little parlor comedy, "The Register," in *Harper's Monthly*. A Boston musician asked him to turn it into a libretto. This recalled his promise to Mr. Henschel and he discussed the feasibility of the transformation with the musician. But Mr. Henschel wanted an operetta which he could bring out in London as well as New-York, and here the question arose whether the English people would be able to understand the part which the register plays in the little magazine comedy. In this dilemma the plotters made an experiment on a Briton. They submitted the comedy to Mr. Henry Irving and one of his friends, also an Englishman. The first remark of the latter sealed the fate of "The Register."

"Ah, yes, you know, but what is a register? Something attached to a stove, is it not?"

There was a register under their very noses at the time, but the demonstration was complete.

"The Register" would never do for an operetta to be performed in London. Mr. Howells then recalled some of the humors of his ocean voyage and evolved the comedy idea which is at the basis of "A Sea Change." He sketched the first act, filled in the portions for music and gave the lines to Mr. Henschel, then worked the act into its present shape while Mr. Henschel was setting the lines. The second act he worked out in detail as he went along.

The operetta will be given first in Boston at the Bijou Theatre under the musical direction of Mr. Neuendorff, who was for many years manager of a German theatre in New-York. Mr. Neuendorff is himself a musician and has several times ventured on the slippery path of operatic composition with a fair amount of success; but always in German. With his help, the graceful if dignified muse of Mr. Henschel ought to succeed in charming at least that portion of the Boston public which is ready to accept something better than the hotch-potches of farce and music which now frequently parade under the name of comic operetta. Bostonians are inclined to think that the operetta of Mr. Howells and Mr. Henschel may be the beginning, not only of a solution of the vexed question of an American school of music, but also of the entire problem presented by the moribund condition of opera in general.

TOPICS IN LEADING CITIES.

SAN FRANCISCO.

SMALLPOX AMONG IMMIGRANTS—POLITICAL—MRS. LANGTRY'S COW-BOY.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE TRIBUNE.]

SAN FRANCISCO, June 21.—A sensation was caused here this week by the discovery of a case of smallpox among the Chinese passengers on a Pacific Mail steamer from Hong Kong. The captain reported a clean bill. Quarantine officers examined all the Chinese and gave a permit to land. When one of the Chinese women was landing a small boy whom she carried in her arms attracted the attention of custom officers by eruptions on his face. Inspection showed that he had a bad case of smallpox. Over 500 Chinese had landed and already reached Chinatown, but about 600 were on the wharf and vessel. These were corralled at once and the vessel sent out into the stream. Naturally the presence in the city of the Chinese who had been exposed to infection created some excitement, but thus far no new cases are reported. The incident shows what extraordinary care must be taken to prevent the spread of disease, as the Chinese secrete all persons suffering from any ailment and have not the faintest conception of necessary sanitary cautions. Custom house books show that 400 more Chinese have arrived here during the first five months of this year than in the whole of last year. Arrivals to June 16 this year were 3,200, or three times the number for the same month last year. This great increase is due partly to frauds in the return certificate business and partly to the great number of Chinese who have returned from a New Year's visit to their homes. There is still complaint from the Canadian line of coolies smuggled across the border into this country.

Many local Democrats have repudiated the action of the Stockton Convention in regard to nominations for Congress. That convention in choice of nominees was controlled by "Boss" Buckley, local manager of the machine and dispenser of spoils. Several independent clubs have been formed advocating the return of Mr. Sumner to Congress. Hastings, the "Boss's" candidate, has been identified with the public school ring here and is not popular.

One of the first Blaine and Logan pine cones from Maine reached this city this week. It was exhibited at the post office and attracted much attention.

Two newspapers which started out bravely last February as simon-pure Anti-Monopoly Democratic journals came to an untimely end this week. One was *the Daily Star*, a wretched little evening paper which cribbed all its news from morning journals and made up what it lacked in news by virulence of attacks on all corporations and monopoly interests. The only clever thing which it did during its brief existence was to expose the unpopularity of Justice Field in this State. The other journal was *The Sea Foam Scots*, a weekly devoted to politics and literature. Mr. Mackey was credited with furnishing money to start it out of friendship for one of the proprietors who imagined he was an able editor. This man wrote dreary doggerel which he fancied was poetry, while his associate lampooned prominent people in the style of the professional blackguard, so there will be no mourners at its funeral.

Mrs. Langtry has done good business this week, the first night there being an especially brilliant house, as fashionable people came in from all the watering places to see her. She has been attended while here by a wealthy Wyoming cow-boy named Odricks, an Englishman who followed her from Salt Lake, where he gained notoriety by occupying a proscenium box during her engagement. The beauty lives in her special car, which is sidetracked at the Central Pacific Depot—not a spot conducive to slumber, as freight trains come in at all hours of the night.

Stetson's company with James O'Neill as star in "Monte Cristo" has also drawn large houses. O'Neill is an old California favorite and has been given a hearty welcome.

John B. Gough is lecturing to good audiences on "Peculiar People."

CHICAGO.

HARRISON AND THE GAMBLERS—VOCAL CONSERVATORY—ANGLOMANIA.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE TRIBUNE.]

CHICAGO, June 21.—The raiding of gamblers has been altogether the most noteworthy event of the week. It has exemplified in an unmistakable way the close relations of the Mayor with a gambling and criminal class which has had the protection of the police so long as it did his political bidding. Through four years of administrative control Mayor Harrison has affected to believe that gambling did not exist in the city in the face of the iteration and reiteration of the local press. The facts are and have been well understood that gambling has been as free in Chicago as in any frontier town, but safety from police molestation was only to be found in the five or six "protected" establishments, the presiding genius over which has been Michael C. McDonald, whose relations with the head of the city administration have been close and confidential hitherto in all political movements. The most degrading feature of the police protective system has been the indubitable evidence that the principals thus shielded by the Mayor's wing have grown affluent and have latterly displayed arrogance toward their protector. There have been spasmodic police raids in the past of small establishments not recognized by the administration or the gambler chief, but this has been the extent of raiding the city of them. The "Castle" of McDonald has been protected through all these years, and likewise the other houses supposed to be controlled by him, which have furnished the sinews of war for many a Democratic campaign. Last Wednesday night, however, there was a raid which singled out these gambling houses, and 400 men and boys found in them were marched off to the police stations. The raid was as erratic as any act which has marked the Harrison administration, and the confession as to its purpose is as shameless as could possibly be chronicled in political annals. The Mayor openly declares that it has been done to "break up the machine." On the day preceding the raid occurred the Democratic primaries to select delegates to the State and National Conventions, and in three of them the "machine" was victorious over Harrison. From his own district he was to be allowed to go as a delegate to the National Convention, and his fellow-delegate was to be the gambler McDonald. For this breaking away from the Mayor's control, Mr. Harrison says he will demonstrate to them who is master of the city, and he emphasizes it by raiding five notorious gambling dens that have been allowed to flourish through two administrations. The public cuticle may be very thick sometimes, but this final exploit lays bare more certainly than ever before the utterly shameless order of morality kept in reserve by the present Democratic administration. On Thursday night the raid was repeated, but the inmates were few. The gambling implements seized are supposed to be worth $10,000, and they have been destroyed. Yesterday the gambling fraternity showed evidence, of an unconditional surrender, upon which the moral cyclone set in motion by the Mayor will cease and gambling will assume its ordinary routine.

The proposition to institute a National Conservatory of Vocal Art in this country, which certain wealthy gentlemen of this city and New-York have promised to extend aid toward establishing, is assuming tangible shape. The idea is to have a conservatory of such magnitude as to afford a finished education to vocalists in this country, instead of sending them to Europe. Christine Nilsson when in this city intimated that she would be willing to assume charge of the vocal and dramatic department of such an institution, and in a letter received here during the past week she reiterates this in these words: "The idea of a grand National Conservatory of Vocal Art in this new world is very dear to my heart, and it is my wish that such an institution should be the result of my life work as an artist. If the people of this great land are in earnest in regard to it, I will accede to the desire of the people who have spoken to me about it, and will accept the position of directress of the vocal and dramatic department." She states further that she is willing to have Signor Brignoli act for her in the matter during her absence in Europe.

The proposition to hold Sunday races has resulted in a number of indignation meetings, one of which was largely attended by the German clergy and their parishioners, the imputation having been made that Sunday racing was to be inaugurated in the interest of German residents mainly. A more practical movement, however, is the formation of an organization which contemplates preventing the innovation by a court injunction, and notice has been given the managers of the Driving Park that Sunday racing will be prevented by an appeal to the courts under the State law. This latter movement is being properly sustained, and it is not now believed that any attempt will be made to carry out the proposition for seventh-day racing.

Bishop McLaren was interviewed this week and declined to state whether his letter of dismissal of the Rev. Arthur Ritchie, sent to Bishop Potter, of New-York, had been assented to or not. Speaking about Episcopal Church matters, it transpires that the surplised choir and the other mild ritualistic forms introduced by Dr. Vibbert in the fashionable St. James's Church is disturbing the souls of the vestry of that church, and it is reported that they are circulating a petition for the removal of Dr. Vibbert as they did in the case of the Rev. Dr. Courtney and other eminent ecclesiastics who preceded him. The ground is that the parish cannot endure the High Church innovations. The amusing feature of it all is that the vestry is mostly composed of gentlemen prominent in political warfare, and given to predilections which it would hardly be thought would be disturbed by a little church ritual, no matter in what direction it tended. But they, nevertheless, seem imbued with the thought that they must keep their clergy on the move.

The first premonition of the coming of the Democratic hosts is the flying of a large banner bearing the legend, "We honor the man whose name we bear; headquarters of the Samuel J. Randall Association, Philadelphia." This has been suspended in front of the Commercial Hotel, and is to remain there until after the Convention. It has already weathered one or two storms, but is somewhat frayed, and the superstitious opine that if the candidate emulates his banner he will be in forlorn shape when the balloting is ended.

A sorry figure appeared in the Armory Police Court on Wednesday who gave the name of F. Warren, but who is in fact ex-Governor F. F. Moses, of South Carolina, whose exploits in New-York attracted some attention. He was arrested on the charge of obtaining money under false pretences and was held for the criminal court on two charges. When the court had passed upon the case he declared that he had not given the police the name of Warren. He declared that he had refused to give any name, "not for the purpose of misleading the police, but for the sake of saving other people pain."

The extraordinary fact has been developed that an Anglomania school has been opened here in a quiet way, which is attended by a limited number of weak-minded young men. The presiding genius is declared to be none other than an English hostler, who came over with the Lorillards, and he has taken quarters and professes to be able to coach his pupils in Cockney slang and English club etiquette.

An agent who has been employed by the County Board to look up cases of unequal assessment is preparing a somewhat startling report. In the heart of the city he will demonstrate that the assessments range from one-fifteenth to one-eighth of the real value, while in the residence and poorer business districts the assessments are generally up to the full legal limit.

NEW-ORLEANS.

POLITICS—LEPROSY—HIGH LICENSE—QUARANTINE.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE TRIBUNE.]

NEW-ORLEANS, June 21.—The Republican leaders here are not working harmoniously. Surveyor Pinchback and Postmaster Merchant have united against Naval Officer Dumont and Collector Badger. They are all in the State Central Committee. Some days ago Pinchback and Merchant wrote to Dumont and Badger suggesting that there were too many Custom House officials on the committee, which was a polite way of recommending the withdrawal of the last named. Dumont and Badger accepted the suggestion but not the recommendation, but expressed a willingness to receive and favorably consider the resignations of Pinchback and Merchant. Thereupon Merchant issued a circular to the voters of the State booming Blaine and left for Augusta to see the head of the Republican ticket. The trouble between the leaders has not disturbed the voters, and they continue to organize and hurrah for Blaine with no thought or care of the differences between the big men.

It was understood before the Democratic State Convention met that the party leaders had decided that the delegation to Chicago should be instructed for Tilden, and as the expectations were realized the proceedings of the Convention excited no great interest, although the action with reference to Tilden was generally approved by the Democrats. The one incident which attracted any amount of attention was the kick made by Police Judge Ford, a delegate from the Fourth Ward. During the election for delegates-at-large to Chicago "Tom" Duffy, chairman of the Fourth Ward, voted it solid, and then Ford arose and with honest indignation in his voice and manner, declared that he was tired of being ruled and voted by bosses and ringsters, and cast his own vote. Ford's action is considered as rather a good joke, as the men whom he intended to reach when he spoke of bosses and ringsters are the men by whose grace he got the office he now holds, and who before the election were his very dear friends.

There was a death from leprosy at the Charity Hospital on Monday last, the victim being a white man named John Schert, twenty-five years of age. The disease manifested itself about a year ago. Schert had been engaged in hauling dead animals for a fertilizer factory, and, it is supposed, contracted the complaint through handling the carrion. When he discovered the nature of his affliction he went to New-York and was treated, but without benefit, and he returned to this city. After he became satisfied that he was incurable, which was about six months ago, he several times attempted to take his own life, and it was only through the watchfulness of his friends and attendants that he was prevented from committing suicide. His condition when he died was most horrible.

Considerable excitement has been created in the city by the increase in the license tax levied on a number of business callings by a bill now pending before the State Legislature, and the State Capitol is to be besieged by committees representing the interests affected who go to protest against the passage of the bill. The liquor-dealers are hit very hard.

The several commercial bodies of the city have met and indorsed the action of the Board of Health in establishing a quarantine of forty days against vessels coming from ports infected with yellow fever. At the same time they have adopted resolutions urging the State Legislature to make an appropriation for the erection of machinery at quarantine station for thorough and scientific disinfection of vessels. The amount needed is estimated at $25,000, and it will probably be appropriated.

BOSTON.

POLITICS—COLLEGE TOPICS—PERSONAL.

[FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.]

BOSTON, June 21.—The question whether the Mayor of the City of Boston is compelled to sign licenses granted by the Police Commissioners has gone before the Supreme Judicial Court this week, together with the question whether two Police Commissioners are as good as three, which is the number fixed by law but not attainable owing to the firmness of the reform Mayor and the obstinacy of the Common Council, which has persisted in blocking the Mayor's purposes. The deadlock between the legislative branch and the executive of the municipal government here is taken by some publicists to be a representative conflict and one that bids fair to be attended with the gravest consequences in all politics, state and National as well as municipal. If the court decides that the Mayor's relation to the issue of licenses is merely ministerial and not revisory, it will be more testimony for the side which claims that the executive tends to become a mere cipher.

Class day at Harvard yesterday was most fortunate in the weather and very creditable in the literary features. As usual of late years, however, there was less spontaneous hearty fun than in the old days, owing to the preciousness of modern youth in social etiquette, which obtains with great rigor and nicety at all points on this occasion.

Tufts College at last reveals the name of the good genius through whose modest munificence it has been building a stone museum of natural history. It is no other than P. T. Barnum, who rather embarrassingly for the college had his "greatest show on earth" here at the time the president of the college made the announcement of the donor's name, hitherto kept a profound secret, so that it was impossible to prevent the good things having the least bit of the tinge of an advertisement. Mr. Barnum being a Universalist and having long had in mind a purpose to do something handsome for the one college representing that faith, naturally turned to a museum. In his letter the great showman himself dubs it the Barnum Museum, so that the famous institution in New-York, which it appears from the address of the president of the college on this occasion was once pronounced by Professor Henry, of the Smithsonian Institution, one of the most important educational centres in this country, lives again and will live long in most honorable associations.

Governor Robinson, who is a native of the locality near the old Lexington turnpike where the college stands, spoke in his usual happy and pointed style, commending the acquisition of liberal education as the surest foundation for "independence," especially as "it is for Massachusetts to be self-judging, fearless, progressive, individual in the highest degree." To the laughter which greeted the word "independence" the Governor quickly responded that he meant nothing political; that it was not the place for such an allusion.

The Bunker Hill Day celebration on Tuesday was signalized by a new departure—an attempt to introduce a sort of Mardi Gras pageant, with a king and courtiers, etc. In spite of the exquisite inappropriateness and absurdity of the affair, considering the associations of the anniversary, it seems to have been a fair success in popular estimation, which welcomes any change from the rowdy procession of "horribles" and the stupid civic celebration of past years.

The decision has been reached by the Harvard authorities not to give to the successors of Governor Butler the degree of LL.D. that was denied to him. In this the party among the overseers, including President Eliot, who opposed withholding the degree from Butler, have a certain retrospective triumph.

The subscription to the fund for the pedestal of the Bartholdi colossus which has been opened in Boston is well received here, and in any other year but this would be quickly successful.

King's Chapel, from which so many of Boston's best loved and honored dead have been buried, witnessed yesterday the funeral of George Baty Blake jr., the banker. Born to wealth and social eminence, he was endeared by his modest, simple manliness and unaffected kindness of heart to every one of all classes who knew him. He had just occupied his beautiful new home in the finest part of Beacon-st. when he was attacked with gastralgia and paralysis.

SPOKES FROM THE HUB.

BOSTON, June 21.—Professor Jebb of Oxford will be entertained by Professors Goodwin and White, of the Greek department of Harvard, during his visit to Cambridge Commencement week.

The engagement was announced this week of Dr. George Webb West, of Chestnut-st., to Miss Rose Saltonstall, daughter of the Hon. Leverett Saltonstall.

The Hasty Pudding Club of Harvard celebrated their annual "Strawberry Night" at the club rooms on Wednesday. "Alonzo the Brave" was played capitally before a full audience.

The Harvard Alumni are already beginning to arrive from other cities to join in the various class dinners and Commencement and Phi Beta Kappa next Wednesday and Thursday. Unusual interest centres in both occasions this year; in the Commencement exercises because of the young colored graduate, and in the Phi Beta Kappa because of the distinguished orator, Professor Jebb, of Oxford, England.

At the meeting of the Overseers of Harvard yesterday, Colonel Henry Lee was chosen trustee of the Museum of Fine Arts in the place of the late T. G. Appleton.

The graduating exercises of the Episcopal Theological School of Cambridge took place in St. John's Memorial Chapel on Wednesday morning. The Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, president of the board of trustees, conferred the degree of Bachelor of Divinity, and Bishop Paddock awarded the documents. After a sermon by the Rev. S. S. Harris, Bishop of Michigan, there was an ordination service performed by Bishop Paddock, of Massachusetts, assisted by Dean Gray, of Cambridge. There were six graduates.

The coming event in fashionable circles is the marriage of Mr. Louis Agassiz Shaw, son of Mr. Quincy A. Shaw, and Miss Mary Saltonstall, daughter of the Hon. Leverett Saltonstall, which will take place on June 30 at the Unitarian Church at Chestnut Hill, Mr. Saltonstall's summer home. Mr. Shaw is a graduate of this year's class at Harvard.

PHILADELPHIA.

SUNDAY MUSIC AT FAIRMOUNT—THE ANGLERS—INDUSTRIAL ART.

[FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.]

PHILADELPHIA, June 21.—What is and what is not "sacred music"? is a question likely to agitate this good city. After many years of earnest consideration, permission is at last granted for Sunday music in Fairmount Park, but upon the sole condition that the music be always and strictly "sacred." "Sacred concerts" at the seashore are often enlivened with selections from Offenbach and Hervé and Lecocq and Strauss, but Offenbach and his lively brothers will probably not be heard in Fairmount. And if they are forbidden, why not also cultivate? But possibly they will pick out sacred airs wherever they find them. In that case they can still do Offenbach. His little song in "Periohole," for instance, should pass muster. But it is a serious question. There will be people in the park, no doubt, with sharp ears, who will call a halt upon the band if there is anything approaching a jig tune. The lot of the band-master will not be a happy one. He may see himself in jail before he gets through.

The Anglers' Association of Eastern Pennsylvania has invited the Pittsburg Association to meet with it in convention. It is thought that a union of all the associations of the State will aid in the efforts for the thorough enforcement of the fish laws.

Stephen Girard left a trust of $500,000, the income to be devoted to improving, lighting and cleaning Delaware-ave. from Vine to South sts. Some of the money is now being used to illuminate the avenue with electricity.

On Tuesday there was another farewell feast to Governor Baum, of Idaho. This time it was a breakfast. There have been dinners, suppers and luncheons innumerable in his honor. Judge Thomas R. Elcock presided, and George Clarke, of the Madison Square Theatre, a long time friend of the Governor, was among those present. Governor Baum is the Editor and owner of *The Sunday Transcript*, which paper during his absence will be edited by Thomas Jackson.

There is to be connected with the Institute for Colored Youth a school of industrial art. A building in the rear of the institute will be erected for the purpose. Mrs. Fanny Jackson Coffin, who has devoted years to the study of industrial art, will have charge of the new branch.

There has lately been a large increase in the number of students in the department of music at the University of Pennsylvania, which was established in 1878. This was brought about by the decision of the trustees last year to grant certificates of proficiency to those who successfully pursued the two years' course. Eight students take certificates this year, to obtain which requires that degrees must be compared. No one has yet secured the degree of Bachelor of Music, but several students are working for it.

The granite work not being ready, the unveiling of the Reynolds Monument is postponed until September 17.

The Public Buildings Commission has been requested by the City Property Committee of Council not to allow the sale of the obscene novelties and pernicious literature at the news stand near the entrance to the City Hall. This is very well so far as it goes, but considering the magnitude of the evil it is rather a weak beginning of a warfare against these shameful prints.

Mayor Smith does not expect to take any vacation, but will remain in the city almost continuously throughout the summer.

When Washington and Franklin Squares were modernized the benches were removed, but within a few weeks they have been restored. The experiment is generally regarded as a failure, and there are repeated complaints in the papers that the seats attract a class of people which will prevent these reservations from being the resorts of women and children. The property-holders in the vicinity of Washington Square have signed a petition asking for the removal of the seats.

Judge Finletter has sentenced a man to three months' imprisonment for pointing a pistol at another. It was one of the "didn't know it was loaded" cases, and the judge acted under a Pennsylvania statute.

BOYCOTTING GOOD FOR THE BOYCOTTED.

VIEWS OF MR. STRAITON, THE CIGAR MANUFACTURER—IT MAKES FREE ADVERTISING.

"What do I think of boycotting?" said John Straiton, senior member of the firm of Straiton & Storm, the cigar manufacturers, who have defeated the Cigar makers' Progressive Union, in response to the inquiry of a TRIBUNE reporter. "Why it's the best means of advertising that a man can have. It is one of the best things that have happened to our firm in a long time. It has given us thousands of dollars of free advertising, has gone a long way toward making us the most popular house in the country, and has largely increased our trade. Yes, sir! You can say that we look upon boycotting as a first rate thing—for us. There is hardly a customer on our book, whose account does not show a large increase in orders; and where the boycotting movement has been strongest the increase in business has been largest. As an example, there is the cigar store of Mr. Lederle, at Grand-st. and the Bowery, where the boycotters had men stationed all the time with cards and circulars. His sales on Saturdays before the strike and boycotting movement averaged about $75. Since the strike they have increased to over $150. He came in to see me this morning, and said that he didn't know what he should do now that the boycotting was over, unless he got up a scheme to boycott himself. A customer of ours from St. Joseph, Mo., told the same story. The Knights of Labor had tried to boycott our cigars, and the result had been a large increase in his business.

"This has been a lesson to the small band of foreign socialists who are at the bottom of this business. Their methods will not pay in this country. Our people have got too much sense to make a business man suffer because he declines to let these men run his business to suit their ideas. On the contrary, our experience has been that it creates a sympathy which is most beneficial to the boycotted subject. In an article printed in THE TRIBUNE it is stated, on the authority of the secretary of the Progressive Union, that the average of wages paid by us to cigarmakers is $8 a week. That is a gross misstatement. Our cigarmakers will average almost twice that sum, and the pay rolls will show it. I feel sorry for the poor people who have been duped by the leaders of the union. Between four and five hundred of them have applied for work to us, and we were only able to take on five. I am confident that most of them were kept away by intimidation, but we can't give them places at the expense of those who have been with us during the strike. The position of these poor creatures is more pitiable than it was before the strike was declared off, for then they had an allowance of $5 a week from the Union. They are without even that now. I see that the Progressive Union lays its defeat to the doors of the International Union, which, they assert, has furnished us with 'scabs,' as they call them. This is a mistake. We have not in our employ above 175 of the International men. The majority of our men are non-union men; men who have seen the folly of allowing themselves to be used by the leaders of the unions; and we intend to keep our shop in that position. Our Board of Arbitration will continue, and all differences between ourselves and our employes will be settled by the Board."

THE UPPER DELAWARE VALLEY.

SUMMER RESORTS AMID MOUNTAINS, LAKES AND STREAMS.

[FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.]

MILFORD, Penn., June 17.—The ten large hotels and boarding houses devoted to the accommodation of city boarders in this village, having been unable even with the aid of private residences to furnish quarters for all who applied for rooms last season, have all increased their capacity for guests this season. Several new cottages will also be opened for summer boarders, and a large new three-story hotel has been erected. The hotels are now all open for the season, and guests are arriving daily. Every room in the famous Fauchere House and cottages is taken. The remarkably hard and smooth roads of this portion of the Delaware Valley have attracted the attention of wheelmen throughout the country, and large numbers of them from New-York, Boston and Philadelphia have secured quarters for the summer at Milford, Dingman's and Bushkill. The road leading from Port Jervis to Bushkill, along the Delaware River, a distance of thirty miles, is one of the marvels of this region. It is a natural boulevard of slate which is ground into dust by the travel over it, forming a roadbed of solid cement ten feet deep. The scenery along the entire route is unrivalled in charming variety.

The attractions of Milford, Dingman's and Bushkill are