NOTES FROM LONDON.

MR. FORSTER'S FUNERAL—MR. SHAW-LEFEVRE—SOCIALISTS—MR. LOWELL.

[FROM THE REGULAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.]

LONDON, April 15.

The gathering in Westminster Abbey last Friday for the service in commemoration of Mr. Forster was among the most numerous and distinguished of recent years within those venerable walls. Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone were of the company, and *The Times*, departing from its usual stiffness in such matters, records how Mr. Gladstone, pausing in the procession, took Mrs. Forster's hands and pressed them in silence, while Mrs. Gladstone bent down and kissed her. It will not soon be forgotten how scrupulously the Prime Minister has fulfilled, since Mr. Forster's death, every obligation of courtesy and friendship to his ex-colleague's memory. The American Minister and Mrs. Phelps were among those who assembled in honor of the stanch friend of America.

Of the rest of that brilliant company I can name only Lord Granville, Lord Selborne, Lord Rosebery, Earl Spencer, Sir William Harcourt, Mr. Goschen, Lord Coleridge—all names well known to you, but hardly better known than many others. Masses of flowers had been sent and in the middle of these was placed upon the coffin a laurel wreath inscribed: "A tribute of admiration and of sorrow from the Imperial Federation League in the Mother Country, Australasia, Canada, South Africa, the West Indies, and throughout the Empire served so well by the Right Hon. W. E. Forster." The service was simple, as befitted the character of him over whose body it was said. Then the coffin was taken to the hearse, and so by rail to his home, Burley-in-Wharfedale, and there he was buried on Saturday. Many thousands of persons had come from Bradford, from Leeds, from all the neighboring towns and many distant places. The ceremony at the grave was that in use by the Society of Friends, for whom Mr. Forster had never lost his attachment. He had desired to be buried in a plain grave and among his own people, and his wish was strictly obeyed. There was a prayer, there were a few sentences of homage to his nobility and steadfastness of character, and then the earth fell upon one who was among the truest Englishmen of his time.

The nomination of Mr. Shaw-Lefevre at Bradford will mislead those who have not followed the history of the Bradford Caucus, and its relations with Mr. Forster. Those relations were simply hostile. Mr. Forster's independence of character was such that he always refused to be dictated to by the wirepullers. He would not submit to the constituency itself when he thought the constituency wrong. His idea of the duty of a representative was that he should use his best faculties and judgment for the benefit of the country. Over and over again he declined to go to the House in the capacity of a mere voting-machine to reflect the caprices of his constituents. The Radicals, some of whom disliked Mr. Forster for other reasons, resented this independence. They tried to discipline him and failed. They tried to run him out and failed. When Bradford was split up by the Redistribution bill the same attempt was renewed in the division for which Mr. Forster elected to sit. That too failed, and the Machine had to come to terms with the Man, and once more the sturdy resoluteness of the statesman triumphed.

But it is too much to expect that the authority which Mr. Forster wielded should survive him. His influence over his party in Bradford was a personal influence. Hardly has the grave closed over him, and already the little politicians of the place are busy in reasserting the control he so long defied. They mean to make Bradford turn its back on the leader who for a quarter of a century sat for the borough in Parliament. They have nominated Mr. Shaw-Lefevre, a Home Ruler, to succeed the man who thought Home Rule a delusion. Bradford is to be asked to stultify itself, and as for the respect it owes to Mr. Forster's memory, what is that in comparison with the pressure of practical politics?

Mr. Shaw-Lefevre is a very worthy and amiable gentleman and much liked by Mr. Gladstone, to whom he has been very useful. He would be in the Cabinet at this moment could he have found a seat in Parliament. Reading rejected him at the general election. Barrow would none of him, even as a candidate, preferring and electing Mr. Caine, a Liberal who stands on an anti-Home Rule platform, or something like it. Mr. Shaw-Lefevre, as you remember, was Mr. Gladstone's Postmaster General, and like other nominal chiefs of that peculiar department, the instrument of Mr. Stevenson Blackwood's will. If he gets in for Bradford he will be an ardent champion of the present Home Rule scheme, and a most serviceable advocate. He has a knowledge of facts, a familiarity with statistics and a profound conviction that questions of high policy are capable of an arithmetical solution.

Ipswich is not a disaster, but it is a blow to the Ministry which will be felt. Not a disaster, because, although the Ministerial party lose two seats, the majority which the Conservatives had to overcome was a small one—some sixty votes. A blow, nevertheless, since the Ministry is in that position where the least adverse wind from the constituencies beats heavily against it. People do not go into details. They say this is the first election since Mr Gladstone has put his Home Rule policy fairly before the country, and the result is a Conservative gain of two seats in the House of Commons; counting four on a division, as the phrase goes here. Votes in the House are now reckoned on the fingers of the whips, so narrow is the majority expected for or against the second reading of Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule bill. Then again, one of the defeated candidates is Sir Horace Davey. I wrote Davitt and had to erase that intrusive name. Sir Horace Davey is Her Majesty's Solicitor-General, so that it is not only a Ministerial candidate who has been beaten, but one of the Government, and an official who cannot long remain in place unless he can secure a seat in the House. Ipswich—who can have forgotten it?—was the electoral home of Mr. Jesse Collings, lately unseated for an agent's bribery. Presumably, Mr. Jesse Collings, who agrees with Mr. Chamberlain on Home Rule, gave no active support to the Liberal nominees, and the want of his support may have spoiled their chances of success.

The trial and acquittal of the Socialists indicted for sedition and other offences in connection with the London riots is a sorry business. The prosecution was without spirit. The Attorney-General seemed to doubt whether he wanted a conviction. The judge laid down some of the widest doctrines of law lately heard from the bench. He is reported to have enunciated the very remarkable dictum that the accused could not be deemed guilty of inciting to riot unless they intended to incite to riot. What becomes of the principle that a man must be held to intend the natural consequences of his words and acts, is not clear. Then the evidence was conflicting. The case for the Crown was in very able hands, but the able hands did not close on it very tightly. In the end the judge—Mr. Justice Cave—summed up for an acquittal, and the jury, after taking an hour or two to consider whether they would yield to these hints from the bench, brought in a verdict of acquittal. Such is the result—one more result of confiding the administration of the Home Office to a man of the characteristics of Mr. Childers. He did not, it is true, conduct the prosecution. That is the business of the Treasury, which is the supreme authority in a country which believes itself to possess parliamentary and executive institutions. But it was Mr. Childers under whose inspiration proceedings were so slowly and clumsily taken at first. In less exciting times, this trial would be deemed a scandal, and the consequences of such a miscarriage of justice disastrous. Now, few people give the incident a thought.

Mr. Lowell arrived in London Tuesday afternoon; in Liverpool early Tuesday morning after a passage by the Pavonia so quick as to indicate the prevalence of strong westerly winds between Boston and Queenstown. His friends thought him looking in excellent health, spite of a severe cold which he had managed to pick up on board ship. The papers duly announced his coming, and friends gathered about him from the moment of his reaching Euston Station. They wrote and telegraphed messages of welcome, filled his rooms in Clarges-st. with flowers, besieged him with invitations to dinner, and offered him their houses. He dines on Saturday with the American Minister and Mrs. Phelps at the Legation in Lowndes Square, in the house where he himself lived during the latter part of his Ministry. Tonight he dines in company with Mr. Browning, Mr. Trevelyan and Lord Dalhousie. As next week is Passion week the festivities of a city which still observes ecclesiastical solemnities will be suspended. So they will, for a different reason, through the Easter holidays, when "everybody" is out of town. Those once over Mr. Lowell will be left but little social leisure during the following three months.

G. W. S.

A MORMON GATHERING.

THE PROTEST BEFORE THE HOUSE COMMITTEE.

[FROM THE REGULAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.]

WASHINGTON, May 7.—The gathering of Mormons before the House Committee on the Judiciary to protest against the passage of the new Edmunds bill has been one of the most interesting incidents of the week. It brought out clearly the fact that Mormonism, "that wretched compost of lust and blasphemy" as some one has called it, with all its unclean social system, its ignorance, fanaticism, imposture and charlatanry, is doomed to speedy decay and disappearance. Against the simple and straightforward recital of Mormon brutality and intolerance, presented by Judge Baskin, the specious pleading of Mormon counsel availed but little. Mr. Baskin appeared, single-handed, in behalf of the anti-Mormon element in Utah. He had no one to assist him. I even hear that he gave his services free of charge. The Mormons on the other hand had not only able lawyers among their own number to represent them, but they procured among the members of the Washington bar the best counsel money could get, as well. Among the latter I will only mention ex-Governor Boutwell, of Massachusetts, and Jeff. Chandler, who both argued at great length the constitutional questions involved in the consideration of the Edmunds bill. The arguments of each Judge Baskin answered successfully. Still more successful was he when it came to a discussion of that dark stain in the annals of border history, the Mountain Meadow Massacre.

It certainly was curious that that tragedy nearly thirty years after its occurrence, should lead to a heated discussion in the Judiciary Committee of the House. Judge Baskin and Delegate Caine must have been young men when that slaughter took place. Ten years ago Baskin was instrumental, while holding the office of Prosecuting Attorney, in unravelling part of the mystery by which that awful crime was surrounded. It led to the conviction and execution of John D. Lee, the gloomy fanatic and subservient tool of Brigham Young, who had been the leader in the attack on the defenceless emigrants. But there it stopped. None of Lee's associates in crime was ever brought to justice. It was impossible after the lapse of twenty years to convict the guilty and avenge the blood of the innocent. Judge Baskin has always claimed, and did so again before the committee the other day, that Brigham Young was cognizant of the murders about to be committed. Delegate Caine denied this, but had no evidence to controvert the implicating statements contained in John D. Lee's "confession," printed the day after his execution. On the contrary he did not hesitate to revamp the old story about the emigrants poisoning a well and incurring by this act the wrath of the Indians. Judge Baskin showed that the spring was so large and rapid that a barrel of arsenic would not have poisoned it; and, besides, what object could the emigrants have had to poison a well which might be used by hundreds of their friends following them? Mr. Caine tried to create a false impression by stating that the jury which convicted Lee was composed entirely of Mormons, who found against the accused irrespective of the fact that he belonged to their faith. That may be true, but it is equally true that escape from the damning facts presented against Lee was impossible and that he was offered up by the "Church" and Brigham Young as a victim to shield higher officials implicated in the crime.

There is a curious incident connected with the monument which was erected near the Mountain Meadows to commemorate the death of 140 men, women and children there on the 15th of September, 1857. It was recalled to me by a gentleman who had lately visited the spot. The monument over the remains of the victims was originally erected by United States soldiers in 1858 and bore the inscription: "Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord." It did not stand long; Mormon fanatics tore it down. The "Church" was ordered to restore it, which they did, but changed the inscription to: "Vengeance is mine; I have repaid, saith the Lord." This inscription, however, was not allowed to remain long. A company of soldiers took it down and restored the original text. The spot now bears no cross, but is marked by a heap of stones gathered from the hills about the meadow. It is an irregular pile; the highest point in the centre, the top sloping toward the sides, like the roof of some houses. It is only three or four feet high, and has no inscription or other mark to denote its significance. This changing of the text has always been held by Gentiles in Utah to demonstrate the belief of Mormons in the doctrine of blood atonement.

The Mormon women who attended the hearings before the committee were probably the chief object of attraction to the casual visitor who dropped into the room to see what was going on. There were generally three of them: Mrs. Wells, Mrs. Ferguson and Mrs. Richards. Day after day they occupied the same sofa in the same corner of the room. They were attentive listeners, especially Mrs. Wells, who followed the proceedings in a note-book in hand. She is the editor of *The Woman's Exponent*, a paper which is devoted to the task of whipping refractory young women who might think polygamy a nuisance into line. She is one of the five wives of Elder Wells, who just now considers the climate of Europe preferable to that of Utah on account of some difference of opinion which exists between him and United States officials on the subject of "celestial marriages." Her two companions—Mrs. Ferguson and Mrs Richards—are the only and lawful wives of their respective husbands, and they look, it seems to me, quite able to take care of themselves and prevent their lords from falling into the error of practical polygamy. I did not discover about either of them anything particularly feminine, except perhaps a love for new bonnets, in resplendent and gorgeous specimens of which they appeared on the second day of the hearing, after having spent several hours of the previous day in critically examining the headgear of their hated rivals, the Gentile women. These under the ægis of Miss Kate Field sat in an opposite corner of the room. But hold! there *was* one incident which struck me as revealing in these Mormons one characteristic of their sex, after all. It was on the day when some discussion arose as to which side should have the closing argument. Mr. Caine claimed the privilege for his side, while Judge Baskin contended with some warmth that the right to close should be accorded to him. While he was arguing that a contrary course would be unjust to him and give undue advantage to his opponents, the trio of Mormon women gathered around the table and I heard one remark to the other: "The poor man! A pity about him! He is always abused, the poor old thing!" It seemed like a touch of nature; it natural, in fact, as if I had heard the exclamation: "You are too mean for anything," or had seen the words at the bottom of a letter: "Please excuse bad writing."

Of the Mormon men—and there were a number of them present while the committee sat—I can say but little. In their manner and outward appearance they struck one rather favorably. Mr. Richards, especially, who delivered a long speech before the committee, created a good impression. He spoke well, to the point, and, save where he touched upon matters connected with his faith, in a rational manner. Mr. West, another Mormon, to whom Brigham Young is said to have delivered the "keys" of something or another, spoke at some length but less effectively perhaps than Mr. Richards. I understand that he is one of the present pillars of the "Church." Delegate Caine, though a moderately good speaker, has the misfortune of having an unprepossessing exterior. He suggests the pictures of Olly Gammon or Uriah Heep, so lean and lank is he, with his insinuating smile which makes you shiver with apprehension, and his blinking, colorless eyes. To hear him or to read what he has said is well enough, but to look at him is sufficient to create a suspicion as to the sincerity of his convictions. One would dislike meeting him in a dark alley. Still I may be unjust to him. He is said to be an excellent father and what is popularly known as a "good provider." Among the rest of the Mormons present none was prominent enough to deserve special mention. A remark which I heard some one make characterizes them fairly well: "They look like people you meet at Spiritualistic seances."

SOCIAL FREE LUNCHING.

Washington Correspondence New-Orleans Picayune.

I know of a woman in Washington who occupied a small, dark, inside room on the fifth floor of a tolerably fashionable hotel. She, to use a theatrical expression, faked out her meals. That is, she arose at 10 or 12, bought a second-hand newspaper for a cent, and wended her way to a small saloon on Pennsylvania-ave., whose proprietor has grown rich by making a specialty of delicious coffee and Vienna rolls and fine butter. He charges ten cents for this little lunch. This Madame itinerant would breakfast on her cup of coffee and roll. Then she went up to Congress, invariably riding in the three-cent car. There is a bob-tail car running up to the Capitol, the fare in which is only three cents, and some folks are so aristocratic they are ashamed to be caught riding in it.

Madame would visit a few of the members, loll for awhile in the gallery of the House, and sit just long enough in the Senate gallery to secure recognition by a smile or bow from such of her Senatorial friends as happened to be on the floor, and after picking up a few choice items of gossip, news, the conversational coin with which she pays and pays her social way, my Madame Itinerant gets back by 2 o'clock to her dingy inside room. At 3 she comes out resplendent in a nonpareil velvet dress, and, card case in hand, starts on the round of calls. She goes from house to house, and daintily and deliberately eats her lunch at each place. In the course of ten visits madame has more than satisfied the cravings of her stomach, and has dined and supped for the day. Do you wonder that I call this "faking out one's meals?"

Englishmen who think that beer is in some way or other a vital part of the Magna Charta don't like to see that the number of brewers in England is rapidly decreasing. This fact is due partly to the growth of temperance and partly to the levying of a duty upon beer instead of upon malt, which has concentrated the business in a less number of hands.

TOPICS IN LEADING CITIES.

SAN FRANCISCO.

SOCIALISTS—THE BANCROFT FIRE—LITERARY AND PERSONAL.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE TRIBUNE.]

SAN FRANCISCO, May 8.—A parade of all labor unions in this city in commemoration of the federation of trades will take place here next Tuesday. Several thousand dollars will be spent on fireworks, although it is admitted that unemployed workmen who need money are numbered by thousands. Governor Stoneman, who desires to make himself solid with the great mass of voters, has declared Tuesday a legal holiday in order that the "laborers upon whom the prosperity of the State depends should have a day of rest and recreation." As this celebration is confined to San Francisco, other cities regard this action as a hardship, as it puts a stop to all business throughout the State.

Local members of the Socialist Labor party approve the action of Spies and his gang in Chicago. At a meeting at which they roundly denounced the capitalists of California and the press, which fails to approve of the Socialist method of general confiscation of property, all the speakers were especially severe on Senator Leland Stanford and several called attention to the fact that his blooded stock just sold in New-York was better fed and cared for than they were. All declared that the riots in Chicago and Milwaukee were started not by Anarchists, but by Socialists, who held views that all capital should be equally divided and that any means were justifiable to accomplish this end. When the gang of dynamiters were arrested here about five months ago a copy of Spies's *Arbeiter Zeitung* was found in their possession, and they admitted that an editorial in it stimulated them to manufacture bombs and plan a campaign against capitalists.

The great fire which completely destroyed the Bancroft publishing house will not seriously retard the issue of H. H. Bancroft's History of California. The next volume, which brings the record down to the eve of the gold discovery, will appear in July instead of this month. The stereotype plates of most of the volumes in the series were at the Library while the remainder in the cellar are supposed to be injured. The Bancrofts will rebuild at once. The similarity between the Bancroft fire and the fire which destroyed Charles Crocker's building last December is remarkable. Both started in the basement, spread with wonderful rapidity, jumped to the top floor through elevator shafts and utterly destroyed immense blocks of books, stationery and printing materials. The new building erected by Charles Crocker has now reached the fourth floor and promises to be one of the handsomest structures in the city. It is of pressed brick with granite trimmings and black marble window pediments.

The singular management of the free public library of San Francisco was forcibly exemplified this week when the directors voted to open the library only from 1 to 9 o'clock p. m. from May 15 to July 15, in order to give each employe a fortnight's vacation. Four years ago the average daily attendance was 2,000, and although the city has grown at least 30 per cent in three years the daily attendance is now only 1,200. The librarian, F. B. Perkins, formerly of Boston, is extremely unpopular and several directors have shown zeal chiefly in getting places for protégés in the library.

Professor Davidson, of the Coast Survey, has prepared a long account of the early explorations on this coast from 1539 to 1603, which will be printed by the Government. His effort has been to fix places mentioned by Ulloa, Cadillo, Ferreola, Drake, Cavendish and other voyagers. His personal familiarity with the ground and especially with Lower California gives him an advantage over even the best equipped historians. His conclusion in regard to Sir Francis Drake is that he never saw the entrance to San Francisco Bay, but anchored inside the eastern head of Point Reyes.

If railroad agents are to be believed, there are several hundred people in this city unable to return East because of the sudden advance of rates. Many came out on a small margin of capital, depending on rebates to carry them back. The fact that rates were shoved up without warning left these people of small means high and dry.

The new Catholic Cathedral which will be built at the corner of Vanness-ave. and Farrell-st. will cost $200,000, exclusive of the final decorations. Archbishop Riordan hopes to lay the corner-stone by July 1.

The Chinese oath, which consists in the witness cutting off the head of a chicken as he repeats a formula promising to tell the truth, is to be introduced in police courts in hope of reducing Mongolian mendacity.

Dr. Munhall, an evangelist who combines religion and temperance, has just abandoned San Francisco after a six weeks' struggle. He confesses it to be the worst field for revival work he ever labored in. He aroused the wrath of business men here by declaring that no single glass of unadulterated beer was sold in the city. Brewers challenged him to make good his assertion, offering to pay his expenses, but the revivalist declined.

A number of wholesale houses, largely Hebrew, have joined the Saturday half-holiday movement, but it is doubtful whether the custom can be made general, as San Francisco business men do not believe in holidays for their clerks.

"Al" Stewart, local slugger and one of the chief henchmen of the Democratic boss, Buckley, committed suicide on Friday morning in a cell in the city prison. He was arrested at the Bancroft fire for pocket-picking and feared the result of a trial, as he had been abandoned by his political friends. Stewart was the most prominent among the gang of ward strikers who tried to capture the local Republican clubs. The method of electing delegates to the State conventions by clubs was seen to be hopeless and the primary plan was adopted. After this, Stewart's services were no longer in demand and he resorted more to opium smoking and other vices. A companion of Stewart's known as "Big" Byras, is now in jail in Kansas City.

The Fallen will has been declared invalid. The testator was a well-known pioneer and the contest called out much unsavory testimony in regard to his brutal habits at home and dissipation. By the verdict the estate, valued at $300,000 will be divided among five children.

CHICAGO.

ANARCHISTS—INSPECTOR BONFIELD—PROFESSOR HARPER—AMUSEMENTS.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE TRIBUNE.]

CHICAGO, May 8.—However monstrous the crime of the Anarchists in Haymarket Square, it has already, in a measure, served its purpose, but in a manner directly opposite from that anticipated by the conspirators. It is now accepted as clearly proven that this revolutionary element had fixed upon the inauguration of the eight-hour movement, when many thousands would be idle, to precipitate a reign of disorder. The patience and steadiness of the police failing to give them any proper opportunity for starting a riot, they were compelled to carry out their deliberate plan of murder in the expectation that it might result in a rising of the Commune. Mad as these theories appear, they were unquestionably entertained by the fanatics now under arrest. Every English-speaking workingman was as much horrified at the act as the most open defender of the law. The leading conspirators are indubitably on their way to the scaffold unless the law officers are at fault, and the day for the parading of the ignorant and defiant element under their banner of treason is probably gone forever. The police for the first time, with the full sanction of the authorities and the press, are searching out their retreats, and unless the present indignation of the public is only passing, the red flag will never again be flouted in this city unmolested. It probably required such an affair of blood to nerve the reputable classes to battle openly with this pestiferous faction, and it seems clear that hereafter, if they survive as an organization, the Anarchists will be compelled to work in secret and meet under some other than the red flag. The evidence tends to show that the manufacture of deadly missiles occurred in the room of August Spies and that it evidently was one of his immediate companions that actually committed the murderous deed. However insignificant the actual membership of the avowed Anarchists, it has been potent enough to occasion absolute alarm in many quarters for two or three years and there has been many times exhibited a dread on the part of the authorities to enter seriously upon the work of suppressing them. Now that it has once begun general confidence has been exhibited in the ability of the authorities to maintain the law's supremacy.

One of the men whose splendid courage and cool discretion have provoked the admiration of the city is Inspector Bonfield, of the police. This officer by his prompt action prevented serious disorder in the street-car riots last July, but owing to this fact his discharge was demanded by this same Socialistic class and other discontented strikers. He received no adequate defense from the press, but in the present emergency precisely the same qualities have made him a hero.

Professor R. W. Harper, who has achieved a fine reputation as a Hebrew scholar and preceptor and who was tendered the presidency of the Chicago University, has decided to accept instead the offer recently made to him by the trustees of Yale College to take charge of the Department of Oriental Languages recently established.

One of the occurrences of the week growing out of the riot and excitement, almost ludicrous in effect, was the closing of the Casino Rink, where Mr. Moody has been conducting revival services, on the ground that they constituted public assemblages. The Mayor afterward stated that no such order was contemplated. Mr. Moody, however, decided to go to his home, Northfield, Mass., in any event for a brief rest, and the revival services were ended.

The leading amusement feature of the week was the fourth concert of the season by the Apollo Club. The programme included Josef Rheinberger's legend "Christophus," and "The Specter's Bride," both produced for the first time in Chicago. A very large and fine audience was present. The patronage at all the theatres, with the exception of McVicker's and the Columbia, was light during the week. Mr. Boucicault, at the former, and the McCaull Company in "The Black Hussar," at the Columbia, certainly could find no fault either with the size or character of their audiences. "Nat" Goodwin at Hooley's, George C. Miln at the Standard, and Lydia Thompson with her burlesque company at the Chicago Opera House, for one cause or another, all had very small audiences.

NEW-ORLEANS.

CLAIBORNE SACRIFICED TO CLEVELAND—POLITICAL AND PERSONAL.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE TRIBUNE.]

NEW-ORLEANS, May 8.—Considerable feeling has been aroused in the community by the action of the City Council in changing the name of Claiborne-st. to Cleveland-st. The attention of a majority of the Council has been called to the fact, which they did not know, that Claiborne-st. was named after the first American Governor of Louisiana, who was also the first United States Senator from Louisiana, and one of the most illustrious men in the history of the State, and there is a probability that the Council will reconsider its action.

The campaign in the IId Congressional District for a successor to the late Representative Hahn is growing warm. The Republican nominee is H. W. Martin, who was prominent during the last Presidential campaign as a member of the Blaine Pioneers, but there is another Republican candidate in the field, O. J. Flagg, whose nomination was without doubt brought about by the Democrats for the purpose of splitting the Republican vote. It is thought certain that Dr. J. E. Beard will receive the Democratic nomination, but very many Democrats in the district are opposed to him, and it is likely a dark horse may be run in. If Beard does get the nomination it is not improbable that an Independent Democrat will divide the Democratic vote.

The Creole population has been very much excited this week over "an affair" between two gentlemen well known in the lower districts, Messrs. George Gelle and Emile Riviere. A challenge passed and was accepted and blood was expected to flow, but while their friends and admirers were awaiting the announcement of the fatal result of the meeting the public was informed that the choice of weapons by Riviere—rifles—was not satisfactory and the fight was off. The difficulty has got into the police courts through a charge of assault and battery made by Gelle against Riviere, growing out of an attack with a cane by the latter on the former, during which Gelle received considerable punishment.

A report that Lieutenant-Governor Knobloch intends to resign his office has given the politicians something to talk about and has been the foundation for very many political schemes and plans. There seems to be some ground for the rumor, and it is not improbable that the resignation will be forwarded to the Secretary of State before the meeting of the Legislature next week. If Knobloch does resign it makes Police Judge Davy Lieutenant-Governor by virtue of the fact that Davy is a State Senator and President pro tem of the Senate as well as Police Judge for the City of New-Orleans.

BOSTON.

SPOKES FROM THE HUB, SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

[FROM A REGULAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.]

BOSTON, May 10.—The week has been unsignalized by any social event of sufficient importance to chronicle, excepting perhaps the annual and informal reception given by Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Ames on Wednesday night at their house in Commonwealth-ave. There were over 800 gentlemen present, among whom were Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge, General Francis A. Walker, Mayor O'Brien, the Hon. Henry L. Pierce, Alexander H. Rice, Judge Charles Devens, and a long array of the members of the Legislature of 1886. The coming week will be gayer, as two prominent weddings are on the *tapis*. Miss Mary B. Whitney, daughter of Mr Israel G. Whitney, president of the Merchandise National Bank, and Mr. Henry H. Hunnewell the architect will be married in the little Dedham church on Monday at noon. The honeymoon will be spent abroad. One Wednesday at 12:30 the marriage of Miss Grace Minot and Mr. Francis I. Amory, son of the venerable William Amory, will be solemnized at the new Church of the Advent. The Rev. G. C. Grafton, of that church, an uncle of the bride, will officiate. There will be an elaborate wedding breakfast at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Minot, on Berkley-st., at 1 o'clock. The bridesmaids are to be Miss Amory, sister of the groom; Miss Helen Ames, daughter of Mr. F. L. Ames, and the Misses Anderson, nieces of the groom. The summer will be spent in Europe, the young couple sailing soon after the wedding. Later in the month comes the marriage of Miss Julia Minot, daughter of Dr. Francis Minot, and Mr. Felix Rackerman, of Lenox.

At the monthly meeting of the Examiner Club, at the Parker House Monday night, the Rev. William R. Alger read a paper on "Human Apperlatives," of which he finds there are some 3,500. Mrs. Julia Ward Howe will preside at the Woman's Club on the afternoon of May 17, for the first time this year. Her absence has been keenly felt.

Mrs. Thurber, of the American Opera Company, read at the house of Mrs. Richard Dixey, the last day of her stay here, a brief but most interesting resumé of the history of music in America, giving New-England a fair share of the honors in promoting its progress. The result of the reading and meeting was a scheme for forming a company to assist in establishing a National Opera and promoting musical education in the United States. Mr. Henry L. Higginson was made president, and Messrs. C. C. Perkins, Charles Eliot Norton, Martin Brimmer, J. Montgomery Sears, Theodore Chase, Francis Bartlett, Robert M. Cushing, Mrs. Gardner Brewer, Mrs. Henry Whitman, Mrs. James M. Bell, Mrs. Louis Agassiz, Mrs. Oliver W. Peabody and others were chosen directors.

At the annual meeting of the Boston Society of Natural History yesterday, Samuel H. Scudder was elected president, John Cummings vice-president, and Alpheus Hyatt curator. Among the councilors chosen were Augustus Lowell, Theodore Lyman, N. S. Shaler, of Harvard College, B. J. Jeffries, George L. Goodale, of Harvard College, Edward S. Morse, of Salem, and Henry P. Bowditch.

The theatres have been reaping a handsome harvest this week, as they have deserved. Mr. Daly has given "Nancy & Co." almost every night to very fashionable and crowded houses at the Museum, and the Madison Square Company have done no less well at the Park. Miss Anderson has drawn excellent audiences, possibly not always quite as large as before, at the Globe, where she is playing at "popular" prices, $1 50 being the maximum; and the Fifth Avenue Theatre "Mikado" has created a genuine furore at the Hollis Street, which is now closed for a couple of nights while Carleton is getting ready Offenbach's "Fille du Tambour Major," which is to be given on Monday night for the first time. The advance sale of the Salvini-Booth season at the Boston Theatre has been flatteringly large, and there is a pleasant anticipation of Mr. Redmond and Mrs. Barry's appearance at the Museum next week in "Adolphe Chaliet." To-night Mr. Daly's company end their splendid engagement with "The Country Girl," "A Woman's Wont" and "A Wet Blanket." The Madison Square Company will bring out "Our Society" Tuesday for their second week at the Park. Much gratification is every where expressed at the agreeable and approbative reception extended in New-York to Mr. Mansfield's Boston Museum supporters.

A new series of concerts by the Symphony Orchestra begins to-night in the Music Hall, when Mr. Higginson's men will be heard in lighter programmes than those of the regular symphony season. Mr. B. J. Lang and his choir, with some vocal and instrumental reinforcements, gave on last Sunday afternoon at the Rev. Dr. E. E. Hale's church, where Mr. Lang is musical director, the most of Saint Saëns's Christmas oratorio, generally attaining fine effects; the performance was the first in Boston. The choral societies will soon give their last performances, and the musical critics, who have had a list this season of about 250 concerts—not counting those in bureau courses—will then perhaps get a little rest.

PHILADELPHIA.

THE MAYORALTY—AID FOR ARTISTS—BANQUET TO AN OLD MERCHANT.

[FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.]

PHILADELPHIA, May 8.—The recent delegate elections to choose candidates to the Senatorial convention to nominate State officers proved a drawn battle, so far as who should be the Republican boss was concerned. The fight was a direct one between Hamilton Disston, the prospective candidate for Mayor, and Mayor Smith himself on one side, and James McManus and William R. Leeds, both members of the Gas Trust, on the other side. The contest has been waged with unabated vigor for several months, and when the convention assembled on Wednesday both factions had secured an equal number of delegates, and the battle was declared a draw. The result of this unexpected defeat of the Gas Trust tends to one conclusion, and that is, that neither Disston nor Smith will be allowed to win the nomination for Mayor under ther Bullitt bill. There is but one man named for the office who has never been connected with rings or cliques, and this is ex-Sheriff George De B. Keim. He represents the best class in politics and has won the regard of all his fellows by fair and upright dealing.

Through the gift of $5,000 by Joseph E. Temple, and $2,000 by the Misses Cope, the Historical Society has been enabled to purchase the lot adjoining their building at Thirteenth and Locust sts., on which site a handsome fireproof library will be built in the summer.

A free art exhibition has been in progress this week at the Art Parlors, Fifteenth and Chestnut sts. The works, over seventy in all, are by Thomas B. Craig, a Philadelphia artist. The appeal of the Philadelphia Society of Artists for contributions of pictures to be sold for the relief of the artists who lost so heavily in the recent partial destruction of the Academy of Fine Arts is meeting with unexpected success. A number of New-York artists have offered to contribute.

The Germantown Cricket Club has secured the services of George Brownlead and Sanders Hanford, professional English coaches.

Miss Emily Sartain, daughter of the well-known artist John Sartain, has been chosen principal of the School of Design.

Among the weddings this week were those of V. E. Cohen and Miss Lillie Mueller, and Robert Coleman Drayton and Miss Harriet Meigs.

A dinner was tendered to E. C. Knight yesterday by the merchants of Philadelphia in honor of the 25th anniversary of his business career in this city. John Wanamaker presided and upward of $50,000,000 was represented about the board.

DAUPHIN OF FRANCE.

HIS EXPLOITS AT THE "BLACK CAT"—THE BRIDE OF BRAGANZA.

[FROM THE REGULAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.]

PARIS, April 23.

The Comte and Comtesse de Paris must begin to feel old. Their eldest daughter is to be married on May 23 to the heir to the Crown of Portugal and their eldest son aspires to see student life in the Bohemian quarters of the town along with his cousin, Prince Henri de Chartres. The Royal youngsters who have been mewed up in a monarchical circle are about the same age, each having entered his nineteenth year. The Duke is styled by the partisans of his house "le Dauphin," a title which has not been in use since the revolution which brought Louis Philippe to the top and overthrew Charles X. This Royal stripling is built like a tongs—a sort of figure hereditary in his family. He has long legs and a short body with a crane neck surmounted by a small round face. The eyes are the merest slits, but look wide awake. His cousin, Prince Henry, would be better looking if his upper teeth did not project to a phenomenal degree above his under teeth, so as to render it impossible for him to keep his mouth shut. He has hunchy lips, neither of which is susceptible of being stiffened by resolution. Well, the princely cousins have placed themselves under the pilotage of a Hebrew damsel of free and easy manners. She does her best to obtain for herself notoriety as their pilot, and was as near as possible getting them arrested or into a duel last Sunday night. Young de Chartres is a cadet at St. Cyr. He and young d'Orleans, who have been brought up at the ecclesiastical College Stanislas, thought that they could not do better than pass last Sunday evening in the society of the pretty Jewess. She entered, hanging on to both, "Le Chat Noir" Café, in the Rue Laval, the humors of which they had desired to witness. They made their entrance there late in the evening when a gay song was being sung and the place filled with young art students and artists. "Le Chat Noir" is a café got up, like the Lion d' Or, in imitation of the old-fashioned tavern. It is managed by an artistic Hebrew named Salis and has for its sign a black cat. The waiters are dressed like academicians and the establishment is chiefly patronized by art students and those single ladies who are so numerous in the Quartier Breda.

Well, as I have said, the pilot and her Royal adorers entered abreast, with each of her arms linked in one of theirs. After they sat down and books were placed before them she went to the landlord to reveal to him their rank and to beg that the singer should be asked to give something in compliment to them. Salis bowed low to her and hastened to make salaams to the Dauphin and to his cousin, to the astonishment of most of his other guests. He then went to confer with a singer who unfortunately did not know a single Orleanist ditty, but, as they say here, "attacked," i. e., bawled out, a ribald lampoon on Grévy and the Republic. The song excited general indignation. The pilot screamed out "Respect your princes," an injunction that seemed to arouse the indignation of not only one "Chat Noir," but of scores of excited felines. She then bethought her of trying on them the effect of "Respectez Monsigneur le Dauphin." That title was quite too old-fashioned for the mirth it caused not to quell the anger which the song excited. Unfortunately, the diva at this phase of the proceedings began to vocalize another lampoon on the excellent Madame Grévy. This was too much for the nerves of the majority. The glasses on the table were made to shake with the cries that were raised of "Vive la Republique! A bas les Princes! A la porte les Princes!" Some students were about to provoke their Royal Highnesses to fight them, when a side door close to where the latter were was opened by the landlord, and on a sign from him the Duc d' Orleans and his cousin, the Prince de Chartres, disappeared. I don't see how they could have helped fighting (according to the French code of honor) if their cheeks had been slapped and visiting cards flung in their faces. An English officer who witnessed the scene told me that the lady did her best to get up a row so as to advertise her, and that they did not seem "up to her little game." If they had not been able to beat a sudden retreat and the matter had been bruited in the *Gil Blas* and Radical papers it would have been a bad thing for the Duc d' Orleans. His father—and with reason—is very severe on him and has been since he was an infant. This scion of Royalty used to prepare himself for the exercise of despotic power (which he was taught by those around him it was his birthright to enjoy) by "walloping" his sisters. He used to thrash them as he meant hereafter to thrash the Republicans. His father set his face against wickedness of this kind. But the encouragement and notably the young Duke of Glucksburg encouraged it. On the day that the Princess Marie de Chartres was married to Prince Waldemar of Denmark, the Dauphin was "en penetence" by order of the Comte de Paris. As the two princes disappeared from Le Chat Noir a Republican remembered "Le Roi Populaire," a lampoon on King Louis Philippe, and sang it as that monarch's great-grandsons were making their exit. The chorus which most of the other beer drinkers took up runs thus:

"Le Roi populaire
Le Roi po, le Roi pu, le
Roi po-pu-laire."

When the Duke de Persigny had every official honor which Napoleon III. could bestow upon him and was to boot rich and the husband of one of the prettiest heiresses in Paris, he said to the Emperor: "You have made me a Duke, a Senator, an Ambassador, a Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor, a member of the Council of Regency, and a great landed proprietor, but there is one thing you can't do for me." "What is it?" "You can't make me the master of an old servant born in my father's house." A bourgeois named Leroy, who owns a house in the Rue de Charenne, has what the Duc de Persigny sighed to obtain. His concierge, who was born there in 1795, was the child of his great grandfather's cook, who was appointed by him to act as door-keeper in the same tenement in 1776, the year in which it was built. She is a Mad