BOULANGER ON PARADE.

HIS SHOWY PROGRESS TO THE CHAMBER AMID BONAPARTIST CHEERS.

[FROM THE REGULAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.]

PARIS, April 20.

Boulangism is an immense fact. For the hour it is in France the overshadowing one. I never saw the heart of Paris throb more strongly than it did yesterday in expectation of seeing him go to and take his seat as Deputy du Nord in the House of Deputies, and his return thence. The crowd in the Place de la Concorde and the streets leading to it was fully as great and every whit as excited. What was so remarkable was that the manifestation was not exclusively a working class one. The Bonapartist world threw themselves into it, and its young men went the whole hog in crying "Vive Boulanger!" In the court yard of the Chamber when Deputy Arene, an Opportunist from Corsica, cried as the popular General was leaving, "Down with Boulanger!" Baron Dufour, a partisan of Prince Victor, shook his fist at him and those around him and exclaimed, "The day is fast coming round when we shall pack you all off to Cayenne."

The Floquet Government is honestly progressive in a radical sense and too sincere to get up riots for the purpose of terrifying its enemies in putting them down. Policemen are patient and so are gendarmes. They alone were ostensibly employed to keep order. But out of sight in barracks, in the courts of the Hotel des Invalides and in the Palais de l' Industrie, there were ready for immediate action line dragoon regiments and batteries of artillery. The utmost liberty was allowed to the manifestants. It was said that the Ferryites through past Ministers of the Interior and the dismissed Director of Public Safety, Levaillant, had arranged to force the Government into repressive action through agents who were to lead the mob against the Elysee and the German Embassy. This may well have been. Such attempts were made. But as the Boulangist papers in the morning warned the General's admirers not to fall into any such things the ruffians who wanted them to invade the Executive Palace and the German Embassy labored in vain.

The weather on April 19, 1888, a day to be remembered in the annals of Paris, was very threatening in the morning. The sky menaced the sight-seers and manifestants with a drenching down-pour; and one might have fancied that a thunderstorm was imminent. I saw General Boulanger after his triumph. He explained to me that he had meant to go in a quiet brougham through the Place Carrousel by the Rue du Bac and the Rue de l'Universite to the courtyard at the back of the Chamber. But this intention getting out, the Opportunist and Royalist journals ascribed it to the protege of Bonapartists quailing before the people of Paris and not daring to face them in their assembled might. In consequence he resolved to drive in a showy open carriage, and had the way he meant to take announced in the papers which back him. All Paris knew that he would start at 3. About a hundred friends implored him not to alter his original plan. They had too good reason to know there were plots to assassinate him. About forty others entreated him not to expose Paris to the horrors of a revolution, because the Opportunists were determined to get up riots, and then hurry a State of Siege bill through the Chambers and set up a Government of stern coercion and reaction. General Boulanger pointed to a mass of open letters and telegrams on a side table. He opened them because they were marked urgent. He then called my attention to a vast pile unopened on a central table and said: "It's impossible for ten secretaries to go through that heap in a single day. The letter-carriers and telegraphic clerks ought to hate me." He had appealed to a number of his friends to help him through his correspondence. He looked fatigued after the excitement of the day, but said, "I'm so pleased." I answered, "You have made the heart of Paris throb and her pulses beat fast." "But," he rejoined, "that's what Paris wants, now and then. She is perishing of stagnation and prose. Look out there at the Place du Palais Royal. But don't draw back the curtains." Doing as the General asked me, I looked and beheld a crowd mixed and dense in that wide space and far as I could see down the Rues de Rivoli and St. Honore. It was calling out "Vive Bou-lan-ger!" Nearly ninety-nine years ago the women of Paris, driven by hunger, went to Versailles as a guarantee against corn rings keeping up the prices of grain to bring back "the Baker" (Louis XVI), "the Bakeress" (Marie Antoinette) and "the Kneading-Boy" (the Dauphin). "We have," they cried, "le Boulanger, la Boulangere et le Mitron!" I wondered as I gazed on the multitude when it was calling for "Boulanger" whether on his name a new departure would be taken in National history on the centennial of the Revolution, which will be next year.

The General spoke in a drawling, languid voice. The wrinkles have gone deeper than they used into his face. He is tired, I think, of the excitement of his present life, and would be glad of the quietness of provincial quarters.

I asked him what most struck him in his eventful progress through the thronged streets. "The warmth of heart shown by the people," he said. "My hand aches with shaking. There were very few wheeled vehicles allowed into the thronged streets and the Place de la Concorde. But an exception was made in favor of a wedding party. As my carriage was crossing that of the bride's she put her head out of the window and cried, 'Vive Boulanger!' and flung me her bouquet of orange blossoms. Dillon called my attention to the crowded state of the windows in the house of Baron Alphonse Rothschild, at the corner of the Rue de Rivoli and the Rue St. Florentin." I never saw the Queen of England on a great public occasion acclaimed with as much enthusiasm as General Boulanger was yesterday by the surging multitude through which he passed. The carriage was perfect in its equipment. It was a vis-a-vis landau, open, and lined with light brown satin. The horses, light chestnut, might have cost $2,500. The servant who sat beside the coachman wore top-boots, and both domestics had cockades in their hats. E. C.

AN ACTRESS'S CHILDHOOD.

From Mrs. Bancroft's Reminiscences.

To show in what estimation country folk held the stage in my childhood days, I will tell what happened to me at an amateur entertainment which was given to aid a church-building fund. The programme was a varied one; my contribution of one or two recitations caused a flutter of admiration, especially among the ladies present, many of whom were district visitors, and expressed their approval loudly, in such remarks as, "Wonderful!" "Most interesting!" "Dear little thing!" "How clever!" When the entertainment was over, these ladies asked to be allowed to speak to me. I was taken to them, passed from one to another, undergoing meanwhile a kind of inspection; they kissed and petted me. "What a sweet child!" said one. "You must come some day to see mamma." "What lovely hair!" said another; the fuss they made about me was overpowering.

The gentleman who led me to them suggested to these ladies that they might subscribe a small sum to buy me a toy as a souvenir of the occasion. They consented eagerly, and at once opened their clasped-bags. While hunting for their purses, they asked with sweet smiles "whose dear child I was." When told that I was the daughter of an actor, the smiles vanished, and the expressions changed in a way to have turned even lemons sour. The bags were closed with a cold, relentless click, and the owners muttered between their teeth (for fear, doubtless, of breathing the same air as myself), "Oh, gracious!" "Horrid!" "Oh dear!" "Unfortunate child!" and drew back from me as if plague-stricken. This scene dwelt upon my young mind and I never forgot it.

I have a vivid recollection of acting in a temporary theatre built on the beach of a small fishing town somewhere in the North, and will relate an incident which abruptly terminated one of my performances. The floor of our dressing-room was simply the sandy shore, and there was a wooden plank close to the table, upon which I stood, preparing for a Highland fling to be danced by me. Suddenly an unusually high tide took place, and the water made rapid progress into this room, so I hurried upstairs, but not before my thin shoes had been well filled with sea water. The reader, who may know the dance-step of a fling, will be able to imagine the effect my wet shoes had upon the stage. I must have caused a great sensation among the fishwives, who, unable to control their ecstacies, threw herrings on to the stage to me, with such exclamations as, "The bonnie wee bairnie!" "She's just like ma Maggie!" "Oh, the dearie!" "Fling her a herrin'!" I intended to take no notice of this eccentric form of bouquet (so horrified was I), but some one called out from the wings, "Pick them up and acknowledge them, or there will be a riot." So, frightened out of my life, I forced an alarmed smile upon my face, gathered up the herrings, which slipped from my hands as soon as I took hold of them, and got off the stage as quickly as possible, my small arms being laden with these fishy offerings. The dance was loudly encored; but before I had got half through its repetition an alarm was raised. "The sea is on us! The sea is on us! Save the wee lassie!" The lights suddenly went out, and the scrimmage was awful. I was seized and thrust into a large fish-basket (I smelt it!) and carried off on some man's back, who, I believe, jumped on the stage to rescue me. I can smell those herrings still, and have never cared for fish since that experience.

KEMBLE'S SOAP.

HOW A GERMAN TRAGEDIAN SUCCEEDED IN NEW-YORK.

From The Berliner Tageblatt.—Translation in the St. James's Gazette.

Amid the apparently endless rejoicings of the populace did Wilhelm Plunzenberger, the tragedian of world-wide renown, make his entry into New-York. Salutes were fired on shore from small cannon, twelve disguised men-servants scattered in the crowd broke forth into cheers; the whole company of "supers" belonging to the Fragile Theatre (on this occasion only not attired as Neapolitan mariners and fisher-girls) represented ladies and gentlemen in the street with a semblance of nature quite delusive, and performed that well-known finale to the first act illustrating the joyful commotion caused by the arrival of the Count at the castle of his ancestors. The leading members of the aforesaid Temple of the Muses appeared with garlands and bouquets, the ladies gayly painted and the gentlemen with white cravats. An advertising agent of the theatrical manager succeeded in getting himself locked up, thereby leading to an amusing scene in court, which was described in "The World" with illustrations, and in which Plunzenberger's name was continually being brought up flatteringly. The manager of the Fragile Theatre paced up and down the quay with well-simulated emotion. To save them trouble a detailed account of the arrival had the day before been sent to the newspaper reporters; and, as none of these would allow another to get ahead of him, the manager was in the happy position of being able to thrust into Herr Plunzenberger's hands as soon as he landed the press opinions upon the solemn and moving speeches (to be) delivered. To the last-named gentlemen it was a supreme moment, for, although the journals praised with one voice his blooming appearance, he had not been able to feel otherwise than very unwell ever since he left Bremen. Amid, then, the apparently endless rejoicings of the male attendants representing the populace he made his entry. An hour later he was sitting with the manager of the Fragile Theatre in his room at the hotel, each making, for the other's benefit, the grimaces proper to such occasions—grimaces significant of life-long friendship.

"What delight to at last make your acquaintance!" ejclaimed Plunzenberger, and his eyes glistened with moisture like those of the converted villain, fourth act, last scene but one.

"Enough," said the manager, gently but firmly; "let us talk about business. What is your conception of Othello?" Great actor smiled inquiringly and in some surprise. "Well, what is your conception of him?" repeated the other. "I mean, what is your nuance? For it is to be hoped you've got a nuance for Othello peculiar to yourself."

The distinguished portrayer of character drew down the corners of his mouth, inflated his nostrils, and half closed his eyes (Narcissus before the King's mistress), and answered, "One, sir? One nuance? Say rather a hundred!"

"You don't seem to understand me. And yet you come from Europe, where, at a rough estimate, two or three dozen Desdemonas are smothered every evening about ten o'clock, either with or without Verdi's music. Hasn't the Othello business reached the same height with you over there as with us? Allow me to instruct you. It has not escaped our New-York public that in "Othello" the same thing always occurs; Othello always sits upon Iago. Now that's wearisome in the long run. . . ."

"Pardon me; but if a divinely-gifted artist——" said Plunzenberger, with delicate reference to one of those there present.

"Just so, my dear good fellow. But I cannot conceal from you that within the last two years seventeen divinely gifted portrayers of Othello have come to me amid the rejoicings of the populace, and have gone forth again. My company of 'supers' is so trained to it that I have but to announce on the black-board: 'This afternoon, at the harbor, a popular rejoicing,' and everything goes off splendidly—as you have probably noticed. Well, of those seventeen Othellos, every one was similarly unsurpassd and unequalled. Those among them who had no nuance of their own attained to no more than what is called an 'artistic success.' One gains nothing by artistic successes. Are you concerned for that?"

"Sir, what concerns me is the good opinion of the American people. The glorious star-spangled banner. . . ."

"We are not on the landing-stage just now."

"Oh, just so. . . . Of course one can't live upon good opinions alone—even in America. What must I do?"

"Lend Othello some charm of novelty. Your impersonation must be the common talk of the town. You must take people by surprise by some means not yet tried. The few originals among your seventeen predecessors made the highly interesting question, Moor or nigger? the point of issue in their artistic performances. It's true this excites the feverish attention of the public; but it doesn't go beyond the first evening. The next day all the papers say, 'Mr. X. conceives Othello to be a negro,' or 'Mr. Y. has decided in favor of the version that Othello was a Moor.' And with that there's an end of it. Of the seventeen I mentioned eight were negroes and nine were Moors. The greater thingers certainly did go in for something besides. One squinted—though that wasn't much noticed; a second had a hump—that was a great success; a third stammered—but it was unfortunately regarded not so much as a fine nuance as a natural defect; a fourth halted; a fifth did not smother Desdemona on the bed, but in the open air. We sold tickets for thirty nights right off. These gifted artists were assiduously intent upon coming to the poet's assistance and in some measure putting him on his leg. That, Herr Plunzenberger, is what I wished to say to you. The rest is your business. Good-day."

But it is not so easy to help a poet on his legs. For two hours the celebrated actor paced up and down his room, devoid of an idea. At last he sank into a chair in the window and gazed outside, his half-unconscious vision falling upon a pictorial advertisement which represented a gigantic but beautiful lady washing herself. The picture had an inscription "Kemble's Soap." At this moment the waiter entered and announced a gentleman.

"The chief of the claque? Let him——"

"No," said the visitor entering. "To cut it short, I'm Kemble."

"Kemble, Kemble, Kemble?"

"The name don't signify. To cut it short, I offer you $1,000 if, as Othello, you get whiter and whiter every act. First act pitch-black, second dark brown, third light brown, fourth tawny, and fifth bright yellow. Will you? Agreed! Not? Not?" "There is the nuance," said the tragedian to himself. "To cut it short: $1,000. Done?" "Done!" said the distinguished player in a tone of triumph (Gloucester at the bier of Henry VI. after Anne has listened to his suit). . . . In the Fragile Theatre.—1st Entr'acte. Audience, "Oh a negro! very good." Second Entr'acte. Audience: "What! no longer a negro? More like a Moor! Interesting!" Third Entr'acte. Audience: "Sensational! Not a Moor at all; an original conception at last." Fifth Act, 1st Scene. A Street. Othello (bright yellow tint): "The voice of Cassio." Voice from the gallery, "That man's got some good soap." Laughter among the audience. Cries of "Sh! Silence! Silence!" Voice from above "Kemble's soap!" (Speaker chucked out.)

But next day Kemble's soap and the Othello who turned pale were the talk of the town. Every one wanted to see Plunzenberger's nuance for himself. The success of the play was decided. Such is the New-York public.

SHE SEEMED TO KNOW HIM.

From The Detroit Free Press.

"You know the defendant in this case, do you?" asked a Kansas lawyer of a female native of the soil.

"Know which?" she asked.

The defendant, Jake Lynch."

"Do I know Jake Lynch?"

"Yes."

"You want to know if I know Jake Lynch—well, if that ain't a good one. Why, mister, the Lynch family an' —"

"Can't you say yes or no?"

"Why, Jake Lynch's mother an' my step-dad's father was once first cousins, an'—

"Then you know him?"

"Who, Jake Lynch? Me know Jake Lynch. You're a stranger in these parts, ain't you?"

"That has nothing to do with the case. If you know Jake Lynch, say so."

"If I know him! Lemme tell you that Jake Lynch's birthday and my brother Hiram's is on the same day, an'—"

"You know him, of course, then?"

"Who, Jake Lynch? Ask Jake if I know him! Ask him if he was ever introduced to Betty Skelton."

"I don't care to ask him anything. I simply want to ask you if Jake Lynch is known to you personally."

"Pussonly? Well, I don't know what you mean by 'pussonly,' but if you want to know if I know Jake an' if he knows me, I can tell you in mighty few words. Jake Lynch's father an' my father—"

"Now, I want you to say 'yes' or 'no.'"

"Thought you wanted me to say if I knew Jake Lynch."

"That's just what I do want."

"Well, then, lemme alone, an' I'll tell you all about it. Jake Lynch was born in Injeeany an' I was born in the same county an'"

"And of course you know him?"

"Who—Jake Lynch? Do I know Jake Lynch, when the very hoss he rid here on was one he traded my man a span of young steers for? Why, man, Jake's wife was Ann Elizy Skiff, an' her an' me is the same age to a day an'—"

"That will do. I see that you do know him."

"Know him? Know Jake? Why, man——"

"That will do."

"Why, I was married on a Chewsday, an' Jake was married the next day, an' his oldest boy an' my oldest girl is most the same age, an'——"

"That will do."

THE PATRONIZING YOUNG DOCTOR.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.

There is a story going about so good that it ought to be made public, and so improbable that it must be true. A very eminent London surgeon—one of the lights of the profession—the other day observed a gentleman fall in the street. He went to his aid, and found he had broken his leg. It was only a simple fracture, but the man was badly hurt. The surgeon used his umbrella as a splint, and with his own and borrowed handkerchiefs bandaged the limb tightly, put the patient in a cab, and drove to the nearest hospital. There they were received by a young surgeon or his locum tenens. "You've bandaged this very well," said the hospital surgeon. "You flatter me," said the great gun. "Not at all," said the other. "I suppose you've been attending an ambulance class. They say a little learning is a dangerous thing, but the little you've learnt you've put to good account. I can't give you your umbrella now, but if you leave your address it shall be sent home." "I had best give you my card," said the eminent surgeon. And he did so.

A WARNING AGAINST INACCURACY.

From The Boston Transcript.

The five-year-old B— child rises to ten stories with a moral.

"Now," said she to a small boy, "I once knew a little fellow who told a lie to his mother when he ate what made him sick and said he didn't, so he died and I bought a cascade for him and put flowers on it. Now, if you tell naughty stories you'll die and go to heaven, just as that bad boy did!"

TALK OF THE TOWN.

TIMELY SUBJECTS OF INTEREST.

I.

ECHOES OF THE AQUEDUCT INVESTIGATION.

In three sessions upon three days, the committee sent here by the State Senate to inquire into the scandals that have for months hung, like malaria over a swamp, above the heads of the Aqueduct Commissioners, has pursued an investigation, which for dramatic incident, radical and far-reaching result, general public interest, and the thoroughness of its probe, has been altogether exceptional. It does not appear at this time that any criminal proceedings are likely to ensue upon its disclosures. The men upon whose contemptible artifices, weaknesses, trickery, deceits and official misconduct the light of exposure has fallen are not common Aldermen, who sell themselves outright at so much per head. They are in politics "for business," of course, but not precisely the scavenging business. They are careful to avoid anything expressly mentioned in the Penal Code. That useful work does not describe it as a crime for the Governor to borrow money of a public contractor; nor for the contractor to be the leader of a political party; nor for the Governor's partner, chum, mouthpiece, speaking tube, lackey, whatever you choose, to run around securing more jobs for the contractor, whereby he can make $54,000 without lifting his finger to do a single stroke of work to earn it; nor for the contractor having secured his $45,000 public money to assume the Governor's note and call the matter square. There is no name assigned in the Penal Code to these transactions, whereas if you pay $5 to a sheriff's deputy, you and he are both indictable for a felony.

But although no one is likely to be indicted, several are sure to be punished severely. Hill never was really popular with his party because nobody felt certain how far he could be trusted. The element of doubt as to just where he stood has always been large in the mind of every party leader. The one course to which he could be relied upon to give his unqualified support was the cause of David B. Hill. But it has always puzzled the politicians to know how he would consider his cause in relation to theirs. It looks now as if there would be no serious effort to secure his renomination. It is considered by every important politician in New-York that he has not the ghost of a chance. The business of running for office to get "vindicated" is played out. The place to vindicate one's self is in the forum, where one is accused, and the way to do the vindicating is by proving one's innocence of the accusation.

Four weeks ago the removal of Hill would have meant the nomination of Grace, but the wily ex-Mayor is as little talked of, except in the past tense, as the Governor. Flynn's candid exposure of the "Citizens" business has brought as much ridicule as Ivins's confessions have brought odium on Grace. Just think what dirty business Democratic politics in this town is! Here was Grace working his finger-nails off in desperate efforts to get the County Democracy nomination, and having succeeded, he says: "But there must be a popular demand for me. The citizens must cry out for Grace. It must appear that I am the one man who can save the town. Vox populi, vox Dei. It must seem that my nomination is wrung by the resistless demand of the people from the wicked politicians." And so, says Flynn, the Citizens' meeting was got up. "Each of the County Democracy leaders was required to send his quota of enthusiastic citizens. I sent 200 men from our shops. Mr. Grace himself brought 300 over from his lumber yard on Long Island, and the citizens shouted with one voice for Grace. Then he was nominated officially by the organization!"

What a disgusting fraud! What a low, petty business for honest men to engage in! "But," says that wise young man Ivins, who has read so much astute literature, "the public are asses; they must be fed on straw." He shakes his head and cocks his eye and asks Mr. Flynn if he has read "The Prince" by Macchiavelli. But while Mr. Flynn has certain claims to the title of a man of understanding, he is compelled to confess that his literary tastes have been somewhat neglected. He has not pored over the black art of Statecraft. Well, said Mr. Ivins, Macchiavelli says that the Prince who employs cunning, artifice and collusion accomplishes the overthrow of the Prince who depends for success on integrity.

Flynn stamped the truth upon his story by quoting these remarks of Ivins. He couldn't have invented them. They are characteristic of the man who spent his days and nights for months worming himself into the confidence of tricksters and using their secrets against them. They throw light on the motive of the bunco citizens' movement; for "the public are asses, they must be fed on straw."

The investigation will not be resumed, I suppose, until after the conventions are over, as the Senators, from the adjournment of the Legislature until the conventions meet, will be busy with politics. It will not be surprising if the result of their further inquiry shall be the retirement of Chief Engineer Church. It is now openly acknowledged by the commissioners that there has been much bad work along the line of the aqueduct, and somebody must bear the blame of it. They excuse themselves by saying that they always voted according to the advice of the Chief Engineer. He said line the aqueduct throughout and they voted to line it throughout. He said leave the timbers in and they voted to leave them in. He recommended the appointment of innumerable engineers and they found him as many as he wanted. Mr. Church has proved to be a weak brother. He has yielded to the wishes of the contractors in many cases where other expert testimony is plentiful in proving that the interests of the city would have been best served by resistance, but I have a powerful suspicion that he yielded only when he felt the subtle pressure of the commissioners themselves.

II.

THE TRIAL OF KERR.

Justice Patterson is undergoing a new and trying experience in the Kerr trial, but he has proved a careful and dignified Judge. Mr. Bourke Cockran has some ways that are not altogether deferential to the Court. Great latitude is permitted counsel in this country, especially in criminal cases where their client stands in danger of his liberty, and it is a delicate thing to draw the line beyond which they shall not go in their manner or language. But no judge can afford to allow a jury to get the impression that he is not master of his court. That is demoralizing, and perhaps no one is more disposed to enforce his personality upon a jury to the exclusion of that of the court and everybody else than the able and adroit Mr. Cockran. Judge Patterson is exceedingly tolerant and forbearing, though that is not always a sign of weakness.

It would be exceedingly interesting to see Mr. Cockran try a case before Recorder Smyth under certain conditions. Let us suppose that his client was guilty, or that the Recorder believed him to be guilty, which would be in effect about the same thing. Let us suppose that the Recorder had passed a bad night and had come down to the court room with a nice, keen edge on his disposition. Let us suppose that Mr. Cockran's theory of defence, a pet one with him, were the audacity of counsel. Given these conditions—well, I should like to be there.

It stands Mr. Cockran in hand, just at this time to scold the newspapers, and he is saying things that I hope he doesn't mean. He actually affected to regret the other day that the law did not longer exist which would permit him to attach the person of a writer who had expressed the opinion that Kerr was guilty and bring his humiliated body into court. It makes one shudder to think what would have been the fate of that luckless wretch had the angry lawyer got him there. Mr. Cockran boldly dissents from the view that Kerr is guilty, a circumstance which brings his courage out into striking relief.

But, guilty or innocent, Kerr is certainly the least offensive of the boodling crowd, and the public concern in his conviction is not half so strong as in that of any of his confederates. The man whose trial is now of most importance is Cleary. His escape upon the same evidence that convicted McQuade and O'Neill was a misfortune for which the punishment of Kerr would be no sort of compensation. It is upon the boodlers in official station here, and the boodlers who put them there that this lesson of a relentless justice should be most vigorously enforced. They are the culprits who need to be taught the danger of enriching themselves by a dishonest use of their trust. It is their guilt which disgraces the city and brings our municipal system into National contempt. And until they are punished and driven from public life by the lashes of those they have betrayed, the conviction of a dozen Kerrs will be of small benefit to the city. It is fair to say that Colonel Fellows and his assistants are apparently doing all they can to make an effective prosecution. But the same effort expended on Cleary would be more to the purpose.

III

SOME DESULTORY OBSERVATIONS.

On a street corner I overheard this conversation between two well-dressed, well-appearing men, one evidently of Irish birth:

"It's a case of 'much ado about nothing,'" said the Irishman. "For my own sake, I don't care a rap whether the Irish flag is waved from the City Hall or not. I'm done with it, and all other flags except the Stars and Stripes. But at the same time, I think it is a small question."

"In saying that you fail to make the great distinction that appeals to me," said his friend earnestly. "I think myself that no great harm would result to any one, if, upon exceptional occasions, the Irish, or German, or Italian flag were flown from the City Hall. But just let me tell you this: I risked my life in eight pitched battles, and in no end of skirmishes during four years of the rebellion, just to keep that flag of ours in the air, and whenever that flag becomes a question, it makes no difference on how small a matter, it is a monumental, overpowering, all-pervading, great big hell of a question—now, mind, I tell you!"

I quote the stranger literally, and while his emotions were not nicely put they were plainly sincere, and I think they will be generally applauded. In the first instance, the position assumed by Mayor Hewitt may have been unnecessary, but it is not to be criticised. When it becomes dangerous in this city to declare in favor of the Red, White and Blue, I, for one, shall emigrate, and while I stay here, if a political campaign must be fought on the issue of the American flag, the candidate who carries the flag has my vote. There are some hundreds of thousands of people here who feel the same way. The matter may be small, but the question never.

Mr. Justice Barrett's recent contribution to "The Forum" on "Miscarriages of Justice" has produced much discussion in legal circles. Lawyers generally approve his suggestions, especially that which advocates the consolidation of the highest three courts in this city. It is said that the Judge has received so many requests that his views upon this particular point be elaborated that he thinks seriously of publishing a careful dissertation presenting it in all its aspects. To accomplish the change a constitutional amendment would be required. It would have to pass two Legislatures and be then submitted to the people. I understand that the Supreme Court Judges approve it, but those whom it would affect do not. This is not surprising since it would do away with their Chief Justices, their court machinery, and would heavily increase their work.

Before the Legislature adjourns it should pass a bill sent to Albany by Mayor Hewitt, which gives him the authority to proceed through the Counsel to the Corporation by the summary process of judicial constraint against certain forms of public nuisance in this city. It is aimed especially against corporations which have the right to lay open the streets, and which are altogether too dilatory and independent about closing them up again. Its terms, however, are general, and enable the Mayor, if the court approves, to enforce any city ordinance. In the present condition of things and because proceedings to compel obedience are so slow, cumbersome and expensive, the ordinances are all mere dead letters. They don't mean anything at all. It is practically impossible to compel respect for them. This was why, until the law was passed giving the Mayor in that particular instance the authority he now seeks to have made general, it proved impossible to close up the dives, concert saloons and such places of vicious resort. They flourished in utter defiance of the law. But the moment they could be enjoined and restrained by order of the court, they gave up the ghost meekly, and the city has been vastly cleaner. This is a good law. Of course it gives the Mayor great power, but it is not of a kind which he can have any temptation to abuse, and it can only be exercised with the consent of the Supreme Court. The bill has already passed the Senate and is now somewhere in the Assembly. Mr. Hamilton should bring it up for passage.

VOCES POPULI.

AT A TURKISH BATH.

Scene—The Middle Room of a Turkish Bath. Subdued light. On benches and in folding-chairs, Bathers are vaguely seen extended in various stages of limpness. The usual Turkish Bathing Bore is heard discoursing to any one he can induce to listen. In a remote corner is a Somnolent Bather who knows him, but trusts, by lying low, to evade recognition.

The B. B.—Yes—(more thoughtfully)—y-yes. Extraordinary the freedom with which a my pores act! I assure you, I'm not here one minute before——

(Proceeds to describe result in detail.)

Enter an Elderly Neophyte; he feels shy and strange, it being his first appearance, and, owing to the gloom, and his own short-sightedness, seats himself upon the Somnolent Bather's legs.

The S. B. (roused).—Conf——Really, Sir, I think you'll be more comfortable somewhere else!

The B. B.—Why, bless my soul, I ought to know that voice—it's Dormer! To think of our being in the same room all this while, and never suspecting it! Wish I'd known before—makes it so much less tedious; meeting with some one you know, eh?

S. B. (yawning).—Exactly—oh, very much so.

(Crosses hands behind head and closes eyes.)

B. B.—Difficulty is to recognize fellows here, y'know.

S. B. (to himself).—Can't buttonhole 'em, at any rate! (To the B. B.) You seem to manage it!

B. B.—Oh, I knew your voice in a minute—"That's Dormer's voice, I'll lay a hundred-pound note!" I thought. The wonder is, you didn't recognize mine—I've been talking all the time, more or less.

S. B. (guardedly).—Have you, though? It is odd, as you say.

B. B.—I've often found that some people's ears have an astonishing lack of delicate perception. For instance, there's a very dear and old friend of mine—you may know him—

(Tells him a long history about his Friend's aural deficiencies. In the meantime the Elderly Neophyte has established himself, in some trepidation, on a bench, with his head resting on a little wooden block, which he tries hard to think comfortable. He has a dry roof to his mouth, a tickling nose, and a general sensation of singeing. As the Bore's voice ceases, a silence falls, which the E. N. finds depressing. A Stout Gentleman observes "Phew!" occasionally. A clock ticks, and water drips in the distance. A head close to the E. N.'s sighs in a heart-broken manner, and a Restless Bather rises, and begins to prowl up and down like a caged wolf. Enter an attendant with pewter cups of water; the E. N. drains one greedily, like a shipwrecked mariner, and then has another.

The B. B. (for the general benefit).—Never drink when I'm in the bath. Rinse the mouth out, yes; but drink? no. I had an old aunt—

(Relates a fearful story of the effect of cold water taken internally upon an old aunt—the E. N. begins to be alarmed.

The B. B. (taking advantage of another silence)—'Nother thing man ought to be most careful about, and that is—never take Turkish Bath 'cept under medical advice. Now when I went to my medical man—(describes interview at length. The E. N. reflects, with terror, that he has omitted to consult his Doctor.) Dormer, my dear fellow, you're getting drowsy—very dangerous practice that, slightest thing the matter with your heart, and phit—it's all over with you! Why, I knew a man once—(gives an account of a man who nearly died, which decides the E. N., who has been just dropping off, to keep awake at all hazards.) You can always tell if it agrees with you—if you've any singing in the ears, or dizziness, or laboring of breath, or faintness, anything of that sort—well, the sooner you're out, the better—that's all!

E. N.—My symptoms! (Thinks he would be shampooed at once, if he was a little more sure what it was like; decides to let some one else be operated on first.)

Shampooer (drawing curtain at arch, with a certain grimness.) Ready for two gentlemen now.

(Two Bathers rise, with the air of "ci-devants" summoned to the Conciergerie, and pass between the curtains; the E. N. listens anxiously for what can be heard.

First Shampooer (apparently an austere character)—On that slab, sir, if you please! Lay right down.

The Subject (of a chatty disposition)—Eh? oh, yes, I see; to be sure, yes, yes. (A dull hissing is heard.)

The Chatty S.—Soon have summer on us now, I—a—was noticing only yesterday how——(his voice is suddenly extinguished by what seems to be a bucket of water splashing over him—splutters and gasps. Uneasiness on the part of E. N., who longs to hear him speak again.)

Aust. Shamp. (ignoring this conversational opening)—On your back, sir; it's your right leg I want!

Second Shamp. (a talkative person, to his Subject, who seems slightly reserved)—You've 'ad a reg'lar fine turn of it to-day, sir—comin' off o' you beautiful! (Reluctant growl of assent from subject.) Now over, sir, please. Bin to this noo Panorammer—Niagrer, sir? They tell me it's fust-rate. (Inarticulate grunt from S.)—Water too 'ot for you, Sir? (Tremendous splashing, with some puffing and blowing.) No time for goin' sightseein' myself, Sir; got enough to do 'ere, Sir! . . Looks a little tender, that foot, Sir—chiropodist on the premises, Sir, send him to you? No, Sir? Very good, Sir—Now on your face, if you'll be so good!

The Chatty S. (instinctively)—I—er—ha, suppose you're pretty f-full just now, eh?

Aust. Shamp. (shortly)—Always busy 'ere, Sir. Sit up!

Talk. Shamp. (affectionately)—'Ave a little soap on your 'ed, Sir? Some of our gentlemen don't care for soap on their 'eds. Singler isn't it?

The B. B. (bursting out again suddenly)—Capital cold plunge they've got here! one of the longest in London—go in directly they're done shampooing you, swim across, and close your pores, come out the other side fresh as a daisy—that's what I do!

E. N. (to himself)—Cold water—and I can't swim, oh, Lor'!

(From the Shampooing Chamber are now proceeding sounds more alarming than ever, as of a lively tune being vigorously thumped with fists upon an unprotected body, followed by what is apparently a smart castigation.

The B. B. (meditatively)—You'd think a man would be black and blue all over, after that, wouldn't you? But, except in a very few cases, I don't know that such an effect ever actually follows. I'm not sure, though, that the pressure on the ribs——

The Prowling Bather claps his hands suddenly. First Shampooer appears. "Lemon Squash!—I'll order it, sir." Stout gentleman calls for water, and is served by Second Shampooer. Cries of distress are heard from the Shampooing Chamber. The E. N., drawn by a horrible fascination, approaches the arch, and looks in. The interior presents a Morgue-like appearance, and on a gray marble slab the Reserved Subject is sitting, soaped from head to foot, awaiting the return of the operator in sullen resignation. The Chatty Person is also neglected for the moment, and may be faintly perceived under the douche, staggering blindly and gasping out—"That will do!"

The Two Shampooers (returning by different doors)—Called away for a moment, Sir. (They perceive the E. N. standing petrified in centre of floor.) Take you next, Sir? In another minute, Sir.

The E. N. (feebly)—Er—very well (with a desperate resolution.) I—I'm going upstairs to get my watch—I mean, my eye-glasses—back again presently!

(Rushes upstairs, flies into his box, and dresses for dear life as scene closes in.

THE WOES OF IRISH FARMERS

MR. BALFOUR'S BILL—THE LAND COURTS—A RUSH OF EMIGRANTS.

FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.

DUBLIN, April 10.

Another source of trouble, of serious trouble too, has arisen for the Irish farmers. It comes in the form of a bill by Mr. Balfour, which professes to expedite business in the Land Courts. Among its provisions are one to extend the existence of the present Land Commission for another term of seven years, and another which proposes to deprive the tenant of the option of seeking to have a judicial rent fixed. These things seem trivial, but they are not trivial. If the bill should pass it will be a victory for the landlord and a defeat for the tenant. One of the few provisions of Mr. Gladstone's bill which were real good was that which enabled the tenant to file what is called an originating notice for a readjustment of rent with or without the consent of the landlord in either the County Court or before the Land Commission. The landlord was accustomed to shun an informal inquiry, let alone a judicial one, into the management of his estate, or of any particular holding upon his estate. The tenant always courted inquiry and jumped for joy when he was empowered to demand one before the court that he preferred. The reason for this was evident; it was because the vast majority of Irish estates would look a country "where the Indian now roams or the foot of the white man has not trod," if the tenants' improvements were left out. This, at all events, is how John Bright described it. So that it is another attempt of Mr. Balfour to legislate in the interest of the classes as against the masses.

The Land Commission Courts were so unlike other courts that the tenants were glad to go there. The general public felt that they had a right to be present and to look on. The approaches to these buildings were not overawed by soldiers with drawn sabres. Policemen were few and far between. And the Commissioners themselves, with the exception of the chairman, who was a lawyer and frequently wore a barrister's gown, looked like ordinary mortals. There was no braying of trumpets, or shouldering of rifles, or clanging of swords. You might occasionally hear applause, too, when a young lawyer sat down after eloquently describing the tyranny to which his client had been subjected. In a word, an Irish Land Court closely resembles any ordinary American Court, criminal or civil, everything is done in so matter-of-fact a way. You can have no idea of the tremendous influence this had upon the farmers. They became inspired with confidence, and entered it with feelings far different from those with which they entered any other court in the land. Although knowing that its composition was by no means in their favor, the surroundings were democratic and they felt that they stood on an equal footing with the landlord. Then anybody could understand the procedure, although nobody probably, with the exception of Mr. Gladstone, could understand the Land Act itself.

The administration of the measure did not, unfortunately," broaden down from precedent to precedent"; on the contrary, it contracted. Precedent seemed to have been fatal to it from the very first. There was no precedent in the beginning, of course, so one had to be made. This was done in the case of Adams versus Dunseath, which has since become famous; or, if you prefer the tenants' view, infamous. It arose upon the construction of the eighth sub-section, I think it was, of the third section of the Land act, or giving it the correct official title, the Land Law (Ireland) bill. The substance of this was that no rent shall be made payable upon any improvements effected by the tenant, or his predecessors, in title, for which either the tenant or his predecessor shall not have received compensation. Nothing could be plainer than this. A code of laws based upon such simplicity of language, you would think, would give lawyers little to do. That bill was threshed out in committee as no measure since or before was. All the sub-sections in that section were threshed out. It was only in another place and by one man that the sweeping nature of the proposition embodied in the sub-section seemed to be realized. The man was Lord Lifford and the other place was the House of Lords. "Why," he exclaimed, "if you approve of this, the rents all over Ireland will be reduced to the prairie value of the land. That is the meaning of the sub-section." Certainly it was the meaning of it; yet the House of Lords, with its Tory and landlord majority, allowed it to stand. The Adams-Dunseath case was one of the first tried under the act. The rent was £500 or £600, I forget the exact amount, and the sub-commissioners in fixing the judicial rent, reduced this by more than £200. All the improvements had been made by the tenant. The commissioners simply administered the Act of Parliament as any fair-minded judge would have administered it, yet in a far more lenient way than its avowed and most bitter enemy, Lord Lifford, had declared it would be just to administer it. The landlord appealed, and the hearings and rehearings became so protracted that people grew weary. It looked so like a farce to have the leading lawyers here striving to get at "what Parliament meant," as they declared; to translate the plain words of the section as though they formed a cryptogram in comparison with which Ignatius Donnely's alleged cipher is an open book. It was a test case and tenants had not as yet filed their originating notices to any large extent. The reduction granted by the Sub-Commissioners had gladdened them and they were waiting to see. The decision of the Apellate Court came at length. It was against the tenant. The rent was revised, in favor of the landlord this time, and the reductions made by the Sub-Commissioners greatly reduced. The higher court held that Parliament "meant to say" that all rent should be made payable on any improvements effected by the tenant or his predecessor in title for which either of them had not received compensation—during the twenty years preceding the passage of the act. It was not what Parliament said but what it "meant to say." Thus was discovered a precedent, full fledged and ready to fly. The law did not "come in a foreign garb," though you see it was just the same as if it had, because it was soon stripped and English clothing of approved style put on. While the change was being made the youngster caught a cold which has since developed into what looks dangerously like consumption. Anyhow the child has "never been the same" since, though he is certain to linger for many years yet, if only to give trouble to the doctors.

To understand how damaging a blow this decision of the Court of Appeals was you should know that all the chief improvements by the Irish farmers were made antecedent to the date fixed by that decision beyond which the act should not be deemed retrospective. The blow was well aimed. There have been several lesser blows since. Since the Tories have come into power they have changed the personnel of the courts whenever they got the chance, to make way for anti-tenant-right men. And now comes Mr. Balfour with his proposition to deprive the tenant of the option of applying for a reduction of rent to either the County Court or the Law Commission.

The tide of immigration has begun again to flow. At the rate at which it has set in, this year will witness an exodus to which one of the terrible famine years of 1846-47-48-49 will be only an adequate comparison. In presence of this draining away of the best blood of the country our people are being insulted almost daily by those who talk over tea or write to magazines or deliver after dinner speeches, the burden of which is that there are too many Irish in Ireland. Editorials in the London papers contain references to what they call the "congested districts." "We hope," exclaimed "The London Times," "that it will soon be as difficult to find a red Indian on the shores of Manhattan as an Irish peasant on the plains of Connemara." This was during the terrible famine period forty years ago. Any one who knows laughs. Limerick is a county where the land is unusually good. Its capital is the fourth largest city in Ireland. You may travel miles and miles without seeing a house. Grass is growing in some of the streets of the city. If you travel from one end of Tipperary to the other—where the soil is so rich that the people will tell you, with that playful exaggeration which at all events is more than half true, that a walking stick dropped in the evening, where cattle have eaten away the grass, will be covered in the morning with grass—you will see little but sheep walks and the foundations of houses that once were. What is County Kildare but a big unpopulated plain? Thousands of acres are given up to a vast military camp known as the Corragh, and other thousands are devoted to the Punchestown race course, one of the most fashionable in the country, where the landlords disport themselves once a year. Meath, where the "Harp that once thro' Tara's halls" used to be played, and its big twin sister, Westmeath furnishes food for fattening bullocks and three-year-old heifers. They look for all the world like what I should imagine an American prairie to be, with this important difference though, that it is the men, where there are men, and not cattle that are being hunted. When this is true of those portions of the country where the land is good, I leave you to find out how it is in the more poverty-stricken sections of the West, Northwest and Southwest. Of Mayo, for example, or of starved and rockbound Connemara. Belfast is said to be growing, and the Orangemen claim that it is because Belfast is "loyal"—loyal to England that is, and disloyal to Ireland. I believe Belfast is growing and I believe also that the facts why it is growing are not entirely what the followers of King William say they are. It is a large town, and when tenants in the Province of Ulster are evicted they go there if they haven't money enough to go to America. They starve there too in a great many cases. What is there for them to do? What is there that they can do? They only understand about farming.

You will not wonder that the bare introduction of a Home Rule bill cheered the people's hearts. This temporary animation, I am sorry to say, is not so evident now as it was then. The Coercion Act has not caused the depression. On the contrary, it is one of the most potent measures ever invented to keep alive the National spirit. The late series of by-elections in England; the apparent solidity of the Tory Government; the compactness of the Unionists still; and the absence of anything to indicate that there will be an early split, or even a late split, all this has done it.

THE ENTERTAINING BRITON.

THE COMPARATIVE MERITS OF ENGLISH AND AMERICAN MEN.

From The Argonaut.

The popularity of young Englishmen in New-York society remains unabated.

The young Englishmen in New-York offer a variety of types. Some of them, especially those of a lower class at home, come like conquering heroes. They grumble at everything American, they complain with bitterness of the "trains" and the climate, the lack of good manners among the women, the ridiculous dressing of men, the shoddyism, the absence of old families, and in their sleeves laugh complacently at the people who are running about like mad dogs and straining every nerve to have them at dinner and dance. Not a few of these men are adventurers, who gull the simple New-Yorker with confident ease. "My cousin, Sir Robert ——; my elder brother, who married the daughter of Lord ——," a man not in the swim, can have no idea what a few such sentences, combined with a gentlemanly appearance, a chilly manner, a good supply of clothes and cheek, can do here in New-York among people who are neither dense nor inexperienced. The Newark bogus lord was an exaggerated type of this class, and so long as Americans lay themselves open to this sort of thing they will be fooled and then jeered at by the great family of bogus lords who make America their happy hunting grounds. It is rather surprising that so many bitter experiences have not taught our countrymen to be a little more judicious. But people who learn slowly generally learn thoroughly.

The better class of Englishmen who infest New-York are generally very nice fellows, who stand their spoiling well. Excepting such men as the Duke of Marlborough, whose reception here was something to forget as soon as possible, they are generally talkative, unaffected, jolly fellows, with long legs, little brains and manners either quietly dignified or boyishly ingenuous. They are better-looking than our men, and better-tempered. They are much more ignorant of our country than we of theirs. They all think to live on a ranch must be bliss, and that bears, buffalos, mountain lions, antelopes and prairie-hens circle before the door of the rancher's cabin, while he sits languidly in the doorway picking off the particularly plump young ones with his rifle. Their ignorance in business matters is something unbelievable. They are prey for the commonest swindler; but once they get swindled—as they always do in the first year—they become absurdly suspicious of every one, and begin to regard the honest man as Diogenes and Hamlet did. They are the most phlegmatic men on earth in their loves, the most obstinate in their hates. Their ideal is to be country gentlemen on large estates in England, and they hate the life of large cities. Could there be a man more opposed, at every point, to the average American?

And this is one of the secrets of their popularity over here. We like a change and they are a change. The other secret of their popularity is that socially they are as superior to our men as our women are socially superior to their women. And it is socially that they are so much in demand. American men, as a class, do not shine in society. The reason for which is very simple—they have no time to learn to be entertaining. It is next to impossible for a man who has been hard at work in office all day, to sit down in the evening and entertain, with airy persiflage, some raw girl fresh from college or some gay married woman full of airs and graces and nonsense. He is tired out, he is preoccupied, and he will remain so until he does not have to spend his entire day in the office. How can he entertain when he never reads anything but what can better him from a business point of view, when all his brains and energies are concentrated on the problem he has undertaken to solve? He may be, as far as conversation goes, a mute, inglorious Diderot, an undeveloped Sydney Smith; all that possible brilliancy has been focused on his business, at which he probably is a genius. He is like very successful literary people, who are notoriously the dullest people in the world to converse with. And why? Because all their brightest and most original thoughts are greedily garnered up to the minutest dropped seed, and are put into their next book, whence they dazzle the world.

Not so the young, itinerant Englishman. He is one of the leisure class and has no business. He has gone through college and now his work in life is to deck a crack regiment and be charming. He rarely has as much native brightness as the American, but with unlimited spare time one can do a good deal. He acquires all the habits of society, it soon becomes his nature to laugh and talk, and look unutterable things in the easiest way imaginable. He is good company and a good listener, makes conversation with the skill of a practiced hand—one who honors the fell horror of dead silence, and is altogether a good all-round man from the society point of view.

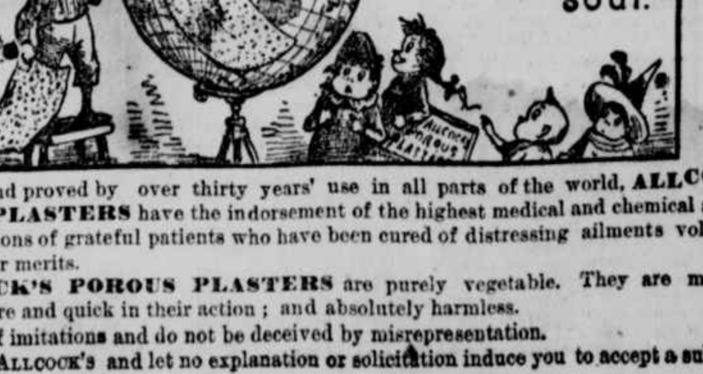
A young girl, who has idled all day, and has nothing to do with herself but be charming, sweet and clever, goes to a dinner. She is full of vitality, brimming over with conversation and fun; she longs for some one to laugh and joke with. She sits at dinner between an American and an Englishman, both young, agreeable and good-looking. The American is, say, a lawyer, and has his first important case coming up to-morrow. He has consented to come this evening only at the earnest request of his hostess, who is his dear friend. He is worried, pre-occupied and tired. The young lady babbles joyously to him a rippling stream of charming commonplaces. He tries to be civil and make talkee-talkee, but it is constrained and forced, and his eyes, despite his efforts, stare vacantly at her smiling face. With the keen, instinctive perceptions of her sex, she sees he is bored, though bravely battling against it. She is piqued, as who would not be, and turns to her neighbor. He is talkative, though reserved, listens with evident amusement to her sallies, thaws under her glances, becomes entertaining, and better still, is evidently enjoying to the full her wit and brilliancy. She thinks him the most delightful of men, and when she goes home, asks her mamma to have him to dinner.

But the scales are evenly balanced. The Englishman talks well and is entertaining, because the English girl talks badly and is heavy as an amateur's bread. A void existed, and all-providing nature created the necessary medium to fill it. Some one in society must talk, and if one party won't, why the other has to. Years of laboring in the vineyard have given the Englishman a glib proficiency, almost mechanical, and certainly marvellous. He can be as enthusiastic as his nature will permit before a pair of icy-blue eyes, of unsmiling, unresponsive, healthy red lips, which would chill an American to the marrow. We, on our side, can proudly produce our dear, bewritten, ignis fatuus of an American girl. She cannot only be enthusiastic, but can strike enthusiasm from a clod of mingled despondency and absent-mindedness, as Moses struck water from a rock. One can imagine her discoursing vivaciously to the Sphinx, quite unawed by its ponderous unresponsive, self-possessed and witty.

VIVIPAROUS FISHES IN FLORIDA.

From The Savannah News.

Not long since a couple of gentlemen were out fishing near Orlando, one of whom is an accomplished naturalist, who can name the genera and species of almost anything he comes across. But there he found something which he set down as a natural Florida curiosity. It was a little fish that produced its offspring after the manner of warm-blooded animals. It is a fact of interest to naturalists that in all the fresh waters of Florida are found fishes that bring forth their young alive and perfect, instead of laying eggs in the manner of the finny tribe generally. The parent fishes are very small, being only from one and a half to two inches long and are often used for bait for bass. The exact name of the genus and species is not yet known, but the books mention several species of goby as being viviparous, like the specimens here mentioned.



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