AMUSEMENTS.

BOWERY THEATRE—Blue Mantle, Thunderbolt and Lightning, &c.
BROOKLYN ACADEMY OF MUSIC—Parlo Blanc.
THE COLISEUM—Boston, June 15, 16, 17, and 19—Grand National Peace Jubilee and Musical Festival.
OLYMPIC THEATRE—Honey Bees. Nightly at 8 o'clock. Wednesdays and Saturdays.
PIKE'S GARDEN—Shows the season.
WOOD'S MUSEUM—Museum Curios. Matinée every day.
WAVERLEY THEATRE, 10 Broadway—Isidora and 2 Farce. Matinée to-morrow.
CENTRAL PARK GARDEN, 50 feet between 5th and 6th ave—Concert Concerts.
THE TABERNACLE—Concerts, the top of the Pavilion Matinée to-morrow.
FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE—8th st. and Fifth ave—Janet Pleasant.
BOOTH'S THEATRE, 23d st. between 6th and 7th ave—The Lady of Lyons; or, Love and Pride. Matinée to-morrow.
TONY PASTOR'S FIFTH AVE. THEATRE—Variety.
IRVING HALL, Irving place and 15th st.—Concerts Matinée to-morrow.
STEINWAY HALL, Long Island Historical Concerts.
WALLACK'S—Still Waters Run Deep.

The Sun.

PUBLISHED EVERY DAY.

THURSDAY, JUNE 3, 1869.

TERMS OF THE SUN.

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Our New Minister to England.

Mr. MOTLEY has committed a blunder. He signalized his landing upon British soil by a public speech in response to an address from some conceited and superserviceable persons. There was nothing specially objectionable in the language of his reply. His mistake was in receiving the address at all; or, if this could not be avoided without discourtesy, his answer should have been simply a low bow.

Every Englishman whose intelligence and opinion on any subject are of the slightest consequence to anybody, either in Great Britain or the United States, knows that our people and Government are utterly disgusted with the speech-making propensities of our late envoy, and that his readiness to respond in set phrases and with interminable iteration to everybody, from Prime Ministers down to beer-barkers, who gave him the slightest provocation for opening the floodgates of his wishy-washy eloquence, had not a little to do with the prompt and contemptuous rejection of the JOHNSON-STANLEY treaty. This fact should have suggested to Mr. MOTLEY that the address which was thrust in his face ere he had had time to eat his first quiet meal in England, must have emanated from persons who were either incapable of taking a commonsense view of public affairs, and were therefore of no account to anybody, or were bent on mischief, and hence were only worthy of a cool, cold shoulder from the new Ambassador. We assign these persons to the latter category. They doubtless meant well in sending by their address to Mr. MOTLEY, but they certainly don't know anything about the properties of diplomatic intercourse, and assuredly are not the sort of men to intermeddle in the present critical condition of the relations between the two countries. Let Chambers of Commerce, church judicatories, and associations for promoting the growth of oysters stand aside, and let Mr. MOTLEY give them a wide berth while they stick to their respective vocations.

What has transpired in our recent intercourse with Great Britain in the matter of the Alabama controversy confirms us in the opinion we have heretofore expressed, that the negotiations touching this subject should henceforward be conducted at Washington. We have tried the case in London and the tribunal has failed to agree. It is time to change the venue. We have presented our bill in Downing street, and the British Ministry decline to pay it. The precedents require that they should now step up to our office and settle it. If England wants to discuss the points at issue, let her come here and argue them. If she does not like to intrust her side of the case to Mr. THORNTON, let her send a special envoy to Washington to conduct the negotiations. We demand no immediate settlement, but don't propose to go to wet about it, and can afford to bide our time. Can she afford to do any? Meanwhile let Mr. MOTLEY cracks oyster-rappers, and stick to his office and his pen. His predecessor's speech was not even silver; it was sounding brass rather. He will find the silence, in the end, golden. Let us wait!

[illegible]

What Might Have Been.

The Legislature at Albany last winter was upon the point of passing a bill giving away to certain parties in this city the right to build and use a horse railroad in Twenty-third street, from the East to the North River. Gov. HOFFMAN, however, took occasion to remind them that the grant was worth something to the city, and ought to be sold for its benefit, and he enforced the hint by referring them to his veto in the case of the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street railroad. In consequence of his action, the bill was amended so as to provide for the disposal of the grant at auction, and it was so disposed of yesterday at the price of $150,000, which sum is to be paid to the Commissioners of the Sinking Fund toward the reduction of the city debt. To that extent our tax payers owe thanks to Gov. HOFFMAN, and we trust they will not forget the obligation.

But yesterday's experience forcibly suggests the thought which the poet WHITTIER has characterized as the saddest which can be described by tongue or pen. It compels us to consider what might have been gained for the city if we had but been blessed in earlier days with Governors like HOFFMAN. If a short route like that running from river to river through Twenty-third street will bring at auction $150,000, what would the Third avenue, the Sixth avenue, the Seventh avenue, and the Eighth avenue, to say nothing of the comparatively smaller fry of railroads which gridiron the city, have brought, if they too could have been put up for sale in like manner? The Third avenue road alone is valued by its present owners at nearly $3,000,000, while it could be constructed and equipped from beginning to end for very much less than $1,000,000. Taking all the railroads in the city together, their cost has probably been not more than $1,000,000, while they are worth in the market $10,000,000, so that at least $6,000,000 has been lost to the city by not selling the right of building them as was done yesterday.

One comfort, however, remains: one horse is yet in the stable not stolen, upon which we can shut the door. The Broadway Railroad grant is still in the hands of the people, and, after the demonstration made yesterday of what can be done with it, it is hardly possible that any political party will risk the unpopularity of making the right to build and run it a present to anybody, on whatever pretence. Mr. A. T. STEWART offered $2,000,000 for this right last winter, and we presume his offer still stands good. Let us see whether our next Legislature will dare dispose of it without giving him and other capitalists a chance they evidently covet of paying a good round price for it, and thus helping to diminish our taxes.

Mr. CHARLES FECHTER, the tragedian, who is said to be soon coming to this country, was born in England of a German father and an English mother, and speaks English as fluently as French and German. He is a handsome, vigorous man of forty-five, of florid complexion, with an intellectual and pleasing countenance, and a graceful deportment, though somewhat inclined to stoutness. As he might be easily taken for a Dane, he has an advantage in the personation of Hamlet, though the exuberance of his rich physical nature detracts from that impression of unearthliness which is associated with the character of Hamlet.

In England he is popular among the masses of playgoers far more than among the more artistic and critical. He excels rather in a whole-souled, sympathetic delineation of characters than in an overwhelming display of classical, artistic power. He is an actor of fine accomplishments, but not a genius. His Hamlet has a well-to-do and well-fed expression, while EDWIN BOOTH looks every inch an ascetic and vegetarian Prince.

We had the pleasure yesterday of a visit from the Hon. WILLIAM SPRAGUE of Rhode Island, on his return from a tour through a portion of the South, and a visit to the Commercial Convention recently assembled at Memphis. He is in excellent health, and conversed in a very interesting strain upon the condition of the country. The next cotton crop will not, he thinks, exceed two millions or two millions and a quarter of bales. Owing to the uncertainty of negro labor, it has become unprofitable to carry on large plantations, and most of the crop is now furnished by farms that yield from one to five, and so on up to fifty bales. The Senator remains firm in the faith which gave his speeches toward the close of the last session of Congress such popularity among the laboring masses. He looks upon the situation of business and industry, and consequently of politics, with a sad, though not a hopeless eye. Manufactures of all kinds are languishing, and cannot be helped by changes in the tariff, even if such changes could be made. Indeed, the duties are so high already upon some kinds of goods as to lead to an immense amount of smuggling, and any increase in them would only increase the difficulty. The remedy for the evils which we are suffering is, in the opinion of the Senator, for the Government to take the business of banking into its own hands, and lend out the money accumulated in the Treasury in such a manner as to afford capital for new enterprises, and set the people everywhere to work.

Though more a thinker than an orator, the Senator expresses his views with great lucidity and force, and with an earnestness that proceeds from sincere conviction.

The Washington *Republican* says that "the great mass of the Republican party does not care who hold the offices provided the principles be carried out and applied by an honest Administration. Capacity, fidelity to public trusts, and the honest administration of law, is what the people want." That is very true, and they don't want such impudent impostors as Mr. BOUTWELL wearing the title and drawing the pay of Secretary of the Navy, while Admiral FOOTE wields the power and does the work. No humbug! is the sentiment of the people.

The will of the late Dr. RIGGS is published in full in the Philadelphia newspapers. The testator leaves the bulk of his property, said to amount to $1,000,000, to his executor, in trust for the establishment of a public library, and gives many and minute directions for the carrying out of his wishes, with here and there earnest warnings against the mistakes and the abuses which he has seen committed in the administration of charitable funds. In reading the long document over, one cannot help wondering why the Doctor, observing the difficulties and the dangers in the way, did not, like Messrs. COOPER and PRATT, undertake the expenditure of the money himself. He would, in that case, not only have been sure that everything was done as he wanted it done, but would have enjoyed the pleasure conferred by him upon his fellow-citizens. When will our rich men learn that life is the time to spend money most satisfactorily, whether for one's self or in charity?

Newark, N. J., has voted in favor of running the horse cars on Sunday. And now Irvington, the scene of the Camptowa races, objects. A half-dozen of her old-fogy citizens, like the famous London tailors, met on Monday evening and resolved that the running of horse cars on the Sabbath is detrimental to the good of society; that they instruct their officers to prevent the movement; and that a committee be appointed to present Sunday horse cars to the grand jury as a nuisance. Irvington is a fine opening for a missionary. We are positive that the gentlemen who object to horse cars on Sunday are able to travel in their own vehicles, and that when they come to New York on Sunday, they ride in our horse cars just like ordinary mortals.

The laws of Connecticut, like those of Indiana, permit the bonds of marriage to be dissolved for any cause which may be considered sufficient by the Courts. The consequences of this liberality are alarming the sober, old-fashioned citizens of the State. While the number of marriages within its bounds last year was 4,734, the number of divorces was 478, of which 180, or more than one-third, were granted in New Haven county alone. Nor are the parties divorced, as might be supposed, to any great extent citizens of other States, who take up their abode in Connecticut temporarily. They are mostly natives, which does not speak loudly in favor of Puritan morals. President WOOLSEY of Yale College has been for some time endeavoring to rouse public attention to this state of affairs, and Gov. JEWELL has recommended to the Legislature to modify the existing laws so as to make divorces less easy of attainment.

Libel suits are springing up in various parts of the country like mushrooms. The conductors of the Erie (Pa.) *Republican* recently discharged its Union printers and filled their places with "rats." Thereupon the members of the Typographical Society published the usual circular, denouncing the editors as unfair employers, and warning members of the Union from working in the *Republican* office. The editors immediately instituted a libel suit against the Printers' Union. Probably Gen. B. F. BUTLER could be employed to prosecute the suit.

The pathological interest felt by the American people, according to Mr. WASHBURNE's address to the Emperor NAPOLEON, in the state of health of this interesting patient, must awaken in the French mind both serious misgivings about the condition of His Majesty and at the same time a profound sympathy for the nurse-like tenderness of American diplomats. Instead of simply bowing to the Emperor, Mr. WASHBURNE grasps his hand, feels his pulse, and forthwith telegraphs to the President the result of his medical examination. This innovation in diplomacy may lead to the blessed result of making our accomplished medical students eligible persons for the discharge of ambassadorial duties. There was a time when Mr. SEWARD, too, desired to feel the pulse of BONAPARTE; but this was in the days of President LINCOLN, an unsophisticated man, who did not mix up pathology with diplomacy.

The London *Spectator*, in discussing the dread of Catholic ascendancy, which is so extensively felt by the respectable middle class of England, says:

"All these people know perfectly well that to win a majority Rome must in some way convince a majority, and know also that so far from winning converts where she is powerful, she is losing them by wholesale; that Italians are becoming 'philosophers' by thousands a year, that Austrians call themselves 'Darwinists' in Parliament, that in France the priests are followed mainly by women, that in Spain, orthodox Spain, the people have just sent up a Chamber so heretical that prelates decline to sit in it any longer. They know that converts cannot be made as Hildebrand believed—Christians make them, by sleight-of-hand, by administering medicine, or by projecting the steam of boiled beef. They know that of all minds, the one least disposed toward Catholicism, the one least capable even of understanding that form of Christianity, is the English; that Englishmen never were good Catholics, even in the days when they tolerated persecution for the Catholic faith. Nevertheless they fear, and acts which in another creed would not excite a remark trouble them to their souls. They worry themselves about the 'claims' of Popes, and quote bits of decrees, and bulls, and expositions, as if every creed did not advance preposterous claims, and as if a Papal bull mattered to Protestants any more than a revelation from Brigham Young. There are thousands of quiet gentlemen in England who, if the Pope to-morrow commanded them to commit a crime, would be deeply hurt and alarmed, who would write letters of complaint, and little pamphlets to prove that His Holiness had no right to do it, and declare that the act was a new aggression. The *Record* would be full of it for weeks, and even the *Guardian* would open its columns to a querulous correspondence."

The explanation of the mystery is, according to the *Spectator*, to be found in the respect which, in spite of their assertions to the contrary, these denouncers of the Pope secretly entertain for him and his Church. "Let Rome cease to claim her mystic authority, authority as of a living God present in the world, and her fascination for them, fascination not of love, but of terror, would be gone, and Catholics might act like any other dissenting body, might call their Bishops apostles and angels, as the Irvingites do, without worrying their minds in the least." Is there not some such feeling prevalent in this country, which will account for the fear so frequently expressed by many of our worthy Protestant citizens that Rome is on the eve of gobbling them all up and taking possession of the country?

Merry's Museum, which twenty years ago succeeded *Peter Parley's Magazine* in the estimation of the juveniles of that era, is, we observe, still in the field. A new series has lately been begun in an enlarged and improved form, and the magazine is now one of the best published. The July number will give the first chapter of a story by Miss Louisa M. Alcott, entitled "An Old-Fashioned Girl."

OAKEY HALL AS AN AUCTIONEER.

Interesting Sale of a Street Railroad Franchise—The Mayor among the Railway Kings—Sharp, Keen, and Yeomans Fighting for the Privilege—The Franchise Yields $150,000.

Under the power granted on the 15th ultimo by our Legislature to the Commissioners of the Sinking Fund (which, by the way, continues to stick), our political and literary Mayor has added to his well-known versatile accomplishments those of an auctioneer. Now, a good auctioneer is as rare as a good stage-driver; the business requires training and deep insight into the secret springs of human nature. But Mayor HALL seemed intuitively to master all the difficulties which might embarrass an ordinary person in selling by auction, and without a sign of embarrassment rolled up his sleeves and went in, selling to the highest bidder the right to construct, use, and work a horse railroad with double track, switches, and turnouts, on Twenty-third street, from the East to the North River. The time was yesterday morning; the place, the Governor's room of the City Hall, in which rose in the pictured forms of Clinton and Morris, and the other sages who have illuminated the history of the State of New York.

Calmly, to a dense multitude of ordinary mortals wearing stiff stove-pipes, and behind paper and pencil in readiness, Mayor HALL announced that the road must be built and equipped within four months, unless delays were enforced by legal process.

"That's sanguinous," remarked a gentleman who swings a pick.

But the Mayor paid no heed, and adjusting his spectacles, touching his black and white necktie, and flinging off his greenish-brown coat, he rolled up his sleeves and went vigorously into the business.

"How much am I offered for the franchise?"

"Five thousand dollars."

Now, our Mayor has not had the practice of professional auctioneers, and did not roll together the words which he uttered, but watching the people through his eyeglasses he became an Oliver Twist for the occasion, and deliberately asked for more; and behold, such is the transcendent power of genius, more was offered—an hundred more—than anti usually, and occasionally lives of thousands, until the bids had attained to the surprising height of seventy-five thousand. Then our editorial Mayor became facetious; but the offers ran up, and it was not long before he said:

"The days of '94; how much more?"

And when one hundred thousand was bid he exclaimed:

"There's a century; how much more?"

And he had a quip and a jest for every thousand thereafter. Here it was that Jacob Sharp, of Sharp's omnibus fame, opposed Mr. Sidney A. Yeomans. They bid against each other persistently and regularly. People began to look to see who the contestants were, and all about were whispered questions about them. But the offers mounted up to $[illegible], and then our Mayor said:

"For the sake of euphony give $150,000."

And soon that sum was given. Nobody offered more, and with the professional flirt, second, and John Kerr, the well-known manager of the machine on Broadway and Sixth avenue, . Then the company dispersed. James Fisk, Jr., it is understood, bid quite rapidly until he touched bottom at $[illegible].

COMMOTION IN THE TAX OFFICE.

The Commissioners Order the Deputies to Complete their Books by the 12th inst.—A New Deal on the Tapis.

The attachés of the Tax office were excited yesterday over a report that the new Commissioners had held a private meeting at which they resolved to instruct all their subordinates to complete the assessment books of the department at once. Various reasons were assigned for this proceeding, but the prevailing opinion among the deputies and clerks is that the order, if really made, is a sure indication of the immediate removal of every person employed in the bureau. While they were speculating on the probability of such an order, one of the Commissioners entered the office, and in behalf of the others instructed the deputies to write up all their books by the 12th inst. A copy of the order was then formally served upon each of the stipendiaries.

Mr. Kinz, one of the Commissioners, in explaining the proceedings of the Board, says that it will be necessary for the members to examine the books before they are presented to the Supervisors for their action; and he thinks that it will require the time between the 12th and the 1st of July, when the law provides that the books shall be sent to the Supervisors for their concurrence, to make such examinations as will warrant the Commissioners in affixing their signatures. He adds that the notice had no reference to the subject of removals or appointments.

It is said, however, that nearly all the deputies and clerks of the department are to be removed by the 1st of July. Among the candidates for the position of Deputy Tax Commissioners are several members of the late Assembly.

AMUSEMENTS.

THE NEW FRENCH OPERA.—There has been a long standing promise of a new opera at the French Theatre, which was redeemed last evening in the production of "Chilperic."

The God of Nonsense is the divinity who reigns at present in the dramatic world, and this opera is one more monument in his honor. It is not a bit less absurd than all the rest of its kind, nor a bit more moral. The plot, of course, is a jumble of absurdities, and it is as difficult to make an intelligible story of as that of the legend of Peter Piper and his pickled peppers, having about as much coherence as that happy history, and being about as satisfactory when one has arrived at its conclusion.

But, at least, the names are historical: *Chilperic* (King of France), *Sigebert* (his brother), *Fredegonde* (his mistress), *Galswintha* (his unhappy wife), and *Brunehaut* (his sister-in-law), were all characters who lived and breathed, and murdered and loved, and sinned in all conceivable ways in the sixth century Anno Domini, and who certainly never expected to be dug up and made sport of in an unknown hemisphere in the nineteenth. Hervé fished their wretched lives up out of some ancient histories of his country, and, indeed, has followed their general course with more fidelity than might have been expected in an opera bouffe. He has travestied all that was most tragic, however, in their dreadful stories, and given us a funny, good-natured *Chilperic*, instead of the Hilperic of history (for that is his name as known to English readers), more cruel than Nero and more detestable in every vice than Caligula. The *Chilperic* of the play (Mr. Carrier) enters on horseback, followed by *Daria* (Beckers), the court physician, on a donkey. The quadrupedal element introduced a new and lively feature to the play. In the first act there is some fine music, especially a capital song addressed to Fina the Drudgess.

This act contains also an effective chorus of hunters, which was well sung. The other choruses of this act were not of moment, and were only tolerably done, and in the general dull tail of stage business and fun there was a need of humor which we hope repetition of the work will supply. At present it is dull, and the comic element does not make its appearance much before the close of the second act, on the occasion of a royal May-day moving of *Fredegonde's* chattels on a hand cart, the upsetting and smashing of which furnishes a most lively scene. But to return to the music. In the second act, and to the close, the composer seems to have given to the work more melody and better treatment than in the first. A chorus of pages in pleasing dresses, a duet of two soprano, the *King's* song, "Little Butterfly," are cases in point. The duet of the *King* and *Fredegonde* is the most finished of the opera; the last movement in quick time, a lover's quarrel of an emphatic kind, is original and very electric. The arrival of *Galswintha*, the Queen (Alle. Desclauzas), with her handboxes and travelling companion fresh from Spain, gives rise to lots of fun and a capital *Ecero* movement with tambourines, castanets, and a Spanish dance.

There is much in the work that merits hearing, and its faults are rather in the words than in the notes; but how far it will captivate the public ear is a matter which a second or third repetition will better determine. There were several hearty encores, however, and as the whole strength of Mr. Grau's excellent company is enlisted, and the scenery and dresses are beautiful, the opera will probably obtain a hearty hold on the musical public.

In Paris Hervé, the composer, has the reputation of being a many-sided man, having acquired distinction both as an actor, singer, musician, littérateur, and composer.

THE SECRETS OF THE RING.

HOW A NEW YORK EDITOR WENT AFTER THE FORTY THIEVES.

In the Cave of the Brooklyn Forty—No Open Sesame—Tim's McLaughlin as Ali Baba and Horace P. Whitney as the Notary—Another Journalistic Exposé.

The session of the Kings County Democratic Committee on Tuesday evening was a stormy one. All the shovel-nosed sharks of the Brooklyn "Ring" were present, eager for blood. The leading Democratic journal of New York city, the *Sunday Mercury*, had become possessed of their secrets, and had exposed their thieving operations to the outside world. Thereupon the knives had been of no avail. The *Mercury* had pursued them so relentlessly as an honest detective on the trail of a pickpocket. The leaders of the band had stood the fearful fire as long as possible, and finally determined to hold a council of war to devise means for a cessation of hostilities. All the chiefs were present in high feather. Each one was a flaming volcano of vituperation. The editors of the *Mercury* were buried in seas of curses and execrations. Can return fire of sinkers next, however, may quench the fire, and the triumphal thirty-five may be jolted by their own petards.

COVERING THE BALL.

Mr. John Courtney, of the Twenty-fourth Ward, called attention to several articles published in the New York *Sunday Mercury*, in which proceedings of the Kings County Democratic Committee were misrepresented. He referred to the Ali Baba of Finance Board, and the so-called Blind Pool, which he in the reputed book, were severely criticised.

REMARKS OF AN ERL SELLER.

Mr. Tim McLaughlin, Fourth Ward, said—I had not intended to say anything in the remarks made in the *Sunday Mercury*, by Mr. Whitney, which in his opinion, were of a personal character. But I feel that I should say something in reply to the remarks made in the *Sunday Mercury* by some of the members of what he chooses to term the "Ring." He also makes allusions to my occupation in life, and says that I "sell erl." I have never sold erl, and therefore in the Ali Baba Market, and all that sort of thing. I am not aware that I ever appeared in the Ali Baba Market. I do not know what Ali Baba is. I generally sell erl, and I sold it in Brooklyn. On one occasion, I was in Brooklyn, and I was treated very severely by a thousand dollars by the gentlemen who sold the wholesale ticket in New York. I paid every dollar, every shilling, and every cent I owed, to every man I had dealt with in my life from.

QUEER BUSINESS FOR AN EDITOR.

Now while I am willing to admit, and I do admit, that I have to earn my bread, I may be allowed to remark that I do not, Mr. Whitney, what business is it to you, or to any other man, what I do? I am a free born citizen of the United States, and I have a right to do what I please. Mr. Whitney, in his next *Sunday Mercury*, will answer every line over his signature whether I am connected with the Government or not. If not, he has been wrongly informed, and in the city of New York, where he lives, he should find out what he is talking about before he makes a fool of himself. I will prefer charges against him, and I will prove to him that he had better have been self-employed in selling three toons and pickets in New York, that I have reference to. For rather be not Ely Crooken spy will be able to clear himself, if he ever comes to Brooklyn to lead an examination.

Here a search was made for a *Sunday Mercury* reporter. Had one been found, one of the gang determined to draw and quarter him on the spot.

WANTED TO GET IN THE RING.

Last July, August, and September, Mr. Whitney called on my humble city times. He also then making application to me to use whatever little influence I possessed in securing for him the nomination for Comptroller of the city of Brooklyn. I told him I would see what the friends thought of the matter with them, and if I could say anything in his interest and behalf, I would do so. Mr. Cornbrich, his partner, in the *Sunday Mercury*, who never knew me before, nor has he seen me more than once or twice since, also favored me with a call.

WHAT A NEW YORK SENATOR WANTED.

His business was political and an endorsement of Whitney as Comptroller. I began to talk with my friends in favor of Mr. Whitney, and I was met by some of the very highest gentlemen of the city, who called on me to know what I meant and in the street and wanted to know if it was true I was trying to secure the nomination of Mr. Whitney. They asked me if I knew him. They said that a man who had used such language as he had in the *Mercury*, exposing to ridicule the wives and daughters of our friends and sons, was not a man I should ask the members present if Mr. Whitney called upon them on the same message?

Several voices—"He called on me."

A CANE AND A TERRIER DOG.

Mr. McLaughlin—To my knowledge he was running round the streets every day with a list of every member of this committee in his pocket, calling on them to assist him in getting the nomination for Comptroller. Well, I was called up here as I was called up night after night. Time after time; even when I had my own relatives with me spending the evening, he would rush in there, with his cane and his little terrier dog, to obtain my assistance to get the nomination. Sometimes he would come as a beggar as he went in, when he saw the company that were present. In this remark of his that I referred to, where he says "they have no regard for honesty or truth," he refers to his disappointment of having been nominated for Comptroller last year. He did make, as I supposed, a very respectable run, and I felt under that he thought he might be able to make.

AN EDITORIAL PETER PIPER.

If this ring is as corrupt as he says it is, he had offered very large inducements in order for them to support him; but the gentlemen who received the nomination did not to such inducements. But also is to be expected a man like this Horace P. Whitney. I have known many people who said of him that he was employed as a Peter Funk by Mr. Messenger, at 8 Wall street. (Laughter.) Will he be kind enough to answer that in the *Mercury*.

THE GATE OF THE INFERNAL REGIONS OPENED.

After referring to the Sanderson libel suit, Mr. McLaughlin continued: This assassin of character, this miserable scamp who has grown rich and reckless upon libels and obscene publications, this whining, cowardly slanderer of all honest men and virtuous women, this Arbiter of Elegance, this Vampyre, Vampyre, Vampire, vomited from a brothel, and reeking with its evil odors, until he stinks in the nostrils of every decent man (sensation). It's true, Mr. Chairman, true as the sun shines—and even offends the nose of the small terrier dog that runs behind him; this wielder of obscene scarrilog, this purveyor of libels and profanities, this prostitutional hawker of unmentionable French indecencies (sensation). It's true, Mr. Chairman, here he advertises them in the *Mercury* every Sunday; this purveyor of filth for houses of prostitution, this bathsome horror, this Arbiter of Elegance, this, this, this—I charge the contents of his filthy stream upon decent men because they would not give him a chance to betray the interests of the people of Brooklyn by making him Comptroller of this city, is too disgusting and ridiculous to talk about seriously. This is as true as you sit there, Mr. Chairman.

A REAL BY DEMOCRATIC COMMITTEE.

Whitney was in this Committee himself last year, before we knew the character of the man. He was a member for a year. He went whining and supplicating for an office from one member to another, well, he was a member here. On one occasion, through his own influence, he succeeded in getting chosen to represent the party in a judicial convention; and after having succeeded thus far, he then made a bold attempt to secure the money of this city of Brooklyn by becoming Comptroller. It was all Horace P. Whitney with him from the day he first entered this room until his chances for Comptroller were all gone.

MADAME RESTELL TO COWHIDE SOMEBODY.

Now, I will give a thousand dollars to any charitable institution that Mr. Whitney may name if he will succeed in getting an earth an organization as he describes in his paper, to use the point of the sword. If he will head that organization—if I don't succeed in getting an old woman I have read about, and who advertises weekly in his paper, and who is one of the best customers he has got, from all reports—I refer to Madame Restell—if I do not get her to cowhide him at the head of his organization, I make that offer in good faith.

A SINGULAR RESOLUTION.

Now I have one resolution to offer in connection with this subject. I think it is proper and in place that it should be offered:

Resolved, That hereafter should Horace P. Whitney have any attempt made in his paper, or elsewhere, adverse to the Kings County Democratic Committee, that this Committee desire him to understand that their social and all dealing to pay him he refuse. Resolved, That a copy of this resolution be published in which said article shall appear; and that in such paper it be published in the editorial paper next to the article to which it is a reply. Resolved, That the Medical Advisers decimals thereto, so that the reader, in the context, may be able to [illegible] the character of the source of such articles, and of any charges Mr. Whitney may make in his paper, in relation to "the Ring," or any member of this committee.

HUGH MAKES A BAD MISTAKE.

I know he will never say any more about my personality, for this will hang him as far as I personally am concerned. But this resolution will stop on all occasions when he makes anything more about "the Ring," as he calls it. I do not admit that there is a Ring. He tried to make one here last fall, but the people would not allow him to do it. But as we are content to let him print anything he likes about the organization, it is well only put it in the next resolution to his "Matrimonial" or "Medical" advertisements, so that [illegible] can [illegible] the man who prints attacks on us, by [illegible] we can see he puts in his paper.

At the close of this speech the Committee went into executive session, and soon afterward adjourned.

Willett Ferguson, the witness in the McHenry perjury case, was arrested yesterday on a charge of perjury preferred by Mr. Sidney N. Pike, and held by Commissioner Betts in $10,000 bail for examination to-day.

In the suit by the Erie Railway against A. S. Cobb, formerly one of its conductors, in which the defendant moved to have the case removed to Chautauqua county, claiming that he had 143 witnesses there, Judge Cardozo denies the motion on the ground that "the affidavit of the defendant is a palpable attempt at a fraud on the practice of this Court."

THE ECCENTRICITY OF WOMAN.

A German Old Maid Travelling in Africa.

From the Evening Post.

Friedrich Tinne is a wealthy girl, he is unmarried, and she is extremely eccentric. She travels and studies in Africa, and has recently been engaged in a journey up the Nile. Friedrich Tinne, her mother, and Baroness von Capelen, an aunt, together with a large number of servants, attempted to penetrate with their retinue, consisting in principle with their own country, from Khartoum up the White Nile, as far as Fashoda, the two ladies, but, not being able to pass the cataracts and rapids of Sobaroes, they were compelled to return, after reaching Gondokoro, to Khartoum. The Nile Expedition was only advanced to Khartoum, in order to get to Nubia, and from Dongola to the White Nile as possible. Von Heuglin and Dr. Roseger, a naturalist, to explore the country between the Nile and the Lake Tchad, which latter place they intended to accompany them, they explored the Bahr el Ghazal, the river which is tributary of the White Nile, as far as Lake Rek. They proceeded to Fashoda, the country of the Bari. Dr. Roseger died on the spot, on April 19, 1864; then with Von Heuglin alone, to Bahr-el-Ghazal, in the eighth degree of northern latitude, and to the Dinka country, where, with the exception of a few Europeans, he was the first to make known, and was compelled to give up the proposed journey to the Shoa. He called Rek a river, River Sesa. Friedrich Tinne alone returned with him to Khartoum, and then over Berber, Suakim, and Jeddah, 22 September, 1865, to Europe. For the journey, Rohlfs, not, and Gerhard Rohlfs, at the time to the African chief.

The dangers which Friedrich Tinne experienced in this journey by no means deterred her from undertaking another, and she has now directed her to Africa. She started from Tripoli in the spring of the present year, and arrived at Mourzouk, in Fezzan, after a journey of about two months' duration.

Miss Tinne is quite pleasantly, as though she were on a business tour. Having furnished her with her dragoman, she has a fairly powerful train, her caravan consisting of up to than ten persons and several camels. All her followers, with her exception, are the greatest respect, and they call her "Beaber Bey," that is, "Lioness Daughter."

Her dress and travels in the Orient have produced in her a total abhorrence of European fashion, and she is encountered against everything European, because she is a lady, and she is determined to go even further in order to get rid of everything not African, about her, and so lets her own and her servants' watches in Tripoli, in order to have nothing, as she expressed it, "reminded of the hated civilization." But she [illegible] Very apropos the Tripoli newspaper, "We know how time flies, but we compelled to write to the Poland Consul at Tripoli, requesting him to send her a time-keeper, not a European, but an Arab and clock or hour-glass, with which she sets changes to "see her time in a very simple manner, by having two hours, when there is no other night, and day, attend to the experience of the moment." Friedrich Tinne intends to stay at Mourzouk for some months, in part for various passages from Europe, and will use the time in undertaking excursions to the Western Tuareks. It must not be supposed that she is only a pleasure tourist. She has her employments as well as her whims; among the latter, which, perhaps, her frequent visits to Italian, she has a thorough disregard about letting other people know what she is doing, for she refuses to write about her journeys, and does not contribute much to the increase of geographical knowledge, having no scientific accomplishment. But she is nevertheless a great friend of botany, and a numerous collection of plants. The flora of Sudan is almost unknown to us, and she will thus probably bring home important contributions to botanic science. Friedrich Tinne intends to proceed from Mourzouk southward, and then to return over Ghadames and Egypt—a task which African travellers usual she cannot a complish.

The New Managing Editor of the Tribune a Man of too Great Literature—Let Horace Greeley Come Back!

From the Jersey City Sunday.

When Mr. John Young was in the *Tribune* that journal preserved a dignified silence on "Woman Suffrage," but since the Young Democrat has fallen into the hands of a Mr. Whitelaw Reid, a sort of witty, pleasant, dilettante exquisite has been opened upon the champions of this idea, fitting to into a new realm of combat, where pleasant encounter with light armor and Saladin swords will be in order.

For this the new managing editor is credited by friends, by the gentlemen of literary and artistic tastes, who lives in the world of imagination, a lover of music, poetry and painting, devoted to the fine arts, in whom the graces and sentiments are developed to an almost womanly degree of perfection. Why he consents to lower his occasional nature, by coming over into the world of the practical and utilitarian, and placing himself beside such commonplace, common sense men as Charles A. Dana, Henry J. Raymond, Manton Marble, James Gordon Bennett and Horace Greeley to discuss such gross material questions as Female Suffrage, the Amnesty Proclamation, Free Trade, Protection, Education, Ecclesiastical and Civil Law, Sanitary and Sumptuary measures, and the Right of suffrage, is the wonder and regret of all who know him.

It is with unspeakable sorrow that we see men of the stamp of Greeley, Raymond, Dana, Bennett, Marble, resides in this city, and he took the steamer out to St. Thomas for the Peruvian Government, and had no single thing or man on board destined for Cuba. But the *World* having begun by calling things now it had left he is out.

Notes from the Courts.

Bishop Loaman was awarded $5,300 in the Dallas County Court in adultery yesterday against the [illegible] Thomas for fraudulent wrong doings of cotton.

Eleanor Bishop, who in June, 1868, sued for a divorce from her husband, and obtained an order that he pay her $50 a month alimony for the support of herself and child, moved before Judge McCunn yesterday that Mr. Bishop be committed for contempt, in having failed to pay her anything during the past year. He claims that he is unable to pay even his own board. Decision reserved.

Moses D. Ludington, a merchant of Chicago, who was confined in Ludlow street jail nearly a year, on the charge of obtaining $7,300 worth of goods upon false representations, and upon being discharged by Judge Jones was again arrested on a criminal charge for the same offence, yesterday appeared to Judge McCunn on a writ of *habeas corpus* to be admitted to bail, so as to be able to prepare for trial. Decision reserved.

THE RAINY SEASON OVER.

CLOSE OF THE YEARLY MEETING OF ORTHODOX QUAKERS.

How the Broadbrims Intend to Civilize the Indians—Peace Principles to be Instilled in the Breasts of the Savages—The Outlaws after the Freedmen—The Friends and the Indians.

The Orthodox Friends held a great meeting of men and women on Tuesday, Wm. Wood Cheyney, and Amasaya Tabor, Assistant Clerk of the Meeting, presiding. Among the subjects for consideration was that of the condition of the Indians, and the active and responsibilities devolving upon the Society from the late action of President Grant in placing them in a position to carry out their views in regard to accounting the Indians. The Friends hold that their position is one of responsibility; but while they fully appreciate the difficulties to be overcome, they express full faith in their success. The number of Indians that have been placed in their charge is not, so far as has been generally reported, but one [illegible] of [illegible] has been assigned to the Orthodox Friends, namely, the Cheyenne. The [illegible] Friends [illegible] Cheyenne, are among the most intelligent of all the Indian tribes.

SOLUTION OF THE FREEDMEN.

The Friends will [illegible] to let the poor Freedmen [illegible] alone. The Orthodox Society has [illegible] Quarterly Meeting, [illegible] Appointed Superintendent, and two assistants have been named—the other two have yet to be chosen. Their Quarterly Meeting also has a [illegible] to the Indian Department [illegible] Indian Bureau, [illegible] Friends, composed of [illegible] to giving God glory and love to [illegible] to the great Father in Heaven.

THE QUAKERS AND THE FREEDMEN.

A discussion of the condition of the freedmen then took place, and encouraging reports of the freedmen's condition were given by Wm. B. Collins, W. P. Yarnall, Wm. Nicholson of North Carolina, Jeremiah Nicholson of Tennessee, Francis T. King, Mary N. Ferris, Jos. Haviland, and other speakers. Daniel Ellis, a colored man, said much good had been done by the Friends for the freedmen, the Catholics would take charge of them. W. F. Mitchell proposed that 1,000 small houses, of the value of $15 each, be given them, and 115 houses were pledged by different