The Sun.
It Shines for All.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1869.

Amusements To-day.

Apollo Building.—Lily Braddon—Lady of Fife.
Booth's Theatre.—Mary Warner.
Bowery Theatre.—Two Orphans—Six Flows.
Brooklyn Academy of Music.—Italian Opera. Brol.
Fifth Avenue Theatre.—Pique. Matinee.
French Theatre.—Louisa. Matinee.
Grand Opera House.—The Crown Diamonds. Matinee.
Niblo's Garden.—Little Nellie—Lotta.
New York Circus.—New York Circus Troupe. Matinee.
Olympic Theatre.—Poor Humanity. Matinee.
San Francisco Minstrels, 585 Broadway.
Tammany.—The Hidden. My Turn Next. Matinee.
Wallack's.—Home. A Regular Fix.
Wood's Museum.—Aladdin. Yankee Robinson. Matinee.

Thanksgiving Day.

Gen. GRANT and Mr. FISH are no doubt enjoying their turkeys to-day, and Mr. ROBINSON has an opportunity to exercise his well-known genius in the preparation of sauces and salads for the Thanksgiving dinner. We do not begrudge them their gastronomic enjoyment, and wish them all, from the bottom of our stomach, a good appetite and happy digestion.

But on this merry anniversary, which from a New England festival has been pleasantly lifted up to a day of national edification and jollification, it becomes us, as good Christians, to think not only of the poor, who are always with us, but also of those brave men who, on this American soil, are struggling for that same national independence which enables our countrymen in every part of the world to mingle to-day in churches and at the festive board as children of the same land of liberty, as denizens of the American continent.

Let us also think of those of our citizens who have been despoiled by Anglo-rebel cruisers and blockade runners, and who are anxiously waiting for the settlement of their just claims. And those of our native or adopted fellow countrymen who are rotting in British jails, because they protested against wrong and oppression, are they not equally entitled to our prayers and sympathies? Benevolence toward the hungry and naked is never wanting in American communities, and may God speed all the sweet charities of this day!

But human nature is so constituted that it often fails to exercise that virtue when those who claim its tender mercies are no longer needy single individuals, but massed together like the Cubans and struggling for what is dearer to mankind than existence, for the rights of man, for the inalienable right to liberty, equality, and the pursuit of happiness. Let us bear in mind the heroic struggles and sufferings of those gallant patriots, and denounce the conspiracy against their liberation from a galling yoke, which unfortunately has found its most insidious ally among the timorous and heartless members of our own Government.

In thanking Providence for the liberties and bounties vouchsafed to the United States, let us also implore the blessing of Heaven for our neighbor people in the throes of emancipation. Thus we may give a wide and magnanimous scope to the time-honored Thanksgiving festival.

The Consequences of the Suez Canal.

The celebration at the opening of the Suez Canal this week probably exceeds in importance any similar ceremony in history. The effect of the enterprise upon our commercial interests must concern every American; and it is instructive to inquire what results are to follow the completion of a work which will have no rival until there shall be a canal across the Isthmus of Darien.

By the new route thus opened there is a saving of four thousand miles in distance from the ordinary courses of sailing vessels between our ports and the East Indies, around the Cape of Good Hope; and even from the very shortest routes now followed, the saving is at least thirty-two hundred miles. The main difficulties of the Suez trip will be found in the danger of navigation on the Red Sea, in the shallows and exposure of the ports at the respective termini of the canal, and in the obstructions of the passage through the canal itself.

This last difficulty will of course soon be reduced to a minimum. In its southern half, however, the canal, expands into lakes of considerable extent. These are very shallow, with the channel varying in width from seventy to one hundred and thirty feet, running through the sand shoals. From the centre of the largest basin the shores are seen as a distant chain of hills. The winds from the desert are strong, and the waves sometimes rise to a height of over five feet, so that with a heavy fog lying close down upon the water, as is not uncommon there, the navigation of a large ship through the channel must always be hazardous.

Travellers, more especially such as are invalids, will be interested to know that the climate on the Isthmus of Suez is usually healthy and pleasant; but in the months of March and April a terrible wind blows there. It is called the *khamseen*, which means fifty, because the wind is liable to last fifty days; though at Suez it seldom blows more than twenty-four hours at a time. Coming from the southeast, this wind bears a sulphurous odor, and its poisonous breath oppresses terribly both men and beasts, and even causes vegetation to wilt. It produces a severe affection of the head and great depression of spirits. However, it usually subsides at nightfall.

The ports at the ends of the canal have been carefully constructed so as to accommodate large fleets, and to furnish ample protection from wind and sea. At Port Said, the Mediterranean terminus, the accumulation of sand by sea currents causes considerable trouble; and we are not surprised to learn that two British men-of-war have lately got aground in the harbor there.

The information of navigators in regard to the Red Sea is remarkably meagre, except in reference to its dangers. Northerly winds are so prevalent, that sailing vessels make the passage up the sea only with a great deal of trouble and a great waste of time. It is probable that American trade will take the Suez route in going to the East Indies, and that by the Cape of Good Hope on the return passage. Through steam lines will probably follow the canal route both ways.

It is believed that steamships can make the voyage between New York and Suez in eighteen to twenty-two days; and that hereafter the Indian merchandise which now goes to England, and is reshipped thence to America, will come through the canal direct to this country. The voyage from England to Calcutta is shortened six thousand miles by the opening of the canal; and France is an equal gainer in distance, though this is not so important to her as to England, since her Eastern trade is not nearly so large. The countries about the Mediterranean can scarcely fail to receive much indirect benefit from the introduction of a new and extensive traffic upon the waters of that sea.

A large proportion of the products of India which now reach Southern Russia overland will hereafter be conveyed by the way of Suez. A steamship company, whose line runs from Odessa to Alexandria, is to establish immediately a line of steamers between the ports on the Black Sea and the Sea of Azof and those of the far East; and the route of trade thus inaugurated is likely to be greatly developed in the future.

Although Egypt is certain to acquire many advantages from the construction of the Suez Canal, the Egyptian Government has not given to the enterprise any really earnest and efficient aid. The world is indebted to French energy for the success of this great project. Politically, it will lend a new strength to the pretensions of the Pasha of Egypt. Should the canal become a great highway of commerce, all the chief powers of Europe will combine to sustain the dominion of the Viceroy lest the East Indian traffic of the globe should fall under the control of some one of themselves. But the success of the canal will also be likely to hasten the downfall of Mohammedan rule in Turkey. Constantinople will lose its position as a metropolis of Eastern trade, and the great nations of Europe will have less reason to oppose Russian aggrandizement in the direction of the Bosphorus. The prize which Russia has so long coveted may be more easily won after it has grown worthless in the eyes of others. It is not surprising that the Sultan should refuse to attend the celebration on the Isthmus of Suez; for, if he can discern truly, he may see in the great work of M. DE LESSEPS a prophecy of Russian standards waving over the domes and minarets of Constantinople.

The War on Winnipeg.

It is not strange that the bitter hostility among the people of many portions of British North America toward entering into federal relations with the Canadian Dominion should first actively manifest itself in the Red River Territory. The population there has for years been under the rule of the Hudson's Bay Company, under whose auspices, in fact, the whole region was first settled and developed. That great corporation has yielded its possessions to the British Government, like its compeer, the East India Company. And now that the inhabitants of the lands over which it held sway are asked to submit to a new sovereignty of which they know little and fear much, they are naturally reluctant to do so.

The Red River Territory is situated about the southern end of Lake Winnipeg. This magnificent sheet of water is over two hundred and fifty miles long, and averages thirty-five miles in width. The Red River flows into it from the south, and Fort Garry, the seat of government, is situated on the banks of the stream just above its entrance into the lake. The population of the region does not exceed seven thousand. Half the colony live by hunting and fishing, and many are engaged in the fur trade. The country and climate are adapted to farming, but the want of a market forms a serious obstacle to successful agriculture.

Gov. MCDOUGALL, the newly appointed executive of this colony, the appellation of which has been changed to Winnipeg Territory, finds it impossible to take possession of his government. It is said that there is a party in his favor at Fort Garry; but he has, nevertheless, been forced to quit British soil by the insurrectionists, and seek safety within the United States line. The resistance to his authority arises from a determination on the part of a majority of the settlers, it is stated, to remain independent of Canada, and subject only to Great Britain directly. The rebels have established a provisional government, with a Legislative Assembly; and evidently they are in grim earnest. It is probable that troops may be summoned immediately from Canada to subdue the resistance of the colonists; but the approach of winter will render successful military operations in that country entirely impracticable for many months to come. If the difficulty is not amicably adjusted sooner, the insurrectionists are likely to maintain their position at least until the spring of next year.

The Curiosities of the Kings County Canvass.

The Supervisors of Kings are official canvassers. They have spent a week in counting the vote for Sheriff, and they are still counting, with little hope of any result. They seem not only willing but anxious that Mr. WALTER, the Republican candidate for Sheriff, should receive his certificate of election. They hope thus to allay if not silence the irrepressible, outspoken public indignation, and, under cover of this apparent fairness, to count out Republicans who were elected to minor offices.

THE SUN has shown that in the Fourth District of the Seventh Ward the real vote for Sheriff was: CUNNINGHAM, 155; WALTER, 373. The figures sent to the Board of Supervisors were 255 for CUNNINGHAM, and 273 for WALTER. So bungling was the alteration that the fraud was clear on its face. The Supervisors sent the returns back to the canvassers, requesting their correction. The canvassers returned them, and said that the vote as it appeared on the list was correct. Again the papers were sent to the canvassers, and again returned. Yesterday they were sent back to the forgers the fifth time, and in their hands the returns remain. The Supervisors are making a noise over the forgery, and kicking up a dust to blind the people.

But the people are not blinded. On Tuesday the Supervisors counted the returns for Member of Assembly in the Fifth District. The figures had been manipulated in the interest of WILLIAM C. JONES, the Democratic candidate. In one election district Mr GOODRICH, his Republican opponent, was credited with only 150 votes, placing him nearly 200 behind the State ticket. In the face of affidavits from 186 voters in that district, each of whom swore that he voted for Mr. GOODRICH, the altered returns were pronounced correct, and Mr. JONES will get his certificate.

Briefly, under a pretence of giving Mr. WALTER his rightful certificate, the Ring have already counted out the Republican candidate for Supervisor in the Twenty-second Ward, the Republican Supervisor elect in the Twelfth Ward, and the Republican candidate for Assembly in the Fifth District. The proof is overwhelming. The Grand Jury and District Attorney MORRIS should pay particular attention to these astounding frauds.

Who is the next victim?

John Russell Young Reappears in Rhode Island.

We copy this morning an article glorifying JOHN RUSSELL YOUNG, and abusing our distinguished contemporary of the *Tribune*. This article is from a Providence paper, which appears to be edited by a bosom friend of YOUNG. It was written either by this friend, or by YOUNG himself, and is especially aimed at that accomplished journalist, the Hon. WHITLAW READ, who is equally disliked by YOUNG and by that dishonorable Western paper, the Cincinnati *Gazette*.

There are some funny things in this article besides its blackguardism toward Mr. READ. It ignores the fact that YOUNG was dismissed from the *Tribune* because he had been found guilty of conspiring to defraud the Associated Press of its news, and because the rules of the Associated Press required him to be so dismissed. But it is not necessary that we should defend the *Tribune* against YOUNG's present assault. The reputation of Mr. READ and Mr. GREELEY is safe against all such warfare.

Mr. YOUNG contends that the exposure of his disgraceful transactions was the work of a conspiracy. This is news indeed. There was a conspiracy in the case, it is true; but it was YOUNG's conspiracy to defraud, and nothing else. But if he is so desirous of having all these matters overhauled, why doesn't he go ahead with his libel suit against THE SUN? That would bring out the real facts, and do full justice to YOUNG. Probably this is what he is afraid of; and so he prefers to try the cause in a newspaper in Rhode Island rather than before a court in New York.

IT was HORACE GREELEY, and not Field Marshal MURAT HALSTEAD, that toasted BRICK POMEROY at DE GROOT's magnificent dinner at the Astor House on Tuesday evening. Mr. GREELEY is a comprehensive philosopher, but Field Marshal HALSTEAD is a man of prejudices.

The following interesting information respecting the daily sales of morning newspapers is reported to us:

"While going down to work this morning, in Brooklyn, E. D., I took passage on a Broadway car. Upon entering, I looked about and saw almost every one reading a newspaper. There were 25 passengers in the car, and 20 of these were reading THE SUN, 3 the *Herald*, and 1 the *Tribune*, having left the *Times* or the *World*."

"Mr. WILSON, lunch on of Fulton avenue and Chauncey street, Brooklyn, sells daily:

SUN	30 Herald 10
Tribune 7	Times 1

World news, never called for, unknown in that part of the universe.

Times ahead of World, 11!

Will the *World* and *Times* kindly lay these instructive facts before their limited circles of readers?

WE are assured that Mr. S. B. CHITTENDEN's new store in Broadway is not fire-proof. We make the correction accordingly.

The Secretary of State has agreed to extend for six months longer the period for the ratification of the treaty for the purchase of St. Thomas. This will once more refer the whole subject to the consideration of the Senate and the House of Representatives, the one being charged with the ratification or rejection of the treaty, the other with the appropriation of the necessary funds in case it is ratified. We presume that Congress will deal with the subject as the interest and honor of the country require. St. Thomas is indispensable to us in view of our other prospective acquisitions in the West Indies; and the contract for its purchase, having been allowed by the Senate to remain so long without being acted upon, cannot now be taken up and rejected without discredit to the nation.

With a revolution expanding into unusual proportions in Michoacan, on the Pacific; with three distinct revolutions in Sinaloa, Sonora, and Durango; with CANALES, CORTINA, and CARVAJAL leading bands of insurgents against the General Government in the States bordering on Texas; with a revolution in San Luis Potosi, another in the State of Vera Cruz, and an Indian war of seven months' standing in Yucatan, Mexico welcomes Mr. SEWARD to her capital. Unhappy Mexico, with her discordant idiosyncrasies, debts long ago due and interest in arrears, puts on all the pomp and glitter along the triumphal route of Alaska's honored candidate for the American Presidency, as if she had in her mints hundreds of her entombed millions and billions of silver. The Cabinet is without unity, and the Congress debates everything except such measures as are of national importance. Press, Congress, Cabinet, and Executive oppose all foreign innovations, and the whole Republic is in anything but a satisfactory condition.

The census of 1870 is likely to bring up some important questions concerning the apportionment of Congressional representation among the several States. The whole number of representatives is now fixed by law at 241; and the ratio in 1861, when this number was established as the limit, was one representative to 127,000 inhabitants. Since the war the basis of representation has changed; the blacks, only three-fifths of whom were formerly reckoned, must now be counted the same as whites.

The new census will probably show that the population of the whole country is not far from 40,000,000. If the number of Congressmen is not increased, this will make the ratio one representative to about 161,000 inhabitants. By an apportionment on this ratio, all the New England States and many of the other old States will lose some representatives. An effort will certainly be made to increase the number of members of Congress, so that the old States will not lose, if they cannot hope to gain, by the new apportionment.

We learn that the Hon. CHARLES J. FOLGER is in no way responsible for the failure of the bill for the repeal of the Conspiracy law in the Senate last winter, but that the glory and shame attending the defeat of that measure belong to the Hon. HENRY C. MURPHY.

We learn that the story which has been put in circulation respecting a conflict between the Hon. DWIGHT TOWNSEND and Mr. THOMAS E. DAVIS, Jr., on Staten Island, is an electioneering device, and that the facts in the case will be published at an early day. Mr. TOWNSEND had cleaned out his opponents in the late election, and they have retaliated by circulating the narrative of a challenge and a proposed duel. The tragical features which they have given to the tale are, we are assured, purely fictitious.

SOME NEW BOOKS.

Mr. C. H. SPURGEON, the famous London preacher, has written a little work called *John Ploughman's Talk; or, Plain Advice for Plain People* (Sheldon & Co.), which to some extent explains his great popularity. It is not singular that a man should be popular who possesses such downright force, such a wealth of homely common sense, and such shrewd humor. He is original simply by virtue of the strength of his opinions, and the directness with which he expresses them. What other qualities he may possess it is impossible to tell, but to these, at least, "John Ploughman's Talk" bears evidence.

"I have tried to talk," says Mr. Spurgeon, "for ploughmen and common people. I have aimed my blows at the vices of the many, and tried to inculcate those moral virtues, without which men are degraded and miserable." This he has done in rustic style, full of quaint turns and proverbs, occasionally a little coarse, but always forcible. No description can show so well as a quotation the old-fashioned, humorous character of the writing. Here are some passages from "Hints as to Thriving":

"Hard work is the grand secret of success. Nothing but rags and poverty can come of idleness. Elbow grease is the only stuff to make gold with. No sweat, no sweet. He who would have the crow's eggs, must climb the tree. Every man must build up his own fortune some days. Shirt sleeves rolled up lead on to best broadcloth; and he who is not ashamed of the apron will soon be able to do without it. 'Diligence is the mother of good luck,' as poor Richard says; but 'Idleness is the devil's bolster,' as John P. Ploughman says."

"Make as few changes as you can; trees often transplanted bear little fruit. If you have difficulties in one place, you will have them in another; if you move because it is damp in the valley, you may find it cold on the hill. Where will the ass go that he will not have to work? Where can a cow live and not get milked? Where will you find land without stones, or meat without bones? Everywhere on earth men must eat bread in the sweat of their faces. To fly from trouble, men must have eagles' wings. 'Alteration is not always improvement,' as the pigeon said when she got out of the net and into the pie. There is a proper time for changing, and then, mind you, be hir yourself, for a sitting hen gets no barley; but do not be forever on the shift, for a rolling stone gathers no moss. Stick-to-it is the conqueror. He who can wait long enough will win. This, that, and the other, anything and everything, all put together, make nothing at the end; but the one horse a man rides home in due season. In one place the seed grows, in one nest the bird hatches its eggs, in one oven the bread bakes, in one river the fish lives."

These are some of the "Things he would not choose":

"Bad off as I am, I would not choose to change unless I could hope to better myself. Who would go under the spout to get out of the rain? What's the use of travelling to the other end of the world to be worse off than you are? Old England for me, and Botany Bay for those who like to transport themselves."

"I would not stand as godfather to anybody's child, to promise that the little sinner shall keep God's holy commandments, and walk in the same all the days of his life. Of the two, I would sooner promise to put the moon into my coat sleeve and bring it out again at the other end of my trousers; or swear that the little dear shall have red hair and a snub nose. Neither would I choose to have lies told over my baby, in the hope of getting on the parson's blind side when the blankets were given away at Christmas. I would not choose to go where I should be afraid to die, nor could I bear to live without a good hope for hereafter. I would not choose to sit on a barrel of gunpowder and smoke a pipe; but that is what those do who are thoughtless about their souls while life is so uncertain. Neither would I choose my lot on earth, but leave it with God to choose for me; I might pick and choose and take the worst, but his choice is always best."

Of gossip, Mr. Spurgeon says: "We can commit murder with the tongue as well as with the hand. The worst evil you can do a man is to injure his character, as the quaker said to his dog, 'I'll not beat thee, nor abuse thee, but I'll give thee an ill name.'"

There are many, no doubt, to whom such talk is unattractive; but those whose taste is pleased by off-hand, dogmatic, straightforward speech, will find this little volume replete with old truths in a rough new form, and full of racy humor.

JOSH BILLINGS's *Farmer's Allminax for the year 1870* (Carlton) is really funny. The writer has true humor, and his "Domestix Receipts" will be found useful.

"Tew enjoy a good reputashun," he says, "give publickly and steal privately."

"Tew give oysters an extra good relish, eat them at somebody else's expense."

"Bettr leave yure children virtew than money, but this is a sekret known only to a few."

Mr. Billings' sentiments on so great a woman question are original.

"Whenever," he declares, "I kan find a real hansum woman engaged in the wimmins rights bizness, then I am going tew take mi hat under mi arm and join the procession."

Here are some general observations:

"It is very difficult for a poor man tew be superior tew his fortune, and more difficult for a rich one."

"Love iz sed tew be blind, but i kno lots of phellows in love who kan see twice as much in their sweethearts as i kan."

"If a man faint got a well balanced head, i like tew see him part his hair in the middle."

"When I get thoroughly rich, the fust thing I intend to do is tew bekum respektabel."

The almanac is especially intended for the use of farmers, as we may see from such agricultural directions as; "March 15, plant lobsters and lettiss for sallad;" but we think the vast amount of general information which it contains should make it equally valuable to all classes.

The Mystery of Life and its Art (Wiley & Son) is a sort of outcry from JOHN RUSKIN over the failure of his own life and its most earnest endeavors, and over the failure of the race, with all its struggling, to accomplish anything really noble and worth the effort. When Mr. Ruskin writes as a matter of feeling, it is impossible not to be touched by the despondency of a man who has labored unselfishly with all his strength for a lifetime, and at the end of it exclaims that his effort has been wasted, and that for all use his life might almost as well not have been.

Yet, while feeling in one direction that all is vanity, Mr. Ruskin cherishes a conviction of the priceless value and inherent worth of this mysterious gift of existence, a conviction which with him seems to have been only brought out in clearer relief by the constant apparent failures of his own. The only thing which brings us anywhere near the heart of this mystery, or can furnish any peace, he tells us, is honest and useful work of any kind. It is in this alone, in his opinion, that any approach to satisfaction or repose can be found.

Fields, Osgood & Co. are already publishing a most attractive set of Christmas books called *The Uncle Sam Series for American Children*. Each is a large, square, paper-covered pamphlet, containing some ballad on an American theme, and illustrated with handsome, brightly colored pictures by Alfred Fredericks and Sol. Eytinge, Jr. *The Story of Columbus, Putnam the Brave, Rip Van Winkle's Nap*, and *The Ballad of Abraham Lincoln*, are the names of the poems which have thus far appeared.

The little books in words of one syllab' which have been written, or rather rewritten, by Mrs. EDWARD ASHLEY WALKER, have heretofore been pretty volumes for the use of very young children. Such stories as "Robinson Crusoe," "Sandford and Merton," or the "Pilgrim's Progress," she has translated into the simplest language with such facility that the reader is seldom conscious of how strictly she has confined herself to monosyllables. The tales have been made doubly attractive by the bright bindings, large print, and brilliantly colored pictures with which they have been embellished. But the writer's last attempt strikes us as being, to say the least, in very bad taste. It is a life of Christ, entitled *From the Crib to the Cross* (Leavitt), and there is a certain familiarity about the manner in which the subject is treated which is to us very unpleasant. Whether the reader believe that the Lord Jesus Christ was a being of Divine perfection or only supreme human excellence, His life and words are deserving of greater reverence than we find in these pages. There is a certain presumptuousness in endeavoring to bring such a record into words of one syllable, to make it readable for children, and in explaining to them, as though the writer were well acquainted with the whole matter, what were the sentiments of the Lord or of Mary under different circumstances.

The Tammany To-Day.

Those who are in quest of a place in which to while away an hour or two to-day should by all means visit the great matinée of the city in the Tammany. The performances at the matinée will include a most laughable farce called "My Turn Next," with an unexceptionable cast, including the sprightly and very popular little Alice Harrison, a novel and graceful act by George Hanlon, and "The Zouave Drum March," by the corps de ballet.

Mr. A. T. Stewart's Negligence.

A. T. Stewart & Co., in the Court of Common Pleas, yesterday recovered $246, a balance for goods sold. The defence was that the goods were paid for by a check which was good when given, and that the plaintiffs were guilty of negligence in waiting three days before collecting it. The Court held that a subsequent part payment was a waiver of that defence.

THE PARAGUAYAN INVESTIGATION.

Gen. McMahon's Charges against Minister Washburn—Defence of Mr. Washburn by Mr. Bliss—Light upon a Dark Subject—The Monster Lopez.

To the Editor of The Sun.

SIR: I notice in the reports of the examination of Ministers Washburn and McMahon yesterday, before the Committee of Foreign Affairs, that the latter revamped the old charge against the former that he "deserted" Mr. Masterman and myself at the time of his withdrawal from Paraguay—securing passports for himself, and declining to do so for us.

The simple truth is, that Minister Washburn and all the members of his family and Legation were placed during the terrible months of July, August, and September, 1868, in a position similar to that of the passengers in a foundering ship at sea. Our only hope was in the arrival of the American gunboat which had been so long and so anxiously awaited. But it did come, or had its arrival been delayed a few days later, not one of us would have left Paraguay alive. Our bones would now be bleaching along with those of the hundreds of our personal friends massacred by Lopez, and the hundreds of thousands more who have fallen victims to this most exterminating of wars, or to the pestilences, the famine, and the multiplied forms of suffering and exposure to which it has given rise. We were all of us literally "in the same boat," to use an expression often repeated by us at that time—all equally involved in the monstrously false and absurd charge of conspiracy, and all equally *protected* by the *immunities* of the diplomatic character, whatever they might be, in the eye of the monster who thirsted for our blood, and whose soldiers stood watch, day and night, at the corner of the street for two months!

It is not true that Mr. Washburn neglected any possible step for taking us with him at his departure. Again and again he insisted, in his notes to the Paraguayan Secretary of State, upon our rights as members of his Legation, and demanded that as such we should receive passports along with himself. Again and again did he positively disclaim the possibility of our having been connected with any *conspiracy*, and state that we could not have done so without his knowledge.

Mr. Washburn omitted no precaution that could have afforded safety to Mr. Masterman and myself, and it was our opinion that the best service he could render us would be to avail himself of the passport which Lopez had sent him, to make his escape from that *hell* in which we had been living, and to proclaim to the nations, from Buenos Ayres, the atrocities which had been perpetrated upon hundreds of foreigners. We believed that if our lives should be prolonged a few weeks, the American squadron would hasten to our relief, and that the most Mr. Washburn could do for us would be to make an energetic protest, from the safe deck of the gunboat Wasp, as to the outrage, and as to the correspondence to Lopez of proceeding to extremities with us.

Mr. Washburn fully carried out our expectations. From the Wasp he fulminated a denunciation, which, according to the testimony of a witness, made the ears of those with whom he spoke tremble with rage. He told him that there was no truth in the *conspiracy* story, and that it had been devised by himself for the purpose of seizing upon the property of his victims, and that the story would never be confirmed by any one then living in Paraguay who would ever leave that country. All these statements have been strikingly confirmed by later evidence. His conduct toward Mr. Masterman and myself cannot be successfully impeached, and least of all by those whose later conduct has been based upon a hypothesis diametrically opposed to that upon which Mr. Washburn acted. It was through his observance of a line of conduct previously agreed upon by us that our lives were saved by the tardy intervention of the American squadron; and, for my own part, I fulfil a debt of gratitude in publicly thanking him for the energetic and humane manner in which he acted. Would that others had been guided by his views, and had acted accordingly!

In this connection, I beg leave to suggest to Minister McMahon that instead of devoting a big share of time to the manipulating of uninformed and irresponsible newspaper correspondents, or the concoction of bogus "letters from Buenos Ayres," eloquent in praise of himself and his business partner, Lopez, it would be well for him to devise some plausible answer to the accusations against him which are on file at the State Department, charging him with having prostituted his official position to smuggle from Paraguay into Europe the Dictator's "private property," which Mr. Washburn had informed the world in advance consisted of the stolen of murdered foreigners; also, how large a percentage he gets from his partner for this service. Any facts would be acceptable tending to clear up the mystery as to how it is that McMahon, who a year ago was as poor as a church mouse, has found it possible and necessary to return from Paraguay via Europe, and to live like a nabob in European capitals. And if he can make up his mind to handle so delicate a topic, I would like to know *how many* of the murders of his friend and partner he is prepared to deny in detail. Hitherto he has limited himself to stating, with a great flourish of trumpets, that *one* person out of the hundreds whose massacre has been reported was alive and well when he left Paraguay. Shall we never hear anything from the ex-Minister over his own signature?

Yours very respectfully,
PORTER C. BLISS.

NEW YORK, Nov. 16, 1869.

JOHN SMITH, THE POLICEMAN.

How John Petitioned the Albany Lobby for an Increase of Salary and the Police Commissioners Bagged it All—John's Notions About the Politicians.

John Smith, the policeman, attempted, early last winter, to ask the Legislature for such advance of his salary as should leave him a trifling surplus every year; and when he ventured to suggest that an additional $200 annually would make him a better policeman, the heads of the police body gruffly bade him know his place, and not presumptuously petition the exalted body in Albany. Only the Commissioners, they told him, could presume to deal with so dignified a body as the New York Legislature.

After John had humbly petitioned for such pay as would enable him to support his family in decency, their Honors the Police Commissioners recommended to the Albany Lobby a considerable increase of the appropriation for the Metropolitan Police, and the appropriation was increased—the Police Commissioners, of the way, putting the increase into their own pockets, whereat John Smith soliloquized thus:

"My nominal hours are twelve, seven days a week; but the heads of the Department drag me out to the shed and make me perform drill when I should be asleep; they order sensational parades when the time is properly my own; they keep me waiting in their pestiferous Police Court rooms until I fall asleep in sheer exhaustion; they pretend that the force is deficient in numbers, and under this pretence they fix every hour between one and one and my time for patrol duty; they hound me while I am on post, and concoct complaints under which, in the form of fines, they seize a percentage of my $1,200 a year;—and with all this and more that I could add, they expect me to go out to my duty a cheerful, vigilant officer! I might suffer in silence if by honest patrol duty I could hope ever to rise to a Police Commissionership, with $12,500 a year and pickings, for five hours a day five days a week, or even to the Superintendency, with $7,500 a year for being a ruffian in my office six hours a day six days a week. But, unluckily, these enormously lucrative offices with nothing to do are made by the politicians for the politicians, and are only a part of the stupendous premium that New York pays for political theft."

Jefferson Davis has Hidden the Confederate Archives.

We have received an extensive proof-sheet of an addition which Mr. Edward A. Pollard is about to make to his "Life of Jefferson Davis." The occasion of this last fulmination is what Mr. Pollard terms the "insolent" return of Mr. Davis to this country. It concludes as follows, in relation to the romance of hidden archives, which has already, in various versions, traversed many of the newspapers:

"Finally, if we may add a word of warning to other admonitions—if Mr. Davis will allow us to do him a real kindness—we would advise him to retreat as hastily as possible to Europe, to assure that safety of person which is even dearer to him than a display of vanity. In risking himself again within the jurisdiction of this Government he appears to have forgotten the charge that yet hangs over him of concealing and of having yet under his control secret papers of the Confederacy—papers of diplomatic correspondence most important for this Government to know in its present European relations. The narrative concerning these fateful papers and their present existence, as made in pages 505, 506, 507, of the present writer's 'Life of Jefferson Davis,' be it remembered, has never been disproved or denied; and it has recently been reinforced by the statement of a Confederate officer that two years ago he saw these papers in the vaults of a Canadian bank, where they were sealed and deposited before the fall of Richmond. If Mr. Davis chooses to risk the romance of another arrest, let the consequences this time be on his own head.

"Surely, he cannot expect men of any honesty or intelligence to sympathize with him on a charge where, having caused so much of ruin and misery to the South, he appears in the last act of supreme insolence—that of presuming to conceal the history of the Southern Confederacy, as if that history concerned Jefferson Davis alone, was his private property, to be buried as he chose, or to be put away as the miserable little interests of his personal safety might suggest. And yet we have seen precisely this idea of the history of the Confederacy held out in lousy Southern newspapers; that it was the title paper of Jefferson Davis, to be destroyed, to be put in old bottles or dust holes, and to be kept from the light, just as Davis and Davis's glory and Davis's interests, and the glory and interests of the Davises to come, required. The present writer has not been brought up in that school of history, and has never yet learned the profits of a controversy with fools."

The Election in Hudson County, N. J.

The official canvass of Hudson county was concluded yesterday, the following being the result: For County Clerk—Kennedy, Dem., 6,804; Cassidy, Ind., 6,464; Newkirk, Rep., 512. For Sheriff—Mount, Rep., 7,608; Harrington, Dem., 6,177. For Surrogate—O'Neil, Dem., 7,149; Weil, Rep., 6,574. For Coroner—Burns, 7,880; Crane, 7,508; Volhardt, 6,783, all Democrats. Assembly.—First District—Abbett, Dem., 1,068; Sparks, Rep., 657. Second District—Bevans, Dem., 1,097; Rodgers, Rep., 815. Third District—Doremus, Dem., 1,750; Knoop, Rep., 838. Fourth District—Bush, Dem., 1,330; Rasbeck, Rep., 993. Fifth District—Smith, Rep., 774; Coozan, Dem., 674; Galbraith, Dem., 558. Sixth District—Brinckerhoff, Dem., 2,539; Benjamin, Rep., 1,851.

WOMEN AND MEDICINE.

Wherever Women may be Patients, there Also let them be Students and Physicians—Science Impersonal.

In consequence of the recent disturbance between the young men and women medical students in the Pennsylvania Hospital in Philadelphia, the faculty of the Women's Medical College in that city have published the following:

Considering it decided that, as practitioners of medicine, the guardianship of life and health is to be placed in the keeping of women, it becomes the interest of society and the duty of those intrusted with their professional training to endeavor to provide for them all suitable means for that practical instruction which is gained at hospital clinics.

We believe, as we have always done, that in all special diseases of men and women, and in all operations necessarily involving embarrassing exposure of person, it is not fitting or expedient that students of different sexes should attend promiscuously; that all special diseases of men should be treated by men in the presence of men only, and those of women, where it is practicable, by women in the presence of women only. It was this feeling, founded on the respect due to the delicacy of women as patients, perhaps more than any other consideration, which led to the founding of the Women's Hospital of Philadelphia. There the clinical demonstration of special diseases is made by lady physicians and before lady students alone.

As we would not permit men students to enter these clinics, neither would we be willing—out of regard to the feelings of men as patients, if for no other consideration—that our students should attend clinics where men are specially treated; and there has been no time in the history of our College when our students could intelligently do so, save in direct contravention of our known views.

In nearly all of the great public hospitals, however, by far the larger proportion of cases suited for clinical illustration—whether medical or surgical—is of those which involve no necessary exposure, and are the results of disease and accidents to which man and woman are subject alike, and which lady physicians are constantly called upon to treat. In these clinics women also—often sensitive and shrinking, albeit poor—are brought as patients to illustrate the lectures, and we maintain that wherever it is proper to introduce women as patients, there also it is but just and and in accordance with the instincts of the truest womanhood for women to appear as physicians and students.

We had arranged when our class was admitted to the Pennsylvania Hospital to attend on alternate clinic days only, so as to allow ample opportunity for the unembarrassed exhibition of special cases to the other students by themselves.

All the objections that have been made to our students' admission to the clinics seem to be based upon the mistaken assumption that they had designed to attend them indiscriminately. As we have stated distinctly and unequivocally that this was not the fact, that they had no idea or intention of being present except on one day of the week, and when no cases which it would not be proper to illustrate before both classes of students would necessarily be brought in—it seems to us that all these objections are destroyed, and we cannot but feel that those high-minded professional gentlemen who, under this false impression of facts, have objected to our course, will, upon a candid reconsideration, acknowledge that our position is just and intrinsically right.

"We maintain, in common with all medical men, that science is the second, and that the high aim of relief to suffering humanity sanctifies all duties; and we repel, as derogatory to the profession of medicine, the assertion that the physician who has risen to the level of his high calling need be embarrassed in treating general diseases by the presence of earnest women students.

Journalism in New York—Two "Bricks."

From the Providence Press.

Now that we have disposed of our old friend "Brick" Pomeroy, our readers will not be surprised if we pay a little attention to another friend, quite as old and even dearer, "Brick" Reid. There are many points in common with these two distinguished men. They are both from the West. Brick Reid wears a velvet coat—so does Brick Pomeroy. Pomeroy has a diamond pin, which Reid has not yet gained. We presume when Henri L. Stuart makes him rich he will be radiant with gems. Brick Pomeroy tells us every day of his life that Grant gets drunk, but Reid first wrote a book to prove it. Pomeroy is a red-hot Democrat, but Reid is only milk-and-water.

We are induced to write about our old friend Brick Reid by an article in Saturday's *Tribune*. In addition to H. G.'s monody about Greeley, which makes four columns, Reid gives a sermon on himself, which makes two. According to Reid, for the past few months there has been "great rivalry" among the "metropolitan newspapers," and New York has had an opportunity of comparing the different "schools of journalism" which "prevail in different offices." In other words, Reid's school and the other schools have been on trial, and these are the results: All the other papers have been "Mountebank Newspapers," and "Developments of Mares' Nests," "Dummies and Dilution," whatever that may mean. The "Dilution" we suppose means the *World*, the "Mountebank" THE SUN, The *Tribune*, under Reid, "holds the 'Mountebank' theory and the 'Dummies and Dilution' theories in equal aversion," is a "conscientious and entertaining journal," and here are its triumphs: 1. Smalley in London. 2. Clarence Cook in Paris. 3. The Exploration of the Colorado Cañon. 4. A series of letters from keen observers in the South and West—dear old Uncle Reuben's writings, we presume. 5. General enterprise in everything.

This assumption of Brick Reid's reminds us of the ass that put on the lion's skin and pretended to be the king of the forest. To a man who was in the *Tribune* when Reid came there, and long before he came—and who knows the truth—these assumptions are fraudulent and preposterous. *The special achievements over which Reid boasts are due to the foresight and ability of John Russell Young.* Young organized the *Tribune* so thoroughly that Reid has had nothing to do but to sit and see it go. He boasts of Smalley's report of the boat race. Young sent Smalley to England. He points with just pride to Clarence Cook's article on Sainte-Beuve. Young sent Cook to Paris. He is happy over the matter of letters. Young organized the whole system. He is exuberent over Uncle Meeker's letters from the South. Young sent Uncle Meeker down there. The men who serve Reid are men whom Young discovered, promoted, and advanced. Hassard, O'Donnell, White, Cook, Smalley, Mrs. Calhoun, Kate Field, Winter, are the men and women whom Young gave the *Tribune*—who owe their opportunity to him. Reid has given it Jim Mix, Fernando Ottarson (now 86), and a man named Moore, who had not been heard of when he came on the *Tribune*, and who has not been heard of since.

The *Tribune* owes its present system of success to Young. Cummings, Wood, and Hassard. Cummings was a good executive officer, and one of the best Young ever had. Wood introduced the admirable condensing system. Hassard was the man of business—exact, patient, courteous, and prompt. Young was the manager, and only those who served with him knew how thoroughly he was manager. He was the head of the staff, and he made more men fit in a week than Reid ever had in his lifetime