The Sun.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 16, 1873.

Amusements To-Day.

Booth's Theatre—Richard III.
Bowery Theatre—Twelve Temptations.
Bun Bryant's Minstrels—Twenty-third river
Grand Opera House—Round the Clock.
Niblo's Garden—Leo and Lotos.
Olympic Theatre—Alhambra.
St. James Theatre—San Francisco Minstrels.
Theatre Comique—The Mask Ball.
Tony Pastor's Opera House—Around the Block, &c.
Union Square Theatre—Atherley Court.
Wallack's—Brother Sam.
Wood's Museum—James. Maltese.

Will Congress Sweep Out its Own Halls?

From time to time for many years past the two Houses of Congress have employed themselves in the work of inquiring into the offences of individuals outside of their halls. As a general rule, though their committees were zealous in prosecuting these investigations, they encountered a good deal of difficulty in reaching satisfactory conclusions.

Of late, yielding to the demands of public opinion and the public press, the two Houses have been inquiring into the offences and follies of their own members. We have nothing to say about the zeal with which those investigations are conducted, but certainly the contradictory statements of the implicated Senators and Representatives, and the astonishing infirmity of some of their memories, tend to show that Congress will meet with more difficulty in cleansing its own chambers than it ever encountered in scrubbing those of other people.

The Senate especially seems likely to have its hands full if it seriously enters upon the task of purifying the north wing of the Capitol. Indeed, it has shrunk from putting the probe into some of the ulcers. For example, there is the very fetid case of CLAYTON of Arkansas, who got into the Senate by means of one of the most corrupt transactions on record. But nobody presumes to disturb him in his cushioned chair, for he is a favorite at the White House.

The case of CALDWELL of Kansas, charged with obtaining his election by bribery, is before a committee of the Senate. Of course it is extremely difficult to draw the facts from those who, directly and indirectly, pocketed CALDWELL'S money; but his partner has been compelled to make some damning disclosures. Gov. CARNEY was a competitor for the Senatorial seat, whom CALDWELL deemed it absolutely necessary to get out of his way. CALDWELL'S partner undertook the negotiation, and finally succeeded in clearing the track of CARNEY by paying him a bonus of $15,000, and $7,000 more for the money he had expended in carrying on the campaign in the Legislature down to the time he sold out. The testimony thus far tends to establish the charge that CALDWELL'S election to the Senate cost him $75,000, though much of the evidence is drawn from the mouths of witnesses who writhe and twist as if under the hands of a dentist.

Then there is the case of PATTERSON of South Carolina. He was arrested for bribery on the evening of the day he was elected to the Senate. It was supposed that his prosecutors had been overlooked in the distribution of good things during the canvass and had struck for their share. At all events PATTERSON felt that he was struck, and he knew who had struck him, and like a wary Pennsylvanian of the old Cameronian school he made his peace with his assailants. The result was that when the matter came before the Justice nobody appeared to prosecute, whereupon the magistrate dismissed the case, pronounced a eulogium upon the virtuous PATTERSON, the motley crowd of legislators in attendance greeting him with cheers.

Perhaps the Louisiana case is the most interesting of all. It will be remembered that PINCHBACK stated to the Senate three weeks ago that WARMOTH visited him the night before and offered him $50,000 in cash and full swing at the State patronage if he would colíperate with the Fusionists in the organization of the Legislature; that he slept upon the offer, and in the morning rejected it. There was no proof of this statement except PINCHBACK'S declaration; but as it was notorious that WARMOTH had bought and paid for him on two or three previous occasions, the public accepted it as substantially true, but with the important addition that between the hour when WARMOTH offered him the $50,000 and the hour when he declined it, the slippery PINCHBACK had gone to the KELLOGG side of the combatants, and in consideration of the United States Senatorship had sold out to them. And now comes the report that the bogus Legislature has ratified the bargain by sending PINCHBACK to the Senate. Should he reach that body his success will be a fresh illustration of the length to which brazen effrontery will carry an unscrupulous beneficiary of the Fifteenth Amendment.

Well, when CLAYTON, CALDWELL, PATTERSON, and PINCHBACK all get into the Senate chamber, the people will be interested in watching to see how long they will be allowed to remain there. We are sorry to say that we shall be agreeably surprised to see any of them expelled.

Making Old Things New.

The present rulers of Japan are all young men, the monarch himself having scarcely attained the age of manhood; and they are dealing with ancient institutions and with human nature as if they had the power to shape the world anew according to their own tastes and fancies. A striking illustration of this revolutionary spirit run mad is afforded in a letter from Mr. ARINORI MORI, the Japanese Minister at Washington, to Professor WHITNEY of Yale College, proposing to turn the Japanese language out of their country, and adopt a kind of reconstructed English, in which the spelling of the words shall be phonetic and all the verbs and participles made regular; so that, for instance, the past participle of the verb to see shall be seed; that of the verb to think, thinked; that of the verb to bite, bited; and so on. With these changes Mr. MORI supposes that the English language imposed upon the forty millions of people who live in Japan would be of great advantage to all parties.

In the same spirit the Japanese rulers are trying to go ahead in every direction. They have imported from the United States a lawyer to teach them American law; a financier to instruct them in our system of finance and taxation; an agriculturist who is expected to substitute the American ways and means of ploughing, sowing, and harvesting, for those practiced from time immemorial in Japan. The enthusiastic young men who have got that country into their hands evidently imagine that by their own will, by decrees and manifestoes, they can take the Japanese people and turn them out a new nation fully provided with the customs, habits, language, modes of thought, industry, and energy of Europeans and Americans, just as an artisan turns out a new shoe or a new coat.

This is all the height of folly, and Japan is not likely to gain much in the long run from the wild furor that seems to have possession of her governors. Nations are of slow growth. Languages, laws, social usages, forms of government cannot be created in a day, a year, or a century; they must grow out of the moral and mental constitution and the circumstances of the people; and even the influences of education produce their effects very gradually and very slowly. PETER the Great, an absolute despot, laid his hands on Russia nearly two hundred years ago, determined to transform his empire into a European civilized power; but even yet the work he undertook is not fully completed, although the Russians are essentially a European people. How much longer, then, will it require to convert the Japanese, men of a different race, traditions, ways of feeling, purposes, and aims, into a nation of European institutions and characteristics?

But the greatest difficulty of all appears to be entirely overlooked by these Japanese innovators. What gives life, power, and endurance to European and American civilization is the Christian religion. Everything of good that we have or are springs from that source. All the progress, all the glorious political and social ideas, all the amazing array of scientific discoveries, inventions, and industrial forces, the humanity, the charity, the learning, the hopes that make modern society the great thing that it is, are derived from Christianity, and without it would not be. They are the body, the outer garment; it is the living form, the animating spirit within. How absurd, then, the project, how vain the attempt, to give to Japan these mere results, accessories, and circumstances, without first giving to her the principles of life from which they are derived! And yet more than all the others religion is a thing which cannot be commanded; no people can be forced to adopt it; it must have its abode in the sincere conviction of their minds and in the inner life of their souls, or it has not any hold upon them, and cannot produce among them any of the fruits of intellectual enlightenment, social organization, or political progress.

But although the Japanese statesmen thus mistake the nature of the problem with which they are trying to deal, their efforts cannot be wholly useless; and having once begun to travel toward civilization by a mistaken road, it is to be hoped that they will persevere until they find the true one.

Doubtful Charity.

If the coffee furnished in the Holly Tree Coffee Rooms in Boston is as poor as the poetry displayed on the walls, the cheapness of the article is not to be wondered at. "Coffee here is better than beer" may be a sterling and indisputable fact, but it reads too much like a nursery rhyme to make a deep impression on the intellect of the average adult. Besides, the persons who drink the coffee should be able to judge of its quality without rhythmical assistance.

It is reported that a similar institution is to be established in this city. Its prospects of success are at least doubtful. New York workingmen do not care to be recognized as a separate and inferior class of society, and when they dine out they dine in cosmopolitan style. Moreover, the Holly Tree price for coffee is five cents a cup, and many respectable restaurants in New York supply the invigorating beverage at that price. When a laboring man or any other man can get a cup of coffee in almost any restaurant for five cents, it is not likely that he will want to pay that amount to a Holly Tree Company, and at the same time be regarded as a recipient of charity for being allowed to pay the money. Every scheme which is intended or has the effect of making a distinction between classes is anti-republican and should be discouraged.

Mighty Interesting Reading.

One of the most interesting and entertaining of the gift annuals published by Congress is that just issued in paper and without covers by the Hon. GEORGE C. GORHAM, who, having been defeated a few years ago as a Republican candidate for Governor of California on account of his complicity in various lobby and ring transactions in the State Legislature, was taken up by the Republicans in the United States Senate and made Secretary thereof. Mr. GORHAM is a member of the GRANT Republican National Committee. He endeared himself to the party last year by writing a letter on civil service reform, ridiculing the whole thing and denouncing the system which President GRANT seemed to be in favor of as an impracticable and mischievous humbug. For which the President, strangely enough, seemed to like him all the better.

Mr. GORHAM'S new book is entitled "Receipts and Expenditures of the Senate;" and is in the form of a letter to the Hon. SCHUYLER COLFAX, President of the Senate—the gentleman who loaned OAKES AMES $500 to build the Union Pacific Railroad and never asked for it back. It is quite statistical and somewhat tabular. It narrates how GORHAM bought a Webster's Dictionary for the Hon. W. G. BROWNLOW of Tennessee, piquing the curiosity of the reader as to what use that gentleman made of it; how he bought rose-tinted note paper, *eau de Nile* envelopes, mucilage, and maps; how he hung "shades" on committee rooms; how he stained book cases and picked locks and drilled holes in the wall and put casters on chairs and plugged the wall and hung towel racks and stuffed cushions with the best curled hair and sharpened shears and put a long ash handle on a brush and dovetailed a box for the committee on outrages and put seventy-four large screws into boxes and got a new tongue for a book truck and everything of that sort, and how much it all cost. It's mighty interesting reading. It shows how Mr. GORHAM disbursed $495,852.41 during one year.

Among other facts of absorbing interest we gather that between December and May GORHAM bought eight lemon squeezers, four cocoanut dippers, much sugar and lemons, spoons and ladles, and other such raw material for laws. Also, that on the 29th of December he bought for the United States three pounds of mercury, and on the 31st of the same month half a gallon of castor oil. By the way, who took the half gallon of castor oil? It is well enough known that the Senate has been for several years a powerful body, but it is not so well established that it takes half a gallon of castor oil at a dose. And for that matter—three pounds of mercury—good gracious! The Senate is a sweet-scented body. Mr. GORHAM'S narrative tells how he bought gallons of cologne, gallons of bay rum, and much essential oils, besides cosmetic and Lubin's powders by the dozen, and rappee snuff by packages of bottles. Then there are hair brushes, toilet soap, chamois skins, towels, nail brushes, and Oolong tea in the most gorgeous profusion.

It's a good book, an interesting book, a book for everybody; the interest is sustained throughout; it's more interesting than Mr. GORHAM'S letter on civil service reform, fuller of information than OAKES AMES on the witness stand, and as exact in its statements as the Hon. HENRY WILSON on Credit Mobilier investments.

It seems a pity this work cannot have a larger circulation.

Injunctions in England.

They are trying, though not always successfully, the resort to injunctions in England, as a universal panacea for local ills, to perhaps even a greater extent than they have ever been resorted to in this State.

One recent instance was in the case of Sir ROGER TICHBORNE. He had contracted, for a specific consideration, to attend all meetings got up by a certain party, and no others, previous to his trial.

He was advertised to participate in a meeting organized by a third person, and an injunction was applied for to restrain him. But it was refused, and the plaintiff remitted to his action for damages.

Another case was that of Viscount PARKER, who had been adjudged a bankrupt. This was for what, in the modern corrupt legal parlance of both England and New York, is commonly known as a "mandatory injunction," or, more properly speaking, an order.

Viscount PARKER is heir to the Earldom of Macclesfield, and a large sum could be realized from his reversionary interests in certain estates, provided his life were insured. In order to effect such insurance the trustee requested that the Viscount should be compelled to submit himself to the requisite preliminary medical examination.

But the Registrar before whom the application was made very sensibly said "he was of opinion that he had no power to make the order asked for. Suppose, for instance, the case of a bankrupt who was endowed with certain natural gifts, could the Court compel him to exercise those gifts for the benefit of his creditors? If a bankrupt had an excellent voice could the Court compel him to sing for the benefit of his creditors? He thought not. He remembered the case of a bankrupt who had a special knowledge of some secret medicine, and it was asked that he should be compelled to disclose this knowledge for the benefit of his creditors, but the Court declined to make such an order. His Honor said he must, therefore, hold that the Court had no power to compel the bankrupt to perform what must be considered as an entirely voluntary act on his part."

What the Washington *Chronicle* regards as "a hit" was made by Senator HOWE of Wisconsin a few days ago. While a proposition relating to certain Indians in Wisconsin was under discussion, it was argued that as they were poor they must be taken care of; whereupon Mr. THURMAN said there were four or five millions of blacks in the South who were also poor and without property, and inquired if the Government must take care of them. Senator HOWE'S response was immediate and to the point. "No, Mr. President," said the gentleman from Wisconsin, "the United States have not to take care of the black men of the South; the black men are taking care of the United States." The Senator's remark is true to a certain extent; but it requires a trip to South Carolina or Louisiana for one to fully realize just how the black men are taking care of the States specially under their control.

There is no place in the world where justice is more strictly administered than in Maryland—when a negro is concerned. The death sentence has only been pronounced three times in Baltimore since 1867, and in each case the condemned was of African descent. During the same period there were twenty murders. New York is a Democratic city, but it can show a more impartial record.

The horrible fate of the Dictator GUTIERREZ does not appear to have struck lasting terror into the restless spirits of Peru. Already conspiracies are forming against the present Government, and an outbreak is threatened. The cause of discontent is that President PARDO is economical, and has stopped the Credit Mobilier schemes by which the people of Peru were being made to pay millions to the MEIGS and BALTA Ring. PARDO has not only stopped these schemes, but wants to impose taxes in order to pay the debts already incurred to English capitalists. This might soon make it necessary for MEIGS to put his house up at a raffle, as he did in Chili, before coming to Peru. Ring influence and the popular feeling against taxation are likely to make short work of Peru's honest President.

The old dodge has been revived of levying fines on property owners for alleged violation of an ordinance concerning the removal of snow from sidewalks in front of vacant lots up town. Where does the money go? Who can tell us?

Hell is exciting a good deal of interest at the present time. The Methodists are discussing its horrors, and a wonderful report comes from Belgium to the effect that hell has broken loose in that industrious little kingdom and deluged the country with fire and lava. A fissure in Arkansas is said to be vomiting forth blue flames and brimstone, and the Cleveland *Herald* tells of a mountain, three miles from Bainbridge, Ross county, Ohio, which issues a constant stream of smoke, while on its summit and general surface the vegetation has withered and died, as if blasted by a whirlwind of fire. Religious people in that vicinity declare that the genuine old-fashioned hell is about to reveal itself to an unbelieving world.

In one portion of the Indian Territory are several thousand Cheyenne and Arapahoe Indians, who a few years ago were among the most unmanageable of the hostile tribes, but are now permanently settled on a reservation where they are under the complete control of the Government agents. These Indians, however, are rather impracticable subjects, for, although quite peaceable now in their purposes, they have a decided objection to labor, which they consider degrading. The consequence is that they devote their energies principally to buffalo hunting, pony raising, and perpetual horse trading. These savages are accomplished in all the arts of jockeying, but as unlicensed white traders are not permitted to deal with them, and the licensed traders do not buy ponies, their traffic in this description of live stock, though it may prove profitable to individuals, fails to add anything to the general wealth. With the exception of trifling sums received from the sale of their surplus buffalo robes, these savages are almost entirely dependent on the Government for their support. It would be an easy matter to induce these Indians to engage in the occupation of raising cattle for sale in the States, a pursuit admirably adapted to their tastes and habits. With a little judicious help from the authorities at the start, the Cheyennes and Arapahoes could in a short time become rich in herds, instead of being the objects of national charity.

We are sorry to learn that experts at Albany regard the present Legislature as no better than its predecessors.

The Rev. S. M. ISAACS, editor of the *Jewish Messenger*, will celebrate his seventieth birthday on Saturday next by a reception to his friends at his house, 675 Seventh avenue. Mr. ISAACS is the oldest Jewish minister and editor in the country; but we wish him many added years of prosperity and usefulness.

The Mutual Benefit Savings Bank in the Sun building offers many advantages to depositors.—*Adv.*

HORRORS OF THE BAGNE.

CLOSING THE GREAT STATE PRISON AT TOULON, FRANCE.

Forty-one Life Convicts in Line—Ten of them Unexpectedly Pardoned—Thrilling Scenes upon their Release—A Galley Slave Set Free after Forty-seven Years of Confinement.

Correspondence of The Sun.

PARIS, France, Jan. 2.—On the 25th of December, 1872, the last forty-one prisoners were removed from the Bagne of Toulon, and that famous establishment, so long the terror of French criminals, and which has been a fruitful source of harrowing subjects to the ablest romancists and poets of France, was closed forevermore. The scene when this great place of woe and, there can be no doubt in many instances, of revolting cruelty, was closed, was interesting and thrilling in the extreme.

President Thiers, in accordance with the law passed some time ago by the National Assembly, sent on the above-mentioned day three Commissioners to the Bagne for the purpose of either setting free or superintending the transfer of the remaining convicts to a man-of-war that was to convey them to the penal colony of Cayenne. All of the forty-one convicts had been sentenced to

PENAL SERVITUDE FOR LIFE,

and they wore, as an emblem of their doom, the famous green cap, while a chain three feet and a half long was fastened to their left wrist and ankle. When the shrill notes of the steam whistle at the repairing shop in the Bagne announced the hour of noon on Christmas Day, the three Commissioners, Messrs. Durivage, Lafont, and Quérignes, repaired to the rotunda where the forty-one convicts were drawn up in line. The latter were still unaware of what was about to happen, and most of their faces expressed considerable suspense when the three Commissioners, accompanied by several prison officials, made their appearance, while some of the older convicts, whose senses long confinement, brutal treatment, and utter despair had blunted, stared with stolid indifference at the newcomers.

M. Durivage took his stand in front of the dreary line, and spoke as follows:

CONVICTS:—The National Assembly has decreed the removal of you all to Cayenne. Thirty-one of you, convicted of murder, arson or robbery, will be transported to the South American colony. The remaining ten will be set at liberty by the clemency of Marshal MACMAHON, the President of the Republic. I will now read the list or names of the latter.

WELCOMING FREEDOM.

A scene of indescribable excitement ensued. Despite the admonition of the keepers, the prisoners crowded around M. Durivage and his colleagues. Some of them uttered exclamations of intense suspense, while others clasped their hands, thereby causing a horrible clanking of chains. All eyes centred on M. Durivage as he now read off the ten names of those who were destined to the happiness of regaining their liberty, which they believed to have lost forevermore. As the names were read off, the the happy convicts, with only two or three exceptions, broke into demonstrations of unbounded delight. Some danced around like madmen, while others burst into floods of tears, throwing themselves on their knees and praying in loud tones of profound agitation.

When the ten names had at last been announced, those who were to remain in durance manifested their rage and disappointment in equally singular ways. There were tears and cries of heartrending despair, and there were also curses too blasphemous to repeat. The keepers, at a sign from the Commissioners, dragged them to an adjoining corridor, beating them with their sticks, and threatening them with still more severe measures in case they should continue violating the rules of the Bagne.

Meanwhile three blacksmiths began to strike off the shackles from the limbs of the pardoned convicts. This is always a somewhat painful operation, and some of the convicts uttered stifled cries as the sledge hammers fell upon the rings of their chains. At last all of them were unfettered. Even the prison officials, hardened as they were, could not help looking without emotion upon the poor wretches who had suffered so much and so long. There was not one among them but had been an inmate of the Bagne for upward of twenty years. One of them, André Fréron, had been there since 1825!

FORTY-SEVEN YEARS A SHACKLED GALLEY-SLAVE.

The criminal code of France formerly punished evildoers with extreme cruelty. Fréron was a pickpocket. He had been dogged for his first offence; for his second offence he had been exhibited in the pillory with a three-cornered paper cap bearing the inscription "Thief" on his head, and had, moreover, been cruelly branded with a red-hot iron on his left shoulder. This severe lesson was not yet sufficient, and being caught again in picking pockets, he was sent as a *recidif* to the Bagne for life. Such a fate then was horrible in the extreme. Fréron was branded on the back with the ominous letters, T. F. (meaning *Travaux Forcés*, and, with his neck in the chain-gang of the recent convicts, sent on foot on his long way from Dijon to Toulon. In the Bagne, during the forty-seven years of his imprisonment, he never slept in a bed, but always on a wooden bench. He never heard music except in the prison chapel, and never tasted sugar, butter, milk, or delicacies, while his chain was his inseparable companion, and he—cruel mockery—had to burnish it twice a week in order to keep it bright and clean! What a fate! And yet the old man—for he is now in his sixty-eighth year—had rarely been sick, and is now hale and hearty. He expressed almost childish delight when he was told he was free, and said he hoped he might meet some of his relatives again at Dijon. Poor old man, who will still remember him there?

Two of the other convicts, Bernardin Civette and Dulon Rattier, seemed utterly broken down in spirit. They were both counterfeiters, and had behaved badly in prison. In consequence, they had frequently been punished in the most rigorous manner, and Rattier had even once been chained to the floor of the dungeon for a month, being unable to stand up. The keepers expressed their dissatisfaction with the release of these two convicts, and predicted they would soon be in trouble again. Both of them looked dogged and defiant, and they put the one hundred and fifty francs that were handed to each convict upon his release into their pockets without counting or even looking at it.

SEEKING FORGOTTEN HOMES.

At two o'clock the released prisoners had put on the citizen's clothes that had been furnished to them, and were escorted by a large concourse of people to the railway depot. The excitement of the crowd was as intense as the impressions which the unwonted sights which met the ex-convicts on all sides were remarkable and profound. They seemed to feel awkward in their new clothes, and they held their left arms as if their wrists and ankles were still connected by a chain. They have by now reached their old homes by this time. God knows what their feelings were when they found everything altered there, and met, perhaps, in their birthplaces no one that remembered them. In accordance with the French laws, they will remain under the surveillance of the police to the end of their days, and they may meet, in consequence, with harsh usage and unjust treatment as Jean Valjean, the hero of Victor Hugo's thrilling romance.

Meanwhile their thirty-one unpardoned fellow convicts have set out on their long and dreary voyage to the tropical and unhealthy shores of Cayenne. Until their arrival in the penal colony they will not be taken from the hold of the man-of-war that conveys them thither. There, almost in the dark, they lie on their pallets, fastened to the walls with heavy chains. The decks to this floating prison are guarded day and night by three marines with loaded muskets, who have orders to shoot on the spot any of them who succeed in freeing themselves from their fetters.

A Bill Requiring National Banks to Restore their Capital when Impaired.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 15.—Senator Sherman to-day reported the following bill from the Committee on Finance:

A BILL to require national banks to restore their capital when impaired, and to amend the National Currency act.

Be it enacted, &c., That all national banks which shall have failed to pay up their capital stock as required by law, and all national banks whose capital stock shall have become impaired by losses or otherwise, shall, within three months after receiving notice thereof from the Comptroller of the Currency, be required to pay the deficiency in the capital stock by assessment upon the shareholders pro rata for the amount of capital stock held by each, and the Treasurer of the United States shall withhold the interest upon all bonds held by him in trust for such association upon notification from the Comptroller of the Currency until otherwise notified by him; and if such banks fail to pay up their capital stock, and shall refuse to go into liquidation, as provided by law, for three months after receiving notice from the Comptroller, a receiver may be appointed to close up the business of the association, according to the provisions of the fifteenth section of the National Currency act.

SEC. 2. That section 57 of said act be amended by adding thereto the following: And provided further that no attachment, injunction, or execution shall be issued against such association or its property before final judgment in any such suit, action, or proceeding in any State, county, or municipal court.

SEC. 3. That all banks not organized and transacting business under the National Currency act, and all persons, companies, or corporations doing the business of bankers, brokers, or savings institutions, are prohibited from using the word "National" as a portion of the name or title of such bank, corporation, firm, or partnership; and every such bank, corporation, or firm which shall use the word "National" as a portion of their corporate title or partnership name six months after the passage of this act shall be subject to a penalty of $50 for each day thereafter in which such words shall be employed as aforesaid as part of such corporate name or title; such penalty to be recovered by action in any court having jurisdiction.

A Protest Against the Goat Island Job.

The San Francisco Chamber of Commerce, at a special meeting yesterday, adopted a resolution protesting earnestly against the cession of a part of Goat Island to the Central Pacific, the Southern Pacific, or any other railroad company, for the reasons that the island is indispensable to the defence of the city; that the building of a pier three miles long from the Oakland shore to the island would obstruct the channel, destroy the advantage afforded by the harbor, and, in all probability, shoal the bar outside the Golden Gate.

A MURDERER OF EIGHT WOMEN.

He Defies the Court and Calls his Counsel a Liar—Crazy or Ugly, or Both—A Tough Case in a California Court.

Correspondence of The Sun.

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 8.—Charles Mortimer, with a half dozen aliases, who is undoubtedly the most hardened criminal unhung, was arraigned yesterday afternoon in the Sixth District Court of Sacramento county before Judge Lott.

Mortimer is charged with the murder of Mary Shaw, better known as Mary Gibson, a woman of the town, in Sacramento, on the 19th of last September. He is also accused of the murder of eight other women of like character in San Francisco, all the murders having been committed within a period of twelve years.

There were a large number of spectators present, besides a full attendance of members of the bar. All were anticipating a rare entertainment, it being generally anticipated that Mortimer would cause

A SCENE.

They were not disappointed in their man.

Mortimer entered the court room between Deputy Sheriffs Hickman and Shearer, and was given a seat in the jury box. He looked haggered and thin, and stared around the room with a sort of vacant gaze. His whiskers have grown out again to about half an inch in length, and with his hair uncombed he presented a very repulsive appearance. The scene in the court room during his arraignment can scarcely be described, but can well be imagined from the following report of the proceedings:

AN INQUISITIVE JUDGE.

Judge Lott—Mortimer, you will stand up. Mr. Clerk, read to him the indictment.

Mr. Cole, the Clerk of the Court, then read the indictment, while Mortimer stood gazing out of the window, shifting about, trying to talk with Shearer, and not paying the least attention to the reading.

District Attorney Starr (to the prisoner)—Is that your true name—Charles Mortimer?

Mortimer—I don't know that that's any of your business.

Judge Lott—What is your name?

Mortimer—I tell you it's none of your business.

Judge Lott—Is that your name?

Mortimer—It's none of your business. If it suits you it suits me. You are too inquisitive.

Judge Lott—Have you any counsel to appear for you?

Mortimer—I have spoken to a couple of gentlemen. I spoke to Judge Tyler of San Francisco, and was to have seen Judge Curtis. He was to have come around, but I suppose some of the mob have been talking to him.

Judge Lott—Then you have no counsel to appear for you here. Well, I will appoint you, Mr. Denson [S. C. Denson was in court], to act as counsel for this man.

Mortimer (interrupting)—No, sir; I don't want him for counsel. I want one of those gentlemen I named—one or the other; do you understand?

Mr. Denson—If the Court please, I have not the time to attend to this case. I am willing to bear my share of such cases, but I cannot defend this man.

Judge Lott—I do not know who has or who has not borne his share. It is impossible for me to know, but I must appoint some one to appear for this man.

"YOU ARE A LIAR, SIR!"

Some one suggested that Judge I. S. Brown would be a proper person to appoint.

Judge Lott—Well, I direct that Mr. Brown assist Mr. Denson in the case.

Judge Brown—I could not defend this man. He killed a client of mine, if the story be true.

Mortimer (interrupting)—You are a liar, sir.

Judge Lott ordered Mortimer to keep silence.

Judge Brown—I will not even assist in this case, your Honor.

Mortimer—I will not accept them for counsel.

Judge Lott—You sit down.

Mortimer—No, I will not sit down.

Judge Lott—Mr. Sheriff, seat that man.

Shearer took Mortimer by the shoulders and sat him down in a chair.

Mr. Denson—I will consent to appear for the arraignment, simply.

Judge Lott—I cannot appoint anybody to appear merely for the arraignment; I have no right to.

Mr. Denson—I really cannot defend him.

Judge Lott—It is my duty to appoint counsel for this man, and it must be done.

Mr. Denson—I feel that I am bound to obey the order of the Court. I will instruct the defendant to enter a plea of not guilty, with the understanding that the plea may be withdrawn for the purpose of interposing a demurrer to the indictment.

NOT GUILTY.

Judge Lott—You can have until to-morrow to plead to the indictment, if you desire it.

Mr. Denson—I do not think it is necessary to bring him up here again. I will enter a plea of not guilty, with the understanding that I can withdraw it and interpose a demurrer to the indictment.

Judge Lott (to Mortimer)—Do you agree to that?

Mortimer—I have answered your questions. That's enough. Do you understand?

Judge Lott—To-morrow, at any time, I will allow you to withdraw that plea in order to make any motion you desire in regard to the indictment. If you can then fix upon a time I will also set the days for your trial. The prisoner is in your custody, Mr. Sheriff.

The deputies then reconducted Mortimer to his cell.

Judge Lott—It is almost impossible for me to tell whether this man is in a proper frame of mind for trial or not. To-morrow, if the counsel thinks that he is not in his right mind, I will have this case examined by the proper Commissioners. If, however, you think that this is a sham—that he is putting on or pretending insanity—I will fix the time for trial.

The Court then proceeded to the other business of the calendar, and the crowd rapidly dispersed.

Stokes and His Visitors.

Edward S. Stokes was visited yesterday by his father and Sam McLaughlin, the well-known turfite. Later in the day three fashionably-dressed ladies called and asked permission to see the condemned man, but they were not admitted, not being relatives. They went away much disappointed, and expressed their regrets that the rules of the prison prevented them from seeing Stokes, who, they said, was "a most particular friend."

At 4 P. M. Deputy Sheriff Shiel is accompanied Stokes during his walk in the court-yard of the prison.

It was understood that the bill of exceptions prepared by counsel would be presented to the District Attorney to-day, that he might prepare his answer for argument before Judge Boardman next week. Stokes is still hopeful that he will be adjudged a new trial.

When Stokes was removed from his cell in Murderer's Row to the condemned cell, a thorough search was made of the cell which he had vacated. The search revealed a revolver and a small bottle of colorless liquid. The contents of the bottle were given to an analytical chemist for analysis, and proved to be a solution of strychnine.

A Show on the Liberation of the Great Prisoner in Trenton.

At midnight on Tuesday next William H. Bunsted will walk from the Trenton State Prison a free man. He was sentenced seven months ago, and the Court of Pardons reduced his term one day. Under the State Prison rules, deducting time for good behavior, the "Boss" escapes forty-six days' imprisonment.

Since the opening of the session of the Legislature he has been overrun with visitors, among whom were Senators, Assemblymen, and Judges. On Tuesday night an ovation awaits him in Trenton. Three coaches containing his friends will go to the prison, and at midnight he will be escorted to a hotel, where a sumptuous supper will be tendered him.

The Latest from China and Japan.

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 15.—The steamer Colorado, which arrived to-day, brings Hong Kong dates to Dec. 12. The Corean question is assuming a very serious aspect. The Japan *Gazette* says that war is imminent.

All actors and wrestlers in Japan have been notified that they can pursue their professions three years longer, after which they must follow some more useful and honorable employment. The male Japanese have been informed that they will no longer be required to shave their heads, but the top knot must be retained.

A report widely spread is current that the Chinese Emperor is greatly incensed against the foreigners. A story is told that on the Imperial wedding day a foreigner of Pekin presented the Emperor with two enormous red candles. Suspicion being aroused, the Emperor ordered the candles to be cut open, when they were found to be full of powder and bullets. Another version of the story states that the candles were experimented upon in the open air, when one of them exploded, and caused the death of many of the bystanders. The correspondent of the *Daily News* says that the report is absurd and foolish.

The Great Coal Combination.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 15.—None of the coal carrying companies of this State, except the Philadelphia and Reading, are in the coal combination. Contrary to reports recently made on the street and in coal and railroad circles that the Lehigh Valley and the North Pennsylvania railroads were in the ring, Superintendents W. Roberts, of the North Pennsylvania, and L. Chamberlain, of the Lehigh Valley, say that proposals have not even been made to their corporations; and Pardee & Co., the largest coal operators and shippers in the upper Lehigh region, deny indignantly the same imputation. The Philadelphia and Reading Railroad Company are making preparations for immense shipments from their coal lands, it is said to glut the market. The company will retail at still lower rates, purposely to force small operators to terms.

A Baltimore Firm Swindled.

BALTIMORE, Jan. 15.—Cooper, Reese & Co., bankers, of this city, were swindled to the amount of $4,900 on Saturday last, by the payment of a bogus draft for that amount, purporting to be drawn by Gibson, Casanova & Co., bankers, of New York, and payable to the order of R. S. Knox. The Baltimore firm duly received a telegram the same day bearing the name of the New York firm, advising them of the draft, and stating the amount; and the draft was paid on presentation. The same person had, a short time previous, presented two genuine drafts from the same firm in New York, of each of which they advised the Baltimore firm by telegraph. Knox is described as of gentlemanly appearance, aged 35 or 40, and wearing English side whiskers.

EDWIN FORREST'S TREASURES.

His Splendid Library Burned—The Original Volume of Shakespeare in Ashes.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 15.—Early this morning a portion of the late Edwin Forrest's residence was destroyed, the fire originating in a defective flue. Most of Forrest's library was destroyed, consisting of rare and valuable works. One bookcase was consumed, and the others were damaged. Of the entire Shakespearean collection, the fourteenth volume of Halliwell's edition alone was saved. The greatest loss is that of the complete edition of Shakespeare, published in 1623, known as the "Original Copy of Shakespeare," and which Mr. Forrest always kept in a glass case. He has often said that he had rather anything else would be consumed in case of fire than this volume. It was valued at $5,000. The fire did not extend beyond the library. The total loss is $20,000. A correspondent recently described Mr. Forrest's library:

The library was emphatically Forrest's home, other apartments of the large, rambling mansion on the southwest corner of Broad and Master streets being nothing to him save as parts of a great whole. I doubt if he visited his picture gallery more than once a week, and then only because the central figure there is a marble statue of himself by Ball. His library was all in all to him, and it was here alone that he came out of his shell of melancholy, and lived, and thought his nature out. A long room, running from east to west across the south wing of the manson, having on either side ten rows of book shelves, enclosed by glass doors, contained his literary treasures.

This library is said to be the finest private library in America, and, with the exception of the British Museum, contains the best collection of dramatic works in the world. Near the east window, on the table at which he often sat and pored over his books, lies an open book, the fifteenth volume of Halliwell's "Criticisms and Commentaries on Shakespeare." The book is opened at the 106th page, and a scene from "Hamlet" had last engaged his attention. Mr. Forrest on Wednesday last had received a *Herald* containing a criticism on his reading of "Hamlet," and in company with Mr. Rees ("Colley Cibber") he had been comparing the before mentioned authority with the criticism alluded to. Clark's and Wright's "Notes on Shakespeare" also lay on the table, opened at the index page. Both books remain as they were left, fitting evidences that Mr. Forrest "died in harness." Scattered around, in reckless profusion, on the tables, chairs, and main shelf of the bookcases, lay letters, notices, papers, books, articles of vertu, wearing apparel, and one or two tin boxes containing valuable papers. His writing table, where I am seated as I write, was used as a receptacle for anything and everything. A copy of Shakespeare printed in 1632, one or two unopened letters, a "Walker's Dictionary," a check book, receipted bills, a letter—the last one he ever wrote—addressed to a gentleman in Yonkers; telegrams, a pocket-book, and a motley collection of newspapers lie before me now. In a glass case on the outside of one of the bookcases is a copy of Shakespeare, one of the very first ever printed, bearing date 1623. A like copy was recently sold in London for $880, or $4,000. But Shakespeare abounds here in many forms. Forrest worshipped the great bard, as his life and reading amply testify.

AMUSEMENTS.

Olympic Theatre—"The Alhambra."

The variety entertainment which was inaugurated at the Olympic Theatre on Monday evening, under the name of "The Alhambra," although avowedly a burlesque, is really a series of comic performances by proficients in their respective specialties, forming the interludes to an extremely dull dialogue supposed, by some prodigious effort of the imagination, to be illustrative of a story by Washington Irving. A production of this sort derives such interest as it possesses solely from its accessories. That some of these are highly amusing in "The Alhambra" admits of no question, and to one or two of them considerable artistic merit must be accorded.

This is notably the case in regard to the violin solo by Mr. Marten, in which he imitates the ridiculous affectations of the modern virtuoso with a wonderful fidelity irresistibly provocative of laughter. The well-known cat duet was of course received with much favor. The girl of the period is broadly rendered by Mr. Leon, of the minstrel stage, whose person is so admirably adapted for such personations. The other specialists of the occasion were the Lauri pantomime troupe, whose flying feats remind us somewhat of the celebrated Rayno troupe; Wright and Gilbert, two Ethiopian dancers, and Mr. Morris, who while singing a short song changes his costume in view of the audience some eight or ten times with marvellous ease and celerity.

Of course there are numerous blondes, and a ballet troupe of considerable strength which executes at least one dance quite noticeably unimpeded by any superfluous drapery. In the tableau which follows the Amazon ballet in the third act a beautiful stage effect is produced by the use of purple light, which the silvered helmets reflect in exquisite tints. We cannot approve the attempt at jesting with regard to the dead, in the graveyard scene, which is neither funny nor in good taste.

THREE VERDICTS.

Something about What Might Have Been, What Wasn't, and What Is.

A jury in the General Sessions yesterday had difficulty in passing upon the case of George H. Williams, indicted for robbery. On the afternoon of Oct. 30, in a barroom at Thirtieth street and Sixth avenue, John M. Hays, a waiter, was assaulted and robbed of a watch. The prisoner, Williams, was present at the time, and it was alleged that he was a confederate of the robbers. That he knew them, and had been drinking with them just before the robbery, was satisfactorily proved, and the jury were asked to infer from those facts that he was an accessory