The Sun.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1874.

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Amusements To-Day.

Booth's Theatre	Hide Loser.
Bowery Theatre	Passion's Pride.
Bryant's Opera House	23d st. and 4th av.
Central Park Garden	Summer Night's Concerts.
Fifth Avenue Theatre	The Fox Family.
Lyceum Theatre	French Opera Bouff. Company.
Metropolitan Theatre	10th Star Performers Con Cin.
Niblo's Garden	The Bridge; or, Paradise Lost.
Olympic Theatre	Novelty and Variety.
Robinson Hall	Concert Troupe.
San Francisco Minstrels	Broadway, cor. 29th st.
Theatre Comique	Parisian Pearls.
Union Square Theatre	Jane Eyre.
Wallack's Theatre	Twelfth Night.
Wood's Museum	Full Day. Matinee.

The regular daily circulation of THE SUN *for the week ending Sept. 5 was as follows:*

Monday	121,781	Thursday	122,304
Tuesday	123,027	Friday	121,883
Wednesday	123,982	Saturday	122,013
Total for the week			736,760
Daily average			122,793

The Carpet-Baggers again Triumphant.

Comfortably smoking his cigar at the sea-side capital, far away from the post of duty and the cares of office, the President has fulminated one of his reckless orders, intended to strengthen the hands of the thieves who, during the last five years of Grantism, have spread ruin, desolation, and outrage over the fairest portions of the Southern States.

He did not wait to hear the other side, or to investigate the facts connected with "the recent atrocities in Louisiana, Alabama, and South Carolina," but proceeded entirely upon one-sided statements made by the Attorney-General, whose conduct on other occasions when he played a similar part, has rendered him utterly unworthy of any credit or respect.

It is notorious that WILLIAMS was crammed with false statements by KELLOGG, SPENCER, PATTERSON, and other carpet-baggers, whose testimony would be questioned in any court of justice, and whose whole career as unscrupulous knaves is branded with infamy. These corrupt adventurers are allowed to direct the policy of this Government, affecting the property and rights of eight millions of white citizens. They do it by using the Attorney-General as an instrument of their vengeance and venality.

Everybody knows that no "atrocities" have been committed in Alabama or South Carolina, two States which the President arraigns with Louisiana. Black factions in the Georgetown, S. C., district quarrelled among themselves, under the lead of imported negro leaders who were fighting for the spoils. The whites had no part or lot in that bloodless battle. There has been no disturbance in any other part of the State, and none is apprehended unless it be incited by PATTERSON and his purchased gang, with the object of procuring troops for their support.

Alabama is peaceable throughout her borders, and has been so all along. Respectable white Republicans who heretofore supported the Administration have turned their backs upon it in disgust, and now refuse to vote for HAYS, PELHAM, and other scalawags who sustained the Civil Rights bill, which they believe will degrade their children and destroy their means of education. That is the only "atrocity" they have committed.

In Louisiana a crime has been perpetrated which deserves severe punishment, no matter how great may have been the provocation. So, too, in Tennessee, which the President has strangely omitted from his arraignment, though the "atrocity" there has attracted more attention than all others together. Perhaps he was not aware of the fact, and thus can plead the ignorance which he did three years ago, in suspending the writ of habeas corpus in one of the counties of South Carolina, which was not even charged with the offence upon which martial law was proclaimed in others.

The crimes in Louisiana and Tennessee are punishable under the State laws, and the authorities in both cases have asserted their proper jurisdiction. There is hardly a doubt but that the offenders will be brought to justice, and then only can the whole truth be known. The information thus far obtained leads to the belief that a conspiracy was organized in Louisiana by a few desperate carpet-baggers, to incite negroes to commit outrages on the whites in one of the towns where their numbers could overpower resistance. The knowledge of this plot led to the summary treatment of the white ringleaders. The Tennessee affair does not seem to have had this pretext, and has been denounced at a public meeting in Memphis called on that account, by JEFFERSON DAVIS, Gen. FORREST, and others, quite as strongly as in this latitude. Gov. BROWN, without waiting for details, acted vigorously to bring the criminals to account, with all the power of his office.

It is difficult for people at a distance in the enjoyment of all the privileges of freemen to realize the actual situation of Southern society in the reconstructed States. Trampled upon by alien adventurers; neglected or oppressed by Congress; threatened with force at every election; impoverished by war; their remaining substance stolen before their eyes; crushed by combinations of carpet-baggers and negroes, and their wives and daughters insulted and outraged beyond all former experience, it is not surprising that these sporadic outbreaks should occur when new wrongs are menaced.

Still these acts are not to be justified. Every crime of this kind provokes only more oppression, and is gladly seized upon by the Administration as a pretext for imposing still worse penalties. At last the punishment falls upon the mass of the innocent population of the South, whose first interest is peace and good relations with the colored race, which would prevail but for the wicked interference of incendiaries employed to stir up strife.

No law of the United States was offended which called for the intervention of the President. Neither of the Governors made any demand for the aid which the Constitution authorizes in certain contingencies. It was therefore a gratuitous, offensive, and unauthorized exercise of power, wholly prompted by a low partisan motive, and designed to intimidate the voters at the coming elections, whose success the KELLOGGS, SPENCERS, PATTERSONS, and that tribe began to fear, in spite of the support of the Administration.

Neither is there any doubt that the public money is to be poured out again by millions to prolong the rule of these miscreants in the South. Although the President has made these "atrocities" the subject of a quasi proclamation, he does not purpose to give up his ease at Long Branch, but has turned over the whole responsibility to the retained counsel of the carpet-baggers in these words:

"All proceedings for the protection of the South (e. g. KELLOGG, SPENCER, PATTERSON and Company) will be upheld by the law department of the Government, and will be directed by the Attorney-General in accordance with the provisions of the enforcement acts."

WILLIAMS was quick to improve his chance. So he issued a circular to United States marshals and attorneys as follows:

"I consider it my duty, in view of these circumstances, to instruct you to proceed with all possible energy and despatch to detect, expose, arrest, and punish the perpetrators of these crimes; and to that end you are to spare no effort or necessary expense."

This license to spend the people's money is consistent with the experience under WILLIAMS, who has raised the cost of the judiciary from six hundred thousand to nearly four millions a year! It was proved before a Congressional committee that the marshals and attorneys in North Carolina, Arkansas, and other States, had stolen hundreds of thousands, manufactured vouchers, and returned fraudulent accounts to the Treasury. They were retained, with an occasional exception, and now these rogues are empowered to repeat this plundering, on the false plea of detecting, arresting, and punishing criminals, who are subject only to the jurisdiction of the States where the offences were committed.

This whole business is an electioneering scheme, and the trouble in Louisiana was started by KELLOGG's vile emissaries, with the express purpose of provoking difficulty, in order to furnish an occasion for calling in the military. That the Attorney-General was a party to this deviltry will hardly be disputed by those who have watched his unscrupulous course, who have seen him scorned even by his own party, who know him to be essentially corrupt, and who have no faith in his public or personal integrity where the least interest is involved. He is worthy to be the expounder of Grantism, and a fit tool for all its enormities.

For Governor of New Jersey.

Judge BEDLE of Jersey City aspires to be nominated as the Democratic candidate for Governor. He says that he shall not make the slightest effort to secure the nomination, and that he shall retain his office as Judge even though he becomes a candidate. The impropriety of this course suggests that his pretensions themselves may be equally unsound.

Three years ago Gov. RANDOLPH, being prohibited by the Constitution from holding office for a second term, recommended Judge BEDLE as his successor, the Judge being, as it seems, a relation and a particular friend of the Governor. A private caucus, or as they called it, a consultation, was summoned to meet in this city at the rooms of the Chamber of Commerce. A large number of prominent Jersey Democrats were invited, care being taken to select those who would be favorable to BEDLE. It turned out, however, to be nothing but an effort to convince one or two persons that they ought to support the Governor's relative, and as they could not be persuaded, the session broke up without action. Judge BEDLE then made personal appeals for the nomination. He desired—so he said—to retire from the bench and practise law in Jersey City, and the office of Governor would give him a distinction that would be advantageous. The office of Judge did not yield much, not as much as he thought he ought to have, and for that reason he was going to leave it.

Not only did he himself attempt to obtain the nomination, but the efforts of his friends were all made with his knowledge and sanction. Wires were pulled, men were managed, and promises and threats were peddled about with all the adroitness of veteran politicians; and yet we are now told that the Judge is no politician, and that if he is elected Governor, it must be the result of the action of the people without the slightest effort on his part! The people of New Jersey then witnessed the undignified spectacle of a Governor in office sounding delegates and trafficking with them till after midnight on the night before the convention; but the enterprise was unsuccessful, and after nearly six months of hard labor, the Judge experienced the mortification of missing the nomination.

Mr. RANDOLPH and his friends have now brought the ambitious little Judge forward again. They have been very industriously working up his case all the summer. The objection was urged against his nomination, mainly by prominent lawyers, that the Judiciary should be kept free from politics, and that if a Supreme Court Judge were nominated, it would be necessary for him to retire from the bench before entering upon the canvass. This was conceded on all hands; and the Jersey City *Herald* of Aug. 1 declared that "he will of course resign from the bench before the convention meets." His friends said that if nominated he would at once resign, and this assurance was spread over the State and did something to sway the tide of public opinion in his favor. But after some hesitation, thinking that his popularity was great and that the people were honestly divided upon the subject, the Judge determined that he would not resign a certainty of from $12,000 to $15,000 per annum for four or five years, for the uncertainty of a run for Governor. This put his friends in an awkward position. There was no help for it, and accordingly a new consultation was arranged at which the Judge was to be present; but he stayed away. His letter was prepared to put the matter in a pleasable light, and there it now stands.

Judge BEDLE says he is not, and has not been a candidate, and that he "has not sought the influence of any one in that direction." Can this be so? The Attorney-General of the State and a dozen other prominent Democrats can answer. Three years ago he was an avowed candidate, making personal solicitations for support. Has he lost his ambition so soon? Or does he, like GRANT, propose to hold fast to one fat office until he is elected to another?

Judge BEDLE is a man of fair private character, little education, and very moderate capacity. He has been eight or nine years on the bench without distinguishing himself, and he has neither written nor done anything to attract attention even in his own State. While yet very young he was made a Judge by Gov. PARKER at the close of his former term in order that the Governor might succeed to BEDLE practically in freehold while they both lived. The judicial term in New Jersey is seven years, and at its expiration PARKER was again Governor, and appointed BEDLE once more, but now the Judge wants to be Governor himself, and yet says his wishes are against it; that he could not consistently accept the nomination, but that the election "might make it a duty on his part to accept the office." Is it likely that a Democratic convention, in a State where Democratic success is more than probable, will under such circumstances take such a man?

Lott and Dix—A Tub Race Proposed.

The Hon. JOHN A. LOTT would not be such a bad candidate for Governor after all. In the event of his nomination we would suggest the propriety of testing the comparative skill of the two candidates—provided DIX is nominated by the Republicans—in a tub race.

Tub races are becoming quite popular. We observe that a series of contests on the water got up under the auspices of the venerable, honorable, and genial HENRY NICOLL of this city a few days ago, wound up with a tub race. The *Middletown Journal* also informs us that "a grand and exciting tub race came off in the Susquehanna river last week between a number of our sports. All of them, about twelve in number, fell out of their respective vessels; some, three or four times. The winner of the race, Mr. H. HUGHES, fell out but once. The prize, we believe, was a silver cup. The race was witnessed by hundreds of men, women and children, and afforded rare fun, the shouts of laughter being almost deafening at times."

Our many readers will recall to mind a charming account of a tub race in which Judge LOTT participated, and which we published two or three years ago. It was contributed by that entertaining correspondent, Mr. PAT MALLOY. We never had the pleasure of personally knowing this writer, but his letters bore on their face, as a general rule, the evidence and impress of truth. He made it his business to accompany Judge LOTT on his various piscatory excursions and faithfully to report the sayings and doings of that great man, as BOSWELL did those of Dr. JOHNSON. There was only one thing in any of his letters, so far as we now recollect, which led us to indulge in any misgivings as to their correctness, and that was a remark which the eminent Judge was represented as having used while engaged in his favorite pastime of bobbing for eels. He was asked why he sat on a particular log to bob for eels, and he replied that he would sit where he damned please. Now it taxes our credulity to believe that the great Judge used this language. It is an expression which, to say the least, borders on the profane; and would this venerable man encroach even on the outer borders of profanity? Never: his white neckerchief and his dignified mien forbid the thought! PAT MALLOY must have been mistaken. Judge LOTT might have been irritated—he often is—but he could not have said damned, although he might have felt it.

We think, however, that Judge LOTT may safely be taken to be skilled in the navigation of the tub; and he ought to have the advantage of his long practice in his favor, because the race would necessarily come off in the waters near Quogue—DIX being too old to go far from home—and with these waters LOTT is less familiar.

We withdraw all opposition to the nomination of LOTT. We only insist on the tub race.

There would be something encouraging in seeing the unwashed Democracy enter the campaign with a tub as their emblem. It would be indicative of increased cleanliness and reform.

Can He Stay?

Gen. BRISTOW, the present Secretary of the Treasury, seems to be the right kind of a man. He lays his hands upon long-standing abuses, and cuts up frauds by the roots. If he is allowed to go on as he is now going he will make an honest Treasury Department, and he will break the GRANT party to pieces.

But can Gen. BRISTOW remain at the head of that department? It seems impossible. How can an honest reforming Secretary of the Treasury be tolerated or kept in power, when SIDNEY DONISON plunders in the Navy Department, COLEMAN'S DELANO controls the Interior Department, and LANDAULET WILLIAMS presides over the Department of Justice? An honest, fearless, judicious man like BRISTOW cannot long remain in coöperation with a set of robbers. Either he must go or they must go; and as they own the President and have a majority of Republican members of Congress behind them and in sympathy with them, it is pretty clear that BRISTOW will have to be discharged. He is like a bull in a china shop, and the longer he stays the more mischief he does. He must be got rid of at any price.

Perhaps, however, he may not be willing to accompanies the corruptionists, and in that case GRANT will have to deal with a more embarrassing alternative than has ever yet been forced upon him. To dismiss him upon any issue which would put BRISTOW entirely in the right and GRANT entirely in the wrong would not merely be fatal to GRANT, it would make the dismissed Secretary for the time being at least the foremost man in the country. GRANT might be likely to think that by bringing home E. B. WASHBURNE and making him Secretary in Gen. BRISTOW's place he would win in the contest; but this would be a mistake. WASHBURNE has a certain reputation as a railroad fighter and a fussy advocate of economy in Congress; but nobody is attached to him, and nobody has much faith in him. In fact, he is about the most unpopular citizen in the United States, while BRISTOW has a considerable following already, and is supported by a larger and larger army every day.

Altogether the presence in the Treasury Department at such a juncture as this of a man so dangerous, so fitful, so thoroughgoing and at the same time so shrewd as Gen. BRISTOW, forms one of the most curious and interesting elements in the great political revolution upon which the country is now about to enter.

There is no law whatever for Gen. GRANT's present action in sending troops to the Southern States, except the law of his own good pleasure.

We are happy to learn that there is a fair prospect of the election of Mr. W. S. HOLMAN as a Representative in Congress from the Fifth District of Indiana. The district has been reconstructed so as to make a sure Republican majority, but his personal character and antecedents are such that he will doubtless run far ahead of his ticket. The laboring men know him and are for him; and although his opponent, Judge CLAYPOOL, is a man of great wealth and extended connections, the sympathy and confidence of the masses will be powerfully felt on HOLMAN's side. We sincerely hope that he may be returned. Talent, integrity, and virtue such as his, always necessary in the national councils, were never before so necessary as now.

A characteristic illustration of a sort of humbug which Gen. GRANT sometimes practises is given in the following extract from the biography of Chief Justice CHASE, just published by Mr. J. W. SCHUCKERS:

"Mr. CHASE did not like anything which involved deceit, even though it was in the nature of a pious one. When the Metropolitan Methodist Church at Washington was being built, an arrangement was made by which DANIEL DREW, a gentleman of admitted extraordinary piety in New York, paid a contribution of $10,000 toward it. Five thousand were set down as the gift of Gen. GRANT, and $5,000 as that of Mr. CHASE, but Mr. CHASE wrote in his own hand after his signature, 'paid through the liberality of DANIEL DREW.' For it was not right, he said, that the should be credited with giving what he had not given, and what he could not afford to give, even to what was undoubtedly a worthy object. *Other men are not so scrupulous.*"

We have heard of this before, and have no doubt that the fact was so. Another large money donation made in the name of Gen. GRANT to a church in Washington was derived from the exhibition of a very fat ox which was shown about the country, and appeared in Washington before the inauguration of 1869. The ox was called "Gen. Grant" on the handbills, and the proceeds were appropriated as we have stated, the President getting and keeping the credit of a gift with which he had really nothing to do whatever.

The circular from Mr. SAMUEL J. TILDEN which we printed the other day only took a single page of letter paper. This might suggest a doubt as to its authenticity; but if it be really his, and if he will promise to make his messages equally short, we shall begin to think about supporting him.

Many brutal crimes have been charged against members of the police force within the last few months. The most dastardly one is that of which G. W. BURNS, a Brooklyn policeman, is accused. A feeble servant girl appealed to him for protection from a ruffian who was following her in the evening, and the officer offered to escort her to the home of her mistress. He purposely misled her, and the poor girl is reported to be lying at the point of death from injuries received at his hands. The testimony so far points to the officer's guilt. If he is convicted, swift and adequate punishment should be dealt out to him.

The *World* says that Gov. DIX is a Republican with Democratic principles. This is perfectly true. Circumstances and ambition have thrown him into the Republican party; but his political doctrines are Democratic and nothing else. It seems a funny inconsistency in a man of his experience.

BLAINE FOR PRESIDENT.

A Kansas Republican Convention Nominates him and Denounces Grant.

COTTONWOOD FALLS, Kansas, Sept. 1.—Our County Republican Convention met recently and after transacting the business of electing to the State and Congressional Conventions proceeded to adopt resolutions.

The Hon. J. W. McWilliams, formerly a member of the Legislature, introduced a resolution favoring the Hon. James G. Blaine of Maine for the next President, and censuring Grant's Administration.

Blaine is the choice of Kansas, and Grant is unpopular everywhere among the people.

This is the first resolution yet introduced and passed in the United States declaring for Blaine of Maine for President.

A GOVERNOR'S VIEWS ON BABIES.

Gov. Bagley of Michigan Replies to the Secretary of the Kalamazoo Agricultural Society—A Delicate Position.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, EXECUTIVE OFFICE, DETROIT, Aug. 8, 1874.

Frank Little, Secretary.

DEAR SIR: Your favor of the 27th, notifying me of my appointment as one of a "committee on babies" at your county fair, is at hand. The position is certainly a delicate, and, to a man in public life, a dangerous one.

Suppose, for instance, I was a candidate for office, would not every father who e baby failed to receive a premium vote square against him? Would not every mother whose baby has failed to receive the attention of the committee use her powers of persuasion in inducing her neighbors to vote for the "other man?" Providence has very kindly implanted in the breast of every crow a decided belief that its "baby crow" is the blackest of all crows, and no argument of counsel could ever convince the mother crow to the contrary; and this is right.

Were it otherwise, our babyhood would not be the region of happiness and childhood that it is. If our parents had not believed us to have been the brightest and best of the human family, and that we were born to be Presidents, or at least Congressmen, we should have been drowned like kittens before we had reached our teens. But whether I undertake the onerous request of me, other objections loom up before me.

I do not know the opinions of my fellow-members of the committee on "babies." I should want to know what sort of babies they have had if they have had any. I want to know whether they like fat babies or lean babies, whether blue-eyed or black-eyed, gray-eyed or hazel-eyed, boys or girls, blondes or brunettes. Above all, I should like to know whether they like babies at all. I do not suppose for a moment your society would have been careless enough, in such a matter, any member of which did not like babies, yet you may have done so. It by accident you have, then you have spoiled the job. I couldn't serve with any such person. Their judgment wouldn't be worth a straw.

Again, I want to know if there is any member of the committee who never owned a baby of his own. I should most certainly object to serving with any such unfortunate individual. What would he know about babies? How much weight would his opinion have on the important question of which was the "finest and handsomest baby not exceeding eighteen months of age?" A decision made by such a one would be laughed at by every mother in Michigan. I have seven babies of my own. Some of them are too old to be called babies by the outside world, but to me they are and ever will be babies. Now, I try to be fair and decently honest in my judgment of men and things, but when it comes to babies I can't do it. I know I can't; I shall be making comparisons constantly, keeping my own babies before me as a standard of excellence. It is of no use. I can't serve, and do my duty to myself, my wife, my babies, my State, my neighbors, and my prolific fellow citizens of Kalamazoo county. Your friend, JOHN J. BAGLEY.

AMUSEMENTS.

Arion Summer Night's Festival.

The summer night's festival given on Saturday evening at Terrace Garden by the Arion Society was almost an autumn night's festival, since the weather was so damp and cadly as to make the concert room pleasanter than the open air. It consisted of a concert, opera, and ballet. The programme of the concert included the overture to the "Siege of Corinth," by Rossini, and selections from "Lorenzin;" and this was followed by Reinecke's pretty operetta in one act, entitled "Handel's Adventure, or the Power of Song." The music is bright and generally, made good sense, a fine, and several choruses, spoken dialogue filling in the intervals. The solo parts were artistically rendered by Mr. Remmertz and Fraulein Reiss, and the choruses were finely given by the Arion society. After the opera followed a ballet, to which the pretty ballet girls of the city and its friends entered with characteristic German spirit.

Lyceum Theatre.

The managers of the Lyceum announce that they have concluded an engagement with Mlle. Coralie Geoffrey, prima donna of Les Folies Dramatiques, Paris, and also with M. De Querey, leading tenor of that theatre. The former was the original *Helène* in Offenbach's "Belle Helène" and *Aline*, which had a great success in Paris.

"La Timbale d'Argent," will be heard of every Thursday evening by offenbach's "Princesse de Trebizonde." Mlle. Amore and Mlle. Heximade roles in the former opera during the remaining nights of its performance.

A Feast for the Wild Beasts at Ryan's Farm—Mr. Green's Mare.

To the Editor of The Sun.

SIR: A few evenings since a certain portly and distinguished ex-Park Commissioner was the centre of a session of a social party of friends. Among other things "Ryan's farm" was spoken of. At this the ex-Park Commissioner delivered himself as follows:

"Why, when I first went up to the Park in my official capacity, I saw on the green a fine cow. Says I, 'What's this?' 'Mr. Green's cow,' replied the keeper. 'Off with his head and feed him to the lions,' says I. I looked around, and my eyes alighted on a little fat calf. 'Whose calf is that?' says I. 'Mr. Green's,' replied the keeper. 'Off with his head and feed his carcass to the animals.' Then I went into the stable. What did I see? A lot of nags, and in the lot a mare. 'Whose mare is that?' says I. 'Mr. Green's,' said the keeper. 'Take out mare and shoot her.' I don't care about mentioning the name in print." EAGLE EYE.

A Chief of Police Murdered.

HAZLETON, Pa., Sept. 5.—Last night George Lapp, a German, was drunk and firing a pistol in the street. Simon H. Cramer, Chief of Police, attempted to arrest him, and was fired upon and almost instantly killed. Cramer was an estimable citizen, and a member of the Masonic order. The populace are greatly excited, and threaten to lynch the murderer.

AN ARKANSAN SPEAKS.

A Very Lucid, Interesting, and Intelligent Explanation of the Lawless Condition of Affairs in Distracted Arkansas.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., Sept. 2.—The telegraph announces this morning that an agent of the Treasury Department, who had been despatched to Fort Smith with vouchers relating to the fraudulent claims of Roots, Sarber, and Britton, former marshals of the United States for the Western District of Arkansas, had returned to Washington with his mission unaccomplished, after having almost reached his place of destination, when he turned back because he learned that the ex-marshals had arranged to have the stage stopped for the purpose of robbing the messenger of his vouchers—perhaps of his life. Readers of THE SUN will remember how affairs have been managed in our Western District, where the expenses of the court have exceeded in amount the expenses of all the Federal courts for the New England States, New York, Pennsylvania, and Ohio. A great part of the money nominally drawn for these expenses was appropriated by marshals and other Federal officials. The matter was freely ventilated last winter in Congress. Sarber was removed from the marshalship, and the Judge, Story, a sallow, incompetent youth, perhaps more sinned against than sinning, but still a very great sinner, perceiving that an impeachment was imminent, made up his mind that it was better to "step down and out," and so resigned.

Two of these ex-Marshals live in Fort Smith; the other, Roots, is the President of the Merchants' National Bank in this place, and lives here. It may be difficult or impossible for the Federal Government to bring these three men to justice, but it would hardly seem probable that they would attempt to defend the territory for fifty miles around Fort Smith against the United States army, or to kill off all the Treasury agents who might be sent out, in the manner in which the Jews slew the prophets and those that were sent unto them.

Arkansas must be a lawless place if such things can be. That is admitted. The reason explains itself. The men now sought have been the ministers of justice of the United States Government in the Western District for years. The law as administered by them was a thing that no one could respect. It only manifested itself in two ways—embezzlement from the Government and pillage of the people. The latter was first felt. Many a remonstrance went up and died out in silence, like the voice of a man in a great waste. Clayton had recommended these men, each and all, and to do him justice he stood by them to the last with a fellow feeling truly affecting. Nothing was done until these men, through their depredations on the public money, became a luxury which even the Federal exchequer could not afford. The same system which had enriched the people of this State, which has reduced the State finances to a very unedifying deathbed, would, if continuously applied, have sapped the vital strength of the United States herself. A halt had therefore to be called. The Government by implication addressed them an open letter, saying, "My dear sons: What have I not done for you? Are you not each and all carpet-baggers, for whom my bowels have yearned, as the promise of the Southern country? Have I not turned over to you a State and the people thereof to pillage? Have I anywhere restricted you? Have I not pretended to believe the lies you told and telegraphed? Have I not canonized you as martyrs even while living? But now, what have you done?

How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child!

Things have not been very lovely in Arkansas for a long time. War, taxes, ruinous extortion, have pretty well done their work. Unfortunate people have no friends. St. Peter slunk away in the hour of supreme need. The people of Arkansas have proved an exception. They have been stigmatized with ignorance, stupidity, and crime with a lavish command of epithets peculiarly the gift of the prosperous. Having no more to do with the government of their State than the Poles have to do with that of Poland, we have been loaded with the infamy of the Government also; just as if the Poles had been cursed on account of their own Ulanders and sins, and those of the Russians besides.

Now your correspondent wishes to call attention to the fact that here are three master spirits, sent out to evangelize this country, who have not only feloniously robbed the fiscal supplies of the Federal Government, but threaten to assassinate all agents sent out on inquiry. If this is the prima facie evidence a case I should not, of course, venture to mention the matter; but as it rests on the testimony of an agent of the Treasury department, I will not hesitate. It will be remembered that these three ex-marshals are the bosom friends of Clayton, who proposes to make Arkansas a fit reconstructed, in order that he may be elected again to the United States Senate, a place in which he has distinguished himself so far only by rising to explain how he came to curse Postmaster-General Creswell, and by his attempt to say of Little Rock that the d—d place was not large enough to be entitled to a delivery of letters, which is notoriously true. It is by the aid of these three ex-marshals, and of others of the same kind, that Clayton hopes to succeed, so that he may continue to thrill the Senate by the eloquence of his daily appearance. Eloquent enough, if one could but read in it, how much of degradation and calamity that implies.

But I will not speak of the people of Arkansas now. I would invite sympathy with a people, especially a people of our own country, having had no better luck than they have, would be too Quixotic. Besides, they have had such a series of calamities that they are quite patient and hopeless in the main. They cannot be scared by any Arkansas anything else of woman born. But the question will recur, "Is not Clayton, with his ex-marshals, Congressional investigating committees, new and repeated reconstructions, rather too dear a luxury for these hard times?" Evidently so, unless we are to have that union bring with it these other blessings. He votes for that also, and pretends that the people of this State favor it, which is not true, although he may think it so, having no communication with any of our people except the three real arrant ex-marshals and their friends, and a few men of the same feather.

AXE-HANDLE SMITH HEARD FROM.

He is Anxious to Meet Mr. Asa Brown—Likewise to Compare his Boy with Brown's.

To the Editor of The Sun.

SIR: Permit me a small space in your widely-circulated and valuable paper in answer to the remarks of Asa Brown, Esq., of 135 Lewis street, New York, published in THE SUN of Sept. 2. I have known Mr. Brown for several years, and think him rather an industrious and hard-working man, especially in the business of ship joining. Mr. Brown spoke about discussing with me. If he wishes to do so, I shall be pleased to see him at Bill Young's on any evening he may deem proper, and discuss with him on any subject he may choose to enter into. I believe Mr. Brown is not aware that I have been through college, and I think am able to discuss with him. Shortly after leaving college, curious to say, I pursued the business of making axe handles, which gave me the popular name of Axe-Handle Smith. I have now been in that business a number of years, and can show myself to be execrated in it. As Mr. Brown stated, he has used my handles, and says they are the best he ever used, and I think he is about right. Speaking about his boy Joseph, I have a boy that I will march against his Joe in anything, and think if the editor could see both together he would choose mine at odds. I expect in a few years he will be Alderman or Mayor at least. I am trying to fit him for that honorable position, and not for the business of making axe-handles.

Mr. Brown said that the Browns patronized THE SUN as much as the Smiths. I believe the Smiths buy three SUNS to the Browns one. Now, to close, I again state that Mr. Brown will find me at Mechanics' Hall at 8 o'clock any evening he wishes to.

I yet remain a friend of Mr. Brown. Yours truly, DANIEL C. SMITH,

better known as Axe-Handle Smith.

No. 481 East Houston street, New York.

P. S. I would like the editor of THE SUN to see my boy by the side of Mr. Brown's Joe. D. C. S.

Literary Criticism in the Daily Press—The Sun's Criticisms.

From the Brooklyn Union.

The literary criticisms of the London *Times* have always been of a high order, and just as much care has been bestowed upon their production as upon any other subject. There are one or two of the daily papers in New York which pay special attention to literary publications, but the first one to set the example of treating books just as other subjects are treated is THE NEW YORK SUN, whose literary criticisms are placed in the editorial columns in the most conspicuous position.

The literary criticisms of THE SUN are of the first order, remarkable for their soundness of judgment, clearness of style and accurate scholarship. In these respects these remarkable notices or critiques might rank with the best reviews of the Quarterlies, or with the critiques of the *revue des Deux Mondes*. The literary reviews of the daily press are not, only of the first rank, but an important and essential part of the news published, and they should be of every business journal published here.

What renders the appearance of these literary productions in THE SUN too more remarkable is that it is not only the chef-pest of the New York papers, but its limited space compels the condensation of its news reports by the intellectual process of a sort of hydraulic pressure which is itself one of the marvels of modern journalism.

One of the last of THE SUN'S reviews was a criticism of the novels of Anthony Trollope, which may be said to have been the first critical essay that satisfactorily defines the popular author's place in English literature. There have been several similar critical articles in THE SUN which should be sufficient to give that journal as distinguished a character as Sainte-Beuve gave to the paper with which he was so long connected.

NOTES ON ICELAND.

A Jail that Never Held a Prisoner—More than Three in a Bed—A Bashful Missionary—Icelandic Kitchen Delicacies.

From Murat Halstead's Letter in the Cincinnati Commercial.

The best building on the island that we have seen is the jail at Reiklavik, and the most remarkable thing in its history is that it never contained a prisoner. It would not hold an energetic prisoner anyhow, unless he was confined, for there are no bars across the windows, but the experiment has not in any case been tried; and the Reiklavikers are not seriously disinclined to mention the subject, for it is the strongest presentment that can be made of the universal prevalence of virtue.

The church is built wholly of wood, and tarred. It is as black as the spot on the ace of clubs, and right over the door there is a little black knob, varying from ten to twenty feet in height, that passes for the spire. Inside is an altar opposite the door, adorned with candles and pictures, representing some of the sufferings of Christ, and on the right hand side of the door, and two-thirds of the way to the altar, is the pulpit. The room for the people is carefully divided into pews, which are numbered boxes. The churches, as all the books of travels in Iceland state with elaboration, are open to travellers—not as houses of entertainment, but for shelter. The sacred roof is made hospitable, to the extent of keeping off the wind and the rain, but you must find yourself. The Icelanders, who have no scruples of thought of them about purile balls on Sunday, and put their dancing and praying very close together, do not see that the church can be less holy and venerable because it is used as a tavern when not occupied for religious exercises.

DREARY HABITATIONS.

The farm house seems the most dreary institution in Iceland, and the most hopeless. The Icelandic farmer builds his walls of blocks of lava laid in turf. Sometimes there is mud or lava paste used instead of turf. When the wall is five or six feet high, the architect puts up a wooden frame to support the roof, and is careful to place the gable in front, and to board that up, and put a window of about four small panes of glass in it. The roof-frame is covered with bark or grass, or plank (sometimes by all three), and then heavily sodded. A row of three of these tenements—stone walls with sod roofs—and a long passage between two of them, constitute a house. I believe there is occasionally another pen, with a square wooden box in the centre of it, for a kitchen, though usually one of the three is used for that purpose; and immediately at hand a cow house of similar construction. The worst of these houses is that they are damp, and therefore unhealthy, and that cleanliness is not possible within. You enter them through a long and narrow passage, dark and in rainy weather wet, stumbling over an uneven place of rough stones, and stooping to avoid low and dingy rafters. The entrance looks and generally smells as though it might be the disagreeable course necessary to pursue to get into a cavern, the occupants of which should be reserved for a menagerie. If the children (and there are a great many children about) are not out of doors, they are pretty certain to be in bed, and as a rule, they look as if soap and water and hair-cutting and combing would do them a power of good. The bedrooms are not sumptuous. Two-thirds of the space in them is occupied with beds, which are very low and very broad; and the happy people are said to enjoy the fashion of lying in bed "end for end"—that is, the nose of one fellow will be next the toes of another, which must be very nice, and so on. The grand effect of this system of bedding is to save space, bed room being scarce and precious.

EMBARRASSING HOSPITALITIES.

Speaking of beds and hospitalities in Iceland, there is an old ceremony observed by civilized strangers that is said to be still prevalent in the remote rural districts. It is that the ladies of the house shall pull off the trousers of the fatigued and disconsolate travellers. There is not among the Icelanders who perform this action the remotest suspicion that there is any indelicacy in the performance. It is related of the most pious and famous missionary who ever visited the island, Henderson, who distributed Bibles throughout the Icelandic settlements fifty years ago, that this business of pulling off his trousers was his sad embarrassment to him. He could not refuse to accept the hospitality of the good people among whom he distributed the good book, for which they were grateful in the extreme, and he finally managed to arrange a compromise and system satisfactory. He insisted upon at first rolling himself in a blanket, and then upon unharnessing himself, as to suspenders and waistband, and then, and not until then, he allowed the ladies to seize the offending garment by the straps which he uniformly wore to keep his trousers legs down when riding, and pull them off. So while they took the trousers in triumph, he spared his modesty all the rudeness of the terrible shocks that would otherwise have been inflicted. This philosophical and ingenious Christian minister published a large volume about his troubles in Iceland, and the story he tells about his trouble with his trousers is very droll—and in fact is quite pathetic and profusely garnished with pious reflections.

UNSAVORY KITCHENS.

The Icelandic kitchen (in the farm houses) presents a spectacle not cheerful nor in any sense fascinating. The article of fuel almost exclusively used is peat, and we saw but one wood pile in Iceland, and that was a brush heap. The peat is burned at one end of one of the pens of stone that form the house. In the centre of the roof of this pen is a hole as large as a half barrel, to which is fitted a wooden box, tapering slightly toward the top, and that is called the chimney, for the smoke is expected to go out that way. The peat fire produces a soot peculiarly its own. It is not as foul as coal soot, but there is more of it. Perhaps it might be more correct to call the dust of the burnt peat soot, but it does not bear a vivid resemblance to the ashes of hickory or Youngiohenry. It is dirt, anyhow, and it prevails in the kitchen. About the fireplace will be found a pile of peat, a parcel of stock fish (that is, fish dried without salt), and some cheese, unpressed, sour, and white, barley meal, and rancid butter, all in small quantities, as if each article was precious. I have never eaten much rye straw, but I should think it would taste very much like the stock fish, and be nearly as nutritious. One of our party tried the cheese, and it turned his stomach.

LUXURIES.

The guest's room in the Icelandic farm house is the best room. You get to it by stumbling over wet dogs in the narrow and dark passage that I have described, and turning to the right through another passage at right angles with the first, and pushing open a rattling door on the left. The second of the cavernous passages referred to is an improvement upon the first, in having a dry floor. The guest's room, in the case that I am using for illustration, was floored, and had a window containing six eight by ten panes of glass in the east wall. Below the window was a plain wooden table, not too much scoured to preserve the grain of the wood, and upon it a heap of dried fish. A plate of fish looked as quite as tough as pine chips—buckwheat cakes as bad have been seen—a bottle of liquor which looked as if it would be good stuff to load a bombshell with—a saucer of grease believed to go by an Icelandic name which, if freely rendered into English, would be butter—and a striking contrast with all the rest, a mug that would hold three pints, filled with milk. The mug was clean and the milk was good. This apartment boasted of ornamental furniture, which was in the form of four wooden cheests, large, light boxes, and adorned with paintings of vines, showing abundant green leaves. It was quite clear that these gay chests were not for travelling purposes, except in cases of emigration that there is little encouragement to contemplate. They are such articles as baggage smashers would reject over. While we enjoyed the milk and contemplated the dried fish and the butter and bread and bottle, the proprietor, who was, we were informed, a very well to do young man, sat on a box, with his everlasting Icelandic snipers of raw hide patching the floor, a towzling stock of neglected hair, and a dirty nose. The Icelandic