The Sun.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1874.

Average Daily Circulation Over 120,000.

Currently one-half of all the other morning newspapers printed in the English language in this city.

Some idea of the extent of the Sun's circulation may be formed from the fact that it is printed in Short Metre Type, two pages in each dwelling house in the city and county of New York every day, or one copy to every twenty persons in New York, Brooklyn, Westchester, and Jersey City, and some thousands to spare. Although THE SUN has ceased to be solely distributed in the city and suburbs, it is no longer a mere local journal, but is now widely circulated throughout every city in the State, from Dunkirk to Sandy Hook, from the Hudson to the Canada line. THE DAILY SUN printed and distributed thirty-five hundred copies in Paris during the Exposition.

As an advertising medium THE DAILY SUN is unsurpassed, reaching as it does all who want to buy or sell property, who have rooms or dwellings to let, business stands to sell, waters to rent, or who desire to address the public on business. In short, to buyers and sellers alike it offers the cheapest and most practically illustrative Exchange at the very minimum of cost.

Advertising Rates.

A Daily line advertisement, reaching 100,000 readers, occupies only two lines.

Ordinary Advertisements, per agate line,	$0 50
Large type or unusually long advertisements, per line,	0 50
Business Notices, before Marriages and Deaths, per line,	0 75
Special Notices, after Marriages and Deaths, per line,	0 50
Reading and Business Notices, after Money Article,	0 75
Reading Notices, with "Ado," before the paper, per line,	1 00
Reading Notices, with "Ado," 10th or 11th page, per line,	2 00

The Weekly Sun.

Circulation nearly 50,000, extending over every State and Territory of the Union, and to every Country in Europe.

THE WEEKLY SUN, now nearly twenty years old, is a mammoth sheet containing the choicest and most miscellaneous reading of any paper in the world. It is unsurpassed for the variety and excellence of its literature, including the news, political, agricultural, literary, and miscellaneous matter, and is a favorite family paper, welcome in every household. The market reports, including those of Liverpool, Cattle, Dry Goods, Foreign Exchanges, Grain, Hay, Hops, Leather, Lumber, Provisions, Petroleum, and all other articles of general traffic, are full and reliable.

Ordinary Advertisements, per line,	$0 50
Next to reading matter or displayed type,	0 75
Business Notices, with "Ado," per line,	1 00
Reading Notices, 4th page, per line,	1 00

New York, January, 1874.

The legal rate of postage on THE DAILY SUN, addressed to its regular subscribers, is $1.20 per annum, or THREE CENTS per quarter, payable in advance. Subscribers who receive their copies by letter carriers will please hand the annual or quarterly postage to the carriers, taking their receipts. If any higher rates are demanded, report the facts to the local Postmaster.

Amusements To-Day.

American Institute Hall—43d Annual Exhibition.
Booth's Theatre—Blue Legend.
Bowery Theatre—Pomeroy's Pets.
Bryant's Opera House—Minstrels and Ballets.
Central Park Garden—Science Night Concerts.
Fifth Avenue Theatre—The Two Orphans.
Gaiety Theatre—French Opera Bouffe Company.
Metropolitan Theatre—Blondin Performances Can Can.
Niblo's Garden—The Telegraph—Paradise Lost.
Olympic Theatre—Nancy and Valentine.
Robinson Hall—Cancan Troupe.
San Francisco Minstrels—Broadway, cor. 29th st.
Tony Pastor's Opera House—Tony Pastor's Pets.
Union Square Theatre—Jane Eyre.
Wallack's Theatre—Twelfth Night—Rivals.
Wood's Museum—Lost Day, Variety.

The Cause of the War of Races.

Mr. HAYS, a member of Congress from Alabama, and *utrinque dictus*, a native born to the soil, is reported to have said on his Washington pilgrimage for troops, "I was elected two years ago by over five thousand majority, but if the election was to-morrow I should be beaten."

Here is the key to the war, which is the excuse for pouring in blue coats and bayonets into reconstructed States that have had buck and ball in surfeit. Radical members of Congress are to be returned, and voluntary popular support failing, the persuasions of breech-loaders are to be evoked. There has been no where South anything so alarming to tranquillity as in Kentucky and Tennessee, and they have not had any help from the military arm, and need none. This whole trumpeting of danger is nothing but what we had before the rebellion, and shall have in the future until these States are repopulated.

From the days when science first extracted third from corn, since the period when the bowie knife of the first wearer became as indispensable an article of personal need as a shirt and trousers, in all the improved mechanisms of the pistol from the eight-inch barrel of the heavy dragoon to the six chambers of Colt and the portable Derringer, although we have had every form of tumult and bloodshed, from the street encounter in detail to the murderous mob in mass, yet when we lived under a republican Government and not an irresponsible despotism, a levy of troops was not thought of, and the ordering of a detachment of the army into a sovereign State would have been followed by impeachment and deposition.

This nefarious plot to frighten the people has an immediate and a remote object. It is not solely a strategic movement of the third term. The indications of an opposition House are growing fast from probability to certainty, and this must be impeded at all hazards and at any cost. Nothing can be more fatal. With an adverse majority in the lower branch of the Legislature will come investigations and deep probings. Corruption the most astounding, all forms of malversation and misrule, frauds unknown, and villainy hidden, will come to the surface and sunshine. The miserable scheming for a third election will be blown to the winds, and the head conspirators go into the pillory of history. To avert this disaster now demands all of the energy of the Administration, and its full vigor will be exercised within or without the Constitution and laws.

There has been nothing of disturbance in Alabama which could not have been quelled by the posse of a Justice of the Peace, consisting of twelve men, with a resolute constable at their head. Horse race fisticuffs have gone out in third-term types as alarming riots, and the ring fights of county seat primaries are bruited over the land as incipient insurrections. All of these notes of terror have been sounded from the office of the Attorney-General, and those who know that office would not believe a declaration from its portals unless fortified by the corroboration of two respectable witnesses outside of its contaminations. Baser in baseness than even the Navy or Interior, it should be turned over to the scavenger and purified by disinfectants.

When JEFFERSON DAVIS and N. B. FORREST address public meetings in advocacy of protection to the negro, the effort to fasten outrages deliberately planned and executed by radical plotters may be abandoned as an infeasible enterprise.

Does Mr. HAYS, in whose person public order and quiet seem to be centered, desire an exposition of the causes of his condition? He can have it if he is ignorant, which it is difficult to believe. From the assumption and exercise of the right to vote by the late vassal, there has been one unvarying and uninterrupted system of deceit and mendacity in intercourse. Their treatment has been that of children in their simplicity and caprice. Promises of impossible things have been made to them, and their fears have had the terrors of fancied wrong and illusion; and now, when such fulfillment is demanded and fails, come the resentment and withdrawal of support. The very convention which had these machinists at work among its cogs and wheels gave no sign of approval of the Civil Rights bill, now the unreal and fantastic dream of the African. It is these things which are no real grievance, and are nothing but an alienation from the men and party who have cheated them. The votes of four millions of people are now the heavy dice which these gamblers in politics are throwing, reckless of the peace of their own section or quietude in States outside of the institutions which are to be convulsed by the revival of old questions settled already by a waste of treasure and blood unknown hitherto in the world's history. Nor do we see the end. Until we are rid of this pestilence of an Administration there is to be no stable settlement of these prone and ravaged regions. Scourge out from the high places of power these oppressors of liberty and despoilers of our goods; give labor protection, be it white in complexion or sable in hue; let full and equal citizenship be secure in its every right without distinction of race. Let law resume its sway, and time will work renovation, and prosperity and happiness revisit the land.

"Look on this Picture and on This."

Two conspicuous Vermonters have occupied of late a full but not undeserved share of public observation. The first is Mr. CHARLES W. WILLARD of the First Congress district. This gentleman is now upon his third term. He is a Republican of the straitest sect. Upon all party questions he has been steady in support. We speak of him as a Republican and not as a Radical. An ex-Senator of Ohio, whose dialect was not always of the drawing room lexicography, once said of an eminent member of the House, since deceased, and whose name we need not give: "When old SMITH puts his hand on his heart and turns his eyes toward heaven, then look out for a damned big lie." According to this rule, when you hear blatant talk of civil rights, or a babbling invective against the press, you may safely assume that a stall in somebody's stable will soon be vacant or the United States Treasury abbreviated by some comprehensive perfidy of plunder.

Mr. WILLARD is not of those, and hence he was rejected by the Administration and the officeholders; and he is to be in Congress no more hereafter. His first transgression was the application of Civil Service rule to a postmaster. Impudent and deluded Mr. WILLARD! Have you been in Washington for five years and do not know that the whole fabric of Civil Service is a sham and a deceit, and only intended to keep Democrats out of office, and put shysters in? The great Apostle of the Gentiles, if he were living, and had ambition for place, would not have half the chance of his competitor, BARABBAS.

But Mr. WILLARD's ruinous error was that he was beguiled into a criticism upon the seventy-seven thousand and odd dollars appropriated to the sustentation of our beloved President, in addition to the fifty thousand of salary. Does he believe that three hundred and fifty dollars a day is extravagant for such a paragon of Chief Magistrates? If he does, we are grieved to dissent from him. If GRANT wanted a thousand dollars per diem they should be given freely, nay, ungrudgingly. Why, the octogenarian SENNER should be ordered to toss out a bundle of legal tenders whenever demanded, with no limitation but the capacity of the paper mill, or the supply of printing ink. A Republican member of Congress assuming to question the infallibility of the chieftain's appetite for money! This "treason must be made odious," and we half incline to the opinion that the defeated candidate deserved his overthrow.

We are sorry to lay anything more culpable at Mr. WILLARD's door, but what juggling fiend whispered in his ear to return the salary benefaction? Are there no commissions of lunacy in that perpendicular State to send insane men to asylums when hopelessly demented? He should have got a certificate from the Warden of the State prison at Montpelier that he was in good and regular standing with the felons within his enclosure. Then the postmasters would have smiled upon him, and the people would not have refused their favor. But let Mr. WILLARD hold himself to an even tenor of walk. In his worst condition he will have midnight meditations which are serene. He does not retire to his citizenship with the bloat of professional services in Congress, nor has he put personal integrity into a legislative crucible to be melted out in ignominious gold; and he may have a slight pleasure in knowing that some at least respect his worth and deplore his defeat.

The second hero of our story is Judge POLAND, and his home is on the eastern slope of the mountains. Along the whole line of the Passumpsic, from Pompanoosuc to the chasms of Caledonia,

> "Stern and wild,
> Fit nurse for the poetic child,"

—and the commercial LUKE is essentially ideal—there was alertness and activity. Those brass buttons flashed in the early sunshine. The morning dew of the lawn was brushed by the broad tread of his cow hides. The snort and scream of locomotives heralded his approach. Morgan blood with clattering hoofs gave signal of his advent. That old, blue claw-hammer jacket came off, and out came "that old wallet." WELLINGTON borrowed his tactics from NAPOLEON, and Saint LUKE of the new evangelism of salary grabs and press muzzles, did not disdain to imitate the strategy of SANBORN. His visits were domiciliary and pastoral. He brought joy to wretched households. He gave medical comfort to desperate cases of chicken pox, and suggested hints for assuaging another disorder more irritating than destructive, but peculiar to the highland of Caledonia. He prescribed for blind staggers in hogs, and furnished formularies for the care of scab in sheep; and, what was of far greater utility, he indoctrinated the rustic youth into the art of teaching young calves to suck. A more accomplished tutor in the skill of sucking than this ancient POLAND never lived.

Thus it was that unlike his neighbor WILLARD, the member for the Second District had the Administration and the scamps all with him, and was duly nominated for another term. But the sequence of an election does not always follow the endorsement of the nominating convention. Vermont has now, thank God, an awakening of the old revolutionary fervor. She does not accept the tardy repentance of the salary conspirator and the stifler of the press, nor relegate to an unworthy public servant the trusts of representation. If, with the living lustres of the new House, GRANT and SHEPHERD cannot have their eyes gladdened by the sight of his azure broadcloth with the burnished metallurgy in embellishment, the affliction must be borne with that calm resignation which will be demanded by other victims to be mourned and missed in later awards of popular condemnation. The contrasts are not without consolation. Mr. WILLARD, with an unstained record, who will not buy or bargain, is remanded to private life by a convention which he disdained to pack or purchase; and Judge POLAND takes from the great body of the people a repudiation which sends him to a dishonored fireside. To the aspiring politician who studies only the low wiles of his calling, the story has warning and entreaty; and to the true and worthy, support and encouragement. It is happy in its incident of locality. From New England, the nursing mother of our freedom, should come the first blow repellant to the attack upon its fastness of strength—a free press. Reform throws its dawning light upon the crests of the Northern hills, and upon these impassable barriers to misdeed and wrong,

> "Jen ev'ddy
> Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops."

The Boss Still Spreading.

In spite of the hard times, the Boss of the Washington Ring seems to have laid aside enough capital during his two years' reign to indulge his taste for real estate on a large scale, as may be seen by the following paragraph:

> "Ex-Governor A. R. SHEPHERD has purchased the St. Cloud Hotel property with the house fronting on the corner of Ninth and Pennsylvania avenue, Dr. HALL adjoining, on the corner of Ninth and F streets, nearly opposite the Patent Office. It is designed to add two stories to the house and otherwise improve the property so as to make at that point a first class hotel. It is said that the price paid for the property is $100,000."

SHEPHERD had himself interviewed the other day at Washington in the way of advertising his notoriety at a cheap rate, when he stated that he had expended over a million of dollars in building houses there. When he became a member of the Board of Public Works in 1871 the public records show that his real estate, clear of the mortgages, amounted to some $15,000 at a liberal valuation. His credit was limited and indifferent, and his notes were hawked about at a large discount.

In six months after that time nearly all the mortgages were paid off and large acquisitions of property were made. Then he began to spread on a grand scale; set up a town house after having previously lived cheaply in the Chief's office; gave balls, dinners, and lunches in the most extravagant manner, and is said to have expended double as much as any other person at the capital, not excepting Mr. CORCORAN, a million times over.

It is no secret how all this was done. Rotten pavements, excessive charges, false measurements, fabricated bills, DE GOLYER contracts, and twenty-five millions of debt furnish the ready and real explanation of sudden wealth, gorgeous showing, and vulgar pretension. Much as the investigation disclosed, the surface was barely scratched, and light only penetrated where the shell was slightly cracked. With a new and honest House of Representatives, and no double dealers like ALLISON, who seems to have been Credit Mobilierized in this business, the whole truth will yet be dug out concerning these Ring robbers and their confederates.

Peru's Monroe Doctrine.

Our readers will probably remember the truce which Don HAMILTON FISH patched up in the interest of Spain between that power and the South American republics, with which Spain was at war. Spain has since then on several occasions endeavored to convert this truce into a permanent peace, but the republics of South America have persistently refused to entertain the proposition.

On Aug. 8 last an interesting bill was introduced into the Congress of Peru by two Representatives, who seem clearly to understand the duty of an American republic to her suffering sister, Cuba. It must be remembered that Peru long ago recognized, not the belligerency, but the independence of Cuba, and that Spain found no fault with her for such act.

The text of the bill referred to is as follows:

> "*Whereas*, The Island of Cuba, the last bulwark of Spanish rule in America, has been for some time fighting heroically and perseveringly for independence; and
>
> "*Whereas*, The cause which Cuba is defending is to-day the same that the republics of South America upheld from 1810 to 1824, exercising the sacred an imprescriptible right of constituting themselves into sovereign and independent nations, and of being governed by their own authorities, free from subjection to any foreign power; and
>
> "*Whereas*, The fitness for the exercise of this right by Cuba is fully proved by the fact of the enormous war she has successfully waged against the powerful elements which Spain has accumulated on the land and seas of that unfortunate island; and by the no less eloquent fact that she has established a really republican government during the troubles of a desolating war; and
>
> "*Whereas*, Peru cannot regard with indifference the sacrifice of this beautiful portion of American territory, whose only crime consists in carving out to-day the very same principles which our ancestors inscribed in the century ago, and which form to-day the political code of all the South American republics; and
>
> "*Whereas*, Besides the ties of Americanism, religion, language, and political principles which bind to us the people of Cuba, the interests of humanity and civilization oblige us to favor the speedy termination of a war in which Spain is prodigal of its characteristic cruelty; and
>
> "*Whereas*, Although Peru is not in a position to take decisive action in this matter, she may nevertheless assume a dignified and proper attitude by manifesting the sympathy with which the cause of Cuba inspires her, by promoting the meeting of an American Congress which shall give to this question the character of an American question such as really belongs to it, and by assisting the independent government of that island in every possible way, decrees the following law:
>
> "1. The Executive shall immediately take steps to promote the meeting in Lima of an American Congress which shall treat of the proper and efficacious means of settling the question of the independence of Cuba.
>
> "II. There shall be voted in the general budget of the republic the sum of one million of dollars for the purpose of assisting the Cuban patriots in the war of emancipation which they are now waging.
>
> "NICANOR RODRIGUEZ.
> "RICARDO N. ESPINOSA.
>
> "LIMA, Aug. 8, 1874."

And all the while the action of the United States Government is controlled by a son-in-law of the Secretary of State, who is paid by Spain for that service, and each of the great political parties is manipulated in that interest.

Tyndall No Philosopher.

Prof. TYNDALL apparently thinks that he does not believe in God, that is, in the God of the religionists. Yet his recent discourse before the British Association certainly asserts the existence of a God, and he obviously mistakes in supposing that his idea of GOD differs substantially from that of all intelligent religionists.

TYNDALL is not a philosopher, but he is useful as a teacher of experimental scientific facts. His delineations of such facts are admirable; but his reasonings from them are absurd.

His assertion that "the promise and potency of every form and quality of life" may be discerned in matter is substantially the same as asserting that it is something other than matter. Now, as this promise and potency are exactly what religionists call the omnipresent design, method, and power of God, there is no antagonism on this point between TYNDALL and the religionists.

If life is matter, then matter, being the only thing in existence, actuates itself, a conclusion which TYNDALL and every scientist and logician admits is impossible to logical thought. If active existence does not require two things, subject and object, then all logic is a delusion.

The fact is, both religionists and scientists agree that the material universe is actuated by an intelligent, methodical power; and neither construe the Bible literally. Their ideas are substantially alike; but, using a different terminology, a few dogmatists on both sides who are ambitious for personal superiority, taking advantage of this difference, have declared a war of words. In this war each party will expose the ignorance of the other; and thus religion will be shorn of its superstition and science of its alleged materialism. Then science and religion will unite, not in a blind faith, but in the rational conception of an omniscient, omnipotent, and omnipresent GOD, not unseen, but as visible to every intelligent mind as is the physical universe.

The Republicans of Kansas have renominated for Governor THOMAS OSBORN, a son-in-law of the notorious Judge DELAHAY, and a fair representative of the worst school of Kansas politicians, which is saying a good deal, for in that State the dominant party for years has been under the management of some of the most unscrupulous rogues in the country. This is a good nomination for the opposition, and like most of the nominations made in Kansas political conventions, it was obtained by trickery. The consequence is that many of the most respectable Republicans denounce it openly, and declare they will not support it. OSBORN has a bad record, and during the pending canvass it will doubtless be thoroughly overhauled. When he was first nominated, two years ago, the Leavenworth *Times*, edited by Col. D. R. ANTHONY, one of the most prominent Republicans in the State, made some very ugly charges against him. Among these was one that OSBORN had been paid $500 by INGALLS, now United States Senator, to procure a certain order from Judge DELAHAY, OSBORN being a clerk in his father-in-law's court at the time, we believe. It is said that INGALLS gave OSBORN a draft on his client in this city for his services in influencing the corrupt Judge; that the draft was protested for non-payment, and that after its return OSBORN brought suit against INGALLS for its collection. This it never came to trial, however, as the matter was privately settled. Here is a nice trio of representative Kansas Republicans—Gov. OSBORN, Senator INGALLS, and Judge DELAHAY—all linked up in a case of bribery, in which the bribe amounted only to the pitiful sum of $500. If OSBORN should be renominated, Kansas would thereby prove itself fully entitled to maintain the apple lation already bestowed upon the State by some of its own people—that of "the rotten commonwealth."

The San Domingo project of FARNUM, HABCOCK, CAZNEAU, GRANT & Co. is thrown entirely into the shade by a scheme projected in New Zealand, and made a Government measure by the Colonial Ministry. It is nothing less than the organization of a corporation, subsidized by the Government, to obtain possession of all the islands of Polynesia, and establish a monopoly over their trade. The company proposes "to carry on the business of merchants, shipowners, planters, producers, manufacturers, brokers, agents, insurers, bankers, and money lenders in the Islands of the Pacific, New Zealand, and Great Britain, and *elsewhere*, with the permission of the Government of New Zealand." It would appear that the New Zealander of the present day, though he may not hope to stand on a broken arch of Westminster Bridge and gaze on the ruins of London, has at least entertained the idea of extending his jurisdiction over the islands of Great Britain. A bill incorporating this company has been introduced in the Colonial Legislature by Mr. VOGEL, the New Zealand Premier. It is proposed to start the company on a paid-up capital of one million pounds sterling, with power to borrow one million additional, the New Zealand Government to guarantee a yearly dividend of five per cent. upon the capital invested. The plan looks to the establishment of steamship lines, the purchase of land, and the institution of New Zealand business houses and manufactories in the various islands, which, it is expected, will give to the colonists a supremacy of commercial interests, and lead ultimately to their annexation to New Zealand, which is to be made the depot for the island trade of the Pacific seas. When all the Polynesian islands are annexed to New Zealand we suppose the enterprising people of that ambitious colony will extend the scope of their operations "also elsewhere," provided the business of the new company prove as profitable as they anticipate, and their prospective capital of £2,000,000 is found adequate to the execution of such large ideas.

The Democratic chiefs are united on Chief Justice CHASE, and it is to be hoped they will divide on Mr. TILDEN. Mr. TILDEN will not withdraw; therefore, Judge CHASE's candidacy is impossible, unless he is kept in the field without his own consent.—*New York Times.*

All this is so, we dare say; but suppose the Democratic Convention, unable to agree either upon Judge CHASE or Mr. TILDEN, should take a third candidate in the person of LUCIUS ROBINSON. Then they would have a man whose popularity is equal both to his ability and his high personal character. A splendid candidate for the canvass, and a model Governor after the election.

The Grand Jury in Chicago have been investigating the action of the County Commissioners in relation to the purchase of certain property, and report that although they are convinced that there was corruption on the part of some of the Commissioners, yet the witnesses perjured themselves so wilfully and thoroughly that it will be impossible to base any indictment upon such evidence. They add that some of the officials implicated were permitted to appear and make their own statements as to their connection with the transactions, but all their explanations had no effect on the minds of the jury, who seem to regret deeply that owing to the worthless character of the testimony produced they are neither able to indict the Commissioners for bribery nor the witnesses for perjury. Chicago has a hard time with its officeholders. A year or two ago they had a lot of Aldermen in jail for a while, but it does not seem to have done any good.

The Washington creditors of JAY COOKE & Co. are very anxious to gain some information about the situation of the insolvent estate, and are taking measures to try to compel the trustee to make a statement of the condition of the assets, so that they may know what they have to expect in the way of a dividend, if anything. It is nearly a year since the COOKES failed, and as yet the creditors have been vouchsafed nothing of a satisfactory character as to their prospect of receiving a dividend, nor have they been permitted to have information which will afford them grounds for making a reasonable conclusion of their own upon the subject. There is a feeling that less secrecy should be observed, and it is proposed to make a strong effort to get at the truth of the matter.

Mr. BURNHAM's proposal to erect in the Central Park a colossal statue of DANIEL WEBSTER is worthy of commendation, provided that in carrying it out an artist of talent is selected and a tolerable statue produced. So far, most of the statues set up in that pleasure ground have been caricatures and not works of art. Nothing, for instance, can be more frightful than the figure of Sir WALTER SCOTT in red granite, unless it be that of Prof. MORSE in green bronze, before putting up his WEBSTER Mr. BURNHAM ought to insist on having these repulsive objects cleared away altogether.

The Hon. WILLIAM H. RAY, a Republican member of Congress from the Tenth district of Illinois, desiring to be renominated, has been rejected by his district. He was an influential and popular man, and no fault was charged against his acts in Congress; but he had appointed his own son to be a cadet at West Point, and that his constituents would not stand. It is cheering to notice that, notwithstanding the corrupting influence of GRANT, the people do not regard an official station as the mere personal property of the individual who holds it.

THE HIGHLANDS OF WESTERN MASSACHUSETTS.

The Pleasant Town of Deerfield and its Surroundings—An Old-Time Hamlet—Recollections of Early Indian Warfare—A Pastor of the Old School—Some Reflections in a Country Churchyard.

ASHFIELD, Mass., Sept. 3.—Passing down a declivity of the mountains through a valley scooped out between its ridges, along the banks of a rivulet which in poetic paraphrase bubbles in a sort of rhythmic harmony, at intervals calm in pools and again swift in current, with rapids and eddies, among rocks and pebbles, you round a promontory abrupt in upheaval, and a wide panorama of landscape unfolds itself to the eye in a most delicious scope of perspective. The streamlet itself is a pleasure to sight and ear, skirted by a heavy growth of the indigenous forest trees, of which the maple in its loftiest development is the leading shade, it is curtained and almost screened by a thick and luxuriant undergrowth dense in foliage. Upon the higher leafage there is an occasional yellow tint premonitory of the glorious autumn livery of russet and orange. Far to the north and south is the irregular outline of mountain summits, seemingly slumbrous in the hazy sky which is of October, although marked in the summer calendar. Below is a wide sweep of plain, perfect in level, and like the "sweet fields beyond the swelling flood," dressed in "living green," with the amphitheatre of hills girding in its fertile acres, upon which are the shifting lights and shadows of passing clouds interposing between sun and surface. Through the interval winds Deerfield river, broad in bed but shrunken in volume of water, serpentine in winding over boulders and lesser rocks through this margin of alluvial fertility.

To the east there is the more elevated altitude of the Holyoke range, with Mount Toby the central figure, undulating in a dim distance to where the river, cleaving the twin heights of Holyoke and Mount Tom, passes on to the vexed turbulence of shaft and wheel, to the Hampden Manchester and the Connecticut Windsor, and thence onward in tranquil course until at storied Saybrook it becomes the fecundating mother of the most delicious shad of the continent, which, under the munificence of Congress, thereunto prompted by the beneficent Garfield, are to populate in the future every eligible watercourse from Plymouth Rock to the Golden Gate of the Pacific Ocean. Intervening between, an elevation, rather a bluff than a mountain, shuts from view the Connecticut river, which "shakes its loosened silver in the sun," with the slightest gauze of a fog rising from its surface.

And here lies in a species of midsummer dream of listlessness the town of Deerfield, the objective point of this exordium. Above are the spires of Greenfield peering above the umbrage of innumerable elms, and below is the outlying suburb of South Deerfield, with a quicker pulse and more of the throb of busy life. With the activity and thrift of the shire town and the stir and enterprise of the off-shoot, the old town is staid and sober in aspect, but you tread upon classic ground as you walk its silent streets. The air is of an earlier history, and thoughts insensibly travel backward to the Indian raid and the warrior. The architecture is of another generation. Quaint old dwellings of the revolutionary period wrestle with decay and struggle for continuing life. The last vestige of the grand heroism of war—the "old Fort"—passed out of sight in our vandalism in the year 1848, but photography has saved it to posterity in pictured semblance. The ancient post and well sweep which ought long ago to have been substituted by a modern chain pump still stand, the sole memento of the dwelling of the Rev. JOHN WILLIAMS—the house long ago followed its occupant to mortal decay.

Its charm of situation early drew settlement to the town, and for years it stood as a picket line to protect the infying villages from savage inroads by the ruthless red man and the hardly less dreaded Frenchman of Canada. Its smaller invasions and burnings had their highest tragedy in the coalesced expedition of French and Indian in 1759. In the most inclement season of the long and dreary winter, March 29, a united column of about three hundred and fifty men passed in the deep sleeping before the daylight upon the hapless hamlet. Surrounded by palisades, which with snow drifted on the outer exposure, rather aided than protected from attack, with sentries asleep, there was no warning until within the enclosure they rung out the terrible war whoop. The house of Mr. Williams was first assaulted. His resistance was gallant, but unavailing. Himself and his family of seven children and one servant were captured and bound. The two youngest of the household and the negro women had the short and sure exit of the tomahawk before they left the building. Following to the dwelling of Capt. John Sheldon—the "Old Indian House"—in attack, there was defence and siege. It had the strength of a rude fort, with a projecting upper story and loopholes for musketry. The door, which was of solid oak, battened and thickly studded with nails, was for a long time a bulwark. After a persistent hacking with tomahawks a small opening was made for the thrust of a musket barrel. The end was not of long delay, and the burning and murder began. It had all of the atrocity of which the chronicles of aboriginal war are full, but it was not to the assailants a bloodless accomplishment. Forty-two of the miscreants were slain. Forty-seven of the ill fated citizens were of the dead, and 112 led into a captivity to which the pangs of dying were a mercy. Mrs. Williams, enfeebled by sickness, lagged feebly on the march, and the hatchet, to her a ministering angel, did its quick work.

Two years afterward fifty-seven of the captives were returned. The Rev. John Williams, with all of his family, except his daughter Eunice, reunited in the roofless but desolate homestead. The daughter, not redeemed with the rest, and at an impressible age, fell into the habitudes of forest life. Some time after, she, with her husband of the Saint Regis tribe, visited her old home, but she pined in the dwelling place of the whites. Discarding the costume of her race, she resumed the blanket and returned to the wilderness. When, a few years ago, the question was mooted, "Have we a Bourbon among us?" the subject of the hypothesis was Eleazer Williams, the grandson of Eunice, "the Wept of the Wishton-Wish" of our own novelist Cooper. When an apocryphal Morgan was found on the shores of Lake Ontario, and doubts were expressed of his identity, the case was adjudicated by the Nestor of the American press, Thurlow Weed, with "he's a good enough Morgan until after election;" and our Bourbon was adequate in his uses to the hour, when the last of the kingly race were driven from Saint Cloud and hunted from the Tuileries.

In the old burial ground—an uncared-for Potter's Field with a rude enclosure of ruder stone—were buried the victims of this and earlier slaughters. Fitly in that receptacle of the dead, glorious in the unwritten record if unknown to fame, are deposited the remains of the patriarch of the stricken flock and his martyred wife. Two uncouth slabs of sandstone, with the moss of nearly two centuries clinging to their rough edges, and with roughly-carved effigies surmounting the inscriptions, indicate their place of resting. Upon that of the mother is her simple eulogy as the "virtuous and desirable consort of her reverend husband." How many of the partners of our modern priesthood can merit this inornate tribute? Of the pastor, we need not transcribe the epitaph. No contemporary surviving, we could not gratify our curiosity by inquiring whether he drove a pair of carriage horses worth ten thousand dollars, or maintained strictly platonic relations with the married sisterhood of his church so closely verging on the amatory as to have intangible boundaries. Perhaps it is not well to pursue research. Religion did not then consist of frescoes and upholstery, nor did the congregations attend the sanctuary to put on exhibition the last innovations of Stewart or the miraculous handicraft of Madame Demorest. Within the area of the old smouldering fortifications is now an oblong park, and in its centre a memorial shaft to those who fell in the late war, which may God in his mercy grant may be the last, to vindicate the nation's life. Green in sod, to the introverted eye it is red with the blood of victims to our widening greatness and spreading circle of glory. Rehabilitated in living garments, they would crowd the space in their thickening files. It might be something to them if they could look upon the partial consummation of their sacrifice. It is more to us that standing over their graves we can take new impulse from their heroic lives, and draw fresher inspirations from the urns of these founders of Modern Empire, growing into a vastness of power of which we are but beginning the development.

To this scenery and its legends, poetry may yet aid in consecration, and romance, already responsive, may blend fiction with fact, and adorn our future literature with the heroism of a noble race to whom as yet no perpetuating art has had canvas or niche. The slanting sun shone dreamily upon its living population alike with its dwellers in unknown graves, where

> Each in his narrow cell forever laid
> The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep,

as we waved reverent farewell to those who fought and fell, and the verdant turf which is above their ashes.

THE WAR IN CUBA.

Steady Advance of the Patriots—Impending Destruction of the Trinidad Valley—Spaniards Deserting to the Patriots.

The following account of the entry of the Cuban patriots into Santi-Espiritus, which the Spanish papers affected to treat as of no importance, is from one of the leading persons of that city:

SANTI-ESPIRITUS, Aug. 20, 1874.—Affairs in Cuba are getting worse day by day, and unless Divine Providence steps in, the whole valley of Trinidad, the focus of the sugar estates of this section, will be destroyed. The revolution is very strong, and on the 11th inst. Col. Pancho Jimenez with a portion of his forces defeated the enemy at Iguara, distant four leagues from here. The Spanish troops were completely routed and put to flight. They lost over 50 killed, among whom four officers.

On the night of the same day a Cuban cavalry force of about 400 men entered this city. They disarmed the firemen, who composed our garrison, and also taken prisoners and thence carried off all their arms, ammunition and equipments. Not a single shot was fired, nor was any opposition attempted. They attacked the house of Brigadier Acosta y Alvera, breaking open the door with axes, but they did not find their man, who was hidden on the roof. There was neither violence nor disorder of any kind; the Cubans paid for all they took, and retired in perfect order.

On the 18th they attacked Banao, four leagues from here on the Trinidad road. The whole garrison of the place, consisting of 25 men, with only two ex-options, passed over to the Cubans with their arms and ammunition.

On the 19th they attacked Maisal, about nine leagues from Trinidad, where they had a skirmish with the Spanish contra-guerrillas. As they approach Trinidad the alarm in that city is immense, for the people in that city are in momentary dread of being attacked. And if the reports in this city be true these fears are not unfounded, for it is positively asserted that Gen. Maximo Gomez has crossed the *trocha* at the head of 2,000 men, and that he has with him Col. Juan Spotuno as chief of staff. The alarm in Trinidad is so great that the authorities have ordered extra guards and four reserves of a hundred men each in the city.

Since writing the above I have learned that the Cuban force is close to Cataqui, which is only three leagues from Trinidad, and that all along the route their numbers have increased by the adhesion to their ranks of the garrisons of several Spanish forts and camps.

A Spelling Lesson.

Editorial, from the World.

The most skilful gauger I ever knew was a haughty coachee, armed with a pomard and a ferule, who drove a opulent wagon, being a hidden stick as to instrument of correction, to "yrannize over his poly shod with relics.

He was a scaliean Sadducee, and he had a phthisicky catarrh, diphtheria, and the hiccuts intermittently, twice. A certain tradition is current of "Cyrus," when in excesses of cider, nation at seeing him measure out a bushel of peas, taking in two peas at a time, and by a separate process, transferring them to a bag of potatoes, without dyeing or singeing the lightlock queue which he wore, or becoming paralyzed with a hemorrhage.

Lifting her eyes to the ceiling of the cupola of the Capitol to conceal her unparalleled consternation, issuing an awkward courtesy, and not unmasking him with unsyllaing, rare fixing, and simplifying immediately, he gave him a concise, and a comprehensive, and fulsome, a treatise on mnemonics, a copy of the Apocryphal in hieroglyphics, documentkopies of Mendelssohn and Kossuth, a sacchariferous, a crystal pistol of experiments, a tuning fork for all tones and purposes, a ferrule for a cane, a cathodic, some licorice, a sneezing, a carnelian of simultaneous proportions, a chronometer with a movable balance wheel, a box of dominoes and a catechism.

The gauger, who was also a trafficking recruiter and a pitilessness of mind, preferring a wooden sword, his chosen weapon, to a rapier, and being occasionally occurring idiosyncrasy, actually uttered this apologism: "Life is checkered; but sedition, apostasy, heresy, and villainy shall be punished."

The sled apologetically answered: "There is a rational and allegorical difference between a centerable eclipse and a triryiable diagnosis." We replied in frames, not in tremulous, but in tremulous, tones, the audience. Thus "tipper" remained in the second seat. Her ascendency can never again be queried by any quodsy vulgar quoan.

Readers of the *World* will miss in the above lesson a few interesting words which they are used to, such as kopsophagous, euthymeme, and the like; but it is a hard lesson notwithstanding.

A Swindler in the Rural Districts.

From the Worcester Spy.

Early in the summer a wealthy invalid niece of Washington Irving going to Schoharie met on the journey an interesting young man, who with pleasure and surprise discovered that he was her cousin, since he was a nephew of the great author. The two young relatives, greatly pleased with each other, together went on to Schoharie, where, stopping at the best hotel, and driving out in the most stylish of toilets and turnouts, they soon made themselves a reputation and a name. He especially, for while a niece of Irving was well enough to know, the nephew was better as a nephew, young, handsome and highly eligible, as every one allowed he was.

As the weeks passed by, at lawn parties and germans he shone the brightest particular star, and never was he more conspicuous than at the moonlight party where he first proposed on his bended knee, a diamond as clear as her unsophisticated innocence, that she might know him in spite of his domino. But dominoes she felt, when a few days later young Irving had departed, together with the ring and her watch she had sent by him to be repaired, and number one valuable seventy-five cent watch, had not wisely but too well, leaving behind him only the greatest possible quantity of debts. He was torn from the lap of luxury at Saratoga, and brought back, when investigation revealed that his name was Cohern and his family and finances poor as Job's turkey, the town authorities are rather wondering what they shall do with him, taking to themselves immense credit for being able to keep such a rose all locked up.

Waking up the Magistrate.

From the Detroit Free Press.

A few nights ago, an hour after midnight, Justice Potter was awakened by some one pounding on his door. He arose and asked what was wanted, and a voice replied that he must go over to Macomb street and marry a couple.

"Go home, mister; this is no hour to marry any one," he replied.

"But I can't wait," called the man, his voice betraying a tremulous anxiety.

"But you'd have to."

"Oh! come now, Judge," coaxed the man, "I want to make a dead sure thing of it. I've been courting and courting, and she's hang off and hang off, but I've finally got her to say 'yes,' and there's no knowing how long the fit will last. Get up and make tracks right away, for she's with two cows and a horse and wagon!"

His Honor couldn't resist the appeal, and the marriage was solemnized at two o'clock in the morning.

Contrasted Eloquence.

From the Capital.

I am sorry that so much tr