The Sun.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 10, 1879.

The regular circulation of THE SUN *for the week ending Aug. 9, 1879, was:*

Sunday	121,339	Weekly	59,025
Monday	120,504	Thursday	120,598
Tuesday	120,037	Friday	117,729
Wednesday	121,092	Saturday	120,854
Total for the week			901,778

Defying the Law.

According to a decision of the Supreme Court the removal of Mr. SIDNEY P. NICHOLS from the office of Police Commissioner was illegal. In other words, the Mayor's action was not warranted by law, and was null and void.

So it follows that Mr. NICHOLS is still Police Commissioner.

If Mr. NICHOLS is still Police Commissioner, so also is Gen. WILLIAM F. SMITH.

The two men who have intruded themselves into the places of Mr. NICHOLS and Gen. SMITH have no business there. Any action of theirs in the appointment of Inspectors of Election will be illegal and void.

Gov. ROBINSON and Mr. TILDEN, as law-abiding citizens, should promptly advise Mr. MACLEAN and Mr. MORRISON to withdraw.

The New German Tariff.

A complete exhibit of the new customs regulations which a fortnight ago passed the German Parliament by a majority of one hundred has been published by the *New Yorker Handels-Zeitung*. Inasmuch as this Protectionist tariff must, for the immediate future, at all events, very sensibly affect the trade of other countries with Germany, we shall indicate the capital features of the measure.

The first point is the protection afforded to the cotton and woollen manufacturers of Germany. The raw cotton fibre is admitted free, but cotton wadding is subjected to a tax of 37½ cents per two hundred pounds weight, and yarn, whether all cotton or mixed with linen, silk, wool, or other staples, is burdened with an impost ranging from $3 to $17.50 for the same weight. The amount levied on heavy cotton cloths varies from $25 to $57.50 per hundred kilograms, and the duty on light goods, like jaconet, cambric muslin, tulle, and gauze, is $40 for the same gross weight. Turning to wool, we again find the raw material entering free, but the pure yarn subject to a duty of $2 to $6 per hundred kilograms, while yarn mixed with hair (mohair, alpaca, &c.) bears an impost ranging from 75 cents to $6. Cloths, whether all wool or mixed with cotton and linen, are the objects of a duty calculated, it would seem, in practice, to prohibit the importation of English and French goods. On these products the duties range from $6 to $112 per kilogram, the higher figures referring to shawl stuffs of the finest quality.

Inasmuch as flax is the object of quite extended cultivation in Germany, the foreign staple is subjected to a duty of 25 cents per 100 kilograms, jute and Manila hemp, on the contrary, being admitted free. The importation of spun and woven flax encounters a tax of 75 cents to $5, according to quality and stage of preparation. Linen cloth, according to fineness, pays from $1.25 up to $12, and in one case as high as $24. What is known as damask linen, employed for table-cloths and towelling, is taxed $12 per hundred kilograms. Touching now the attempt to protect the silk manufactures of the empire, we observe that while cocoons, raw silk, and spun silk are admitted free, stuffs, on the other hand, whether all silk or mixed with other materials, are subjected to a duty of $150 per 100 kilograms, or say 75 cents a pound. All of the regulations thus far named will be enforced after July 1, 1880, with the exception of that governing the importation of raw cotton and wool, which, as we have said, are free from duty.

It is known that in the course of the debate upon this measure, it was found expedient to apply the protective principle to almost every species of industry. Let us see, now, what has been done for the workers in metal, including the manufacturers of iron, copper, lead, zinc, and tin. Raw iron is taxed at the Custom House only 25 cents per 100 kilograms, but with each process of improvement and adaptation to which the metal may have been subjected, the duty rapidly rises to $1.50, $2.50, and $3.75, until, in the case of fine wares, it reaches $12 for an equal weight of material. Copper in its raw state is admitted free, but hammered, or rolled in bars or plates, is burdened with an impost of $4 the 100 kilograms. Copper wares pay from $4.50 to $7.50, except where the metal enters into composition, as in the case of bronze, britannia ware, etc., where it must pay $12 for the same gross weight. Raw zinc, tin, and lead are admitted free, but when rolled, each is subjected to an impost of 75 cents per 100 kilos, or if in the shape of manufactured articles, to a duty varying from $1.50 to $6. It is noteworthy that pottery of the cheaper sorts bears only a nominal duty of 25 cents for 200 pounds weight, while the finer varieties, including those porcelains which might compete with the products of Saxon and Prussian factories, pay from $2.50 to $6. Leather and leather goods pay from $1.50 to $14.50, and in the case of the finer articles, as much as $17.50 and even $25 for 200 pounds weight. Paper for printing or writing purposes is subject to a duty of $2.50 per 100 kilos, while on papier maché goods it ranges from $4 to $8 are levied. We should add that the impost laid on glass and glassware ranges from 75 cents to $7.50, according to quality of material and amount of labor applied.

We may now glance at the degree of protection afforded to agricultural interests. All grains imported are subject to a duty of 25 cents per 100 kilos, except barley, maize, and buckwheat, which pay one-half that amount. The tax levied on malt is 30 cents for the same weight. It was originally intended that the duties on those staples should be enforced on and after Oct. 1, 1879, but toward the close of the late session the date was postponed to Jan. 1, 1880. As regards the cattle trade, imported oxen pay $5 a head; steers and cows, $1.50; young heifers, $1; and calves, 50 cents. Horses, mules, and asses must submit to an impost of $2.50 per head, and swine to 62½ cents. Of agricultural products, hops pay $5 per 100 kilos; eggs, 75 cents; honey the same duty; butter and cheese each $7; fresh or preserved meats, $4; conserves and sausmeats of all kinds, including chocolate, $15 per 100 kilos. Tropical fruits, if fresh, are compelled to pay $4, and if dried, from $6 to $7.50; oil for edible purposes, if in casks, bears a duty of $7, and if in casks, of $2 per 100 kilos. Petroleum and other illuminating oils, both in their raw and refined state, are taxed $1.50 per 200 pounds.

Let us turn now to the effect of the new tariff on those articles of consumption which, in most countries, defray a large portion of the revenue, viz., alcoholic beverages, tea, coffee, and tobacco. Beer of all kinds pays $1 per 100 kilos. Spirits of every sort, including cognac, arrack, and rum, whether in glass or wood, are subject to a duty of $12. Wine and cider, and all other artificial drinks, if in casks bear an impost of $6, and if in flasks, of $12 per 100 kilos. The duty levied on coffee is $10 for the same unit of quantity, and on cocoa in the bean, $8.75; while tea pays the heavy impost of $25. Finally, tobacco in the leaf is taxed $21.25 per 200 pounds weight. If manufactured in cigars and cigarettes it must pay $67.50, and in the form of chewing or smoking tobacco or snuff, $45.

Such, as regards its main features, is a summary of the measure which represents a complete revolution in the economical policy of the German empire. The final passage of the law was hailed by BISMARCK and his following in a kind of patriotic pæan, as the certain panacea for all their country's ills. On the other hand, two steadfast and earnest men rose up to protest against a system which they believed would lead the empire on to ruin by greatly augmenting the evils which it sought to remedy. Dr. LASKER looked upon the tariff as the beginning, not of peace, but of strife, and Dr. DELBRUCK, in an impressive speech, undertook to demonstrate that it would grievously injure export industries, and oppressively raise the price of the commonest necessaries of life.

A Felon Lover.

When a convict comes out of State prison at the end of his term of confinement, if he is a man whose character previous to his offence was good, whose associations were respectable, he must feel himself a very forlorn creature, and be ashamed to return to his acquaintances. He has to begin life anew with a brand upon him, and perhaps crime will be the only business which comes handy. But if he is a professional criminal he stands just as well as before. His friends welcome him back and think no worse of him for having just doffed a striped suit. They are all in one boat, all candidates for prison, and why should they turn the cold shoulder on a comrade who has graduated there?

But there are more men about than people know who would be in State prison if they had not in some way evaded the eye of the law. Probably if the prisons were emptied, and their inmates mixed up with the rest of mankind, an impartial selection of the worst scoundrels out of the whole mass would much change the population of the jails; but of the actual thieves and forgers caught in their crimes a large percentage are never tried at all. They are let off through the leniency of their victims, or through the compounding of their felonies, or they jump their bail. Such cases occur every day, but the public hear of few of them. A man in Boston, however, though fortunate enough to escape a term in prison, suffered the disgrace of a full publication of the details of his clearly-proved crime, and now fears that his happiness for life is lost in consequence. He thus presents his case to THE SUN:

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN:—*Sir:* I have read with much interest your remarks on some questions of every-day life, and I desire to submit my case to you.

"I am twenty-five years old, and the only child of wealthy parents. I have had all the educational advantages that money can buy, and have travelled extensively over this country and Europe. I am now engaged in business here and make an income more than sufficient for my expenses. I am well looking, well read, and when I strive to please, can, I think, make myself entertaining to either sex. Now for the skeleton behind this fair exterior.

"Some years ago I committed a crime akin to forgery, for which, but for the influence of my family and the consideration of my previous life, I would have been punished by years in prison. That I escaped, but the details of my disgrace, published at the time, made me an outcast from society. I left home, and for five years wandered over the earth. Then I returned, and entered the business house of which I am now a partner. I confided my acquaintance to my intimate friends, and kept out of what society I had this element I have been living a well-known sea shore resort, and have there made many new acquaintances, to whom the story of my disgrace is unknown—I suppose.

"I have been so fortunate while here as to become greatly attached to a young lady, who has every quality of mind and heart that I most admire. She seems to like me, I believe in my soul, and I do not think she has yet arisen any warmer feeling. Her parents are wealthy, occupy a very social position, and are earnest, sensible people, who have the welfare of their child at heart, and would be the last ones in the world to marry her to a felon. Should I become more intimate with the family when we return to town this winter, the dreadful story of my crime and its consequences would be discovered to them.

"That I stand with this Damocles sword suspended over me. The most trivial circumstances I construe into evidence that my secret has been laid bare, and I often think it would be best for me to sever the acquaintance and go away. What is your advice? REFORMED.

"Boston, Aug. 5."

Of course you think more about the matter than anybody else, and what they may have forgotten after seven years is always present to your mind. That's the trouble about having a disgraceful secret. If a man never does anything except what is open and above board he can look everybody frankly in the face and never fear investigation. But if you have atoned for your offence by a correct life during all these years, and shown that you have no diseased tendency to crime by both resisting temptation and being beyond temptation, you ought to be a safe man enough. Still you put a black mark on yourself which will always stick so long as you live near the scene of your crime, and may be detected wherever you go. That's why it is so important to resist temptation the first time.

What to do about this young woman? Tell her and her father squarely and fully all about the forgery. Do not wait for them to find it out, for then you will seem to be a pretender to respectability, a coward, and a social swindler, whom they will make haste to put out of doors. Likely enough the girl will think all the better of you for your conquered wickedness, if it is conquered, and certainly you will think better of yourself and hold your head more proudly if you stand revealed in your true character. If she don't so feel then she is not the wife for you, and you will be wise to forget her and go in search of some one who does.

Steaming Across Sahara.

The singular proposition of M. DE FREYCINET, the French Minister of Public Works, has already borne fruit. A commission of experts has been appointed to study and report upon the practicability of building a railroad through Sahara, between Algeria and Soudan.

Considering simply the length of road required, this project is at once seen to be prodigious in scope. Algeria's system of railway runs westerly from the capital through the northern part of the province in a direction generally parallel with the Mediterranean coast; it sends out no branch south of the Zdsel-Tellia or Atlas Mountain chain, so that the new route would practically require construction over nearly the whole distance between Algiers and Timbuctoo, which latter city is at the northern frontier of Soudan, or a tributary of the Jaliba or Niger. This distance, as the bird flies, is fully 1,400 miles. But it is also desired to connect Algeria by rail with the French colonial possessions at Senegal, on the Atlantic coast. Now, from Timbuctoo southwesterly to Senegal, in an air line, is upward of a thousand miles. The total shortest distance, therefore, would be about 2,500 miles. And since, after reaching Timbuctoo, it is almost certain that the railroad would either wind upward through the valley of the Niger, which is fertile, and has a considerable population, or else would move southeasterly down that river before turning and striking off westerly to Senegal, it is clear enough that the road would be over 3,000 miles long.

But length of route is not the chief element in this ambitious project. To secure a good roadbed across the great desert is a formidable undertaking. Granting that Sahara, instead of being the unbroken ocean of sand formerly represented, has a good proportion of firm and even rocky soil, yet it must be doubtful how far these favoring intervals or spots will lend themselves to construction in the needed direction. At best, wide detours from the shortest course will be needed, and it can hardly be claimed that any degree of zigzagging will wholly elude the sands.

It may be suggested that, in order to avoid the blocking which would be occasioned by the famous sand storms, composed of particles swept by gusts of wind from the sand hills, sheds could be built over the road like the snow sheds on the Pacific road. But this introduces a new and heavy item for construction and repair. Supposing the road built, how would fuel and water be furnished to the locomotive engines? Of course supplies of both would have to be stored at way stations, and the distance from which they would have to be brought would constitute another heavy item of expense. Besides, could so desirable an article as water be kept on storage, safe from plunder by caravans or the nomadic tribes? This suggestion, in turn, shows the need of armed garrisons for the protection not only of the water reservoirs but of the road itself.

In fine, though there is no engineering difficulty in this project that can be called insuperable (the Pyramids themselves were built), the cost of construction and operation should stagger those who undertake it, until they see clearly the prospective return of the outlay. The estimated cost is from $80,000,000 to $100,000,000—as much as for cutting the Panama Canal for a whole world's commerce. Local traffic and a tide of emigration such as was certain to flow along the Pacific road can hardly be counted on in the Desert of Sahara. And, after all, a shorter and apparently a vastly cheaper rail outlet for the products of Soudan could be constructed down the valley of the Niger, and across Guinea to the Atlantic, though then, to be sure, the outlet would not be through French possessions, nor so directly connected with Marseilles.

Probably this curious enterprise will be for the present generation to examine, but for a future generation only to realize—the task of a period when the resources of Africa have been more fully developed, and when, perhaps, some new motor in the place of steam will make the crossing of the desert less expensive and difficult.

The Question of Hell.

Are the Congregationalists going to split on the question of Hell? It begins to look like it.

Perhaps split is too strong a word in the case of a denomination so little cohesive as the Congregationalists, wherein every local church is—theoretically, at least—a law to itself. But there are multiplying symptoms of a disposition, if not a settled purpose, on the part of the more rigidly orthodox brethren to make the Congregational fold so uncomfortable for those pastors who have ceased to believe or teach the old-fashioned doctrine of the eternal torment of the wicked that they will not care to stay in it.

Exactly what is to be gained for religion, even for sound doctrine, by this freezing-out process, does not clearly appear. In the early part of the century the Congregationalists became embroiled among themselves over another point of doctrine—the question of the Trinity. Excitement ran high; old friends and neighbors fell out; New England was shaken and rent from one end to the other. Finally the churches divided into two hostile camps, under separate denominational flags.

We are not aware, however, that any great gain accrued from this bitter contention to the cause of vital piety and practical religion in New England.

Grant Not Likely to be the Nominee.

Gen. GRANT is a thick-skinned man. Nevertheless, he is credited with having some regard for his military reputation, and his position as a man who has twice filled the highest civil office in the land.

Does anybody imagine that the next Republican Convention will be composed of such material that it can be swept from its feet and carried pellmell for GRANT, as Conventions were heretofore stampeded for POLK, PIERCE, TAYLOR, and FREMONT? The enthusiastic advocates of a third term, who hope to secure GRANT'S nomination by a *coup de main*, should remember that Conventions are stormed by new men, but never by old stagers.

Unless JOHN SHERMAN, JAMES G. BLAINE, and a score more of Republican leaders pass from earth ere the day for nominating a President arrives, every shrewd politician knows that GRANT could not be forced through the Convention without a struggle so bitter that success there would foreshadow defeat at the polls. And, however ambitious and selfish Gen. GRANT may be, it will be unsatisfactory to be a candidate under circumstances that must assure his defeat at the ballot boxes.

"The war is over; those issues are dead now; the past and the righteousness of either side is not to be discussed now." We find these assertions in the published reports of the speech recently delivered by the Hon. ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS before the Georgia Legislature.

They require qualification, to say the least. No patriotic man will be found wantonly fanning the embers of the civil war in order to make the party pot boil. But the "rightfulness" of one side in that conflict, the side of the Union and the Constitution, is not only a proper but a necessary subject of discussion so long as there are any persons—in Georgia or elsewhere—who dispute it.

CARL SCHURZ has received and accepted an invitation from SPOTTED TAIL—apparently fished for by the local Indian Agent—to visit that chief at Rosebud Agency. Considering the depth of ignorance that CARL SCHURZ has disclosed on Indian subjects in the controversies which he has been so fond of conducting, it may be well for him to "stay a month and see how it is," as SPOTTED TAIL suggests.

The law sometimes makes cruel mistakes. Forty-four years ago two young Englishmen were convicted of murder at the Exeter assizes. One of them, EDMUND GALLEY, steadily denied that he had had any hand in the crime. He was convicted upon the testimony of a woman who had been allowed to turn State's evidence. After the verdict had been rendered, the other man confessed his own guilt, but declared GALLEY innocent. Some young barristers and a shorthand writer who attended the trial made inquiries which satisfied them that at the time of the murder GALLEY was in another town; but they were unable to convince Lord Chief Justice DENHAM, and GALLEY was transported for life. He is now, after forty-four years of undeserved suffering, in a fair way to see England again. A fortnight ago, Sir JOHN EARDLY WILMOT brought the case up in the House of Commons, and although no formal vote was taken, an understanding was reached that GALLEY should be pardoned at once. The fact now comes out that the present Lord Chief Justice, who as a young barrister attended GALLEY'S trial, wrote a letter some time ago to the Home Office, setting forth his belief that the conviction was not warranted by the evidence. No doubt this tardy vindication will be welcome to GALLEY; but how will it make up to him those forty-four years of shame and exile?

The *Paterson Guardian* suggests that as $17,500 is enough money to support a family in good style for one year in the United States, it would be best to let Messrs. WELSH, STOUGHTON, and other so-called Ministers who are unable to live on that sum abroad, remain at home, keep their titles, and receive their salaries, especially as it would not make the slightest difference, as far as the interests of the country are concerned, whether the officials named should be at home or abroad. The best way would be to abolish foreign missions, which are only nests of pretence, besides being utterly useless to the American people.

It has been remarked of SULLIVAN, the composer of "Pinafore," that his features indicate an Oriental rather than a Saxon lineage. But that he is a thoroughgoing Briton is clear enough from the published account of his interview with a reporter of the *Whitehall Review*. The pair got on delightfully, having struck a congenial theme—their friends, the royal family, you know. "The Duke of EDINBURGH told me a capital thing the other night," said SULLIVAN, as a preface to a story; and when the admiring reporter pointed out a quaint candelabrum on the table, "Yass," said SULLIVAN, rather carelessly, "the Duke of EDINBURGH picked it up in Russia; he used to visit me when I was scoring 'The Light of the World,' and he thought it would be useful when I was doing that kind of work at night." The composer added very kindly that he "had the sincerest regard for the Duke," and then said that the Duke "intimating to her Majesty that I should like her portrait before I go to America, her Majesty sends me this with her autograph"—thereupon revealing to the reporter "an exquisite photograph of the Queen, enclosed in a charming letter from the Prince." After all, the composer is shrewd in the kind of advertising preparations he makes for America. There are people here who might not care to hear his music, but would rush to see the man for whom a Prince "picks up" quaint candlesticks in Russia, hoping they may be useful, and who has such knicknacks about as the autograph and photograph of his Queen.

Paris saw a strange sight four weeks ago to-day—a Swiss Old-Catholic Bishop in embroidered cope and mitre, attended by two clergymen of the Church of England as chaplains, confirming a class of French catechumens in Père HYACINTHE'S so-called Gallican Catholic chapel, and explaining to the congregation that he was there merely as the delegate of the Protestant Episcopal Primus of Scotland, who would have officiated in person but for an inopportune illness. It was a sight the like of which Paris had never seen before.

This is the time for the August meteors. Every year, on the 9th, 10th, and 11th of August, the earth plunges through a stream of these strange bodies, encircling the sun in a vast elliptical orbit, and then, if the nights are clear, the attentive watcher may see hundreds of the meteors catch fire as they dart into our atmosphere, and burn along the sky until the fervent heat turns them into smoke. When it is considered that these bodies move with a velocity of from thirty to fifty miles a second, and probably weigh, on an average, less than an ounce, it is not surprising that the resistance of the air should kindle a degree of heat sufficient to dissipate them in a few seconds. Millions are pelting the airy shield of the earth every hour unseen, and but for this protection the soft summer sky might be found more replete with peril to the human race than the deadly breath of pestilence.

The list of persons who have been killed by meteors is very short. HUMBOLDT could find only two or three authenticated instances. Yet the list is confessedly imperfect, and probably if all the casualties from meteors had been recorded the catalogue would look much more formidable. In October, 1875, a man was mysteriously shot through the arm in a broad, open field near Schaffhausen, Germany. No evidence that a gun or pistol had been fired in the neighborhood could be obtained. Recently Prof. KAMTZ has undertaken to account for the mystery on the startling theory that the man was hit by a small meteorite.

Perhaps the most interesting thing about meteors is that there seems good reason to believe they are visitors from beyond the limits of the solar system, thrown off by some distant star in the form of vapor and condensed in their long flight through the awful void of space.

The peculiarity of the Rev. AMOS KENWORTHY'S religious belief is that all persons should confess their sins in public, not lumping them in a general statement, but giving all the particulars explicitly. It can readily be conceived how disturbing a few of Brother KENWORTHY'S converts could be in any community, if they had been only ordinarily wicked. An illustration in a comparatively small way has already been provided at Butlerville, Ind., where Brother KENWORTHY has been conducting a revival. The Widow STANLEY, under the influence of his teaching, began to confess in his meetings. She implicated numerous persons in a great variety of evil deeds, and her revelations were continued from week to week. Even Brother KENWORTHY was forced to admit that his doctrine was awkward in practice, and the latest news from Butlerville is that the Widow STANLEY has been locked by herself in a schoolhouse, where she keeps on confessing to the bare benches.

Yesterday a number of leading anti-BUTLER Democrats of Massachusetts met in conference at Boston. The result of the conferring is a notification to all concerned that they are of the same mind they were last year, and that they are going to vote for a Democrat for Governor this fall, as they did a twelvemonth ago. This will displease BEN BUTLER. Simultaneously a report comes from Boston that Gov. TALBOT has decided not to seek or accept a renomination at the hands of the Massachusetts Republicans. This will please BEN BUTLER.

The JACQUES MARQUETTE Monument Association, whose purpose, as its name shows, is to honor the memory of a bold explorer and devoted missionary, meets at Mackinac this year. The association was organized a year ago, and the interest which has been manifested in its aim—an interest heightened by the discovery of MARQUETTE'S remains—gives good ground for supposing that a fit monument will be raised to the illustrious man who lived and labored in the regions of Michigan two centuries ago.

We apprehend that Torturer BIGLIN of Sing Sing will have to be turned out, so as to put an end to his mania for paddling prisoners. The reports of his recent operations published in the press have raised widespread and sacred indignation throughout the country, and many of the accounts of his practices of torture that have been sent to THE SUN are too shocking for publication. Keeper BIGLIN is winning for himself a name of infamy. Neither he nor his paddles will long be tolerated at Sing Sing.

Personal—The Hon. C. A. Dana.

From the New York World, Aug. 9.

We hear with great pleasure from Mr. Dana, the able editor of our esteemed contemporary, THE SUN, now and for some time past in Europe, that his health has been already benefited by the change. He spent the day after his arrival at Queenstown on one of the breezy islands on the Irish coast, and found it a day of unmingled pleasure. The western winds wafted no disturbing scandal to his ear of the warfare between Tilden and Tammany, a warfare in which, as a stanch and stalwart Republican of the type of Secretary SHERMAN, it is impossible for him to take any other interest than that which he might feel in a battle royal of Kilkenny cats. THE SUN will no doubt miss the good judgment and the legal acumen of its accomplished chief. But Mr. Dana has other interests in life, and those who are familiar with his love of letters and of rural scenery will congratulate him on the prospect of a long vacation in the most interesting and agreeable regions of the Old World.

WHAT IS GOING ON IN EUROPE.

Dean Stanley, whose charming legs made, not long since, such an excellent impression upon American society, and the New York Century Club in particular, has created a grave disturbance by sanctioning a proposition to erect a monument to the late Prince Louis Napoleon in Westminster Abbey. The project has met with a vigorous opposition in unexpected quarters, and is viewed with painful disapprobation by the contingent of French Republicans in London and by the Government organs in Paris. It is regarded as something wholly beyond the bounds of private friendship and sympathy, having a significance which is distinctly national, and being, therefore, inexpedient and inadmissible. Westminster Abbey, according to the *Saturday Review*, is the fitting resting place of the greatest Englishmen, "and into this illustrious company Prince Louis Napoleon has no claim to enter."

The fact of the matter is that Dean Stanley is possessed of the idea that one of his most important functions is to popularize the Abbey, and in the pursuit of that notion he incurs the risk of being regarded as a competitor of Madame Tussaud. He is deeply impressed by the apparent widespread public interest in, and sympathy for, the late Prince, and he thinks that a monument to his memory in the Abbey would lighten up the place, and impart to it an element of variety that it now lacks. The novelty of the lately contributed window, the gift of an American bard, has presumably died out, and some new attraction is needed to divert the public mind and make the venerable sanctuary draw. The Dean has written a very ingenious and interesting letter in defence of his course, in which he describes the edifice as "a great temple of silence and reconciliation," which, he thinks, would be appropriately filled with "landmarks of English and European history." It is curious that so eminent and conservative an Englishman should so thoroughly commit himself to the recognition of the pretensions of the young Prince, and that he has done so may be taken as an indication of the sort of consideration and respect in which the present French Government is held by the English upper classes.

Meanwhile the condition of the Imperialist party in France is very much mixed. The struggles of the leaders of the two factions into which it is divided to determine the adjustment of principles upon which they shall coalesce is proceeding bitterly, and that worthy person, Prince Jerome, is in deep perplexity and embarrassment. On the one hand his friends are using sleepless vigilance to make him hold his tongue; on the other his enemies, headed by that uncompromising bully, M. Paul de Cassagnac, are endeavoring to provoke him into some declaration. M. de Cassagnac's utterances would be amusing anywhere but in France. As it is he is listened to with the utmost gravity when he dictates with pompous arrogance what shall be the course of the nation and personally assumes the whole responsibility of the Imperialist policy. M. Prax Paris desires that the Prince shall give guarantees in the shape of a Constitution, and points out in an exhaustive article, which the *Figaro* indirectly terms a "manifesto," what he believes to be the difficulties of the situation and the methods of evading them. He regards Prince Napoleon as the legimate heir, and intimates that to hesitate in the matter is treason. M. de Cassagnac repudiates this idea altogether and publishes a vigorous reply. He wants personal guarantees from the Prince, including his abjuration of his republicanism and materialism and his distinct and unequivocal adoption of the principles of Napoleon III. and Napoleon IV.

The Prince is evidently very doubtful about the whole business. He recalls all the pleasant things he has said from time to time about the Catholic Church; he recollects his little joke in the matter of the guests before whom, on Good Friday, he placed a *mean* in which fish was not a prominent element; and he reads over his pretty speeches at Ajaccio, in which he so agreeably dispensed with all considerations of common political decency. He is a man of the world, and he need not be a very wise one to arrive at the conclusion that he would probably lose more just now by a recantation of a creed very conspicuously professed during twenty years than he would gain by subscribing to principles which he has reason to fear are held only in half-hearted esteem, or no esteem at all, by the mass of the people. He undoubtedly gets a great deal more encouragement from the quarrels of the Republicans and the dangerous legislation with which they are perversely experimenting, than from such support as is extended to him by the selfish and arrogant idealists who assume a proprietary right in Bonapartism. Thoughtful people who follow the course of events in France must derive some edification from the spectacle of M. Paul de Cassagnac posturing in the character of a good Catholic, while Prince Jerome, devoid of anything resembling a sound moral conviction on any subject unconnected with eating, is held up to public execration as a howling atheist. There are compensations and compensations; but it must be admitted, in view of the present condition of religious feeling in France, that Prince Napoleon stands a far better chance of the empire as a liberal infidel than he would in the capacity of a person who had become a proselyte for a consideration.

Truth, with a pleasant exclusiveness attributable to the long association of its editor with crowned heads and the like, has announced that the Emperor William is as good as gone with ossification of the brain, and that, in fact, he has no memory left at all. The news is received with diffidence by the French papers, and they publish it with a certain air of reserve indicative of their fear that it is untrue. Later intelligence of preparations for his reception at Königsberg apparently justifies their apprehension; for it is impossible to suppose that a gentleman with an ossified brain could take any deep interest in autumn manœuvres or torpedo experiments at Memel, unless, indeed, he be in such a melancholy condition that he can be stimulated by nothing short of dynamite explosions.

In the neighborhood of Dantzic there have just been concluded some interesting landing manœuvres by the ironclad fleet there stationed. The fun was immense. The crews of four frigates landed in spite of a desperate resistance on the part of an imaginary enemy. They were provided with real ordnance and uncommon quantities of real powder and shot, and they carried several hospital yawls for the use of the imaginary wounded. They engaged the enemy on the heights, and after a furious hand to hand struggle stormed their position. "The wounded," says the correspondent of the London *Times*, "had been previously selected and furnished with tickets stating the nature of the injuries received"—the regular practice, of course, when an engagement is about to begin—"and the Medical Corps determined the manner of transportation, &c." It was, no doubt, one of the best shows ever given, and must have afforded the greatest amusement to the spectators. No mention is made, however, of the cost to the much protected people who have to settle for the powder and the real hospital stores and the general wear and tear.

It is worth mentioning, apropos of guns, that Herr Krupp of Essen has just sent a new cannon to the recently installed Khedive. That potentate will doubtless be grateful, and will feel about it very much as a family does when, having moved into a new neighborhood, a sample of his style of tea and sugar is sent in by the polite and contiguous grocer.

The clipper tea ship races from China home to London have become almost obsolete. Great interest attached to them, and large sums of money were wagered on the results. It occurred more than once that two of these magnificent vessels, starting from Hong Kong together, would go out to sea, lose sight of each other, and finally pass up the Thames within half an hour of each other. The passengers have been known to make up purses for the successful captains of as much as $5,000—an agreeable contingency, which was in itself a great inducement to embark in these trials of seamanship, to say nothing of the advantage derived from getting first into the market with the new chop. The great ocean steamers which have succeeded to the tea business since the opening of the Suez Canal show the same rivalry, and the excitement and eagerness attending the effort to get to London first would make one think there was a tea famine in England.

From Hankow to the mouth of the Yangtsze is a distance of 600 miles, in great part a tortuous and dangerous channel, and for this distance these huge steamers are raced night and day. As a result of this practice, a favorite vessel, the Loudoun Castle, was recently driven, in the middle of the night, into a rice field at the rate of fifteen knots an hour. She had 3,500 tons of tea on board, which she was to take to London in thirty-nine days, at a compensation of $30 a ton, or $21,000 for the voyage. At last accounts the Captain was compounding with two river steamers to haul her out of the field, a service for which they insisted on having 50,000 taels.

The Comédie Française has returned quietly to Paris, and, together with Mlle. Sarah, has reappeared at the Théâtre Français. As to the American engagement of the latter, *Truth* says:

> As I anticipated from the first moment, the reported engagement of Sarah Bernhardt to America turns out to have been merely another puff for the special purpose of securing a warm welcome to her on her return to Paris. It was not, be it told, entirely out of place. Some three or four weeks ago, there were symptoms of weariness in Paris at the continuous advertising M which the gifted lady was supposed to be guilty, and there were rumors abroad that on her return she was to "receive a less-sen," and to be greeted with anything but applause. It seems now that such a useless measure, for to blot out an excess of reclame only a bigger one has been needed.

The truth of the whole matter probably is that Mlle. Bernhardt did send in her resignation and that no attention was paid to it, because she could not legally resign and because, when she should have made up her mind to do so illegally, it would be time enough to act upon it. It appears to be generally conceded in London that the story of the American engagement with "le nommé Harry Jarrett" was chiefly humbug and Talmagism.

The eminent Brooklyn ecclesiastic is enjoying the rest he so needed, and to the procurement of which his generous congregation feelingly contributed, by racing all over England at £100 a night—a stirring moral stimulant. He appeals most naturally to the large middle intellectual class of England, composed of what *Truth* styles "pious lords and ladies." The class is very numerous and is always ready to take enthusiastic hold on anything that promises religious excitement, although this has invariably been followed in England by a most unwholesome reaction, and has done much to pervert and weaken the really sincere and deep-felt religious feeling of the people. There is some little comfort, however, in noting that the newspapers regard him as an ignorant, Chadband sort of person, who must run his course after the fashion of some temporary and necessary inconvenience like measles or the chicken-pox.

If the present generation concerned itself with enduring forms and methods of decoration, England would be a storehouse of wonder to the Schliemann of a remote future. The decorative craze is intense, and wonderful things are being done. The latest artistic achievement is Mr. Burne Jones's new piano. It is of a delightful pea-green color, with square tapering legs and invisible casters. The art world generally has emulated its color in the degree of envy that it has created.

The most serious writing in all England is now done in *Punch*. Occasionally Mr. du Maurier injects the leaven of a little levity or pleasant satire. He is very clever when he is poking fun at the art cant which is now so fashionable in London. The following is the legend attached to a sketch of his, in which a fully evolved painter and critic is seen standing with a friend in front of a picture:

> Bellamy Brown (*picture fancier*) on a picture by Rigby Robinson—"Quite a poem! Distinctly precious, blessed, subtle, significant, and supreme!"
>
> Jordan Jones (to whom a picture by R. Robinson is as a red rag to a bull, as R. R. knows)—"Why, bless my soul, the drawing's vile, the color beastly, the composition idiotic, and the subject absurd!"
>
> Bellamy Brown—"Ah, all works of the highest genius have faults of that description!"
>
> Jordan Jones—"Have they? I'm glad to hear it, then, for there's a chance for you, old man!"

CIVIL SERVICE ORDER NO. 1.

How Hayes Enforces It on Clerks, but not on Cabinet Officers.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 9.—It was a characteristic illustration of hypocrisy that Hayes gave to his Cabinet yesterday. Recently the members of the old State Republican associations have been discussing the feasibility of reviving their organizations. The department clerks composed these associations, and the object of their formation was primarily to stimulate the Republican employees in the departments with sufficient political enthusiasm to go to their respective places of residence on election day and vote the Republican ticket. The Republican Congressional Committee has recently urged the reorganization of the associations. The so-called Civil Service Order No. 1 had been violated so repeatedly and flagrantly, when it said the purposes of the Fraudulent Administration so to do, that the Radical leaders believed it had become a dead letter. But, on several occasions during the campaign which preceded the Congressional elections last fall, indicated that Government employees might violate the order without incurring his wrath. The members of the Fraudulent Cabinet frequently neglected their duties in Washington to take the stump in support of Republican candidates.

It was a great surprise, therefore, to the advisers of the de facto President when he informed them that he should not permit the reorganization of the State associations. Without a blush he read John Sherman, Carl Schurz, Wm. M. Evarts, and D. M. Key a homily on the beauties of reform in the civil service, non-interference in politics by employees of the Government, &c. No excuse was given by Hayes, however, for permitting the assessment of department clerks to grease the wheels of the machine in Ohio. In fact, he made no allusion to the subject. The members of the Fraudulent Cabinet listened in solemn silence to Hayes's homily, and when he had finished they without comment adjourned.

The Purpose Not Disguised.

From the N. Y. Tribune.

It is known to all men of all factions in this city that the object is to secure control of the appointment of inspectors of elections. Charges which were hatched out months ago, in the hope of bulldozing certain of the Police Commissioners into faithlessness to their public duty, have slept on the Governor's table. Why? Because it was thought that some Commissioner might be frightened into treachery to his party—into complicity with a trick to defeat the selection of fair, upright, and evenly divided inspectors. At the last moment these charges are thrust forward with indecent haste, because the time is close at hand for the appointment of inspectors. All proper forms of law have been disregarded; citizens of excellent repute have been branded with dishonor without the hearing which the law prescribes; and persons have been chosen to fill the Commissionerships who have no other recommendation whatever for posts of peculiar difficulty and responsibility except that they are the mere tools of Mr. Tilden. Their former official service, as mere clerks and lieutenants, renders their selection for such posts of high responsibility an outrageous scandal, which gives cause for shame to every man who voted for Mayor Cooper or Gov. Robinson.

The Impending Struggle Between Europe and Asia.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* The premonitory symptoms of war on a gigantic scale, as indicated by the aggressive tendencies of Russia and England upon hundreds of millions of people of Asia.

Russia and China threaten to enter the lists in dire conflict. England, not content with imperial sway over the vast peninsula of Hindostan, has recently gone to war with Afghanistan.

The upshot thereof must be that China, India, Afghanistan, Persia, Tartary, and Siberia will enter into a solemn league to annihilate their European oppressors. Russia has encroached on China in the north, and is now pushing her conquests into her eastern provinces.

China is armed to resist. It is passively submissive, but is well able to defend itself when it chooses.

Asia rules it she can, and should Asia, under the same and conditions, organize, [illegible] Russia will have to contend with China alone.

Asia rules it she can, and should Asia, under the same and conditions, organize, [illegible] Russia will have to contend with China alone.

Two million people in Russia are now in the field, and south seems, for the present, will not be populated, military and agricultural. Asia has warlike elements. England is a small island, and, in a general war, loss of India should be its ruin.

Asia can get rich from America, through and by trade and commerce, hundreds of millions of dollars, say, billions, of impoverishment to Russia for her conquests.

The friends of northern and western Europe should be [illegible] in Asia.

The march of civilized robbers should be barred by [illegible] arms in Asia. The subjects of Russia and England are in a state of concealed discontent; they will turn to their profit the occasions that may [illegible] their tyrant masters in distant Asia. It is time that square-toes [illegible], so called, should stop the march of civilized robbery!

NEW YORK, Aug. 7. J. McC.

Give attention at once to anything symptomatic of cholera morbus, diarrhœa, or