The Sun.

THURSDAY, MARCH 31, 1881.

Amusements To-day.

Abbey's Park Theatre—Fresh, the American.
Bijou Opera House—Olivette.
Booth's Theatre—Voyages in Southern Seas.
Bunnell's Museum—Broadway and 9th st.
Chickering Hall—Lecture.
Daly's Theatre—Cinderella at School.
Grand Opera House—Fritz in Ireland.
Haverly's 14th St. Theatre—Our Goblins.
Haverly's 5th Av. Theatre—That Man from Cattaraugus.
Haverly's Niblo's Garden—Black Crook.
Madison Square Garden—Barnum's Show. Matinée.
Madison Square Theatre—Hazel Kirke.
Standard Theatre—Billee Taylor.
San Francisco Minstrels—Broadway and 29th st.
Steinway Hall—Concert.
Theatre Comique—Mulligan's Silver Wedding.
Tony Pastor's Theatre—Olivette.
Union Square Theatre—Pelicia.
Wallack's Theatre—A Scrap of Paper.
Windsor Theatre—Lady of Lyons.

Mr. Conkling against Judge Robertson.

The Senate is much governed by traditions and usages, and the narrow line which of late years has separated parties in that chamber has given to these practices what may be called a peculiar sanctity. As the majority passes from one side to the other, both parties find convenience in recognizing as a sort of common law the rule which has almost uniformly been applied of rejecting any local nomination that is personally objectionable to the two Senators from a State.

Will this rule be applied to Judge ROBERTSON, or is he to stand out as a shining exception to its enforcement? There is no objection to him in point of character or of capacity. He is up to the Jeffersonian standard. But he is offensive to Mr. CONKLING and to Mr. PLATT, who, in executive session, will be prepared to give reasons for objecting to his confirmation, that in any ordinary case would be sufficient to reject a nominee.

Any departure from the conventional courtesy would destroy it altogether, because, once begun, retaliation would follow, and thus it would be effectively abandoned. In the sharp conflicts of the Senate, Mr. CONKLING more than any other member of the Republican side, and perhaps more than all of them, has made positive enemies among the Democrats. He is not on speaking terms with three or more of the foremost Senators of that party.

Among the Republicans his popularity is confined to very few. Between jealousy and irritation at his arbitrary leadership, the number of his personal friends may be counted on the fingers of one hand. He commands obedience by stern mandates, but he attracts no following from sympathy or from affection. There are Republicans who would be quite willing to see his comb cut.

The nomination of ROBERTSON presents a square issue between the Administration and Mr. CONKLING. It enters into national politics, and therefore it may lead to a new departure. Mr. CONKLING has it in his power, unless specially commanded to the contrary by the Senate, to hang up this nomination at his pleasure. He will naturally feel his way, and find out how many votes can be relied upon to follow the precedents of the Senate. That information will necessarily guide his policy.

Hence, it is probable the Senator will make no sign until both sides are fully canvassed, and he knows upon what ground to plant himself firmly. The present deadlock in the Senate furnishes the opportunity for a full inquiry, and the Democrats to that extent are playing his game. Meantime, the "other fellows" had better not waste too much lung power in shouting until they are well out of the woods.

More Trouble in South Africa.

Now that the Transvaal is pacified, the British forces will be set free to operate in Basuto land. That is properly an affair of the colonial Government, and not of the Crown; but thus far the authorities at the Cape have found their own resources inadequate to cope with the Basuto insurrection, which was provoked by an act of injustice and bad faith scarcely less flagrant than that which occasioned the recent outbreak on the part of the Dutch settlers.

This Basuto war is another legacy of Sir BARTLE FRERE'S administration. In order to understand, however, the somewhat complicated relations out of which the present conflict grew, it is needful to keep in view the dual functions exercised by him and his successor, Sir HERCULES ROBINSON, in South Africa. So far as the districts represented in the Cape Parliament are concerned, Sir BARTLE FRERE occupied the post of Governor, acting through a Ministry accountable to the Legislature. With reference, on the other hand, to the so-called Crown colonies—among which, from 1877 until the treaty was made the other day, the Transvaal was included—he possessed large powers of direct control and interference through his office of High Commissioner. Now, of right, the Basutos owe obedience to the Governor only in the latter capacity; but by a series of usurpations, prompted or permitted by Sir BARTLE FRERE, they have gradually come under the thumb of the Ministers, who happen, for the moment, to command a majority in the Cape Parliament. It was in 1869 that this powerful and most civilized branch of the Kaffir race became, at their own request, subjects of the Crown upon a distinct agreement that they should not form part of the Cape Colony, and should recognize no other exponent of British authority except the High Commission. Two years afterward, without consultation with the tribe, the Basutos were annexed to the Cape Colony. Thereupon their chiefs demanded representation in the Cape Parliament—a privilege, by the way, possessed by some of the more settled and civilized Kaffirs—but their request was refused. A little later came the institution of responsible government at the Cape, but the Basutos were not advised by proclamation of this change, in which, however, it is clear they were vitally interested. For, while they had previously been under the immediate protection of the home Government, they were now at the mercy of men governed by local prejudices and a chronic distrust of the whole black population. So long as the Cape Parliament had use for the Basutos to defend the frontiers against dangerous enemies like SEKOCOENI and CETYWAYO it suffered them to retain their former privileges; but about a year ago, taking advantage of the general tranquillity, the Cape Government suddenly announced that the Basutos must be one and all disarmed. They were required to give up, in other words, without compensation, their most valuable possessions, the muskets and fowling pieces with which they defended themselves against less civilized and predatory tribes, and which English traders had been allowed to sell to them at prices two or three times their real value.

Now, even the advocates of disarmament can find no pretext for applying this measure to the Basutos, and the official action seems to have been caused by one of those periodical panics which sweep over the British settlers at the Cape. The Basutos are by no means a savage nomadic race, unworthy of trust and incapable of control. Through the efforts of English and French missionaries, they have become, in large part, converted to Christianity, and their advance in civilization is remarkable. They educate their children in schools, and they are large purchasers of European and colonial manufactures. Almost alone of the Kaffir tribes, they are a horse-riding people, and it is a noteworthy fact that they have learned to make gunpowder. Sir BARTLE FRERE himself bears witness to their industry and frugality. A Cape newspaper describes them as "careful herdsmen, quick in agriculture, commercially acquisitive," and generally making the best of their fertile country, which is the inland or upland region lying on the west of the Drakenberg range. As regards loyalty, not only did they fight bravely on the British side during the Zulu war, but on the subsequent outbreak of MOROSI—who was not a true Basuto, but of mixed blood—the chief of their tribe, at the head of 2,000 Basutos, rendered material assistance in putting down the rebellion. And even when the order came to surrender the arms which they had just been using on behalf of the Cape Government, the chief, LETSIE, and so many of his people as he could control, after a pathetic but fruitless remonstrance to Sir BARTLE FRERE, obeyed the obnoxious order. But a large part of the Basutos proved less tractable, and, after reminding the Governor that heretofore they had been known from Cape Town to the Zambesi as the children of the Queen, and pointing out the gross injustice of exposing them to the risk of having their families murdered and their cattle captured while no steps were taken to protect them, they intimated that those who wanted their guns might come and take them.

Since that date, about a year ago, the colonial forces have been trying, for the most part ineffectually, to enforce the harsh and needless measure of disarmament. Their troops have been repeatedly repulsed by the Basutos, and only the other day a large detachment suffered a serious reverse. The Cape Government is now trying to obtain the coöperation of the Crown forces lately occupied in the Transvaal, but Sir GARNET WOLSELEY, whose opinions on this subject were lately published, Sir H. CLIFFORD, administrator at Cape Town, and Col. GRIFFITH, the Governor's agent in Basuto land, all concur in thinking the disarming of the Basutos needless and unwise, and in declaring that the Cape authorities, instead of being backed in a wrong course by the home Government, should be told to rescind their arbitrary action or take the consequences. It is to be hoped this course will be taken by the GLADSTONE Cabinet, which, having had the good sense to acknowledge and redress official wrongdoing in the Transvaal, may now, with a good grace, commend a dish of humble pie to the Colonial Ministers.

A Needed Reform.

It is rumored that the son of ABRAHAM LINCOLN is about to signalize his assumption of command in the War Office by a remarkable order. He proposes, it is alleged, that officers who get assignments to agreeable duty in cities shall, after a specified number of years, be turned out of their soft places and sent to the frontier; while their brother officers, who have endured for years the hardships of Indian campaigning and the monotony of distant garrison life, will be employed in a tour of service in civilized regions.

Perhaps this report is only the product of the fears of one set of officers and the hopes of another; but should it mature into a general order, it will flutter the dovecotes of Washington, and send terror to a crew of military dancers at the prospect of years to be spent in yawning at the Territory posts, or in fighting Sioux and Apaches.

But there is a broader reform to which the minor one now said to be contemplated would possibly lead, namely, a fixed system of detail by which officers may serve alternately in the staff and the line. Undoubtedly there are exceptional cases, in which the rule should be that of stability in the staff, because the experience and the memory of facts, customs, methods, and experiments in office work are too valuable to be thrown to the winds under an iron rule of rotation in service. But these cases are rare, and do not weigh against the general expediency of changing the rules of service.

The system of permanent separation of the line and staff makes the differences between the two branches of the service more marked from year to year. It allows some men to masquerade as military heroes who are only clerks, cashiers, calculators, manufacturers, grocers, and ushers. Of course, nobody expects an army doctor to do alternate duty as an artillery officer, nor the artillerist as a surgeon. But, making due allowance for all necessary exceptions, we have hundreds, not to say thousands, of officers and non-commissioned officers in the military service who pass their lives in civilian work.

Even where vacancies are filled in the staff departments, strangely enough, no effort is made to seize these occasions to repair obvious lacks, and to remove chronic objections, as far as the vacancies will go. It is seldom that the needed military element is at such times infused. In some of the departments the regular rule is for the President to appoint civilians, often the friends of politicians, who may never have seen a day's service for their country, to posts carrying as high rank and pay as that of Major; while heroes, grown gray in battle, are never selected for such preferment. In other cases, where appointments are made by the President of line officers to staff departments, and these appointments are confirmed by the Senate, the candidate is usually selected on account of the personal or political influence he has brought to bear. There are rare exceptions where genuine merit as a line officer carries off the prize; but, in general, even where an officer has been conspicuous by his absence in the fights in which his company has been engaged, and where his sick leaves and his escapes from disagreeable duty on one excuse or another have been remarkable, yet if he is an expert lobbyist and has no sense of modesty about his own merits to handicap him, he will be likely to distance a model soldier, covered with the scars of honorable service, in which he has borne the heat and burden of the day.

It is only by a complete change of system, providing for alternate details of line and staff duty so far as that is possible, that the Government can profit by the best services of all its officers, can detect and weed out the incompetent, and can discover the aptitudes of all. This system prevails in the best military establishments of foreign countries, to a greater or less degree. In some cases regular periods of alternate service are provided; in others, where the staff is regularly chosen, an officer must go to the line for a fixed period before each promotion to a higher grade in the staff. It is only or chiefly in our own service that encouragement is given to the fortunate and the favored for vegetation without disturbance.

Of course the reform attributed to Secretary LINCOLN is far less sweeping. Probably it is designed only for the alternation of frontier and city duty among staff officers themselves; and it is doubtful whether even this innovation will be attempted.

Speak English, Pray!

There was severity in the words, and in the sound of them, as they were turned upon the proprietor of the London *Telegraph* by the editor of the London *Truth*, in court, a few days ago. Mr. LABOUCHERE, when cross-examining Mr. LAWSON in the libel suit that has been amusing Englishmen during the past fortnight, had put a question, in the answer to which Mr. LAWSON spoke of "his father and his *entourage*." "Speak English, pray!" cried Mr. LABOUCHERE as the French word struck his ear.

The words of the London editor have a Shakespearean ring about them. It is good advice. The speakers and writers of English should keep within the English lines. There are words in our language for all the thoughts of every man who is intellectually sane. It is rich in words of thinking, feeling, and description. What notion ever grew in your head, what thing have you ever seen with your eye, that you could not tell of in English?

Mr. LABOUCHERE'S advice is good for editors. It is good for the editor of the *World*, who, knowing many languages, is apt to jump over the English at times. It is good for all those reporters who are apt to think a French or Latin word has a neat look in their sketches.

It is good advice for college professors and school teachers to give to their students and scholars, and to keep to themselves. Speak English, pray!

It is good advice for preachers. Those of us who were so happy as to hear the sermons of that able and eccentric man, the late Rev. Dr. SAMUEL HANSON COX, can never forget the pedantic way his learning was shown through many languages, in his pulpit, or the effect it had, at times, upon his hearers. Had Mr. LABOUCHERE'S advice been addressed to him, we can imagine the polyglottery of the answer that would have confounded the London editor. There is no such preacher as Dr. Cox now, so far as we are aware. The great men of the pulpit, like Brother TALMAGE, the Rev. Dr. MCGLYNN, and the Rev. Mr. PULLMAN, find words enough for their thoughts in the English language.

It is good advice for book writers, including novelists. We have seen a novel, presumed to be in the English tongue, nearly every page of which was sprinkled with words of other languages, not to be understood by one in a hundred of the novel's readers. The writer of it was a woman.

It is good advice for all sorts and conditions of men whose native speech is the English. Speak English, pray!

County Judges as Practising Lawyers.

A bill has been introduced into the Assembly to prohibit County Judges from practising law. It provides that they shall still be allowed to act as referees. The principle of the measure is right, although it will doubtless arouse vigorous opposition.

By virtue of the Constitution, a similar prohibition already exists in reference to the County Judges of New York, Erie, and Kings. It does not extend, however, to the other counties of the State; and in them the County Judge usually devotes much more time, not to say pains, to the practice of the law at the bar than he does to its administration on the bench.

We have frequently had occasion to condemn the present system, under which a County Judge, sitting beside a Justice of the Supreme Court as a member of the Court of Oyer and Terminer, sometimes leaves the bench to take part immediately as counsel in the very next civil case which comes on to be tried before the Justice of the Supreme Court, now sitting alone as a Circuit Judge. Under such circumstances a County Judge too often exercises an influence over the jury which is almost wholly due to the office he is known to hold, rather than to any professional ability he manifests. This official influence is one to which litigants ought not to be exposed, and of which there is frequently much complaint in the country.

Of course it will be objected to the proposed reform that it necessarily involves a considerable increase in the salaries of the County Judges throughout the State. In our opinion, the reform is so important that it ought to be carried out even if all the salaries had to be doubled. But this is by no means requisite. In the first place, if the County Judges no longer practised law, they could spare time enough to discharge the duties of Surrogate in the counties where there is a separate Surrogate; and that officer could be dispensed with, while his salary might augment that of the County Judge. In the second place, the Supreme Court might adopt the practice of referring all cases to the County Judge of the county in which they are triable, where a reference is necessary, and the parties themselves make no selection of a referee by consent.

These changes would probably give the County Judges, or most of them, incomes as large as they now enjoy, and all their time would be occupied by judicial work. Whether the desired result is attainable without an amendment to the Constitution may well be doubted, but we are glad to see the subject brought before the Legislature for discussion. Whatever change is made in the direction we have indicated should apply only to County Judges hereafter to be elected; as it would be manifestly unfair to deprive those now in office of resources which they might justly assume would remain available during the terms for which they were chosen.

Can it be true that Secretary KIRKWOOD has ordered the discontinuance of the system of competitive examinations for clerkships in the Interior Department? That would be a cruel blow to Mr. CARL SCHURZ, who has spent the better part of four years in establishing the system, and who, only last week at the Boston dinner, put his knowledge of the English idiom to the strain in trying to express his appreciation of KIRKWOOD'S abilities and his faith in KIRKWOOD'S intention to carry on the reform.

The Jeannette Relief Board has made its report and submitted a preliminary programme of search; but the question where DE LONG is, and the chances of finding him until he himself comes back, are left much as before.

ASTOR and LENOX, who founded libraries; PETER COOPER, who founded an institute; VANDERBILT, who founded a university; STEWART, who founded Garden City; ROOSEVELT, who founded a hospital; BRYAN, who founded a picture gallery; and BENNETT, who founded the Irish famine fund, put at least a part of their money where it would do the most good. But not so did Commodore STEVENS, who spent so large a fortune in building the Stevens battery. That luckless engine of war, after having been subjected to all sorts of reverses, and after the purpose of its projector had been totally thwarted, is now undergoing demolishment at Hoboken, and the clangor of the heavy hammers of the workmen upon its iron sides sounds like the knell of its inventor's hopes. Thus let all agencies and appliances of war perish from among men, while the works of peace, enlightenment, and progress flourish and bear fruit forevermore!

Some impatience and indignation have been expressed that British troops were transported in large numbers and at great cost to the Transvaal, only to find nothing to do there. But they can find something to do. Let them be employed at once in taking care of the speculators and squatters who are now trying to get up a civil war in the Transvaal, in the hope of overthrowing the reëstablished Boer republic. As English supremacy is said to be acknowledged by the terms of peace, it can in no way more usefully assert itself just now than in putting an end to this nefarious mischief-making.

The Senate of the United States has now spent three weeks over the case of the road-justed Senator and his friends, GORHAM and RIDDLEBERGER. It is not pretended that any business has been transacted, except that which relates to the spoils of office.

Greece and Turkey seem to be not at all tired of maintaining a hostile attitude which results in no hostilities. The great powers of Europe were long ago wearied of the monotonous scene; and the expense of the luxury should apparently lead the Turks and Greeks to leave off making faces and decide on war or peace. But as their preparations are largely made with borrowed money, they probably feel less concerned about their cost.

Little grief will follow the news that CURRIE, the brutal murderer of the actor PORTER, has himself been shot and killed in a drunken brawl at Las Vegas, New Mexico. The vengeance which Texas justice could not mete out to this ruffian has been drawn upon him by his own acts. Now that his life has been paid as a forfeit to his propensities for murder, probably a good many Texans who are alive to the reputation of their State will regret that he was not properly and promptly punished, under their own laws, for his cowardly assassination of an unoffending man.

The statements of the witnesses before the committee inquiring into butter made of ox fat, and cheese made of lard, are certainly important. It has been testified that sometimes the fat is extracted by melting it at a hundred degrees below the temperature necessary to destroy animalcules in it; that hogs showing signs of sickness are hurried to market and used in the manufacture of lard cheese; that cotton-seed oil, peanut oil, and alum are used in coloring and clarifying these mixtures; that lardine and oleomargarine affect the trade in butter and cheese, because people do not eat as much of the latter through fear of what they may be getting, and that spurious butter and cheese are sold at vast profits in order to make them pass as genuine. Of course, this testimony may be exaggerated; but the ease with which tricks of trade in matters of food are perpetrated makes the case rather serious. There are large manufacturers of oleomargarine and lardine who sell their goods for what they really are. When these products pass into the hands of unscrupulous smaller dealers, it is hard to say how much deception is practised on the public.

We trust that when the *Times* Benefit Fund of a quarter of a million is finally presented to Gen. GRANT, the ceremonies may be public, and that all the journals, without distinction of party, may be represented by their reporters. Of course, all the donors will be there.

WILL THERE BE REAL WAR?

WASHINGTON, March 30.—It will soon be known whether Messrs. Logan and Cameron, and the other third-term managers, are to be treated as Mr. Conkling has been. Logan was allowed to name the Marshal for Northern Illinois against the will of the opposing faction. That appointment has created nearly as much discontent among the anti-machine Republicans who broke the unit rule in Illinois, as the nomination of Robertson has done among the Stalwarts of New York.

Logan's chief aim is to name a successor to Smith, present Collector of Chicago and agent of the Associated Press, who was put there as the special friend of Hayes. If he succeeds, Logan will be happy. If he fails, Logan will be mad. This appointment is to be the crucial test, and upon the theory of dividing the patronage between the two factions without satisfying either, since each of them demands exclusive possession of the offices, Logan will probably be beaten. In that event, the war whoop of his tribe will be heard loud and deep.

Thus far, Don Cameron has not been much flattered with patronage, and his loving brother-in-law, Wayne MacVeagh, proposes to run the reform machine in Pennsylvania, if he remains in the Cabinet. He would like to be transferred from the Department of Justice to the Senate, even to the extent of throwing Don Cameron out, and he means to be his successor, if that ambition can be attained by the aid of the Administration and by the use of its patronage.

Should Logan and Cameron be thrust aside with only cold and ceremonious recognition, harmony would not be the distinguishing virtue of the Republican family. In fact, the unity of that household is already seriously, if not irreparably, disturbed. The long deferred day is near at hand when agreeing to disagree will not serve as a bridge to cross the chasm which separates two hostile factions.

A new Administration is starting out, and it must from the necessity of the case make a choice between its friends and its foes. If Garfield were left to himself he would court one side to-day and the other side to-morrow without avowing any preference for either, but wishing all the time to crush out Conkling and the 306. But although Garfield is in the White House, Blaine is virtually President, by the force of his strong will and his naturally aggressive character. He knows that the third-termers are bent on his downfall and will spare no means to hasten it. Grant has openly threatened him with the fiercest opposition, and Conkling has to settle a grudge seventeen years old, which recent events have aggravated intensely.

Rival ambitions and patronage are the causes of a quarrel which cannot be reconciled. Therefore, the nomination of Judge Robertson was a gauntlet thrown at Conkling, to be accepted or to be rejected at his pleasure. If there is to be a fight, then Blaine wants it to come on at once, and to be finished now when everybody is fresh. He is tired of nursing wrath and keeping the atmosphere murky with menaces.

Notice was formally served on Conkling, through Judge Robertson, that if he desires war he will be gratified without any formal proclamation or notice to neutrals to keep their hands off. It is, therefore, within his discretion to summon the third-termers and commence the battle. He has been challenged fairly and he cannot evade an answer to the cartel. Does he mean to fight? That is the question of the hour, which even rises above Mahone's leadership of the Republican party and its plain committal to the policy of repudiation in the South.

German Sportsmen on Long Island.

From the New York Times.

There are quite a number of Germans who are actively employed in hunting with guns all kinds of birds. These hardy men array themselves in leathern garments which are believed to be proof against the bite of an infuriated robin, and arm themselves with German guns, which only the bravest men would venture to fire. Thus equipped, they set out in company with the faithful Spitz dog, and seek the robin and the woodpecker in their respective lairs. The German hunter of Long Island birds knows no fear. He has been known to walk up fearlessly to within ten yards of a fierce and full-grown robin crouched on a fence rail ready to spring on his pursuer, to stand as coolly as if he were in front of a beer saloon, to take deliberate aim at the robin, and to fire and hit a cow thirty rods away. Strange as it may seem, accidents seldom happen to these bold hunters, but there is a legend of a tenth street German who was attacked by a violent goose not far from Jamaica, and chased nearly a mile before he was able to find refuge in a friendly tree-top.

Famous All Over the World.

From the Graphic.

Mr. George W. Childs, A. M., of Philadelphia, receives scores of letters every day from all parts of the world asking for his autograph.

FOR BALD MEN TO READ.

Another Letter from the Learned Barber—He Condemns Hair Tonics and Gives a New Challenge to the Tonsorial World.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Suetonius, the historian of the Twelve Cæsars, tells how the soldiers of the conqueror of Pompey, when they entered a town of Gaul, used to sing a song in which these words were found:

Husbands, lock up your wives;
The bald-headed libertine is coming.

This proves that, in those ancient times, baldness was known, and that Julius Cæsar was bald. And of all the decrees passed in his honor by the Senate, none was so agreeable to him as that which gave him the right to wear constantly a wreath of laurel.

The great orator, Cicero, also had a bald pate, and so had the philosopher Socrates; but the latter never complained of his baldness; on the contrary, he thanked the gods for having deprived him of his hair, being persuaded that his wife, Xantippe, in a fit of rage, would have torn it all out.

In our age, many persons who have become bald seem bitterly to regret the absence of their hair, when they ought, it seems to me, to be satisfied with it. Baldness, from my point of view, is a mark of superiority. In my long experience as a hairdresser, I have noticed that it is only the men endowed with superior intelligence, such as philosophers, literary men, and inventors—in a word, men who aid the march of progress with the products of their brains—who are bald. This is not the case with the unfortunates deprived of reason. I, like everybody else, have remarked that idiots and cretins have skulls abundantly supplied with capillary tubes.

Many of my readers, especially those who lived in Paris under the empire, must remember the eccentric person who died a few years ago, and who was known as "The Walking Jeweller's Shop," on account of the quantity of his diamonds, the eccentric Duke of Brunswick, who, through a disease of his system, completely lost his hair and even his eyebrows, so that his hairdresser had to paint them on him, with as much skill as could be displayed by the famous portrait painter, Carolus Duran. To hide the nudity of his head, this millionaire duke had thirty-one wigs, all different as regards length, in order to make the deception the more complete. On the first day of the month he put on a wig with hair shaved close, and the last day he put on one with hair somewhat long. The day that he wore the close-cut wig was a happy day for him, for of all the pleasures that his immense fortune procured him there was not one that could flatter his vanity more than to hear one of his lady friends remark: "Oh, the Duke has had his hair cut!" Judge, then, what happiness it gave him. Everybody believed that he had the locks of Absalom. For a long time he preferred to display his baldness rather than wear a wig. False hair he despised, and it was only after an adventure which, although very strange, did not terminate so fatally for him as that of the poet Æschylus, who was killed by a tortoise that an eagle was stupid as to mistake his bald pate for a rock, that the Duke decided to cover his head with a wig.

One day, after a copious breakfast at the restaurant of the Pavillon d'Ermenville, in the Bois de Boulogne, he took a walk in the enclosure of the Jardin d'Acclimatation. It was in the month of July. The heat was overpowering, and, digestion aiding, he felt the need of a siesta. Reaching a shady place, he lay down upon the grass, after taking off his hat. He had hardly enjoyed a quarter hour of the comfort which Morpheus supplies when he was awakened by a strange sensation. Half smothered, he opened his eyes, and found that an ostrich of the finest sort had comfortably seated herself upon his face. His complete baldness had deceived the great African biped, which, prompted, doubtless, by the maternal instinct, mistook the noble head of the Duke for one of its eggs.

Quackery is not to-day just beginning to work upon the credulity of the people. A little over one thousand years ago there was a king of France called Charles the Bald, who owed his surname to his want of hair. Following the advice of a disciple of Æsculapius at that time, he sent bear-hunting parties into the Pyrenees to procure grease for his head. It did not succeed in making his hair grow, but the constant frictions softened his brain to such a degree that he was not left the intelligence to be even a Carlovingian King, for he was deposed in 876.

The most complete type of a quack that I ever knew was one Lob, who, about the year 1860, advertised in all the Parisian papers that he would give a prize of 50,000 francs to anybody who would prove that Lob's water would not make hair grow upon bald heads. A few credulous people who believed as much in the efficaciousness of his water as in the sincerity of his offer, after having in vain employed a half-dozen of his bottles, went to find him in the hope of getting the premium. Mr. Lob was seldom to be seen; but when by chance you found him he was very much astonished that your hair did not grow. "It is astounding," he would say; "let me see your scalp." Then with a microscope he would examine closely your head, and at the end of an instant he would break out with this exclamation: "Unfortunate man, you have not used my preparation according to the formula! Your hair is growing the wrong way. It is growing in. In a short time it will pierce the skull and derange the brain!" Then, if you appeared not to be convinced, he would put his ear down upon your head and declare that he could hear the hair growing.

In America also the credulity of bald people has been worked upon on a large scale, and there are still quite a large number of my confrères who sell preparations said to be infallible for making the hair grow. Hardly think they are sincere in their faith, but if they are, I don't blame them, because they doubtless have never studied the physiology and still less the hygiene of the hair. Very often the hair falls out after sickness. In such cases it generally grows again without the aid of any hair tonic whatever; but when it has fallen out from natural causes it never grows again. The celebrated Dr. Bazin, who was formerly physician in chief of the St. Louis Hospital at Paris, and who is known throughout the world as the most learned specialist for affections of the skin, told me one day that there was nothing but could make the hair grow after the baldness had come on gradually. This I believe firmly, for if there was anything of the kind we would not see so many New York doctors with heads as completely destitute of hair as the backs of turtles. I am even persuaded that these gentlemen would follow the example of those Greek heroes who, under the leadership of Jason, made a voyage to Colchis to bring back the Golden Fleece. Modern Argonauts, the doctors would consider themselves happy if they could bring back from such a voyage the secret of restoring the human fleece.

I don't think I am far from the truth when I say that during the past twenty-five years that I have practised the profession of hairdresser, I have made the trial upon different bald heads of more than 500 different hair tonics, and I am bound to admit that I never saw a single head the hair of which was restored after baldness. At the end of so many failures, I am completely unadvised as to the value of all the preparations, and I would not now recommend any one of them, because I would be afraid to commit the crime that is designated by the words, "obtaining money under false pretences." In my pathological studies upon the hair, I have found that people who perspire a great deal from the head are apt to get bald. The bad habit of wearing hats indoors is also very hurtful to the hair. In 1806, after the famous battle of Jena, in which the Prussians were completely defeated by Napoleon I., Baron Larrey, the celebrated military surgeon, perceived that many of the German prisoners were completely bald. Surprised, he made inquiries as to the cause of this, and he found that they owed their baldness to the shape—as homely as unhealthy—of their caps. The foul air of their head gear, having no issue, destroyed the vitality of the hair.

A great many of my confrères attribute baldness to the presence of pellicles upon the scalp. In their ignorance they might as well say what the *Gazette de France*, the fervent champion of the Legitimist party, said to its readers. This old newspaper told them that pellicles of the hair were caused by the Republic, and cited as an example the case of a valet de chambre who was attacked with pytiriasis after having seen his master go to the scaffold in 1793. A Republican journal replied very aptly that it was doubtless since then that pellicles became white; they put on the color of the flag of the Legitimist party.

As for tonsorial artists or manufacturers of hair tonics who possess an infallible water, I give them here a chance to overcome my incredulity and at the same time to make money. One of my customers, well known in political and literary circles, is extremely anxious to be able to part his hair in the middle. Unfortunately, to make a symmetrical division, it is necessary for him to have at least thirty-two more hairs upon his head. He has often offered me $15,000 if I could succeed in raising that number of hairs. I have not yet succeeded. I add to this sum the $5,000 that I put up in the challenge that was not accepted, and I will hand it over to whomsoever can raise with any preparation the thirty-two hairs desired upon the head of my customer.

I challenge all hairdressers in general, and particularly the one who criticised my last letter upon the art of hair dressing, and who replied to me *ab irato* that the French method of cutting the hair was execrable, and even attempted to give me lessons. My critic has doubtless judged this the more prudent method of replying to my challenge. No doubt he thought, and with reason, that it was less risky for his money. To convince this compatriot and panegyrist of Krupp cannon of the superiority of the French method, I hasten to tell him that I have the honor of having for customers the most elegant and distinguished gentlemen of the German colony.

For several years the hairdressers of London have adopted a new process to prevent the falling out of the hair. They burn with an iron brought to a white heat, or with the flame of a candle, the extremity of the point of the hair. This system is so efficacious that the Prince of Wales is to-day reduced to the necessity of brushing his hair with a sponge.

HENRY POUIOL,
Ex-Hairdresser of the Paris Jockey Club.

CROSS-TOWN STAGES.

A Line Connecting the East River and North River Ferries Generally Approved.

There is now before the Board of Aldermen a petition from Abraham Brown, asking consent to open a cross-town stage line, connecting the ferries of the North and East Rivers. Mr. Brown is one of the old firm of Kip & Brown of the Broadway Stage line. The proposed route is from Barclay street, North River, through West, Chambers, New Chambers, and South streets to Fulton Ferry. Mr. Brown has obtained the approval of two-thirds of the property holders along the line.

At present the means of crossing the lower part of the city is very imperfect. It is necessary to make a circuit about the Battery on the elevated road or Belt line cars, to hire a cab, or to walk over.

The first way is slow, the second is expensive, and the third is tiresome, and in many cases impossible.

Several merchants along the proposed route yesterday said they were strongly in favor of the line.

Mr. E. C. Hazard of Hazard & Co., wholesale grocers of 192 Chambers street, said: "It is just what is needed, and will help business wonderfully. So far from blocking a street, a stage line keeps the street open."

Mr. Titus of Titus Brothers, produce, 154 West street, said: "It's a good thing. It will not block the streets, and will help trade."

Mr. Robertson, of Robertson & Turner, grocers, 162 West street, said: "It ought to have been done years ago. Dealers in this neighborhood often have occasion to cross to the east side, and the line will be a great convenience."

Mr. J. H. Seymour, produce, of 159 Chambers street, said it would be of convenience in reaching Broadway during hot and wet weather.

Mr. Mulford, of Manton & Co., 153 Chambers street, said: "I object to a car line, as that would blockade the street, but I am in favor of a stage line."

Mr. Acker, of Acker, Merrall & Condit, said: "I think it would be a great convenience; and although Chambers street is already well crowded, I would not feel justified in opposing this stage line."

GAS AND ELECTRICITY.

Bids for Furnishing Both Kinds of Light to the City Streets and Parks.

The Gas Commission, which is composed of the Mayor, the Comptroller, and the Commissioner of Public Works opened yesterday proposals of the gaslight companies to light the street lamps for the year beginning May 1, 1881. The New York Company offered to light the lamps south of Grand street for $18 each, and the Manhattan Company proposed to do the same service between Grand and Thirty-fourth streets for the same price. The Metropolitan Company offered to light the lamps between Thirty-fourth and Seventy-ninth streets for $18.25 each. The New York Mutual Company are willing to light the lamps in the public parks between Grand and Thirty-fourth streets and a part of the lamps on the streets and avenues between Thirty-fourth and Sixty-fifth streets for $18 each; and the Municipal Company will light the lamps where their mains are laid between Grand and Seventieth streets for $20 each.

The Harlem Company offered to light the lamps from Seventy-ninth street to the Harlem River for $19.50 each.

The Central Gas Company will perform the same service in the Twenty-third ward for $30 for each lamp, and the Northern Gas Company will light the lamps in the Twenty-fourth Ward for $38 per lamp. A company in Yonkers is willing to light some of the lamps in the Twenty-fourth Ward for $30 each. The Brush Electric Illuminating Company offered to furnish electric lights of 2,000 candles power each in Wall street, Broadway, from Whitehall street to Forty-second street; Fifth avenue, from Fourteenth to Forty-fifth street; Fourteenth street, from Third to Eighth avenue; Thirty-fourth street, from Third avenue to Broadway, and Forty-second street, from Third avenue to Broadway, and two elevated groups of six lights of 6,000 candles in Madison and Union squares for $32,000 a year. This company also offered to light a smaller district for $7,400 a year.

Frenchmen Against Wagner's Music.

From the Parisian.

Mr. Camille Saint-Saëns has written the following letter to Mr. Hippeau, director of a new musical journal in Paris. It is interesting as showing the feeling which exists among Frenchmen with regard to the German composer:

MONSIEUR ET CHER CONFRÈRE: When, some time ago, you requested my collaboration for the *Renaissance musicale*, I promised it to you on the condition that your journal should be frankly and without *arrière-pensée* the organ of the young French school, and that the questions referring to foreign schools should only be treated in a secondary manner and in the light of general information, warning you that it was my intention to dissociate myself publicly from your enterprise should I perceive that this agreement were not adhered to. I have received your programme, and find myself under the necessity of breaking with you from the very commencement. On the fifth line of this programme I read the name of Wagner, but it is in vain that I search for that of Gounod, which is conspicuous only by its absence. You inscribe in golden letters and at the head of your list "Tannhauser" by the side of "Les Troyens," and you find no place whatever for "Faust." No one ignores that the composer of "Tannhauser" was enthusiastically received on the welcome which Germany gave to "Faust," and that his disciples affect for this work a sovereign disdain. This is an unfortunate coincidence.

A musical newspaper, devoted to the young French school, has no right to forget the services which Mr. Gounod has rendered to this school, and the struggle so long—but at last victorious—which this splendid score of "Faust" has had to sustain both in France and in all the world. To forget this is to show ingratitude and to betray the causes intended to be advocated. Have you thought of this? I fear not, and this is why I feel it my duty to warn you and to refuse to associate myself with you in an enterprise in which, although we might walk as I am convinced we should, together, it would not be with the same step.

There was a time, indeed, which is not yet very far away, when it was considered a very fine thing to be a Wagnerian. Richard Wagner was unacknowledged still more in Germany than elsewhere: his name meant progress, audacity, and struggle against routine. His cause was that of all those who felt, who see, and who hope. His was the "music of the future."

The situation is quite changed now. Germany has adopted the works of Wagner; she executes them continually and spreads them over the whole world. The public has come from every point of the compass to be present at the representations of the "Tetralogy" at Bayreuth. Wherever Germans are to be found Wagnerian committees are organized which give concerts, collect funds for the work of Bevreuth, and use their influence to have the master's work put upon the stage. If this continues "the music of the future" will soon become "the music of the past." Now, although Richard Wagner has vanquished the rest of the world, he has not vanquished France; he cannot console himself for this missing leaf in his laurels, which I can understand well enough. Intelligent Germans will do all in their power to attain this result; I am willing that they should do so, but they must seek others than me to give them a helping hand. I shall be, as much as you like, for Wagner against Brahms, for Wagner against Verdi; but for Wagner against France, never. My musical predilections will never allow me to forget that if art has no country artists have, and that it is not becoming for the French school to shelter itself in France under the protection of a foreigner. I beg you to accept, Monsieur and cher confrère, the assurance of my devoted sympathy.

C. SAINT-SAËNS.

A World's Fair President Found at Last.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* As a citizen of New York for the last thirty-five years, I have always taken a lively interest in the welfare of this city. Therefore, after waiting for the past month to hear of the election of a permanent President of the World's Fair Commission, I now wish to express my disgust with the whole business. It seems that after the resignation of Gen. Grant none of our distinguished and wealthy citizens can be induced to accept the office, fearing, no doubt, that it might interfere with their regular business.

Now then, sir, to show these model and enterprising monopolists of ours that the old spirit of patriotism has not yet gone out of the men of New York, I hereewith tender my services to the World's Fair Commission, to act as their President until the thing has been successfully carried through. As to who I am, and what are my qualifications, I refer to the whole Thirteenth Ward. I have been twice the Greenback candidate for the Sixth Assembly District.

Hoping my offer will be speedily acted upon, I can always be found at the corner of Columbia and Delancey streets.

THOMAS DO