The Sun.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 23, 1883.

Amusements To-Day.

Bijou Opera House—Pop. 8:15 P. M.
Casino—Princess of Trebizonde. 8 P. M.
Cosmopolitan Theatre—The Merry War. 8 P. M.
Fifth Avenue Theatre—Rob. 8 P. M.
Grand Opera House—Article 47. 2 and 8 P. M.
Globe Dime Museum—298 Bowery.
Haverly's Theatre—The Mastodon Minstrels. 2 and 8 P. M.
Madison Square Theatre—Russian Honeymoon. 8:30 P. M.
Niblo's Garden—Her Atonement. 2 and 8 P. M.
San Francisco Opera House—Bunch of Keys. 8 P. M.
Spencer's Palace Music Hall—Variety. 2 and 8 P. M.
Star Theatre—The Amadan. 8 P. M.
Tony Pastor's 14th St. Theatre—Vim. 8 P. M.
Twenty-third St. Theatre—Hustle Among Petticoats. 8.
Union Square Theatre—Arkwright's Wife. 2 and 8 P. M.
Wallack's Theatre—La Belle Russe. 8 P. M.
Windsor Theatre—Her Second Love. 2 and 8 P. M.

To Advertising Agents and Newsdealers.

Wednesday, May 30, being a legal holiday, the weekly edition of THE SUN for next week will be published on the morning of Tuesday, May 29. Advertisements and orders should therefore be handed in by Monday, the 28th.

Democratic Policy.

Our esteemed contemporary, the *Buffalo Courier*, a journal of eminent ability and character, contends that the Democratic party ought at once to embark in a crusade against the tariff. We, on the other hand, contend that before entering upon such a crusade, the Democracy should first give a fair trial to the law enacted at the close of the last Congress, and should ascertain whether it produces a revenue larger than the necessities of the country require; and thus, that the only wise course in the matter is to leave the subject alone until the effects of the tariff are demonstrated by its operation.

Our contemporary argues that "a remission of taxes inaugurated the first and second canvass of Gen. GRANT for the Presidency;" and hence it concludes that a remission of taxes ought to inaugurate the Democratic canvass of 1884. With this proposition we are entirely agreed. The proposed remission should be in the abolition of the internal revenue system, a hateful relic of the civil war which ought to be wiped out entirely before any attempt is made to deal generally with taxation by the tariff.

The abolition of the internal revenue is a measure of public relief that can at once be carried through and realized. The Republican President, who will be in power for nearly two years to come, has declared himself in its favor; and if the Democrats adopt the measure, a sufficient body of Republicans may be relied upon in the two Houses of Congress to constitute the necessary majority.

But in regard to the tariff the case is entirely different. While the Democrats will control the next House of Representatives, the Republicans still hold the majority in the Senate, and no bill that works any radical or extensive change in the existing system of import duties can possibly be enacted; and, if such a bill should be enacted, it could not possibly receive the signature of the President. Any attempt to establish a new tariff law would, therefore, not only be a pure waste of strength, but it would be an attempt to do a thing respecting which we cannot be certain that it ought to be done until experience has shown whether the rates of duty fixed by the present law are adequate and sufficient—that is to say, whether they produce enough revenue, or too much, or too little. Of course, we here refer to a general and radical reconstruction of the tariff, and not to special changes and corrections the necessity and wisdom of which may already be evident, and which all parties in Congress may agree to.

Now, it may sometimes be right and advisable for a political party to set on foot measures which cannot at once be consummated and enacted into laws. It may, for instance, be necessary to declare a principle or to engage in a contest whose conclusion can only be looked for in the remote future, as, for example, when the Republican party started out on its great crusade against the extension of slavery without expecting to succeed in that purpose at any early period. Such a thing, however, requires that the party should be organized exclusively for the end in question, and that it should hold everything else as of secondary consequence. Thus it would be entirely legitimate to organize a free trade party having no other doctrine or war cry, and no other object of existence, than the realization of free trade. The Democratic party, however, is not organized for that end; it has never been exclusively a free trade party, and it is not such a party now. There have always been free traders in its ranks, just as there have always been protectionists, and they have been united in the past as they are united now for the realization of certain great principles of government and certain political reforms which may be cherished and sought for by patriots who hold different views respecting this question of free trade or protection.

This has always been the situation of the Democracy, and nothing that has recently occurred seems likely to change it. The party will doubtless remain true to its ancient doctrine of administrative reform, of local self-government, of economy in the public expenditures, and the general enforcement of Democratic principles; and it will not raise any one abstract idea to that untimely predominance which our esteemed contemporary of the *Buffalo Courier* seems to think is desirable. In other words, it will not commit suicide just as it is about to enter upon the government of the Union.

Common Sense at the Stock Exchange.

The action of the New York Stock Exchange in regard to the preliminary injunction obtained by Mr. WILLIAM J. HUTCHINSON in the suit to set aside his expulsion was dignified and judicious. The speakers and the members generally manifested a resolute disposition not to associate again with a man whom they believe to be dishonest, but at the same time they showed entire willingness to abide by the judgment of the courts in the matter, confident in the expectation that this must finally be in their favor.

In former controversies the Stock Exchange has sometimes unwisely and improperly assumed an attitude of defiant hostility toward the courts. In the present case the members have been much wiser. Every one familiar with the facts is aware that when Mr. JOHN R. DUFF of Boston first charged his broker with misconduct, the Stock Exchange was prejudiced in Mr. HUTCHINSON'S favor rather than against him. The sentiment of the members was changed chiefly by the revelations from Mr. HUTCHINSON'S own books and by Mr. HUTCHINSON'S own acts, particularly when, as Mr. BRAYTON IVES said at the meeting on Monday, "he was found to have given up half of his booty." The feeling at the Exchange now is that the Governing Committee tried him fairly, and intended to allow him every right and privilege to which he was entitled; but that if they made any legal error which vitiates the expulsion, it will simply be their duty to try Mr. HUTCHINSON again and comply strictly with every requirement of the courts, so that there may be no possibility of reinstatement after a second expulsion.

The healthy tone of Wall street in regard to this remarkable case will tend to check the general distrust of brokers, which is kindled afresh by every such experience as that which befell Mr. HUTCHINSON'S unfortunate customer, who after a few years of speculation found that he was the poor man and that his broker was the millionaire.

The Approaching Coronation of the Czar.

Now that the Czar ALEXANDER III. has arrived at Moscow, and that many of the special embassies from foreign courts have reached that city, there is little doubt that the long-deferred coronation will take place upon the date officially announced. We can recognize quite enough to stir the imagination and compel reflection in the imposing ceremony which is impending, apart from the sinister circumstances which must lead the sovereign himself and all sympathetic onlookers to regard the occasion with harrowing anxiety.

Behind the crowning and anointing which symbolize and consecrate the assumption of arbitrary power; behind the pageant with its gorgeous but grotesque revival of mediæval splendors and antiquated pomp, lies one of the most tremendous and distressing facts recorded in the history of man upon the earth. It is fitting, indeed, that the ceremony should go back for its pattern to the days of IVAN the Terrible, for the thing of which it is the emblem is deplorably out of date. The rule over ninety millions of human beings, the unqualified autocracy, whose formal investiture is to be so brilliantly set off, is an appalling reality, whose bitterness no glamour can disguise, and whose rigor will seem untempered by religious solemnities which purport to array GOD Himself on the side of the oppressor.

It is indisputable that, although other empires, past and present, have surpassed the ROMANOFF monarchy in respect of population and magnitude of territory, never in the annals of the world has power so unlimited over so large a fraction of mankind been committed to a single hand. The immense dominions which MARCO POLO found almost conterminous with the whole of Asia, from the Euxine to the China Sea, were perhaps more extensive, and were certainly far more populous, than those now ruled over by the Russian autocrat. But as regards the Chinese, who formed the great majority of their subjects, the descendants of ZENGHIS Khan, like all earlier and subsequent usurpers of the Middle Kingdom, were constrained to permit the people to govern themselves through a literary aristocracy incessantly recruited from the community at large. Nor would it be reasonable to compare with the absolutist régime of Russia the mere shadow of authority exercised by the Queen of England and Empress of India, although the area of her nominal possessions is greater, and although their inhabitants are three times as numerous as the subjects of the northern CÆSAR.

If we look to the continuity as well as the extent of dominion, to the variety as well as the volume of population, to the average grade of civilization attained, and, above all, to the degree of omnipotence possessed by the sovereign, the nearest parallel to Russia is obviously presented by the Roman empire at the epoch just preceding the partition under DIOCLETIAN, when the frontiers yet remained for the most part intact, but when imperialism had utterly supplanted the administrative forms of the republic. Yet even in the fourth century, the most arrogant of Roman despots found their will cramped by trammels unknown to a Russian Czar, for the Roman law endured, and behind that rampart the harassed and exhausted taxpayer could still feel himself a citizen. In the huge realm, on the other hand, into which, during the last four centuries, the grand duchy of Moscow has gradually expanded, no such bulwark of private right exists; no system of law and equity transmitted from a mighty commonwealth extorts the respect and ties the arm of the supreme authority; no formal repeal of statutory obstructions must needs preface the satisfaction of a tyrant's whim; no legal ingenuity is requisite to reconcile an act of spoliation or brutality with the stern prohibitions of a venerated jurisprudence. In Russia, the execution of the ruler's will is balked by no conventional delays, and cloaks itself in no formulas; it is instantaneous, irresistible; and, accordingly, a Czar's ukase is a more awful thing than the rescript of a Roman Emperor, being in literal truth what the latter professed to be, the fiat of a god on earth.

But while the sovereign of Russia is more emphatically an autocrat than was ever the head of the Roman State, there are many points of analogy in the administrative mechanism of the two countries. There is also a striking likeness in the rapidity and durability of the conquests by which the two empires were evolved. From the close of the second Punic war to the reign of TRAJAN, when the Roman power touched its utmost limits, about three centuries intervened. It is only some three hundred years since English ambassadors and merchants found Archangel on the White Sea the most convenient point of approach to Muscovy, for at the end of the sixteenth century the Czar beheld himself hemmed in on all sides but one by enemies much more redoubtable than himself. In the Crimea and along the Volga lay the still formidable remnants of the Golden Horde; on the southwest and far above the Danube stretched the possessions of the Ottoman Sultans, whose power and prestige were still unshaken; on the west, the broad and warlike kingdom of Poland seemed to present an impenetrable wall; while the northern shores of the Gulf of Finland had been grasped by Sweden, whose subsequent acquisitions on the Continent seemed likely to make the Baltic a Swedish lake. To the envoys of ELIZABETH these barriers may well have looked insuperable, and the most far-sighted must have deemed the Princes of Muscovy irrevocably condemned to the rôle of Asiatic potentates.

The English embassy which will witness the coming coronation will look in vain for the particular obstacles which thwarted Muscovite ambition three centuries ago. Russia has swept them all away. Finland has been absorbed, and Sweden has been permanently stifled within the Scandinavian peninsula. The Germanized duchies on the Baltic north of Dantzic have been firmly incorporated with the Northern Empire. The kingdom of Poland is extinct, and the bulk of its territory has fallen to the Czar. The Sultan keeps but a remnant of his European possessions, and the Russian frontier in this quarter has been pushed down to the Danube. The Golden Horde has vanished, and Muscovite expansion has not only embraced the Crimea and the Caucasus, but has wrested Georgia and a large part of Armenia from the Porte. In Asia the Caspian has become a Russian basin, and all the Mussulman khanates west of the Chinese frontier have become subjects or vassals of the White Czar. On the south, the Russian outposts have reached the Oxus and the oasis of Merv; on the extreme east, the valley of the Amoor River has been snatched from China, and spacious harbors have been occupied in the waters of Japan.

Every one of the dependencies and provinces comprised within the Czar's dominions will be represented at the crowning of their sovereign by vassal princes, great proconsular officials, Governors, commanders, and innumerable deputations. The homage of ninety million subjects will be supplemented by the deferential attendance of representatives of many imperial and royal families, and by ambassadors from almost every part of the world. The resulting concourse will present a spectacle such as no city has witnessed since those Roman Emperors, who were also successful Generals, returned in triumph to offer sacrifice upon the Capitol. Indeed, the visitor to Moscow on this occasion will be vividly reminded of the majestic vision which MILTON has evoked:

"Thence to the gates cast round mine eye and see
What conflux issuing forth or entering in;
Praetors, proconsuls to their provinces
Hasting, or on return, in robes of state;
Legions and cohorts, turms of horse and wings;
Or embassies from regions far remote
In various habits on the Appian road
Or on the Emilian; * * *
From the Asian kings and Parthian among these;
From Gallia, Gades, and the British west,
Germans and Scythians and Sarmatians north,
Beyond Danubius to the Tauric pool."

Yet, while in respect of visible magnificence and of the grandeur symbolized the Russian ceremony may not fall a whit behind the Roman pageant, there is one dark point of difference which can hardly fail to strike the least thoughtful observer with a shudder of misgiving. The son of the murdered ALEXANDER II. will need no slave to pace beside him on the triumphal way and remind him in a muffled whisper that CÆSAR, too, is mortal.

A Triumph of Philadelphia Journalism.

The people of Philadelphia must have been startled last Monday by a feat performed by our esteemed contemporary of that city, the *Press*. That journal, with a peculiar enterprise, then published a sermon delivered by SPURGEON the day before in his London Tabernacle, as a "special cable despatch to the *Press*."

We are at a loss, however, to understand why the Philadelphia newspaper was in so great a hurry to get and print the sermon that it could not wait for it to come by steamer, thus saving a large bill for telegraphing. The *Press* may have felt that the spiritual welfare of the Philadelphians required a sermon on that particular Monday, in addition to those they had heard on Sunday, and that one of SPURGEON'S discourses would alone satisfy the demand. But, even then, why would not one of the old sermons of the London preacher have done just as well?

Besides, it seems to us a very serious reflection on the pulpit eloquence of Philadelphia to go to so heavy expense to get an English sermon, when scores of the discourses of home preachers might easily have been obtained by the *Press* at no cost at all.

SPURGEON'S sermon, as published by our contemporary, has no special adaptation to this time. It might as well have been uttered a hundred years ago as on last Sunday, and, indeed, it reads like a pulpit discourse of a past period—like one of hundreds which might be taken out of old volumes of sermons. Far better reading, far more wholesome literary and religious food, would have been furnished by the *Press* to the Philadelphians if it had given them last Monday one of the incomparable sermons of JEREMY TAYLOR, for instance, delivered more than two hundred years ago. And if it wanted a discourse of the immediate day, why did it not go to Brother MOODY, who could have supplied one constructed after a method and pervaded by a tone little different from those of SPURGEON'S exhortation, which was on the old theme, the glories which GOD has prepared for the saints in heaven?

"Even nature," said the preacher, "cannot give us an idea of the supernatural glories GOD has prepared for His people. Imagination," he went on, "has created lands of gold, islands of pearl, rivers of delight; but imagination has never been able to open the gate of pearl which shuts in the City of Glory now." "The body of a child will not be a child's body in heaven. It will be fully developed. The blind shall not be blind, nor the deaf lack hearing, nor the dumb be without tongue to sing GOD'S praises in heaven. We shall none of us carry our infirmities there. Our bodies shall be incorruptible. I suppose there will be a wonderful agility about that body. Perhaps it will be able to move swift as the lightning flash. You have sometimes seen men of intellect and looked up to them, but I tell you that the smallest babe in heaven shall have a larger mind than the greatest philosopher in this world. We shall be made into mirrors reflecting GOD'S glory to unknown beings, and there may be myriads of races of whom we have never heard. Ten thousand thousand millions of years in heaven, and we shall be as fresh then as when we began eternal glory. Take your harps down from the walls and sing if you have never sung before. GOD has called us to His glory for ever and ever."

This gives the drift and substance of the whole discourse, which never rose above the ordinary level of pulpit eloquence. What he said may be all true, although it is very different from what the Rev. HEBER NEWTON, for instance, gives us, but it contained no original thought, no novel idea, nothing but old and well-worn imagery. In scores of spiritual songs the glories of heaven are far more entrancingly pictured within the compass of a few lines.

Why, then, did the *Philadelphia Press* go so far out of its way to get that sermon? Who can tell? But any way, the truth remains that Philadelphia newspapers are fearfully and wonderfully made.

George E. Hill Also Responsible.

Mr. GEORGE E. HILL is one of the Commissioners of Accounts of New York city. He was appointed by Mayor EDSON just three months ago to-day, and it was made his special duty from the very beginning of his official services to examine the accounts in the Comptroller's office.

Yet we now find this same Mr. HILL reporting upon the thefts which have recently been discovered in that office just as if he had never failed to do his duty. "It is apparent," says the report, "that the supervision of the clerical work of the department has been exceedingly lax."

This is very true, and the fault lies especially with Mr. GEORGE E. HILL, who was assigned months ago to the supervision of this clerical work, and who does not appear to have performed his duty until the discovery of the thefts forced him to attend to it.

Even in this city a policeman may find it a costly business to put a man under arrest improperly. An honest farmer of Long Island who brought his garden truck to this city for sale refused to leave his stand at the order of a policeman, who thereupon arrested him, locked him up, and took him before a Justice, who at once discharged him. But the honest farmer sued the policeman, and yesterday got from the jury a verdict for $1,000 damages. If all the people in New York who are wronged by vicious policemen would follow the example of the honest farmer from Long Island there would very soon be a falling off in the number of wrongs perpetrated by the police.

Heavy penalties have been falling upon conspirators in Ireland, and yet we are constantly hearing of new schemes of conspiracy there. There has just been the fiercest denunciation of informers all over Ireland, and yet new crops of informers are always betraying their fellow conspirators. Here is the latest story of the old kind, as it appears in to-day's cable news: A man was found with suspicious papers; they gave the first clue to a murder conspiracy in which he was involved; the man at once agreed to play the part of spy and informer; he next took part in a plot to shoot two obnoxious farmers, and then, as informer, he caused the arrest of six of his fellow conspirators. This sort of thing is forever going on in Ireland, and it seems strange that any man should become a conspirator when he must know that there is an informer at his side. Besides the Mayo conspiracy just referred to, something seems to have been going on in Sligo, for a supply of arms and cartridges has been found under a bridge there.

There are many distinguished orators among our Irish-American fellow citizens in New York. Yet we do not know of any Irish-American meeting having been held in this city for a long time at which there were so many poor speeches as those that were addressed to the Irish League audience in the Cooper Institute last Monday night. Eloquence had deserted the stage, though ALEXANDER SULLIVAN and THOMAS BRENNAN were among those who spoke at the desk. Where had Irish eloquence fled? Why was there not something better given to the anxious multitude than those very poor speeches?

The decorated cities of the world this week are Moscow, Brooklyn, and New York. We have accounts to-day of the splendor of the Moscow decorations in honor of the Czar's coronation, and we shall presently see here the fluttering of flags, the glittering of lights, and the processions of citizens in the two great cities that are now joined by the Roebling Bridge. Through Moscow the Czar, in military uniform, rode on horseback yesterday; through New York and Brooklyn the President, in citizen's clothes, will ride in a carriage to-morrow.

It is the opinion of some of the lofty souls of Massachusetts that civilization blooms and ends in Concord. These persons hold Concord very dear as the last refuge of dying philosophy. Next to its Summer School of Philosophy the chief ornament of Concord is Walden Pond, which Mr. THOREAU, the modern SOLOMON, may be said to have discovered. Since his time its shores have come to be the summer haunt of conventions which would have driven that solitary sage into still deeper solitude. Conventions of all sorts, names, and peculiarities go there, and there also are picnics, secular and sacred. Perhaps Walden Pond has never seen a convention with such a topsoftical title as that of the "National Prophetic and Holiness Convention," which is soon to be held there. Concord is a good place for prophets, but who are the prophets? The only prophets of these times are the unhonored WIGGINS, VENNOR, and DE VOE, who ought to honor themselves by taking part in the Concord Convention.

The London chess tournament has resulted in the triumph of ZUKERTORT, as the early games indicated that it would. He gets a substantial money reward for his success, besides the honor, and small consolation bounties are awarded to those players who are not among the six prizeholders. The chief difference between the present tournament and most of its predecessors has consisted in the rule about scoring drawn games. Hitherto a drawn game has usually given half a point to each player; but it has been thought that toward the end of a tournament a player who has a good record may be tempted by this moderate advantage to try to draw his remaining games. Hence drawn games have been replayed; and the rules prescribed that only when two players had drawn three times against each other should they be scored half a game.

It is now believed that the surplus of the Post Office Department for the year ending June 30 will be three million dollars, or almost double that of the last fiscal year. Should this prove true, and the steady increase of mail business go on, it is highly probable that the experiment of two-cent letter postage will vindicate itself by a freedom from department deficit during the very first year of its introduction. In that case, it will be less difficult to persuade Congress to risk one-cent postage than it was to induce it to reduce the rate from three cents to two.

If titular dignity can carry through an international exhibition, the one that is to be opened in Calcutta on the 4th of December ought to prove successful. At the head of its patrons is his Excellency the Most Honorable the Viceroy and Governor-General of India, K. G., P. C., G. M. S. I., G. M. I. E., while such others as his Excellency Gen. Sir DONALD STEWART, Bart., G. C. B., C. I. E., the Hon. Sir RICHARD GARTH, K. T., Q. C., and the Hon. Major BARING, R. A., C. S. I., are joined with Maharajah Sir JOTINDRA MOHAN TAGORE, K. C. S. I., Nawabi ABDOOL GUNNEY, Rai KRISTODAS PAL BAHADUR, and Nawab ALI KUDR SYND HUSSAN ALI BAHADUR of Moorshedabad. The exhibition itself is likely to be splendid in its display of wealth, color, and design. The city is rich, full of commercial enterprise, and can gather wonderful fabrics and jewels from all the south of Asia. The present year is brimming with world's fairs, yet it would be worth the while of American manufacturers to remember this one in the seat of British India, where there will be exceptional facilities for displaying and introducing their wares.

The flight of MARRIOTT, the Parisian bookseller's clerk, who was commissioned by a jeweller to sell a lot of diamonds to Mr. ASTOR, our Minister to Italy, at a trifle of $125,000 over their value, but who fled here with them and his betrothed, came to an unhappy conclusion yesterday. He was tried upon an indictment charging him with bringing stolen goods into the State, an offence defined as grand larceny by the new Penal Code, and when the case was given to the jury they promptly convicted him. But, beholding the grief of the young wife beside her young husband throughout his trial, they added a recommendation to mercy.

King CETYWAYO'S ill luck still pursues him. Restored to his throne under conditions that made him no longer a sovereign, but a vassal, or a trustee for British power, he found rival chieftains ready to resist him, and in two battles he has been defeated with great slaughter. British clemency and friendship have proved hardly less fatal to his fame and fortunes than British hostility.

Reading Matter for the Sick in Hospitals.

The Committee on Books and Newspapers of the State Charities Aid Association has moved its headquarters from 6 East Fourteenth street to 79 Fourth avenue, and asks for donations of reading matter to be distributed among the sick in hospitals and the inmates of other institutions, during the summer.

Stories, illustrated weeklies, and monthly magazines, colored prints, Seaside and Franklin Square Libraries are especially needed.

Packages should be addressed to Ellen Shaw Barlow or Harriet L. Robbins, 79 Fourth avenue.

Lilac Blossoms.

There is a boom just now in lilacs. The purple blossoms are abundant in the city, and boys and girls and men and women do a thriving trade at the ferries and other centres of traffic selling them. Purchasers cluster about the venders in crowds, and buy up quickly all their stock. Well-dressed ladies on Fifth avenue select dainty bunches from the profuse bouquets displayed on that thoroughfare. The blossoms sell for five cents a bunch all over the city, from the Battery to Harlem bridge.

Borrowing Money from his Soldiers.

WASHINGTON, May 22.—Capt. John P. Walker, Third Cavalry, who was tried by court martial on a charge of borrowing money from enlisted men, and failing to make payment, has been found guilty, and sentenced to be publicly reprimanded.

OVERRUN WITH THIEVES.

The Lehigh Valley Infested with Highwaymen and Housebreakers.

PHILADELPHIA, May 22.—A correspondent of the *Times*, who has made a tour of the Lehigh Valley, writes from Easton that highwaymen, housebreakers, and professional thieves are holding high carnival in the valley this spring, and although crimes are repeated every day only a few of the perpetrators have been captured. Within a circle of twenty miles around Easton last week four persons were stopped by road agents, and eleven stores and dwellings were broken open by burglars. Thomas Trainor, George Smith, Michael O'Brien, George Thompson, Michael Sullivan, John Phillips, Henry Harris, and John Carson, (alias "Yellow Jack," have been arrested, and are in jail in Easton, charged with committing half a dozen of the burglaries. They were arrested on Monday and Tuesday, and since that time a number of crimes have been committed in different parts of the valley. The police authorities fix the number of professional thieves now preying upon the people of Northampton and adjoining counties at 100, exclusive of the army of tramps. The majority come from New York, Boston, Baltimore, and Philadelphia, where the police have made life unpleasant for them. Nearly all have been imprisoned in Sing Sing. Cherry Hill, or Trenton, and such men as Trainor, Bob Judd, Sullivan, John the Barber, Tom Simms, Brunswick Red, Washington Tom, William Furley, alias Baby Face, and Bill Dunn, alias Hartford Red, have off and on operated in the Lehigh Valley for ten years. French Tony, who has a record of a score of bounties jumped during the war, boasts that he "worked" the valley thirty years ago. Tony is over 50 years of age, gray haired, and well preserved.

On the side of a mountain one mile south of Easton is what is known for fifty miles around as "tramp headquarters." This is the Mecca toward which every wandering thief in this part of the State journeys when spring opens. From early in April until nipping autumnal frosts drive them to the towns and cities they go to and from this place. When the nights are chilly they sleep in the glow of the lime kiln or in the hay mow of a neighboring barn. Warm nights are spent under the trees on the mountain side. As many as sixty of these vagabonds have been seen there at one time, and it is only on rare occasions that less than two dozen are assembled. Occasionally a policeman who is looking for some member of the predatory guild invades the "headquarters," but no one else attempts to disturb them. Three years ago there was a similar nest of thievish tramps near Allentown. Their depredations became so unbearable that the farmers in the neighborhood arose in their wrath, and one summer evening attacked the camp. The vagabonds made a resolute stand, but they were outnumbered, and after fighting fifteen or twenty minutes they fled in all directions, and "the battle of Hoffman's Hill," as it is still called, was over. The shanty in which the tramps lived was burned down and their cooking utensils cast into the flames. Within a week outhouses and hayricks belonging to farmers who led the attacking party at "Hoffman's Hill," were mysteriously fired, and maimed cattle limped home to remind their owners of that glorious victory. Since then the tramps have done pretty much as they pleased, and the average farmer would hesitate a long time before he went out of his way to offend one of them.

The people about Easton have never troubled "tramp headquarters," and for ten years a horde of desperate vagabonds have assembled there every summer to bask in the sun, divide and dispose of their loot, plan fresh robberies, drink, fight, and sleep. Female tramps and professional thieves can nearly always be found at "headquarters." Towilla Hise, Ida Hyst, Annie Kline, "Big" Mary Bock and Annie Defenderfer are among the best known, and have all served terms of imprisonment. The Hise and Hyst women are now in jail in Allentown, and Big Mary is wanted for stabbing Pittsburgh Tommy in a brawl over the division of the spoils of a robbery in Bethlehem on Wednesday last. She was at "headquarters" on Wednesday night, but her crime was not known until after she crossed the river into New Jersey on Thursday morning.

A *Times* reporter and an Easton detective visited "headquarters" last night. They found tramps and thieves by the dozen, cooking chickens and sleeping in hay lofts. One of them was Scar-faced Charley. He was once sleeping under the hay in a mow near Bethlehem, and his head was covered. A Dutch hired man came up about daylight, and, while pitching hay down to the barn floor, harpooned Charley in the jaw with a pitchfork. Charley yelled, and the Dutchman was so frightened that he fell out of the mow, and broke both his legs. Nearly all the habitués of tramp headquarters are professional thieves, with the exception of Judd and a few others, who stop in hotels, and boast that they dress and behave so well that the detectives can't keep track of them. They all prefer tramping to living in towns. As tramps their movements are not so likely to be noticed by the officers, and they can drift up and down the valley every few days. They work in gangs of three and four, and many of the burglars are very skilful. It is almost impossible to clear them out, and only when three or four make a descent on a town and are recognized are they captured. There is great alarm throughout the valley.

Historian McMaster Corrected.

From the Dial.

In speaking of the books and authorship of that period, he might have noted the difficulties which attended the publication of books when there were no publishers to assume the expense, risk, and labor of the enterprise. The author then personally, or through his friends, bought his paper, paid his printer and binder, and sold his book by subscription, or as best he could. The "Belknap and Hazard Correspondence" covers this period, and reveals the difficulties under which they labored in bringing out their excellent books—Belknap his "History of New Hampshire," and Hazard his "Historical Collections." Both sold their books by personal solicitation, and were nearly ruined financially by their literary ventures. Hazard's work, of which the subscription price was $8, now readily brings $40. It is amazing how, under such embarrassing conditions, so many books were printed in the American colonies; and yet Mr. McMaster thinks there were no works of merit, or enough merit to speak of, produced in this country until a race of men were born, after 1784, who were giants.

"No American writer," he says, "had yet appeared whose compositions possessed more than an ephemeral interest." If he will try to make a collection of American books printed before 1784, the drain upon his purse will assure him that there are books of permanent interest which bear American imprints running back through a previous century and a half, and which none but millionaires can handle. Again, he says: "The men whose writings now form our national literature belong, without exception, to the generation which followed the Revolution." It was a curious freak in heredity that a race of giants should have sprung so suddenly from a race of pigmies! Mr. McMaster shows his unfamiliarity with early American books in making such a statement. He says: "It may at first sight seem strange that after so many years of intellectual weakness, of feeble tottering, and of blind gropings, there should suddenly have appeared so great a crowd of poets and novelists, historians and essayists." It would, indeed, be strange; but nothing of the kind happened. The poets and novelists, historians and essayists, such as we have had in these latter days, are not special providences, or evidences of superior intellectual strength; nor would the absence of them indicate "feeble tottering" or "blind gropings" in the race.

Not to speak of the sturdy men who settled New England, and the first two generations of their descendants, Benjamin Franklin, Jonathan Edwards, George Washington, John Adams, Thomas Jefferson, Alexander Hamilton, and the men who carried through the Revolution were all outside the golden age of which Mr. McMaster speaks; and yet "intellectual weakness, feeble tottering, and blind gropings" can hardly be said to describe their personal characteristics. When one century, two, or two and a half centuries have passed over the poets and novelists, historians and essayists born since 1784, whose writings Mr. McMaster thinks constitute our national literature, it will then appear whether their record will stand out in brighter lines on the literary and historical record of the country than that of worthies who preceded them.

Dry Goods Clerks and the Bridge Opening.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Seeing in yesterday's SUN the request of the Mayor for a suspension of business at midday on Thursday, the day appointed for the opening of the Brooklyn Bridge, I should like to call the attention of the Grand street dry goods salesmen to the necessity of taking some action whereby they may secure the treat of a half holiday, or mayhap the whole day. A majority of the merchants are always willing, nay anxious, to accede to any fair request of this kind, but, through the negligence of the salesmen themselves in not appointing a suitable committee to try and secure beforehand the unanimous consent of the merchants, the good intentions of the latter are thwarted. Generally before a holiday there are all sorts of rumors to the effect that Mr Sо and So will close if only Mr So and So will close first, and as a result the salesmen have to remain in, although there is never any business whatever done. I feel satisfied that the merchants will give their unanimous consent if the salesmen will only move in the matter. SALESMAN.

NEW YORK, May 21.

Eagles and Lions.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Yesterday afternoon being pleasant, I thought to enjoy a stroll through our beautiful Central Park, and in the course of my rambles found my way to the menagerie, where my pleasure was much marred by finding on exhibition several lions. Although said to be African, they are doubtless from some of the British possessions, and are, I suppose, kept in the Park to remind us of British tyranny, as are those which have for years guarded the entrance to the late British Consulate in this city, and those also that have been placed on the Brooklyn station of the East River Bridge. As an Irishman, I say, let us have fewer lions and more American eagles.

NEW YORK, May 21. READER.

CENTREBOARD VS. CUTTER.

A Fair Offer to Upset Both Sorts, if the Owners will Kindly Consent.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* I notice in THE SUN of Sunday that a veteran yachtsman very clearly lays the blame of the capsizing of the Grayling upon the wind. This sapient decision must be a great relief to Commodore Fish, her gallant commander, who was taking his trick at the helm when she turned turtle; to honest Phil Elsworth, who modelled her; to the Poillons, who built and sparred her; to Jack Sawyer, who made her sails, and to the cook, who risked his life below to save the crockery. That it is a fair decision is generally admitted by yachtsmen, for a comparison of measurements shows that, as to model, the Grayling is the deepest centreboard schooner of her size on the books, being 8 feet 3 inches in depth. Going to spars and sails, we find a generous allowance, but one of which the owner at the helm was perfectly well aware. As to ballast, all who saw her sail on Saturday and Sunday, including those on board, thought she acted as if she had a little too much instead of too little. The veteran, in conclusion, hints that Commodore Fish, as skilful an amateur as we have, had a little too much confidence in his craft, and that in trying to find out what she would stand he entirely succeeded.

Now, I think that if the owner of the much-vaunted "sub-cellar" cutter were to try, in a much more moderate squall than struck the Grayling, to do what Commodore Fish did he would succeed equally as well, and I think that the guarantee of Capt. Wm. H. Langley, owner of the Comet, that he can upset any sailing yacht that has yet been built, meaning any now afloat, is an absolute security for any sum desirable to wager, for he can certainly do so. Capt. Duncan, sailing master of the Scotch cutter Madge, boasts that she cannot be sunk. Now, I will take the Madge, the centreboard sloops Mischief, Vixen, Regina, Schemer, Wave, and any others that their gallant owners will lend for the experiment in the cause of nautical science, and, with Capt. Langley's assistance, I will capsize the Madge in any good stiff breeze quicker than we can the centreboard sloops. I will add any desirable sum to Capt. Langley's "guarantee" that the "sub-cellar" cutter will sink so quick that we will have to swim for our lives, and that we will turn the craft of Commodore Lawrence, Capt. Busk, Dr. Barron, and other gentlemen (with their consent, of course) over so easily that we won't get wet to the waist, and will have ample time to escape from turning into fish food before the air leaves the upper bilge.

Compare the list of disasters to American centreboard yachts with those to English cutters, and the balance will be found in our favor decidedly. As for the English keel fishing smacks, five are lost to one of ours. As the veteran yachtsman observes, cyclones capsize houses and churches out West, but that won't keep people from living in the one and praying in the other. Neither will the accident to the Grayling prevent people from building centreboard yachts, the only craft suitable to our waters. A cutter is a good boat to a man who don't want too much company, but the advocates of those peculiar craft should remember that the only yacht that capsized last summer was a keel cabin sloop with fixed ballast. Like Commodore Fish, her owner was a little too confident. Neither will repeat his error. No sailor gainsays the merits of either cutter or centreboard. Both are excellent craft in their proper waters. The deep waters off the English coast are entirely different from the shoal waters along our coast and harbors where yachtsmen find pleasure in cruising.

WEATHER LEECH."

Peculiarities of the Recent Cyclones.

From the Missouri Republican.

MONTGOMERY CITY, May 19.—The same funnel-shaped cloud and greenish appearance was observed with the grinding, crashing and roaring noise characterizing these storms. Charles Edding's house, two and a half miles southwest of Jonesburg, was literally torn into splinters. It was occupied by himself, wife, and two children, all of whom are considerably injured, and by his mother-in-law, Mrs. Norcutt, aged about 64 years, who was rolled about 150 feet from the house, her clothing stripped from her body, and her hair filled with dirt and mud, and who died almost immediately. Everything about the house was destroyed completely.

TROY, Mo., May 19.—Mr. George Jackson was driving along the road with another gentleman. Rain had been falling for some time. They suddenly heard a heavy rumbling noise, which they supposed to be a train on the Wabash road. In less than a minute, however, the noise became deafening. When they discovered the nature of the noise they jumped from the sulky, and caught the horse by the bridle, not knowing what else to do. By this time the tornado was opposite him and his companion, and not more than fifty yards distant. It appeared to his vision as an immense column of mist filled with sparks of fire, which shot in every direction. Everything in the wake of this column went with it as it passed along; trees, houses, fences, all joined in with the immense funnel, and passed out of sight.

WARRENTON, Mo., May 19.—About 4½ dark clouds began to form in the west and southwest, which continued to grow denser until 7½, when a funnel shaped cloud from the southwest was noticed by many of our citizens, who began to prepare for the worst. It moved in a northwest direction, passing west of this place one and a half miles, then going in a northeast direction, moving with great velocity, followed by a rumbling sound similar to that of heavy thunder, cutting a swath from two hundred yards to one mile.

COLUMBIA, Mo., May 19.—The storm raged at 4 o'clock and lasted for twenty minutes. Trees and fences were demolished. One of the passengers by the Ashland mail coach had his gossamer and dress coat, both of which he had buttoned on him, blown off. Two of the passengers lost their hats, which were afterward found some distance away, crown in crown, as though placed there by hand.

JERSEYVILLE, Ill., May 19.—All the derricks and apparatus of the Grafton Stone and Transportation Company were razed to the ground and scattered. Large stones were lifted off of the Grafton bluffs and hurled with tremendous force into the Mississippi River and upon the town below, exciting the utmost consternation and fear among the inhabitants. The Wabash track was covered for several miles with stone thrown by the force of the wind from the bluffs. A car of stone weighing 42,000 pounds was lifted from the track and the stone scattered in every direction.

EDWARDSVILLE, Ill., May 19.—It was a very warm, sultry night, and the heavens and air seemed surcharged with electric fluid. The clouds presented the usual characteristic balloon or funnel shape, point extending downward. The immediate path of fury was not, perhaps, more than one hundred yards in width, but this was the path of death and destruction. A pond of water was emptied, and the contents poured upon the ground in other places.

CLINTON, Ill., May 19.—The heavens became black and lurid, and a heavy wind came up. Soon after a low, rumbling noise, similar to a train running over a bridge, was heard, and then it was noticed that a funnel-shaped cloud, revolving rapidly, was travelling to the northeast from the southwest, about three miles south of the city