The Sun.

MONDAY, MARCH 10, 1884.

Amusements Today.

American Institute—Roller Skating and Bicycle Rink.
Bijou Opera House—Orpheus and Eurydice. 8 P. M.
Casino—The Merry War. 8 P. M.
Comedy Theatre—Fed's Bad Boy. 8 P. M.
Daly's Theatre—The Country Girl. 8:15 P. M.
Grand Opera House—Boarding House. 8 P. M.
Hooley & Hall's Hall—Juggling, &c. 8 P. M.
Madison Square Theatre—Alpine Roses. 8:30 P. M.
Metropolitan Opera House—Hamlet. 8 P. M.
Mount Morris Theatre, Harlem—Vim. 8 P. M.
New Park Theatre—Minstrels. 8 P. M.
Niblo's Garden—Storm Swallows. 8 P. M.
People's Theatre—Lights of London. 8 P. M.
Star Theatre—Virginius. 8 P. M.
Theatre Comique—Cordelia's Aspirations. 8 P. M.
Thalia Theatre—Janisch. 8 P. M.
Tony Pastor's Theatre—Variety. 8 P. M.
Union Square Theatre—Separation. 8 P. M.
Wallack's Theatre—Lady Clare. 8 P. M.
5th Av. Theatre—Le Voyage en Suisse. 8 P. M.
5th Av. Theatre—Princess Ida. 8 P. M.
6th St. Theatre—Life in New York. 8 P. M.
24th St. Theatre—Robbies. 8 P. M.

Advertising Rates.

DAILY AND SUNDAY, 40 cents a line, ordinary advertising; large type, 80 cents; and preferred positions, 80 cents to $2.50, according to classification.

WEEKLY, 50 cents a line; no extra charge for large type. Preferred positions from 75 cents to $2.

The regular circulation of THE SUN *for the week ending March 8, 1884, was:*

Sunday	144,305	Thursday	139,300
Monday	139,465	Friday	139,679
Tuesday	139,550	Saturday	139,211
Wednesday	139,593	Weekly	64,000

Total for the week.....949,911

Not So Fast.

Our valued contemporary, the *Albany Times*, always an opponent of Mr. TILDEN, is, of course, decidedly hostile to the idea of tendering him the Democratic nomination. THE SUN, having brought forward this proposition, is naturally accused of inconsistency in making it, and we are told that we should "recall and reprint the oft-repeated statement that no power on earth could induce Mr. TILDEN to run again. If that statement was true," continues the *Albany Times*, "it is not patriotic on the part of Mr. TILDEN to pose as a candidate now; nor is it wise policy for the Democratic party to consider him as such."

Mr. TILDEN does not pose as a candidate. He seeks for nothing, and asks nothing at the hands of the Democracy. There is no honor that it has to confer which can add anything to his substantial renown. He has gone the round of public life and distinction, and to be nominated or elected to the Presidency in 1884 could add nothing to his fame. No word has ever escaped his lips, no written line has ever come from his pen, no intimation or suggestion has ever fallen from him, which looks toward wishing for such a nomination or being willing to accept it. On the contrary, every utterance of his has been in the nature of refusal, of disinclination, of having performed all the service that should be required of a man, and of being now fully entitled to peace, to leisure, to repose.

But the public feeling will not have it so. The sentiment expressed by the *Albany Times* is the sentiment of a very small minority of the Democratic party. The great mass turn toward Mr. TILDEN with admiration, with gratitude, and with an inextinguishable sense of justice to be done. They insist that, without seeking to know beforehand whether he can accept the nomination or whether he will accept it, it shall be tendered to him without conditions, as a testimonial of the esteem and the appreciation of the Democratic masses.

Will he accept it? This is the question that is asked. In answer to it we have nothing to add to our former words; but as to the policy of the matter we have no doubt whatever. There are millions of voters in this country who will not be satisfied otherwise.

The Assembly and the Forests.

Mr. BOYNTON's so-called bill for the preservation of the Adirondack forests occupied the attention of the Assembly in Committee of the Whole on Thursday. The spirit manifested upon that occasion in the House was certainly not favorable to any legislation looking seriously to the protection of the forests. Great opposition was developed in those quarters where opposition has always been expected against any Adirondack legislation whatever. To Mr. BOYNTON certainly very great admiration is due for the skilful manner in which he succeeded in carrying his point; he is a tactician of ability and much cunning. His object has been for months, as we have already pointed out, to prevent the adoption of any measure intended to in any way interfere with the northern landowners and lumbermen.

To do this, and at the same time silence the unreasonable and clamorous talk of short-sighted persons who seemed to believe that the preservation of the Erie Canal or the Hudson River was of more importance to the State than the personal prosperity of a few log cutters, Mr. BOYNTON, as Chairman of the Committee on Public Lands, prepared and introduced into the House a bill full of deceptive generalities and entirely worthless so far as it might in any possible way affect the forests of northern New York. This bill being under discussion in the House, Mr. BOYNTON proceeded to offer, with a serenity and seriousness of visage which does him credit, a series of amendments. This opened the way for the introduction of other amendments; these appeared from all quarters, every member representing any portion of the proposed reservation insisting that the locality in which he was specially interested should be exempted from the workings of the bill. After this had been going on for some time, and the forest reservation, as originally proposed, had been cut down to something like one square mile in extent, Mr. BOYNTON, the opportune moment having arrived, produced another bill from his pocket, which he offered as an amendment to his own bill. It is needless to say that this new bill permits, and this is all of it, the sale of a large part of the lands now owned by the State in the Adirondack region, a measure Mr. BOYNTON and his friends have been trying to accomplish for some time.

The scenes which spectators witnessed in the Assembly chamber while these different measures were under consideration were not altogether agreeable or conducive of confidence or unbounded delight in the workings of popular government. The floor of the House was packed with lumbermen and lobbyists. A prominent lobbyist occupied a seat by the side of the Clerk of the House; the Black Horse Cavalry were mustered in force, and charged madly and recklessly at the word of command. At one time utter confusion seemed inevitable; a hundred men were shouting, the lobby seemed about to take entire possession of the floor of the House, and it required all the eloquence and vigor of the brilliant young Republican member from this city, Mr. HOUSE, to bring the Assembly to its senses. The matter was finally laid over until to-day for further consideration in Committee of the Whole.

Disgraceful as were the proceedings of Thursday, they are not without value. They show the exact position of Mr. BOYNTON and his friends, and just what can be expected of them. The meaning of their sham measures and false promises has now been made clear, and no further time need be wasted by any one in trying to harmonize the views of these men. They are entirely harmonious already. They want to prevent any and every interference with the North Woods, and the only difference between them and Mr. LITTLEJOHN of Oswego and other lumbermen is that they have been trying to cover up their tracks by a lot of specious talk about forest preservation, while the latter come out boldly and say they don't want forest preservation; that they want to destroy just as much forest as they can; and that all the talk about rivers drying up is bosh. This is, at least, plain and manly talk; and Mr. LITTLEJOHN showed himself in this debate a manly and picturesque person, with rhetorical ability of the loudest order.

This debate at Albany, in spite of the opposition to forest preservation which it made public, was not, then, without its value, and it will probably be found that in the end, while it may postpone action, it did more good than harm to the forest cause. It has shown who are the friends and who are the enemies of the movement. It has proved beyond a question what we have insisted on from the first, that nothing but opposition could be expected from the north counties, or from the men engaged in cutting these forests and their legislative representatives, nothing but active, determined, and well-organized opposition.

It has shown, too, to the friends of the movement, that if they expect success they must oppose organization and activity by organization and activity on their side; and that something more than enthusiasm and patriotism is necessary to overcome the thoroughly organized and equipped lobby which now does the bidding at Albany of the northern woodsmen.

The feeling of the public throughout the State is largely in favor of preserving the Adirondack forests. There can be no question about this; the press of the State clearly enough shows what the public opinion is upon this subject; but this feeling needs to be organized and brought to bear with all its force upon the Legislature if it is to be made really potent and effective. There is a great deal of work still to be done before the forests are saved, but it is work which is worth doing. It is honorable and patriotic work, and the men who do such work deserve well of the State. And they will be successful. The free use of money, skill in political tactics, and self-interest will perhaps for a time be able to prevent legislation and postpone the time when the State will carefully preserve the North Woods from injury; but it will not be so forever.

Every day the great body of the people of the State are learning more and more to appreciate the importance of these forests to their welfare, and to more fully understand the necessity of preventing their destruction. The movement to save them has made great and remarkable progress during the last few months, and it is now evident that some sensible measure looking to the establishment of a great forest reservation in northern New York must eventually be adopted. All that is necessary to secure a speedy and satisfactory solution of this question will be the exhibition of a few more spectacles such as the Assembly on Thursday afforded to the long-suffering and patient people of this State. We certainly hope that the debate which will be held to-day upon this subject will be as dignified, picturesque, and amusing as that of last week.

Begging Congress for Cannon.

Up to the 1st day of March nearly fifty bills for the distribution of condemned cannon had been introduced into Congress since the beginning of the session.

The candidates were towns, Grand Army posts, cemetery associations, and in some cases military companies, who want field pieces to drill with. There were applications from Belfast and Waterville, Me.; Cavendish, Brattleboro, Rutland, and St. Johnsbury, Vt.; Chicopee, Lynn, Barre, and Boxford, Mass.; Killingly, Conn.; Chautauqua, Cornwall, Ellicottville, Schenectady, and Saratoga, N. Y.; Beaver county, Greece City, Reading, Scranton, and Allegheny county, Pa.; Creston, Defiance, Cincinnati, Jeromeville, Newmarket, Jamestown, Nashville, Hicksville, Archbold, Mechanicsburg, Wauxon, Wooster, and Williamsburg, O.; Aurora, Attica, Crown Point, Lowell, Rose Lawn, and Hammond, Ind.; Canton and Moline, Ill.; Bagley and Chelsea, Mich.; Dubuque, Ia.; Baxter Springs and Leavenworth, Kan. Thus the range of these proposed free distributions of Government property is very wide, with Ohio leading all other localities.

Nearly every bill giving cannon also adds an equal or greater number of cannon balls to go with them. Some bills specify Napoleons for distribution, while others assign howitzers or mortars, and in some cases gun carriages are to be provided. Some petitioners desire bronze cannon, and a bill for the erection of Gen. LYTLE's statue asks eight of these. One memorial hall wants four cannon, four mortars, and a hundred shot and shell. The most airy proposition is perhaps that of an army post, which for decorative purposes would like 235 articles, including howitzers, rifles, carbines, cutlasses, sabres, knapsacks, haversacks, canteens, drums, bugles, tents, flags, and guidons. A very few modest applicants for cannon will be satisfied with a pair; others want eight or ten; but the usual and average number asked for is four.

It must be a blow to some of these petitioners to learn, through the report of Gen. BENÉT, communicated to the Senate by Mr. LINCOLN, that, so lavish have been former distributions, there are now available only 67 condemned iron field guns, while 104 had been already appropriated before any of the pending bills were introduced. Hence, even to deliver the guns promised under existing acts of Congress, the Chief of Ordnance would have to obligingly condemn perfectly good guns. His conclusion is inevitable:

"Judging from the kind of guns thus far required by the organizations applying for them, it may be stated that the supply of guns for such purposes is practically exhausted."

But will this report and the resulting adverse action of the Senate upon all the new bills end this importunity? Not at all. As long ago as when Gen. BURNSIDE was in the Senate a report almost equivalent to Gen. BENÉT's present one was made, but the demands for cannon went on precisely the same. To obtain free half a dozen tons of bronze for a statue and pedestal, or a set of handsome iron guns for ornaments of a hall or cemetery, will always be considered desirable. Besides, the 67 cannon spoken of by Gen. BENÉT are really not the only pieces at disposal. These weigh at most not over 1,740 pounds each, but there are nine times as many that weigh from 2,614 to 15,059 each, of which he remarks:

"It is believed that 575 of the 642 guns on hand at arsenals and forts are so cumbersome and unwieldy that the cost of their handling and transportation would prevent their acceptance by the parties to whom they have been or may be donated, and it is doubtful whether they are not too heavy for the purpose of ornamentation of cemeteries."

Gen. BENÉT must not be too sure of his inference. So long as this array of guns remains it will be watched with greedy eyes, and next winter may find some Congressman coolly proposing that a set of them shall be sent to his constituents at the Government's expense.

Garfield Knew.

One very interesting fact appeared in the testimony heard on Saturday by the SPRINGER committee. When the tabulated summary of the expedited Star routes, showing just where the plunder went, was exhibited to Gen. GARFIELD at the White House, he expressed surprise. It was in April or May, 1881, that Gen. GARFIELD was astonished by the revelation of DORSEY's wickedness. Yet that same tabulated statement had been seen and examined by Gen. GARFIELD a year earlier, while he was still a member of the House of Representatives and before his election as President.

It seems, then, that Gen. GARFIELD knew all about DORSEY's wickedness when he was leaning on DORSEY for support during the canvass of 1880, when he was looking to DORSEY for help in closing the breach between the two wings of the party, and when he was turning to DORSEY for advice as to the make-up of his Cabinet.

The late President was already in the possession of the facts about the Star route plunder when he telegraphed from Mentor to DORSEY, at Cleveland, in September, 1880:

"Call on me whenever you can without interfering with your campaign work."

He had already seen and studied the table of the ninety-three expedited routes when he wrote, later in the same month:

"I rely greatly on your calm equipoise, which has shown itself so often and so well hitherto."

GARFIELD already knew the exact extent of the operations of the DORSEY combination when he wrote to the Senator in October, 1880, just after the Indiana election:

"I especially congratulate you upon your masterful management of the campaign, and the thoroughness with which you have watched all the details and incidents of the fight. Let me counsel you to take some much-needed rest and save yourself for the final struggle soon to come on. We shall need all our powers during the last two weeks of the contest; but just now go to bed and sleep two or three days, and when you are sufficiently rested come here and make me a visit, or, better still, come here and sleep. SWAIN joins me in kindest regards."

GARFIELD already had read in cold figures the story of the Star route plunder when he wrote to Senator DORSEY:

"I want you to know how absolutely I rely on your earnest desire to do the best for the cause, and how eager I am to aid your efforts."

He knew all about the expedited routes when he wrote, in January, 1881, regretting that he could not attend the DORSEY banquet at DELMONICO's:

"DEAR SENATOR: I am glad you are to be complimented by such gentlemen. I wish it were possible for me to be present, but I cannot."

Finally, when GARFIELD and DORSEY parted company on March 5, 1881, with expressions of mutual esteem, the President was not less well informed on the subject of DORSEY's connection with the Star route business than he was a few weeks later when he announced his heroic resolve to probe the ulcer to the bottom. The parting was on the morning of the day when the names of the new Cabinet were sent to the Senate. The incident has been described by DORSEY himself. He had been advising GARFIELD not to nominate JAMES and MACVEAGH:

"'General,' I said to him, 'is there no way to prevent this mistake—a mistake that I know will wreck you?'

"'STEVE,' he said, and the honest, kindly heart beat, I know, with emotion—'STEVE, my mind is made up. I've got to do it. I wouldn't hurt your feelings for the world, but I must. I cannot help myself.'

"There was something in his wearied face that touched me, and I said, patting him on the back: 'Go ahead, old man. I know you believe you are right. God bless you and your work.'"

There is one man living who, in all probability, could go upon the stand and give to the SPRINGER committee the secret of the Star route prosecutions. He was a member of GARFIELD's Cabinet, but he was not Postmaster-General nor Attorney-General. Nor is he likely to present himself before the committee in order to communicate the information which he possesses.

Bait for Gudgeons.

The *Times* says that a broker, whose name and place of business it gives, lately told the following story to a party of men in his office:

"Four years ago a lawyer of this city came to me with $2,500, which he said was all the money he had. He owed considerable money, and he wanted to increase his savings so that he could pay his debts. I took the $2,500 with the understanding that I was to do the best I could with it. My friend did not know one stock from another. He had got an idea into his head that money could be made in Wall street, and he wanted me to make it for him. Well, I did the best I could, and I have been handling money for him ever since. He now has a very large balance here in securities and cash. JAMES (turning to a bookkeeper), how much is there to the credit of Mr. —?

"JAMES pulled out a big ledger, turned over a few pages, and replied: 'About $350,000, sir.'"

Was this published to attract fools to the game so artfully advertised? The supply of gudgeons has run short in Wall street of late, and such a bait may help to bring them around again.

The number of people who think that they have only to go there with a few hundreds to come out in four years with hundreds of thousands, is still large, though it has been much reduced by the harsh experiences of ignorant and gullible stock speculators during the very period of which this broker speaks. One after another the simple have been cleaned out, or have retired from the street with losses which have probably sobered them for life.

The long period of stock depression has, indeed, had its compensating advantages, for it has taught many men the folly and the absurdity of trying to get rich at a business they knew nothing about—a business which is the most difficult and dangerous into which a man can enter. Merchants and manufacturers, farmers, lawyers, physicians, and even clergymen all over the Union have deluded themselves with the notion that they could contend in stock speculation with the shrewd experts of Wall street. Fair profits and small savings seemed contemptible to them. They wanted to turn hundreds into thousands and thousands into millions by a few operations through a broker.

It was a mania which was widespread and most demoralizing, and it could only be checked by such bitter experiences as stock speculators of the ignorant sort have been going through during the last two years. They have almost uniformly lost their money, and consequently have abandoned Wall street with sore and troubled hearts; and the disasters have been so general that they have not yet been replaced.

Perhaps they have now learned to stick to the business they know something about. But the publication of such a story as that we have quoted may tend to bring in new fools, and it seems to have been started for that purpose.

The proposed treaty between England and Abyssinia is one of the most important results of the Soudan rebellion. Whatever terms may be finally agreed upon with King JOHN, the English are likely to secure a firm hold all along the west shore of the Red Sea. With this strip of territory practically under their control, the exact political status of the interior may become of less consequence to them. A noteworthy feature of the plan, as now forecast, is the proposal to give Abyssinia two ports on the Red Sea. The greed of Egypt in persistently shutting up the kingdom of Abyssinia without a seaport has already led to costly wars. Had King JOHN, embittered by this treatment, aided the Mahdi, with the idea also of seizing Massowah for his own country, the situation in the Soudan would have been far graver than it is.

During the debate in Congress on ships and guns, Senator MORGAN of Alabama gave one striking example of navy yard incompetence:

"I wish to make a statement that comes under my personal observation. We send to England for the ingots of steel that we work in the navy yard at Washington to make into guns; we send to Germany for the breech-blocks and other breech arrangements of our steel guns. There is a gun in the navy yard here that is made of English-made steel, hammered and drawn out there, and brought here. When the Government put it up they intended to have it balanced on its trunnions, and it weighed 1,100 pounds more at the breech of the gun than at the muzzle after our navy yard had been at work on it about six months."

It is not surprising that, with JOHN ROACH and the contractors on one side, and navy yard negligence, corruption, and general inefficiency on the other, the country is in a dilemma when Congress undertakes to increase the navy.

As a dynamite fright in England is apt to be echoed in Canada, it is not surprising to learn that Halifax has just been renewing her Fenian alarms of last spring and autumn. One of these, it will be remembered, was caused by a mysterious steamer which one morning sailed across the mouth of the harbor without entering it, and was never heard of again. The other was due to a rumor that the Fenians were to attack the town through its sewers, thereby bringing upon Halifax the fate of Babylon, and on the Governor-General the doom of BELSHAZZAR. A suspicious circumstance now reported is the application of a stranger on several successive nights, at the navy yard gate, to be admitted to see the Charybdis at that unseemly time. As this is an old hulk put up for sale, the circumstance does not appear to the distant observer to have any thrilling significance. There is good ground for hope that this latest ferment in Halifax may pass off as quietly as those of last May and last October.

To-day the first sculling event of widespread interest for the season of 1884 comes off on the Thames between BUBEAR and WALLACE ROSS. To call it an international championship contest is out of the question, since ROSS has been beaten too easily by HANLAN to justly claim equality with the Toronto oarsman. But BUBEAR now stands in the front rank of British scullers, and his recent victory over ELLIOTT, in spite of the latter's supposed improvement in this country, has inspired his friends with good hopes for his match with ROSS, since he receives, we think, an allowance of ten seconds. Should BUBEAR be successful to-day in preventing the New Brunswicker from closing up the gap thus accorded at the outset, he will no doubt try his fortunes on equal terms with some of our American oarsmen.

It will apparently need the whole power of the State of South Carolina to capture that eminent but somewhat hasty South Carolinian, Mr. BOGAN CASH. He is said to be leading a beautiful idyllic life in the fastnesses of a swamp, feasting upon the fat of the land, surrounded by congenial and admiring friends, and able, in case the State should become troublesome, to escape on a blooded horse. His amiable father, Mr. W. B. CASH, a very distinguished authority upon homicide, is naturally proud of the prowess of his son. Indeed, Mr. FRANCIS GALTON himself could hardly find a more notable instance of hereditary genius than Mr. BOGAN CASH.

A more promising murderer has seldom appeared, but even a BOGAN CASH cannot fight the whole State for many years, and there is some probability that he may close a great career by "dying in his boots," as befits a bold outlaw who has bled to the greenwood.

Mr. W. B. CASH, if his useful life is sufficiently prolonged, will no doubt avenge the young hero's death by a liberal use of his favorite weapon, the shotgun. The CASHES are an interesting family.

ALLISON OF IOWA.

How his Own Timidity Kept him Out of Garfield's Cabinet.

WASHINGTON, March 9.—Allison a candidate for President! Why, even if he should receive the nomination he could never make up his mind to accept it. He can't help trimming, even in the fairest and steadiest wind. He will play a double game with his friends in order to gain an advantage, and when the advantage is gained he will play a double game with himself, and lose it.

Mr. Allison went to Mentor in the winter of 1880-'81, ostensibly to urge the appointment of his present colleague, James F. Wilson, another Credit Mobilier statesman, as Secretary of the Interior. He returned to Washington with his own commission as Secretary of the Treasury virtually assured to him. There had been rumors to the effect that he could have the appointment, and it was known to be Blaine's wish that he should receive it.

Wilson is a positive and resolute man and Allison is a hesitating and uncertain politician, although filled with ambition. When the latter reported to Wilson the result of his mission to Mentor, Wilson remarked, with some bitterness: "Well, that excludes you from the Cabinet also."

In the early stage of the contest between Conkling and Garfield, Allison acted as a sort of intermediary to preserve the peace and to bring together elements that were getting further apart every day. His diplomacy was neither successful nor pleasing. In fact, he became involved, as meddlers often do who attempt to play a double part. Consequently, Allison found himself in an uncomfortable position between Wilson, who suspected his loyalty, and Conkling, who doubted his candor. This dilemma brought him to the point of renouncing the prize of his ambition.

But Garfield and Blaine, who had been long associated with Allison in Congress, and who had shared with him in many schemes of special legislation, still wanted him for Secretary of the Treasury. They persisted in urging him to accept that office, which timidity had alone induced him to hesitate over, after having sought and desired it. Finally, he concluded to take the risk, and he personally informed the President on the eve of the 4th of March that he would accept.

Early the next morning, before Mr. Blaine had risen from bed, he received a note from Allison declining the honor which he had accepted the previous night. In the mean time he had taken the tremors, and he saw in imagination hosts of Wilsons and Conklings rebuking him with stern visages.

That is why Windom and not Allison was Secretary of the Treasury in the Blaine-Garfield Cabinet.

What's the Matter with Ben Butler?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* I have no personal acquaintance with Ben Butler, but as an advocate of fair play I would really like to know why he is so generally abused by the public press. What has the man done to merit such treatment? Surely no one of any sense believes in that old story about the spoons. Is it because he incurred the ire of a few Southern fire eaters for the part he took in crushing out the rebellion? Methinks he deserves all honor for the manly course he pursued in that contest. Is it because that in his Thanksgiving proclamation he presumed to lecture the New England clergy? Certainly they richly deserved all he gave them, and even more. Is it because of the Tewksbury ventilation? One would suppose the man deserved to be held in very high esteem for that by all decent people. Is it that he seems to have a hankering after a residence in the White House? But is that a crime? Besides, let his enemies prove if they can his unfitness for the place.

It seems to me that the facts are about these: Ben Butler is evidently an independent man, and refuses to be made a tool of by corrupt party leaders, tricksters, and frauds. At the present time it would seem that for a man to receive the good will and support of politicians and of some colleges he must make a surrender of his manhood. Long live honest, sturdy Ben Butler, that he may continue to unearth rascality, and to defend the rights of the poor. The people have spoken several times in his behalf, and it is hoped they may have the privilege of speaking again. *Ex magno certamine magnas excitare ferme iras.*

Ben Butler has waged some very hot contests, and has triumphed, and so the whipped ones seem to hate him with all the hate of conquered devils. He is evidently the friend of the people, and, if they can have their way, he will be our next Chief Magistrate. So mote it be.

EAST NEW YORK, L. I. CLERICUS.

The Weekly Market Report.

From the Temple Times.

There has not been enough country butter in town this week to grease a gimlet.

THE WESTERN FARMERS DO NOT WANT FREE TRADE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* For several months the Western Democrats have vehemently asserted that a sufficient number of Republicans who live beyond the Mississippi River would vote for the Democratic Presidential electors, if the party platform contained a tariff for revenue plank, to make the States lying beyond that stream exceedingly doubtful. They further said that if a vigorous tariff reduction campaign were made, those States could be carried by the Democrats. These statements had an important bearing on the contest for the Speakership of the House last December. The Western Democratic Congressmen never tired of calling attention to the defeat of Gov. St. John in Kansas, and to the largely reduced Republican majorities in Iowa and Nebraska. They insisted that the elections truthfully reflected the sentiments of the Western farmers on the tariff question. They derided the assertions, made by men equally as well if not better informed than themselves, that the deflection from the Republican ranks was not permanent; that it had nothing to do with the tariff; that it was simply an expression of the people's resolute intention to procure the abolition of unwise laws that interfered with their personal liberty of action, or to prevent the adoption of similar laws in States not yet afflicted with them.

Confidently the Western free traders asserted that if New York were lost to the Democrats by the adoption of free trade in the Democratic National Convention, sufficient electoral votes could be gained in the West to counterbalance the loss. All intelligent Eastern Democrats were convinced that these arguments were fallacious. Prominent Democrats of proved political sagacity protested against Democratic Congressmen accepting these absurd statements as political truths. They held that the election of Carlisle would pledge the party to a policy of tariff reduction that would be disastrous to them in the Presidential election. Carlisle was elected, and those wise men were scoffed at. They were spoken of as persons who had outlived their political usefulness. But they have been outspoken in protesting against the unwisdom of revolutionizing a tariff that the country has prospered under, and they have steadily asserted that Illinois, Iowa, Nebraska, and Kansas were as Republican in a Presidential election as Mississippi, Georgia, Alabama, and Texas were Democratic.

The unfortunate death of Dudley C. Haskell, who represented the Second district of Kansas in Congress, made another election necessary in that district. This election was held on the 1st of March. The Democrats fought on a free trade platform. They denounced the protected manufacturing industry of the nation as legalized robbery. They used every argument that adroit speakers and writers could construct. They appealed to the people to endorse free trade. The Republicans met them on this issue. They boldly supported protection as a measure essential to our national prosperity. They ignored sectional issues. They fought squarely on a high tariff platform. They did not hesitate to appeal to race prejudice. They denounced England's trade policy, and insisted that a tariff for revenue only was a policy that would benefit England and injure the United States. They used the argument that all intelligent Democrats have warned the misguided Congressmen at Washington would be used in New York to stampede the Democratic foreign-born voters of Irish birth; and they used it successfully.

The result of the Kansas election shows that the Western Congressmen, who have aspired to the leadership of the Democratic party, and who have ceaselessly striven to commit it to a tariff for revenue only, did not know the sentiment of the West. The successor of the late Dudley C. Haskell is a high tariff Republican. He was elected by a sufficient majority. It proved hardly worth while for a free trade Democrat to run for Congress in the Second district of Kansas. So it is throughout the West.

The Eastern Democracy is wrong, very wrong, in listening to men who make a pretence to knowledge of the sentiments of the farmers of the agricultural States. They should thoughtfully study the election returns and the statistics relating to the industry of the Second Congress district of Kansas before forcing their unwise policy on the Democratic party.

FRANK WILKESON.

The Views of Uncle Peter McCrady.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Owing to severe sickness, I could not read THE SUN for a long time. When I did read it, alas, what a change! Instead of the old war cry, "Turn the rascals out! the Republican party must go!" all was changed. I was as completely lost as ever Rip Van Winkle was when he came to his native village. In reading the new SUN I could see that Arthur was going to run for President, and so were Blaine, and Logan, and a host of others. But, thought I, where are Hoadly, Thurman, and Randall? What has become of them? On inquiry my neighbor told me that they were all killed by the tariff. Now, I cannot see how a man's opinion on the tariff can affect his Democracy. Silas Wright voted for a protective bill, and that did not hurt his popularity. When he ran for Governor he received 10,000 majority in St. Lawrence county alone.

Tariff, in my opinion, has very little influence. A man's vote for it or against is altogether a local matter. It is just like hard money and soft. At the East the Democrats voted for hard money, and at the West for paper money. I think the best plan is to leave it all to Congress, and let them settle it. I had so much faith that I would see a Democrat elected President this fall that I hate to be disappointed. I voted Harrison and Tyler in 1840, and voted with the party till it died, so that I never had the pleasure of casting my vote for a man that was elected since 1840. For over twenty years I have voted the Democratic ticket. I hope you will do all you can to keep British goods out and encourage home manufacture under a good Democratic President.

PETER MCCRADY, 76 years old.

AURORA, Minn., March 4.

What the Honest Newspapers Say of It.

From the Providence Journal.

The squirming among the newspapers, which, to borrow a phrase of THE SUN, are of the sneak news thief order, regarding the new bill for the protection of newspapers that expend their money legitimately for news, indicates an apprehension on their part of its consequences. The news, which is acquired by purchase and expense, often to a very large amount, is as much a matter of property as goods in a store, and is entitled to the same protection against theft. There are newspapers which live mainly by this sort of theft, the cheapness of stealing enabling them to undersell their rivals, which pay money for news, and a statute of the kind proposed by Senator Sherman would compel their owners to adopt honester methods or seek some other occupation, by which the public and the profession of journalism would be greatly benefited. A newspaper conducted on the sneak news thief principle is not likely to be a very valuable organ of public opinion, and is generally as vile and venal in its editorial columns as it is disputable in its business management.

Depraved Young Georgians.

From the Waycross Reporter.

Young folks should not so far forget themselves at any time as to misbehave in church. Whispering is bad, but writing and passing notes is worse. Last Sunday night is the time to which we have reference. Young friends, don't—for your own sake, for the sake of those who may be seated near you, and for God's sake, don't do so any more. Young ladies, if you will quit it, surely the young men will.

An Open Letter to the Boys.

Let dudes delight to show their spite,
While nothing more they do;
Their bark is worse than is their bite,
Which hurts not me nor you.

At various tricks of politics
They toil and strive in vain;
In vain, their useless slates to fix,
Their lily hands they stain.

With subtle wit they would refit
And change the party here;
But soon the tiresome task they quit,
And drop into the rear.

Spite of their spleen, the old machine
Runs as it always ran,
The same old bosses, all serene,
Are leaders of the clan.

To rule the band they take a hand,
And try to beat our game;
But we are always in command,
And always just the same.

While geese and goats give us their votes,
The party's pulse we feel,
And care not for the shiny coats
Of dudes that kick and squeal.

Be sure that they the bills must pay,
Supplying every need,
And sit, when comes election day,
Will fellow where we lead.

J-SE J. O'BR-N.

THE MACKAY-MEISSONIER SQUABBLE.

The Two Sides of the Story—The Personal Unpopularity of the Artist.

PARIS, Feb. 22.—Mr. and Mrs. Mackay have destroyed and utterly annihilated the portrait of Mrs. Mackay recently painted by Meissonier, and valued by the artist at the sum of $14,000. How did that happen? Why was the portrait destroyed? In such matters, where both sides are envenomed and exasperated, it is difficult to arrive at the precise truth. We shall endeavor to get as near the truth as possible.

The version of the affair given by Mrs. Mackay's friends is this: Last year Mr. Mackay visited Meissonier's studio, accompanied by his wife, who admired everything very much. Thereupon Meissonier proposed that he should paint her portrait. Why not? Mrs. Mackay, however, thought no more about it, until some three months afterward a letter from Meissonier reminded her of her promise. But being tired and out of sorts she put the matter off from week to week. Meanwhile Meissonier became more pressing, and finally Mrs. Mackay went through the fatiguing process of sitting to the most nervous and capricious of modern painters. In the month of July the portrait was about finished, and Mrs. Mackay went to her country house at Villebon, Meissonier having promised to touch up the hand and the ear, and having, on that condition, obtained permission to exhibit the portrait "with his works." Here the misunderstanding begins. Meissonier referred to the National Salon; Mrs. Mackay understood him to refer to the exhibition of his works which is to take place next May. However, the portrait was not touched up, and, to Mrs. Mackay's disgust and astonishment, she heard that it was exhibited in the Palais de l'Industrie. In speaking of this picture in these columns last September, I found it "hard, and utterly wanting in distinction, grace, and feminine elegance." The hand was coarsely painted, the coloration of the face was common, and the irreparable ravages of years on Mrs. Mackay's features were singularly exaggerated. When I saw the portrait at the Palais de l'Industrie the model was unknown to me. Since then chance has placed me in her near neighborhood every week at the opera, and the result of my discreet observation is that Meissonier's portrait is almost a caricature, and that Mrs. Mackay had every reason to be dissatisfied with it. I admit that Mrs. Mackay's face and person are wanting in distinction, and that her features have a plump and concentric roundness which realizes no type of beauty; nevertheless, she has a certain calmness and dignity of bearing, and, at night at least, a youthful freshness of which the painter might have taken advantage; and, above all things, she has not the hands of a butcher, nor is her ear, though somewhat heavy in its coils, so common as Meissonier painted it. That is my mature opinion of the picture in question.

Well, as we have seen, the portrait was exhibited and in presence of its acknowledged mediocrity all kinds of reports were spread abroad, and naturally came to Mrs. Mackay's ears. "Meissonier did not wish to paint the portrait," it was said. Mrs. Mackay insisted, and so, in order to avenge himself, he had marked all her wrinkles, shown the paint and powder, spoilt the ear, exaggerated the imperfection of the fingers," &c. Mrs. Mackay then wrote to Meissonier offering to return to Paris expressly to sit for the touching up of the portrait, and regretting that it had been exhibited in such a condition. Several letters were exchanged. At the end of the exhibition Mrs. Mackay demanded the retouching of her portrait with some vivacity, and the letter containing this demand crossed with an invoice sent by the dealer Petit, in Meissonier's name, requiring the payment of the price of the portrait, $14,000. Mrs. Mackay refused to pay, and wrote one more letter to Meissonier, who replied in a moment of ill humor: "Madame, if you desire to be embellished, look in your mirror; if you wish to be made ten years younger, look in your mirror," &c. This violent letter was followed by a beginning of legal proceedings, and the storm broke out in full violence and the floodgates of pen-and-ink commentary were opened.

At this point Mr. Mackay arrived in Paris, and a fourth party enters upon the scene—M. Arthur Meyer, the editor of the *Gaulois* newspaper. The parties on both sides were irritated. The Mackays considered $14,000 a swindle, because hitherto Meissonier had never charged more than $9,000 for a portrait. Furthermore, Mr. Mackay thought that Meissonier had been wanting in respect to his wife. Meissonier, on his side, considered that Mrs. Mackay had been wanting in respect to his talent. However, M. Meyer dissuaded the Mackays from a law suit, and began to arrange the matter peacefully, as he thought. He had two interviews with Meissonier, who received him discourteously; then he handed Meissonier a check signed Mackay for $14,000, and took the portrait home to the Mackays, who immediately destroyed it.

You may imagine what a godsend this affair was for the gossips who abound in Paris, and you may imagine the funny stories that were current in the cafés and on the boulevard. In his anger Meissonier himself, generally so invisible, consented to be interviewed. In the course of conversation with a reporter, he expressed regret that he had consented to an amicable arrangement instead of having a frank and open debate. He protested that he had not been wanting in politeness toward Mrs. Mackay, and declared, on the contrary, that he had a bundle of letters from Mrs. Mackay that if a trial had taken place would have enlightened the tribunal on her style of courtesy and politeness. He averred that Mr. Mackay's version of the history of the portrait was all false. As for the statement that the picture was not finished, Meissonier said: "My only reply is that I signed it, and when I put Meissonier in the corner of a picture it means that I have put into the picture all of which I am capable, and that I can add nothing more." Referring to M. Meyer, Meissonier was represented by his interlocutor as having said certain disagreeable things which induced M. Meyer to demand satisfaction—an apology or reparation by arms in single combat. Meissonier himself being 73 years of age, M. Meyer called up his son, M. Charles Meissonier, to take up his father's cause. Yesterday this silly affair was brought to an end by a declaration of Meissonier stating that in the interview in question he had actually said that whatever M. Meyer said or wrote about him was indifferent to him, but that he had not made the personal remarks attributed to him by the interviewer.

The Paris press is divided into two camps as regards the lady whom they call "the amiable Yankee." Some papers are very severe; others, a small minority, are inclined to be lenient, and call their colleagues to order in the name of that French hospitality which has become proverbial." Mrs. Mackay is very charitable, say others; Parisian commerce is indebted to her for considerable benefit; Parisian artists are almost worshipped by her. Witness Bonnat and Cabanel, who, after having been her portraitists, have become her friends, as also has Mme. Madeleine Lemaire, who is now painting Mrs. Mackay's portrait for the third time. Then, after all, plead others, the painters nowadays are too tyrannical. If one pays $14,000 for a portrait no bigger than a sheet of writing paper—16 by 11 inches was the size of the Mackay portrait—one only has the right to demand a certain resemblance, and even a little more than resemblance.

As for the last masterpiece, it certainly added nothing to the glory of the master, and its destruction seems really only to concern Mrs. Mackay. At any rate, the burden of the situation rests for the present upon the capricious American who has posed as a ridiculous rival of Cleopatra, who, according to legend, annihilated precious pearls of old at her own sweet will. But perhaps in the end the burden of ridicule will fall upon other shoulders, for it is announced that a knife