The Sun.

MONDAY, MAY 4, 1885.

Amusements To-day.

Bijou Opera House—Adonis. 8 P. M.
Casino—Polly. 8 P. M.
Daly's Theatre—Dorlis. 8:15 P. M.
Eden Musee—Tableaux in Wax, &c. 11 A. M. to 11 P. M.
Grand Opera House—Siberia. 8 P. M.
Koster & Bial's—Union. 8 and 8 P. M.
Lyceum Theatre—Dakolar. 8:30 P. M.
Madison Square Theatre—Sealed Instructions. 8:30 P. M.
Manhattan Rink—6th av. and 59th st.
Niblo's Garden—Monte Cristo. 8 P. M.
People's Theatre—Across the Continent. 8 P. M.
Star Theatre—Nana. 8 P. M.
Thalia Theatre—Feldprediger. 8 P. M.
Tony Pastor's Theatre—The Corner Grocery. 8 P. M.
Union Square Theatre—My Sweetheart. 8 P. M.
Wallack's Theatre—The Black Hussar. 8 P. M.
3d Avenue Theatre—Humpty Dumpty. 8 P. M.
5th Avenue Theatre—We, Us & Co. 8 P. M.
24th Street Theatre—Cordelia's Aspirations. 8 P. M.

The regular circulation of THE SUN *for the week ending May 2, 1885, was:*

Sunday	130,990	Thursday	101,643
Monday	101,568	Friday	101,568
Tuesday	102,086	Saturday	101,811
Wednesday	101,831	Weekly	44,987
Total for the week			776,814

Abolish Imprisonment for Debt.

Under the laws of the State of New York the crime of murder in the second degree is punishable by imprisonment for life.

This fact is tolerably well known. It is not so well known that under our laws a debtor may be perpetually imprisoned at the instance of his creditor who has obtained judgment against him in a civil suit.

In such a case it would have to appear that the debtor had disposed of his property with the intentiou of defrauding the creditor, but even then it seems monstrous to render the delinquent liable to a punishment which may be as severe as that prescribed for one of the degrees of murder.

Evidently the law relating to imprisonment for debt ought to be changed. Senator TITUS of Erie county has long been of this opinion, and first attempted to change it several years ago by a bill which has passed the State Senate more than once, we believe, before the present session of the Legislature, and which is now pending in the Assembly. Here is the text of the measure:

"SECTION 1. Hereafter no person shall be arrested, imprisoned, or restrained of his liberty upon an execution or other process issued upon a final judgment in a civil action.

"SECTION 2. This act shall not limit the power of a court or Judge to imprison for disobedience of an order, process other than an execution, or judgment of a Judge or court where such power now exists."

This deals with imprisonment for debt by abolishing it altogether, a course which seems to us the best remedy for the existing evils. The courts will still be able to compel debtors to turn their property over to their creditors, when any property is discovered. An order for this purpose could be enforced by imprisonment, under the exception contained in the second section of the bill. Such imprisonment, however, would continue only until the debtor complied with a requirement which he had been shown to be able to comply with, and is very different from detention as a matter of course, and possibly for an unlimited period, as the result of an unfavorable judgment, in a civil suit for damages growing out of an alleged wrong, or in an action on contract in which fraud is charged.

If a wrongful act or fraud is serious enough to justify the imprisonment of the offender, it should be prosecuted, not by means of a civil suit, but as a crime.

The enactment of a bill for the abolition of imprisonment for debt ought not to be longer delayed.

The Southern Republicans.

The necessity of making a clean sweep of Republican Federal officeholders in the Southern States is admitted even by the Mugwumps. With the removal of these officials, a step impatiently awaited by the Southern people, the last vestige of twenty years of Republican rule will be swept away from the South. The Republicans may recover their ascendancy in the North; but in the South, where for a time they had absolute sway, the prospects of the party seem for the moment almost hopeless. If it is to revive and grow, it must have leaders different from those who have so long disgraced it, and it must exhibit a dignity and character which it has thus far wanted. In the North, Republicanism has been in its day a party of principles; in the South, it has been from first to last only a party of plunder, a conspiracy of rascals to exploit for their own advantage the ignorance of a race which believed in its simplicity that the Republicans of the North had a peculiar claim to its regard.

The history of the Republican failure in the Southern States must be melancholy reading to even the stanchest Republican. Never was a great opportunity more wantonly thrown away. If WILKES BOOTH'S bullet had missed its mark, that history might have had a different and more honorable course. A noble toleration and patience were in ABRAHAM LINCOLN, and if he had lived, he would have labored for the full restoration of the Union, and not merely for the temporary aggrandizement of his party. The South had no unkindly feeling for him, and he might have done much to give Republicanism a sound and honest beginning there. But the rabid politicians to whom the work of reconstruction fell, had little of his magnanimity. The controlling sentiment of the North was a desire to secure the rights of the colored race. The main idea of the Republican leaders was to secure the permanent ascendancy of the Republican party. Some of them were disinterested in their views, but it is none the less true that the Republicans of the North were adroitly played upon in the interest of political mercenaries in the South, and so Southern Republicanism became, to borrow JOHN RANDOLPH'S phrase, a combination of the Puritan and the blackleg. The Puritanism of the North, in part honestly misled, in part through excess of party spirit, supported the adventurers who made tools of the negro to plunder States, fill their own pockets, and send Administration Senators and Representatives to Washington. The natural consequences followed. Republicanism became identified in the minds of Southerners with disregard of the Constitution, with the most indecent extravagance and dishonesty, with the supremacy of ignorance, and the degradation of the public service. A hatred of Republicanism which years may be insufficient to remove, grew up in States where Republicanism might have made itself respected, if not dominant. The humane sentiment in the North found out that it had been tricked; the Republicans were forced to give up every Southern State, and now the last visible sign of the Republican kleptocracy is about to be swept away.

The moral of this history is plain. It teaches that a party must commend itself to the moral sense of the people or it can come to no abiding strength among them. The moment the cordon of Federal bayonets is broken which supports a party not firmly and naturally rooted in popular respect, that moment the party falls. The Republican party never tried to win any moral support in the South. It depended upon frauds at the ballot boxes or upon force. Its only means of propagandism has been the promise of Federal office. All that it has gained in twenty years is a reputation that twenty years of good behavior cannot make savory.

The great aim of the Republican politicians in giving the right of suffrage to the negroes was to make the South permanently Republican. That aim has been frustrated, and the votes of the colored citizens are no longer an appanage of Northern Republicanism. Whether the party is for the present too deeply discredited in the South to form a decent opposition remains to be seen. The main need of the Southern Democracy is an opposition party of equal standing with itself. Under the name of Greenbackers or Independents the nucleus of such opposition exists in some of the Southern States; and quarrels about Federal patronage or divisions about State questions will be likely to increase it steadily. But in many parts of the South Republicanism seems altogether dormant. In Virginia there are still Republicans, however, who are not MAHONE men, and in some other Southern States there are the foundations upon which it may be that Republicanism can be built up. The adventurers who have brought its name so low are not the men to stick to its fallen fortunes, and with worthy leaders, if it can find such, it may yet reconquer public respect. A most difficult task lies before it; and if it is to succeed it must depend upon itself. The Northern Republicans seem to have no use for decent Southern Republicans, and will give them no encouragement. The great trouble with Southern Republicanism from the first has been that it was an artificial and not a natural growth. It has paid the penalty of its crimes and its mistakes, and if it will begin over again, but honestly this time, the Democracy has no reason to wish it ill.

The Rest Before the Battle.

Our brilliant and impetuous contemporary, the Hon. HENRY WATTERSON, seems for the moment to be taking a little furlough, and to be resting from his many wars. His helm is unlaced, his habergeon unbuckled, and his true falchion dreams peacefully in its sheath. His greaves enclose no longer his active legs, but let nobody think to take him unprepared because his guise is not as warlike as it has been wont to be. Without impeding greaves, his kicking, if he should be minded to kick, may assume an airier sweep and a deeper emphasis.

Just at present he is not so minded. What is there for him to fight about now? The Administration hasn't done much for Kentucky, to be sure, but there is plenty of time yet, and no great cause for discouragement in the Blue Grass country. Then it is said that Mr. RANDALL has a good deal of influence with the Administration; but probably Col. WATTERSON believes that this is idle rumor, the fabrication, perhaps, of some wicked Iron Baron or Jute Duke. Mr. RANDALL has been excommunicated from the Democracy and solemnly banned from the soil of Kentucky, and surely it is not to be expected that the Administration will pay any regard to a person who has suffered but survived so dire a punishment. Besides, Mr. RANDALL has been a little under the weather, and Col. WATTERSON is a generous foe, and will take no unfair advantage of any man, even of a protectionist.

But war is the Colonel's normal condition and business, and he must get but a scanty and doubtful joy from this unwonted truce. A good, general row, free to all and no favor, is his delight, and it can truthfully be said that few men can give harder blows or take them with a cheerier heart than he:

> "Where the fight is thickest
> Thou art licked or lickest;
> Where the foe is strongest
> Battliest aye the longest."

To such a warrior peace must seem an inglorious waste of time. But Col. WATTERSON doesn't expect peace. He is merely husbanding his resources for the conflict that must inevitably come.

Nobody can tell how soon irregular hostilities may break out, but we suppose it is possible that another formal war may not be declared by the Kentucky champion before the meeting of Congress. Then if Mr. RANDALL or Mr. CLEVELAND or Mr. Anybody Else does but touch profanely the hem of the garment of the Star-Eyed One, why, there will be the warmest kind of a battle waged by Col. WATTERSON for her protection, and against the protection of American industries.

Cattle Men in Oklahoma.

It has been reported from Camp Russell, in Indian Territory, that Major THOMAS B. DEWEES of the Ninth Cavalry, during his ride thither from Fort Reno several days ago, saw thousands of cattle grazing on the Government lands commonly called Oklahoma. Major DEWEES is in command of Camp Russell, and has been instructed to keep on the alert to thwart any invasion of the Oklahoma region by COUCH and his followers. The Government cannot afford to be one-sided in its policy of protecting these domains from intrusion. The cattle kings and their employees, the cowboys, have no more right to be on the Oklahoma lands than COUCH'S colonists; and while the latter seem disposed to disband, after the failure of their mission to Washington, they would have a good ground of grievance if the treatment applied to them should not be meted out also to the rich and powerful cattle companies.

Soon after President CLEVELAND issued his proclamation warning COUCH'S colony not to enter the Territory, the would-be raiders at Arkansas City passed this resolution:

"Whereas, at the present time a large number of cattle men and cattle syndicates are occupying these same lands, with permanent improvements for grazing and farming purposes, among whom may be mentioned the HENRY Brothers, BURKE & MARTIN, FITZGERALD Brothers, the McClelland Cattle Company, the Wyeth Cattle Company, HEWINS & TITUS, WILLIAMS Brothers, the Standard Oil Company, S. H. CAMPBELL, J. HENDERSON, Belleplaine Cattle Company, John Purcell Butler Company, BENJAMIN KEITH, and Quartermaster's Clerk HAYES, and the same are not now nor have they been disturbed or ejected from the lands, we can see no justice or reason for the enforcement of an order in the case of actual settlers which is not also enforced on cattle men."

Gen. HATCH, however, according to the colonists, told the Secretary of War that there were no trespassers in the Indian Territory at that time, so far as he was aware. This conflict of assertions may have arisen from one of two causes. In the first place, as the Camp Russell despatches have said, "Now that the grass begins to grow, the great herds which have been ranging during the winter in the valleys and among the timber in Oklahoma can be more readily discovered," as they come more into the open plains. Or there is another explanation. Adjoining the Oklahoma country are large tracts belonging to the Cherokees, and the Indians have made grazing leases to the stock men. It is quite possible that these lessees have taken no pains to confine their herders to the tracts leased, but have allowed them to go over, in some cases, to the Oklahoma lands, belonging to the Government. Thus at the time Gen. HATCH said there were no trespassers in Oklahoma there may have been none; and yet the encroachments which Major DEWEES is credited with having seen may have occurred since.

At all events, the course of the Government is clear. The cattle men must be dealt with as firmly as the colonists. It may be that some of the companies and persons mentioned as intruders, in the Arkansas City protests, ought not to be included in the list; but whether many or few, the herders must not be allowed to defy the law. Equal and exact justice for all, and the impartial enforcement of prohibitions against entering the Oklahoma lands, is the absolutely necessary policy.

The Congress of Churches.

On the 11th of the present month the American Congress of Churches will meet at Allyn Hall in Hartford, and continue in session for three days.

The purpose of the Congress, as we are told in the programme of the sessions, is "to promote Christian union, and to advance the kingdom of God, by a free discussion of the great religious, moral, and social questions of the time," including "the ecclesiastical and theological questions upon which Christians differ." But the views expressed will be only those of the individual speakers, and will bind nobody else, for the Congress is not made up of delegates officially representing churches or any ecclesiastical bodies.

Clergymen and laymen will simply come together voluntarily to discuss in a general way the advantages of Christian union, as they understand it, and to exchange opinions in regard to other subjects as to which they are in substantial agreement. And it will be discussion merely, with no purpose of reaching a definite and practical conclusion, for it is expressly provided in the regulations that "no topic discussed in the Congress, nor any question of doctrine or opinion arising out of any discussion, shall ever be submitted to vote at any meeting of the Congress or of its Council."

The Church Congress is, therefore, nothing more than a sort of debating society, in which Protestant ministers can talk about Christian union without committing themselves to any plan for bringing about the end, and without danger of being asked to express agreement or disagreement with anything except the most general and unpractical propositions. Under such circumstances, of course, the proceedings can hardly fail to be harmonious, even if they are not profitable.

The subjects of discussion during the three days are all laid out in the programme, and they are of a kind to provoke no sort of controversy. The first day will be devoted to the reading and discussion of a paper on "The Relations of a Divided Christendom to Aggressive Christianity;" the second to "The Function of Worship in Promoting the Growth of the Church;" the third to "The Attitude of the Secular Press in America Toward Religion." These, it will be seen, are all themes which can be treated in the most general way, and in regard to which nobody is likely to quarrel.

The last subject, it is true, is one about which very much that is original, especially for such a gathering, could be said, but we fear that it will be handled in the cut-and-dried fashion, without a due conception of its importance, and not in the independent spirit its proper treatment requires. Why should not the Hartford Congress define for us what it regards as the difference between a secular and a religious journal? How can a paper be called a religious paper, in contradistinction from a secular journal, when it gives the ordinary news of the day, furnishes miscellaneous articles of all sorts, and devotes a large part of its space to advertising of the same kind as is found in what are described as secular newspapers?

To our mind every newspaper should be a religious newspaper—governed by religious principles and firm and consistent in its defence and propagation of true religion. THE SUN, for instance, is a religious newspaper, which labors in the glorious cause of genuine Christianity. But by religious papers, in the programme of the Congress of Churches, denominational organs are meant, papers which work for theological parties, and often in a spirit of partisanship that outrages the Christian theory of the brotherhood of man, and tends to defeat the Christian union the Congress will discuss.

We observe that no Roman Catholics are included among those who are se down as essayists and debaters in the coming Congress. Perhaps they would not take part in the discussions if they were asked; but how can we have Christian union unless the great Church of Rome joins in bringing it about? Protestants and Catholics have a common enemy in united, aggressive, and confident infidelity, and the hosts of faith must come together as trustful allies to meet the modern assaults on supernatural religion.

The Last Resort for Maine.

It is only three or four weeks since the latest amendments, attachments, and improvements to the Maine liquor laws went into effect in the stronghold of the prohibitory system. We are somewhat surprised to find the *Lewiston Journal*, which takes its prohibition straight, announcing that "on Thursday, Fast Day, more drunkenness was to be seen on the streets of Lewiston than for a long time previous. Intoxication on the streets is on the increase."

If our esteemed contemporary is sincerely devoted to the cause of temperance without regard to politics, and we believe that it is, why doesn't it start a movement in favor of a high license law, if only as an experiment?

Prohibition has been tried in Maine during the lifetime of a whole generation. It does not prohibit. High license, according to all experience elsewhere, does restrict. Does any real friend of temperance think that a change from a merely nominal prohibition to an actual and effectual restriction would be a change for the worse? Would it involve any sacrifice of principle?

The prohibitionists are not the only friends of temperance, although the effect of thirty-five years' association of the two ideas in Maine has been to make them perfectly sure that they are.

We should like to see Congressman DINGLEY, the editor of the *Lewiston Journal*, leading an agitation in favor of high license. The movement would be unpopular at first, but we have no doubt that it would finally prevail. Then there would be less intoxication in the streets of Lewiston.

The recall of Mr. BINGHAM from the mission to Japan, and the resignation of Mr. VAN BUREN as United States Consul at Kanagawa, will probably prevent the exposure of a scandal between these two persons that had long disturbed their official relations, and was a cause of serious annoyance to the Department of State.

During all the troubles on the Isthmus not a word has been heard from SAPODILLA SCRUGGS, our illustrious Minister to Colombia. He has been silent for months. Is he shut up in Bogota, surrounded by revolutionists? Is SCRUGGS alive?

It looks very much as if Mr. MATTHEW STANLEY QUAY of Pennsylvania had puffed himself up without much outside assistance until he feels bigger than the whole CAMERON clan together. We shall see, by and by, whether Mr. QUAY is deluding himself.

THE PANIC AT VICTORIA.

What is Perhaps the Most Vulnerable Point in All the British Empire.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 25.—The alarm of the inhabitants of the pretty and thriving little town of Victoria, British Columbia, which is entirely unprotected against a raid of Russian cruisers, is not unreasonable. Within twelve days' steaming distance of the Russian naval station on the Asiatic coast, and lying within range of the guns of a modern war ship manœuvred on the open waters of the Straits of Fuca, the construction of works for the defence of Victoria has been entirely neglected by the British and Canadian Governments. The approach to the town wharves of Victoria is by a narrow and intricate channel, which can only be navigated safely by vessels of moderate tonnage; but as the centre of the town is little more than a mile from the outer roads, with good landing places at several points, the intricacies of the harbor channel interpose but a slight barrier to attacks from a hostile force. Three miles from Victoria harbor is the harbor of Esquimault, the only British naval station on the Pacific coast of America. Esquimault is one of the safest and most picturesque harbors in the world, about three miles in length, with a depth of water upon which the largest ironclad ships of war can safely float, surrounded by low wooded hills, with a narrow but deep entrance from Fuca Straits. Esquimault is, after San Francisco, the best harbor on the west coast of North America. A large naval graving dock is well advanced toward completion at the upper end of the harbor, and a small dockyard is near the entrance. Yet, strange to say, this important naval station has never been fortified. In the absence of British war ships from the harbor there is literally nothing to prevent an ordinary steamer, armed with one rifled gun, from steaming in and destroying the dockyard buildings, the graving dock, and the village of Esquimault.

The indifference of the British Government to the defenceless condition of their only naval station on the north Pacific can only be explained on the presumption that the Admiralty intended that one or more efficient cruisers of the British Pacific fleet should always be in the harbor. In the summer months the flagship and several of the smaller vessels do go up from the coasts of South and Central America, and refit at Esquimault; but at other times, and particularly during the last three years, the harbor has often been deserted by the naval ships and left entirely unprotected. The value of Esquimault to the British navy is all the greater from the fact that it is the point where its ships must assemble to guard the coal mines on Vancouver Island, from which in war times the British naval steamers in the north Pacific must draw their supplies of coal. The coal ports Nanaimo and Departure Bay are eighty miles north of Esquimault and Victoria; they are reached by way of the Haro Straits and Gulf of Georgia, wide and deep channels between Vancouver and the main land, past San Juan and other islands of the Washington Archipelago belonging to the United States. The mines at Departure Bay are of very great value, the output being nearly 1,000 tons per day of the best coal yet discovered, upon the Pacific coast: for steamship use it is claimed to be second only to the best Welsh coal. It is no unusual sight to see four or five steam and fifteen to twenty sailing colliers loading coal at Departure Bay for San Francisco and other Pacific ports.

In the absence from British Columbian waters of a British naval force of superior strength and speed, it would be an easy exploit for a Russian cruiser of the Strelok class to make a dash upon Esquimault and Victoria, destroy the dock, dockyard, and stores at the former place, and the great warehouse of the Hudson Bay Company at Victoria, and all the colonial and British steamers at the wharves, then run up to Departure Bay and Nanaimo, load up with coal, destroy all the wharves and machinery for loading coal, capture one or more British steam colliers, and keep on north through the inside passage, via Seymour Narrows, to Queen Charlotte Sound, and out into the Pacific Ocean around the north end of Vancouver. If too closely pressed by English cruisers in the neighborhood of Victoria, a run of ten miles across Haro Straits would put the Russian alongside the island of San Juan, in the neutral waters of the United States. He could place his men ashore, tie up to the trees, and depart at his leisure through one of the many channels of the Washington Archipelago, keeping all the time in United States waters, and within a quarter of a mile of the United States shore, and crossing over to Puget Sound, still in United States waters, run down the United States coast side of the Straits of Fuca until he had distanced his pursuers, then out past Cape Flattery into the Pacific.

No wonder that the people of Victoria are disgusted with the award of the Emperor of Germany, which gave San Juan and the adjoining islands to the United States, or that they are alarmed at the prospect of a war which may bring an enemy's ships to their very doors. Nor is it surprising that they denounce the Governments of England and Canada for their failure to provide the colony with defensive works, and engineer and artillery officers to direct the operations of a volunteer garrison.

It is now reported that men and guns are to be sent from Canada by the Canadian Pacific Railway, if the ice permits, to cross the Gulf of Georgia a few miles above the American islands, and, if they are without a naval convoy, a smart Russian cruiser, dodging about the American channels, could start out and intercept them.

BLAINE'S EARLIEST FOE.

How Eben F. Pillsbury's Old Neighbors in Maine Regard Him.

From the Fairfield Journal.

Mr. Pillsbury has spent twenty-five years of his life in battling with James G. Blaine, who was intensely in earnest, like Pillsbury, to control Maine politics. Mr. Pillsbury was formerly a Whig. He has a way of expressing himself forcibly and fearlessly when he thinks he is right. Hypocrisy is no part of his make-up, and he frees his mind on any subject, without regard to whether it will make him unpopular or not. He is a teetotaler of the first water, and a firm believer in temperance laws.

As the opponent of Blaine, Mr. Pillsbury has many enemies in this State. There was a time when Republican grandmothers hushed their darlings into quietness by mentioning the name of Eben F. Pillsbury. The editor of this paper was educated in the Republican ranks, and instructed in the belief twenty years ago that Pillsbury, politically, was a bold fellow, and the only man in the Democratic party the Republicans had to fear. As a Democratic leader, his very name would send a chill over a Republican gathering, and as an organizer he was the only man in this State who could meet James G. Blaine on his own "stamping ground," and with Mr. Blaine's own weapons. As a hater of Blaine and his methods, he has received the concentrated essence of revenge and hatred from Blaine's friends.

At the commencement of the rebellion Mr. Pillsbury criticised the actions of Lincoln and others in their conduct of the war, and perhaps, in those troublous times, as he ought not to have done. But with all his ideas against corrupt and unconstitutional methods used by those in power, Mr. Pillsbury never faltered in his loyalty to his country, and although he labored in Somerset and Franklin counties to encourage men to enlist, by holding numerous meetings with recruiting officers in attendance, he never got any credit for it, but was taunted with doing this patriotic duty because he was frightened.

More Complications.

From the Philadelphia Times.

While the American people were reading with interest the accounts of the first public reception given at the Executive Mansion a few days ago, the President planted the seeds of a social rupture between himself and the Vice-President. The bachelor President, instead of inviting the wife of the Vice-President to preside, conferred that honor upon the daughter of his Secretary of State. The fact is, the wife of the Vice-President was not even invited; therefore, if she entered the portals of the stately Executive pile it would be on the simple plane of American womanhood. But that exalted station was not sufficient. This high-spirited dame stayed at home, and the relations between the Chief Magistrate of the nation and the fifth wheel of the executive machine have been sadly "strained." The offended lady of the Vice-Presidential family threatens to sever social relations with the Executive household, and in a day or two will return to Indiana to await developments and the formal inauguration of the social season of 1885-6 at the national capital.

A Whole Moj to be Put in Chancery.

From the Calcutta Liberal.

We regret to announce the death of the Maharajah of Burdwan. This melancholy event took place on Wednesday last. It was not altogether unexpected, though his death at the early age of 24 must have surprised many. The Burdwan Raj must pass through a long period of minority. It is said it will come under the Court of Wards. But, whatever the management, we dare say that under the supervision of a clever guardian like Lala Banbihari Kapur the estate will not suffer in the east. What we hope is that the very best arrangements will be made for the education, moral and intellectual, of the next Rajah.

Spring Fever.

From the Washington Star, May 1.

There is an impression abroad to-day that there is to be a decided quickening of the pulse of the Administration at once, and that a great many removals of Federal officials in the States are to be made without delay.

Col. J. Armoy Knox of *Texas Siftings* lectures to-night at Steinway Hall, for the benefit of the Hathodi pedestal fund. The proposed lecture derives an additional interest from the fact that a Philadelphian has said $1,000 for a seat from which to hear it.

HIGH LIFE IN BERLIN.

A Grand Ball, with the Emperor Looking On and Count Pückels Leading the Dance.

BERLIN, April 20.—With the first breath of spring, after a cold Easter, Berlin society awoke from its Lenten dulness to respond to the invitation of Count de Launay, Italian Ambassador, and dean of the diplomatic corps in Berlin. The unpretending summons to over 800 guests bore the simple announcement that "—— —— was requested to spend the evening of the 16th of April at the Embassy." It was, however, universally known that the Emperor himself had fixed the day, and that his Majesty, with all the members of the imperial family still in town, would be present; it was also a matter of certainty that the cotillion would be rich in those surprises and gifts which had for several years already been a special feature of these annual receptions, and that in hardly another house could there be found a more courteous hospitality.

The Ambassador has, so to speak, graduated in Berlin, and won, step by step, all his diplomatic grades in that residence, notwithstanding different missions in Spain, Portugal, and St. Petersburg. Count de Launay stood at the death bed of King Charles Albert of Savoy in his voluntary exile at Oporto after the battle of Novara and his abdication. He followed the remains of the father of Victor Emanuel till they were laid in the rocky vaults of the Basilica of Superga on the Piedmontese hills, and has from those early days been a loyal and faithful servant of the house of Savoy. He came to Berlin as an *attaché* under Count Rossi, Sardinian Minister, and sang at many court theatricals with the wife of his chief, the not yet forgotten Sontag. He returned after a lapse of some years as Chargé d'Affaires and Minister, and obtained the recognition of the young liberated Italian kingdom by the Prussian Court. Shortly after this was an accepted fact the coronation of the present Emperor as King of Prussia took place at Königsberg, the death of the ailing Frederick William II. terminating a long regency. The whole diplomatic corps was conveyed to the distant frontier town in a special train, a carriage being set apart for each legation, with the name of their respective countries inscribed over the door. By habit, oversight, or carelessness, Count de Launay's carriage bore the label "Legation of Sardinia." The young Minister refused to enter it with his suite, on the plea that he represented no such kingdom, and that he owed it to his sovereign to insist on his new official denomination. His firm yet conciliating attitude swept down the barriers of Prussian officialism, and before the train was allowed to start the obnoxious inscription had been removed and replaced.

The Count spent in Berlin the anxious years of the Franco-German war, saw some of his best friends killed in battle, assisted at the unification of the German empire, and was one of the first to greet by his new title the supreme ruler of the conquering hosts. He was then appointed one of Italy's first ambassadors to the new régime, and since the recent death of Lord Ampthill has become the *doyen* or head of the whole diplomatic corps. The Emperor is personally very much attached to the Count, and the Princess Imperial, so chary of her friendship, treats him on all occasions with affectionate consideration. He has attached his name to the Congress of Berlin and the late Congo Conference as one of the plenipotentiaries, as well as to many delicate negotiations, in which his unwavering uprightness, great common sense, total absence of partisanship or animosity, coupled with ready tact and an unfailing spirit of conciliation, have been great elements of success.

The Count is held in no less high esteem in his own country. King Umberto has repeatedly offered him a place in his Cabinet, which has been respectfully, perhaps too modestly, declined, and as a token of signal favor his Majesty conferred on him the collar of the Annunziata, a rare distinction (there being only twelve extant), and which creates the recipient "Cousin of the King."

The popularity of the Count explains the concourse which met in his splendid apartments in the Wilhelm strasse on Thursday last. In the morning Count Eulenbourg came from the Emperor to say that his Majesty, wishing to retire early, would not stay to supper, as he would not on any account have it hurried to suit his convenience. At half past 9 the brilliant suite of reception rooms was lit like day by countless wax candles, the grand staircase was lined with servants in the white and gold gala liveries of the Ambassador, twelve mounted policemen kept the approaches clear, twelve on foot stretched out on either side the lofty *porte cochere*. Princess Frederic Charles, the still beautiful wife of the famous "Red Prince," was the first to arrive, and was received at the foot of the stairs by the Count dressed in the blue diplomatic undress uniform, but wearing under his coat the broad ribbon of the Prussian order, and on his breast the star of his country's highest order. He carried his hat in his hand, in accordance with the courteous fiction that wherever the sovereign comes he is at home, and even the master of the house only his guest. Shortly after the remaining Princes and Princesses had assembled, including the Imperial Crown Princess of England, her daughter, her eldest son's wife, a lovely Princess of Hohenzollern, and many more, a certain hushed silence announced the arrival of the Emperor. The Count received him at the first step of the staircase, and led him the way to the Countess, to whom he offered his arm, and together they reached the saloon set apart for the court, preceded by one for the diplomatic corps, and another for the Ministers of State, high military and court officials, and their wives.

After a few moments given to some presentations and greetings, the Emperor, leading the Ambassadress, and the Princess Imperial on the arm of the Ambassador, proceeded through a suite of lofty and splendidly decorated rooms to the great ballroom, a spacious apartment hung with maize damask, where all the remainder of the company had assembled. The orchestra, partly hidden in a high *loggia*, struck up the national hymn, and the royal personages took their places on the *haut pas*, or slightly raised platform, at the top of the room. Presently the music changed to an inspiriting waltz, and the "Vortänzer," or officer who undertakes to marshal the dancing forces in this case a Count Pückels—entered into his functions with great vigor.

The Emperor watched the throng with apparent enjoyment, and seemed in the best of spirits, rarely sitting down for more than a minute or two at a time, chatting gayly right and left, and looking far from his real age. He wore the dark blue uniform of the Guard, and out of compliment to his host, the collar of the Annunziata. He accepts neither helping arm nor support; his hair is not more than gray, and he still wears it in that lock brought over the centre of his head and tied with a minute thread to insure its security. His spiked helmet does not seem heavy to his still muscular arm, and his bright unspectacled eyes recognize men and women at any distance. His memory is prodigious. As an instance of it, he found himself unexpectedly face to face with the daughter of his hostess, who had not visited Berlin for a great number of years, and at once remembering her, addressed her in German as of yore, and alluding to some little joke of that long ago, mentioned the name of one or two officers fallen at Gravelotte, who were her partners then.

Far from retiring early, his Majesty remained over two hours, and lingered still, after leaving the ballroom. His departure was the signal for the court to adjourn to the supper room, a striking apartment of great height, hung with priceless authentic Gobelin tapestry, and at the top of which are the full-length, life-sized portraits of the King and Queen of Italy, painted specially for Count de Launay, and presented to him by his sovereigns with the following simple but significant inscriptions: "To Count Edward de Launay—Margherita." "To my Ambassador, Count de Launay—Umberto."

According to German etiquette, the same marshalling of guests was observed for the supper as at the beginning of the evening—the bulk of the company being served at countless small tables spread as if by magic in the other rooms, while the court and the court officials were alone for a time in the Gobelin chamber at the horseshoe tables, and waited upon by the *maîtres d'hôtel* in black silk stockings, silver buckles and chains, supported by twelve followers in the De Launay liveries. The table was profusely laden with gold and silver plate, and a unique old Dresden service, the completeness of which is due to the patient researches of the host. Most of the silver is family plate—some originating from the palace of Cagliari, in the island of Sardinia, of which the Ambassador's father was the last Viceroy.

After the court had retired the dancing was resumed with unabated energy—not the slow, lazy, drawling, sleepy lounge familiar to London drawing rooms, where the space is measured by inches, and the waltz seems a funeral rite performed by solemn mourners, but with the quick, lithe, springing motion, the rapid evolution on the smooth expanse of inlaid parquet, the skilful steering of dashing, epaulet-less officers, who whirl their light-footed partners along the whole sweep of the ballroom without allowing them to be even brushed by one of the fifty other couples who join in the same round. The eldest unmarried daughter of the Prince Imperial and the Princess Wilhelm are indefatigable and ardent dancers.

The cotillion lasted over two hours, and, instead of the more or less complicated figures of which it is generally composed, each turn was hailed by the fifty couples who composed it with suppressed exclamations of delight as each was successively enriched not only with fragrant bouquets rumored to come from Nice, but with fans, Dresden statuettes, and other souvenirs done up and disguised as scent bags, cornucopias, and lottery prizes. With a graceful homage to the land, one of the surprises consisted in richly-bound miniature volumes of the great German authors and poets.

Among the guests of the night were many celebrities, military, political, scientific, literary, and artistic; easily recognizable was the manly, stalwart figure of Count Herbert von Bismarck, and the shorter but not less sturdy one of his brother, both in the uniforms of their respective regiments; Gen. Count Goltz, still jauntily wearing the trappings of the hussar; Prof. von Helmholtz and Prof. du Bois Raymond of European note; Dr. Paul Lindau, the eminent critic and editor of *Nord und Süd*; Prof. Gneist, an authority on matters of international law, and the man who knows the English Constitution best; Mr. Kasson, the much regretted United States Minister; Rangabé, the Greek Minister, author and poet as well as diplomat; the diminutive form of Menzel, great in his paintings, of which a special exhibition is shortly to be opened in Paris; the two married daughters of Meyerbeer; the "Grande Dame Russe," who, under that nom de plume, published some *risqué* French novels, who is really a Pole by birth, a Prussian Princess by marriage, and the niece of Balzac, and many others whose names are household words, but too numerous to mention.

M. DE S.

MILLIONS OF PIGEONS.

How Farmer Joyce and Cal Vanderveer Killed Bushels of them in One Day.

SCRANTON, Pa., May 3.—Immense flocks of pigeons flew north for several days last week in the neighborhood of Newton, Abington, and Scott townships. Very few of them have been seen in the Lackawanna valley, but over beyond Bald Mount the moving flocks have been unprecedentedly large and frequent. Farmer Laton Joyce, who was in Scranton, and who owns a fertile farm in Newton township, told the following story about the pigeons:

"T'other day I was lookin' over toward Josh Williams's place, when I see a terrible big flock of pigeons sailin' up the valley right in the line of my farm. I got my old shotgun out an' fired inter the tail end of the flock. I venture to say that every shot fetched down a pigeon, 'cause Dave picked up a half bushel basketful in no time. I kep on firing at brief intervals all the afternoon, an' when it was time to milk the cows I was 'shamed of myself for killin' so many. The game filled a big bar'l, an' we had pigeon potpie till we got sick of it. Enoch Hyde an' Irom Lewis slaughtered more'n I did.

"But Cal Vanderveer had the peculiarest experience. Cal hadn't any gun, and so he thought he'd git on top o' the house an' knock 'em down with a long pole. He braced himself agin the chimley, and swung the pole round at the foremost birds in a big flock that jest then flew over the house. A dozen dead pigeons rolled off the roof, and Cal seemed to git excited over the fun. The nex' flock lost more of its numbers than the furst, and the excitement made Cal forgit where he was. He knocked right an' left, an' was just startin' to drive on when I heard somethin' rattle. I looked back an' see that the chimley, agin which Cal had been bracin' himself, had tumbled down, and Cal was rollin' toward the eaves an' clingin' to the pole. If ever a man had presence of mind under tryin' circumstances, that man was Cal. He see that he'd git to slide off o' that roof, an' that the fall might break his legs, an' what do you suppose he done? He swung the pole round quicker'n a flash, so that the butt end of it pointed to the ground, an' off the roof he went. When the butt end struck the ground, Cal's hands were graspin' the pole fifteen feet above. The speed his body had got sent Cal over the garden fence, where he struck square on his feet on top of a heap of buried turnips, with the pole still in his hands. He wasn't hurt a particle. When Cal counted up the dead an' kickin' pigeons he had knocked down, he found that he had exactly 13. Such a year for pigeons was never known before in Newton."

SALUTING THE MAY SUN.

German Societies Climb to the Highest Point of Staten Island.

The German societies of Staten Island assembled at dawn yesterday, the first Sunday morning of May, at the foot of Pavilion Hill, the high piece of ground that overlooks the waters of the harbor and all Staten Island, as well as the lowlands of New Jersey. It is the highest point within ten miles excepting where the site of the Brooklyn Reservoir is, at the entrance to Prospect Park, and the Orange Mountains, beyond the villages of that name in New Jersey.

Some one had climbed the steep hillside before daylight, and started a beacon fire, which it was expected would be answered by a similar beacon fire on the Orange Mountains, kindled by German societies from Newark and the Oranges. When the societies at the foot of the hill saw the fire burning they saluted it by singing "Die Wacht am Rhein." They then marched up the hill in a body, singing German airs. When the sun rose they sang Mayfest melodies, one of which is a tribute to the rising sun. The sun appeared over the hills of Long Island. Beer was on the ground in plenty. After having refreshments, a morning song in German was rendered in concert, in honor of the surrounding waters. Then the societies dispersed. Among the societies present were the Liederkranz of New Brighton, the Schutzen Corps of Clifton, the German Quartet Club of Stapleton, the Germania, the Benevolent Society of Stapleton, and the members of Klopstock Lodge, a German Masonic society.

They Can Repeat at Leisure.

From the Des Moines Register.

Yesterday Miss Mary Shoemaker, a pretty miss with a merry laugh and a pretty figure that is the perfection of grace, came into Mr. Loren F. Bishop's bakery to buy some fresh rolls and she looked at the young baker in such an irresistible way that he was quite beside himself with admiration. "Miss Shoemaker," said he, "you look so pretty that I have half a mind to go right with you and get married."

"I never refuse a dare," said the pretty girl, with flushing cheeks and eyes that sparkled with a roguish light.

"Well, shall I go and get my coat and go and get a license?"

"If you want to, you may, and I'll go with you, too." The young man's face sobered down a little,