The Sun.

SUNDAY, MAY 9, 1886.

The Sun to-day consists of twelve pages. Our friends should see that their newsman furnishes them with the entire paper.

A New Story by Bret Harte.

We shall begin the publication of a new California romance by Bret Harte on Sunday, May 30. It will be continued through three numbers.

Its title is "Struck at Devil's Ford."

Journals in other cities desiring to join in this publication can have an opportunity of doing so.

How Can They Be Kept Out?

For some time past the labor unions have been contending that it was necessary for this country, as a measure of self-defence, to impose greater restrictions on foreign immigration, and now we see that the Chicago and Milwaukee riots are driving many other people to the same conclusion.

The atrocities committed in these cities were almost wholly the work of unnaturalized foreigners, many of whom could not even speak our language, and none of whom had become imbued with the spirit of American freemen. Such foreign savages, with their dynamite bombs and anarchic purposes, are as much apart from the rest of the people of this country as the Apaches of the plains are. Workingmen who are citizens of the republic and understand its institutions utterly detest them and their teachings, and would have the law forbid them to land on our shores, as they would keep out an invasion of venomous reptiles.

Until they came on the scene the great labor movement had proceeded with comparative quiet and order; and always they are the marplots in such undertakings, and are regarded by the mass of workingmen as their worst enemies, for they love disorder for its own sake, and hate the law-abiding laborer even more than they do the capitalist. As the Commissioner of the Labor Bureau of this State says, "labor disturbances are almost entirely led by foreigners, and the cheaper and more ignorant class of foreigners are the most destructive and hardest to govern from mob violence."

But how shall these obnoxious foreigners be kept out? How can they be detected among the mass of immigrants? You cannot always tell that a man is a crazy Socialist simply from his looks, and the most careful scrutiny on the part of our foreign Consuls would not avail.

The restriction of foreign immigration, which the Labor Commissioner says is demanded by "the native and the foreign-born citizen, the skilled and the unskilled workman," is a practical question of the greatest difficulty, for nobody, we suppose, is prepared to see all immigration treated as we treat that from China—wholly forbidden.

How about a tax of $300 on every immigrant?

Mr. Chamberlain's Political Outlawry.

Probably the two most isolated and unhappy men in England at the present hour are Messrs. Chamberlain and Trevelyan, who expected to make a great stir by their resignations from the Gladstone Cabinet, but who by this time have found out that they had vastly overrated their own consequence. As to Mr. Trevelyan, his repentance for his ill-advised desertion of the Minister, who had honored him beyond his deserts, may be detected in the tenor of his latest speech, which betrays an eagerness to get back into the Gladstone party upon almost any terms. The plight of Mr. Chamberlain seems still more doleful, because he fell from what was supposed to be a greater altitude, and because, now that he has failed to control his own constituents, he seems to have landed in a ditch.

All that Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Jesse Collings, and the few other Radical malcontents of ostensible importance have succeeded in proving by their mischievously-timed secession is the hollowness of their pretensions to leadership, and their inability to wield against Mr. Gladstone even the local organizations which they were imagined to control. Mr. Chamberlain's experiment in cave forming has proved a humiliating failure. His standard was set up in Adullam, but his old friends, the faction of the restless and the discontented, all ran the other way. Never again will he be dreaded as the mouthpiece and dictator of that huge caucus system which has cast its network over the whole of central and much of northern England, and which has grown to be the master force in the composite Liberal party. Of its six hundred delegates assembled last week in convention only twenty-five were willing to accept the resolutions framed in Mr. Chamberlain's interest, and an unconditional support of Mr. Gladstone was peremptorily and almost unanimously enjoined on the Parliamentary representatives of the National Liberal Association. But the cup of bitterness was drained to the dregs on Friday, when the local caucus of Birmingham determined to enforce on Mr. Chamberlain himself the rigid discipline which he has so often advocated in the case of others as the vital principle of party efficiency, by summoning him to vote for Mr. Gladstone's home rule project on the hotly contested second reading. He resents, it is reported, the dictation to which he has been fond of subjecting his satellites and colleagues, but his power to harm has been effectually extinguished by the proof that in his revolt against the Premier he does not even represent the men who placed him in his seat.

Government Telegraphy.

The Weaver bill to push the Government, against the provisions of the Constitution, into the business of commercial telegraphy, provides in terms for the establishment of a system that "shall reach with its wires and operating facilities every Post Office in the United States." Each of the other four postal telegraph bills before Congress contemplates the same monstrous area of wrong. The number of the Post Offices is over 51,000.

The telegraph plant and service of the Western Union Company and of our railroad companies have been and are now ample for the needs of all the people of the United States for social and commercial telegraphy. Infrequent are honest complaints of this service on the score of rapidity, accuracy, and cheapness. In all these respects it is confessedly better than the telegraph service of any other country in the world. The number of Western Union and railroad telegraph offices will therefore serve for a measure of the monstrousness of the schemes to double our standing army of political Postmasters by putting telegraph operators as sworn Government officials with telegraph instruments into our 51,000 Post Offices. The round number of these telegraph offices is 14,000. And that number precisely measures the existing telegraph needs of the country. The corporate business of telegraphy is carried on to make money, and wherever it promises to pay to open an office, an office is certain to be opened. If there are not more than 14,000 telegraph offices in the United States, it is simply because they are not wanted. How unnecessary and how unjustifiable therefore are measures to establish 51,000 offices!

Our sister State, Mississippi, sits expectant, as she has the right to do, under the provisions of either or all of the five bills "to secure cheaper telegraphic correspondence." But it is absurd to say that Mississippi needs cheaper telegraphy. Her white population by the last census was 479,398; her black population was 650,291; her population living on farms was 839,938; her population that could not read was 315,612, forty-two per cent. of the whole. Out of such a condition neither much letter writing nor telegraphy can come. Yet there are in Mississippi 895 places that are called Post Offices. In every one of these her Congressmen will sharply see to it that a telegraph instrument and a telegraph operator are established, if either of the five postal telegraph schemes becomes law. That patronage will not be thrown away or neglected. Like unto the social and rural condition of Mississippi is that of Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Virginia. It is on active business, commercial, manufacturing, and financial, and on close and intelligent social relations, that the post and telegraph exist. Use of the mails and use of the telegraph proceed side by side, and are strictly proportioned one to the other. The States, cities, villages, and farming districts which correspond little by letter correspond little by telegraph. The annual Federal receipts from Mississippi's Post Offices amount to only twenty-five cents per capita of her population. Leaving out the letter writing of her traders, transporters, and those engaged in professional and personal services, who number 26,120, it is probable that seven-eighths of her population never receive a letter and never write one. From the North Carolina Post Offices the revenue is only twenty-four cents per head. On the other hand, nearly one-tenth of the postal revenue of the United States is collected in New York city. Nearly one-half of the letters and postal cards delivered in that city originate within it. More than twenty-five per cent. of the letters and forty per cent. of the postal cards delivered by carriers from the free delivery Post Offices of the whole country, are addressed to persons in New York city. Little Connecticut, a beehive of mechanical industry, contributes yearly to the Government in postal revenue one dollar and thirty-seven cents per capita of her population. The postal revenue from the State of New York is $18.21 per head; from Pennsylvania, $9.03; from Illinois, $8.55; from Massachusetts, $6.69. Corresponding to this showing of the connection between business and the use of the mails, is the fact that more than one-sixth of the telegraph messages sent by the Western Union Company's offices in New York city, are addressed to persons within the city's limits. This fact alone should be conclusive against the postal telegraph schemes. Telegraphy does not belong to politics. It belongs only to that class of business which requires immediate information or immediate action, and to that condition and habit of social life which is careless of the cost of instantaneous communication with distant relatives and friends. Mr. Edmunds ought to know that in all the United States not 500,000 persons now use the telegraph. How should even 5,000,000 of our 60,000,000 people be made to use it? It is absolutely certain that if the telegraph be politically established in districts to which business does not naturally draw it, the people will not use it, if their messages are sent for nothing.

In three-quarters of the 51,000 Post Offices there is now no more need of a telegraph operator than there is of an agent of an express company. Eighty per cent. of all our telegraphy is strictly commercial. And in what States are the commerce?

Only six per cent. of all our telegraphy is social. This inconsiderable use of the wires for communication between relatives and friends does not indicate that there are crowds around three-quarters of the Post Offices in the United States languishing for cheap telegraphy.

There is more telegraphing out of the city of Chicago than in the entire Dominion of Canada. Has Virginia the conditions of Chicago? Have South Carolina, or Louisiana, or Texas those conditions?

Seventy-five per cent. of all the Western Union Company's business comes from the stock, grain, and oil exchanges, banks, bankers, brokers, commercial dealers, and manufacturers of Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis, and the other great trade centres. Is it not manifest that the telegraph not only could not live in purely agricultural States, but that it would not be used there?

Two-fifths of the Western Union offices do not do business enough to pay their expenses. The losses on these have to be made up by the more important offices. This single fact should knock the bottom out of every Government telegraph scheme. If there is so little demand for telegraphic facilities around two-fifths of all the Western Union Company's stations, that it does not pay to keep them open, what would be the fate of at least 35,000 of the proposed 51,000 postal telegraph offices? Their operators, through idleness and evil associations, would become blackguards; the instruments would spoil from disuse and want of care; batteries and wires would rust out, and the whole system become a national nuisance through the necessity of annual deficiency appropriations.

It is not the people who ask for greater and cheaper telegraph facilities than they now enjoy. They could not be made to use them if they were furnished. It is only candidates for the Presidency and for reëlection to the United States Senate who are pressing this pernicious legislation. We trust that a Democratic majority will smother it.

Rivals in the Mission Field.

Mr. Pettee, an American missionary in Japan, calls for help to advance the cause of Protestant missions, and if possible avert "the new peril in Japan," by which he means the strong movement in favor of accepting the Roman Catholic faith. His appeal is only one incident in the world-wide rivalry between the propagandists of the Protestant Churches and those of the Church of Rome. The Protestant missionary finds few scenes of labor where the Roman Catholic brotherhoods are not contesting the ground with him; and in some great mission fields, as in China and Annam, he of the Romish Church counts his hundreds of converts where the Protestant proselytos are numbered by tens.

When Stanley opened the Congo to the Pool that bears his name the missionaries of the rival faiths almost raced up the river in their haste to plant their stations on the upper Congo. This energetic and sometimes bitter rivalry is a source of great perplexity to the untutored savage mind. When the French Jesuit Fathers a few years ago applied to King Khama of Bechuanaland for permission to settle in his country, where the Protestants were already strongly intrenched, the rival missionaries presented the claims of their respective faiths to the King and his leading men. After they had concluded, the King's brother spoke the general sentiment: "You men seem to me to make two religions out of one religion, and I do not understand it at all." There are many thousands who share his perplexity, and who are puzzling their poor minds today over the unaccountable fact that men who point out to them the same means of salvation are not friends and brethren.

Mtesa, the keen-minded ruler of Waganda, was greatly entertained by the religious differences of the Catholic and Protestant missionaries who settled in his chief town a few years ago. Until he wearied of the pastime, nothing delighted him more than to set them by the ears and listen to their disputations. The Church of England missionaries first had access to him, and they almost hoped to make him their convert. After hearing both sides, however, the royal savage decided to embrace Mohammedanism. "I don't know which of you to believe," he said to them. "I want no more of your teachings, and I have no use for you unless you can make guns and powder and percussion caps as plentiful as grass in Uganda."

Experience is teaching many missionaries that their own work thrives best when they waste no energy throwing obstacles in the way of laborers of another creed. The Catholics complained that the Protestants of the Victoria Nyanza Mission tried to exclude them from the field. For some years, however, mutual perils have made them almost one in feeling and effort. In the dark days of October last, when the Church of England missionaries were denied access to the King, the Catholic fathers pleaded with all the earnestness they could command that he would spare the life of the Protestant Bishop Hannington. Mr. Hore gave the French priests who came to Lake Tanganyika a kind welcome, and has thrown no impediments in their way.

In the six years past that have witnessed such remarkable development of Protestant missions in Africa the Church of Rome has been equally active. She has sent to the lake regions alone about fifty French and Italian priests, and, according to Archbishop Lavigerie, it has cost the Church $6,000 for every missionary she has established there. Considerably in advance of the Protestant outposts in South Africa, the Jesuit Fathers are moving northward and spreading over the valley of the Zambesi. It took such zealous men as the Brothers of the Algerian mission to attempt to carry the Gospel to Timbuctoo, one of the hotbeds of Mohammedan fanaticism. As was to be expected, the three zealots who engaged in this dangerous service paid for their temerity with their lives. Their sad story simply illustrates the fact that the humble missionaries of Rome, like many of their Protestant brethren, are willing to do and dare everything to preach the Cross in all parts of the world.

It is the theory of all Catholic missionary work that religious instruction avails little for the improvement of the savage, unless it is accompanied by the teaching of some form of practical industry, by which he may gradually be trained to the settled habits of civilized life. Upon that line Christian missions, of whatever creed, are now making their greatest progress. Such missionaries are carrying on a work of practical utility as well as of religious propagandism; and whatever be their creed, their self-sacrificing labors can accomplish results of which neither humanity nor Christianity need be ashamed.

Miller and Husted.

The Hon. Warner Miller of Herkimer had better keep a sharp eye on the Bald Eagle of Westchester. It is plain that he is about to take a flight that will eclipse that wonderful achievement of 1879 and 1880, when he shook the dust from his pinions on the heads of his ungrateful Republican constituents, and soared across the Hudson and swooped down upon the Democratic county of Rockland and twice carried to Albany its seat in the Assembly. Though some of his enemies charged him with buying Rockland votes like sheep in the shambles, he snapped his talons at them and told his friends that it would prove to be a case of "great cry and little wool." And so it did. He put the cry to sleep beautifully. As the session of the Legislature drew near it was alleged that a raft of petitions was about to start for Albany, and that a cloud of witnesses was lurking in the Ramapo Mountains. But a single sweep of the golden wing of the Eagle dissolved the superstructure of his foes, and he took the Rockland seat without a protest.

Gen. Husted has given notice that he has done with the Assembly. There is no State office near at hand worthy of his ambition. Even if there was, it has been demonstrated that running for a State office is not his *forte*. He seems to have an aptitude for falling behind his associates in the race. But if he is to cross weapons with Senator Miller next winter in the Legislature, the battle will be fought on ground where the Bald Eagle has long made his roost. He shone in the Assembly before Miller was known, except on the narrow margin of the lower Mohawk. He was Speaker while Miller was a member, and he has been a leader in the Legislature for ten years since Miller left. Miller is solid and rather heavy. Husted is airy and very lively. If the Bald Eagle is really after Miller's chair at Washington it will become the latter to watch him closely. Let him remember the fate of Nelson of Rockland in November, 1878. Let him be warned by the overthrow of Erwin in the contest for the Speakership this very session. After a few feints the St. Lawrence bird did not even dare to come to the scratch. No such victory, though, awaits Husted if he encounters Miller. It will be a square stand-up fight. And how the feathers will fly—and the money too!

If the Democrats should happen to control the next Legislature, it will spoil all this fun.

Easter Week in the South.

Mr. Henry W. Grady is the editor of the *Atlanta Constitution*, the most progressive and thoroughly representative newspaper printed in the new South. On questions of contemporaneous human interest the head of Mr. Grady is very level. Few men deserve more credit for earnest, sensible work in building up the town where he lives, the region wherein his paper circulates, and the spirit of manly good faith with which the reconstructed States have wrought out of disaster a wonderful prosperity.

In the midst of the sentimental enthusiasm excited by Jefferson Davis's visit to Atlanta Mr. Grady made a speech in which he uttered an extraordinary hyperbole. "This is the most glorious Easter week," he is reported as saying, "since the resurrection of Jesus Christ."

A great deal may be overlooked or forgiven in the rhetoric of a man speaking at such a storm centre of emotion. It would be unfair to hold him strictly to account for any violation of good taste or of historical accuracy. Nevertheless, we believe that Mr. Grady will admit that he went too far.

If it is pardonable to draw a comparison between the Easter week of the Saviour's resurrection and any corresponding period in modern secular history, the most glorious Easter week for the United States of America was twenty-three years ago. The North was in tears over the martyred Lincoln, and the South was in the bitter humiliation of recent defeat. But that was the time when the new South, the free South, had its birth, and peace came to a reunited country.

What Of It?

Mugwump journals are good enough from time to time to express their approval, in a general way, of Mr. Cleveland's Administration. He has made a number of mistakes from their point of view, but with all his faults they love him still, and they tell him so with an appearance of importance and majestic condescension that would soften the heart of a balky horse. There may be some complaint against the Administration on the part of Democrats, this funny little squad murmurs to itself and the rest of the world with intense satisfaction, but, as long as we are satisfied, he is all right, and the country need not tremble.

But what difference in heaven above or the earth beneath can it possibly make whether the Mugwumps like Mr. Cleveland or not? There are not enough of them to make their approval of any consequence, any way, and Mr. Cleveland was not elected to win applause from them, but from Democrats. He cannot have the hearty good will of both; if he prefers that of the Mugwumps, why, his choice must be said to be much more flattering to them than to his soundness of taste or to his understanding of politics.

One Cause, Many Consequences.

A friend of ours in Columbus, Ohio, writes to say that in that neighborhood the price of agricultural land is going down materially. In the last six months its value has fallen off from a quarter to a third. This is not surprising, and we presume it is true of agricultural lands elsewhere.

In large cities like New York, on the other hand, real estate has risen in price from the circumstance that people unable to invest their money in any ordinary business with the hope of a reasonable return, have taken to putting it into real estate on speculation.

As long as we maintain the gold standard of money, and as long as that standard continues to rise, the value of all sorts of property, except in special cases like that which we have just mentioned of real estate in New York city, must steadily decline. The world of business is throttled and is constantly pinched into a smaller space by the merciless operation of this standard. This will continue to be the case until either there is an increase in the production of gold, or a less oppressive standard, such as silver, is adopted in its place.

Wouldn't it be a good idea for President Cleveland to call up Solicitor-General Goode and ask him if the statement of Prof. Nipher, the electrician, is true alleging that the bill filed in the name of the United States against the Bell Telephone Company contains an important false statement, which its author had repudiated and endeavored to have corrected before it was filed?

The President certainly cannot be willing that this famous proceeding, to which he has allowed himself to be made a party, should be carried on upon important statements that are known to be false.

By all means let the President send for the Solicitor-General and catechise him on this subject.

During the period of his active career no public man ever encountered more constant or more violent opposition than Simon Cameron of Pennsylvania; yet, now that he has retired, to spend his green and vigorous old age among his friends and neighbors, no one is more honored, more confided in, or more beloved than he. Not merely the members of his own party gather at his call, but the members of every party, and men of mark in every line of life, rejoice in the bounteous hospitality dispensed at his country home at Donegal, in Lancaster county. A party of more than thirty gentlemen were entertained there on Friday, including a dozen Senators, such as Morrill of Vermont, Beck and Blackburn of Kentucky, Gray of Delaware, Logan of Illinois, Hale of Maine, Butler of South Carolina, and Hearst of California, with Samuel J. Randall of Philadelphia, Gov. Pattison, and John Arnot of New York, besides a number of conspicuous railroad men, journalists, lawyers, and manufacturers. It was a delightful occasion, and for years we have not seen Gen. Cameron in such strength or such spirits. There were many speeches at the dinner, the most charming being those of Beck, Hale, and Gray.

Col. James Duffy of Marietta, the descendant of ancient Irish kings, held the post of honor at the lower end of the table.

The man who has most risen in public esteem during the past week is Carter Harrison of Chicago.

The *Baltimore Sun* asserts that the recent election of a Chairman and a Secretary of the Republican Congressional Committee was a test of strength between the Blaine men and the anti-Blaine men. The Blaine men were in the majority, elected their candidates, and are now said to be going to work to "put up Blaine men for Congress and work up the Blaine sentiment in the various Congressional districts."

Doubtless the Congressional Committee has a majority of Brother Blaine's friends, and they are fully resolved that he shall not be caught asleep. But what need is there of working up sentiment for him in the Congress districts? The sentiment seems to be worked up already. If there were to be a Republican National Convention next fall, who could be considered a formidable opponent of Brother Blaine? Could Black Jack get the Southern delegates against him? If not, Brother Blaine would have no serious opposition, so far as can now be seen. Vermont would not send another Edmunds delegation, and, whatever complimentary effusion Massachusetts might display for Frisbie Hoar, Blaine is now her first choice. There, as elsewhere, the bitterest enemies of Blaine, except the Stalwarts, have been eliminated from the party. And the Stalwarts have no strength outside of New York, and in New York who could draw more strongly than the Maine Magnet? The Pacific States are his, the Northwestern States are his, and who could hold Pennsylvania against him?

The fact is, and Mr. Blaine's Republican opponents may as well recognize a fact which is clear to most impartial observers, that Brother Blaine, as yet, has everything his own way. He has been scotched, not killed. It is very possible that he will never be President, but it is also very possible that he will run again if he chooses to.

Mr. John Lawrence Sullivan has just delivered what we suppose will be considered the most crushing blow of his sluggish career against his own native city, by resolving to leave Boston and go West. But let Boston cheer up. Now that Sullivan means to move out, Paddy Ryan means to move in, and we venture to say that he will be able to knock out any Hubbite that can be found. He is a good man if he is not great.

A curious report, which probably originated in the undergraduate mind, asserts that the authorities of Harvard College intend to solve the vexed question of morning prayers in an original manner. They propose, it is said, to add to the twelve hours a week of elective studies two additional hours, which each student may get rid of by going to prayers. The choice would thus be left open to the ingenuous undergraduate to get two hours more of recitation and several hours more of study every week, or to escape them by going to the college chapel. It is a choice of blessings or, as the undergraduate mind will regard it, a choice of evils. If the old saying that to pray well is to study well be accepted, the Cambridge youths will prefer the chapel. Besides, they will thus get more time for lawn tennis, football, and other required studies.

The Republican majority in the Legislature of New York has no fear of the judgment to come. Never has there been a more scandalous abuse of public power than has characterized the acts of this majority. The offence is flagrant, and the punishment will be flagrant.

The people pass finally upon the deeds of public men, and the Republican party must suffer for the wrongdoing of its representatives.

It is sad to see that the wards of the nation are learning the value of intimidation. A band of Indians at the Rosebud Agency, in Dakota, took up certain lands which the Indian Agent there says are unfit for cultivation. He told the Indians to move on, and threatened to keep from them the tools and supplies to which they were entitled. Thereupon they resolved to resist the lockout, and, with a select collection of dangerous weapons, they moved upon the agency and threatened to kill the agent unless he came to their terms. The Indian police got on the ground in time to prevent violence. The agent finally concluded to give them their agricultural tools and a lot of provisions, and the Indians promptly proceeded to assimilate the latter. Further disturbances are feared. The haughty savage doesn't necessarily beat his tomahawk into a pruning hook because he goes on a reservation.

Blaine will be the Republican candidate in 1888.

But will the Irish-Americans who supported him in 1884 stand by him in 1888?

That is the question!

POLITICAL HISTORY.

Cleveland, Beecher, and the Mugwumps—Mrs. Beecher in Tears—How Beecher and G. Walton Green Almost Wept Likewise.

From the Cincinnati Enquirer.

New York, May 6.—On the train going to Albany yesterday I met George Walton Green, who was the secretary of the Mugwump Committee in 1884. Green is a young lawyer with literary tastes, through which he came into contact with Godkin, the Harpers, and Horace White, and so came naturally in the charmed circle of Mugwumpery. He is a nephew of Dr. J. H. Douglas, who was Gen. Grant's physician. I met him on the train going up to Albany. Naturally, his opinion was asked of the President at this stage of his career. His replies were generally in extravagant language.

"Grover Cleveland is the respected and honored President of 52,000,000 people, not of any little band of politicians," said Green in one of these outbursts. "He is as far above the figures of politics as the stars are above the earth. He is unapproachable in the history of American statesmen."

"Why do Henry Ward Beecher assailing him?" I ventured to ask, and he rejoined:

"Beecher is not assailing Cleveland. He is angry with the Democratic party for not supporting Cleveland as it ought to do. He said to me the other day: 'Cleveland is a Republican. I am a Republican. If Cleveland is a Democrat, I am a Democrat. I am the same kind of a man that he is.' That is Mr. Beecher's position."

"Is it not strange that Cleveland has not a defender among the Democrats in the Senate?"

"He doesn't need any. He has fifty-two million people at his back endorsing his actions. He can go without a defender in the Senate, and still be the idol of the people."

"Will he be renominated?"

"Certainly, and reëlected. They can burn the old scandal powder over once again. That was the hardest thing we had to contend against. The Democratic Executive Committee refused to deal with that question. They said to our committee, 'You must take care of this thing. It is with your people that it is affecting votes.' We had to fight it at every step. I pleaded and pleaded with Beecher before I got him to make a speech. He wanted to be assured that Cleveland had been guilty of no immoral act after he became Governor of New York. I said to him that I could not satisfy him on that point. 'Ask Mr. Cleveland himself about it,' I said to Mr. Beecher. He never got the assurance as he asked it. All that Cleveland said on that score publicly he said to me, and I wrote it out and it was published. He did not say he had not been guilty of any immorality since he had been Governor. When I read him what I had written, he said, 'That is true, so help me God.' After my letter was published Mr. Beecher decided to make the speech."

"That was a curious letter Cleveland wrote to Mrs. Beecher."

"It was written before this. I saw the letter on one of my visits to Albany. I had been over to Beecher's, and had an exciting time there. Mrs. Beecher had been in tears. Beecher was near crying, and I was near it myself. I was urging Beecher to take the stump, and Mrs. Beecher was infuriated at him because he ought first to be satisfied of Cleveland's virtue. You cannot understand the letter to Mrs. Beecher without reading all the correspondence. Her letter was a sloppy, gushy, woman letter. She pleaded with the Governor not to let 'this old man,' meaning her husband, bear the burden of supporting him, if he was really what he was painted, but to come out and tell the truth. She urged him to make a clean breast of it to her husband. The Governor told me that he sat down to answer her letter at 2 o'clock in the morning, and that he wrote as he would do to his mother. Indeed, he felt as if he was writing to a person who stood in that relation to him. When he showed me a copy of the letter, after consulting Lamont, my comment was that it was a good letter to a good woman, but I feared it was not good politics."

OHIO'S RUMP SENATE.

That Body, Though Lacking a Quorum Seats Four Defeated Candidates.

Columbus, May 8.—Acting under the advice of Judge West of Bellefontaine, the rump Senate, composed of seventeen Republican Senators—two less than a quorum—this forenoon swore in the four defeated Republican candidates for State Senator. Pavey's resolution to seat them was adopted by a viva voce vote. At this time the Senate was under a call, and the Sergeant-at-Arms was out with warrants after the twenty Democratic absentees. Auditor of State Kiesewetter says that he will not honor any voucher nor issue any warrant on the State treasury for any money that comes from such a rump Senate as this.

If the pretended Senate redistricts the State for Congressional purposes, the Democrats of Ohio will pay no attention to such action, but will go ahead and hold elections under the old law passed by a legal Senate and House of Representatives; will take the cases of Ohio's twenty-one Congressmen to Washington, before the Democratic House of Representatives, and will win. Lawyers here laugh at the action of King Kennedy and his Senate, and say that they would not give a cent for a law passed by a Senate without a quorum.

Kennedy, the presiding officer, is not even consistent, for the other day he decided that the Senate could not receive a message from the Governor because there was not a quorum present, and yet to-day he decides that he can oust four legally elected Democratic Senators and put in their places four Republican frauds, and thereby change the political complexion of the Senate. Ex-Senator Thurman was asked this afternoon:

"What is your opinion of the action of the State Senate to-day in regard to the contested election cases?"

"I have just heard of the seating of the four Republicans from Cincinnati," he replied, "and I must say that I am surprised. Just now I am busy, but I hope my health will be spared this fall, and then I shall have a great deal to say about the matter on the stump."

"You have heard how they were seated, have you not?"

"Yes, I have heard, and may say that whenever a minority of a legislative body is able to oust members and rule a majority, it is high time that the Constitution of Ohio was changed."

"Do you think, Senator, that we will now have two State Senates?"

"Yes, I suppose so. The Democratic Senators will now return."

"How will the trouble end?"

"That is a hard question to answer; but revolution may be met with revolution."

A despatch was received from the South to-night saying that the Democrats will all be back in Columbus next week, and will organize the only constitutional Senate.

The Homage to Jefferson Davis.

To the Editor of The Sun—*Sir:* Will you in behalf of a Southern woman, whose every pulse beats devotion to the "Lost Cause," kindly ask those malcontents, whose souls seem harrowed by the homage paid our honored chieftain, Jefferson Davis, if they can recall one demurrer from the Southern press or people when the most gallant of our Generals and soldiers joined the Northern soldiers in paying tribute to Gen. Grant?

Messages of sympathy were flashed across the wires from every Southern city, and the great sufferer expressed the tenderest emotion at this show of feeling from those who had been enemies in the past. It is also a matter of history that the receipt of a letter of sympathy from Jefferson Davis marked the most touching episode of his long illness. Brave men are always generous, and only the narrow minded entertain feelings of animosity toward those to whom the fates have been less kind.

A Southern Woman.

The President's Bride Elect to be Presented at the English Court.

Paris, April 20.—Miss Folsom leaves Paris for London on Monday, the 10th of May, and she will sail for America on May 18. She will remain in the English capital for a week, and while there it is expected that she will be presented at court.

IN HONOR OF SENOR CAMERON.

A Distinguished Party Visits the Aged Statesman at Donegal Springs.

Mattown, Lancaster county, Pa., May 7.—A lowering sky and fickle clouds followed the Senatorial party who came over here to-day to do honor to the oldest ex-member of the Senate of the United States, and to partake of the proverbial hospitality of the Pennsylvania farmers of this section. Simon Cameron has been four times representative of this Commonwealth in that body, eighteen years in all, a longer term than any other member served (next came Buchanan with ten years, 1835-1845), and after him came his son, J. Donald, to whom he transferred his political scettre, and who is in his third term. No such abiding political dynasty has been seen in this or in any other State as that of the clan Lochiel.

In Harrisburg Gen. Simon Cameron lives, and entertains his friends at the old Harris mansion, down by the river side, where the founder of the city lived, and near where the savages once tied him to the stake, in full view of the finished stone piers of the great South Pennsylvania Railroad bridge across the Susquehanna River, which mark the absorption by the Pennsylvania Railroad of its projected rival line from Philadelphia to Pittsburgh.

But when the spring time comes and the larks begin to sing in the hedges; when the blackbird swings on the willow tree, when the wistaria hangs in rich purple cluster, and the jocund husbandman follows afield the spring ploughing, Gen. Cameron betakes him to the rural retirement of his fine farm at Donegal Springs, two miles east of this little town, in which his endowment of certain village benefactions and memorials of his mother's cherished memory have endeared him to his rural neighbors. They will tell you here of a mortgage lifted, and there of a kind deed done, that made life lighter and its burdens easier to some of the old country folk; and ere his place is reached, conspicuous among the local improvements, red-roofed barns, wayside hedges, rows of shade trees, and carefully kept lanes and byways tell of agricultural improvement that bespeak the farmer of advanced ideas.

Donegal township is one of the extreme northwestern settlements of that wondrous Lancaster county, outstripping all other districts of Pennsylvania in agricultural wealth, production, resources, and development. Here the sturdy Scotch-Irish forced the frontier line beyond the "Pennsylvania Dutch" settlements of 1716; hence they dominated the quiet German and the peaceful Quaker of that early day. It was a rare coincidence that, as Andrew Galbraith's wife rode out of the settlement 144 years ago on her favorite mare Nelly, rallying the voters between this and Lancaster to the support of her husband for the Assembly with such popular effect that he beat the most accomplished Quaker of his day, the great-great-grandson of that woman—she was the grandmother of Mrs. Patterson, mother of Mme. Bonaparte—should have come hither to-day in the Senatorial party that greeted Gen. Cameron at his summer home.

Besides Col. Bonaparte and Larry Jerome, there came on the special train from Washington to this annual dinner Senators Don Cameron, Hale of Maine, Morrill, Logan, Beck and Blackburn of Kentucky, Butler of South Carolina, Hearst, the new Senator from California; Gray of Delaware, successor to Bayard; Randall and John Arnot of the House, and by other trains George B. Roberts, President of the Pennsylvania Railroad; Frank Thomson, Vice-President, and C. E. Pugh, General Manager; Col. James Duffy, prince among the great tobacco farmers of the State; Gov. Pattison, Chief Executive of the Commonwealth; ex-Attorney-General Wayne MacVeagh and H. C. McCormick, sons-in-law of the host; Col. Bent, head of the great steel works, covering acres and comprehending the entire population of Steelton, Pa.; Col. Wm. B. Forney of Lancaster, the friend and contemporary of Thad Stevens and President Buchanan; Charles A. Dana of The Sun, and a dozen neighbors and friends of local distinction.

They scrutinized with respectful attention the agricultural operations of the Donegal farm, a great tract of 600 acres dotted with ample barns and all the appliances of advanced agriculture and high farming. Grave Senators—especially the Senators from Kentucky—dropped useful hints as to the proper cultivation of mint juleps, and learned statesmen propped up the declining industry of gathering water cress. Joe Blackburn grew enthusiastic over the flowering lilacs, and declared that 1,300 such varieties of orchids offered nothing to rival them. The statesmen, like boys let loose from school, wandered down to where the Muscovy duck built her nest in the tree forks, twenty feet above the walls of the great Donegal spring, and listened with wonder to Senator Hale's ornithological description of how she would safely land her young brood. With the romance of a young lover silver-haired Senators carved their names on the smooth trunks of great trees, and others listened agape to Randall's tale of how no weeping willows grew in this country until transplanted from St. Helena after Napoleon's banishment, when the old house servant peeping around the corner bore testimony that the great forked willow near the porch was planted when the mansion house was built in 1804.

There were tales of the Senate and secrets of the executive session; comparison of the mineral waters from all parts of the globe, and various diversions, followed with a dinner that lasted for many hours and was enlivened by many speeches.

MR. HEWITT'S SERIOUS LOSS.

All his Writings for Twelve Years and his Political Economy Library Burned.

Mr. Abram S. Hewitt reached this city yesterday from Washington to examine in person the damage done to his library by the fire in his house on Thursday afternoon. Until his arrival the origin of the fire had been inexplicable. Mr. Hewitt discovered that a tinsmith at work on his roof had set his portable furnace on top of the chimney containing the library flue. Mr. Hewitt suspects that a live coal dropped from the furnace down the flue and caused the fire.

"All my literary work for the last twelve years was in the library," said Mr. Hewitt, "and all was destroyed. There was a great deal of correspondence relative to the campaign of 1876, which has all been destroyed. My library on political economy was a very good one, and it is all gone. Many of the books are unobtainable nowadays. There were many French and Spanish books in the collection, and many early books on the subject. There were about 3,000 volumes there—there are a few in Washington, and some at my country house—which I had bought as I needed. I kept the books all together, intending to give them to the Cooper Institute as a special library.

"I had kept the notes made in preparing all my speeches," continued Mr. Hewitt. "Some of them took me three months and more to prepare. Those notes have all gone, and with them all chances of the future appearance of 'The Speeches of Abram S. Hewitt.'"

STRIKE AT COLUMBIA LAW SCHOOL.

The Senior Class Protest Against Paying the $25 Examination Fee in Advance.

Two years ago the examination fee at the Columbia Law School was made $25, instead of $5, and it was decreed that the fee should be paid before the men entered the examination room. Last year's senior class said that the raising of the fee was not fair to them, as they had entered the school when the fee was publicly announced to be only $5. Their point was heard and sustained, and they were the last to pay only $5.

On Friday last the announcement was made to the seniors that they would be required to pay the $25 fee before entering the examination room, and that a fee of $5 extra would be charged for each extra examination rendered necessary by a failure to pass the regular one. The men could not complain of lack of notice, but could and did find fault with the prepayment of the fee. A meeting of the class was held, and the following resolution was passed unanimously:

Resolved, That it is the sense of this class that the $25 for admission to the examination room and the $5 for each extra examination now required of the members of the graduating class are unjust, and that we, therefore, respectfully petition the honorable Board of Trustees to postpone the payment of the former sum until the delivery of the diploma, and to abolish the payment of the latter fee.

A committee was appointed to hand this resolution to the trustees, and all seniors were requested not to pay their fees until the answer of that body should be received. The examinations begin in about two weeks.

The Graves of Friendless Journalists.

Mr. Joseph Howard, Jr., lectures in Wallack's Theatre this evening in aid of the cemetery fund of the Press Club. He yesterday received the following letter from Gov. Hill:

My Dear Mr. Howard: It would afford me great pleasure to be present at your lecture on Sunday evening, both for the enjoyment which will be afforded by your discourse and my sympathy with the worthy object for which you have so kindly volunteered your valuable services. Unfortunately a great press of official business prevents my remaining in the city. Permit me, however, to show my appreciation of your action in the premises and my good wishes for the object by contributing the enclosed check ($25) for the benefit of the fund. With best wishes for your success I remain sincerely your friend, David B. Hill.

Mr. John O'Brien also forwarded his check for $25 for the same object. Mr. James J. Coogan has also sent in a check for $25.

The Leaders of Washington Society.

From Town Topics.

The Whitneys have really introduced the large and splendid hospitality of New York at the capital. The rest of society there is hopelessly provincial and left-handed in its manifestations of itself.

As the liver is easily disordered, more or less bilious distress prevails at this season of the year. Dr. Jayne's Sanative Pills restore the liver to healthy action, and remove all biliousness.—Adv.

WHAT IS GOING ON IN SOCIETY.

"To everything there is a season and a time for every purpose under the heaven," said the wise man of old, and although he may have known but little of handicaps and stakes, "cracks" and prizes, yet he knew human nature with tolerable accuracy, and men and women were much the same in ancient Judea as they are in modern New York. The movements of society people and the recurrence of their fixed periods for various amusements are as certain as those of the solar system. From dancing and entertaining they pass to fasting and praying, from Lenten penitence to coaching and racing, from thence to tennis, yachting, and pastoral sports, the whole winding up with three months of Newport and Saratoga, which combine and embrace all the gayeties and pleasures of every preceding season. Such is the regular routine of the gay world into which the three great forces of human life—birth, marri