The Sun.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1888.

London office of THE SUN, Hotel Victoria, Northumberland avenue. Address ARTHUR BRISBANE, sole representative in London.

Advertisements for THE WEEKLY SUN, *issued to-morrow morning, must be handed in this evening before six o'clock.*

CHRISTMAS.

A curse was birth and death a doubt
To the old, hoar world of fear and shame;
No hope gave heart to that lorn rout
That scorned or prayed gods of all name.
Though gold and silver decked the fane,
And vows were paid and souls aspired,
The oracles were blind and vain,
No seeker found the goal desired.

In many lands, by many a sea
Men sought the light whose beams make whole;
It shone at last in Galilee,
A guide, a beacon to the soul.
The simple shepherds kneeling saw;
The words that told the holy birth
They heard, heart hushed with love and awe:
Good will to men and peace on earth!

Though myriad shapes of sin and scorn
Ravened and reigned the grievous, wild,
Sad world of gods and men forlorn,
And truth was not, and hope defiled,
A light to thrill and pierce the dark,
A heaven to crown the hopes of earth,
For all mankind a saving ark,
Came in this holy Christmas birth.

To lowly life, to mean estate,
Son of the King of Heaven, He came;
He shared the common human fate;
The blind, the beggar, and the lame,
The woman shamed, the folk despised
Of men, the poor, the publican,
All suffering souls and sacrificed—
These knew and loved the Son of Man.

With humble mind, be great or small
Your lot in life, rejoice to-day;
May that strong Love which yearns for all
Still keep us in His work and way.
The Christmas bells recall the heart
From that dear hope too long exiled;
Through death's long rest, through life's long smart
Be with us still, O, Mary's Child!

Government Without Politics.

It is never pleasant to hear a good Democrat talking the Mugwump jargon. At Christmas time it is particularly unpleasant, for it provokes sentiments out of tune with the season's cheerfulness. Yet here is the accomplished editor of the *St. Louis Republic*, in a letter to the New York *Press*, putting his own personal signature to such comprehensive nonsense as this:

"The complete separation of the civil service and the Government from politics will be followed by abatement of an extensive series of political nuisances."

We should say so! The complete separation of the Government from politics would be followed not only by the abatement of political nuisances but also by the abatement of a pretty extensive series of political blessings, and of nearly everything else that belongs to the institutions our fathers founded.

Politics and free Government are inseparable. Neither Mr. JONES nor any other person can separate them. The freer the Government the more politics there must be. From a Government separated from politics Mr. JONES and every other truly patriotic American would take refuge in voluntary exile.

Yet while we are considering sonorous phrases, how ephemeral, how unimportant is that of Mr. JONES's, compared, for example, with this far more impressive statement built upon the same plan: The complete separation of body from soul will be followed by abatement of an extensive series of physical ills.

The Jay Prayer Trust.

Among European critics of the United States, this country is credited with many queer social developments; but that modern life in England is not without ideas and institutions quite as remarkable as anything we have here, may be inferred from the facts of a will case lately decided in the Chancery Division of the High Court of Justice by Mr. Justice CHITTY.

Miss SARAH ELIZABETH JAY of Ashley Grove, Wilts, died in 1885 leaving a will by which she gave a thousand pounds sterling to a clergyman in trust to apply the same for the benefit of the "Society for Suppressing Cruelty by United Prayer," to be applied by him in such way as he might consider most for the benefit of the society, and for accomplishing its purposes and objects.

Miss JAY in her will described herself as having been for some time the Treasurer of the Society for Suppressing Cruelty by United Prayer. This institution, if it could be deemed a society at all, came into existence in this way. Miss JAY was an earnest opponent of vivisection, and in order to make the practice unpopular she caused a small card to be prepared bearing a Scripture text and the words: "The Society for United Prayer for Protection of Animals from Cruelty." Under this title were three rules which required that each member of the society must purchase a card, those who could afford it being required to pay twopence therefor, and poor persons only a penny; that each member must use his influence in increasing the membership of the association, and that each member must aid in disseminating information which would lead to the abolition of all forms of cruelty. The prayer was printed on the other side of the card, and was in form a supplication to GOD to pour out upon all men a spirit of mercy to help those who are helpless and to forgive the guilty. This prayer was written by the clergyman to whom Miss JAY left the £1,000 in trust. The question before the Court was whether the bequest was valid in law, it being contended in behalf of the residuary legatees that the Society for Suppressing Cruelty by United Prayer never had any real existence, but was a mere name used by Miss JAY to designate the scheme which has been described, and, furthermore, that if there was such a society its purposes were not charitable in a legal sense, and therefore the gift was not one which the law would uphold.

It did not appear that there was any other officer of the society except Miss JAY herself. At one time, however, there were as many as 17,000 members, assuming that each person who purchased a card thereby became a member. All expenses not met by the income from the sale of cards were paid by Miss JAY individually, but no accounts were kept and nothing was found to show the financial condition of the scheme at the time of her death. Two or three numbers of a magazine called the *Ashley Grove Annual* were published, containing stories and other matter calculated to promote the avowed objects of the society, and it appeared that one of the nieces of Miss JAY who contested the will had been a contributor to this annual as the author of an amusing story called "The Tails of All Creatures."

Mr. Justice CHITTY, in rendering his decision, declared that no case had hitherto been brought before the courts which presented the main features of this one. It was the established law, however, that where on the face of a will a bequest was given for the benefit of a particular society, the gift lapsed and fell into the residuary estate if the society had ceased to exist at the time of the testator's death. He was inclined to think that there was no society at all here, in the proper sense of the word, but that the lady herself might be termed the society. The case was like that of a person setting up business on his own account and calling himself an association. But whether there ever was a society or not, the learned Judge was satisfied that it ended with the life of the excellent lady who set it on foot. He also expressed the opinion that if the society was still in being, its object was not charitable in such a sense as to make the gift for its benefit valid in law. While it has been held that a society for the prevention of cruelty to animals is a charity, and that a bequest to such an institution is good as a charitable gift, the object in the present case was not the suppression of cruelty by general means, but solely by prayer—that is to say, by improving individuals by bringing the power of private prayer to bear upon their conduct. It therefore seemed to Mr. Justice CHITTY that the real purpose of this benevolent woman was to do good to the whole community by improving individuals; and although this might result in a benefit to the public, yet such a benefit was not charitable within the contemplation of the law.

For these various reasons the Court rejected the testamentary provision in favor of the Society for Suppressing Cruelty by United Prayer, and held that the gift must go to the two nieces of the testatrix.

The case of the JAY Prayer Trust is an interesting addition to the curiosities of legal literature.

The Slate and the Sword.

One of the most impressive wood engravings produced during the year now ending is a picture of Gen. HARRISON's library that recently appeared in some of the Western newspapers. This is the place where the inaugural address will be written, if, indeed, the laborious work of composition has not already begun. This, too, is where the President elect has been receiving in detachments of from one to sixteen the innumerable caravan which moves to that mysterious room, and where he has held communion with the visible forms of Boss QUAY, Col. ELLIOTT F. SHEPARD, and various other Republican statesmen.

We have already described the interior arrangement of Gen. HARRISON's library, as exhibited in this most interesting woodcut, but the fascination of the subject is still strong. The homely rocking chair of the Shaker pattern, with a seat near enough to the floor to accommodate the brevity of the General's legs, and with broad flat arms on which he may rest his elbows when in contemplation; the bookcase well filled with portly volumes, among which we think we recognize the historian BLAINE's "Twenty Years of Congress," and the ancestral copy of GIBBON; the Dictionary within arm's reach on the bookcase shelf; the fine old line engraving which decorates the wall and which, apparently, represents the Pursuit of the Proconsul MUMMIUS by a Horde of Roman Office Seekers; the Turkish rug; the frieze of early Florentine sunflowers so satisfying to the æsthetic sense; the ne plus ultra brass spittoon hard by the General's chair, and close to that the low ottoman on which Boss QUAY and Col. ELLIOTT F. SHEPARD must have sat while in conference with Gen. HARRISON, since there is no other available seat in the library, barring one chair under a branching pair of antlers in the corner, so placed that it could not possibly be occupied with safety to the scalp, skull, and brains of the unfortunate guest—all these things are vividly presented to the imagination. The woodcut makes Gen. HARRISON's library life seem very real.

There are two articles of furniture in Gen. HARRISON's library which must not be omitted from the catalogue. The first is a naked sabre easily within reach of the General's right arm. The free technique of the artist leaves us in doubt as to whether the point of this sword has been stuck into the floor so that it stands without other support, or whether it leans confidingly upon the Unabridged Dictionary just behind it. Nor can we tell whether it is the General's own weapon—the sword that flashed at Resaca and Peach Tree Creek—or the inherited sabre of his grandsire, the sword of Tippecanoe. But the sword certainly is there, a sharp, cruel blade, with its convenient handle dangerously near to a crowded President elect. In his present state of feeling toward regular Republican statesmen and the great army of volunteer advice bringers, the importance of the propinquity can hardly be exaggerated. Suppose he should extend his right arm and grasp the hilt!

The other article is Gen. HARRISON's slate. It does not appear in the picture. It is in the drawer of the library table, behind a lock, the key of which is in the General's own waistcoat pocket. The artist is not to blame for omitting the slate, for it was out of sight when he made the historic sketch of which we have been speaking. It is still out of sight. Yet there is nothing else in all of Gen. HARRISON's library equipment that the country is so impatient to behold. Hundreds of Republicans would travel a thousand miles for a glance at it. Dozens of Republicans would give $10,000 apiece to hold it in their hands a moment. There are not a few statesmen, probably, who would sacrifice their ears and thumbs for the privilege of a close inspection. What names are on the slate? Are there any names upon it yet? Have any names written upon it been sponged out since they were written? Is there a capital B, is there a capital P, is there a capital W on the slate? Or is there simply a big, big D, with a Presbyterian dash and an exclamation mark, to register the progress which Gen. HARRISON has made up to date in the work of Cabinet framing?

Even on this blessed day of peace within the party and good will among Republicans there will be no change in the situation in Gen. HARRISON's library. The naked sword stands guard over the invisible slate.

The Bridgewater at Shelburne.

The persistent refusal of the Dominion authorities to furnish redress for the wrong done to the American registered ship Bridgewater should receive attention from Congress this winter. Were the individual injustice and loss the only consideration, the case would still demand prompt consideration, but it touches also the broad question whether the Canadian authorities are to continue to deny to our vessels in their ports the common hospitality which their vessels freely receive in ours.

In the spring of last year the Bridgewater, soon after starting from St. John to a European port, put into a Nova Scotia harbor, Shelburne, in distress. She was surveyed, and found to be so much injured that she was offered for sale at auction; but in the lack of bidders she was withdrawn by the owner, Capt. J. H. ALLEN. It only remained to repair the vessel and get away; but the Canadian authorities then demanded a payment of 25 per cent. on her value as an article imported. Of course the theory that she stood on the footing of imported merchandise, and not that of a vessel in distress, entitled to the privileges of the port, is outrageous. It was still more so, since the local port would profit by the outlay for repair. When Capt. ALLEN refused to pay this duty, which is the one required of Canadians who import foreign-built vessels, the Bridgewater was seized.

It did not take long, however, for the Dominion customs authorities to discover that the Shelburne Collector had blundered; and then an offer was made to allow the owner to take away the vessel on payment of all expenses connected with the seizure, with a written renunciation of all claims against the Collector or the Government for damages. These terms were promptly declined. At last the Ottawa authorities directed that the Bridgewater should be released without any stipulations or conditions. But by that time nearly three months had elapsed, and, of course, various expenses had been incurred, in addition to the loss of the voyage. A suit for damages was therefore brought in a local court, and meanwhile the State Department at Washington had taken up the case and applied for redress. The reply made to the department was that the owner had already brought a suit at law for damages, and the Dominion Government would accept the judicial decision. This at first may seem a satisfactory response; but it appears from the documents in the case that a legal opinion had already been given by a Dominion law authority that damages could not be recovered for a suit of this character, which may be the secret of the equanimity with which the judicial decision is awaited by the Canadian authorities.

This sort of thing will not do. The local customs officer at Shelburne was wrong, as the subsequent transactions virtually admit. His wrong caused a serious injury to the American owner, and the claim of the latter for reparation should therefore have been promptly adjusted by the Dominion authorities, especially if they were advised that technicalities lay in the way of a recovery of damages by suit at law. Congress may add this to the other instances of a marked lack of hospitable treatment of our American merchant marine in Canadian ports.

Destroying Sources of Wealth.

The damage inflicted upon some parts of our country by the wholesale removal of forests and ignorant or reckless activity in other directions has been large, but it is not comparable with the vast destruction of rich sources of wealth in many less civilized lands. Some products most demanded by traders are wholly disappearing in large districts on account of ignorant methods of labor. The British Consul at Carthagena in Colombia says that rubber hunters, instead of tapping trees to extract the rubber, have been in the habit of cutting them down, and now they are compelled in some districts to travel several days from the rivers before they can find rubber. Consul O'NEILL, writing from Mozambique, in East Africa, says that in a region that has exported $250,000 of rubber in a year, the industry is rapidly declining, as the careless cutting of trees by the natives has destroyed enormous tracts of rubber forests. Rubber exports have been a large feature of the West African trade, but the trees, or vines, have been so largely exterminated that there are now no exports of rubber at all from the French settlements of Senegambia and Gaboon, where the trade once flourished.

The species of palm from which palm oil is derived is disappearing from some regions of the Guinea coast on account of the ruthless destruction of the forests. Such immense tracts of country, however, are covered with this beautiful tree that there is no present danger of a serious impairment of the sources of supply. It is a strange fact that the palm oil exports of the Gold coast were greatly diminished for a time by the short-lived superstition, fostered by fetich doctors, that cracking palm nuts for their oil was the cause of small-pox.

Dr. CORRE reports from Senegal that the natives collect the coffee crop by cutting the trees down, a process which will soon cause coffee trees to disappear in that region, unless they are multiplied on plantations. Mr. MALONEY, late Governor of the British colony of Lagos, says the forests of valuable timber on the west coast are rapidly diminishing on account of the ceaseless and inconsiderate attacks upon them by the natives with axe and fire.

It is evident that one of the most useful varieties of knowledge that can be imparted to such people as these is the value of their products and the methods of conserving their natural sources of wealth.

Some Presents.

The surroundings of the day prompt a few suggestions of Christmas gifts to various individuals. Some of them may be more desired than deserved. Some may be more dreamed of than probable. Some would be blessings worthy of the day. They would all be appropriate. For instance:

JAMES G. BLAINE—The portfolio of State.
THOMAS C. PLATT—The Treasury.
WARNER MILLER—As good a place as PLATT'S.
CHAUNCEY DEPEW—His own leg.
Col. SHEPARD—A satisfactory assistant religious editor.
WILLIAM M. EVARTS—A new hat.
HENRY GEORGE—The earth.
REED—
CANNON—
BURROWS—
BUTTERWORTH—
McKINLEY— } The Speakership.
Chief Justice FULLER—A smooth face.
All future Republican officeholders—Honesty; Capability; Faithfulness to the Constitution.
All Democratic officeholders—Something better than they have now.
Canada—The Stars and Stripes.
The Irish—Ireland.
Mayor HEWITT—Sleep.
Mayor GRANT—Watchfulness.
The Democratic party—Democracy.
The Republican party—Continence.
The White Caps—A licking.
Every citizen of the United States—THE SUN.
The sick—Health.
The poor—Happiness.
The rich—Contentment.
All of us—Prosperity.
BEN HARRISON—Peace.

Yet even if that ideal distribution of fortune should be effected, we imagine that human nature is still so imperfect that there would be trouble again before long.

However, for the day it would be sufficient, and, generally speaking, grand.

We hope that Old Probabilities will get his gift at New Year's, and that it will be the ability to foretell the weather with more reasonable accuracy than to predict that to-day's ground would be white.

The Queen's speech to Parliament yesterday deals mainly with those recent slight disturbances of the peace in various parts of the globe in which British forces have been engaged. She speaks of the recent operation of the Anglo-Egyptian force at Suakin, the Anglo-German blockade on the eastern coast of Africa, the disturbances on the frontier of Sikkim in India, the revolt in Afghanistan, near the Anglo-Indian frontier, and the rebellion of Zulu chiefs in South Africa. In all these troublesome cases satisfactory news is given in the Queen's speech. Her Majesty regrets that the United States Senate rejected the convention for the adjustment of the fisheries question in North American waters, and approves of the temporary arrangement that has been made concerning it; but she nowhere makes any allusion to the remarkable case of her Minister at Washington, Lord SACKVILLE. She may possibly have forgotten all about it.

We learned through the *Brooklyn Eagle* of Saturday that Governor HILL has selected his staff for his next term of office, and that it will be substantially the same as that which attends him at present. Gen. PORTER will be Adjutant-General; Gen. VARIAN, Chief of Ordnance; Gen. SCHAEFER, Inspector, and Gen. WYLIE, Chief of Artillery. During Governor HILL'S administration the New York National Guard has reached a higher standard of excellence than it ever attained before, and it may be considered a cause of congratulation that the same officers are to be retained.

It was truly delightful to read the despatches from Dakota in yesterday's SUN. They told us of the charming summer weather that the people are enjoying these December days in that far-off Northern region. On Saturday last they held a celebration by the shores of Lake Kampiska, where there was a basket picnic in the open air. The day was equally genial at Mandan, where a jolly party of Dakotans took to the woods, basked in a temperature of 85 degrees, and marched in procession to the picnic grounds, under the leadership of a brass band. It is evident, after all, that Dakota, with all her blizzards, enjoys the advantages of a sunny clime, and can tell us of December weather that would do honor to the balmiest regions of Florida in the same season. It is pleasant to add that we of New York city, in these wintry times, have something to boast of in the line of weather. The thermometer has not of late been as high here as in Dakota; but the past few days have been as full of sunshine, beauty, and health as any well-clad, well-fed man could desire, though few of us would have cared to take part in an outdoor picnic in the woods or by the shore, even with the accompaniment of a brass band.

The *Washington Post* is anxious to know what office JOSEPH H. MANLEY will have if Mr. BLAINE becomes Secretary of State.

He will be Postmaster at Augusta. He will probably be Postmaster at Augusta even if Mr. BLAINE does not become Secretary of State. He was a good Postmaster up to the time when Mr. CLEVELAND very properly replaced him with a Democrat, and true civil service reform demands his reappointment. Besides, Brother MANLEY is as modest as he is great. He will not claim the whole earth.

If the Hon. THOMAS W. GRADY should be returned to the State Senate by the Democrats, the debating ability of that side would be very greatly and very opportunely increased, and the party thereby strengthened.

It is to be presumed that all the school boys and school girls of the present day are familiar with a fact which many of the grown people who studied American geography twenty or more years ago may not be aware of. The fact was mentioned by ex-Gov. HOADLY of Ohio, at the New England dinner on Forefathers' Day in this city. He said he had thought he knew something about the West until two years ago, when, sitting on top of a California stage coach, the driver put this question to him:

"'May I ask where ye be from, stranger?'
"'I'm from New York.'
"'That's amusin', stranger. I'm an Eastern man myself, born an' raised in Kansas!' (Laughter.)
"'The stage driver,' said ex-Gov. HOADLY, 'started me to thinking; and it was not long before I knew that Topeka is 400 miles east of the geographical centre of the United States.' (Liberal Ex-Gov. HOADLY then described his visit to Alaska in the far West.)

After giving a moment of thought to this dialogue, those of our readers who have not studied geography at school for the past twenty years had better look at any recent map of the United States on which our Alaskan possessions appear. They will see that the California stage driver of Kansas birth was not in the wrong when he spoke of himself as an Eastern man!

The Rev. Dr. MCCOSH of Princeton, writing about Mr. MATTHEW ARNOLD in the *Ledger*, says that "he will go down the stream to posterity as the author of some fine poems of the second rank, and of certain phrases, such as the rather unsavory one 'uncircumcised Philistine,' which he has sought to make classical." If Dr. MCCOSH will overhaul his Bible he will find that KING DAVID, and not Mr. ARNOLD, was the author of what he calls the "rather unsavory" expression referred to. See the account of DAVID's duel with GOLIATH, in the book of SAMUEL.

Poor Percy.

From the Boston Courier.

"Calliope," said the youth, in soft, thrilling, tender tones, as he gazed fondly in the face of the beautiful girl who sat beside him on the crimson crush-plush tidy decorated sofa, "Calliope," and he pressed the snowy, velvety, and shapely hand which he had taken in his, and which was not withdrawn, "the time has come for a perfect understanding between us. I can no longer live in uncertainty. I must know my fate. Drifting about in the 'Dismal Swamp' of doubt and suspense is making my life a torture. I must declare myself. Calliope, I love you deeply, passionately, devotedly, tenderly, and it is for you to say whether that love is to be my happiness or my misery. Tell me, Calliope, sweetest, dearest, fairest, tell me, can you return my affection?"

"Oh, Algernon," murmured the beautiful maiden, a deep blush overspreading her lovely and expressive countenance, as the shadow of a cloudlet passes over the silvery surface of a stream on a sunny June day, "this is so sudden!"

"Oh, answer me," he implored, "do not spare my feelings. Death is preferable to suspense."

She turned away her face to conceal her confusion, as she replied, in tones as soft, sweet, and musical as ever trembled on the strings of the lyre of Orpheus:

"It is useless for me to deny that you have made a deep impression on my heart, and—and—but let that admission content you. Maidenly modesty forbids me to say more."

"Oh, my darling," he exclaimed, as he passionately kissed her hand, "you have made me the happiest of men. But there is one thing about which I wish to be satisfied—have I a rival in your affections?"

"You have not."

"There is nothing between Percy Yardstick and you?"

"Absolutely nothing."

"But he loves you, and swears he will win you."

"Be not afraid," she said, "he is—"

"Poor P!"

"Worse than that."

"He is what!" and in breathless excitement he awaited her answer.

"He is—" and placing her rosy lips close to his ear while her color came and went, revealing in her face alternately the lily and the rose, she murmured in a voice as soft as the sigh of a zephyr—"He is in the soup."

Mr. Jefferson and the Foreign Actors.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* I attended a meeting of the Actors' Order of Friendship, and took part in the discussion concerning the amendment to the Labor Contract bill. By some accident my name has been quoted in the list of those endorsing the movement. I beg to state that I did not do so. Though in accord with any worthy efforts the order of which I am a member may make to benefit the theatrical profession at large, I certainly did not endorse the present move, which I think is unwise, and so most positively differ with these brothers who, by their votes, sent the delegates to Washington to represent their view.

J. JEFFERSON.

27 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, Dec. 24.

The Sensible Thing.

From the Atlanta Constitution.

The sensible thing to do would be for Protestants and Catholics to join hands in fighting the great evils which menace civilization, Christianity, and society itself.

The Southern Problem.

From the Mobile Register.

"The Southern problem" is a simple one. It is, the whites being equally divided upon economic questions, how either faction can control a negro vote which is utterly indifferent to and ignorant of every phase of such questions.

Did Any of It Get Away?

From the Boston Daily Advertiser.

BANGOR, Dec. 21.—State Detective Allen, who is also State Fish and Game Warden, made to-day the largest seizure of game being shipped contrary to law ever made. It consisted of 13 barrels, invoiced as empty bottles to Hamilton Campbell, wholesale liquor dealer, 316 Commercial street, Boston. All the packages contained venison, amounting to over two tons, packed in hay with a few bottles outside.

THE PRIMITIVE RELIGION OF ISRAEL.

Polytheistic, and it is Impossible to Trace Exactly the Origin of Monotheism.

From the Independent.

Prof. Th. Nöldeke of Strassburg, "the little giant," as the Semitists of the Continent are accustomed to call him, the best philologian of the times, in a recent review of a work by Baethgen, in the *Journal of the German Oriental Society*, gives this summary:

"A remnant of original fetichism was preserved for a long time in Israel. I refer to the reverence for sacred stones, as this has been practised by a number of the Semitic tribes. That the stone of Jacob was an originally Canaanitic one we have no reason to suppose. The sacred character of Bethel is, according to all indications, original with the Israelites, as the Old Testament is still acquainted with the fact that the place was in former times called Luz. The interpretation given to the divinely revealed stone in our present accounts must not deceive us any more than the legends of the Moslems concerning the stone fetiches in Mecca, which have remained as a singular relic in Islam.

"That Jahveh, at a comparatively late period too, was worshipped merely as the god of his own people, and that other beings were regarded by them as gods among the other peoples, Baethgen himself acknowledges. The absolute monotheism attained supremacy only very slowly. Thus, *e. g.*, while the Prophet Amos declares him to have been the Creator, and hence certainly as the only God, the narrator of Judges xi., 24, who certainly lived later than this prophet, puts words into the mouth of Jephtha which acknowledge Chemosh as the god who cares for Ammon as Jehovah cares for Israel. Sentences like that in Ex., xv., 10, 'Who is like unto thee, O Lord, among the gods?' presuppose the acceptance of more than one God; only at a later date were such expressions employed for rhetorical purposes.

"The polytheism of Israel was supported materially by the use of images. A difference in the kinds of images causes, in a marked degree, a faith in different divine beings. But the old religion of Israel was by no means without images. Baethgen tries to explain away the Teraphim, but I. Sam., xix. 13, *ff.*, shows plainly that David had a household god in the shape of a human being. It is further narrated as something quite natural that Gideon made an idol (Judges, viii., 24-27*a*); the blame attached to this further on, 27 *b*, does not suit to the connection. The picture of Jahveh in Dan is attributed to a grandson of Moses, Judges, xvii., *ff.* In the light of these facts the golden images of steers made by Jeroboam receive a certain legitimacy. It is even not certain that Solomon's temple was entirely without images, for it was only Hezekiah who destroyed the image of a serpent of brass which was attributed to Moses, II. Kings, xviii., 4. It is vain to try to explain away these plain facts by the legend in Num., xxi., 6-9.

"But it is also a certain fact that at an early date there was an opposition to the use of images for worship. The second commandment, which is certainly very old, forbids the use of any and all images; and the story of the golden calf of Aaron, which in itself is certainly unhistorical, condemns even before the days of Hosea in the strongest terms the official religious cult of the northern kingdom.

"As was the case with the other Shemites, the Israelites, too, had human sacrifice, especially the horrible sacrifice of children. The law which demands all the first born for Jahveh, Ex., xiii., 2, was undoubtedly meant literally at first. The very fact that ransom money was paid for the first born shows that originally these were sacrificed themselves. The story in Gen., xxii., would be without meaning if it did not presuppose the sacrifice of children as an ancient rite. The prohibition in Lev., xviii., 21; xx., 2, not to sacrifice children to Moloch, is not given as against a foreign custom. As was the case with the Greeks, spiritual progress among the Hebrews also at a very early date crowded out this barbarity, while among the equally pious but innerly wild Carthaginians it remained in full sway. But in Israel, too, it from time to time comes into the forefront again.

"We accordingly find throughout Israel religious ideas and customs such as were in vogue among their related polytheists; but everywhere there is seen also, even in the oldest times, a striving for a pure monotheism and a higher religious service, and this it is that gives Israel its characteristic position in history. But just the origin of this feature is wrapped in darkness. The Old Testament represents Moses, who grew up as an Egyptian, and whose name is Egyptian, as the lawgiver of the monotheistic religion. Unfortunately, we cannot secure an historical picture of his person and work, and still less of the legislation of Sinai; but we can certainly trust tradition sufficiently to believe that the new departure was contemporaneous with the exodus out of Egypt. In Egypt the Israelites doubtless received many germs which were developed later. There, where crude fetich worship and deep wisdom were both at home, a gifted nation could receive many an impetus. At any rate, it would be my supposition that the service of Jahveh was also taken from them. But, however this may be, I would forego the explanation of the mystery, that this originated 'in the constant divine conduct and divine revelation.' This is certainly no scientific explanation.

"It is more than doubtful that the original Israelites already in Egypt, or their ancestors before going there, were to a greater or less extent monotheists. Of Abraham, the God-fearing man, something may be saved as historical. I cannot at all understand how a man from whom not only all Israel, but also a number of other nations descended, could have been a real person. How can a tradition concerning such a one have been developed? Is his personality or that of his immediate descendants testified to any better historically than that of Deucalion, Xuthus, or Dorus? In the account given by Genesis of Abraham we have probably several ancient Hebrew divinities, but the most of this is uncertain, to which must be added that much of it may have come from Babylon."

Foreign Notes of Real Interest.

Lord Wolseley is seriously ill.

The value of next year's Derby will be almost unprecedently small, only about £4,000.

It is said that Browning wrote "Lady Geraldine's Courtship" in two consecutive hours.

The only jubilee gift which Emperor Francis Joseph accepted was a mosaic image of the Virgin from the Pope.

Sarah Bernhardt's earnings in Constantinople are South American in size. She is having enormous success there.

Mr. Froude's book on Australia has given birth to a new word in the Assembly House at Melbourne. It is "Froudacity."

Italy has promised a subvention of several million francs for piercing the Italian section of the proposed Simplon tunnel.

The rare accident of a gun bursting on a French ironclad has occurred on the Admiral Duperré, killing five men and one officer.

Lady Salisbury has placed herself at the head of a movement to present a bracelet to Mrs. Phelps as a souvenir of her stay in London.

Quick firing Armstrong guns, 36 and 100-pounders, discharging ten and eleven shots a minute, have been finally adopted by the British army.

One of the greatest innovations in the House of Parliament is the introduction of a bootblack in the Commons cloak room. He is the first of his kind.

The daughters of the Empress Frederick wear what would be considered widows' cans. The Empress wears a widow's cap with strings nearly to her feet.

Miss Helen Hastreiter sang recently in Rome in an opera by a Greek composer, Spiro Samala. It was a very gorgeous spectacle, but a poor opera, and a failure.

The French chemist who discovered oleomargarine has now invented a process for treating steel by which steel bronze and bell metal can be made at fabulously low prices.

A new rôle for women in London city is that of serving writs. A pretty young woman there is said to find doors open to her, which to nearly every other Sheriff's officer are shut fast.

Next year there will be a celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of Verdi's debut as a composer. His first opera, "Oberto di San Bonafacio," was produced at Milan on Nov. 17, 1839.

As a steady tonic for the amity between Germany and Italy, Kaiser William has ordered each regimental band to play at least once a week the march of the Bersaglieri and the Italian infantry march.

An American gentleman, Mr. Bonsal, heard the casual crack of a Parisian cabman's whip close to his ear, and thereupon rounded to and whaled him with his walking stick, much to the approval of English critics.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain, who are at present making a tour on the Continent, are expected home on the 27th of December, and it has been decided to hold a conversazione on Jan. 8 at the City Hall, when a bracelet will be given to Mrs. Chamberlain.

What is almost an incredible report is that $120,000, the highest on record, was offered by the Buenos Ayres syndicate that wanted to buy Ormonde, for Stuart, the winner of the last French Derby and Grand Prix. M. Donon, the owner, did not want to sell, though not because he thought his horse worth more.

Gen. Boulanger's one idol in life is said to be his mother. She was with him in 1859 during the ten months in which he was in danger from a wound received at Solferino, and which has never entirely healed. He spends every Sunday afternoon and evening with her, and if away, always sends her a telegram.

Elliman, the proprietor of a very valuable wash for horses, who has just died, failed thirty years ago as a linen draper, and paid ten shillings on the pound. He left an injunction upon his heirs that the creditors should receive the other ten shillings due with compound interest at three per cent., and his instructions have been faithfully carried out.

Besides the abolition of the buckhounds as a means of reducing the Queen's household expenses, there has been a large cutting down of salaries of various functiaries. The salaries of the lords in waiting have been withdrawn, the equerries have been reduced from seven to four, the grooms in waiting from eight to four, and the pages of honor from four to two. There will no longer be a sergeant-at-arms, and there has been a large reduction of the Lords and Women of the Bed Chamber.

Gen. Lew Wallace's play of "Commodus" is a great feature of the January number of *Harper's Magazine*, and is certain to attract widespread attention. It is a grand number from every point of view.

INTERESTING GOSSIP OF THE DAY.

"Do you see that gentleman?" asked a waiter in an up-town German beer saloon and restaurant. "He is very rich, but he prefers free lunch to anything else for his dinner, and he comes here to get it. He has a special arrangement here. He came in one day and he said to the boss: 'See here, you have the best free lunch up town. I can't find such head cheese and bologna and caviare, and all the other dishes you set out, in any other place. I do not want to sponge on you, but I want to come in every day and enjoy myself. Will a quarter a day suit you?' So he comes every day and stands up and picks up a free lunch, and buys beer and a cigar, and altogether pays about sixty or seventy cents a day, so that the boss could afford to give him his lunch; but he's rich and won't have it that way."

A gentleman who tried to get some gold dollars to give to some little friends for Christmas was unable to secure them at any of the four large down-town banks. The teller of the Nassau Bank said they were practically out of circulation. He finally obtained them from a Nassau street money broker at an advance of thirty cents apiece.

"I read in THE SUN recently," said a bright young married woman, "that there is now a way of removing hairs from a woman's lip by the use of electricity. That is not new, and I want to sound a note of warning to any woman who may be tempted to use it. I have a very dear friend who was a classmate of mine in college. She was a real pretty girl, but she was greatly annoyed at the fact that a few hairs were growing on her chin and upper lip. They really did not look bad, more like the down on a beautiful peach than anything else, but they were eyesores to her.

"She tried everything to get rid of them, and finally was persuaded to try electricity. An experienced physician performed the operation, and left her face as smooth as a billiard ball. Six weeks later the hairs returned, greatly increased in size and several shades darker. This time they really did look bad, and the poor girl was almost wild. She has never been able to do anything with them since, and, unless she clips them every day—a very tiresome operation—her face looks as though she was really growing a beard. The best way for a woman is to leave her face alone. She only spoils it by tampering."

The little unpleasantness in which some of the Columbia boys involved themselves on Saturday night recalls another little unpleasantness that hasn't as yet been noticed. It occurred on Friday night, or perhaps Saturday morning, at the Columbia ball. The hat checks ran short, and when the crowd descended to secure its hats and coats there was a young riot for a few minutes. The freshmen, at least so the upper classmen explain matters, charged upon the coat room, drove back the men in charge, and made free with many hats and coats. The gallant upper classmen tried "Irish persuasion" on them, and for a time there was a regular rush in the narrow halls. Finally one of the men in charge escaped to the street, and called in the four big policemen who were on duty. Their Irish-American persuasion, reënforced by night sticks, restored comparative order, and finally every one got a hat and a coat. No lives were lost, but a good deal of temper was, and some of it is still lying loose around Forty-ninth street.

One well-known lady went to the ball with a party of young people in a Fifth Avenue Hotel 'bus. When they left the college the driver, instead of turning down, drove up Madison avenue, crossed the railroad bridge, and turned up Lexington avenue. The lady's own coachman, who was on the box, persuaded him to turn down the avenue, and finally the party got to her house, in one of the Thirties. There she and her daughters alighted, leaving four men in the 'bus. They told the driver to take them to the Fifth Avenue Hotel, where they would "make it all right with him." The driver, however, whipped his horses into a gallop, drove across Fifth avenue, and turned up Madison, driving as fast as he could. The men had had enough of his driving, however, and dropped out behind, one by one, and the last that was seen of the whole-souled Jehu he was careering madly up the avenue on top of an empty stage. Where he ended up, none of the men knows.

S. V. R. Cruger, running mate with Warner Miller in the Republican high license Gubernatorial race, has gone to Washington, and won't be back till after Christmas. There are a few Republican politicians who will be in the capital during these days, even if it is the Christmas recess.

The handsome face of Julian Alvarez, the far-famed manufacturer of Havana cigars now in this city, is familiar to everybody who has ever purchased one of the boxes of cigars turned out from his big fabrica on the Calzada del Luyano in Havana. His picture, which appears on all the boxes, shows him to be a man of middle age, with a large Spanish head, regular features, and a well-kept moustache. The gorgeous decorations that glitter on his breast in the picture have not been worn by him in public since he came to New York; but several of the smokers who have noticed him in his hotel here, without knowing who he is, have turned to take a second look at him as they remarked: "I know I have seen that man before somewhere." It is the likeness of him on the labels of his boxes that is in their mind.

The New Yorker who occasionally strays over to Brooklyn will be interested to learn that the policemen of that big suburb have recently made great strides in intelligence. Time was, and not so long ago either, that it was impossible to obtain any intelligible answer from the bluecoats across the river. The bewildering problem of which horse car to take could never be solved in these days by inquiry addressed to these gentlemen. Since the elevated roads have been in operation the policemen have progressed remarkably, and they may yet reach the standard set by our finest.

He is a Caucasian or Aryan.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* I rise to modestly object to the glory which your account in yesterday's SUN of the Ross-Derrick suit would shower upon me.

I am not an eloquent young colored lawyer.

I am merely a young Caucasian lawyer.

The young colored advocate is T. McCants Stewart, Esq., and I heartily concur in the encomium passed upon him by Chief Justice McAdam, for although I finally succeeded in obtaining the verdict of the jury for my client, Mr. Stewart tried the case against me with an ability that well nigh compassed the entire art of advocacy.

EDWIN M. FOX.

He Was Still There.

"Clara," shouted the old man from the head of the stairs in a husky tone of voice as though he had just got out of a warm bed.

No response.

"Clara, I say," he repeated.

Then an uneasy sort of a sound came from the parlor.

"Your daughter, sir," in a weak, piping, let-us-have-peace voice, "has just gone to the cellar for a fresh pitcher of cider."

Business Versus Love.

"I confess, George," said the girl shyly, after the proposal, "that I am not wholly indifferent to you, that—er—in fact, I love you as only few women can love, but I cannot commit myself to an engagement just at present."

"Oh, why, darling," he implored, "why?"

"I must hold off until the papers are made out. I am a lawyer's daughter, George, and I respect and honor that noble profession."

A Change in the Locality.

"I shay, offshur," said a Harlem man who looked as if he had walked up from down town, "ain't thish (hic) my housh?"

"Yes, sir, Mr. Brown, you're all right."

"I'm bleshed if (hic) ever shaw that big tenement buildin' 'cross the way before. Mus' be a'm mishtake."

"No, mistake, Mr. Brown; you're all right; that building was put up to-day."

Christmas Reflections of an Old Bach.

When I was, O, and a verdant chump,
In the lush flush time of folly,
I went for Christm