The Sun.

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

What Should be Done with the $600,000?

The Senate Committee on Foreign Relations recommends an amendment to the Diplomatic and Consular bill appropriating $600,000 for the maintenance of American interests in Samoa. The expenditure of $500,000 of this sum is left to the discretion of the President; $100,000 is specifically appropriated for the improvement of our coaling station in the harbor of Pago-Pago.

This is one of the finest landlocked harbors in the world. The right to use it as a naval station was secured to the United States for all time by our treaty of 1878 with Samoa. The appropriation is likewise urged upon the House by Secretary WHITNEY. There is no doubt about its wisdom and necessity. It is the first step toward the proper assertion of our rights in Samoa.

Just what will be done or just what can be done with the $500,000 appropriated "for the execution of our obligations and the protection of the interests of the United States existing under the treaty between the United States and the Government of the Samoan Islands" is not yet quite apparent. If $500,000 or even $5,000,000 could buy up and wipe out the whole record of Mr. CLEVELAND's negotiations with Prince BISMARCK's Government concerning the Samoan question during the past three years, the purchase would be worth the money. Unfortunately, that cannot be done.

Nevertheless, the vote of $500,000 will show that the Government of the United States means business, and, therefore, the appropriation should pass without opposition. Congress is now awake to the gravity of the situation. The American policy will be defined, as Mr. CLEVELAND desires, and political partisanship should go to the rear for a time. Republicanism and Democracy should combine and blend in genuine American patriotism until the Samoan affair is settled.

We can suggest how at least part of the $500,000 might be spent with advantage to the American cause. The nearest telegraph station to Apia Bay is at Auckland in New Zealand. That is about fourteen hundred miles from Samoa. Part of the $500,000 might be spent in cabling to Auckland, and forwarding from that point to Samoa by a specially chartered steamer a new set of instructions to meet Admiral KIMBERLY on his arrival at Apia Bay.

The instructions now in the hands of that gallant and discreet officer are altogether inadequate. They have been published to the whole world, including Germany. They are practically the same as those under which the commanders of the Adams and the Nipsic have chafed while German aggression, outrage, and insult have steadily proceeded from bad to worse.

That Immigration Bill.

The changes in our immigration laws proposed by Mr. FORD are naturally scanned with interest, not to say anxiety, by the agents of transatlantic steamship companies and trunk railway lines. There is hardly any feature of the bill introduced the other day which is regarded with approval. On the other hand, the measure on the whole is viewed with favor by the Emigration Commissioners, who are no less qualified than the steamship and railroad men to offer expert testimony, but who are perhaps not uninfluenced by the prospect of administering the fund that might accrue from the increased head money.

There seems to be some difference of opinion with regard to the effect of the proposed law on the volume of immigration. Some of the steamship agents think that the FORD bill, if passed, will entirely shut off the inflow of wage earners from Europe. Others assert that the stream of newcomers will simply be diverted from the ports of the United States to those of the Dominion, and that they who seek homes in this country will easily make their way across the Canadian border. According to these critics, the FORD measure should be denominated a bill to impoverish the city of New York. Strange to say, no apprehensions on that score are entertained by the joint agent of the trunk railroad lines at Castle Garden. His notion is that the traffic of the lines converging here will not be seriously affected. The extra head tax would scarcely check, he says, the Scandinavians, who never leave home without sufficient resources for a fair start in the New World. He admits, however, that the tax of $5 per capita would put an almost entire stop to the emigration from Italy. To us it seems evident, after a review of the evidence collected, that the steamships would be forced to land their steerage passengers at St. Johns, N. F., or Halifax. For this reason the restriction of the number of passengers to one for every five tons of the vessel's register (instead of the present regulation, which allots one hundred cubic feet to every passenger) would signally reduce a ship's carrying capacity—a fact which, coupled with the head tax of $5, would compel the companies to make the price of a steerage ticket to New York almost equal to the present cost of a second-cabin passage.

Nearly all the expert witnesses concur in declaring that neither the existing law nor the FORD bill provides effectual safeguards against the importation of criminals. The most dangerous immigrants come over, it seems, not in the steerage, but in the second cabin, for the purpose of escaping detention and inspection at Castle Garden. All the elaborate provisions now proposed for examining the personal history of prospective immigrants would, it is averred, prove futile, owing to the paucity of American Consuls in any given foreign country, unless the Commissioners at this port are empowered to inspect the second-class as well as steerage passengers. It is also suggested that a bureau of inspection should be attached to the Consulates at the principal ports of embarkation. The cost of maintaining such bureaus, however, would have to be defrayed out of the head tax, which at present is insufficient for such a purpose, but which, according to the steamship companies, cannot be much increased without seriously diminishing the flow of immigration.

One thing seems certain, that for a long time to come we cannot wish to lessen the fruitful inpour of sober, law-abiding, and industrious workingmen. Mr. FORD himself acknowledges that his bill would reduce the volume of annual immigration by 150,000. That admission should suffice to secure the rejection of the measure. No member of the House from New York should support a proposal which visibly discriminates against the great American seaport in favor of Canadian harbors. Nor should any representative of the Southern whites assist in the enactment of a law which would operate to check the tendency to the increase of the white over the black race in this country, wherein lies the best hope of future safety for the Gulf States. Importation of negroes ceased in 1808, but the incoming of white immigrants should never be arrested, so long as the blacks are relatively numerous enough to constitute a source of danger in certain sections of the American republic.

Better the existing laws respecting immigration, with all their shortcomings, than a measure which would cut us off, in even an appreciable degree, from the exhaustless fountain of population and enrichment to which for forty years our unexampled progress has in a large measure been due. But why is it not possible for Mr. FORD to frame a bill which shall go far to cure the obvious defects of the legislation now in force without compelling us to lose the immigration which has unquestionably proved, upon the whole, a blessing?

The Saxton Slander Bill.

Mr. CHARLES T. SAXTON of Wayne county, the author of the SAXTON Electoral bill, has introduced into the Legislature a proposed amendment to the Penal Code of this State, which, if adopted, will change the law so as to render slander punishable as a criminal offence, the same as libel.

This is a measure for which there is no demand, need, nor justification.

Up to the present time, speaking generally, slander has not been an indictable offence either in England or in the United States. There are a few exceptions to this rule, as in cases of high treason and seditious language; but with these exceptions Mr. JOHN TOWNSHEND of this city, in his well-known work on Slander and Libel, says that no precedent of any criminal proceeding for unwritten imputations upon the characters of individuals can be found. In FOLKARD's treatise upon the Law of Slander and Libel, a modern English authority based upon the famous work of STARKIE, it is stated that "an indictment will not lie for mere words not reduced into writing, unless they be seditious, blasphemous, grossly immoral, or addressed to a magistrate while in the execution of the duties of his office, or with reference to those duties; or uttered as a challenge to fight a duel, or with an intention to provoke another to send a challenge." Mr. ODGERS, the author of another text book on Libel and Slander which has been republished in this country, and which is often referred to by the courts, says that, as a rule, no spoken words are treated as a crime.

There are good reasons for the distinction which the law thus makes between written defamation and spoken defamation, making the former indictable and the latter not. Written words assume a permanent character and may be widely diffused. Spoken words are evanescent, and usually affect only those who happen to hear them. The injury produced by written defamation is usually more widespread and lasting than any which can possibly flow from oral defamation. Libel is, therefore, as a rule, a more serious injury than slander can possibly be, and hence may more properly be punishable as a crime.

The ablest writers upon the law of defamation have generally agreed that the refusal of law makers to regard slander as a crime is justified on two grounds. If a criminal proceeding could be instituted for spoken words, vexatious prosecutions would become innumerable. A person would hardly dare to tell the truth about a dishonest servant who had been in his employ, for fear that he might be arraigned the next day in some petty police court upon a charge of criminal slander. Then, again, the uncertain and unsatisfactory nature of the proof in slander suits is a serious objection to making mere spoken words the basis of a criminal action. In libel there can be no doubt as to what has been written or printed; but in cases of alleged slander the intent and meaning of the speaker often depend wholly upon his manner and the surrounding circumstances. So true is this that words apparently most defamatory may really have an innocent meaning, and be so understood by all who hear them.

There is no occasion for any such change in the law of slander as is proposed by Mr. SAXTON, and his amendment should be promptly defeated.

Pews to Rent and at Auction.

The two most popular preachers of this vicinity are the Rev. Dr. HALL of New York and the Rev. Dr. TALMAGE of Brooklyn, both of the Presbyterian communion. They are the two men who by the sheer force of their individual ability and reputation as pulpit orators are most successful in drawing large audiences to their churches.

It might be supposed that churches having such preachers would not need to depend for their pecuniary support upon the annual renting of pews, but would obtain a sufficient income from the voluntary contributions of their crowded congregations. Yet both of them seem to find it necessary to adhere to the old pew system, and probably for the very reason that their pastors are so popular as preachers. The cost of maintaining pulpit orators of such renown is very great, for they must receive handsome salaries, and spacious churches must be provided for them, with expensive music and other accessories. The greater the audiences the more must be the wear and tear and the outlay for attendance. As Dr. TALMAGE remarked at the auction sale of the Brooklyn Tabernacle pews on Monday evening, "the expense of keeping up an institution like this, what with warming, lighting, repairing, paying salaries, and many other outgoes, is simply immense."

The surest and the most businesslike way of raising the necessary income for such a church is unquestionably by the renting of pews on yearly leases. The Brooklyn Tabernacle also follows the custom introduced by Plymouth Church in the days of Mr. BEECHER, and obtains an increase of income from putting up pews at auction, where they are bid in at premiums for the privilege of choice. Thus, at the auction on Monday night the premium bid for the first choice was $500 in addition to the regular price of the pew, which is $90. At Dr. HALL's Fifth avenue church this plan of an auction sale is not followed, but pews are sold outright, with a yearly assessment chargeable on them; or they are rented annually at prices determined by the necessities of the church, the rent for the more eligible of them being very high.

Yet there is no other way of raising money for these churches which is so generally satisfactory to those who can best be relied upon to give it. The plan of selling and renting pews assures them a fixed place in the church, and it saves them from constant importunity for aid in keeping up the public worship. They say, too, that by paying for their own privileges they make it possible for others to enjoy the preaching without cost. They go further, and argue that the prime object of a church is to afford religious privileges to those who support it, not to the world in general, except through the good influence which these exert because of their spiritual education under the famous preachers employed by them. If they admit other people to the church it is as an act of gracious hospitality, not because the outsiders have a right to come in.

That view of the purposes of the house of GOD is undoubtedly logical on their theory, though, of course, the theory is not Christian. An institution conducted on such principles cannot be called a church, for a church is a house of prayer for everybody; but as a religious club it may serve a useful purpose in promoting religious sentiment among the members. It also saves the preacher from the disagreeable necessity of going about like the Apostles and obtaining a precarious living from the offerings of the faithful. He gets a handsome salary, associates with the rich and prosperous, and is able to bring up his family amid elegant surroundings. But meanwhile Protestantism relatively declines in this vicinity, despite the pulpit eloquence of Dr. HALL and Dr. TALMAGE, and we fear that infidelity gains steadily.

Blow Up the Wreck in the North River!

On December 27 we called the attention of the United States Government to the wreck of the steamer Atlas, sunk in the North River off the foot of Barclay street, and, to all appearances, abandoned by the wrecking company which had unsuccessfully attempted to raise the hull. The wreck partially blockades the slips of the Hoboken Ferry, and is directly in the way of the Sound steamboats and the innumerable tugboats, tows, freight barges, and miscellaneous craft which constantly skirt the shore. The derelict forms a dangerous obstruction to navigation at one of the most crowded points anywhere within the maritime jurisdiction of the United States.

In the heavy fogs that are common in January and February, this wreck, situated directly in the track of ferryboats carrying forty or fifty thousand passengers every day, adds incalculably to the ordinary risks of travel. The two masts stuck up from the water like great snags, and it required no stretch of the imagination to foresee a disaster, involving, in the case of a crowded ferryboat, certainly a panic and possibly a frightful sacrifice of human life.

By good fortune the present season has thus far been remarkably free from fog. Yesterday morning, however, it was thick on the river, and the accident which we predicted a month ago promptly occurred. A tug towing a disabled West Shore ferryboat ran into the masts of the sunken Atlas, snapping them off like pipe stems. The accident happened at a time of day and under circumstances that made it a warning and an escape rather than a terrible calamity.

But the danger is now greater than before. In the place of two masts thirty or forty feet high there are now two short stumps, one submerged, the other protruding a few feet above the surface of the water. The perils from the sunken wreck have been increased a hundred fold.

Common prudence requires that the position of the now almost invisible Atlas should be marked at once by mooring at that point a sloop or barge of considerable size, and then immediate steps should be taken for blowing up the sunken ship and clearing the channel of this dangerous obstruction.

This should be done without delay under the direction of the United States Government, and at the expense of whatever appropriation there may be for the improvement of New York harbor. The Atlas must not be left to await the convenience of her owners or their contractors. No consideration of salvage should be allowed to weigh against serious danger to life.

Cabinet Making.

Our valuable comic contemporary, the *Judge*, has a cartoon upon the subject of Cabinet Making, in which President HARRISON is represented as gazing in perplexity upon a collection of stalwart materials bearing the effigies of conspicuous Republican statesmen.

This leads us to lay down a principle which every President should observe. A Cabinet ought to be made so as to strengthen and not weaken the party of the President. For instance, Gen. HARRISON ought not take out of either House of Congress any man whose presence there is essential to the power of the Republican side. It would be a mistake to take Mr. INGALLS, Mr. HISCOCK, Mr. ALLISON, Mr. HAWLEY, Mr. REED, or Mr. MCKINLEY. The same might be said of Mr. SHERMAN, but for the fact that his term of service has been so long and so conspicuous that he may really prefer to retire from the Senate. In that case, although his withdrawal would certainly leave an important blank in the Republican forces, he yet has a right to go. But this cannot properly be said respecting either of the other gentlemen of the Senate or of the House, whose names we have mentioned.

Mr. CLEVELAND made a great party mistake when he took away Mr. BAYARD from the Senate, and converted him into a clerk in the Cabinet.

New York State looks into the face of the certainty of her waning political power with fear and trembling.—*Minneapolis Tribune.*

In the shivery climate of Minnesota they may think New York trembles, but here on the seaboard it can't be perceived. As long as New York is able to pay her debts and give credit to outsiders who need help, she can get along pretty well, thank you. As for votes, she will always have as many as her population authorizes; and as for brains, ask WARNER MILLER and TOM PLATT.

The *Philadelphia Times* hears that Gen. HARRISON had almost decided that it would seem too much like a public acknowledgment of the money influence in politics to give a Cabinet place to Mr. WANAMAKER, who was credited with contributing $100,000 and raising an additional $300,000 for the campaign fund. Then Col. QUAY came along and said that Mr. WANAMAKER gave only $10,000.

"Was the dog fat?" asked the buyer of pelts in the old story.

"Fat?" exclaimed the man who wanted to sell the dogskin. "That dog was so —— fat that——"

"Don't want it," interrupted the dealer. "Skins of fat dogs are no good."

"Oh, but he wasn't one of those —— —— fat dogs, you know!" replied the man, with the stress on the first word.

Plymouth Church is in a bad way.—*Savannah Morning News.*

Oh, no, there is an immense improvement. There is no shameful lawsuit, and the minister is free from the charge of licentiousness. Gross immorality and unspeakable hypocrisy are no longer the rule.

The Italian element in New York is often accused of furnishing an undue proportion of the criminals of the city, and it will doubtless surprise many people to know that this accusation is not borne out by the police returns. We have before us, for example, the report of the Police Commissioners for the last quarter of the past year, which shows that, out of 21,731 persons arrested within that time, only 1,007 were Italians. We have not had a census of the city since that of 1880, and consequently we cannot give the statistics of our Italian population, which consists mostly of immigrants who have landed within the past decade; but, according to the most trustworthy estimates, we have now over 80,000 Italian residents in this city. If we have that number, they do not, according to police returns, furnish an extraordinary proportion of offenders against law, but, on the contrary, make a favorable show in the records of the courts by furnishing less than one-twentieth of the offenders who rendered themselves liable to arrest within the period in question. We notice that the most ordinary offence among them is that of personal violence growing out of unrestrained passions; but there are several other kinds of crime that are rarely perpetrated by our Italian denizens. Let there be fair play for the children of sunny Italy who have taken up their abode among us.

It is impossible to regard with indifference the effort to diffuse high art in the great Western metropolis of Chicago. From the foundation of the Dante Club (not pronounced Dant) and the construction of the Historical Art Gallery, cultured people everywhere have looked with interest and hope upon this upward movement. We regret to say, however, that the point of high æsthetic culture has not yet been attained; and proof of this fact will be found in the subjoined picture, illustrating the taste and the ideas which now prevail on the shores of Lake Michigan. We reproduce the drawing from the columns of our brilliant and esteemed evening contemporary, the *Chicago Mail:*

We suggest to the friends of culture in Chicago and elsewhere, that a great deal will yet have to be done before the critical sense of high art can supplant, in the great city of Illinois, the meretricious preference for such works as this Venus de Chicago. But the advocates of reform ought not to despair. Courage! Courage! And Hope!

The House bill providing for the taking of the eleventh census of the United States has been laid before the Senate with several important amendments by the Census Committee. The subjects to be taken up in the count of next year are more numerous than those that have appeared in any census of the past century, and the bill, as amended, provides for the collection of vast masses of useless statistics that cannot be procured without making the cost of the census twice as great as it ever was before. Men and women with statistical hobbies have had a hearing before Senator HALE's committee, which has countenanced them in a way that is alarming to the Census Bureau. It is to be hoped that such of these hobbies as have got into the bill will be struck out before it becomes law. The growth of our census reports has been abnormal. The first of them consisted of 52 printed pages; the last of them consisted of 24 massive volumes. How many volumes there are to be next year depends upon the provisions of the bill now under consideration. Let it be thoroughly criticised before passage.

The Canadians are adopting the policy which has been gaining ground in many of our States of permitting women to vote in municipal elections. The accounts of female voting at the recent city election in Windsor, Ontario, are entertaining. Many of the wedded wives of Windsor staved away from the polls, for reasons that are hard to divine, but nearly all the widows and spinsters on the tax roll cast their ballots under the authority of law. About one-half of them voted for candidates who favored annexation to the United States, and the other half took the opposite side. All accounts agree that the female voters were treated with courtesy at the polls, and it is even alleged that their participation in the election had a soothing effect upon the boisterous members of the other sex. When the women of Boston voted at the school elections a few days ago, many of them were highly excited in their partisanship, but there are no such reports about the women of Windsor.

One of the ladies who was a candidate before the Indiana Legislature for the office of State Librarian on Wednesday last had an attack of hysterics in the legislative chamber when it was announced that she had been defeated. This sort of thing will not do. If women are to be the competitors of men in the political arena, they must brace themselves up in such a way as to be ready for any contingency. They must stand firm under defeat, and remain tranquill in the event of victory.

Calling for the Cleveland-Bismarck Secret Agreement About Samoa.

From the New York Herald.

Mr. Bayard says he has made some sort of a secret agreement with Germany and England. Why secret? He begins to be afraid now that Germany is going to swindle him, and is raising up his virtuous voice in a declaration that it will be very unfair, you know, to take in so well meaning a man as himself.

Why has he not made his agreement public, so that the American people might judge for themselves about it? Mr. Bayard's and Mr. Cleveland's great love of secrecy has brought them both into numerous troubles. They refused to let the people know about their extradition treaty, and that treaty has failed, as it deserved. They were profoundly secret about their fishery treaty, and that treaty broke down in disgrace.

If ever we have another Democratic Administration we hope it will consist of Democrats—of men who believe in the people, and not of men who imagine that in these days important public business can be carried on by a President and Secretary of State in the European way, independent of the people's knowledge, wishes, or judgment.

This Samoan question begins to be interesting. Why does not Mr. Cleveland persuade Mr. Bayard to publish that "secret agreement"? We want to know what all the fuss is about; and after all, Mr. Cleveland, it is our business—the people's business—and not exclusively yours and Mr. Bayard's.

A Fine Opportunity Offered.

"Mamma," said a fashionable up-town girl, "there's a gentleman in the parlor who wants to see you."

Mamma enters the parlor.

"H'excuse me, madam, for not sendink h'in me kiard, but h'unfortunately I forgot to bring one. I h'am a Professor of the h'English language as she h'is spoke h'on Pell Mell and Piccadilly. I thought, perhaps, h'if there h'are young ladies h'in the family that you would like to have them join me class h'in h'order to catch the correct Piccadillian and Pell Mellian h'accent."

"Why, certainly, Professor. I think I will be glad to do so (touching a bell). James, call Miss Laura."

Music Under Difficulty.

"Hasn't that young man gone yet, Clara?" impatiently asked the old man from up stairs. "If he doesn't start soon he'll find the parlor ceiling giving way."

"He's going in a moment, pa—just as soon as I finish singing 'I'm Going to be Married, ha, ha, Mamma.'"

"I don't hear any singing," growled the old man.

"No, papa. I'm singing it in a low, soft tone for fear of rousing the dog."

Or Great Capacity.

Mrs. Hobson—Your husband is very fond of fox hunting, is he not, Mrs. Vancouver?

Mrs. Vancouver—Yes, indeed, very.

Mrs. Hobson—How many bars can he take?

Mrs. Vancouver—I don't know exactly, but I have heard it said that his capacity at bars is very great.

Substantial Knowledge.

"Were you at the Ladies' Athenian Club this afternoon, my dear?" asked a Boston husband.

"Oh, yes, and we had a most reviving time, and besides that I got Mrs. de Literati's recipe from her own lips for making snow-ball pudding."

The finest piece of high literary art in *Scribner's Magazine* for February is the portion of Robert Louis Stevenson's novel, and the most impressive article is that of Dr. Sargent on the Physical Development of Women. Bishop Potter's discussion of the Competitive Element in Modern Life will be perused with extraordinary interest, and so will President White's essay on Walter Scott. There is something exceedingly fresh and taking in every number of *Scribner's.*

WHERE IS THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL?

A Loud Cry for the Relief of Unhappy Staten Island.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* There are thirteen regular ferries between New York and Long Island, without counting the fleet of boats that run in the summer time to Coney Island and Rockaway. There is only one ferry to unfortunate Staten Island, and that single ferry, a slow, old, one-horse concern, already inadequate for the daily traffic to and from the island, is used in the warm weather to carry, in addition to the regular passengers, the excursionists to the South Beach, together with the supernumeraries and audiences of the plays and shows of St. George. The result is that the unhappy inhabitants of Staten Island are very often packed like sardines in the old boxes of the so-called Rapid Transit, and obliged during the passage to listen to the loud and unsavory conversation of the rowdy rabble that sometimes belongs to the army of "supes." Two new boats were built and brought here to facilitate this business. One was a complete failure, and the other is laid away, right side up with care, by order of the Rapid Transit Governor-General from Canada. He allows her to make an occasional trip, probably for exercise.

At present all the traffic of the island is done by the old boats, among which the ill-fated Westfield is the most conspicuous. Considerable time is lost in the failure of the boats to connect with the trains. When this happens the passengers are obliged to wait at St. George in an unfinished and dirty shed, through the floor of which one can see the water, and through the walls and doors of which the wind whistles the latest airs from pneumonia. The way stations along the line from here to Tottenville are in keeping with the rest of the comforts provided by this marvellous Rapid Transit. At Stapleton, the first stop, there is an open shed generously provided with three seats. At Grassmere there is a plank walk, and that's all. At Garretson there is a station house on one side and a plank walk on the other. At Court House there is a plank walk, and that's all. It is the same at Gifford's, and in fact the accommodations for passengers along the whole line are just about as bad as they can possibly be.

There is considerable indignation on the Island, but it is very much scattered, and if it should ever be skilfully mobilized the result might be startling for the monopoly by which the people are now treated like cattle.

In the matter of the overcrowding of boats Mayor Hewitt did little. It remains to be seen what Tammany's Mayor will be willing or able to do for the people of Richmond.

Your obedient servant, I. S. PENDLETON.

INTERESTING GOSSIP OF THE DAY.

No one who witnessed the trial of fat Ann O'Delia could have any doubt that Mr. Luther R. Marsh was deeply impressed with her powers as a medium. He was a reluctant witness for the people, and in reply to a question from Mr. Townsend said that he still believed her to be the greatest medium in the world. He was so much attached to all of the alleged spook pictures that after the trial he made quite a hubbub about a bit of canvas which had been brought to court as a sample of the canvas upon which the spook pictures were painted. During the trial, for the convenience of the prosecutor, the pictures were placed in Assistant District Attorney Bedford's private room, across the hallway from the court room. Nearly a month after the trial, and after the delivery of the pictures to Mr. Marsh, Mr. Marsh called upon Mr. Bedford and asked if he had seen a roll of canvas anywhere around the room. Mr. Bedford joyfully surrendered the roll of canvas, which had rolled behind a desk. He afterward explained to a friend that he was more than delighted to get rid of it, because it emitted an odor which was far from agreeable. Mr. Marsh appears to have watched carefully for the expiration of the fat woman's term, and exactly a month before she was released he ordered at his own expense a complete transcript of the stenographer's minutes of the trial. This transcript amounted to 1,000 pages of typewriting, or over 25,000 words. Of course the cost to Mr. Marsh was quite large. It was explained, however, by a gentleman associated with Mr. Marsh that this transcript was not ordered by the astute old lawyer not so much as a delectable literary offering to the madame, but as a wise provision in case of a suit for damages for false imprisonment.

The reports that Boston has engaged the leader of the famous Gewandthaus orchestra in Leipsic to direct the Symphony Orchestra are erroneous. Herr Karl Reinecke is the regular director of the Gewandthaus orchestra. He is a far greater musician than Herr Nikisch, who has agreed to lead the Boston orchestra. After Rubinstein, he is the most famous musician in Germany. When he was a little boy he gave concerts in the great continental cities. He has taught music in Paris, Brussels, Cologne, and other great musical centres. He is now head instructor in the Leipsic Conservatory, to which he was called nearly thirty years ago. Four years ago the King of Saxony made him Professor of Music in the University of Leipsic. Herr Reinecke has composed several light operas and one grand opera, "King Manfred." He was always a bitter opponent of the Wagnerian school, against which he still speaks and writes. As director of an orchestra, he has none of Herr Nikisch's grace or ease. He perches on a bench with his legs twisted tight together. During the quick movements he sticks out his elbows and jerks his arms violently. Germans who are not musical say that he looks like a crowing rooster at such times. Though a far smaller man in his profession than the leader of the Gewandthaus orchestra, Herr Nikisch, with his graceful elegance and romantic appearance, is much better adapted to the taste of an American audience.

There are two men who parade the streets of New York with unceasing regularity who are familiar sights to the majority of New Yorkers, and yet their identity is, to a certain extent, a mystery. Doubtless many of THE SUN's readers have observed them. One is a tall man with square shoulders, a long black moustache, regular features, and big black eyes. He stares at women with great pertinacity and enthusiasm. The other is a thick-set man with a blond beard and a sturdy figure, who prides himself on his resemblance to an ideal picture of the Prince of Wales. Both of them are tailors. The tall and dark specimen has his shop opposite the Brunswick, and he is invariably clad in the most elaborate attire. A great many men know him to be a tailor and examine his clothes critically as he strides up and down Broadway. He advertises his wares. To women he may be anything from an English nobleman to a crack gambler. The other man has his headquarters at one of the principal hotels, and is the agent for a famous English clothing house. He rather puts up for a heavy swell, but his business is to take a tape measure from his pocket and measure customers here for clothes which are made in England and shipped over to this side. Both of them are amiable and good natured men, but they are not quite what they seem to be.

A number of men were discussing the monotonous tone in which Charles Coghlan spoke the lines of *Macbeth* yesterday in the Hoffman House. One of the members of the party said:

"He can't talk at all. He sings, and he has only four notes in his voice."

"How many has he?" asked a tall, shadowy, and saturnine-looking gentleman, of an Italian type of countenance, who rejoices in the name of Richardson.

"How many?" repeated the small man. "Four?"

"Less than that," said the other, bracing his hands against his slender waist and looking moodily at the floor. "He has only one note in his voice, and that was protested years ago."

The proprietor of an up-town pool room, whose name is familiar to half the billiard players in the United States, remarked last night as he glanced over a hundred or two men who were scattered about his place:

"It is a mysterious thing to me where the fascination of the game of pool comes in. There are men here tonight who have been coming here steadily every evening in the week except Sundays for eight or ten years. Some of them are old, some middle aged, and some young men. They arrive with the regularity of fate immediately after dinner, usually smoking a big cigar, pull off their coats, and go to work in a leisurely manner to play pool. Of course, they are good players. They must be, after so much practice. They poke the balls for an hour or two, drink three or four glasses of beer, light another big cigar, and toddle off home perfectly contented and thoroughly satisfied with their evening's amusement. I am easily entertained, but it would take more than that sort of thing to keep me going night after night as the years go by. These men, however, seem not to know such a sensation as boredom. Pool to them is an exciting pastime forever."

Among the passengers who left this port for Europe on Wednesday was a notable old Englishman who has been visiting this country, Dr. Charles Lempriere, the financial promoter, classical scholar, and Fellow of Oxford University. He has often been in the United States in past times looking after the interests of English investors, and is a trusted agent of certain members of the aristocracy who make investments in foreign countries from India to Brazil and North America. He is a son of the once famous Oxford scholar, John Lempriere, who was born 130 years ago, and published his standard "Classical Dictionary" over a century ago. Though Dr. Charles Lempriere is now far along in life, he is full of enterprise, vivacity, and humor, and those of his friends who heard him, during his recent visit here, recite the rococo poems of the old students of Oxford were surprised by his youthful vim. He is a tall gentleman, of spare frame and grave visage.

CREED AGAINST CREED IN IRELAND.

The Rule of Balfour a War Against the Roman Church in the Green Isle—Pope Leo's Recent Letter to the Irish Bishops.

PARIS, Jan. 3.—The French press is commenting in terms of wonder and praise on the splendid generosity of Irish-Americans and the friends of home rule in the United States toward the cause of Ireland in its present crisis. Besides the large sums regularly contributed and sent over for the tenants' defence fund, there is the magnificent present of £35,000, or $175,000, to Mr. Parnell to help defray the costs of the iniquitous Parliamentary Commission.

How often, while in Ireland, have I heard from the lips of high and low the deep, heartfelt expression of the nation's gratitude toward Americans for their eloquent advocacy of Irish rights and their munificent support in the hour of need. "Were it not for you," they would say to me, "the English faction here would crush and exterminate us."

Unhappily, in spite of the heroic efforts of Parnell and his followers, of Mr. Gladstone and his Liberals, of the National League at home and abroad, of the bold front shown by bishops and clergy to the party and policy of coercion and eviction, Lord Salisbury is succeeding but too well in carrying out to the letter the programme announced by him long before the passing of the present Crimes act.

The rural population of Ireland is being surely and rapidly exterminated.

Bravely as the Nationalist party, the clergy, and the people may battle against the landlord legislation of Great Britain, against a landlord judiciary and magistracy, against a formidable, well-disciplined and well-armed constabulary, backed by some 50,000 regular British troops, the victory in the end and before Lord Salisbury's "Twenty Years of Coercion" have expired must be with the brute force of combined legislative, executive, judicial iniquity and blind military force.

But my trust is in the indomitable spirit of the Irish people, whose elasticity and power of resistance so many centuries of grinding oppression have been unable to annihilate. The brute weight and violence of superior might have not, as yet, quelled or broken down the old Celtic spirit in Ireland itself, nor quenched in the brave Irish heart the aspiration after the old national independence, self-government, and perfect civil and religious equality.

They have broken up the ancient tribal organization, they have destroyed that two fold cohesiveness of race and religion which bound together the mass of the nation, and scattered its fragments abroad over both hemispheres. Still, thank God, the spirit survives in us whithersoever we are driven.

Our conviction of the justice and reasonableness of the claims set forth by Irishmen to-day is as firmly rooted as our belief in the God of our fathers.

It is their evident reasonableness which, when calmly considered, wins its way into the minds of Englishmen, Welshmen, Scotchmen, and Anglo-Americans of every creed; the conviction which has ever swayed the minds of Irish Nationalists takes possession of theirs and makes men throughout Great Britain, throughout the British colonies and the United States, cry shame on the barbarity, the monstrous impolicy, the cowardliness and tyranny of the Salisbury-Balfour methods of governing a proud, sensitive, quick-witted race, so easily won by just treatment, so easily led by kind and gentle methods.

Yes; my trust is, first of all, in the unconquerable spirit of Irish nationality surviving all efforts to crush and extinguish it; and next in the rapid and steady growth of an enlightened public opinion throughout the British empire and among all civilized peoples favorable to the just claims of Ireland, and opposed to the brutal, unchristian legislation and policy at present pursued in Ireland.

Salisbury and Balfour have made the struggle one of race against race and creed against creed. This is the bottom truth in the matter. It is no secret that the transmutation of the Radical, unbelieving Joseph Chamberlain, and the ultra-Liberal Quaker John Bright into antagonists of home rule was not effected by any ardent, consuming conviction of the injustice of Irish claims, but by their fiery hatred of the religion of Irishmen, which John Bright always designates as "the old superstition."

It is no more of a secret that the Primrose League, with Lord Randolph Churchill as its coryphaeus, and Orangeism as its *avec damnée*, and the *St. James's Gazette* as the organ of the Court and the Tories, simply aims at maintaining in Ireland the old ascendancy.

The pretexts for resisting the claims of Ireland to home rule, no matter how they are veiled over by the present majority in Parliament, by the Tory and Orange factions, by the Unionist Liberals, the *Times* and *Standard*, may all be called, in the words of Frederick Lucas, "The New Hypocrisy."

If the purblind stupidity of a small fraction of the English Catholics were a phenomenon of recent appearance, instead of being a matter of sad notoriety, dating back for more than a century, we should wonder how men of high position, known piety, and good education, could be led by the nose by such men as Chamberlain and Balfour, or vote the most atrocious measures against their co-religionists with Goschen and Col. Saunderson, or help condemn year after year to the ignominy of a felon's cell members of the Irish Parliamentary party, without whose initiative and influence not a single measure favorable to Catholicism in England ever has been or ever could be carried through the British Legislature.

It is, then, with unspeakable satisfaction, after all the efforts made and the intrigues set on foot to obtain from Leo XIII. a condemnation of the Irish National party and the Irish national cause, that we hail his letter to the Irish Bishops dated the 21st of December last.

No more explicit or formal endorsement of the cause pursued by the immense majority of the Irish people, their clergy, and their representatives in Parliament could be given by the supreme authority in the Church than is contained in this most opportune document.

"Venerable brothers," the letter begins, "although embracing in one fatherly love all the individuals composing the flock confided by Christ to our care, we reserve our most special solicitude and the first place in our thoughts for those who are tried by affliction. We are impelled by an instinct which nature has given to the heart of every father to love and cherish above all the others such of their children as misfortune has stricken. For this reason we have always entertained a sentiment of particular affection for the Catholics of Ireland, so long and so cruelly tried by many afflictions. We have cherished toward them a most intense love because of their marvellous fortitude in bearing with their sufferings, and of their attachment to their religion, which no ill fortune has ever been able to destroy or to weaken."

This, surely, is an outspoken profession of generous love worthy of the heart of the Pontiff, and worthy of the much-tried nation for whom he cherishes such deserved and honorable predilection. But in no manner can the love of a father for his dearest ones be shown more convincingly than by counselling them in danger and by warding off from the cause with which their honor and their happiness are identified any temptation, any peril, any element of a nature to threaten seriously the one or the other. It is a knowledge of this rule of fatherly love and care which will enable us to judge aright the next paragraph.

"In what relates," he says, "to the advice which we have occasionally given you, and to our recent decree, they have been inspired not alone by considerations based on truth and justice, but by a desire to advance your cause. For our affection for you is such that it will not permit the cause for which Ireland is struggling to be weakened by mixing it with anything that may bring on it just reproach."

I do not believe that a Pope placed in the delicate and difficult position in which Leo XIII. finds himself with respect to the great powers of Christendom could express himself more undisguisedly in favor of the cause of a nation heroically struggling for the attainment of her just rights. Even where the Pontiff's counsel or decree might seem, at first sight, to wound the national sentiment, or to be adverse to the policy pursued by the people and their guides, Leo XIII. affirms that what he advised and what he did were intended solely to advance the cause of Ireland.

That sacred cause, he adds, was so just in his eyes, so dear to his heart, that he could not bear to see its success marred, its justice or its honor tainted by any proceeding that could deserve condemnation in the public opinion of Christendom, which he is so anxious to conciliate in favor of our struggling people.

Statesmen, public men of long experience and ripe wisdom, will say that no proof of love in a parent, in a ruler, is greater than when he has the courage to advise those who are dear to him to prefer the eternal principles of honor and justice to the results of a questionable and short-lived expediency.

I have reason to know that, had the crops failed in Ireland last summer, as it was very much feared at one time they would, the affection of Leo XIII. for the suffering people of Ireland would have been further demonstrated by generous deeds. As it is, he will not allow his jubilee year to close without sending to every diocese in the Green Isle, for distribution, gifts which will remain to speak of his fatherly love during many ageming year.

"In order," he continues, "that our affection for the people of Ireland should be especially shown at the present time we send you a goodly number of presents, among which you will find vestments, sacred vessels, and ornaments of various kinds for the service of the altar. We offer them to the cathedral churches of Ireland to enhance the splendor of God's house, and of His worship. These are also gifts of a less value. These we have blessed in a special manner. They will serve to stimulate the piety of the persons we desire them to be given to, in conformity with special instructions which shall be sent to you.

"We trust that it will be clearly seen that our fatherly love for the Irish people has undergone no change. On this love they shall have still greater and greater claims if they continue to receive our teaching with docility, to have confidence in us, and to be on their guard against the wily dealings of men who do not fear to give a false meaning to our words of advice, in the hope of plucking up by the roots that far-famed fidelity to the Church which holds a foremost place among the virtues of the Irish people, a fidelity handed down from their ancestors as their richest inheritance.

"Praying fervently that our Apostolic benediction may bring you the choicest gifts and graces from on high, we lov