The Sun.

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THE SUN, New York City.

The Day We Celebrate!

With blare of bands and clapping of hands
Making a joyful noise,
With cannon muttering and handkerchiefs fluttering,
Welcome the soldier boys!

Hurrah for the National Guard, shout long and loud and hard:
Hurrah for the U. S. A., may it do itself proud to-day;
Hurrah for the jolly tars that under the Stripes and Stars
Roll merrily along with their sea-legs bold and wide;
And the visiting militia in their martial port and pride
Will be cheered by a hundred thousand throats of welcome flowing in one strong tide.

The pageants of kings are pitiful things.
Splendid and insincere:
But the jubilation of a free, strong nation,
Where every man is a peer,
Where is no cringing of servile knees, but every heart is free as the breeze,
Where no painted image of fortune stands, but power of brain and power of hands,
The patient heart and the steady will and the free, high hope that naught can kill,
Shape and master and rule the course of every fate,
The pride of the equal sharers in an equal State:
This is the feast and triumph of manhood, making the heart of humanity elate.

The Centennial Visitors.

It is obvious from their manner that a very large part of the strangers now here are visitors to New York for the first time. The crowds in Broadway, the Fifth avenue, and the Park on Sunday were chiefly made up of country people to whom everything in town was a novelty, and they moved along with wide open and curious eyes.

Fortunately, when the clouds lifted New York was looking at its best. The long rain had washed the streets, and the Park was as bright and fresh as country fields. From the Battery to Harlem the routes pursued by the visitors were gay with decorations, and they must have been astonished at the magnitude of the preparations made for the sightseers during the parade. Besides the public stands of enormous capacity, hundreds of stands have been erected by churches and by private individuals, to an extent never before seen in New York.

But the most striking feature of all was the perfect order that prevailed. Very little drunkenness was observable. There seemed to be few improper characters in the streets, the crowds everywhere and always bearing themselves with strict decorum. Except for the multitude of people and of vehicles it might have been a Sunday in a New England village, so orderly was the whole town. We have seen more confusion at a country fair, and more evidences that intoxicating liquors were doing their mischief.

The centennial visitors who reached town last week, were of course, from a distance, many of them from a great distance. The physiognomy and bearing of Westerners and Southerners were frequently encountered, and the great mass of the strangers were the plain people of whom Mr. LINCOLN used to speak. They seemed to be in large part from farming regions, and it was manifest that many young couples had timed their marriages so that a visit to the centennial festival might be made as a wedding trip. The costumes of the crowds may sometimes have been rustic in their fashioning, but they were good and comfortable, if not often in the highest taste. It may be a dangerous thing to say, but the men presented a better average appearance than the women. They seemed to be more vigorous, the prevailing feminine type being thin and angular, perhaps a little sallow, as if not suitably nourished.

But they were a self-respecting and intelligent crowd, the like of which can be seen in no other country. In London, for instance, such a Sunday could not have passed without rough and rude, coarse and noisy demonstrations, while here men and women bore themselves with uniform dignity and propriety. The most interesting part of this whole centennial festival is to see the people whom it draws together from every State of the Union.

The Folly of the Hour.

The advocates and champions of Chinese methods in American politics have enjoyed hitherto the distinction, unsavory and undesirable as it is, of being the only pronounced opponents of government by the people to be found among us. For the American plan of having all public servants chosen by those whose official authority they are delegated to administer, the Chinese reformers would substitute a plan of decimals and percentages whereby the wishes of the voters may be thwarted and set aside, and individuals whom they do not desire, and would not select, may be installed in office under what would be practically a life tenure, such as exists in monarchical lands. The plan of these Chinese reformers is based on mistrust of the people, and it is in its essential aspect so thoroughly repugnant to all ideas of American democracy, that whenever the judgment of the people has been invoked, they have stamped upon the political heresy that class distinctions should be established in officeholding in this country, and mathematical tests substituted for fitness, patriotism, and capacity.

But preposterous as the Chinese method has been found, false and fraudulent as it has proved in operation, subversive as its acceptance would be to our time-honored popular institutions, it has, at least, the one saving merit that subordinate officeholders, chosen by the automaton method, can always be removed by the higher officials selected by the direct vote of the people. But that advantage is not to be found in the new scheme which was brought forward in Albany last week, and which may not inaptly be called the Siamese system. It proposes that the functions of government in two of the most important of our municipal departments, shall be exercised by two individuals, one representing what the people want, and the other representing what the people don't want. One is to stand for the principles the majority favor; the other is to stand for the principles the majority repudiate. One is to go with the current of popular suffrage; the other to resist it. Municipal navigation is to be reorganized on a new basis. The lifeboat of administration is to have two rowers, one to pull one way, the other the other. It will be bad for the rowers, but a good deal worse for the boat. The Tammany CHANG is to be harnessed, for good or evil, with the Republican ENG.

The Siamese plan goes even further, in the way of popular disfranchisement and the denial of responsible popular government, than the Chinese method of the Mugwumps, for the latter, while they give the majority no advantages under their mathematical system, impose on them no peculiar burdens; whereas under the Siamese system the Republican minority is to be taken care of first, even though, in a triangular contest, each Democratic faction may have cast a larger vote than the Republicans. In a double-headed commission the man who represents the majority will have at least some sort of authority from the people, but he cannot execute it without the acquiescence of his Republican twin. The latter will, in fact, represent nobody but himself, and thus a plan will be established in this town the like of which was never seen before, and the reproduction of which will never be desired again. The Chinese cranks will have to uncover in the presence of the Siamese freaks.

What were the leaders of Tammany Hall thinking of? Upon what were their minds fixed when they accepted the Wicked GIBBS as a guide in legislation? The old Wigwam in Fourteenth street has been ringing for years with the eloquent words of popular Democrats, invoking the record of stalwart and sterling Democracy in support of the people's right to choose their servants, unvexed by Chinese laws or automaton regulations. They have denounced, they have fought, and they have frequently vanquished the opponents of this great principle. They went into the battle of last autumn with the whole Mugwump crew opposed to them, and to this circumstance they owe the fact that thousands of Democratic votes, till then detached, were restored to the Wigwam. And yet with every interest, aspiration, and tradition of Tammany drawing its strength and vitality from the direct appeal to the voters of this city, a handful of its representatives would go further than the Chinese reformers, whom they reprobate and denounce, and fasten on New York the CHANG and ENG system from the land of the white elephant: and a white elephant, indeed, it must prove to be.

It is said that the passage of the deal bills in Albany, and their enforcement as laws, will wipe out the County Democracy. Wipe out, indeed! The enforcement of such bills would furnish the County Democracy with what its leaders have long been striving for, a vital and popular issue. Their enforcement would put back Tammany in the place it occupied in 1879 under the shadow of a Republican alliance. It would help to make the County Democracy once more the one regular Democratic body, the one not requiring any deals with Republicans to maintain its existence as a Democratic organization. It would probably do more, for the Republican machine, having half the offices without the necessity of any votes to justify it, would be put in a position of absolute independence. Then those Republicans who, in elections like 1888, have stood by their party candidates because only in that way could they expect to secure the choice of Republican officers, would be freed from such necessity. By the deal with Tammany half a dozen Republican machine leaders would be raised to snug places where the people don't want them, while twenty-five thousand Republicans, not represented in this little arrangement, would be left at large to vote against the parties to it, and against the system which would sacrifice the great body of Republicans for the advantage of a handful. Is it possible that those leaders of Tammany who are recorded as favoring the Siamese system, are really actuated by a magnanimous desire to revive the prospects and restore the chances of their County Democracy opponents?

There is only one safe rule for a Democratic organization to follow, and that is that the majority must rule. There may be some difference of opinion as to the relative merits of horses and jackasses, but there is no doubt about the inferiority of mules.

Mr. Foran Assailed.

The Hon. MARTIN A. FORAN of Cleveland represented the Twenty-first district of Ohio in the last Congress. As everybody knows, Mr. FORAN is a Democrat, but not a free trader. His course with regard to the CLEVELAND-MILLS enterprise last year did not recommend him to the favor of the architects of disaster. On May 1 of last year Mr. FORAN made an effective speech against the MILLS bill, in which he protested as a Democrat against the assumption that the party was committed to a free trade policy, or that the Presidential campaign must be contested on the lines laid down by Mr. MILLS. On July 19 he made another speech against the bill. When the bill came to a vote, Mr. FORAN refused to vote for it.

The consequence was that certain Democrats in Cleveland, acting, as it is believed, under instructions from Washington, set to work at once to make an example of Mr. FORAN by defeating him for renomination. This was accomplished by the free trade wing of the party. Mr. FORAN was not renominated, but when election day came the Democrats lost the district. FORAN had carried it in 1886 by 1,433 plurality. The Republicans carried it in 1888 by 616 plurality, and thus increased by two their slender majority in the Fifty-first House.

The *Cleveland Plain Dealer* has recently charged that Mr. FORAN tried to sell his services for $20,000 to the Republican National Committee, and charges and counter charges of treachery and attempted bribery are now rife in the Cuyahoga district. On Saturday last Mr. FORAN published a convincing statement in which he asserts that a Mr. HEISLEY, Chairman of the Young Men's Democratic Club of Cleveland, tried without his knowledge to make an arrangement by which FORAN was to stump New York for HARRISON and to receive $25,000 or $30,000 for his services. Mr. FORAN says:

"I knew absolutely nothing of the deal until Sept. 26, when HEISLEY called upon me in Washington and said he was authorized to offer me $25,000 if I would agree to make speeches for HARRISON. I emphatically told Mr. HEISLEY that the proposition could not be considered as I had already refused overtures to go into the Republican camp. HEISLEY was very persistent, however, and went to New York after he had seen me to try and have the amount raised to $30,000. I afterward received letters and telegrams from HEISLEY, in which he admits having tried to conduct this deal, and will produce them when the proper time comes."

Mr. HEISLEY denies this assertion, and Mr. FORAN promises to publish the documents. The affair has occasioned considerable excitement in Ohio, but perhaps its most interesting development is the publication by FORAN of a letter he received a little more than a year ago from the proprietor of the *Plain Dealer*, a violent free trade organ during the MILLS campaign and the CLEVELAND campaign, and now FORAN'S principal assailant. This letter is worth printing in full:

"THE PLAIN DEALER, CLEVELAND, O., March 19, 1888.

"*The Hon. M. A. Foran, Washington, D. C.*

"DEAR SIR: I wish you to send me, personally, copies of the tariff bills now pending in Congress, also any speeches which you have made yourself, or of others which you think would give a fair exposition of these bills. It is my wish to get at definite principles, and a line of policy which may be for the best interests of the country, and which we may stand on and stand by. If you will give me your views I will give you mine on the tariff question, and then, if we can agree or do agree, I will see to it that the *Plain Dealer* carries out that policy. I think it important that we should consider this matter carefully in order that we may pave the way for shaping the party policy which may be adopted at St. Louis. You know very well that I am now and always have been in favor of the principle of protection. I believe this principle is the creed of the Democratic party, for every leading Democrat who has occupied the Presidential chair, except Polk, whose messages I have not examined, has advocated this principle. Since 1861, except in one or two instances, whenever a tariff law has been passed or modified, this principle has been embodied, and by Democratic majorities. Now, it is in the line of our traditions it is certainly in accordance with our history, and there is no reason why a protective revenue tariff, which in reality is the American tariff system, born and advocated in the days of JEFFERSON, and supported through all of our Administrations with very few exceptions, should not to-day be known and maintained as the Democratic policy. Now, I should like to have your views on this subject, not for publication until you and I by joint agreement, if we can do so, shall have decided upon a line of policy which we believe it wise to advocate. If you will give me your views frankly and fully, I will reciprocate, and then if we decide upon a policy, we will stand to it. It has been whispered here that you were opposed to HARRISON'S bill, as I am you are to the MILLS bill. I should like to know definitely from you what would be the measure of protection, or what would be the principles and the line of policy by which your actions will be guided. Anything which you may see fit to write to me will be received by me personally and so held, unless you direct that the same may be used for publication. Yours truly,

"L. E. HOLDEN."

Here, then, was the proprietor of the most important Democratic newspaper in northern Ohio professing in March of last year sound principles on the tariff, which he subsequently repudiated under pressure from the CLEVELAND-MILLS machine. The position which Mr. HOLDEN of the *Plain Dealer* occupied in March, 1888, and abandoned in June or July of the same year, on account of the supposed requirements of party expediency, was impregnable. If it had been maintained by him and by all wavering Democrats like him, the Democracy would still possess the Federal Administration as well as the control of Congress, in spite of Mr. CLEVELAND, Mr. MILLS, and the rest of the free traders.

What shall be said of an influential Democratic newspaper with a clear conception of its duty, and by its very name entitled to deal plainly with the party, which, nevertheless, turned time server when the time of trial came?

Our New Dry Docks.

The opening of the great dry dock at Newport News on Wednesday was an important event, both for the merchant marine and the navy. It is the most capacious dock on this continent; and when at high water the big double-turret monitor Puritan was taken into it, the surplus room made this fact apparent. It is more than 600 feet long, and will allow the docking of vessels drawing twenty-two feet; yet it was built in less than twenty months, and at only a fraction of the cost of a stone dock of like capacity.

The Government took a special interest in this affair, because it is building two docks on the same system at Norfolk and Brooklyn. For their construction the credit is due to Secretary WHITNEY'S Administration. When he took charge of the Navy Department the need of docks was only less than that of ships and guns. The Government had three stone docks on the entire Atlantic coast, and these were old and small, while that at Brooklyn was in such bad condition that it had to be shored up with timber to keep the granite blocks from falling in. They were all too short for the largest modern ships, and our Government was about to construct great war vessels. There was a fine new stone dock nearly completed at Mare Island, capacious and well built, but it was hardly practicable to send a vessel around Cape Horn and up to Mare Island for repairs merely. Besides the four stone docks, the Government had two small floating docks, both in poor condition.

Under this necessity of not only having more docks, but having them at once, Secretary WHITNEY asked and obtained appropriations for two wooden docks on the SIMPSON system. Its advantages were obvious. A wooden dock could be built in one-half, and perhaps one-fourth of the time required for a granite dock, and could also be built for one-half, if not one-fourth of the cost. The wooden dock is more comfortable and healthy for the workmen engaged in repairs, from having a better distribution of light and air, and less dampness and chill in cold weather. A contract was entered into by Mr. WHITNEY for the construction of two of these docks at a little more than half a million dollars each, one at Brooklyn and one at Norfolk, about 500 feet long, and to be completed within two years.

This, however, should be only the beginning of such work. The vessels we are now building are of steel and without sheathing, and accordingly will require docking much oftener than the old wooden fleet in order to keep them in good condition and to maintain their speed. They must be cleaned and painted at regular intervals or they will lose much of their value as fast cruisers. It is true that there are private docks like the one just finished at Newport News that can be used by the Government; but apart from the fact that rent must be paid, it is not wise to rely on private accommodations which may not always be accessible when most needed. At the time arrangements were made for the new Norfolk and Brooklyn docks, there were on all the coasts of the United States only ten docks, including both public and private, large enough for the Chicago. England has more than fifty Government dry docks, at home and in her colonies. Congress will do well to enlarge our own resources of this kind. Of course if new navy yards are established on the North Pacific and on the Gulf of Mexico, they will have dry docks, and this will add to the number.

The first day of the great centennial celebration in this city went off grandly in every respect. The picturesque and romantic spectacles on water and on land were all that fancy had painted them in advance. It is to be hoped that to-day may be as full of sunshine as yesterday was, and, if it be, the military display will stir up the admiration of all beholders. The swarms of visitors are overflowing with good nature as well as with patriotism, though it must be said that they could not possess more of these virtues than the regular denizens of the city.

It is pleasant in these days to hear so many of our foreign-born fellow citizens boasting of the work they have done for this country. Our Italian-American brethren remind us that it was CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS who discovered America. The Franco-Americans remind us of the French army that fought for us here in the Revolution. Our Irish-American fellow citizens remind us of the political, military, and industrial services that the sons of Ireland have rendered to this republic during the past century. Our German-American fellow citizens take pleasure in doing the same thing. And so it goes with the immigrants from a score of other European countries who have taken up their abode among us. Then, besides all our people who have come from abroad, we have the descendants of the old Dutch colonists and the old English settlers. We have likewise hosts of New Englanders and Southerners and Westerners here and their posterity. New York is truly a cosmopolitan city, and its growth and prosperity have been promoted by the industrious myriads who have come here from many lands. And we all take pride in the liberties we enjoy under the Star Spangled Banner and the Constitution.

The *Boston Journal's* explanation of its course concerning the prohibition amendment is rather curious. Our esteemed and usually outspoken contemporary had nothing to say on its own account either for or against the amendment, but it carried on a lively prohibitionist canvass in a special column edited by a clergyman, for whose utterances the newspaper expressly disclaimed all responsibility. The *Journal* now announces that it "desired to see the verdict of the people recorded," and was "actuated simply by a spirit of fair play." "We did not endorse the amendment," it adds, "for we did not believe that its adoption would meet the expectations of its friends."

We gather from the somewhat confusing explanation of the *Journal* that it is really opposed to prohibition by constitutional amendment, and was only disseminating when it gave up a column daily to the Prohibitionist Doctor of Divinity.

Our police conducted themselves in an admirable way all over the city yesterday. Their excellent management of the crowds, their helpfulness, their good temper, and their courtesy were especially noticeable. It is a hard week for them, but they are sure to add to their credit for discipline and efficiency.

Scientific men are hovering around the excavations for the Manchester Ship Canal, like birds in a newly ploughed furrow, seeking for records of the remote past. Of course the geologists find plenty to interest them in the sand beds and rock formations, and the archæologists have been made happy by the unearthing of a prehistoric canoe which is doubtless a relic of very ancient fisheries. The botanists, too, find plenty of material for inquiry in a thick layer of leaves, which in some mysterious way have been preserved almost intact under a bed of sand. They are identifying some of the ancient species as nearly related to vegetation of the present day. We have to thank Mother Earth for preserving a good deal of historical material for us. The history of one great people, the Hittites, wholly unknown to the world for many hundreds of years save for a few references in the Bible, is now being dug out of the mounds of western Asia.

THE SUN'S opposition to Arbor Day.—*Courier-Journal.*

There's no such opposition. We are for Arbor Day, and the more arbors the better. But we are opposed to the interference of the Federal Government. Let the Washington people attend strictly to their own business and let the States and townships attend to theirs. The best government is that which governs least.

We read with much satisfaction an article by the *Times-Democrat* denouncing as humbug and absurdity the stories of voudooism in Louisiana. These stories have been circulated of late and have found a good deal of credence; but our contemporary avers that there is not in them a scintilla of truth. Voudooism was practised, it says, by some of the negroes imported from Africa into Louisiana in earlier days, and some voudoo dances were held on Lake Pontchartrain a few years after the war. There is still a good deal of barbarism among the negroes; but voudooism has been dead in Louisiana these many years.

We are glad to learn upon such high authority that there is no such thing now in existence among the people of Louisiana.

THE BIG PARIS BANKER.

He is Examining Some of Our Railroads—What He Thinks About Them.

Baron Erlanger, the Paris banker, who has come to America to look at our railroad systems, said the other day to a Chicago reporter:

"I have just completed a ten-days' trip over all the Southern roads in which I am interested, having come to America expressly for this purpose."

He was asked: "Are you willing to state the result of the recent meeting at Cincinnati, which, it is said, looks to further investments by you in Southern lines?"

"Not just yet," he replied. "We did discuss several projects, but none of them are sufficiently developed to warrant me in making them public. There has got to be continued building in the way of connections and new lines, but anything we did I must, in fairness, first submit to my London associates for their approval before making public."

"Is it true that you have been dissatisfied with the management of the roads, and regret your investment?" was asked.

"Well, it has been a long fight and a hard one. For a long time we have worked up hill. We knew all along that we were placing a great deal of money into something we had never seen, and that the return was not what the capital invested warranted. Now, however, I think we have turned the corner, and I am satisfied entirely with the outlook."

"The South," said the Baron, "certainly has a great future. I realize what the war meant and how it must have stunted every tendency toward development, but when I saw the coal and iron fields of northern Alabama, the timber and stone supply, the agricultural resources, and the quick enterprise that is at work with them, I don't see how I could have other than great confidence in any investment there. In railroad building I believe there has been too much progress in the West and Northwest, but not in the South, which is yet a tempting field."

"What will be the nature of your future investments here?"

"I can't say just now, but I am so impressed with the opportunities in the country that ultimately, when my boys reach manhood, I shall probably organize our business here in the shape of a branch house. I shall certainly come back to America as soon as I can. I am charmed with it, and want to see all of it."

An Approved Source of Information.

From the Philadelphia Telegraph.

The President has had to lock himself up to get a chance to prepare the several little speeches he will have to deliver in New York. He has in the White House the same set of encyclopædias which Mr. Cleveland's detractors claimed contributed so much to the speeches the ex-President made on his Western tour.

Beautiful Bathrooms.

From the Kansas City Journal.

The society woman depends on luxurious bathing to renew her strength. The Turkish bath must be taken outside the home, but the bathrooms in some of the wealthy houses give evidence by their costliness and beauty of the part they play in the daily economy. Mrs. Henry Clews's bathroom is a grotto of onyx walls, floor, ceiling, basin, tub, all being of the sculptured stones. Distilled and perfumed waters flow at a touch; it is like a cool cave where Undines sport, and no Monte Cristo could project a thing more fanciful and costly.

That of Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt is very beautiful. The walls are of mirrors, over which run painted vines of morning glory and passion flowers, forming an arbor suggestive of the bower where Venus bathed, and the reflections doubtless furnish Titianesque hints of attending nymphs.

Miss Private Secretary Banks.

From the Washington Post.

Hon. John Hicks, of Oshkosh, Wis., editor and proprietor of the Oshkosh *Northwesterner* and now minister to Peru, is at the Ebbitt with his wife and son. Mr. Hicks is a tall, black-bearded Westerner, with a Western frankness of demeanor.

"I shall sail from New York," said he, "on the 1st of May, going by way of the Isthmus and then down the coast. Yes, I am going to make a little innovation. I shall take a lady along for private secretary. She is a newspaper woman, Miss Banks, until recently connected with the St. Paul *Pioneer-Press*."

An Incident of Washington Society.

From the Washington Press.

"Is you gwine home wid me? If you is, jes drap dat gal and come on," said Julia Carroll as she pointed a loaded revolver in her lover's face on Friday night. James Springs, the lover, had escorted Julia to a select soirée at the Washington Cadet Armory, and tried to shake her for another girl. He tarried off with Julia, and at the first opportunity took to his heels. Julia then handed the pistol to "Cottonhead" Sam Lewis, but instead of letting down the hammer Sam slid swiftly out of sight with the six-shooter.

AN IMPORTANT COLLECTION.

Old Masters that Speak for Themselves.

Mr. Russell Sawyer, an American artist who has lived for some years in Paris, has recently exhibited to his friends, in a studio in the Sherwood building, a collection of old masters so interesting that the public ought to have the chance to examine it. Mr. Sawyer does not wish to sell his pictures, but having at present no place in which to give them a permanent home, is willing to loan them to the Metropolitan Museum. The trustees would do well to accept his offer, as there is not a picture in his collection which is without distinct value, while some are remarkably fine. With a modesty unusual in a young collector—or an old one, for that matter—Mr. Sawyer does not dogmatically insist upon the names attached to his examples, although most of them have come from European collections where they bore their present titles; and he is quite justified in thinking that their intrinsic merits are sufficient to establish their claims to attention.

Perhaps the most remarkable canvas is a Rembrandt, a square *genre* picture with many figures which, we are told by a slip of paper pasted on the back, is called "The Disaster" (*Le Désorganisé*) and was painted in 1633. It was purchased from the collection of the late Mr. Viollet-le-Duc, and bears every sign of authenticity, although the date affixed seems too early. According to this date it would have been painted about the time of the well-known "Samson's Feast" in the Dresden Gallery, in what German critics call Rembrandt's "golden-brown period." But the character of the composition, and especially the color, are more suggestive of that later period, about 1650, when the artist's color was clearer and franker, and the golden-brown tone was replaced by a marvellous harmony of brilliant hues. A dead child lies on a large canopied bed, about which the sunlight is concentrated, and its mother, apparently, weeps beside it, while a man in gorgeous Oriental costume seems to be consoling her, and the room is filled with a crowd of on-lookers. In scheme and color alike it resembles several *genre* pictures now in the Berlin Gallery which were formerly owned in England, and, like them, it doubtless represents some Biblical scene. The fact that it is not easy, in the absence of definite tradition, to say just what the scene may be, is no objection to this theory, for there are many of Rembrandt's figure compositions of which the same might be said. The strongest note of color is given by the beautifully painted blue satin dress of the woman, and the rest of the picture shows a wonderful management of gorgeous though low-toned tints, which, like the exquisitely tender yet vigorous brushwork, seem thoroughly characteristic of the great master.

Next in importance are several Van Dycks. One is a "Holy Family," almost Venetian in its rich suavity of color, which seems to be a replica, with alterations, of one in the Munich Gallery. Another is the head of a young man, deep in tone and very forcibly handled, and a third a three-quarter-length life-size portrait of Queen Henrietta Maria. Here the flesh color is colder and more neutral than is customary with Van Dyck, but the picture is so superb in style and treatment, and so dignified and aristocratic in that way which no one except Van Dyck and his master, Rubens, ever exactly compassed, that there is no reason to question its authenticity. It also came from the Viollet-le-Duc collection. The head of a bearded man, painted on stone and evidently a fragment of a fresco, wears every sign of being Correggio's work; and if a half-length of a young girl, likewise attributed to him, which again belonged to Viollet-le-Duc, appears somewhat less characteristic, it is nevertheless a most beautiful and interesting picture. Guido's "Dying Magdalene" excites no possible protest, while a small figure of a bishop by his scholar, Elisabetta Sirani, who died young and left few works but a distinguished name behind her, is a truly marvellous bit of technical brilliancy. The little "Annunciation" attributed to Van der Weyden is a gem from an earlier, soberer time, and so, too, is the little "Virgin and Child" by Garofalo. Tenier's "Marriage Festival" is another entrancing bit of work, while a portrait of Mme. de Sévigné by Phillipe de Champagne has both historic and artistic claims to attention. The portrait of the Duchesse d'Etampes, attributed to Leonardo, hardly seems to sustain its title, yet has considerable intrinsic charm; and there are a number of other pictures which space forbids our noting, but which deserve to be named. A more detailed commentary will be in place when, as we sincerely trust will be the case, Mr. Sawyer's admirable pictures are put on public exhibition.

Another Obnoxious Bill.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* A bill has been introduced into both Houses of the Legislature authorizing and permitting the Niagara Hydraulic Electric Company "to erect all the machinery for manufacturing electricity under the waterfall at Niagara Falls in such a manner as necessary, by extending pipes and receivers and such machinery as may be required under said falls to connect with and receive the water where it passes from the said falls, but not in any way to deface the falls."

The audacity of the projectors of this enterprise is somewhat amazing. Their cheek, to use a familiar expression, is prehensile and adamantine to a degree. Less than four years ago the State assumed the title to the lands circumjacent to the falls for the expressed purpose of repairing the injury to the scenery of the falls that had been wrought by private persons and corporations in money-making enterprises and of preserving the same from like injury thereafter. The Commissioners to whom the State intrusted the management of the Niagara Reservation have caused the removal of all the old mills, factories, and ugly structures that defaced the scenery of the great cataract. The islands and shore of the river thus disencumbered may now be said to be, under "the healing processes of time and nature," in the way of ultimate restoration to their original sylvan condition. This was the object that the State had in view when it established the Niagara Reservation. It was this consideration that evoked so promptly and potently popular interest in the plan for the reclamation of Niagara.

Now comes this hydraulic electric company, incorporated, not under our State laws, but in the State of Virginia, and coolly asks the New York Legislature to permit it to do precisely what the people of the State have said shall not be done. The company has the unprecedented audacity to propose that it be permitted to turn aside the water where it rolls over the precipice at Prospect Park, then by blasting to construct a huge cave below, in the rock and behind the fall. Here it proposes to place dynamos and generate electricity. In front of the cave turbine wheels are to be set up. "Powerfo run the electricity factory is to be had by letting sufficient water fall down through a great tube or well upon turbine wheels below."

Whether this scheme is practicable I do not know. The Kansas engineer who is the principal advocate of the enterprise maintains that it is quite practicable. But whether this be so or not, any one can understand how great will be the injury to the falls and the scenery should this company be allowed to undertake operations as above indicated. It is an outrageously presumptuous and thoroughly indefensible measure. It seems hardly possible that any Legislature with a minimum of intelligence would pass such a bill. The public, however, should be made aware of this vicious attempt to injure the falls and deface the scenery, in order that expressions of popular disapproval may forthwith be elicited.

The bill is still in committee, where it is greatly to be hoped it will remain. Should the bill be favorably reported and passed, the time, labor, and money expended in making Niagara free will have been wasted. A precedent will then have been established that must necessarily be followed by disastrous consequences.

Niagara is the richest and most precious gem in the State's carcanet of jewels. Let the people see to it that it be neither dimmed nor defaced. DEWITT.

It Outshines Them All.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Last Sunday's SUN is the greatest, grandest, and best newspaper that was ever printed. I can't help—I must let you know it. J. E.

NEW YORK, April 28.

Fudge! You're a Goose.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* You have made such a reputation in being correct in diction and orthography that I do not like to see you making a mistake almost daily by misspelling a simple word—freezer—which THE SUN invariably prints freer. This is wrong. SUBSCRIBER, Pa. SUBSCRIBE.

A Booming Old Planet.

From the Indianapolis Journal.

Nearly 37,000,000 babies are born in this world every year.

INTERESTING GOSSIP OF THE DAY.

It is very well known to many of the men about town that one of the Police Justices was formerly a dealer in a faro bank. The dealer is the handsome and silent man who draws the cards from a little silver box of curious workmanship, and who either rakes in or distributes chips of various colors, each color representing a certain amount of money. There are what are known as "square" and "skin" games. A short time ago a gambling house was raided by the police, and the gambling implements were displayed in the court room where the former dealer was presiding. Although he was once a gambler of some note, he is no longer the associate of gamblers. He is the husband of a lovely woman, and lives in first-class style. He is a member of several clubs, and is well liked by everybody. When the gambling implements were spread out before him he picked up the little silver box, and asked, "What is this?" The lawyer for the prisoners answered with a laugh, "That is a square box, your Honor, something which you never saw before." Then everybody laughed, and his Honor blushed like a school girl.

Another Police Justice was formerly a butcher. Since he has been on the bench he has studied law, and been admitted to practice at the bar of all the courts of this State. He has not advanced so far as ex-Congressman Tim Campbell, and cannot yet argue cases before the Supreme Court of the United States.

Ever since the appointment of State Senator Cornelius Van Cott as the Postmaster of this city the voters of both parties in his Assembly district (the Seventh) have been full of joy and other things. It is doubtful whether there is a more popular politician in that district. When he was elected Senator in 1887, the Democratic leaders could not prevent the members of their organizations from voting for him. The members of the Police and Fire Departments voted for him, and seven-eighths of the saloon keepers in the Eighth Senate district supported him. He is a stalwart Republican, and one of the most quiet, unassuming citizens of New York. He is a famous hand shaker, and will cross the street at any time to shake the hand of the poorest men in his district. It matters not to him whether they are Republicans or Democrats. Through the hand-shaking process he has gathered about him an army of admirers that no Republican or Democrat could steal from him.

A politician in an up-town club house the other evening said: "The ups and downs of life are never better shown than in politics. When Tim Campbell defeated Tom Grady for a seat in Congress there was a widespread impression that Tim was in for a long stay in Congress and that Tom would never be heard of again. Tim went to Washington, and as he is not a bashful man made himself heard very frequently. Tom seemed to disappear from the political arena, and became a great theatregoer on the east side. He was seldom seen in Tammany Hall, and it was sometimes said that he had serious thoughts of becoming an actor. At the last election Tim made a fight for his seat in Congress, and was snowed under. Tom made a break for Senator Reilly's seat in the Senate chamber in Albany and secured it. Now Tom is as popular as he ever was, and Tim goes about in a dreamy way as though he had not a friend on earth or elsewhere.

"Big Mike" Murray, who was formerly partner in the restaurant and bathing business with the late Civil Justice Michael Norton, has been a bookmaker at the race tracks for several years, and is now the proprietor of one of the most extensive pool rooms in this city. He has a farm on the Shrewsbury River, and goes there every day. He and Justice Norton were of about the same height and weight, both great, big, strong men, with great big hearts. They were much attached to each other, and the recent death of Justice Norton has almost unnerved Mr. Murray. At a time when Justice Norton was about to suffer for the misdeeds of others Mr. Murray hid him away from his persecutors until the storm passed away.

Coroner Michael Jean Baptiste Messemer, the popular polyglot Coroner, is a prominent candidate for appointment as Commissioner of Charities and Correction by Mayor Grant. Coroner Messemer is a stalwart Tammany Hall man, and in the several successful races that he has run for election and reelection to a Coronership he has usually headed the entire Tammany county ticket. He practises medicine, and owns real estate in the Fourteenth Assembly district, which embraces a portion of the Seventeenth ward. In this ward it is safe to say that about every tongue of civilization is spoken. The Coroner is popular with every race represented therein, for he is familiar with French, German, Spanish, Italian, Danish, Swedish, Norwegian, Polish, and Bohemian. His rosy face, sunburst of auburn whiskers, and jolly manner are household sights in every quarter of the polyglot ward. The Coroner's friends believe that this very wide knowledge of foreign tongues would be a very great advantage to a Commissioner of Charities and Correction, who has to deal with the unfortunates of every clime. The Coroner is also a lawyer, and his conduct of the examinations in the Coroner's office has been commended even by Supreme Court Judges. He took a determined stand against the bobtail car abuse, and has bestirred himself many times to get sane persons out of the public asylums.

Among the guests of the Brooklyn Womans' Club at its annual celebration on Wednesday was Mrs. Lippincott, long and widely known as "Grace Greenwood," poet and authoress, who carries her 66 years in a way that is becoming to a poet, and who made an address that was pleasant, though brief. It was nearly half a century ago that Grace Greenwood began to publish the poems that were the fruit of her early years, and since then, besides many poetical contributions, she has written books of travel in many lands, books of history, romances, and essays. Her list of publications during the past fifty years is a long one, and nearly all of her works have been very popular. In later times her pen has been less fertile than it once was, but she retains the gentle and kindly spirit that originally made her a favorite in the realm of literature.

The carriage people of Central Park have frequently the air and expression, as they loll back in their smooth-rolling vehicles, of owning the world in general and the Park in particular. On the contrary, the philosophic onlooker from the roadside considers this passing show a pageant for his especial gratification. He is a sharp critic, too, ignoring the shabby or even moderately handsome turnout, but enjoying with the keen delight of a connoisseur the perfectly appointed establishment, the sweep of a priceless trotter, or the dash of a pair of high-stepping thoroughbreds with their burnished trappings and clinking chains.

Washington.

I.

Je ne connais rien de plus beau,
Dans les annales de l'histoire,
Que cet homme qui, plein de gloire,
Sort aujourd'hui de son tombeau.
Et pourquoi cet enthousiasme?
Pourquoi tant de bourrahs vainqueurs;
Pourquoi ce delicieux spasme
D'amour étreignant tant de cœurs?
Pour que l'univers exalte
Se découvre devant sa face,
Que donna-t-il donc a sa race?
—Il lui donna la Liberté!...

II.

Comme la Corse aux cheveux plats,
Il eut pu, du peuple l'idole,
Escaladant le Capitole,
S'asseoir parmi les potentats.
Il eut pu, sans changer de nom,
De l'Anglais prolonger les Georges,
Et, faisant flamboyer les forges,
Traiter l'homme en chair a canon.
Mais non; le premier dans la guerre,
Il fut le premier dans la paix,
Et restera tel a jamais
Dans les cœurs, ce sel de la terre!

III.

Cent ans ont passé. Je le vois
Plus grand que tous les rois du monde,
Lui dont la sagesse féconde
Créa des millions de rois.
Le voile des temps se déchire:
Je le vois, terrassant l'oubli,
Et souriant d'un fier sourire,
Ses fils qui n'ont jamais failli,
Entrer dans l'immortalité,
Foudant que son peuple l'acclame
Père, sauveur, héros, grande âme,
Bienfaiteur de l'humanité!

IV.

Peuple, ce que tu fais est bien:
Car tu dois ta splendide aurore
A ce merveilleux météore,
A ce demi-dieu qui fut tien!
Sur ton beau sol aux vastes flancs
Que n'écrase aucune couronne
Ne s'élève pas la Colonne
Qu'aiment à contempler les Francs,
Mais, grace à lui, gloire suprême,
En face des rois étonnés,
Tu démontres à ces aînés
L'art de se gouverner soi-même!

V.

Battez, tambours; sonnez, trompettes;
Aux sons des fifres des aïeux
Mêlez, Américains, les tonnerres joyeux
Des noirs canons de vos corvettes!
Que les mille effets des puissantes usines
Joignent leur voix stridente aux pieux tarillons
Des temples aux voûtes divines;
Livrez aux vents vos pavillons
Vaseurs colossaux, rois de l'onde
Traits d'union flottants du jeune et du vieux monde;
De joie allumons mille feux;
L'homme dont nous fêtons le premier centenaire
Est plus grand que César, que l'homme de Brumaire;
Il a fait un peuple d'heureux!

ALFRED M. COTTS.

NEW YORK, 30 Avril, 1889.

Because He Is.

Mrs. O'Rourke—Pathrick, why do yez call Mighter Madigan "Rough on Rats?"
Patrick—Isn't he our lodge's walkin' diligate, jist!

WANAMAKER'S INJUN VISITORS.

Fifteen Redskins Go in a Black Hills Coach