The Sun.

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THE SUN, New York City.

If our friends who favor us with manuscripts for publication wish to have rejected articles returned, they must in all cases send stamps for that purpose.

Governor Flower and the Harris Case.

Governor FLOWER has discharged his duty to public justice thoroughly and manfully by his treatment of the case of the condemned murderer, HARRIS.

He appointed a competent lawyer and public man to examine any new evidence in favor of the condemned which might be presented, as he was empowered by the law to do. He examined this evidence as submitted to him and the whole case with great industry and conscientious care.

Having so done, he has reached the conclusion reached by the jury who tried HARRIS, by Recorder SMYTH in his judgment refusing an application for a new trial, and by the Court of Appeals, to which the case was carried.

From first to last, at every step in this long process, HARRIS has been adjudged guilty of the murder of HELEN POTTS. Governor FLOWER has not suffered himself to be swerved by sentimental considerations from his sworn and stern duty any more than did the jury who brought HARRIS in guilty or the Judge who sentenced him to death.

A Nineteen-Hour Schedule.

As reckless and as ill-advised a step as we have known in railroad management is the establishment by the New York Central road of a nineteen-hour schedule between this city and Chicago. There is something essentially wrong in the administration which can contemplate such a senseless piece of braggadocio. It is not that the train can be run only at a loss, not that it is a gratuitous slap in the face to the other trunk lines, not that it will demoralize the train service of the whole system, but that it is trifling with human life.

The system is not adapted to a nineteen-hour schedule. It is nothing short of madness to run such a schedule on the Lake Shore road, or on any road which is not equipped with modern signals. The proposition should be met with the severest public censure. There will be plenty of thoughtless people to travel on such a train, but that fact will not mitigate the fearful responsibility of the Central's management. They invite a patronage that they do not deserve, and shut their eyes to their most sacred duty.

The Best All-Around Modern Ship.

In the fleet of five-and-thirty war ships which moved through the Narrows into the Hudson, where the Enterprise, the caravels, and afterward the Dogali brought the total spectacular array to a round forty, exclusive of torpedo boats and tugs, not one vessel was without its interest and merit. But if the question is asked, which was the best all-around ship, the claimants, of course, would be reduced to a very few.

Our fleet, for example, would withdraw not only its gunboats Bennington, Concord, Yorktown, Bancroft, and Vesuvius, but its fine Charleston and Atlanta, which are surpassed by others of our vessels in battery power and speed. Spain would stand on her Reina Regente, withdrawing the Infanta Isabel and Nueva España; Brazil would have her armorclad Aquidaban, and withdraw her Tiradentes and Republica; Germany would take her fine Kaiserin Augusta, and not the little Sceadler; France, the Jean Bart, and not the wooden Aréthuse and the Hussard; Russia, doubtless, her Dimitri Donskoi above her General Admiral, also an armored cruiser, and her unarmored Rynda.

The four leading elements in an all-around war ship are armor, armament, speed, and radius of action. For a commerce destroyer the two latter are relatively the more important, and for a line-of-battle ship, the two former. The fastest cruiser in the review was Argentine's Nueve de Julio, with her maximum of 22¾ knots, and a beautiful craft in every way; but she is unarmored, and far inferior to the bigger ships in battery power. The Van Speijk, so welcome here because she is from Holland, has the good battery of six 6.7-inch and eight 4.7-inch guns, but is slow and unarmored. The Jean Bart, though the typical ugly-looking customer of the fleet, and a valuable cruiser, is yet in speed, gun power, and protection much inferior to several others.

We may next turn to the monitor Miantonomoh and to the Aquidaban, the only strict battle ship. The former carries seven inches of compound armor on her sides and eleven and a half on her turrets; the latter, from seven to eleven inches on her water-line belt, and ten on the oval barbettes that protect the bases of the turrets. The armored deck and redoubt roofs are of steel, two to three inches thick. The Miantonomoh carries four 10-inch guns; the Aquidaban, four 9.2-inch and four 5.7-inch guns. The American monitor is a most valuable harbor defender, with her big guns in cylindrical turrets, and with her low freeboard offering a difficult mark. But as her speed is only 10½ knots, and there are several 20-knot vessels in the fleet carrying guns capable of piercing her seven-inch side armor, it will be seen that she is not the best all-around vessel. The Aquidaban is far better in speed, having made nearly 16 knots, and an average of about 11 knots on the long voyage from England to Rio.

Turning to the cruisers, the first marked distinction between them is that some are armored and that others are protected only by their coal belts and by curved steel decks. Speed and battery power being equal, the armored cruiser would naturally be expected to be better than the unarmored. Our own cruisers are all unarmored. The Chicago, 4,500 tons, carries the most powerful armament among them, four 8-inch, eight 6-inch, and two 5-inch guns; but she has only 15½ knots speed, and is not quite as well protected as the later ships. The Baltimore, 4,600 tons, has nearly as heavy a battery, four 8-inch and six 6-inch guns, and 19½ knots speed. The Philadelphia, 4,324 tons, and the San Francisco and Newark, 4,083 tons each, carry batteries of twelve 6-inch guns each, and their speed is 19¾, 20¼, and 19 knots respectively.

Leaving these for a moment and going to the British ships, we find the Blake a vessel of 9,000 tons, nominally a protected cruiser, but having a steel deck six inches thick at the maximum, much surpassing in thickness the decks of our protected cruisers, and curving at the sides to 8½ feet below the water line. In fact she is practically an armored cruiser. She developed on her trial, under natural draught alone, 19¼ knots in a seven-hours' run, and it is asserted that she would make from 21 to 22 knots with forced draught. She carries two 9.2-inch guns and ten 6-inch guns, and these latter are rapid fire. The casemates of her main-deck guns have six inches of steel to protect them, a great point of superiority. She can carry 1,500 tons of coal, or far more than any of our vessels, and can go 15,000 knots without recoaling. The Australia and Magicienne are 19-knot ships, and the former has a water-line belt of armor and a main battery like the Blake's; but we need not dwell on them since the British evidently put forward the Blake as their best all-around ship.

The Kaiserin Augusta is one of the finest and most satisfying cruisers in the line, and an honor to any navy. She is next in displacement to the Blake, 6,052 tons; the third in engine power, 12,600, being surpassed only by the Blake and the Nueve de Julio; has the excellent speed of 20.7 knots, and the powerful battery of twelve 6-inch and eight 4-inch guns. But on the whole the Blake surpasses her in the combination of aggressive and defensive power.

Of the Italian vessels the Dogali, though the smallest, is the fastest, 19¾ knots. The other two, the Etna and the Giovanni Bausan, 17.5 knots, are remarkable for carrying each two 10-inch guns, besides six 6-inch. They are all, however, unarmored, and are outclassed by the Blake. The Spanish Reina Regente, once the fastest and most powerful protected cruiser in the world, was one of the very foremost in all-around efficiency in the review. When we say that with 4,750 tons displacement she has 11,500 horse power, 20.6 knots speed, and carries four 9½-inch and six 4.7-inch guns, a sufficient idea is given of her admirable qualities. The Russian armored cruisers Dimitri Donskoi and General Admiral are also valuable ships, with fine batteries, but are rather too slow. Of them as of Brazil's powerful Aquidaban it may be said that a little more displacement is needed to work out the best results in their respective classes.

The Blake, therefore, seems entitled to first honors for all-around efficiency, both in battle and for cruising as a commerce destroyer, taking into view speed, armor, battery power, and coal endurance, and giving fair relative value to each.

We may add that Admiral HOPKINS, after inspecting the New York on Wednesday, frankly told Capt. PHILIP that she was superior even to the Blake.

Where Does the Fun Come In?

Our esteemed contemporary, the *Tribune*, assumes a doubtful joy over the election of the Hon. WILLIAM EVERETT of Quincy as a Representative in Congress from the Seventh Congress district of Massachusetts. Dr. EVERETT's plurality was cut down from 14 to 10 at first, but afterward it rose to 42; although it might have been reduced to 1, the majority of MARCUS MORTON, candidate for Governor over EDWARD EVERETT, Dr. EVERETT's father, in the brave days of old, a little more than fifty years ago. As the Seventh Congress district of Massachusetts was cut and fitted to be a Republican district, and has a normal Republican majority of between 2,000 and 3,000, Dr. EVERETT's election by even the smallest plurality is a wonder and a delight. His Republican opponent, Mr. WILLIAM EMERSON BARRETT, is the proprietor of two newspapers and the Massachusetts Legislature; and as soon as he was nominated the Hon. HENRY CABOT LODGE, whose election to the Senate started the BARRETT and EVERETT competition, got bronchitis so severely that he wasn't able to talk outside of his house, and the bronchitis lingered with him until after the election. Mr. LODGE often gets bronchitis or something as bad when the Hon. WILLIAM EMERSON BARRETT is prospecting for a job.

By one, ten, or fourteen, or less or more, the voice of the Republicans of the Seventh Massachusetts Congress district speaks for Dr. WILLIAM EVERETT of Quincy. Dr. EVERETT can read and write, and if he were a Republican the Republican newspapers would now be engaged in showing the hereditariness of BELL and EVERETT talent, and the superior genius and education of Republicans. Unfortunately, Dr. EVERETT is not a Republican naturalist, and his studies of the Mugwump Bird are regarded with horror by the faithful. Here is where our esteemed educational contemporary, the *Tribune*, walks in with power and distinction:

"There is something so funny in the thought that Dr. WILLIAM EVERETT of Quincy, Mass., is actually elected and going to take his seat in the next Congress, that people in Boston and its suburbs find great difficulty in treating it seriously. They had become quite accustomed to seeing him run for Congress, and first and last in all these years in which he has been indulging in that pursuit, they have had a great deal of fun out of it. But no one supposed he would ever get there. Now that he is actually elected, and is about to transplant himself from Quincy to Washington and be transformed from a schoolmaster to a statesman, we can see quite a vista of beneficent possibilities opening before him."

The Republican minority in Congress is so small that one can understand how a Republican newspaper may take a melancholy joy in celebrating any addition thereto. The Hon. WILLIAM EMERSON BARRETT doesn't regard the thing in that light, but, of course, he has a selfish personal interest. If our esteemed contemporary, the *Tribune*, is happy over the election of Dr. EVERETT, happiness is easily attained under the Tall Tower. Dr. EVERETT is a schoolmaster. Is there something intrinsically humorous about a schoolmaster? Is it a crime to be intelligent? The Hon. WILLIAM EVERETT, M. C., is a great criminal, then.

There is something funny, is there, about Dr. EVERETT's election? Well, let us see how funny it is. Dr. EVERETT has the right and the honor to have certain peculiarities of conduct and attitude. If there are ten men in Congress who have on an average more cerebral contents than he has, we should like their names. He will not be elected to the next Congress, because his is a Republican district. He will not have time to distinguish himself. But TOM REED and BOURKE COCKRAN and every other man in Congress with brains like a benediction, will know Schoolmaster EVERETT for a man of brains. He is a sincere and passionate free trader. He will not let the unconstitutional blot of protection stay on the statute books longer than he must, and whatever he says and wherever he is, he will not cringe to any man or set of men, or to any copies of resolutions. Dr. EVERETT is called a Mugwump. He should be called an EVERETT sphinx. He will do what he chooses. If there is anything ludicrous in a man of genius, a schoolmaster, a member, that is to say, of as good a profession as the world holds: if there is anything ludicrous in the idea of a man who knows HORACE by heart and ARISTOTLE's "Politics," too, becoming a public servant and taking up a public career, Dr. WILLIAM EVERETT will be ludicrous, and the *Tribune* happy in mind. Dr. WILLIAM EVERETT is an honor to any legislative body.

A Kansas Campaign.

In Kansas, as in New York, candidates for elective office are obliged by law to file sworn statements of their campaign disbursements, though what practical benefit has been secured by establishing such a provision, no one seems to know. The electoral reformers adopted it because it was English. Sundry legislators incorporated it in their electoral law. Candidates comply with it because compliance with law is an American citizen's first duty; but in operation it is a farce, and is popularly so regarded. At the municipal elections of a month ago Mrs. ANNA POTTER was a candidate for Mayor of Kansas City. She received twenty-five votes. Mrs. POTTER has filed her sworn statement of expenses with the County Clerk, as follows:

"Juvenile colored band, $35; band wagon, $5; another band wagon, $5; band, $24; tickets, $18.50; four banners, $2. Total, $79.50."

Mrs. POTTER disbursed $79.50 in securing twenty-five votes, an abnormal, extravagant, and unproductive outlay, such as may be expected from a political tyro. She was partial to music, a lovely trait of the feminine character, but one of little value for campaign purposes; and she displayed a keen sense of her duty to her followers by having the principles she favored displayed upon banners. Hers was what might be truthfully called a spectacular and resounding campaign. There was plenty of music, and as one of the bands was of the African variety, the element of color was not lacking. She seems to have believed in a campaign of uproar instead of one of education, and the result of this miscalculation, if we may so describe it, was that she received only twenty-five votes, at a cost of $3.18 each.

Nowadays, political banners do not count for much. The principles which a candidate stands for, are not of as much importance as the men and organization which by their beneficent activity accomplish his election. The ticket item of Mrs. POTTER's campaign outlay, too, is clearly indefensible. The only tickets a candidate needs are election tickets bearing the right name; and the only proper receptacle for them is the ballot box. The promiscuous purchase of tickets for chowders, picnics, balls, and benefits has kept many a local statesman poor, and has not improved his political prospects either. At the same time, it must be admitted that Mrs. POTTER made an aggressive though unavailing fight. She did not hide her political light under a bushel. She let every one know, with flute, clarionet, tom-tom, bass drum, fife, and cymbals, that she was in the field for votes. She woke the echoes of the town. She expended $79.50, and was defeated. Perhaps the most judicious items of her disbursements were those for band wagons. But she mistook in having two. One band wagon in politics is enough for any one, man, woman, or Mugwump; and the aspirant should get on board early and stay late. That's politics.

The Confession Will Not Be Changed.

It looks now as if, after all, the Westminster Confession would be left as it is by the Presbyterians. So far, the scheme of revision submitted to the presbyteries has received the entire approval of only thirty of the 138 which have voted on it, and forty-two have rejected it entirely. The rest either approve of the revision in part only, or want a brand-new creed.

These 138 presbyteries comprise about three-fifths of the whole, and they are enough to indicate that the general sentiment of the Church is opposed to the changes over which the committee of the General Assembly worked so long and painfully. Even a great majority of the presbyteries favoring some sort of revision are dissatisfied with the amendments actually submitted; but no committee could have pleased them any better. The Westminster Confession is so consistent a structure that no part of it can be removed or even transformed without damage to the whole. The movement on behalf of revision, too, started in opposition to the Confession's Calvinism, yet this committee was commanded by the General Assembly to leave its Calvinism unimpaired!

The origin of the movement was the revolt of comfortably situated urban Presbyterians, more especially, against the doctrines of hell which the Confession lays down very squarely and explicitly, which really is the corner stone of the structure. This Calvinistic doctrine is that GOD of His own will decreed before all time the exact future state of every human being, whether he should be saved or damned. It is, in other words, that whatever happens was bound to happen; and its logic, therefore, is invincible. But it is not an agreeable doctrine, and prosperous Presbyterians do not like to have it put so sharply. They would dismiss the subject of hell entirely or treat it vaguely; but CALVIN saw that his doctrine of eternal decrees is essential to his doctrine of a personal GOD, omniscient and omnipotent. It is essential to the consistency of the Westminster Confession; and hence there is no possibility of satisfying the objecting Presbyterians short of a new creed. Really they are Universalists. They want to be able to believe that nobody will go to hell.

Accordingly, the complete failure of the attempt to revise the Westminster Confession without impairing its Calvinism, seems to be a foregone conclusion. To be successful the proposed revision needs to get a two-thirds vote; and that, the returns so far indicate, is next to impossible. The forthcoming General Assembly at Washington is likely to leave the Presbyterians with their same old standards of faith. It will not undertake to abolish hell.

If it be true that President DIAZ has suppressed nearly a hundred newspapers within a week, Mexico is suffering from something worse than the Garzaist rebellion on the Rio Grande. She must be in a state of unrest that carries with it most serious danger to the Government. The President would certainly not resort to extreme measures against his newspaper adversaries unless he were convinced that he is unable to cope with them in a constitutional way. Under the Mexican Constitution the freedom of the press is well guarded, and it can be arbitrarily interfered with only in times of the gravest public peril. The President's extraordinary action is, therefore, unpleasantly significant.

We are aware that a good many of our Mexican contemporaries are in the habit of using violent and revolutionary language, and that, since DIAZ entered upon his third term of office, they have been especially vehement in their utterances, striving to break his power at any cost. They are reactionary; they like that state of turmoil in which Mexico has existed for generations. They are subsidized organs of those evil institutions against which DIAZ has always set his face.

It is hard enough to sustain any organized government in Mexico, and it is almost impossible to do so while these bellicose newspapers are permitted to stir up strife. Yet, it is our judgment that it would be far better for DIAZ to deal with these papers under the processes of law than to crush them by the exercise of arbitrary authority.

We have many times spoken in praise of the administration of President DIAZ. We think highly of the pacific and progressive policy through which he has striven to promote the welfare of his country, and we know how greatly Mexican interests have been advanced by his steady adherence to that policy. We must trust that he will ever pay full respect to the constitutional franchises of the Mexican people and to the rights of the Mexican press.

Our valued contemporary, the *Buffalo Commercial*, employs severity that is not exaggerated, in the following remarks:

"The *World* was the paper that was very anxious to have the act passed making it an offence against the law of the State for a newspaper publisher to misrepresent the extent of its circulation. The *World* does not seem to have any scruples about committing forgery and calling it news. If it is not forgery for a paper to put into a man's mouth words that he never uttered and to represent him as saying certain things in an 'interview,' when he was never in conversation with a *World* reporter at all—if that is not forgery or akin to it, what is it? It is high time that the Legislature took up this crime when perpetrated by 'enterprising' journalism and made it punishable with severe penalties."

The *Commercial* proposes nothing that is really unjust, but it seems to us unadvisable. Better leave such offences of newspaper imposture to be dealt with by the impartial justice of the newspaper-consuming public.

Governor FLOWER has signed the bill solving the muddle of the Police Pension Fund. By the new law every member of the New York police force will, after June 1, be taxed two per cent. of his monthly salary, the proceeds to be turned over to the fund. This year's appropriation for police salary account is $4,787,040, and two per cent. of this will amount to $95,740. The deficit in the fund last year was $50,000, which was made up by a transfer of money, raised by taxation, and appropriated to other departments. Henceforth the beneficiaries of this fund will be taxed to support it. This is as it should be: fair, independent, and truly Democratic.

A correspondent of an inquiring turn of mind asks why it is that the Austro-Hungarian empire was not represented in the naval display of a week ago, commemorative of the voyage of discovery made by COLUMBUS. The Austrian navy, he says, contains a dozen armored vessels of the first class, besides inferior craft, 362 guns, and nearly 10,000 seamen and marines. All the other great powers, England, France, Germany, Russia, and Italy; two of those which are no longer of the first class, Spain and Holland; besides Brazil and the Argentine Republic, were represented. Why, he asks, was not Austria?

We do not know. A band of epauletted visitors from the beautiful blue Danube, from busy Trieste, or the melodious Tyrol, would have been as welcome as any other. Perhaps that portion of the Austrian navy which was scheduled to arrive in New York in April is out of repair.

In the *Church Union* Mr. FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN has a daintily constructed Blossom Song celebrating the Spring:

"In the apple orchard now
Every bough
Is a fragrant cloud of bloom;
Whence the zephyr lightly shakes
Blossom flakes
Snow-like, scattering perfume."

So he says, and so the fact ought to be. But unluckily the Spring is very late this year, and there isn't an apple tree in flower in this latitude. About a fortnight hence Mr. SHERMAN's views may be in order.

We are interested in the case of Mr. PATRICK MALONEY of Hoboken, who is held in prison there to await examination as to his sanity. He was arrested three days ago, upon complaint of his wife, who avers that he has been acting queerly for some time, has had several violent outbreaks, and "has conceived the notion that he can discover motive power without the aid of steam or electricity, which will revolutionize railway traffic." These are the charges that his wife has brought against him, and we must say that they do not seem to constitute satisfactory reason for his arrest and imprisonment. His notion about the motive power is a notion that is entertained by lots of other men who are not crazy, and it is possible that the power may be discovered before he gets out of prison. He acts queerly, she says, and many are the discoverers and inventors against whom this charge has been brought. He has had several violent outbreaks; and it is no wonder, when his own wife accuses him of being insane over the notion of a new motive power. This case must be looked after till settled. Mr. MALONEY was formerly a member of the Hoboken City Council.

The Hon. CHARLES HACKETT, Chairman of the Republican Executive Committee, has returned from the everglades of Florida in a joyous and sanguine mood, politically speaking. He expects to witness (without doing much toward it) a sweeping Republican victory in New York this year. "We Republicans," as he declares, "have nothing to do but to wait, and profit by the blunders of our political adversaries." And it looks like a tedious wait for CHARLES and his associate Republicans.

Again this year we notice complaints in our Jewish contemporaries that some of the hotels at certain summer resorts refuse to receive Jews. This discrimination is denounced as persecution. We are sure, however, that at all the summer resorts in this country there are plenty of excellent hotels in which Jews are just as welcome as other people, and the keepers of which would never think of asking any applicant for board to what race or religion he belongs. None of our Jewish fellow citizens need ever find any trouble in procuring acceptable quarters in country or city hotels and boarding houses, with perfect assurance against any kind of persecution.

It is fine and humane and beneficent service that is rendered to the inmates of the Infirmary for Women and Children by the distinguished scientific women who hold professional chairs in the Women's Medical College of this city. It is an admirable new edifice that has been built by the friends of the infirmary, well adapted to its uses. We could not command language of overpraise of the work of the accomplished lady who is dean of the college, Dr. EMILY BLACKWELL, or of her sister professors who are the physicians of the infirmary, Drs. JACOBI, CUSHIER, PECKHAM, KILHAM, WALLSTEIN, or of Miss MARSHALL, who is its superintendent.

Honor to these worthy women!

BOYCOTT ORDERED BY A CITY

And Sustained by the State—City Employees Must Not Patronize Chinamen.

From the San Francisco Chronicle.

HELENA, April 16.—Attorney-General Haskell has submitted a lengthy opinion to Gov. Richards in respect to the action of the Butte City Council in directing all city employees not to patronize Chinese. The opinion is to the effect that the Council's action was perfectly proper. After a review of the treaties existing between the two countries and the legislative enactments on the subject, the Attorney-General holds as follows:

The municipality of Butte, being a component part of the State of Montana and governed by the existing laws of this State, has a coordinate right with the State to enforce such rules and regulations as are not inconsistent with the Constitution and laws of the State; to protect such municipality from danger, from pauperism, danger to health, danger to morals, danger to property, or danger to religion. It must be conceded that the Chinese are not bona fide residents in any sense of the word; they will not even permit their bones to have sepulchre in American soil; that this request by the Trades and Labor Union of Butte, even if incorporated into a rule by the municipality of Butte, would not interfere with the "possession" or "enjoyment" of property by the Chinese, or prevent them from engaging in trade in common with American citizens resident therein; that such a rule does not conflict with the treaty obligations of the United States Government with that of China and the subjects thereof residing and being within the United States under said treaty.

WILL THERE BE AN EXTRA SESSION?

It Is Possible, but Far from Certain.

WASHINGTON, May 4.—Speaking by the mouths of friends, since his return from the task of pressing the button at Chicago, Mr. Cleveland has confirmed what I have given out as the programme of the future: that is, if there be no backward steps from disruption, collision, or break. The plan, if there be no mishap, is an extra session early in September, and the rest, including the Tariff bill, on which Mr. Wells and Mr. Atkinson are employed.

There are rifts in the sky which suggest a variety of things that may happen. For example, Mr. Cleveland is apologizing for Mr. Carlisle, when the papers tell him, as they do, that the Secretary does not know his business, and is ignorant of the first principles of finance on a large scale. It is coming out, or rather it is out, that the bankers tell the President he has made a mistake in appointing Mr. Carlisle, and Mr. Cleveland indirectly admits it in a number of ways. As a matter of fact, the statement put forth by the President, and which the bankers told him was all right, was the result of what the bankers said to him in criticism of Mr. Carlisle, and of the necessity of standing the Secretary up in a corner to be silent as to certain matters.

Out of all this comes the question, Will Mr. Carlisle stand this? Will he not resign, wishing the President and his policy all the luck they deserve? These questions are in the air, nor is there in this anything greatly disappointing, for the Secretary was told by friends who expostulated with him and told him how it might be before he had gone far with Mr. Cleveland. To-day a Kentuckian of the true Blue Grass spirit and sense, declared that Mr. Carlisle can do nothing else than get out of the Cabinet, and lead the Democratic opposition which is bound to develop. While at the present moment there does not seem to be much probability of Mr. Carlisle's withdrawal, the circumstances and the facts remain the same. Nevertheless, one can't help thinking that the Secretary of the Treasury, who knows that bankers have called him an ignoramus in finance when speaking of him to the President, with the President virtually assenting to the epithet by apologizing for him, is not likely to perform his duties with anything like a contented spirit.

Mr. Carlisle, as it has been given out by the President, will now proceed to consider the best way to reorganize the department so as strengthen the Administration in Congress. Such offices as the remaining Assistant Secretaries of the Treasury, the First and Second Comptrollers, the Auditors, and other posts of like grade; the chiefs of divisions and so on, these are to be inventoried and priced, are still to be disposed of. In filling these places, votes in Congress are to be constantly borne in mind, and the appointments must bring a good return. One of the Comptrollerships, it is understood, has been disposed of at a good bargain, which may be varied a trifle by making the consideration Assistant Secretary of the Treasury. One sample will signify as to the rest. As to minor places, there are indications that the civil service system is to be made to adapt itself to the extraordinary situation which now exists. The offices must bring votes in Congress. Let no one doubt about this principle. One might as well doubt the existence of the offices.

The President's Plans for the Summer.

WASHINGTON, May 4.—The President and family will soon move to their summer home, which is within easy driving distance of the White House, though further removed than Red Top. He did intend to go to the Adirondacks, but the extra session of Congress will prevent his doing so. Though the extra session is now a fixed scheme, yet it may not be called. There are good Democrats who warn him to beware of bringing on the battle a day sooner than it is absolutely necessary.

Mr. Cleveland, it is said, has made up his mind to ask the banks what they are going to do toward helping to put through Congress the Tariff bill which he is having prepared, and which the Committee on Ways and Means, which Mr. Crisp has promised to appoint, will present to the House, and which that body is expected to pass. What are the banks going to do toward putting his bill through? He wants an answer he can depend on. And in what manner are they going to assist in putting through other bills, one of which the Committee on Coinage is expected to report to the House with the least delay possible? Above all, what are the banks going to do toward repealing the Sherman Silver law? If the President is to stand by the banks, he naturally wants them to stand by him. As to the way of their doing it, of course there is only one way. The way of the banks is not much in the spirit of civil service reform.

When the President gets out to his house in the country, he will have time to cogitate on these things.

The New Comptroller of the Currency.

WASHINGTON, May 4.—The financial public is not yet reconciled to the appointment of Mr. Eckles of Ottawa, Ill., as Comptroller of the Currency. Yet he is on duty; at least, he stays in the office during office hours.

A Georgian, who had been up to the Treasury during the day, told a story at one of the down-town hotels the other evening. A man came along in Augusta one day wanting to buy a coon dog. A Cracker hearing of it proposed to sell one of his dogs, which he represented to be the "best coon dog alive." A bargain was struck and the dog was led away. Not long after the purchaser returned with the dog. He said the dog did not know a coon from a pig, and the sale was a swindle. The seller replied that he knew the dog "wasn't worth a damn for anything else, and he naturally concluded he must be a good dog for coons!"

Newspaper Blackmail—The Various Methods of the Press Club.

From the New York Dramatic Mirror.

There is no doubt that the various press clubs throughout the country have placed themselves too often in the position of passing the hat among the general public to gather funds for expenditure or social enjoyment, or to invest in buildings, books, or other property.

The fair is not nearly so objectionable a means of getting money as are benefit performances. Press clubs have used the profession time and again for benefits, playing upon the actor's disinclination to offend by refusing to offer his services in behalf of a class that he fondly imagines has power to do him good or to do him injury at will. This fair is, in a great measure, the work of the members of the Press Club and of friends.

The Press Club's plea of charity, however, is not altogether reasonable, for, unless I am much mistaken, the club does not give pecuniary aid to needy journalists outside of its own membership. Moreover, it is not asking for money now for any other purpose except to help pay for the expensive club house it is going to build.

What should we say of the Union League, Lotos, Colonial, or any other representative social body, if it called upon the general public for assistance of this kind? If it be answered that these clubs are wealthy the case is not altered. If newspaper writers are unable to support an independent club of their own, then they ought to disband and find consolation in an increase of collective and individual self-respect.

A Western View of a Georgy Statesman.

From the Chicago Tribune.

Secretary Hoke Smith is a jolly, good natured, overgrown boy, who looks as if he could eat the biggest watermelon ever raised in Georgia, and ask for more.

The Silver Question—A Southern View.

From the Atlanta Constitution.

The northeastern welkin will ring with shouts for the free coinage of silver when an income tax payable in gold is levied.

When the Colonels All Come Home.

From the Atlanta Constitution.

The fields are full of blossoms, and the meadows smile as sweet
As a maiden when the daisies make a carpet for her feet;
And the crows are cawing gladly, and the larks are in loam,
And there'll be a jubilation when the colonels all come home!

The jaybird's song is ringing to the ether, wild and free,
And the splashing streams are singing as they race toward the sea;
And the cotton bolls are bending, and the furrow's white with foam,
And there'll be a jubilation when the colonels all come home!

O, colonels—Georgia colonels—where the wild Potomac flows,
Do you ever think of Georgia where the watermelon grows?
Where the pumpkin's globed in yellow, where the mules unbridled roam?
O, there'll be jubilation when the colonels all come home!

A GROUP OF IMPRESSIONISTS.

To Be Studied at the American Art Galleries.

Here is a treat for the apostles of light and air and the hot vibrations of sunlight in painting; for the devotees of the simple beauty of abstract color and illumination. It is also a fine opportunity to compare with the works of Monet, the most conspicuous of Parisian impressionists, those of two of our own most advanced followers in his footsteps. The occasion for this enjoyment and this comparison is presented in an exhibition at the American Art Galleries of paintings by Monet, Twachtman, and Weir, together with several canvases by Besnard. It may be admitted to begin with that one must be in the proper frame of mind to comprehend some of these pictures. They are quite likely to prove caviare to the general. Skilful, of course, every one must acknowledge them to be, but it is something of a question how far they may be over the head of the average man who thinks he knows what he likes in painting.

Monet, quite as much as any of the advanced students of atmosphere and prismatic sunlight effects, has distinguished himself and commanded respectful attention. Mr. J. H. Twachtman may be said to have come nearer than any other New York artist to solving some of the problems of *plein aire* that Monet has set down. Mr. J. Alden Weir has abandoned a field in which he had won distinction and applause to adopt this new method, and he appears to have not yet placed himself, as it were. He is still, apparently, groping somewhere in the clouds. The result of all this endeavor, however, is interesting.

In the lower gallery are hung the paintings by Monet and Besnard. They overwhelm the spectator at first with a flood of splendid violets and golden yellows. One needs a moment, with something to steady himself by, in order to recover from the shock of this dazzling harlequinade of gay colors. It is a rainbow, very beautiful, but very unreal. One inevitably walks in zigzags about the gallery, now backing away in order to get the effect, and again advancing to within range to decipher the catalogue number on the frame. The catalogue, however, is a matter of small moment. The titles have little to do with these pictures that are painted for the pure love of painting.

Standing in the centre of this lower gallery, one may turn upon his heel and see to the best advantage these remarkable reproductions of sunlight upon cliff and mountain. It is unmistakably and very beautifully the translation into paint and upon a plane surface of the something that makes the light of heaven charming. In "Monet's House," No. 142, there is a terrace garden, ablaze with sunflowers, and leading by stone steps to the little cottage on the brow of the hill. Two children are coming down the steps. The effect is there, but approached too nearly everything is gone but the smear of paint. In the "Early Morning," No. 146, Monet has given us quite truly the golden light of the new day as it fills the air and glorifies a prismatic haystack that intercepts its rays. "The Poplars," No. 147, is a curious serpentine row of tall trees in a blue haze, and suggestive in the altitude of the tree trunks and in their winding arrangement of the 110th street curve of the west side elevated road. In No. 140, a mountain ravine, the distant hills are beautiful in their clear blue color and richly variegated. "Yerville on the Seine," No. 154, is one of the most easily to be comprehended and one of the most satisfactory of all of Monet's pictures here shown, and the "View of Rouen," No. 158, is lovely in its rich grays and browns and luminous sky.

The dozen canvases by Paul Albert Besnard in this gallery are strikingly brilliant in color, and sometimes extremely fantastical in design. The two horse pictures, for example, "Unbridled," No. 141, and "Free," No. 143, are extravagantly fanciful. In the former a bay horse is roaring and plunging through the waters of a lake of crimson and blue, colors that are borrowed from a flaming sky. In the other, the horse is cream colored, and he stands with fore and hind legs wide apart and head in air, upon a yellow bank, snorting defiance at a sky and sea of brilliant violet. Some of Besnard's heads, notably "A Golden Hour," No. 161, are fine not only in character and color, but in an appropriate finish as well. His "Clytie," No. 145, is remarkably decorative in its color effect, but by qualities that make it wholly unreal. The flesh is of a rich orange yellow, the hair a splendid red, and all against hangings of deep blue. His "Idyl," No. 155, is a beautifully fleshly painting of a red-haired, red-lipped, red-faced woman, with neck and breast and arms of loveliest white.

In the gallery above are the paintings by Mr. Twachtman and Mr. Weir, and a number of pastels by Mr. Twachtman and etchings by Mr. Weir besides. While, like Monet, they have striven toward the expression of impressions of landscape and figure, they have looked with soberer eyes. There is none of the splendid, barbaric color that distinguishes the works of the Frenchman. They tend to silvery grays modified by greens and blues quite as silvery. Mr. Twachtman's winter and snow scenes are among his happiest effects. "Moissehassiky Falls," No. 12, and "A Snowy Day," No. 14, being both delightful works and full of the sentiment that a poet-painter may hope to express. Mr. Twachtman's "Connecticut Hills," No. 18, and "Reflections in the Pond," No. 21, are refined in color and feelingly painted. One of his finest canvases is perhaps "Edge of Mill Pond Meadow," No. 20, in which a clump of tall trees is reflected in the water. Some of the flower pieces by this same painter, both in oils and pastel, are exquisite.

Mr. Weir is more extremely impressionistic than Mr. Twachtman, and in his portraits especially the effects are truly wonderful if not distinctly feeble. But in his landscapes there are always a fine sense of atmosphere and a fine feeling. "The Red Barn," No. 57, "Snow Storm in the City," No. 61, and "In the Library," No. 66, are among his most interesting canvases.

In his etched plates Mr. Weir is quite another man. He draws remarkably well, and there is none of the uncertainty of form or of color masses that distinguishes the paintings.

Mount Rainier or Tacoma.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Your correspondent, Mr. Garrett P. Serviss, seems to assume the origin of the name of Mount Tacoma. If he will consult any respectable encyclopædia he will find the name of Tacoma to be the aboriginal name of Mount Rainier, and that the town of Tacoma was named after it. But to every Pacific coaster, except an inhabitant of Tacoma, and to every public scholar throughout the land, the name of Mount Rainier is known as the highest peak of the Cascade range. I think, and so does every Pacific coaster, that the name of Mount Rainier ought to stand, notwithstanding Mr. G. P. S.'s assertion. The town of Tacoma, being over forty miles away, has no more right to that name than Trenton would have to Manhattan. AMERICAN PACIFIC COASTER.

BROOKLYN, April 26.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* To every Pacific coaster the dispute about the names of high peaks on the Cascade Range is amusing, but when Mr. Garrett P. Serviss leaves readers under the impression that he is the first public man calling Mount Rainier by its aboriginal name I think it but right to step in and correct this impression.

Any of your reporters visiting a library will find that I am correct. V. HAGEMANN.

The Georgian's Birthright.

From the Atlanta Constitution.

Dick Grubb says that if he had the appointing power every Colonel in Georgia "would be dead sure of an office." As a man becomes a Colonel here when he attains his majority, Dick would have his hands full when he struck the appointment business.

The Rainsford Plan.

From Puck.

Senior Warden—Coming down to the church fair to-night?

Vestryman—Can't spare the time; this is my week to tend bar.

Senior Warden—Well, let me sell you some chances then; we're going to raffle off a free scholarship at the White Plains Keely Cure.

HAWAII'S EX-QUEEN.

Bronson Howard Says She Will Never Regain Her Throne.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., May 4.—Bronson Howard, the dramatist, returned yesterday on the Australia from a vacation tour to Honolulu. He and Mrs. Howard went down with an excursion party, and now they plan to go to Alaska. Mr. Howard was so delighted with Hawaii that he wants it annexed.

"I'd go twice around the world and back again rather than miss that trip," said he. Mr. Howard dined with President Dole of the provisional Government, talked to Mr. Blount, and enjoyed the society of the best residents of Honolulu. He said:

"The provisional Government has a firm hold and it is going to keep it. The Government is composed of strong, temperate men, who have their family interests and their property staked on the issue. They are masters of the situation—they can hold it, and they will—that is my prophecy. I believe the question of the restoration of the Queen is past, and that clearly she is not in it. There is no issue on which she can hold her ground for restoration.

"As to the natives, it seems to me that they have no idea on which they can centre any enthusiasm. They might develop pro-patria feeling if there seemed anything to centre it on. It may be said that they inherit an utter lack of knowledge of all personal rights. They were once used to an absolute submission to the sovereign, but for forty or fifty years they have enjoyed constitutional government. This has weakened their pat