The Sun.

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Martinez Campos.

It was honorable warfare that the veteran Spanish commander sought to wage in Cuba. He would not close his career by tarnishing the fame which he had won during his forty years of military service. Last year, when sent to suppress a disturbance that looked petty, it seemed as though the task would be a short one. Upon reaching Havana he issued a manifesto which indicated his readiness to make terms with the disturbers and to extend clemency to them upon easy conditions. His conduct was magnanimous; his authority was ample; he governed Cuba as its Captain-General, and served his sovereign as a Marshal in the field. MARTINEZ CAMPOS, at once conquistador and pacificator, loyal and chivalrous, crowned with honors and beloved of Spain, was an impressive personage when he made his appearance in the isle that was once proud to be called "ever faithful."

He had not been long in Cuba when he discovered that he had to deal with something more than a local disturbance. It was an insurrection that he had to confront, and the material for it existed in every province of Cuba. It might turn out to be in truth a revolution.

He formed plans that appeared to be promising; he entered upon the campaign with energy and prosecuted it with courage. He found that the adversary was strong, bold, determined, and under excellent leadership. In a short time the seasons were adverse to the success of his army, though advantageous to the insurgents, natives of the soil. He suffered interference through the urgency of the Madrid authorities; he disregarded the command to practise sanguinary severities like those which brought disgrace upon the Spanish army in the previous Cuban war. He would fight like a soldier, not serve as a butcher. He held the adversary at bay for half a year, overcame him in many an action, and gave hope that triumph would crown his arms. It certainly was not the fault of his generalship that the patriotic spirit of Cuba, stirred by Spanish tyranny, rose higher than ever before; that multitudes of recruits hastened to join the patriot army; that the masses of the native population took side with their deliverers; that the adversary had command of agencies which he could not make use of; or that a General superior to himself appeared on the field under the flag of Free Cuba. The distinguished Spanish commander did his best; fortune and freedom were against him. Driven from half the island, he strengthened the defences of Havana, took his stand behind the ramparts, and defied MAXIMO GOMEZ to meet him in front of them. The wily chief of the revolutionists declined the offer, mounted his horse, brandished his torch, sharpened his machete, and carried desolation into regions where MARTINEZ CAMPOS could not reach him.

The dissatisfaction of his Government and of the Spanish residents of Havana has brought about the fall of Spain's most famous General. In the letter which he sent to the Premier of the Madrid Ministry, printed in yesterday's SUN, he denied that he had tendered his resignation, and said, not without emotion, that he surrendered his command under orders. It is evident from his language that these orders gave him a sense of humiliation. Before he got them, he had discovered that it was not a disturbance or a local insurrection that he had to deal with, but a popular revolution, which had its strength in the soul of Cuba.

We have never spoken harshly of the Spanish veteran during his Cuban campaign. Even the fervent and gallant patriots against whom he fought have always admitted that he waged war in an honorable manner. Only a few days ago a letter from GOMEZ was received here in which he spoke highly of the veteran. As a soldier of Spain he has served his country, as he had served it in other wars for the Crown. He leaves behind him in Cuba a record not unworthy of his name or his fame. He has failed to crush the patriots, but what commander can succeed in doing that?

If the successor of MARTINEZ CAMPOS in Cuba shall pursue a "policy of butchery" like that which rendered VALMASEDA infamous, it will not, in our opinion, be to the advantage of Spain.

The Danish West Indies.

The report that the Hon. RICHARD OLNEY favors the purchase of St. Thomas, Santa Cruz, and St. John, is credible. Mr. CLEVELAND's present Secretary of State is a thoroughgoing American, and if the annexation of a part of the Antilles should seem to him well for American interests, he would naturally urge it.

It is said that Denmark has made no proposition recently to sell this group of islands. That is undoubtedly true. With the record of a unanimous vote of her Rigsdag in 1868 to transfer St. Thomas and St. John to the United States, a vote of 1,244 to 22 in the islands in favor of joining us, and, on the other hand, adverse action by the Senate at that time on the treaty of purchase, Denmark, of course, cannot make direct overtures again on this subject. But the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, which has Mr. LODGE's resolution of inquiry under consideration, will doubtless find how the matter stands. King CHRISTIAN's Government will probably not take the chances of a second rejection of its offer, and yet might accept one from us.

The advantages and the drawbacks of St. Thomas as a naval station were made known thirty years ago, but what little change has since happened favors its acquisition. The island, it must be owned, has been retrograding in its agriculture, its commerce, and, if we do not mistake, even in its population. Some of its plantations, where sugar and rum were produced, have, it is said, been abandoned, and outside of Charlotte Amalie, the chief town, the island is of little value. Even that town may be less important than it was in bygone generations, especially when its neutrality made it a place of resort, while European sea powers were at war with each other. Its trade too, received a great shock about the time of our old negotiations from an earthquake, followed by a hurricane, the latter destroying a great amount of property. The chief mail station of the Southampton line of packets was moved elsewhere, and the French took a like step; and England's policy, too, has been to require subsidized steamships to make their headquarters for coal and supplies at a British port. St. Thomas, also, suffers from a scarcity of running water. It is hilly, and its soil is not very productive. Santa Cruz, which is larger and more populous, is more fertile and more valuable for its crops.

But our business is to get not sugar plantations, but a naval and coaling station; and for this purpose St. Thomas is suitable, whereas Santa Cruz, with its far inferior ports of Christiansted and Fredericksted, would be of no value. Neither would give us the combination of deep and sheltered anchorage and easy fortification which the harbor of Charlotte Amalie furnishes, and the latter town is also healthy. Hurricanes as severe as that of thirty years ago are rare, but violent tropical storms must be counted upon. The decline of the Danish islands in some respects may have the effect of reducing the price asked for them.

The question is one to be considered on its merits; and if the decision of the naval advisers is favorable, who shall say that, in these days of political wonders, Mr. CLEVELAND's Administration will not be found in favor of annexing outlying islands?

The Happy Hoosier.

There has not been any doubt at any time since Gen. HARRISON's defeat in 1892 that he was liable to become in 1896, if he chose, a candidate dangerous to the peace of mind of other aspirants. There was nothing in that defeat that could bring any personal humiliation to him or give him any cause of reproach. Never a man to excite violent enthusiasms, he had proven himself to be a President who could win the confidence of the mass of his party, and for the unexpected disaster which overtook that party he could not justly be held responsible. He was unfortunate enough to be disliked by some of the most astute and powerful Republican politicians; and their opposition would be the chief stumbling block in his way if he should have a desire to lodge at the White House again.

And why should he not have such a desire? If he wanted to be President in 1892 why should he not want to be President in 1896? He is in the soundest of health, the best of spirits, and the prime of his intellect; and he is recommended in a warmer way than has been habitual with him by his new sentimental triumph. The Indiana Republicans, with the unresting JOHN NEW at their head, are eager to push him on and intrigue for him; he has influential friends in almost every State; and most of the gentlemen who have the happiness of being appointed to office by him would gladly take up the cudgels for him again. In the matter of geographical diffusion his support is well distributed, and even the elusive Southern delegate might be attracted to him.

The Hon. CHARLES FOSTER, the Hon. THOMAS W. PALMER, the premature MICHENER, and other statesmen who are either eager to break into speech or committed to some other candidate than Gen. HARRISON, evidently do not speak by the book when they try to persuade the country that he doesn't want to be nominated. The inner circle of Harrisonians seem not to be of that opinion; and the expression of it annoys them. A waiting and a quiet game is theirs. There stands their candidate in an impressive Pullman car platform attitude, but making no speeches. Everybody is looking at him with a kindly eye, almost forgetting the politician in the lover. If the other candidates are too evenly matched, or the fight among them gets too vivid, Indiana stands ready to settle the trouble by bringing forward this dignified and now interesting personage. In the language of the noble game of marbles, no shovings! It will not do for Gen. HARRISON to be in the scramble, but his friends may be justified in thinking that he is in the swim.

At the same time the Hon. THOMAS COLLIER PLATT and the Hon. MATTHEW STANLEY QUAY are hard-headed and politically hard-hearted fellows; and the romantic interest at present haloing Gen. HARRISON will not make them blink for a second.

Judge Daly on the Venezuela Boundary.

Our neighbor, the *Herald*, published yesterday an interesting article on the Venezuela boundary controversy by ex-Judge CHARLES P. DALY. The author of this essay is well known and greatly esteemed both as a jurist and as an authority on geographical questions. We may say at once that his researches have led him to the conclusion that the Commission appointed by President CLEVELAND, inasmuch as its function is strictly limited by Congress "to report upon the true divisional line" between Venezuela and British Guiana, has before it a difficult task. The dispute, in his opinion, is preëminently suited for a Board of Arbitration, which, having wider powers than our Commission, might, by way of compromise, fix upon an equitable line of separation.

It should be borne constantly in mind by the reader of Judge DALY's article that he discusses the boundary question from only one point of view, and that even from this view point the stock of materials at his disposal is confessedly defective. The grounds on which Venezuela, as the heir of Spain, asserts a title to the territory west of the Essequibo are of three kinds, historical, legal, and cartographical. The historical muniments of title consist of proofs of discovery and early settlement, of relevant passages in the texts of treaties, and of claims set forth by Spain in diplomatic correspondence or enforced by overt acts of sovereignty. Of such pieces of historical evidence Judge DALY has personally inspected only the texts of the treaties of Munster and of Aranjuez, in neither of which is attempted a definite demarcation of the boundary between the Spanish and Dutch possessions in South America. He, therefore, does not assume to pronounce judgment on that part of Venezuela's case which is founded on historical documents. For a like reason Judge DALY declines to express an opinion on the legal question whether the Dutch, or their English successors in title, have at any time acquired a title by prescription. No one knows better than he that the validity of a prescriptive title depends on the fulfilment of two conditions, namely, first, long and continuous occupation, and, secondly, the contemporaneous absence of opposition on the part of an adverse claimant. In the absence of an exhaustive transcript of Spanish diplomatic and colonial correspondence, it would be impossible for any jurist to assert that attempts of the Hollanders to settle in the region west of the Essequibo were not in due season met with protest, remonstrance, and resistance on the part of Spain. Accordingly, the legal, like the historical side of the controversy, is passed over by Judge DALY, for the reason, certain to be recognized by lawyers as decisive, that the necessary papers were not before him.

It is the cartographical testimony, or, in other words, the proof of title afforded by charts and maps and by the descriptions of geographers, which constitutes the subject of Judge DALY's attention; and even here he acknowledges the existence of important gaps in the evidence accessible to him. He bears witness to the fact that among the geographical data scrutinized by him the two most conclusive kinds of cartographical vouchers are lacking. The missing data are, first, maps or charts appended to treaties between Spain and Holland, and forming parts of those instruments. If any such maps exist, they should be found in the archives of Madrid and of The Hague, and they would be conclusive as to the boundary recognized by both parties in interest at their respective dates. Next in value to such doubly authoritative documents would be maps or charts officially issued, sanctioned, or quoted by only one of the parties in interest, for here all positive assertions of title would be at least indicative of the claims then put forward by that party, while all omissions to assert title might be fairly construed against that party as confessions of the non-existence of claims. Now, Judge DALY frankly admits that not a single document belonging to either of the categories just described is included in the maps, charts, and geographies personally reviewed by him. All of the data which he has examined pertain to what may be justly called the tertiary class of evidence; and the whole of them are liable to be outweighed at any hour by the production of an explicit and official piece of cartographical testimony belonging to either of the two higher grades of proof to which we have referred.

While appreciating and proclaiming with the candor of a veteran truth-seeker the deficiencies of kind and of degree in the supply even of cartographical information before him, Judge DALY nevertheless arrives at the following conclusion: "The uncertainty as to what was Spanish and what was Dutch territory, has existed for two hundred years, as shown by Dutch maps at the beginning of that period. These show that the whole region west of the Essequibo to the Orinoco was then Spanish territory; and, in the claim made to it by Spain some thirty-five years before the English possession of the [Dutch] colony, no distinction was made as to any part of it [the territory in dispute], but the whole territory was claimed west of the Essequibo. Such being the fact," continues Judge DALY, "what ground can there be for distinguishing that part of the territory which lies within an arbitrary line, drawn by Sir ROBERT SCHOMBURGK, a Prussian surveyor employed by Great Britain, as a part in respect to which England has, as Lord SALISBURY says, 'an undoubted right'?" On the whole, from the evidence to which he has had access, Judge DALY has reached the conviction that "if there ever was a case that should be settled by arbitration, it is this."

The Flying Squadron.

The mystery of the destination assigned to Admiral DALE's squadron, now at Portsmouth, is likely enough to be cleared up this week. Yet it would be easy to send the squadron where its use either in the Mediterranean or the Caribbean would still remain uncertain, and where, for either purpose, it would be nearer its object.

The command, with its half dozen war ships, of which two, the Revenge and Royal Oak, are large and powerful armorclads of 14,150 tons each, two others, the Theseus and Gibraltar, 7,700 ton cruisers, and the remaining two, the Charybdis and Hermione, 4,360 ton cruisers, is a good one, especially as it has also a very large flotilla of the new 27-knot seagoing torpedo craft. The squadron has been made up, apparently, on the basis suggested by the recent practice manœuvres of a combination of scouting and battle ships. Still, the Revenge and the Royal Oak are the only two that could be called exceptionally formidable for attack on a well fortified port.

The best lesson for us to draw from the doubt connected with the mission of this flying squadron is that of imitating England's activity in preparations for whatever the future may bring forth. There is good reason to believe that Secretary HERBERT is hurrying forward work on the new vessels, and on armor, guns, and munitions. But there is little evidence of any special activity in mounting guns at the forts, although there are plenty ready to be mounted. If it is money that stands in the way of getting out of the rut and doubling the work on displacements and on the completion of disappearing carriages, let Congress be applied to for appropriations, and we think they would be forthcoming.

The War of the Elements.

The Hon. JOHN SABINE SMITH, the Hon. JOHN ERIGENA MILHOLLAND, Gen. SAM THOMAS, and various, if not numerous, representatives of the Better Element and the Union League Club, have at last been tickled with the last straw. They have not only been generously licked in the primaries and the secondaries, but they have been jeered and "joshed," as the Hon. AMASA THORNTON would say, in a manner most irritating to persons of their delicacy of feeling and capacity of suffering. The Hon. EDWARD LAUTERBACH and the Hon. WICKED GIBBS, and the Hon. ABRAHAM GRUBER, and the rest of the ungodly and Worser Element, have made the worm turn at last; but where the worm is going to turn to nobody knows.

The Hon. WILLIAM BROOKFIELD darkly hints that the Republicans need not expect to carry New York this year. Our valued neighbor, the *Tribune*, is putting an edge on the war knives and putting the assegais in repair. Wars, horrid wars, and lots of them, seem about to break around the head of LAUTERBACH and his associates in the crime of overpowering the Better Element. Where is the Board of Mediation and Arbitration? This LAUTERBACH lockout and Union League strike craves the good offices of those mediators and arbitrators. Where is the American Peace Society? This war of the Elements should not be allowed to go on. It will not go on if Mr. LAUTERBACH will listen to reason.

And what is reason? How can he bring the wandering sheep back, provided he wants them to come back, about which there is a possibility of doubt? Well, he must "purge" all enrollments which don't give a majority against Mr. PLATT's friends. Enrollments that do, are to be considered sound and not to be interfered with. Mr. LAUTERBACH is resorting to very unworthy arguments, in the opinion of his opponents, when he crooks a finger of scorn at certain stuffed anti-PLATT enrollments. Sauce is for the goose, the gander respectfully declines the same condiment. Let the Better Element enroll itself with as much completeness and as many reduplications as it will, we cannot have too much of a good thing. Give to the militant Republicans, who regard Mr. PLATT as the principle of evil, control of the local Republican organization and as many offices as there are left. Banish Mr. PLATT and Mr. LAUTERBACH from New York. Then the Better Element will scrape off its war paint and give a joyous banquet to celebrate itself.

The complaints of the opponents of Mr. PLATT and Mr. LAUTERBACH are getting so loud as to constitute in themselves a breach of the peace. The hubbub ought to be stopped. The Hon. THOMAS RONAN should give a Peace Congress dinner. His rival, Mr. DEPEW, should urge Mr. PLATT and Mr. LAUTERBACH to abdicate for the sake of averting further hostilities. The Better Element cannot be expected to abdicate. It has nothing to abdicate.

A Heine Raid.

It was made known yesterday that Alderman WINDOLPH, who as good as tricked the Board of Aldermen into passing the resolution giving a place in this city to the HEINE fountain, will "fight" to prevent the resolution from being rescinded at the Aldermen's next meeting. That would not be surprising. Mr. WINDOLPH, who is himself a member of the committee on the HEINE memorial, to which the Park Board, on the recommendation of the highest artistic court in the city, refused to grant a site, has already used his place in the Board of Aldermen to serve his personal ends in this matter in spite of the Park Board and Sculpture Society. Mr. WINDOLPH may be expected to keep up his fight on personal lines. He and associates propose to be the arbiters for New York upon a decisive question of municipal art, and he asks the Aldermen to back him.

There is no longer room for discussion over the fountain. It is WINDOLPH and what he represents against the town, and the Aldermen must be for WINDOLPH or for the town.

Need there be any doubt about the Aldermen as a body standing by the town?

Mr. Reed's Razor.

The *Eastern Argus* informs us that the campaign portraits of the Hon. THOMAS BRACKETT REED now in circulation in Maine, depict that statesman as still wearing the moustachelet which was formerly an unimportant feature of his striking countenance. Our Portland contemporary denounces this misrepresentation as an intentional fraud:

"We regret to see that the Republican papers in Maine are conducting the REED canvass under false pretences. They all publish portraits of the Speaker in which he is represented as wearing a moustache, while the facts is his upper lip is as destitute of hirsute adornment as the Republican party is of settled convictions on the currency question. This attempt to pose Mr. REED as a man with a moustache, *and therefore fit for the Presidency*, cannot fail to be condemned by all truth-loving people as a confidence game; and, if persisted in, will seriously injure his chances. The attempt is not only impudently wicked, but silly."

That the possession of a moustache denotes fitness for the Presidency is a novel and curious assertion. Has the *Argus* ever examined the moustache statistics of the Executive office? We are sure that they were studied by Mr. REED before he touched his upper lip with a razor.

Dividing into three classes the men who have held the high office to which he aspires, Mr. REED found that seventeen Presidents of the United States have worn no moustache, five have worn a moustache in combination with a beard or whiskers, while only one, the Hon. GROVER CLEVELAND, has gone into the White House wearing a moustache alone.

Reduced to exact mathematical expression, therefore, the chances are 73.91 per cent. in favor of no moustache, 21.74 per cent. in favor of moustache and beard or side whiskers, and only 4.35 per cent. in favor of the unsupported moustache.

Is it a great wonder that the Hon. THOMAS BRACKETT REED, having made up his mind to go in and win, should promptly proceed, with lather and steel and sinewy right arm, to put himself out of the class of CLEVELAND, and into the class of WASHINGTON, JEFFERSON, JACKSON, and LINCOLN?

Having found herself without friends among the great European powers, England appears to be willing to buy a few. That, at all events, is what her assent to the despoiling of Siam by France suggests, and she is also gracefully ready to settle with France their respective possessions on the Niger.

It is true that in sacrificing Siam to France Great Britain also secures the assent of the latter to her own recent aleorptions in that neighborhood. The two have, in fact, plundered the region and divided it between them. It recalls England's assent in 1890 to the protectorate which France had forced upon Madagascar nearly five years before, that assent being procured by the adhesion of France to English aggressions in Zanzibar.

Friend-ship and trade thus go hand in hand among the European powers, and often succeed finely where the possessions of some weak and distant country are the assets to be divided by the amicable bargain. Were Uncle SAM in the habit of stealing land in South America, perhaps John BULL would propose to him a little trade about the Orinoco, like that which she has arranged about the Mekong.

The House Committee on Coins, Weights, and Measures should weigh and ponder deeply before accepting the bill of Mr. HURLEY of Brooklyn for the adoption of the metric system after July 1, 1899. The country is now very full of irregular and vagrom poets, conducting small verse factories of their own with very little regard to metric system and measure. These manufacturers have a right to ask for protection in their business; and over in England there are thousands more of poetry men, *Dii minores*, little gods. It is the part of international comity not to hurt their trade. Suppose the Hon. ALFRED AUSTIN or the Hon. EDWIN ARNOLD or the Hon. LEWIS MORRIS had to conform to a metrical system when preparing verses for export. What a kicking of sprawling feet and creaking of difficult wheels there would be. Put a revenue on imported verse; specific, not *ad valorem*, of course. Otherwise the revenue might not be worth the expense of collecting.

The Hon. HENRY UNICUS JOHNSON, the Republican who represents the Sixth Indiana district in the Fifty-fourth Congress, seems to have either a loud grievance or an elocutionary bee. He throws his voice among the Hoosier valleys and asseverates that, even if he loses his renomination to Congress thereby, he will not put his shoulder to a Harrisonian boom or hurrah under compulsion. Heroic HENRY JOHNSON! But missionaries armed with persuasions, promises, and clubs will be despatched from Indianapolis to Washington forthwith, and it is not wholly unlikely to assume that Fort HENRY will soon be taken and silenced.

The Honorable Artillery Company of London is expected in the neighborhood the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, which will visit the country next July. The whole length 14 and rifled of the military club and to the Lord Mayor at the Mansion House.—*London Globe.*

The Englishmen do well to begin their preparations early. Rheims is to be connected with the city of London by an iced subterranean and submarine pipe line and a freight trolley will be built to Burton-on-Trent. The Serpentine will be used for a punch bowl, and the Vengeance will bring a cargo of 1,000 bushels of white beans to London. By special direction of the Queen the Beef Eaters will be called the Bean Eaters. The Prince of Wales, who is an honorary member of the great Boston aggregation of uniforms, has induced WOLSELEY to issue an order that no officers or soldiers shall appear otherwise than in mufti during the Company's visit. He knows mighty well that the Boston outfit is too various and too high for rivalry. At the request of the S. P. C. A., blinders will be worn by all the horses in London. The Thames will be covered with tarpaulins, and JOE CHAMBERLAIN's third eye will be glued to the Great Seal and confined in the Tower as a measure of precaution. O, there'll be great times when the Ancients and Honorables invade London.

There is much curiosity in Kentucky to ascertain what Dr. GODFREY HUNTER, the Republican nominee for Senator in Congress to succeed the Hon. JOSEPH C. S. BLACKBURN, thinks about silver and gold. In 1894 he was a silver man. Whether he traverses his economic orbit in one year or two years is the question. If in one, he was a gold man last year; if in two, he is a gold man this year. Nobody knows whether he has a gold or a silver lining. Some impertinent persons are asking him to tell. How does he know? Has he no friends to find out for him?

The Hon. RICHARD BRIGHT, who recently expressed a decided preference of Sheol to Chicago as a Convention city, doesn't take the choice of the latter town by the Democratic National Committee as implying any extreme dissent with his own view of the comparative merits and attractions of the two places. He doesn't propose to indite a palinode or to mark his disapproval of the great Illinois settlement by keeping away from it next July. Although his voice was raised for Sheol, it was known to his friends all the time that Chicago was his second choice.

The universal conquerors at Yale would please the lettered and the unlettered world if they asked to go into the boat race in which Harvard, Pennsylvania, Columbia, and Cornell are to smite the waters. Make it a five-handed game. If for no other reason, to give the young gentlemen from Ithaca a chance, which they may or may not deserve, to "take a whack" at the irresistible toilers with the oar from the DWIGHT institution.

The Rev. Dr. T. DE WITT TALMAGE has conquered, as usual, in Washington, and the Rev. ADOLOS ALLEN, the man without guile, has been asked to resign. Henceforth Dr. TALMAGE will preach in the First Presbyterian Church twice every Sunday, and the anxious crowds which his evening Sunday sermon has collected can be divided and handled. The trouble is likely to be that the Doctor's audiences, enthralled by his lovely language or following to the hub of the empyrean his high-flying and flame-tailed sentences, have not come down to earth when he is through, and so they too often go away without contributing largess, and collections are reported poor.

On wonder's head wonders accumulate; especially in the land of the Cracker, the State that produces miracles like the Hon. DINK BOTTS, the Hon. POD DISMUKE, and the Hon. POTSDAM SAMS. At Newborn a friend of silver was boiling eggs, ordinary hen's eggs, of course, and not the unearned increment of a golden goose. On the outside coat of one egg which he peeled he found printed "in a square inch of printing, as plain as ever seen on paper," the comforting message, "16 to 1." Inquiry has perhaps diminished the marvel of the phenomenon a little. It seems that the literary and silver standard hen in question was raised in the coops of that inveterate enemy of plutocrats and gold, the Hon. THOMAS WATSON, better known as "Jumping TOM."

Windolph and the Heine Fountain.

From the Tribune.

The theory that it is unmannerly and unprofitable to look a gift horse in the mouth does not apply to the Heine memorial fountain, though a considerable number of persons appear to think otherwise. The present municipal situation in respect to that unfortunate object is peculiar and in need of explanation. It had been supposed that the action of the Park Board in rejecting the memorial was final, as it ought to have been. It was rejected from a proper motive and in the right way. The Commissioners submitted the case to competent authority, and accepted the adverse decision as they were morally bound to do. Their conduct was controlled by a just sense of care for the interests committed to them, and was based on a sound principle of administration. But the desire of certain persons to compel the city to become the recipient of a work of inferior art is so strong and persistent as to have induced them to attempt to gratify it through the clandestine cooperation of an Alderman. We use the singular number for the reason that Mr. Windolph, a member of the Heine Committee, seems to have been the only member of the Board who comprehended the resolution passed last Tuesday authorizing Commissioner Haffen to set up the fountain in the north side. It was a queer performance from several points of view.

There is no objection to assuming that the original purpose of those who undertook to present the Heine memorial to the city was disinterested and praiseworthy; but there is more obstinacy than public spirit in the later stages of their activity, and this secret employment of Aldermanic authority is scarcely susceptible of a creditable explanation. It is discourteous to the Park Board, which perhaps is not a consideration of the highest importance; but it is also an affront to the city, and that is not a trifling matter. The fountain is not wanted on any terms. It has been officially rejected for cause, and the thrusting of it upon the municipality by means of a trick is inexcusable. The resolution of acceptance ought to be rescinded by the Aldermen at their next meeting. And we suppose the Mayor's veto will be ready if it is needed.

O, Wad Some Power the Giftie Gie Us To See Ourselves as Others See Us!

From the Spectator.

Where the United States have got their notion that we are so greedy and so aggressive that until we have had a good beating there will be no hearing us, we cannot conceive.

The War Ship Kentucky's Appeal.

Hark ye,
Ye naval experts,
Let me speak, though yet so young.
I would not that you frame me as
You frame my sister ships;
For there is that
In my great name demanding change.
Launch me,
When I am launched,
In water that is salt.
For water that is fresh
Kentucky discreams.
Let all the decks
Which cover me
Be gold,
For those are they
Kentucky loves:
No turrets place about my form
Armed with those rifled guns,
But let hip-pockets take their place,
With Colt's revolvers stuck therein;
Keep on grass from my hull
When I m afloat,
For Blue Grass
Is Kentucky's pride,
And that she floats in
Tether chin.
No donkey engines run on me,
For I am used to flowing jowls,
And when they run
Kentucky's glad.
When I am charged
Give me three stacks
O Red and White and Blue,
And let me fly them at the fore
And victory is mine.
These are Kentucky's colors,
And by them
Unto it will she stand.
Now, look you, experts,
Take or not at
When you of what I ask
Kentucky, she, let
Sure enough be the land.
Sugar is dearly dear,
Nor little wanted cupid stuff;
But corn is no
With juice of corn
In amount, measure, and gold;
Old Bourbon Whisky years,
Somehow in taste,
So fragrant in perfume,
So smooth in liquid grace
That patriots would weep
Tears to shed
In any but this sacred cause.
This will be name you save in it
And for that name
I'll make a record on
Not less than now it is
Upon the land.

OUR WAR WITH THE FALKLAND ISLANDS.

Prompt Measures by Andrew Jackson Sixty Years Ago, When American Sailors Were Insulted by Buenos Ayreans.

Our little war with the Falkland Islands seems to be entirely forgotten. It is true that it was not of long duration, and may appear insignificant compared with some of the conflicts in which our country has engaged. But its real importance lay in the fact that it indicated the spirit which at that time pervaded our councils, a patriotic sentiment shared, if indeed it was not stimulated, by that great soldier and President, Andrew Jackson. As such the incident is worthy of being recalled at a time when the patriotic fervor of the people of the United States has been rekindled by the possibility of hostile complications with foreign nations.

The Falkland Islands lie in 48° south latitude, and northeast of Cape Horn; they have a growing value for their seal and other fisheries, as well as because they offer a convenient rendezvous to vessels cruising in the South Atlantic. After various political vicissitudes they were abandoned by the British Government in 1774, although the usual emblems of sovereignty, flagstaff, flag, and coat of arms, were singularly left there, as if with the intention of resuming control at a more convenient time. The years went by; the whalers and sealers of all nations continued to rendezvous at the islands without having to pay port dues or encountering any ostensible authority.

At last it occurred to Buenos Ayres that here was a territory of several thousand square miles which, in default of any other proprietor, might well belong to her. She fortified her claim, however, by assuming that she inherited the long-forgotten claim of Spain, as if Buenos Ayres had any more right to that claim than all the other States which had once formed part of the Spanish dominion in South America. Be this as it may, in the year 1829 Don Luis Vernet was commissioned by the republic of Buenos Ayres as Captain-General or Governor of the Falkland Islands, with full powers to seize and to hold the islands for that republic against all and sundry who might dispute his title. To give emphasis to his broad commission he was to wear a uniform stiff with the usual large proportion of gold lace displayed by Americo-Hispano uniforms. A small military force and several cannon also accompanied the Governor, without which neither commission nor uniform would have availed. Don Luis carried with him full authority as well to seize, hold, confiscate, or exterminate all fishermen or traders, together with their vessels and cargoes. In a word, he was supreme dictator of the Falkland Islands and the waters thereto adjacent. Don Luis safely arrived at his destination and immediately took possession "in the name of the great Jehovah" and the republic of Buenos Ayres. A fort being constructed and the guns mounted, his next proceeding was to seize three American sealers that unsuspiciously entered the port. They were the Superior, the Harriet, and the Breakwater. The first was sent by Don Luis to the Pacific after seals, while her Yankee crew was landed by force on Staten Island, near Cape Horn, and left there to collect seals for the Governor Don Luis. The Harriet, for some reason which does not appear, was despatched to Buenos Ayres for condemnation. But the Breakwater succeeded in making her escape and brought to the United States the news of this unexpected and high-handed attack on American citizens and property. Andrew Jackson was not the man to endure for a moment such trifling with the feathers of the American eagle. He did not stop to parley with the Government at Buenos Ayres; to exchange diplomatic notes and pourparlers; to endure the backing and filling, evasives, shifty-hallying promises and lingering delays not uncommon on such occasions, and commonly submitted to by weak Administrations that do not understand the rights of their own country or their own minds. The Administration of Jackson was not of that flabby sort. He proceeded directly and to the point.

The United States ship of war Lexington, Capt. Duncan commander, was ordered to sail without delay for the Falkland Islands, and declare war on his Excellency the Governor Don Luis Vernet in his capital, situated on the chief port of the aforesaid islands. Capt. Duncan touched first at Staten Island to rescue the crew of the Superior, and relieve them from acting any longer as the slaves of a foreign tyranny. He then steered for the Falklands, where he arrived Dec. 28, 1831. There was no time lost in negotiations. Capt. Duncan landed a force and immediately moved on the enemy's works, which promptly surrendered. The guns of the fort were spiked and the garrison stripped of their arms. Restitution of all the American property was then demanded and immediately enforced. In conclusion, Capt. Duncan secured the persons of Don Luis Governor and six of his chief advisers and transported them to Buenos Ayres to be tried for the outrages they had committed against the United States. The Government of Buenos Ayres professed the greatest indignation with what they were pleased to term an almost irreparable affront. But there the affair ended, for Andrew Jackson, then President, was a man who appreciated the fact that the President of the United States has no higher duty than to protect American citizens, rights, and property in foreign parts without delay and without qualling. S. G. W. BENJAMIN.

Conan Doyle Very English.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—SIR: Mr. Conan Doyle in his letter to the London *Times*, copied in THE SUN the other day, is unable to conceal that intense selfishness for which Englishmen have succeeded in making themselves detested the world over. He starts out with an attempt at flattery, by speaking of our "excessive kindness to individual Englishmen," assuming, naturally enough, that it is all for the English, and forgetting, of course, that Americans are kind to individuals of no matter what nationality. He deplores the bitter feeling which appears to exist both in the press and among the public against his country. "I believe," he says, "and have long believed, that the greatest danger which can threaten our empire is the existence of this spirit of hostility." And, in order to do away with this great danger to England, he is "in favor of an Anglo-American alliance; an organization which would do useful work, and the greatest of all ends, the consolidation of the English-speaking races."

Yes, certainly; all for the benefit of England. Such an alliance would make England more powerful than ever, and, of course, Mr. Doyle wants it, not for any good that it could bring to the United States, but for the protection of England. How very English indeed! In the form of a piece of palaver in which there is evidently not one particle of sincerity, he speaks of our "unswerving industry," our "calmness in peace and dogged coolness in war," and our "unprecedented clemency when war was over."

Certainly we are proud of the fact that we did not follow English example and hang all the rebels, or blow them to pieces from the mouths of guns. We made them prisoners, treated them and thus added to the dignity and the glory of America. But we do not share Mr. Doyle's regret that we haven't "the manners of Oxford" or "the repose of Sussex." Only the other day about thirty-one gentlemen belonging to a preparatory branch of Oxford were discovered for very strange manners indeed. Now we do not want any of the eccentricities of Oxford or of Sussex either; we have a style of our own, and we fancy that it is better and certainly more healthy than anything that the English can boast of.

Moreover, Mr. Conan Doyle's good feeling toward America doesn't seem to be equaled by his grammar. Was it his heart or his head that failed him when he wrote the following: "Our word of charity and true insight are the more invaluable since no one has written more charmingly of England than Washington Irving." Yes? And yet Conan Doyle is a literary man! HIS HOOD.

NEW YORK, Jan. 18.

Francis Miles Finch, the Poet.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—SIR: Judge Finch, in whose honor a banquet is to be given at the Hotel Savoy on the 24th inst., is not the only occupant of a seat on a New York bench who has written exquisite lyrics of a patriotic character. Judge Guy Humphrey McMaster of Steuben county, who died some years ago, was the author of a like production of singular merit, beginning:

> In the days of old chivalry
> Knights fought in armor,
> Yes, they did.

The "Nathan Hale" of Judge Finch is, like McMaster's, a lay of our Revolutionary conflict, while the expressive lyric, "The Blue and the Gray," may almost be regarded as marking the final decline of all the sectional sentiment engendered by the Civil War. Judge Finch is known to the public on his poetic familiar lyrics—"There's Music in the Air," as well as not a few other songs. Of the latter his best seem to be "Sunshine," his top favorite among graduates in every American college, while "Lorraine Song," "The Corners of Arcadie," "The Old Mill Stream," "Hilders' Love," and others enjoy a local popularity. His notable literary talent lies in a manner and more manly vein in his political discourses. Which, in point of style, rank very high among those which have emanated from the Court of Appeals, Judge Finch is of the Yale class of 1840, and has resumed since his retirement from the bench the practice of the Cortlandt law faculty. F.

Not a Growl; Just a Question.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—SIR: I don't want to growl, but I would like to know why it always happens that in warm weather we always get twice as much steam as we want and in cold weather never half enough?

FLAT DWELLER.

LIVED TO VOTE FOR HIS FRIEND.

A Pathetic Incident of the Contest for Senator from Kentucky.

From the Courier-Journal.

FRANKFORT, Jan. 11.—Seven hours after voting for the man of his choice before the Democratic Senatorial caucus Isaac Wilson, Representative from Nelson county, passed calmly from the exciting scenes of earth. Truth seldom tells a tale of such noble loyalty to a friend and comrade as that which was exhibited by the dead legislator. He was brought to the capital upon a dying bed, realizing that he would never rise from it again and expressing only the one desire that he should live long enough to do something toward the success of his friend, Senator Blackburn.

Mr. Wilson died at 5 o'clock this morning in his room at the Capital Hotel and surrounded by the relatives who had been summoned by telegraph. A year ago he weighed 175 pounds, but his corpse is a mere shadow, a wasting disease of the stomach having slowly eaten his life away. There were strong objections on the part of his family and of Senator Blackburn, but he was determined to come at all hazards. He knew and said that the hard trip would shorten his life, but he declared that he preferred to take the risk and help his friend.

After he was brought here last Monday one of the first callers was Senator Blackburn, who fought side by side with him for four years. The Senator was deeply moved and expressed regret that Mr. Wilson had not listened to his request and remained at home. It was believed that he would die in a day or two.

"I have no fear of dying, Senator," he said, "and you must not think that you will fail to receive my vote in the caucus, for I am determined to live until it is held, and shall exert every force of my nature to keep the breath within my body until Senator Fulton has cast my proxy for you. Then I shall resign myself to the inevitable."

Mr. Wilson hung between life and death, the end being expected at any moment, but he insisted that he would be alive to cast his vote, which was done last night. Senator Fulton, a life-long friend, returned to the room and assured him that the vote of Isaac Wilson had been cast for J. C. S. Blackburn. He closed his eyes and sank rapidly to his death.

SUNBEAMS.

—A woman of Bowling Green, Ky., with a family of twenty-one children, is suing her husband for divorce.

—A rattlesnake