NEW YORK HERALD

BROADWAY AND ANN STREET.

JAMES GORDON BENNETT,
PROPRIETOR.

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Volume XXXV.....No. 163

AMUSEMENTS TO-MORROW EVENING.

BOWERY THEATRE, Bowery.—BAD DICKEY—THE BLIND MINE.

WALLACK'S THEATRE, Broadway and 13th street.—THE RED LIGHT.

FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE, Twenty-fourth st.—FERNANDE.

THE TAMMANY, Fourteenth street.—GRAND VARIETY ENTERTAINMENT.

OLYMPIC THEATRE, Broadway.—THE DANCING BARBER—DAUGHTER OF THE REGIMENT.

WOOD'S MUSEUM AND MENAGERIE, Broadway, corner Thirtieth st.—Matinee daily. Performance every evening.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE, corner of Eighth avenue and 23d st.—THE TWELVE TEMPTATIONS.

NIBLO'S GARDEN, Broadway—IXION—THE MILITARY DRAMA OF NOT GUILTY.

MRS. F. B. CONWAY'S PARK THEATRE, Brooklyn.—MINNIE'S LUCK.

THEATRE COMIQUE, 514 Broadway.—COMIC VOCALISM, NEGRO ACTS, &c.

BRYANT'S OPERA HOUSE, Tammany Building, 14th st.—ALLEN & PETTINGILL'S MINSTRELS.

TONY PASTOR'S OPERA HOUSE, 201 Bowery.—COMIC VOCALISM, NEGRO MINSTRELSY, &c.

KELLY & LEON'S MINSTRELS, No. 720 Broadway.—MY SPIRIT STAR—HUNTING A PRINCE DOWN, &c.

COLLISSIUM BUILDING, Sixty-third street and Third avenue.—BEETHOVEN CENTENNIAL FESTIVAL.

HOOLEY'S OPERA HOUSE, Brooklyn.—HOOLEY'S MINSTRELS—THE FAT MEN'S BALL, &c.

CENTRAL PARK GARDEN, 7th av., between 58th and 59th sts.—THEODORE THOMAS' POPULAR CONCERTS.

NEW YORK MUSEUM OF ANATOMY, 618 Broadway.—SCIENCE AND ART.

TRIPLE SHEET.

New York, Sunday, June 12, 1870.

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SUNDAY RUM.—We rely upon Superintendent Jourdan to diminish the crimes and casualties resulting from Sunday rum. They have increased, are increasing and ought to be diminished.

ONLY ANOTHER DEAD BODY.—Dead men float up the Staten Island shore in these days with a frequency that horrifies the thought, but hardens the average public functionaries down there so that they only regard such ghastly arrivals as commonplace things. They excuse the little heed they give to investigating the identity of dead men on the score that they have so many. It is like the experience of the Roman cobbler in the time of the Borgias, who saw six corpses thrown into the Tiber from the foot of one street in a single night.

THE ST. GOTHARD RAILROAD.—Railroads have been hitherto regarded as iron bands or bonds for the more complete union of the nations. A parliamentary party in France is about to make an effort to dissipate the pleasing idea by demonstrating a violent opposition to the building of the St. Gothard railway. The "commercial interests of France and Austria" will not, it is said, permit this work to be in "the hands of Prussia," aided by Italy, Baden and Switzerland. A note of the times or a timely note? The snort of the locomotive or of the war horse?

A "TEMPEST IN A TEAPOT."—The Isle of Wight has just been convulsed by terrible election riots. It was a very large affair for a small place. Buildings were sacked and a great many persons injured. Lord Chesterfield once said of the news of a riotous occurrence in the same place, "A tempest in a teapot." To-day it may indicate a point in the history of the democratic agitation of the nationalities. Guernsey, Jersey and the Isle of Wight; secession and consolidation; continued union with Britain, or reunion with France?

ALL HOPE IS GONE, we apprehend, of the safety of the famous explorer of the wilds of Africa, Dr. Livingstone. It has been a long time since we have had any tidings of him, and he has doubtless fallen a victim at last to the climate or the negro savages of the savage districts he was exploring when last heard from. It is to be hoped that the British relief expedition from Zanzibar will not only find him, living or dead, but will also settle the important question which he thought he had solved—the question of the utmost sources of the Nile. If his supposition is correct the length of "the wondrous Nile" in a straight line exceeds half the distance between the equator and the North Pole.

Infallibility and the Rival Parties in the Roman Council.

For some weeks past we have not heard much from Rome touching the dogma of infallibility. Some days ago we did learn that there was a presumption that the discussion would be ended and the dogma proclaimed on the 29th of June, the day sacred to the memory of St. Peter's martyrdom. We do know for certain that the debate on the *Schema de Ecclesia*, which includes the infallibility question, was commenced on the 14th of May. The *Constitutio Dogmatica prima de Ecclesia Christi* consists of four chapters—First, the institution of the Apostolic Primacy in the person of Blessed Peter; second, the perpetuity of the same in the Roman Pontiffs; third, the force and meaning of the Primacy; fourth, the infallibility of the Roman Pontiff. Almost an entire month has been consumed in the discussion of this *schema*, but with what results is not yet fully known to the outside world.

Most men who read this will admit that the *schema* is logical. But the question in which mankind is most interested is not whether the Roman *Curia* and those who act with them are acting logically, but whether they are acting wisely. It is the general opinion that if the premises are granted the conclusion aimed at will be logical enough; nor are there many sensible men who doubt that the whole *schema* will be triumphantly carried, and that on St. Peter's Day the cannon of St. Angelo will thunder over Rome, announcing to all who hear that that edifice of folly called the Papacy has been crowned, and that for the first time an infallible man sits in the chair of St. Peter. Should this be the result—and no one who knows how affairs are being managed at Rome doubts that it will be the result—who will have cause to complain? It really is no affair of the outside world. At all events it is no affair in which the outside world have any concern beyond that of curiosity. Infallibility is a question which vitally concerns no section of humanity but that which is represented by the Catholic Church. If Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, takes a fancy to hold a special meeting, and if at that meeting it proclaims Henry Ward Beecher infallible, the proceeding may amuse the world and provoke another funny, down-taking article from some Saturday reviewer or afford a text to some Disraeli to moralize in another Lothair on the strange questions of the day; but it will, after all, be a question seriously affecting Plymouth congregation in general and Henry Ward Beecher in particular, and nobody else. In like manner is it that this infallibility question concerns only the Holy Father, Pius the Ninth, and the Holy Catholic Church. It is their affair. We have all made up our minds that an infallible Pope will not make the world wiser or less wise, happier or less happy, better or worse, and that the Catholic Church has a good right to do in this matter as it likes. We have no objection to an infallible Pope. On the contrary, we should like to see humanity in this particular—we had almost said questionable—shape, and be allowed for one six months to take note of his immaculate deeds.

As, however, it is a purely Catholic question, it is not impertinent to look at it from a Catholic standpoint. What, then, do Catholics say about it? One section of Catholic Christendom, the larger part, of course, goes in for it strongly. On the 14th of May, when the debate opened, a French bishop, by name Pié, argued as follows:—"The Pope must be infallible because St. Peter was crucified head downwards. Thereby the head bore the whole weight of the body. So the Pope, as the head, bears the whole weight of the Church. But he is infallible who bears, not he who is borne." Not bad logic. A Sicilian bishop, who followed on the same side, was scarcely less interesting. "The Sicilians," said he, "have a very special reason for believing in the infallibility of the Pope. In our island St. Peter preached the Gospel. But there were converts already on the island. These converts had not heard before of this peculiar doctrine. They sent a deputation to the Virgin to ascertain whether she had heard of it. Her reply was simple and to the point. She had been present when her Son bestowed the peculiar prerogative on St. Peter. We Sicilians have ever since preserved in our hearts the faith in Papal infallibility;" and so, on the 14th day of May, 1870, in the Council Hall of St. Peter's, did the debate proceed. So much in favor of the dogma. Whether the anti-infallibilists have yet had a hearing we know not. We know, however, what they think and what they say not only of the dogma, but of the Council itself. A letter, which originally appeared in the *Journal des Débats*, known to be from the pen of a distinguished French bishop, openly declares that "the minority in the Council, representing one hundred million Catholics, is crushed under the yoke of restrictive regulations;" that it is hunted down by journals in the pay of the *Curia;* that "it is crushed by the weight of the supreme authority of the Pope himself; and that even the majority—which is swelled by large numbers of vicars, apostolic and other irresponsible persons, not to speak of the Italian bishops and those of the Roman States, who dare not move without consent of the Pope—is acting under constraint. This same writer, speaking of ultramontanism, says, "Muzzled at Florence and rejected at Trent, it is raging again at the Vatican Council." Speaking of Gallicanism, which, according to him, is no more nor less than papal pretension, he says, "It is a veto belonging not to one Catholic nation only, but to all. Spain formerly maintained it, and so did the House of Savoy; and now it is weak even in France in comparison with its vitality in Hungary, Portugal, America and the far East. An able pamphlet, entitled "What is Going on in the Council," and said to be from the pen of the Archbishop of Paris, has found its way to Rome. The Pope, who has seen it, is said to have exclamed, "It is bad, very bad, excessively bad." Meanwhile a book has been published, giving the opinions of the anti-infallibilists in France, in Germany, in Great Britain and in America. To this book such men as Rauscher, and Schwarzenberg and Hefele, and Darboy, and Clifford, and the Archbishop of Halifax and others have contributed. This book, called the "Synopsis Animadversionum," is perhaps the most damaging work which has yet been given to the world on the subject of this latest Roman folly. In addition to this there is a treatise by Bishop Hefele and another by Cardinal Schwarzenberg, in each of which the absurdity of Papal infallibility is exposed from a historical standpoint, and with great success.

Such is a general view of the situation. In such condition is the Catholic world. In such circumstances does this latest and, perhaps, last Ecumenical Council seek to complicate the faith of Christendom by the gratuitous addition of another absurd dogma. At one and the same time, and by one and the same process, the Catholic Church accomplishes these two opposites; it completes its unity by proclaiming its chief infallible, and it separates itself into two hostile camps. It is already rumored that so soon as infallibility is proclaimed a large number of the anti-infallibilists will leave the Council and, shaking the dust of Rome from their feet, will hurry to their respective homes to inaugurate another reformation. How lamentable that such a course should be necessary in this late age of the world! If, however, Rome will not learn that the world moves on, Rome must suffer.

Quarantine—Interference with the Health Officer.

On Monday last the bark Annie M. Gray arrived at this port from Havana. Yellow fever is now epidemic in Havana, and the ship was therefore detained at lower quarantine. It has hitherto been the custom to require such ships to discharge there, but as this ship had no case of fever on board and had been unusually long at sea the Health Officer, exercising a discretion that may sometimes be wisely used in giving every possible facility to commerce, permitted her to come up after two days' detention, exacting only the precaution that she should lie at the docks at Red Hook, the most isolated point in the port. This privilege the consignees and master lost no time in abusing, under cover of a pretended authority from Dr. Cochran, the Health Officer of Brooklyn, who has no more power to give permits for the movements of ships than any newsboy in the streets. Yet this so-called Health Officer, who evidently either supposes that there is a port of Brooklyn or that he has some authority in the port of New York, at the solicitation of the owners of stores, and without any inquiry at the proper quarter, took the responsibility of giving permission for the ship to be moved from the place to which the Health Officer had restricted her and of giving her free *pratique*. Dr. Cochran's only authority in any case with regard to ships is based upon his duty to protect the Health of Brooklyn; and if he believed it endangered by the presence of any ship he might order her return to Quarantine. He has no other authority, and acted in ignorance or perversity. The result of this gross irregularity and abuse of a privilege will be that the Health Officer will not venture in future to depart from the strictest line of conduct necessary for public safety, even though owners and consignees should deem such a course oppressive. Such vessels as the Gray will therefore, no doubt, in all cases be required, as formerly, to discharge at the lower Quarantine. Another important result will certainly be that any captain found disobeying the injunctions of the Health Officer of the port (whatever Dr. Cochran, of Brooklyn, may say or do) will subject himself to arrest, with the pleasant perspective of two thousand dollars' fine and one year's imprisonment.

District Attorney Morris and the Brooklyn Ring.

The papers in the case of the coterie of rogues who run the municipal machinery of Brooklyn against the District Attorney of Kings county are to be sent, or have been sent, to Governor Hoffman, who has the power to remove the officer upon proof of malfeasance. With this disposition of the difficulty the people will be abundantly satisfied. Upon Governor Hoffman's honesty and fairness the people fully rely, and have ample reason to. He will not decide the case without fully inquiring into it, and we do not know of any other decision that the people would accept. It appears that Mr. Morris was guilty of some irregularity, but of nothing that needs a stronger word—all the declarations and oaths and asseverations of the robber ring to the contrary notwithstanding. There is no element of dishonesty in what he is charged with when it is fairly stated; only the ring has seized upon this irregularity and magnified it into a charge against the officer's integrity. Why? Because the ring men hope thus to stop or discredit his assaults on their corrupt and villanous practices. There is no doubt that these men defrauded the whole people of Brooklyn in their manipulation of the election and of the returns, and just as little doubt that they are plundering that city on as grand a scale as the city robbers this side the river plunder us. District Attorney Morris was the one man who was conspicuously fighting them and making their conduct plain before the people, and they endeavor, therefore, to cover up their own defences by assailing the honesty of the man they cannot hush with a bribe; and if they could prove him dishonest they would seem to stand before the world as immaculate fellows, unjustly accused by a corrupt official. This is their whole programme; and if the case had to go to its final issue in Brooklyn, where the ring seems to own all officials but this one, it would be bad for justice. From the Governor, however, the public need apprehend no partial judgment.

THE WELCOME RAIN of the last two days is a great blessing to the wide extent of country from the New Dominion southward to Virginia and Tennessee, and from the Atlantic indefinitely westward, certainly beyond the Mississippi. Over all this region the growing crops were suffering from drought, and the value, therefore, of these reviving rains can hardly be estimated in money. We were right in our conjectures. The rains have come, and we hope next to hear that along the same belt in Europe and Asia, where drought is the general complaint, they, too, are getting the welcome rain.

VERMONT SEEMS TO HAVE BECOME INDIGNANT over the late report that she had a sneaking regard for woman suffrage. In her constitutional convention yesterday the amendment looking to that consummation was rejected without debate by a vote of 231 to 1, certainly a most uselessly ungallant way of crushing it.

The Indians and the Government—The Red Man's Plain Talk at Washington.

The sentiment of Hiawatha, the crude and brave philosophy of Uncas, the stern pride of chieftainship which animated the old Mohican, Chincathgook, have not all passed away. The romance of Cooper and the poetry of Longfellow, after all, are vindicating themselves; and, singular to say, not in the forests or on the Plains, but in the matter-of-fact, practical precincts of the Interior Department at Washington. It is here that the Indians—born where the sun sets—Red Cloud, Brave Bear, Red Dog and Bear-in-the-Grass, all notables among the Sioux nations who live in the vicinity of the Platte river, opened their minds to the government authorities who are entrusted with the care of the red men in words of eloquence that recall those beauties of Cooper's fiction which will never be forgotten. It is here, too, that they have uttered more truths concerning our Indian policy and let in more light upon the management of its machinery than the public were quite aware of. Let us take the words of Red Cloud when the map of the Indian Territory was shown him by Secretary Cox, and the treaty of 1867, made with his people by Generals Sherman, Augur, Terry and the other Peace Commissioners, was read to him. This treaty, in fact, included clauses surrendering certain lands to the Pacific Railroad; but the chiefs who signed it supposed that it was a compact to keep peace with the whites on the understanding that certain forts were to be removed. They were quite satisfied with these provisions. They evidently had no idea that they were giving up any portion of their lands, and hence they regard the advance of the railroad over their lands as an aggression, for which they have not received, as they say, "even a brass ring." It seems evident that the treaty was either falsely or imperfectly translated to them by the interpreters. Red Cloud said: "This is the first time I have heard of such treaty. I never heard of it and do not mean to follow it. I want to know who was the interpreter who interpreted these things to the Indians. I know nothing about it. It was never explained to me. I do not say," he adds, "that the Commissioners lied; but the interpreters were wrong." So there appears to be a great blunder somewhere. In truth, our Indian treaties have been all blunders, mixed up with a good deal of fraud.

The chieftain "Bear-in-the-Grass"—calling upon the Indian's god to bear witness to the truth of his statement, which, with the Indian, is equivalent to an oath—said: "The Great Spirit hears me to-day. I tell nothing but what is true when I say these words of the treaty were not explained. It was merely said the treaty was for peace and friendship among the whites. When we took hold of the pen they said they would take the troops away so we could raise children." Red Cloud absolutely refused to accept the treaty, copies of which were offered to him to take to his people. All the promises made in treaties, he said, had never been fulfilled. The Great Spirit would judge these things hereafter; but, he says, "I will not take this paper with me. It is all lies." It is clear, therefore, that the feeling of the red men in Washington is not much in harmony with our method of dealing with their race. Look at the fine philosophy and keen sarcasm combined in the words of the ancient warrior, seventy-five years old, Brave Bear, who said, "The Great Spirit told me, when a chief, if you get strong and become rich you cannot take your riches with you when you die. He must have told a different thing to the white man, who is so grasping and who piles up money; he must have told him, when you die you can take all into the next world."

But, with all their eloquence, their sophistry, their satire, and even acknowledging that some injustice has been done the Indians, we have to deal with them, after all, as savages whom our civilization cannot reach. They stand in the way of our progress. They are an obstacle which must be removed by some process, as humane, of course, as can possibly be devised. But the idea that we must abandon our forts and cease to run roads through the Indian lands—conditions which the delegation in Washington has the effrontery to propose—is absurd. Our civilization is moving westward towards the Pacific. It is destined to compass the whole of that region, and it must not be impeded. The problem is as old as the world, that intelligence has always to combat with ignorance, that progress has always to struggle against retrogression, and the problem is not yet solved. We have seen it from the earliest history of mental development. We recognized it in the days of Galileo, and we see it to-day in the grand Council at Rome. We hope it is not indecorous to make a comparison between the spirit which animates the savage of the Plains in his opposition to progress and the advance of civilization and the retrogressive ideas which may possibly be the governing rule in the Ecumenical Council. And yet is not the foundation of the opposition the same? However, the world in this advanced stage is not likely to permit either of these influences to stop its march towards a finer and wider and more practical civilization. We cannot go backwards, whether Red Cloud speaks with his subtlest eloquence or the Ecumenical Council fulminates with its loudest thunder.

A HINT TO COUNT BISMARCK.—The cable reports the health of Count Bismarck as still very delicate, and that he thinks of making a little trip to England. This is not enough for his case. Overworked and exhausted as the great statesman is, he wants a complete change of climate and absolute rest from the cares of state. A trip to the United States, and three or four months in the bracing air of our lofty Western plains and valleys of the Rocky Mountains, from four to five and six thousand feet above the sea, is the remedy we would prescribe for Count Bismarck. The pure and delicious air and simple and wholesome fare of our new Territories would even in a few weeks make a new man of him, strong enough for a regular campaign of a month among the buffaloes, gazelles, mountain big horns, wolves and grizzly bears. Yes, the remedy for the Count is a trip to the United States, and to the pure and exhilarating and life-renewing air of our Western plains and Rocky Mountains.

The Jockey Club Races.

Jerome Park was—we have to admit as much—a moist, uncomfortable spectacle yesterday. Waterproof wraps and fishermen's boots had the field entirely to themselves, and patent leather and delicate prunella were in the land of nowhere. All the anticipated dazzle was turned to most unmitigated drizzle, and the horses were "watered" enough to keep them from thirst for a week. Dame Nature seemed to sympathize with the mental gloom and tears that are shared by us all over the newly opened grave of Charles Dickens, that matchless limner of the human heart, in this, our anxious, troubled time of yearning toil and struggling conscience. Her weeping mood was scarce relaxed all day, and, had it been, the heavy showers of the night outside and the regret of every heart within had put the ground and the public alike out of all condition for equestrian display. So at a reasonable hour in the morning official announcement was made by the officers of the American Jockey Club that further racing would be postponed until fairer weather.

The time definitely selected for the renewal of the noble sport that has made the last week so gay is Wednesday next, when the two-mile Jockey Club handicap, the Hunters' Plate, a hurdle race and the Consolation Plate races—four in all—will be contested by some of the finest horses on the Continent. Helmbold, Cottrill, Oysterman, Bohannon, Sanford, Flora McIvor and other renowned favorites are entered and stoutly backed. Some of the Southern sportsmen were making arrangements to send their racers on to Saratoga in the beginning of the week, but have reconsidered and will keep them here another sennight. Moreover, the club are so well pleased with their gratifying success during the three days' racing already enjoyed that they will give an extra field on Saturday next, to open with a grand steeple chase, followed by three or four other contests, in which the star horses will be put upon their mettle for a glorious "finish." So the frowns of the heavens on yesterday may expand into smiles for another week's sport, after all, and the charming pageants of Jerome Park be prolonged to the delight of still more dashing company, until the sweet middle of June shall bring starlit nights for homeward drives and evening dreams.

Dress and Dress Fashions.

Our special fashions correspondent in Paris writes a letter which sparkles all over with diadems and imperialism and aristocracy as they are to be seen and are just now represented in the metropolis of France. The ladies of New York who enjoyed nature in all her glory at Jerome Park during the past week, and who have, consequently, become convinced of the great truths of simplicity inculcated by the Bible, when the Holy Book assures them that the "lilies of the field" are "arrayed" in a "glory" more grand than that of Solomon, may not think much of the materialistic production. They will be likely to turn their attention to the Church; from the transitory things of time to the perpetuities of eternity. The Holy Book itself adjures the elect, however, to be in their manner and conduct "wise as serpents and harmless as doves." Obeying the first words of the heavenly instruction, and leaving the dove-like infallibility part to obey the natural impressions and inferences, the ladies of the great American metropolis will be, it is certain, "wise" enough to con over the special fashions letter which appears in our columns to-day.

Democratic as are our fair readers, both by family tradition and in their everyday personal tone, they will nevertheless like to hear of the Princess Mathilde and the Princess Clothilde, of the Empress of France and of the Duchess de Mouchy, and know "all about" their silks and satins and laces and adornments. *Fas est ab hosté docere.* They will be delighted with the pretty Madame Emile Ollivier as she appeared, in white muslin, her little hat trimmed with one blue bow, "exactly the color of her eyes," and with her and the "rest of them" to hear of the prevailing styles, the most favorite materials and colors, and the very latest and most telling "make-up." Royalty, in the persons of the Czar of Russia and the King of Prussia, was turning the eyes of fashion towards the watering places thirty days earlier than the usual time this season. Their Majesties had met at Ems, the Russian ruler appearing in brilliant style and the North-German monarch in his usual plain, good-natured, frank and hospitable manner. And all this, "ay, more," and in the same direction of popular enlightenment, is to be found in the columns of the HERALD to-day.

MELLEN & WARD is the name of a firm in Boston which some time ago was indicted and found guilty of embezzling one hundred thousand dollars from the United States. Since this financial disaster the two gentlemen composing the firm have passed their time awaiting sentence amid the fashionable society of Boston, where such immense transactions are looked upon with a leniency that is not often given to smaller adventure, and the impression seems to have prevailed that Uncle Sam would follow the Boston idea (as it is popularly presumed in Boston he always does), and treat these gentlemen with a commensurate leniency in the sentence. But he did not. He rebelled against the Boston idea, and yesterday sentenced both of them to two years imprisonment and to pay a fine of one hundred thousand dollars each. He granted them no greater indulgence than the luxury of choosing their favorite jail for a resting place.

THE MORRIS AND ESSEX DONKEYS.—The stupid persons into whose hands the Morris and Essex road has fallen are doing their best to drive away the passenger traffic that has grown up on their line and that has done so much to make the road a success. The enormous throng of men from the city, who live out at Orange, Montclair and other places of that neighborhood, begin to find that there are grievances in suburban as well as in city travel, and many will perhaps return to the city for this good reason.

THE INCOME TAX.—If there is a man in Congress who desires a re-election he may secure it by making it his special business henceforward to secure the discontinuance of the unpopular and demoralizing income tax.

Congress—Another Huge Land Grab—The New Provisions of the Army Bill.

The land grabbing bill which failed to come up in the Senate on Friday, owing probably to the retiring bashfulness of the lobby that has it in charge, was brought up quite forcibly yesterday. It is essentially a job, and it goes somewhat beyond the average land grabbing job in the fact that it gives to the Central branch of the Union Pacific Railroad exclusive right to all the lands within twenty-five miles of the road without any reserve of the usual alternate sections for settlers. Even its friends claim nothing better in its defence than that it is a compromise for a subsidy bond due the company under previous legislation. The fact of its being seriously considered in the Senate is evidence enough of the almost unlimited power of the jobbing lobby, and the fact that the Franking Privilege bill was laid aside to continue the discussion on it would indicate that the Senate is becoming absolutely shameless in its corruption. Such was the fact, however; and more than that, the bill, after consuming the entire day in discussion, was passed by a vote of 32 to 13. This, too, almost at the moment Red Cloud and his warriors were begging the President to give them the right to live on their own lands, which they said were being taken from them by the railroads, and threatening war if such wholesale robberies were continued.

In the House, Patrick Dooley, of Richmond, who made a murderous assault on Congressman Porter, of Virginia, was arraigned for that crime, having been brought forward on an order of the House by the Sergeant-at-Arms. Pat was somewhat astonished and most probably gratified at the sudden eminence to which a harmless little shillelah play had raised him, and as he was rather warmly defended by his democratic friends and returned to the custody of the Sergeant-at-Arms only for safe keeping, which of course includes free lodging and boarding, until his case can be decided by the Judiciary Committee, he will doubtless consider that he has very high inducements indeed to try his hand on the sacred person of even higher authorities than Porter when he next yearns after a relief from the monotony of hod carrying. The Senate amendments to the Legislative Appropriation bill were discussed, and most of those increasing the original appropriations were rejected. Among them were those relative to giving female clerks in the departments men's pay, and increasing the salary of the Chief Justice and Associate Justices of the Supreme Court—two measures in which the Senate has shown more sensible statesmanship than it is usually credited with, and the House more spigot economy. Mr. Logan, from the conference committee, reported the new provisions of the Army bill, the full text of which will be found under the Congressional proceedings in another column, and it was agreed to. We regret that he persists in reducing the pay of the brave men who took their lives in their hands at the country's call, and to whom in its crisis the country thought too much could not be given.

Pure Water.

Over in Jersey City they are making unpleasant discoveries with regard to the water they drink and boil their fish in, and from which their tea and toddy and much of their milk punch are made. This water is bad—almost as bad as the water was just after the deluge, when all the sinners had been drowned in it, and the taste was such that Noah was compelled to take to the juice of the grape. The reason, in fact, is not widely different; for there are also a great many sinners upon the line of the river from which the water is drawn to quench the thirst of Jersey City. The largest collection of these sinners is in the city of Paterson, a place that burns gas and indulges in factories, and, if it has no sewers, has many well fed gutters and disembogues—at least a normal amount of filth. Here is the whole story. The factory refuse, running into the river, long since killed all the fish, or if there is an occasional member of the finny tribe caught he tastes of coal tar. Herein the Jerseymen may see their future. If they cannot compel the Paterson men to mend their ways they will taste of coal tar themselves by and by. If Paterson cannot be restrained, why then the people over the river will have to give up their experiment of drinking water and return to the simple applejack of their ancestors.

THE GREEK BRIGANDS who were lucky enough to escape from their recent battles with the government troops have fled for safety over into the Turkish territory. The Sultan, throughout his dominions, has so many thousands of the profession that these Greeks, perhaps, have thought the addition of a few more would not be noticed. It is probable, however, that the Sultan will be required to hunt them up, England having still a little account to settle with them.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW ON HENRY WARD BEECHER'S SERMONS.—In another place in this day's HERALD will be found an article, reprinted from the London *Saturday Review*, on the sermons of Henry Ward Beecher. This article, it will be remembered, was referred to in a cable despatch from London, some days ago. Mr. Beecher's mixed metaphors and extravagant expressions afford much merriment to the reviewer. Accomplished London ears are not in the habit of hearing the Saviour of mankind called "a sublime radical," or the Almighty described as "the Arch-thunderer of Eternity," and as "a Being so vast that His latitude is infinity and His longitude is eternity." But, then, London is slow and timid as compared with New York. Even Spurgeon is tame as compared with Beecher. The Plymouth divine can well afford to treat such reviews with contempt, so long as he knows that his oratory is so well adapted to his auditory.

THE BLOSSOMS BLOOMING.

The Blossom Club has already achieved a reputation which places it at the head of the social organizations in this city. The quiet magnificence and completeness of the appointments of the club house, 129 Fifth avenue, the cosiness apparent in all parts of the establishment and the gentlemanly sociability which characterizes the members in their intercourse tend to show the social side of political life in most pleasing and truthful colors. The club had a general meeting last night, at which it was shown that the debt incurred in fitting up the house, $20,000, had been paid off that, a balance of $3,000 remained in the treasury, and all without the imposition of any extra tax on the members. Such a pleasing exhibit could not be allowed to go without proper acknowledgment, and a little jollification was prepared and kept up till midnight.