

NEW YORK HERALD

BROADWAY AND ANN STREET.

JAMES GORDON BENNETT, PROPRIETOR.

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AMUSEMENTS THIS AFTERNOON AND EVENING

WOODS MUSEUM. Broadway, corner Third and Broadway—SANTIAGO AVENUE, at 1 P. M.; closes at 4 P. M. THE BOY DETECTIVE, at 7 P. M.; closes at 10 P. M.

FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE. Twenty-eighth street and Broadway—LOVE'S LABORS LOST, at 7 P. M.; closes at 10 P. M. Mr. Harkins, Miss Ada Dyer.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE. Broadway, between Broadway and Bleecker streets—LES DEUX PIGGIES, and VALENTI ENTERTAINMENT, Begins at 7 P. M.; closes at 10 P. M. Mr. G. L. Fox.

THEATRE COMIQUE. No. 54 Broadway—VARIETY ENTERTAINMENT, at 8 P. M.; closes at 10 P. M.

BOOTH'S THEATRE. Sixth avenue and Twenty-third street—DORONAV, at 7:45 P. M.; closes at 10 P. M. Mrs. Fanny Farnsworth.

WALLACK'S THEATRE. Broadway and Third street—MONEY, at 8 P. M.; closes at 11 P. M. Mr. Lester Wallack, Miss Jeffrey Lewis.

OLYMPIC THEATRE. Broadway, between Houston and Bleecker streets—SADVILLE, and NOVELTY ENTERTAINMENT, at 7:45 P. M.; closes at 10 P. M.

BROOKLYN PARK THEATRE. Bespoke City Hall, Brooklyn—EVEN UNTO DEATH, at 8 P. M.; closes at 10 P. M. Shell Barry.

BOVEY THEATRE. Bovey—WHITE HAIR, and SWISS SWAINS, Begins at 8 P. M.; closes at 11 P. M.

METROPOLITAN THEATRE. No. 56 Broadway—VARIETY ENTERTAINMENT, at 7:45 P. M.; closes at 10 P. M.

NIBLO'S GARDEN. Broadway, between Prince and Houston streets—BATTLE-STAR, and ST. PETER, at 10:30 P. M.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC. Fourteenth street—Strakosch Italian Opera Troupe—BIGNON, at 8 P. M.; closes at 11 P. M. Mme. Nissou, Mlle. Terriani and Miss Cary, Capouli and Nannetti.

STADT THEATRE. Bovey—German Opera—DOR JUAN, at 8 P. M.; closes at 11 P. M. Mme. Lucci.

GERMANIA THEATRE. Fourteenth street—EPIDEMIC, at 8 P. M.; closes at 11 P. M.

TINY PASTORS OPERA HOUSE. No. 201 Bovey—VARIETY ENTERTAINMENT, at 8 P. M.; closes at 11 P. M.

REYNOLDS OPERA HOUSE. Twenty-third street, near Sixth avenue—THE BRIGAND, NEGRO MINSTRELS, &c., at 8 P. M.; closes at 10 P. M.

BAIN HALL. Great Jones street and Lafayette place—THE PILGRIM, at 8 P. M.; closes at 10 P. M.

COLOSSEUM. Broadway, corner of Thirty-fifth street—PARIS BY NIGHT, at 8 P. M.; closes at 10 P. M.; same at 7 P. M.; closes at 9 P. M.

TRIPLE SHEET.

New York, Monday, March 2, 1874.

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BRACE AND BARNARD.—Our readers must not let the truth concerning Brace and Barnard cloud controversy. We have no quarrel with these gentlemen, except to direct public opinion to two facts. First, as regards Brace. He expends, as far as we can ascertain, \$79,768 for charity and \$94,289 for salaries. Second, as regards Barnard. He expends \$18,886 for charity and \$21,640 for salaries. In other words, it costs more to support Brace and Barnard than the whole circle of poor they claim to benefit. These indisputable facts answer volumes of abuse. Brace and Barnard merely subsist on the benefactions of the charitable citizens of New York, and are, perhaps, among the most expensive paupers of modern times.

Religion and Modern Thought—The Pulpit and the Press.

The cosmopolitan character of modern journalism finds no better illustration than in the interest given to religious matters by the daily press. So long as a journal was a mere news-letter, or postboy's budget, or gazette of facts, its opinions were idly regarded. Even when journalists began to extend their mission, and to attempt the education of public opinion by editorial comments and essays, the natural tendency of all discussion was political. It was felt that nothing so much concerned the people as the strifes of politicians for office or the debates in legislative assemblies. A journal became the organ of some party or sect—the expression of the policy or ambition of certain public men. It lacked justice and impartiality because it spoke with passion and was more or less dependent upon the pleasure of the party whose will it obeyed. But journalism has grown into a profession, with recognized duties and responsibilities. Every day its sphere broadens and embraces newer fields of thought.

Some time since the HERALD, obeying this law of growth, felt that there should be a closer relation between the people and the ministers of religion. We have a large body of trained and gifted men who have studied theology, the arts of speech and composition, the Scriptures and moral laws, and who, under the discipline of denominational organizations and as teachers of various creeds, are efficient and unselfish agents of civilization. In fact, nothing more distinctly marks the progress of civilization than the respect and honor paid to the sacred calling. In the old comedies and sketches of society and manners no fact is more marked than the disrespect shown to the clergy. The clergyman was little more than a servant—a companion to his master in his cups when none better offered; who left the table when the stewards came, and played cards with the butler, and sometimes went to jail for debt, and was fortunate if he married her ladyship's maid. Compare the pictures of clerical life which we find in Swift, for instance, with the lives of clergymen to-day, and we see at once the prodigious stride we have taken in our regard for divinity and divines. We cannot help feeling that this advance, this amendment of feeling, really shows a healthier and better religious sentiment, more respect for morals and good works, and consequently a higher tone of civilization. Thackeray, in one of his books (the "Virginians," if we remember correctly), noted that he never observed more purity of speech among men and more virtuous and seemly behavior among women than in America. Is it too much to say that this is one phase of the progress of religion in America?

We speak of religion in a general, not a denominational sense. There is a religion not written in books—which we take to be the sum and essence of all that has ever been printed—a religion based on reverence and honor and truth. We do not mean the special creeds which come from Athanasius or Luther or Calvin or Knox or Wesley, but a faith which embraces all of these creeds. The kingdom of creeds is a kingdom without limits, and the soul may wander in it for ages only to find barrenness and thirst. We believe we shall approach a perfect civilization as we eliminate and reject creeds and phrases, and accept their divine substance—charity and love. All the tendencies of modern thought lead to this happy consummation. We do not fear the spirit of inquiry as the enemy of true religion. True religion finds its truest life in inquiry. When a creed shrinks examination, when any church shudders from the sunshine and the air, it becomes a sepulchre and not a temple. Within it lie buried human hopes, aspirations, trustfulness, patience, a belief in Christ's mercy. And if nothing so blesses and strengthens a State as a true religion, so nothing brings upon it shame and disaster more rapidly than the religion of lies and forms and false pretence. While as lovers of art and worshippers of the beautiful we may regret that religion in the United States has not found expression in cathedrals like Westminster and Cologne, we have a better and more comprehensive faith, which comes from the diffusion of intelligence and thought, and which we sometimes think brings us more and more together and towards the realization of that perfect time when the lion and the lamb shall lie down together and the sons of men will believe in one Church.

In this growth what part is taken by the press? No daily secular journal can achieve any special usefulness and have any concern with creeds or church discipline. Into the thorny paths of such a controversy we have no wish to penetrate. But what the HERALD began to do some time since, what journals in other parts of the country are doing now, and notably what the Tribune is doing, really represents an alliance between the pulpit and the press. In other words, the press gives the pulpit an audience far exceeding the congregations of Wesley or Whitefield. Eloquence, even under the most favorable surroundings, has a limited sway. The words of the orator reach a few hundreds, at best a thousand or two, and die away with the millions of other words idly spoken from hour to hour. We have little more of Whitefield than a tradition, and what but a tradition will remain to our children of Spurgeon and Beecher? But now that the press recognizes the pulpit as an agency of truth and morals the words of our preachers fall upon hundreds of thousands of hearts. The imagination can scarcely conceive the value of this alliance. Paul, on Mars Hill, had apostolical power; what would have been the result if he could have addressed the world through the columns of a newspaper like the HERALD? Our people this morning may read the best thoughts of our clergymen yesterday. The earnestness, the eloquence and the fervor of yesterday's preaching are not lost upon those who attended divine service. It becomes as bread cast upon the waters, to be found again after many days.

It will be seen that we do not confine ourselves to any sect or creed in this publication. Let all who have gifts for sacred oratory speak; let the multitude read and take what is most comforting to their souls. The newspaper becomes in this way the forum for general religious discussion. On one column we have the Gospel as it comes from Rome, on the other the Gospel illuminated by Wesley or the Westminster Assembly. Here

our work ceases. We do not decide between them. But thousands will reflect and decide. So from year to year there must result silent processes of discussion and elimination, a gradual drifting to one universal church. Fantastic creeds, new phases of devotion, arising from ignorance or fanaticism, or grotesque translations of fragmentary chapters of the Bible will become more and more impossible. We shall have no new "religion" offensive to common sense; for, with the universal blaze of light and inquiry which necessarily results from this alliance of the pulpit and the press, there can be no more of the mortifying and humiliating, and at times immoral, creeds which once grew up in acorn, fattening upon the miasma of ignorance and superstition, and flourishing into a rank and noxious life. Nothing is harder for a suddenly inspired "prophet" who believes he has seen the Saviour or that he has a revelation about the end of the world, than to find himself face to face with the world in the columns of a newspaper. These prophets appeal only to the credulity and ignorance of mankind. So long as ignorance is unmolested they will live and constantly appear in new forms of life. Ignorance grows less from day to day, as the press and the pulpit grow strong, and the religion of the future will be the religion of intelligence and common sense.

Therefore we are convinced that nothing does more to aid truth and inquiry than the publicity given to religious addresses and sermons and the views of devoted and gifted men. We shall do the duties that fall to us with more earnestness and alacrity because of their efforts and their eloquence. None of us are too successful, or too great, or too gifted, or too busy not to think now and then of the old, old story of Divine love and redemption, here recited—so old, and yet always so new. We shall not only be better fitted for the duties and responsibilities of life by hearkening to the words here spoken, but be better prepared for that destiny which comes to all sooner or later, and the mystery of which is the constant study of so many of our faithful clergymen.

A People's Park in the Adirondacks.

The bill introduced in the State Legislature to form a public park in the Adirondacks is proper and timely. It provides for a Board of Commissioners consisting of such names as Horatio Seymour, Verplanck Colvin, Robert B. Roosevelt, &c., and it contemplates taking into the area of the park all the lands owned by the State lying within the counties of Essex, Franklin, Hamilton, Herkimer, Lewis, St. Lawrence and Warren. The Commissioners are to act without compensation, but five parkkeepers are to be appointed at a salary not to exceed five hundred dollars each per annum. It is time some steps were taken to arrest the destruction of the splendid forests of white pine, birch, maple and ash that cover the mountains in this region and give shelter to the game whose extinction has been so ruthlessly carried on for years past. The Adirondacks now are as favorite a resort for New Yorkers as are the moors of Scotland to the weary Londoners who betake themselves in the season from the smoke of the great Babylon to the wild, exciting sport of the Scottish game region. But it is not alone the adventurous fowler or fisherman who will feel an interest in seeing steps taken to place this singularly attractive part of the State under some sort of care and supervision. The ordinary tourist, in quest of the wild beauty of mountain scenery and of the forest primeval, will be glad to learn that provision is about being made to preserve the great woods that make the chief charm of the Adirondacks from destruction. The parkkeepers are empowered in the bill to summon a posse from the nearest settlement to aid in the extinction of any fires that may happen in the forests. The object of the bill is excellent, and the Legislature can have no hesitation in granting it the full sanction of law.

OUR ASHANTEE CORRESPONDENCE.—We print this morning another letter from our correspondent at the headquarters of the British army in the land of the Ashantes. Although we have had later accounts by cable telegraph, this letter will be found full of interest. At the date of our correspondent's letter the answer to Sir Garnet Wolseley's third ultimatum had just been received. Our correspondent was privileged to meet the Rev. Mr. Kuhne, of the Basle Mission, who had been a prisoner in the Ashantee capital since June 1869. On the 14th of January this man was set at liberty, and his sudden appearance in the camp, coupled with the wretched condition of bodily health to which he had been reduced, was the occasion of great excitement. In the brief interview with our correspondent Mr. Kuhne imparted much valuable information. Commassee, according to Mr. Kuhne's account, has a population of some ten thousand people. He confirms the reports of previous travellers that the King is possessed of immense wealth. At the commencement of the war the Ashantee army comprised forty-eight thousand men. Like Brigham Young, King Koffee is an admirer of the female sex, and he boasts of a harem of three hundred wives.

ST. DOMINGO.—The arrest of ex-President Baez, of St. Domingo, is an event not very important in itself, but with some elements of interest. St. Domingo, in the eyes of the administration, is a question not dead, but sleeping, and any circumstance, however trivial, that will give it new interest, may reopen the old sores of the annexation scheme. Mr. Baez will have abundant justice, and if, as his counsel contend, his arrest is a blackmailing operation, he will have speedy deliverance. But St. Domingo is a dead issue. It was badly handled during life, and became a whole-some and unclean, and died as it should die. In another generation we may think of St. Domingo, but for the present let us settle Kansas and California before seeking new acres in the Spanish Main.

ANOTHER PEAR FALLS.—The ripe judicial pears are falling one by one. We have had our crop in New York, and now the country's turn comes. Williams fell, before his greatness ripened, and now Durell. Durell thinks his time has come. He offered to resign some time ago for a mission; now he resigns without a mission. Evidently Durell's usefulness as a judge is at an end, and he falls as the leaves fall in the month of dread October. Who will come next?

The Carlists in Spain.

The "Indolence of indifference," as Bulwer phrases it, will no longer serve the advocates of a Spanish republic to describe the state of affairs in what may now be called Carlist Spain. However strong Marshal Serrano may be in the south of Spain, he is no more popular, although far better known, in the north than his predecessor, the eloquent but impracticable Castelar, who tried, in defiance of General Prim's warning, to make a republic without republicans. The spark of insurrection was fanned into a flame scarcely three years ago in Catalonia by fourteen intrepid, devoted adherents of Don Carlos. Twenty-five thousand men—hardy, brave Biscayans and Navarrese—are now ranged under the royal banner, led by Don Carlos, Marquis of Eran, a trained and tried soldier, who won his spurs among the Moors. An important element of weakness is the discord which rules among the Carlist chiefs on the questions of rank and precedence. The veteran Elio, who has followed the fortunes of Don Carlos' family in the same shadowy quest from earliest boyhood, refuses to serve under Don Carlos, who, although originally promoted from the ranks, happens somehow to win all the great Carlist victories. Saballs, the famous Catalan, and Cabacilla, an ex-Papal Zouave, obey Don Carlos and the Pope. Don Alfonso, the brother of "the King," as the pretender is loyally termed, although nominally Commander-in-Chief over all the bands, is permitted only to ride in the advance in silence, like the dead Cid, to awe the foe by his princely presence. We have had ample experience in our civil war to know the evil result of these demoralizing dissensions.

It must be a delicate and distracting puzzle for Don Carlos to preserve even the semblance of harmony among his discordant chiefs, and he will be ill-advised if he attempts to cross the Ebro until supported by a properly equipped, officered and disciplined army. The Basques proper made the Carlist cause their own, purely because they feared to be brought under a governmental yoke on the same footing with the other provinces of Spain—a reform which has been demanded by the Peninsular Federation for many years. The Basque is no more a Spaniard than a Welshman is an Englishman. His language is peculiarly his own. The Basques have their own laws, pay only such taxes as they themselves elect, furnish the State no soldiers except in case of invasion, select their own alcaldes, and, what is even rarer in priest-ridden Spain, they are free from ecclesiastical control by having the right to nominate their own parish priests. It is natural, therefore, that they should object to surrender these privileges of self-government, as they will have to do should the federal principle prevail. Don Carlos is solemnly and publicly sworn to maintain the ancient fueros, or laws, inviolate. Once, however, "the King" is safely placed on the south bank of the Ebro, the mountaineers of Alava, Logroño, Guipuzcoa and Biscay—forming the Basque provinces—will likely return to their native hillsides, to which they cling with the affection of the chamois, leaving Arragon, Catalonia and Navarre to complete the march to Madrid with such help as they can get from the Southern Spaniards. These are the flaws in Don Carlos' corselet. His strong points are the friendship of a powerful and clanish faction of the old nobility—who see in the success of the Carlist Bourbons protection for their titles, revenues and the support of the minor clergy, especially the village curés, whose control over their parishioners is as unquestioned as a decree of despotic royalty. Strongest of all is the friendship of Catholic France—a genuine friendship, which finds substantial expression in gifts of money, arms and horses. What seems to be most needed, though, is a seaport through which may be passed with celerity and economy supplies and munitions of war, and from whose harbor might be borne out on the high seas the royal standard, demanding recognition from the Old World monarchies.

The investiture of Bilbao by Don Carlos is undoubtedly made with this intent; and, from the fact that the Madrid General Moriones has been defeated in his attempt to relieve the besieged town, although supported by a large force of regular troops, it may be inferred that Bilbao will soon fall into the hands of the Carlists. They will no doubt attempt to hold it or demand a swinging ransom to replenish the army chest. In either or any event Marshal Serrano has thus far proved himself unable to suppress the Carlist rising, which is assuming the proportions of a revolution. What is next in store for this land of riot and ruin is a problem for the study of the world's best statesmen.

CHRISTIAN CHARITY.—We select the following sentences from an article in the Liberal Christian:—

Nobody who thinks honesty or decency of much importance cares much what the New York Herald says about anything. We do not know that this enterprising but sensational and unreliable newspaper has ever had any character for fairness or courtesy to lose. When a public journal deliberately and maliciously undertakes to destroy public confidence in one of the very best and most widely trusted and approved of all our public charitable associations it is well worth while to call attention to the fact that the public repudiates the maligner, and gives the very best sort of proof of its confidence in the management of the accused institution by increasing its contributions towards its support. Such we are glad to hear, has been the happy result of the HERALD's base attempt to injure the Children's Aid Society—a result which shows very plainly just what the respectable part of the public thinks of the HERALD.

The reason of this demonstration is because the HERALD thinks Brace should not appropriate for "salaries" the money paid to his society for charity. We should say, further, that the Liberal Christian is a "Christian" paper—an "independent journal of religious literature, science and art."

AN INLAND WATER ROUTE from Donaldsonville, Miss., to the mouth of the Rio Grande is in course of survey by officers of the United States Engineer corps. The surveys are well enough, but it is to be hoped Congress is not to be called upon to dig canals through the sand from one bay to another.

The Temperance Movement.

It is a great while since King Lemuel's mother advised him to give "wine to them that be of heavy heart;" and the human heart has been more or less heavy ever since, so that occasion to act on the advice has never been wanting. Byron was of opinion that man must necessarily "get drunk," because he is "reasonable;" in other words, he must escape sometimes into madness and unreason and wallow or eat grass like Nebuchadnezzar. Exactly why he must the poet would have been troubled to explain on any more solid ground than that of poetical frenzy; but, though explanation might be difficult to give, the fact is clear enough that since the flood humanity has been addicted to an over-freedom of the elbow. In Germany they have a theory that Noah immediately upon landing found the water unpalatable because it tasted of the drowned sinners, and that this led to the invention of wine. This is not to be altogether relied upon, but the indulgence in liquors capable of exciting the passing delirium of drunkenness is one of the strictly human acts, and no race of people has been found anywhere that did not possess an intoxicating beverage and did not excite themselves to frenzy by its use. An appetite for beverages of this sort, therefore, seems to have some foundation in the human constitution; but, like all other appetites, it tends to over-indulgence and becomes a disease, and the deplorable consequences are known to every community. Consequently the endeavor to restrain the appetite is as old and as widespread as the appetite itself, and temperance movements of one sort or another have attracted attention from time immemorial. In the movement of this sort now sweeping over the country we see the characteristics of our time and our people. It starts earnestly with the good purpose of endeavoring to restrain an indulgence that desolates many homes, and as it goes on it becomes difficult to say if it is more remarkable for its grotesque honesty or for the number of sniveling hypocrites who claim it as their special property. It is a woman's movement, too, and regards no ordinary conventionalities, no sense of propriety, no rights and no seasons—all considerations derived from these being set aside by the presumed high morality of the purpose in view. No doubt moral storms of this sort frequently clear the air and do good, if not otherwise, by proving that a people is capable of making in behalf of a good object the most unexpected exertions, even in circumstances that promise no likelihood of success. Little permanent good to temperance will probably come from the movement, and in this city it seems likely to assume a form not unlike the agitation in regard to the "wickedest man," and to direct an attention not charged with reprobation to drinking establishments of a peculiar class.

Italian Opera and its Prosperity in America.

An effort to elevate Italian opera to the same level in stage representation as that of dramatic works at some of our leading theatres and to remove the obloquy so long attached to operatic performances in this city should be hailed with pleasure by every patron of lyric art. For many years past opera has been placed on the metropolitan stage in a manner disgraceful to even an east side theatre, and a few venerable scenes have been made to do service in the most incongruous manner. Every habitué of the opera will remember the large, faded Alpine scene which served as a background to Richmond Fair, the Palace of Solika in India, the banks of the Seine, the environs of Seville and other localities. The production of "Aida," with new and magnificent mise en scene, was the first serious attempt to lift the lyric drama out of the Slough of Despond in which it had lain so long, and to give a proper setting to the beautiful tone pictures of the singer and composer. The inauguration of such a reform is an encouraging sign, and will go far towards placing Italian opera on a sounder and more permanent basis than it has ever had before. The promise of the present management to bring out this season Wagner's grand opera "Lohengrin" on the same scale of scenic excellence as "Aida" shows that the reform in question is not to be merely transitory. Such a managerial policy cannot fail to be financially successful. The New York public is quick at appreciating and encouraging liberality and enterprise on the stage, as may be seen in the prosperous career of our standard comedy theatres. The cause of the repeated failures in operatic management here has been the narrow-minded policy which contented itself with a single star and a company of incapable singers. The present Strakosch troupe is an eminently artistic organization, and complete in every detail necessary to give a well balanced, harmonious representation of an opera. This will account for the general success which has attended it in every American city in which performances have been given. Although the financial returns have not been in proportion to the artistic merits of the season, owing to the disastrous consequences of the late panic, yet they have been sufficiently large to show the popularity of the new reform in opera. Any other company would have been obliged to succumb to the terrible pressure of the times. But liberal management, even under the most adverse circumstances, has won sympathy and substantial support. It is a lesson that operatic managers should not forget.

New York is attached to opera and liberally patronizes it when it possesses attractive elements. A glance at the lyric entertainments promised for this week will show that in this city all the operatic features in America are naturally drawn together. Three distinct companies will appear at different theatres. The Strakosch troupe will produce "Mignon," "Aida" and "Il Trovatore," at the Academy of Music; Mme. Pauline Lucca will appear in "Don Juan," "Die Hugenotten" and "Fra Diavolo," at the Stadt Theatre, with a German company, and Mlle. Irma di Murska will make her rentrée at the Lyceum Theatre in "La Sonnambula" and "Lucia." Next week Mlle. Aimée commences an *opéra bouffe* engagement, and we shall, likely, have another visit of the Kellogg English Opera Company. This is variety enough to satisfy the most exacting lover of music, and proves incontrovertibly the right of New York to be called an operatic centre.

The United States Navy.

At the very moment when the officers and seamen of the navy are making a combined movement to advance its professional standing Congress appears to be doing everything in its power to produce demoralization and discontent. The establishment at Annapolis of a United States Naval Institute that must ultimately become a rival of the first scientific institutions of Europe; the appointment of Commodore C. R. P. Rodgers, an officer of great general experience and a gentleman of broad and liberal culture, to succeed the battle-scarred Worden, as the Superintendent of the Academy; the retention of Captain Breece as commandant, an officer who has exhibited vigorous, yet wisely tempered executive capacity; the revival of naval tactics as taught by Commodore Parker and successfully illustrated during the naval drill in the Florida channel; the economical administration of the Marine Hospital described in our naval column this morning—these facts certainly do not indicate that the navy is going to the dogs. Yet, with this creditable zeal and professional advancement before the country, Congress does not hesitate to initiate a tinkering and tampering legislation, the effect of which must be to destroy esprit de corps and float the navy off in the direction of our feeble and unwieldy civil service. We think the public will agree with us, that the navy has been a high-minded and successful institution, because its sole function has been professional proficiency. We regard it as almost fortunate that politics have never pervaded the cabin or the wardroom. They may hamper Mr. Robeson; partisan obligations have undoubtedly had a great deal to do with his administration of his office. Yet we are not disposed to be hypercritical. When Mr. Robeson does right, when he advances the interests of the navy, which are essentially those of the nation, the HERALD will applaud him. There is yet time for the Secretary and for Congress to deal with this question from an elevated standpoint, and sooner or later the people will not only cry out for it, but they will remember those who, being guardians of high trusts, were faithless or indifferent to their obligations.

Iceland's Millennium—874-1874.

This is the age of national jubilees, and, not to be behind the rest of the world, the remote island of Iceland will this year celebrate the millennial anniversary of its colonization. At midsummer its scanty population of seventy-five thousand, scattered over an area little less in size than the State of New York, will flock to the old lava plains of Thingvellir, to hold an Athing, or national assembly, on the same site and with the same forms as in the days of the island's turbulent but independent medieval Republic. The little college and cathedral at Reykjavik, the arctic capital, will witness a series of ecclesiastical and scholastic festivities; while those sons of Iceland who are passing their lives in other parts of Scandinavia or in Great Britain, for the sake of study or an easier livelihood, will doubtless seize the occasion to revisit the singular land of their birth. Happily for the island the festival occurs in a period of increasing material prosperity. The present century has been comparatively free from the scourges of volcanic eruptions and pestilential diseases which in the preceding ones more than once threatened to depopulate the land. The re-establishment of representative government in 1845, the abolition in 1855 of the oppressive trade monopoly enjoyed by the Danes, the augmented value of the exports resulting from the opening of the island's rockbound harbors to the commerce of the world, and the subsequent development by British capital of its fisheries and its mines, have infused new hope into every farmstead and hamlet.

The interest attaching to Iceland is well known to students of natural history and ethnology. Physically it is a region in which nature has delighted to exhibit, in their supremest development, both her positive force of heat and her negative force of cold, making a land of contrasts and anomalies, of flame and frost, of glaciers and icebergs. Ethnologically it is the only polar land inhabited by a member of the great Aryan race, and its language is the oldest spoken idiom of the Teutonic stock. Historically it furnishes one of the most splendid examples of the struggle of man against the destructive energies of nature, and of a people creating, in the midst of innumerable obstacles, a social system, a government and a literature. The story of its colonization is told by one of the oldest of its literary monuments, the Landnámabók—a record of early settlement such as no other nation possesses—which gives, with marvellous detail, the name and origin of more than three thousand of the primitive inhabitants. The island was discovered and visited between 860 and 870 by several of the roving vikings of the northern seas, but it was in 874 that Ingolf Arnarson and his companion Leif, two Norwegian men of good estate, made the first formal and fruitful efforts at colonization. These pioneers were speedily followed by the families of other Norwegian chiefs, driven to seek a new home by the loss of their independence and of their petty dominions, which had fallen a prey to that centralizing and feudalizing conqueror, Harold the Fairhaired. The spirit of emigration to the island soon became so strong that it was caught by many of those Norwegian exiles who had latterly won themselves residences on the Scottish islands and mainland and on the Irish coasts, where Harold's fleets could still reach them, so that fully one-half of the original population of Iceland was derived from this source. Thus the best blood of Norway, that of its nobility, long accustomed to rule, and that of its maritime adventurers, long accustomed to enterprises of boldness, was poured into the newly found isle. The period of colonization extended from 874 to 928. It was marked by the same features which have characterized all the notable migrations of the world. The wave of settlement began on the southwest coast, moving steadily northward and then eastward and southward, until it had encompassed the whole island and peopled all its pleasant valley bottoms near the sea. Every new occupier pre-empted his claim by a peculiar ceremony. As the population of an outlying district increased places of public worship, dedicated to Thor or Frev, were established and courts were