

NEW YORK HERALD

BROADWAY AND ANN STREET.

JAMES GORDON BENNETT, PROPRIETOR.

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AMUSEMENTS THIS AFTERNOON AND EVENING

BOOTH'S THEATRE, Twenty-third street and Sixth avenue.—THE GLADIATOR, at 7 P. M.

NILDO'S GARDEN, Broadway between Prince and Houston streets.—THE LADY OF THE LAKE, at 8 P. M.; closes at 10:45 P. M.

NEW FARE THEATRE, BROOKLYN Fulton street, opposite the City Hall.—LA FAVILLON ROUGE, at 8 P. M.; closes at 10:30 P. M.

THEATRE COMIQUE, No. 514 Broadway.—THE ROYAL DEBUTANTE, at 8 P. M.; closes at 10:30 P. M.

WALLACK'S THEATRE, Broadway and Thirtieth street.—FAIR, at 8 P. M.; closes at 11 P. M.

OLYMPIC THEATRE, Broadway between Houston and Bleeker streets.—VARIETY ENTERTAINMENT, at 7:45 P. M.; closes at 10:30 P. M.

WOODS MUSEUM, Broadway, corner of Thirtieth street.—WRESTLING FOR LIFE AT THE MINE, at 7 P. M.; closes at 4:30 P. M.

TONY PASTOR'S OPERA HOUSE, Broadway, at 5 P. M.; closes at 10:30 P. M.

BRYANT'S OPERA HOUSE, Broadway, near Third street.—NEGRO MINSTRELS, at 8 P. M.; closes at 10:30 P. M.

CENTRAL PARK GARDEN, Fifty-ninth street and Third avenue.—THOMAS' CONCERT, at 8 P. M.; closes at 10:30 P. M.

ROBINSON HALL, Sixteenth street, near Broadway.—Bullcock's Royal Minstrels, at 8 P. M.; closes at 10:30 P. M.

COLONSKY, Broadway, corner of Thirty-sixth street.—LONDON BY NIGHT, at 8 P. M.; closes at 10:30 P. M.

ROMAN HIPPODROME, Madison avenue and Twenty-ninth street.—GRAND MAGNANT—CONGRESS OF NATIONS, at 1:30 P. M. and 7 P. M.

TRIPLE SHEET.

New York, Monday, June 8, 1874.

From our reports this morning the probabilities are that the weather to-day will be clear and hot, with possibly a local storm.

A GLIMPSE AT AMERICAN ART IN PARIS will be obtained by the perusal of our correspondent's graphic sketch of the homes and lives of our artists and students domiciled in the gay, busy and aesthetic capital of France.

HOMES OF FAMOUS RACING BLOOD are so seldom offered by public competition in this neighborhood that the sale of Mr. Belmont's stock on Thursday next will be an event of unusual interest and importance. Many gentlemen who have no desire to compete at the races have a taste for a pedigree in their saddle horses extending nearly two hundred years, and this, it appears, from our account written elsewhere, is the case with many of Mr. Belmont's offers.

LEBRY BOLLEN INSISTED recently in the Assembly that a republican form of government has never yet had a serious and fair trial in France. He seems to have stirred up the animals in the menagerie pretty effectively. He does not believe in tampering with the present form of election. But what happiness is left to France if you deny her the right to hanker away at the franchise? She seems to be afflicted by a chronic political fever and ague. At one moment she is in a high state of excitement over a Bonapartist plebiscite, which, like our quack medicines, is to prove a panacea for every social ill, and the next she is trembling with cold, while the Left are working for a majority and calling out lustily for the European Powers to cover her with blankets of sympathy. A steady purpose and a real and tangible object in her national affairs would do France more good just now than anything else. It is time for her to stop being a football to be kicked in turn by the Right and Left.

THE SERMONS YESTERDAY.—The divines at the various churches yesterday seemed to be in a theological rather than practical vein. Many elaborate theories and deductions from Gospel texts were advanced, but little calculated to touch the hearts of the hearers. Rev. J. Hyatt Smith, in Brooklyn, delivered a sermon expressly designed for the benefit of the male members of his congregation, referring to religion as the most perfect healer of all ills that flesh is heir to. Rev. Dr. Hall, in a sermon on the Comforter, spoke of the wonderful influence of the consoling Spirit from above on the mind. Mr. Beecher descended upon the science of Genesis and the end of man, advising his congregation to be Christians, not by ecclesiastical doctrines alone, but by the inspiration of the Holy Spirit. Dr. Wild brought in the case of the Williamsburg mother who murdered her children as an example of religious insanity. The summer weather is beginning to exert a baleful influence upon the attendance at the principal churches.

THE FOURTH AVENUE GRAB.—It was not, perhaps, more than usually difficult for Commodore Vanderbilt to secure the passage of "Chapter 702" of the Laws of the State of New York, by which half the cost of the great labors in progress on the line of Fourth avenue was to be paid by the city; but whatever trouble or whatever else the act may have cost was apparently thrown away, simply because the cheap legislators do not know how to make good binding laws, and because the railroad lawyers were not on hand to give timely instructions. Thus we see that stupendous enterprises, which involve great capital and even involve the proper operations of law-making bodies, come to a standstill by a trivial insufficiency somewhere, just as a grain of sand will derange the working of the finest machinery. There were the votes to pass the law and there was the constitution to tell them how to do it, and yet they did it wrongly, and the Mayor need not pay the money. It will all have to wait for another Legislature. Doubtless these cheap legislators of late years are apt to make this sort of law that has patches in it, but it is unpardonable in the lawyers of great corporations not to provide against such possibilities.

President Grant's "Memorandum" on the Currency.

The paper in which the President has set forth his matured views on the great subject which has engrossed public attention since the September panic is a most noteworthy document. It is alike remarkable whether we consider the combined soundness and boldness of its monetary doctrines, the peculiar manner in which he has made them public, or the political consequences with which they may be fraught. In our judgment not only are the monetary views of the President admirably sound, but their publication in this peculiar way is justifiable, or at least excusable, and their political effect will be salutary even for the republican party, unless the inflation leaders are mad enough to break with him and disrupt the organization.

This vigorous manifesto is wise from a party point of view, because its practical effect will be to forestall the necessity of another veto. It is not a safe thing for a political party to encounter a series of vetoes on the same subject and prolong a public conflict between its elected head and its majority in Congress. General Grant from the inflationists and extinguishes all expectation of any compromise which they would accept. He has placed himself on such high ground that they would have to march a very long way up to find a point at which he could meet them. They will prefer to leave the currency as it is rather than accept any compromise which is possible with such views as President Grant expresses. If they pass a bill now it can be with no other purpose than to beard the President and provoke a rupture. They will think twice before trying that experiment. The inflationists cannot afford to come to close quarters with Grant as the reconstructionists did with Andrew Johnson. His habits of taciturnity protect him from weakening his position by intemperate, abusive harangues, as Johnson did. He stands upon the regular party platform, which Johnson did not. A quarrel with him would split and demoralize the republican party, whereas the quarrel with Johnson strengthened and stiffened it. Nothing remains but for them to submit to the inevitable with as good a grace as they can.

President Grant will still remain in office for nearly three years, and the inflationists cannot doubt that during that period their policy is effectually blocked, nor that further agitation of this question in a sense hostile to the President's views would weaken and disorganize the republican party. The republican ship is freighted with all their political hopes. It cannot founder or go to pieces without engulfing every prominent inflationist, unless they are destined to exemplify the saying, whom the gods wish to destroy they first smite with madness. They will forego any further efforts to inflate the currency against the strongly declared views of the President. If Mr. Morton and half a dozen other seeping leaders will keep still and let this question rest, their followers, before Congress assembles again, will quietly make up their minds to accept the situation. Expecting the President's determination to operate with the steadiness of a law of nature, the inflationists will submit to the democratic party submitted to the new amendments to the constitution, when they saw that resistance was vain. The Congressional elections of the present year will help purify the air on this as on some other questions, creating a possibility of national legislation next winter. After embroiling the subject during this futile session the republicans must take the consequences in large democratic gains, and if the democrats shall have the wisdom to nominate staunch hard money men and the good fortune to elect them, this Congress at its next session will be constrained to accept the financial policy of General Grant as the only means of saving the republican party.

Once more the Republic is overboard in France. Two factions that are moderate in the sense that the small boys say they are—less furious than the factions which are more furious than they are—these two doubtful moderates were the faint hope of a possible republic. They were the Right Centre and the Left Centre. The Left Centre is made up of republicans who like their house but do not want always to ride on the peak; they desire a good government and care comparatively little for the republican "idea" and doctrinaire fancies. The Right Centre are monarchists who do not believe in divine right, nor in any particular man, but prefer the notion of a permanent Executive to that of an elective Executive and believe that some men are better than others. Politically the Right and Left Centres are nearer to one another than the Right Centre is to the Right or the Left Centre to the Left, and if they should coalesce they could establish a republic to which the Left Centre would give liberalism of spirit and for which the Right Centre might secure a strong constitutional form, in virtue of which the dregs of the people which tend to rule in democracies would be kept where the dregs belong. But the hope of this combination is finally done for, and one hundred and ten Deputies of the Left Centre have pitched negotiation into the water by a declaration for a definitive republic—a republic, of course, such as they want; not such as is possible or can be obtained. They would rather have no republic than not have their own.

They would end. He would make a repeal of the Legal Tender law the first measure in point of time, as it is undoubtedly the first in the scale of importance. As soon as nobody is compelled to take anything but gold nothing but gold or its equivalent will be taken. His recommendation of this heroic remedy places him at the furthest distance possible from the inflationists of every color and description. The supreme importance he attaches to an actual currency of the precious metals is attested by his recommendation to suppress small bank notes. He would permit the circulation of no paper representatives of money of a smaller denomination than ten dollars. It would not satisfy him merely to carry back the currency to the condition in which it stood before the war. He desires a more thoroughgoing, radical reform, which would cause the clink of gold coins to be heard in the pockets of every citizen. This sound and excellent idea is too far from practical realization to be worth discussing now in any other view than as illustrating the wide and impassable distance which separates General Grant from the inflationists and extinguishes all expectation of any compromise which they would accept. He has placed himself on such high ground that they would have to march a very long way up to find a point at which he could meet them. They will prefer to leave the currency as it is rather than accept any compromise which is possible with such views as President Grant expresses. If they pass a bill now it can be with no other purpose than to beard the President and provoke a rupture. They will think twice before trying that experiment. The inflationists cannot afford to come to close quarters with Grant as the reconstructionists did with Andrew Johnson. His habits of taciturnity protect him from weakening his position by intemperate, abusive harangues, as Johnson did. He stands upon the regular party platform, which Johnson did not. A quarrel with him would split and demoralize the republican party, whereas the quarrel with Johnson strengthened and stiffened it. Nothing remains but for them to submit to the inevitable with as good a grace as they can.

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No Republic in France Just Yet.

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SPAIN.—According to one of our latest cable dispatches a serious mutiny had broken out among the republican troops in the province of Guipuzcoa. We do not much wonder at the news. The Spanish soldier labors under the serious disadvantage that he does not know whether he is fighting for the republic or the monarchy. If Marshal Serrano does not on an early day come forth with a well defined and intelligible programme the chaos which has so long existed in Spain will become worse confounded than ever.

It is said that rats contain an appreciable quantity of phosphorus. Now, since phosphorus is used to clear the cobwebs from the brain and to give a man common sense who never experienced its sensations before, would it not be well to give an oatmeal supper to some of our high national and State functionaries? We might begin with a thin gruel, since it would not do to begin with too strong a stimulant, and increase the dose by thickening the porridge until they were able to do their work and earn their pay.

Ostrich Journalism.

We print a suggestive article from the Evening Post in reference to the lecture of M. Rocheport the other evening and the manifesto addressed by him to the Herald a few days since. The Evening Post responds to the suggestion of that gloomy and painfully virtuous compilation, the Nation, that it should have ignored the presence of M. Rocheport in New York, that "the policy of ignoring public occurrences is not one we are disposed to adopt." "So little is known of the true history of France since 1870," adds the Post, "that we value every source of information on the subject, quite independently of any feeling of sympathy or antipathy in respect to the person from whom the information reaches us." In other words, the policy which the Nation advocates, and which is criticized with so much justice and truth, is that of the ostrich, of whom we are told that, when it desires to avoid all observation and be completely "ignored" by the pursuer, it buries its head in the sand. We have a class of journalists in America who carry out this principle in dealing with public affairs.

The case of M. Rocheport affords an amusing illustration of this policy. That gentleman upon his arrival in New York addressed a letter to the Herald, which we published in French and English, giving his experiences in New Caledonia, some recollections of the Commune, and his views in reference to the present condition and probable future of France. A few days after he delivered a lecture in the Academy of Music on the same subjects. As the Evening Post says of the lecture, "not only was there incomparably less material in it than in his letter, but what there was was indifferently worked up." In other words, the letter was as fine a piece of wit and railery and invective, in a literary point of view, as any of the numbers of the *Lanterne*. The lecture, on the other hand, apart from an allusion to Jules Favre, was tame and prosy, and was in no way a contribution to the history of France. Yet the journals who were anxious enough to print the lecture, which amounted to nothing, omitted all allusion to the letter, which is decidedly the most important contribution that has been made to the history of France since the fall of the Empire. The ostrich policy of "ignoring" was never more amusingly illustrated. It reminds us of the history of France which at one time was written by a devout believer in the Bourbons. Anxious to say nothing that would wound the feelings of the Bourbons, or recall unpleasant memories to the Christian kings, the pious author omitted the whole history of the Empire and said that during the imperial rule the armies of the King were "entrusted to the command of Marquis Bonaparte, a distinguished officer." M. Rocheport is not a man to our fancy. There were many things in his letter, but more particularly in his address, repugnant to our sentiments. He and his friends have shown themselves the enemies of republicanism, and have probably thrown the French Republic back many years. But he can be no more ignored than Robespierre, whom, by the way, he calls "a great citizen;" nor Marat, who was a type of the practical effect of his principles; nor Camille Desmoulins, whom he so strikingly resembles in character and genius. We might as easily ignore John Wilkes in the history of England or Jefferson Davis in our own history. These men exist as facts. They are creations and illustrations of their time, illuminating it, not always with a wholesome light, but enabling us to see the men and times as they were. M. Rocheport is a type of the wonderful age in which he lives, and without studying his career and his utterances we should be at a loss to understand many things in France that otherwise become clear and natural.

A good deal of this ostrich journalism comes from the necessary machine qualities of our newspapers. An editorial staff is quite as apt to become a machine as the presses in the press-room. Traditions grow into laws, and much of the "ignoring" and misrepresentation, and omission to credit—the departing from the amenities of the profession, which are as marked as in any other calling, come from the wooden-headed night editors and subordinates, who have no plan but to imitate the custom of twenty years before, when our newspapers were mostly experiments and anxious to make a noise and to fight their way into power and recognition. We have a memory of this kind which remains as a natural curiosity in our own cabinet of relics. During the French and German war, when the *Tribune*, admirably served by the wide-awake agent in London and backed by the enterprising manager in New York, was telegraphing those wonderful reports of Gravelotte and Metz and Sedan, reports which under the rules of the Associated Press were as much our property as our own special, our own midnight ostrich declined to print the reports because they were not *HERALD* victories, just as our contemporaries would not print the letter of M. Rocheport because he had not addressed it to them. The omission of our own ostrich was speedily rectified, as we could never make the mistake of declining to print news when we obtained it, merely because it did not come from our special correspondents. To be sure, it is rarely that we have such a chance, but we do not despise it. How much better, even in the way of enterprise, to quietly assume all the credit of a neighbor's victories, especially as the good, easy, confiding public never know any better! The admirable letters in the *World* from Achene describing the war would have been welcome, if they had come to us under the rules of copartnership in the Associated Press. These were the only letters written from that interesting point. As they came by mail we were not entitled to them, much to our regret. We "ignore" nothing. The public is entitled to know the history of the hour. If we once began to do what the *Nation* advises, simply to print what we fancy personally, to "ignore," and omit, and prune, and sit in judgment over men, accepting Mr. Gladstone, for instance, because he is conservative and safe, and rejecting M. Rocheport, because he is wild and revolutionary, we should soon find ourselves out of journalism entirely and printing meditations or sermons or tracts, or a solemn sentimental compilation like the *Nation*. The world would go elsewhere for its news.

Some time since—six months ago, perhaps—we made arrangements in Europe to receive every day a cable despatch containing a list of all the arrivals of American ships in every part of the world.

As this despatch cost us a dollar a word our readers may fancy the yearly expense of the service. We offered it to our partners in the Associated Press, under the rules, but they all ignored it, just as they ignored our offers to share our special shipping news facilities at home. The result was that every merchant in New York and all who had friends at sea were compelled to read the *Herald*, and we are now rapidly becoming the Lloyd's of America. But our sagacious friends of the *Journal of Commerce* in time discovered the ostrich member of their staff, who fancied that, as a commercial journalist, he could not ignore ship news, and the result is that they now avail themselves of the rule and accept our despatch. They see plainly enough, as our contemporaries all must see, that the day when a journal could afford to ignore any one feature of journalism is at an end; and this is especially true under the rules of the Associated Press, which bind the seven journals into a Procrustean bed, or, so far as enterprise is concerned, link them together like so many chained galley slaves, making independent enterprise very difficult and giving weak and indolent journals all the advantages of enterprise and foresight.

Wilkes' Antarctic Continent.

Geographical discovery has been advancing of late. Geographical societies have sprung up in all parts of the world, and we hear of exploring expeditions everywhere. The subject of geography has indeed come to be one of great public interest, and perhaps it may be for one particular and plain reason, that as Malte-Brun has well expressed it, "Geography is a living picture of the universe, and is therefore essentially popular." It embraces everything which concerns the interests and well being of mankind. It concerns all the sciences. People have only lately come to look upon geography in its proper light, and to realize how a newspaper correspondent or a national ship of war may upset old and long established notions or create new ones. Stanley, when after Livingston, opened fresh ideas with respect to Africa; the Challenger has revolutionized our ideas of the Antarctic regions. The world begins to realize that Central Africa is not a mere malarial jungle, but possesses the elements of riches and is destined ultimately to become a seat of civilization, empire and wealth. No such destiny awaits the Antarctic regions; but still the men of science have become interested in that quarter of the earth. There is no higher exhibition of the progress which civilization has made than that men now seek their pleasure on the sea. The ocean is no longer the impassable river of the ancients, nor the "pirates' field" of the old Northmen, but is a part of the world where every one may be at home and at peace, if so inclined. Witness our various yacht squadrons, vying with each other in honorable rivalry upon a course where the highest skill and the loftiest bravery are called in requisition. Yet all is peace and "the world of waters" is every man's own.

It matters not, perhaps, to the present material interests of the world whether there is or is not an Antarctic continent. All school boys have been taught there was, but we are all at present in an inquisitive state of mind. We want to know. Quick transits by steam and telegraphic wires across the oceans have very much reduced the dimensions of this world of ours, in the imagination. It seems to us pitiable that we cannot run hither and thither at will; no matter whether it be to the centre of Africa, the centre of Asia, to the North or South Pole. Hence, when the *HERALD* published, some days ago, an account of the British ship Challenger having sailed over a goodly portion of Wilkes' Antarctic continent, there was much wondering. The truth is, we have all become so used to having the ideas of our school days disturbed that we are no longer shocked with the upsetting of anything, but, on the contrary, are inspired with new expectations. Great expectations they are, generally, and the South Pole is no exception to the rule. We had settled ourselves down into a quiet belief that the South Pole was in the middle of a vast continent—as large as the whole of North America—and until the *HERALD* published the letter of Lieutenant Hynes, of the Challenger, nobody cared to question the matter. But now a general curiosity is aroused, and curiosity is the guiding star of progress. Some would defend the declarations of Wilkes, some would find out more than he and Ross, and d'Urville and Biscoe, and Bellinghousen and Cook and Kempf had found before, and say to a certainty where the South Pole really is. There are plenty of men ready to do such work, and the world is not only ready to have it done, but wants it done. It is no longer a question, "What good," but "We want to know;" and know we will some of these days. A better opportunity than the present for the display of some of the rather misplaced energies of the United States Navy could not be found than the fitting out of a suitable expedition for Antarctic discovery. Suitable, we say, for no ship has ever yet been sent into the Antarctic waters to combat the great ice barrier which Cook was the first to find, sheathed with iron and strengthened as have been the ships of Parry, Franklin, Kane and others who have fearlessly pushed through the heavy ice of the Arctic.

We give to-day a general résumé of Antarctic exploration, with special reference to the controversy which has sprung up relative to the existence of Wilkes' continent, together with an excellent and carefully prepared map, showing a good part of the Antarctic regions. The candid reader can have very little doubt that Wilkes did actually discover land, but whether to the extent claimed remains to be seen. We scarcely need remind our readers that, as we have always been, we are now and always will be the advocates of enterprise and discovery, and therefore say, let us have an expedition forthwith to the South Pole. It was the Secretary of the Navy who was almost solely instrumental in setting on foot the expedition of Captain Wilkes. Will not Secretary Robeson bestir himself likewise?

MACMAHON is at least a man of pluck. Six days ago the De Broglie Ministry resigned, and ever since he has been expecting the formation of a new Cabinet. But the Cabinet makers were bunglers, who could not get eight statesmen who would pull together in harness. Each had his own axe to grind and his own pet theory of running the government. MacMahon has been getting into an irascible

state since the second day, and yesterday he fairly bubbled with indignation. He sent for M. Buffet and a few of the Deputies, to whom he delivered a neat little speech, the exact meaning of which they did not find it difficult to understand. He figuratively called them all apprentices and hinted that they were not worth their salt. Then he scratched down the names of some gentlemen who, he thought, would be willing to occupy high positions, and informed the President of the Assembly that if he did not like the nominations he might do the next best thing. So the crisis ended. MacMahon declares that he does not care a rush whether the Assembly votes for a monarchy or a republic, but insists that they shall make up their minds one way or the other and stop this everlasting clatter about nothing.

The Dear Friend of the Parks.

The impertinent claim of Mr. Andrew H. Green to be considered the father of Central Park must be amusing to those who remember the early days of that magnificent enterprise and the wealthy and influential citizens, some of them now in their graves, by whom it was conceived, upheld and eventually carried to success. It is true that soon after the disinterested efforts of Mr. Dillon and others had secured this great public blessing to the city Mr. Green emerged from obscurity to take a share in its management; but if he has been "fighting the battles" of the Park for "the greater part of fifteen years" it has been in the capacity of a well remunerated soldier, for the pay and rations he has drawn during that period amount to over one hundred and forty thousand dollars. It is not always that persons are fortunate enough to be able to combine patriotism with personal profit. Almost all the prominent citizens who have given their time and abilities to Central Park have done so at a pecuniary sacrifice to themselves. It has been reserved for Mr. Green, while holding a nominally unsalaried position, to squeeze out of the often impoverished treasury an amount in salary and perquisites of over twelve thousand dollars per year for every year's service he has performed. If the Park is dear to Mr. Green he has, indeed, been dear to the Park.

In attempting a rebuttal of the charges of continued and mischievous intermeddling with the Park management Mr. Green only proves the justice of such accusations. His reply to the letter of Mr. Wales convicts him of impertinent interference with all the business of this co-ordinate department of the city government, from his asserted dictation of the Mayor's appointments of Park Commissioners down to his unauthorized intermeddling with the proceedings of the Board. His overweening self-conceit forbids a denial of the statement that his "incompetent friends" are kept in the department in the conviction that their removal would insure the hostility of the Comptroller and seriously embarrass the work of improvement and maintenance. But the only question of interest to the public in all this non-squabble is, By what right does the head of the Finance Department of the city government meddle with the management, the patronage and the officers of other municipal departments? It is notorious that the Comptroller's office is badly managed. Confusion and incapacity are evident in all its details. Why does Mr. Green interfere with the Parks or with any other business to the neglect of that for the proper discharge of which the city pays him his present liberal salary? If he is so familiar with Central Park as to render it necessary for the officers of that department to constantly harass him for information, why does he not refer them to the written history of the Park by Andrew H. Green? We presume such a work is in existence. At least we know that Mr. Green received seven thousand five hundred dollars in advance from the Park Commission to write it, and he would not be likely to receive the money and fail to do the work!

THE SWATARA SAILS TO-DAY on a cruise quite unique in the history of the United States Navy. Her mission is to carry a large party of accomplished scientists to the South Sea, where they may be able to observe the transit of Venus—an event which will be the first of the kind during the present century.

OUR CONSULAR SERVICE in Europe is exhaustively, interestingly and pleasantly treated in our Paris correspondence, printed elsewhere. The crudities and incongruities of our consular system, or rather want of system, are very suggestive, and attention being thus drawn to them some improvement should result.

PERSONAL INTELLIGENCE.

EX-CONGRESSMAN D. J. MORRILL, of Pennsylvania, is staying at the Windsor Hotel.

General Thomas L. Rosser, of Minnesota, is registered at the St. Nicholas Hotel.

Queen Victoria has sent Koffee Kalkal's big umbrella to the South Kensington Museum.

Canon Dillon has been appointed Chaplain-in-Chief of the Irish Catholics in Buenos Ayres.

Mr. R. B. Angus, manager of the Bank of Montreal, has apartments at the Brevoort House.

Admiral J. K. Tucker, of the Porvian Navy, arrived here in the steamship Colon, from Aspinwall, yesterday, and is at the New York Hotel.

Sir Garnet Wolesey's mother lives at Monkstown, Ireland, from where he has been undoubtedly absent, until a couple of weeks, for several years.

Mlle. Calderon, third daughter of the Peruvian Minister to Italy, has been married at the Catholic church in the Avenue d'Elyan, Paris, to Baron Lefebvre, nephew of the Duc Decazes.

Mr. William Hardwick deserves his name. His name of industry cannot be snuffed out. Seventy-five times have the London (England) police arrested him as a sturdy beggar, and he has come out of jail seventy-four times with his professional ardor unquenched. He is likely to do so again. This Hardwick's been slight for seventy-two years, thirty-eight of which he has spent as a tramp and beggar.

On the 26th of May, after an absence of over four years, the Right Rev. Dr. Croke, Bishop of Auckland, New Zealand, returned to St. Colman's College, Formoy, Ireland, in which institution he had presided for a period of ten years. Bishop Croke intends returning to the antipodes with several laborers in the cause of Christianity, his mission being to fill vacant places in the Catholic churches of Auckland.

There is a rumor that seems to be generally credited that Mr. Norval, well known for many years as an associate of Henry J. Raymond, and a journalist of wide experience, has about consummated an arrangement to become the editor of the *Express*. He will, if rumor is accurate, make the *Express* a morning journal, in the interest of the republican party, and an exponent of the views of the President and his party. Such a newspaper would be very useful in New York, and Mr. Norval has the ability and the experience to make it successful.