

NEW YORK HERALD

BROADWAY AND ANN STREET.

JAMES GORDON BENNETT, PROPRIETOR.

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Volume XXXIX.....No. 340

AMUSEMENTS TO-MORROW.

GLOBE THEATRE. Broadway.—VARIETY, at 10:30 P. M. Miss Jennie Hughes.

LYCEUM THEATRE. Fourteenth street and Fourth Avenue.—THE GRAND DUKE, at 8 P. M.; at 10:45 P. M. Miss Emily Soldeva.

GERMANIA THEATRE. Fourteenth street.—LILIAN, at 8 P. M.

WOODS MUSEUM. Broadway, corner of Third street.—THE TICKET, at 8 P. M.; at 10:30 P. M. Mr. Donnic Murray.

METROPOLITAN THEATRE. No. 53 Broadway.—VARIETY, at 10:30 P. M.

OLYMPIC THEATRE. No. 624 Broadway.—VARIETY, at 10:45 P. M.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE. Twenty-third street and Eighth Avenue.—THE BLACK CROOK, at 8 P. M.; at 10:30 P. M.

PARK THEATRE. Broadway, between Twenty-first and Twenty-second streets.—GILDED AGE, at 8 P. M.; at 10:30 P. M. Mr. John E. Raymond.

THEATRE COMIQUE. No. 514 Broadway.—VARIETY, at 8 P. M.; at 10:30 P. M.

BOOTH'S THEATRE. Corner Twenty-third street and Sixth Avenue.—RED CAPS and THE WIDOW HELEN, at 8 P. M.; at 10:30 P. M. Mr. John S. Clarke.

ROMAN HIPPODROME. Twenty-sixth street and Fourth Avenue.—FETE AT PERIN, afternoon and evening, at 7 and 8.

WALLACK'S THEATRE. Broadway.—THE SHAUGHNESSY, at 8 P. M.; at 10:30 P. M. Mr. H. H. H. H.

TERRACE GARDEN THEATRE. Fifty-eighth street and Lexington Avenue.—VARIETY, at 8 P. M.; at 10:30 P. M.

NEW YORK STADT THEATRE. Broadway.—DER FLIEDERMAUS, at 8 P. M.; at 10:30 P. M. Miss Lina Mayr.

FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE. West Twenty-third street and Broadway.—JOKER, at 8 P. M.; at 10:30 P. M. Miss Sara Jewett, Mr. Louis James.

BEVANT'S OPERA HOUSE. Broadway, corner of Twenty-third street.—NEGRO MINSTRELS, at 8 P. M.; at 10:30 P. M. Dan Bryant.

MRS. F. B. CONWAY'S BROOKLYN THEATRE. JANE LYRE, at 8 P. M. Miss Charlotte Thompson.

STEINWAY HALL.—CONCERT, at 8 P. M. H. Hutman.

SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS. Broadway, corner of Twenty-third street.—NEGRO MINSTRELS, at 8 P. M.; at 10:30 P. M.

NEW PARK THEATRE, BROOKLYN. THE HOODLUM. Mr. W. A. Mestayer.

ROBINSON HALL. Sixteenth street.—EGGON DULL CARE. Mr. Macca.

QUADRUPLE SHEET.

New York, Sunday, Dec. 6, 1874.

From our reports this morning the probabilities are that the weather to-day will be foggy, clearing up later.

WALL STREET YESTERDAY.—Stocks were generally steady. Gold sold at 111 1/2 a 111 3/4, closing, however, at the former price. Money on call loans commanded 3 and 4 per cent.

A PEDESTRIAN FEAT.—To-morrow Mr. Judd will make the difficult effort to walk five hundred miles in six days and a half, under conditions which are elsewhere explained. Mr. Judd is a well known pedestrian, and his judgment in not attempting to rival Mr. Weston's failure to accomplish the same distance is good. We trust he will walk into the favor of the public.

PRESIDENT MACMAHON'S HIT.—President MacMahon has made a hit with his Message. He has managed to make the radicals believe that his position is adverse to the legitimists, and to create the impression among the legitimists that he is against the radicals. Meanwhile he has contrived to "favorably impress the public generally." The old soldier is a shrewd politician after all, or he has capable advisers.

THE REPUBLICAN MEMBERS OF CONGRESS, assembling in Washington, are sorely perplexed with the political situation. They appear to think that the President is responsible for their late defeats, while the President holds that Congress has been the deadweight upon the party. As between Congress and the administration, however, the people have held them to be as six for one to half a dozen for the other.

CONCERNING "FAREWELLS."—A weekly journal publishes a letter from Charlotte Cushman "to a gentleman in this city." Miss Cushman says:—"In answer to your inquiries I can only say that I am acting a series of engagements in the different cities which will probably be the last of my dramatic appearances; but with regard to the place where I shall take my final farewell, or whether I shall take any farewell anywhere, it is impossible for me to say." It is not possible this letter can intimate that Miss Cushman intends to play another "farewell engagement" in New York!

AN ELECTION BLUNDER.—In the county of Sullivan nearly four thousand votes were cast for Judge Miller, the democratic candidate for the Court of Appeals, with the indorsement "For Justice of the Court of Appeals." The constitutional title of the office is "Associate Judge of the Court of Appeals," and the defective votes were rejected by the State canvassers on the ground that "no such office as Judge of the Court of Appeals is known to the constitution." The error did not affect the result, Judge Miller's plurality over his republican competitor, Judge Johnson, being nearly forty-six thousand without the defective votes. But in a close contest such a blunder might have cost a judge his office and governed the will of the electors.

The Coming Municipal Administration.

We have a little ruffle in our city politics, arising out of the odd notion of Mr. Laimbeer. This gentleman is a member of the Board of Charities and Correction. Among his duties is the safe keeping of William M. Tweed. Mr. Tweed has not been well kept. He has been so badly kept, in fact, that Mr. Laimbeer has not been able to sleep on account of it. He has been afraid that Tweed would escape. There is no reason why he should not have escaped long ago, Mr. Laimbeer thinks, and we are really surprised that the fallen Boss has not availed himself of his many opportunities. It is possible he thinks that it is better to be in New York in a prison than to share the lonely exile of Harry Genet and Tom Fields. We do not know but that the old Boss is right; for the spectacle of Fields and Genet and the remainder of the Tammany braves thrown upon the resources of a French or Belgian town, amid strange faces, notions, amusements and customs, is about as sad as our fancy can conceive. Blackwell's Island and an occasional call from the boys would be heaven to it. So perhaps the old Boss does not want to run away. He knows New York law, or he did, if matters have not altogether changed, and anything may happen. But if Mr. Laimbeer had any such fear he had his remedy. It was and still is his duty to remain at his post, never to lose sight of Tweed, to take as many precautions as he pleases about his prisoner's security. As a true and honest servant of the people Mr. Laimbeer should have remained on Blackwell's Island and taken his own measures about Tweed's safety. He has the power, and it is his duty. This resigning his duty and clamoring in the newspapers and beating about among the Bohemians to be interviewed, and making himself so much more virtuous than the remainder of the world, convinces us that Mr. Laimbeer is a good deal of a humbug and mistakes cant for duty, and cares more for notoriety than anything else. Since he chooses to resign, the sooner he is allowed to go the better. Put a man over Tweed who will not run away.

Mr. Laimbeer, however, gives us an example which some of our ruling city chiefs should follow. The coming Boss—we mean John Kelly—ruler of a free people by the grace of God, and may God bless him, already begins to put a severe pressure upon some of the heads of departments. He intimates they had better go without any further noise. We think an invitation of this kind, under the circumstances, is about as effective as that of a pirate captain who suggests to his captive that he had better walk down the plank like a gentleman and not wait until he is pushed into the sea by a couple of resolute outcasts.

Mr. Vance is a conservative man and will probably give his whole time to making a pleasant impression and showing how much of a real Mayor he could be whenever a real Mayor is wanted—and leave the bloody business of decapitation and plank-walking to Mr. Wickham. He will simply keep the helm steady and look out for fires and leaks until the new Mayor steps on the quarterdeck. But at the same time it would not be a bad idea for Mr. Vance to discover what the new programmes will be and set matters in train. The people are impatient for the new régime, and shrink with a popular aversion from its interregnum and regency. We do not profess to know what the ruling minds of the Tammany party want, but we can tell the leaders of the new administration what the people expect.

The first removal should be that of Mr. Stern, of the Commission of Charities. There have been scandals enough about this officer's management—a belief in the existence of corruption and incapacity that makes his further tenure a calamity. Mayor Wickham does not want an administration of soiled doves, pets of Tweed, creatures of the old Ring, persons who are neither in exile nor in jail because they are too obscure to be prosecuted. Wherever there is a head of department who holds his office directly or indirectly from the nomination or procurement of Tweed and his plundering Ring, off with that head! Mr. Wickham will feel that from that root no good, no wholesome efficient life can come. He must strike the men who robbed the city and the men who have stifled it. Having disposed of Stern and the class he represents, and of whom we shall speak more at length as the time draws near, he must turn to the remnants of the administration which ended so solemnly at Greenwood yesterday. Of its errors we shall speak gently, as becomes a due respect to the dead; but it lives in the person of Andrew H. Green. This officer—the Comptroller of New York—is more responsible for the misgovernment of the metropolis than the dead Mayor, who trusted, sustained, and, in essential things, obeyed him. Mr. Green's policy of stubbornness, imbecility and conniving at corruption makes him as inefficient and dangerous an official as Connolly, who named and created him Comptroller. Mr. Wickham, in conjunction with Mr. Tilden, can remove Mr. Green. If he is not removed we shall feel that the new administration begins with a false pretence, and that Mr. Tilden is responsible for sacrificing his party and the people to the impulses of old association and personal friendship.

For among other reasons, and there could be none higher than this, the whole office of Comptroller, its conception, its functions, its extraordinary and almost imperial powers, is a violation of republicanism. The Comptroller has powers which belong to no ruler in the world this side of Russia. The wealth and resources of this city, richer than many kingdoms, are at his mercy. He can do with them as he pleases. The whole office is an anomaly, a scandal and a menace. It was made so in pursuance of the desperate resolve of the Ring to take by fair means or foul the city by the throat and hold it. Mr. Connolly was made Comptroller because he seemed the man most competent to execute the daring office. He did so, and his success in the achievement shows us how dangerous and extraordinary this position really is. Now, if Mr. Tilden and Mr. Wickham are democrats and believe in government "of the people, for the people and by the people," they will at once abolish this imperial function. If Andrew H. Green were the man best fitted for the place rather than the other extreme our criticism would still hold good. Why should any man have the power by the

grace of the Tammany Ring and the direct appointment of Richard B. Connolly to do what he pleases with New York? If he were a Napoleon, who would make the city marble out of brick, it would be bad enough. But he is only a dull, stubborn, obstinate, purblind, thoroughly incapable man, who neither knows nor appreciates the needs of New York, and of whom Mr. Dana keenly said, "if he does not go as rapidly as Connolly and Tweed in the road of debt piling he goes quite as sure." Mr. Green is unfit to be Comptroller. The office is an outrage upon a republican form of government. Let Mr. Green be removed and the office pared of its imperial functions, and we shall believe that Mr. Tilden and Mr. Wickham mean to fulfil their pledges. The Comptrollership is the first rock ahead of the new administration.

We are anxious to support Mr. Wickham, to give him every chance in his new office, to encourage him to make his Mayoralty a success. We are just as anxious for that success as he can possibly be himself. Success means fame to him, but it also means good government to New York, and that is what we crave. Moreover, in the trying moments which welcome him into office he is surrounded by responsibilities which he cannot avoid and which will either make or mar him. He can either be one of the best or worst of Mayors. Fate leaves him no middle ground of comfortable mediocrity. Let him think of his predecessor, who twenty-five years ago, in the old quiet times, was a most acceptable Chief Magistrate, but who, falling upon evil times, became what he became. There are two things which Mr. Wickham must esteem as the loadstars of his administration, and which he must follow as religiously as the mariner follows the star which tells him of fortune and peace, and these are "rapid transit" and "re-generated New York." Let him give us a city worthy to be metropolis and queen of this mighty Continent—a city with avenues, boulevards, parks, piers, bridges and wharves, and not a mass of shambuling houses, bordering on unseemly dangerous ditches. More than all, let us cease the policy of banishing our citizens to New Jersey and Long Island. Let us have the rapid transit that will enable the laborer to go from the Battery to New Rochelle or Yonkers in a half hour. Let him do this, and, politically speaking, he may add indefinitely to his highest hopes, and when the time comes again to name the Governor of our Commonwealth New York will insist that the magistrate who regenerated the metropolis is worthy of that and even of higher honors.

Mayor Havemeyer's Funeral. As the late Mr. Havemeyer was the first Mayor of New York who died in office his funeral was an event as imposing as it was unprecedented. The manner of his death was also unusual, and so far as the effect upon the public was concerned, dramatic. There was no warning, but in a moment, even at the time that he was being prosecuted in court, he was smitten by the hand of Providence. Men of different parties were wroth with him, his administration had been censured, and even his removal had been recently asked for from the Governor. Suddenly the man who was the central figure of all this conflict fell and the battle fell with him. There is something impressively solemn in this hush after the storm, the instant vanishing of passions in the presence of death.

Yesterday this magistrate of the metropolis, who died literally in the performance of his official duties, was carried to the grave amid the sorrows of all our citizens. Of the ceremonies at his late residence and at the Church of St. Paul's, of the funeral procession through the heart of the city, in which all the government departments, the commercial associations and the military were represented, and in which many of our best citizens took a leading part, we publish a complete account elsewhere. With solemn music and draped flags, before thousands of people crowding the streets, his remains were borne to Greenwood Cemetery. What a contrast between the living and the dead! What a change in one brief week! The moral is not hard to read, and it is one which all our public servants might profitably study. William F. Havemeyer was thus honored not merely because he had been Mayor, but because he had been upright in the discharge of his duties. This single virtue of incorruptible honesty in the eyes of the people redeemed all his faults.

Pulpit Topics To-Day.

Religion is represented by our ecclesiastical teachers as the chiefest thing for which the human soul hungers. But we have seen samples of it which we would not take upon any terms and that we would not keep were it left to us by inheritance. Such gloom and sorrow as sometimes hang over Christian hearts arising out of their religious conceptions is enough to scare the ungodly wholly away from the Church and from Christ. Mr. Alger has, therefore, chosen for himself today a very pertinent theme in contrasting a cheerful religion with a gloomy one. If men are to take religion into common life, as Mr. Morgan believes they should, it must be the cheerful kind. But this can be obtained only by waiting on God and trusting the unchanging Christ, as Mr. Hawthorne will demonstrate to-day. Of course the character of a man's religion will depend greatly on his temperament, but formularies of Christian faith have also much to do with it, so that it becomes a matter of importance to every man how he believes and what, as Mr. Hepworth will make apparent. Mr. Kennard maintains that the Scriptures are our only standard of faith, notwithstanding that from them have come the multitudinous creeds and expressions of faith throughout Christendom. But better their multiplication a thousand-fold than that the faith of humanity should be cut after one pattern. Every creed and form of faith gathered from the Scriptures has some portion of divine truth in it which supplies a want in human experience, and it is therefore accepted by men. When it fails to meet such want it will be discarded. The death of Mayor Havemeyer has suggested to Dr. Fulton a theme for his consideration, and from which he may draw some useful lessons. At the same time Mr. Terry will discuss death philosophically, and tell us what it is to die. Sunday amusements, now becoming so popular, will be considered by Mr. McClelland, Mr. Phelps, and Dr. Porteous in one aspect or another. Dr. Miller will tell the churches burdened with debts—and there

are too many such—how to pay them, and Dr. Brittan will talk to such fashionable and speculative lunatics as may gather to hear him on those topics.

Not Sneers, but Honest Criticism.

It has been made sufficiently manifest that the question of public amusements is not to be settled by wholesale vituperation. It is of too great magnitude and importance to be disposed of by the special plea of fanaticism. The controversy which the HERALD originated has resulted in calling forth the views of the thoughtful as well as the thoughtless of the clergyman, who is, perhaps, more intensely interested in the matter than any one else, and of the social economist who regards amusement as one of the elements of general progress. This is the right time to discuss the question and to sift the testimony for and against by a cross-examination that seeks only for the truth. The law on the point is very distinct and can be evaded by no exegetical cunning. It is evidently intended to shut up every place of amusement, of whatever kind, on the Sunday. That it has become a dead letter is owing simply to carelessness, or possibly to a change in public opinion. If to carelessness, then we have done a service in calling the attention of the people to the fact that these multiplying entertainments are illegal and can be restrained by a hint dropped in the ear of those who have charge of the public peace; if to a change in public opinion, then we have done a still greater service in reminding the people that they have a law which they have outgrown, and that it is time to make a new one to fit the new circumstances. It is never well to disobey a law, even when it has become a dead letter. It is far better to rescind it and make new provision for the educative sentiment of the people. While the present statute remains on the books, then, let it be rigidly enforced; let the constituted authorities see to it that every place of public amusement, without exception or favoritism, is closed on Sunday evening. If the result of the experiment prove unsatisfactory then erase the statute and put a new one in its place. The people should know nothing but implicit obedience to laws as they stand, since they have at any moment power to change them.

We confess to some little surprise at the way in which the general subject of popular amusements on secular days has been treated by a few members of the clergy. We supposed that every tyro in social ethics admitted the necessity of some sort of recreation; that laughter as well as tears help to make up the sum total of life; that the drama, though sometimes perverted to suit the low tastes and tendencies of certain classes, is an important auxiliary to the health and education of the people. It is neither wise nor prudent, in an age marked by its good sense, to generalize concerning the theatre, and call it, in the language of evident fanaticism, "the devil's institution." That some theatres do notably cater to the low propensities of the audience all men admit and all honorable men regret. That all do this is most assuredly an untruth, and a sweeping and indiscriminate denunciation of the stage is either indicative of an inability to take a comprehensive view of the subject or of a desire to make an *ad captandum* and sensational criticism which must necessarily defeat itself. There are theatres in New York which are not "sinks of iniquity," but which are moral resorts for those who seek recreation from the overburdened cares of business life. It must sound very strange in the ears of all lovers of the drama to hear that the ovation which was recently tendered to Miss Cushman was simply a tribute to her power of resisting temptation and maintaining personal purity of character in the midst of demoralizing influences. We had supposed that the ovation was the people's criticism of her artistic merits, of her genius in the portrayal of some of the greatest characters that have ever been dramatized. Miss Cushman is not only respected and loved as a woman, but also admired as an interpreter of Shakespeare, and our admiration of the actress, not less, certainly, than our respect for the woman, was the moving impulse to the popular enthusiasm.

If the Church will be a little more wise and liberal it can easily obtain control over the amusements of the masses, cleansing the stage of its impurities and so elevating its general tone that it shall become a means of intellectual improvement as well as of emotional refreshment. It ought not to lose the opportunity which we have offered, faithful should it hide itself under the cloud of critical dust which a few have raised. Let it take its stand on a sound and tenable knowledge of the wants of human nature and project its influence into the amusements as well as the morals of the people, and this controversy will ultimately in measures of reform which every good actor as well as every church-goer will approve.

The City Finances.

The Comptroller has published a statement of the city finances from January 1 to November 30 of the present year. By this exhibit it is made to appear that the gross city debt at the latter date, so far as represented by stocks and bonds, was in round numbers one hundred and forty-eight million dollars. This does not include any of the outstanding debts owed by the city, or any claims, valid or invalid, that may exist against the public treasury. From the fact that some ten or twelve million dollars are involved in pending suits against the Corporation it may well be calculated that the city owes, besides its bonded and funded debt, at least twenty-five million dollars. This increases the amount of public indebtedness to one hundred and seventy-three million dollars. But these figures are only estimated. The practice has prevailed in the Finance Department of delaying the issue of warrants drawn for the payment of bonds falling due immediately before a debt statement until after the statement has been made, and of crediting them as actually paid. It is asserted by those familiar with the Comptroller's accounts that the bonded debt on November 30 is made to appear two or three million dollars less than it actually is by a resort to this policy. However this may be it is certain that the financial exhibits of the Comptroller do not command public confidence, and the notorious fact that they are all silent in regard to our floating debt warrants the assertion that they do not faithfully represent the actual financial condition of the city. It is very desirable that

the citizens of New York should understand exactly what they owe and what means they possess of paying their debt, and on this account a thorough investigation of the Finance Department should be no longer delayed.

The statement just issued represents that bonds "have been paid off" in 1874 to the amount of \$29,846,816. This is calculated to mislead, if not designed to deceive, the citizens of New York. Exclusive of revenue bonds, which are simply issued in advance of taxation to meet current expenses and are taken up as soon as the taxes come in, not more than two million dollars of this amount has been "paid off." The balance of nearly twenty million dollars has been renewed and not "paid off" at all. In short, the statement is deceptive throughout, and its publication proves the necessity for the prompt restoration to office of the old Commissioners of Accounts, in order that a thorough investigation of our financial condition may be made by competent parties. This necessity is the more urgent since a report is current that the new Commissioners of Accounts are urged to make a hasty report in regard to the Finance Department prepared for them by the Comptroller.

The American Drama.

The decline of the American stage from what are called its palmy days is one of the popular delusions of the time. The aged critic firmly believes that the theatre is going down, down, not quite so far down as Mr. Talmage supposes, but still painfully low. It is the custom of these gray-haired men to mourn over the faded glories of the old Park and the great stock companies of the past, and—to make the present hang its blushing head—to quote ancient and splendid casts, illuminated with the names of Hamblin, Burton, Placide, Blake, Cushman, Murdoch, Wheatley and others famous in dramatic annals. That those exceptional stock companies have disappeared must be conceded, and for reasons we shall explain; but the lover of the drama, who remembers it thirty or forty years ago, should remember, in contrasting its past with its present, the effect that age has had upon himself. The illusions of the stage are not always behind the footlights, but in our own imaginations. It was youth that made the Fotheringay such a divinity to Pendennis. When Fanny Ellsler first danced Margaret Fuller turned to Emerson and exclaimed, "It is poetry!" "No," replied Emerson, "it is religion." We doubt that far greater dancing than Ellsler's would appear religious exercise to the philosopher of Concord now. The art which seemed so beautiful to youthful eyes is dimmed when years after they look at it through spectacles. There is always a golden age to the drama, and it always exists in the dreamy past. We regret the days of Kean and Booth and Cooke; but in their time people regretted the times of Garrick and Siddons, and when Garrick and Siddons were living the people grieved over the departed glories of Betterton.

But there is no evidence that the stage has retrograded. In reality its advance has been wonderful within our generation. Theatres now are incontestably superior to those of twenty years ago in all their appointments and conveniences. Wallack's would then have been a dream and an impossibility. The whole standard of the dramatic profession has been elevated. Nor has the standard of acting been lowered. It is true that it is difficult now to combine in one company many great actors; yet that difficulty is a direct result of the improvement of the stage. Our theatres are no longer closely grouped along the Atlantic coast, but dot the Continent from ocean to ocean. Thus the dramatic ability which was formerly concentrated in a few principal cities is now distributed throughout the country. These are facts frequently overlooked by those who mourn over the decline of the American stage, when they have far more reason to exult in its marvellous development and prosperity. Nor do we think that individual instances of genius are rarer than of old. The names of Jefferson, Wallack, Gilbert, Warren and Clarke will be remembered in years to come as we now remember those of Munden, Liston, Burton or Placide. Mr. J. S. Clarke, who is now playing in this city for the first time in four years, may be especially cited as evidence that the spirit of true comedy has not disappeared from this generation. Where should we look for finer comedy than his? It is genuine humor and thorough art united. We refer to this admirable artist with the more pleasure because he has sustained so long and so well the credit of the American stage abroad, and has revived in his own performances the standard characters of English comedy. Wallack and Jefferson and Mr. Clarke have done nothing to lessen the estimation of the stage, but, on the contrary, have done everything to improve and refine it. The decline of the drama is not illustrated in the careers of those who are now so earnestly and faithfully shaping its more brilliant future. Our stage is not without faults, we admit, but its merits were never so many or so great.

The Winter's Charity.

The large increase in the number of lodgers at police stations indicates the growth of destitution as the winter advances. The captains of the several precincts have pursued the work of weeding out from these unfortunates the "regular lodgers," who are properly treated as vagrants and consigned to the care of the Department of Charities and Correction, where a wholesome discipline may cure them of the habit of living on the public. The success attending the action of the captains in this matter proves that the distribution of food to the poor during the winter, if placed under the supervision of the police, will be sufficiently protected against those abuses to which some charitable persons believe the soup house system is liable. But after the chronic lodger has been disposed of there remains an army of homeless, shivering creatures stretched on the station house boards to remind us that the tales of misery and want that reach our ears are not exaggerated. The question is, What shall we do to relieve these unfortunates? The people of New York are kind hearted and liberal. They will give with a generous hand to the deserving poor. But an organization and a system are necessary in order that the money donated may be used with the best effect and may be devoted

wholly to the object for which it is given. For this reason we have urged the formation of a commission of temporary relief, composed of citizens whose names are well known in the community, and to whom the management of a charitable fund during the winter months may be advantageously intrusted. It is unwise to postpone an organized movement of this importance until the sufferings of the destitute become unbearable and force themselves on public notice. It should be made at once.

The permanent charities of the city are doing their share of good in their own way. One of the most extensive of these institutions has placed its annual report before the public at this time with a view, no doubt, of aiding its treasury and enlarging its opportunities to perform its work. Its emigration system, its Sunday meetings, its night schools, its "Sick Children's Fund," which "blesses some fourteen hundred children;" its "Flower Mission," which "scatters its sweet tokens among several hundreds," and its "Country Home" are excellent in their way and productive of a vast amount of good. It is, therefore, gratifying to learn that the institution has a balance on hand, and that its real estate is worth two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, its personal property one hundred and fifty thousand, and that it has received from the city and county of New York during the present year over ninety-three thousand dollars of the public money. The Republic some days ago took exception to the payment of over fifty thousand dollars for salaries and rent out of one item of seventy thousand dollars expended for industrial schools; but the permanent charities are saddled with heavy expenses, consequent upon the establishments they have to maintain and the extent of their operations. They do not, however, meet the necessities of a season of extreme suffering caused by want of employment, scarcity of money and severe weather. It is for the emergency of a hard winter we are now called upon to provide. We must have some means of giving food immediately to the starving and warmth to those who may be perishing of cold. In such a case we need no expensive organization, no salaried officials, no large rent charges. What is required is some plan by which instant and effective relief can be extended to the destitute, and by which every dollar received for charity can be sacredly devoted to charity.

We cannot too soon consider the question how we can best provide for the wants of the thousands who are in our midst without work, without food, and driven to the station house night after night for shelter and rest. Their number seems to be increasing. We may be visited by severe weather at any moment. While every sensible person would deplore the encouragement of vagrancy and pauperism a Christian people cannot close their eyes to the sufferings and their ears to the appeals of the destitute. A movement toward organization cannot be made too soon; for, as a contemporary says, "what we really need in this city is some concerted action and a centralization of authority in the distribution of money intended for the suffering poor."

OUR LITERARY DEPARTMENT to-day will be found very interesting. It includes an analytic review of the life of Rear Admiral Foote and recapitulations of various other matters of fresh literary interest and value.

PERSONAL INTELLIGENCE.

Verdi is to be made a Senator. The Earl of Dunraven is in Quebec. Rev. W. R. Alger, of Boston, is staying at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. Mr. Horace White, of the Chicago Tribune, is sojourning at the Bayview House. Professor Peter S. Michie, of West Point, is registered at the Westminster Hotel. Mr. Thomas G. Cary, of Cambridge, Mass., is among the latest arrivals at the Hoffman House. Miss Albani arrived in this city yesterday from Philadelphia, and left in the evening for Boston. Mr. John Bigelow, formerly United States Minister to France, is residing temporarily at the Westminster Hotel. Congressman Luke P. Poland, of Vermont, has arrived at the Grand Central Hotel, and will leave for Washington this evening. Theodore Tilton has telegraphed to Boston that he will not be able to fulfil his lecture engagements, legal proceedings occupying his entire attention. Senators Boutwell and Washburn, of Massachusetts; Cragin, of New Hampshire, and Anthony, of Rhode Island, left this city yesterday for Washington. Congressman Lyman K. Bass and his newly wedded wife, who have been spending their honeymoon at the St. James Hotel in this city, left last evening for Washington. One of the strong points against the liberal party in the mind of the English nation was what was called the truckling spirit of its foreign policy; but did Gladstone ever truckle anywhere as Disraeli has done at Berlin? A list of back pay grabbers elected to the Forty-fourth Congress, including the name of Smith Ely, Jr., of New York, appears in various country newspapers. This is incorrect. Mr. Ely returned his back pay to the United States Treasury. Senator Conkling has some celebrity as a steamer man of bad temper. Some years since he had a controversy with Mr. Blaine, the present Speaker, and they have had no relations of a personal character since. The other day a busy republican called on Mr. Blaine. "I am sorry to hear," he says, "that you are not on good relations with Mr. Conkling." "You are mistaken," says the Speaker, "I have better relations with Mr. Conkling than any man in Washington, for we don't speak." The Pope has made a pun. His Holiness, on the Feast of All Saints, said—We quote from the official report of his speech—"During these last few days several journals have been brought to me, and among them there is one—a blasphemous like all the others, or even worse—that is named the Capital. In this paper I read things which prove that it deserves its name of Capital, but capital of impiety, capital of all that is most corrupted in the world." Pun has a good cartoon of Gladstone discovering the Pope in the cellar in the guise of Guy Fawkes. MARY ANN—Oh! please, sir, our chimney is all ash and misses you, will you come quick, sir? Mr. MUGGINS (of the coal trader) will feeling—Now, my good gal, do I—do I—look like a chimney sweep?—Pun. Punch's cartoon represents Gladstone engaged in his favorite pastime of cutting down trees and striking lustily at the huge trunk of Papi's inability. Hamlet requires only one person to play it, but it takes Faure to sing it.—Punch. JAMES—Mornin', Mr. Jarvis. What's the news? Mr. J. (the old coachman)—Well, I've heard the best bit of news this mornin' as I've heard for many a day, from our butler. He tells me the wind-yards is a comin' round and there's every prospect of our getting some more good Madry.—Punch. "A clergyman" suggests immersion as preferable to cremation. He says—"Funeral steamers tance from land, could deposit them to a distance from the reach of desecration, and whence injury could not result to the living."