

NEW YORK HERALD

BROADWAY AND ANN STREET. JAMES GORDON BENNETT, PROPRIETOR. NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.—On and after January 1, 1875, the daily and weekly editions of the New York Herald will be sent free of postage.

THE DAILY HERALD, published every day in the year. Four cents per copy. Twelve dollars per year, or one dollar per month, free of postage, to subscribers.

AMUSEMENTS TO-NIGHT. ROBINSON HALL. Wood Sixteenth street.—English Opera—GIROFLE 11:30 P. M.

WOOD'S MUSEUM. Broadway, corner of Third street.—THE DOCTOR'S MATH, at 7 P. M.; closes at 10 P. M. MATTIE at 7 P. M.

TRIPLE SHEET.

NEW YORK, MONDAY, JULY 28, 1875.

THE HERALD FOR THE SUMMER RESORTS.

TO NEWSDEALERS AND THE PUBLIC:—THE NEW YORK HERALD will run a special train every Sunday during the season, commencing July 4, between New York, Niagara Falls, Saratoga, Lake George, Sharon and Richfield Springs, leaving New York at half-past two o'clock A. M., arriving at Saratoga at nine o'clock A. M., and Niagara Falls at a quarter to two P. M., for the purpose of supplying the SUNDAY HERALD along the line of the Hudson River, New York Central and Lake Shore and Michigan Southern roads.

From our reports this morning the probabilities are that the weather to-day will be a little cooler and drier, with occasional rain. Persons going out of town for the summer can have the daily and Sunday Herald mailed to them, free of postage, for \$1 per month.

THE SPANISH IN CUBA claim to have broken up a band of insurgents who had made a raid from the hills and burned four plantations. One was captured and shot.

PRESIDENT MACMAHON has increased his personal popularity in Southern France by his prompt visit to the scene of the terrible floods and his efforts to relieve the sufferers.

THE FRIENDS of rapid transit in New York may learn something from the description our London correspondent gives of transit in that city.

THE BACCALANTE SERMONS delivered yesterday will be found very interesting reading, especially the eloquent and thoughtful arguments of Dr. McCosh, of the College of New Jersey; the address of President Porter, of Yale, and that of President Cattell, of Lafayette College.

THE HEATED TERM is worse than the third term. Yesterday the sun poured torrid beams upon the town, and those who believed a few weeks ago that the winter would last all summer found their error when the thermometer stood at ninety-five degrees in the shade. Fortunately, it was the blessed day of rest, and thousands of our citizens sought fresh air on the rivers or in the Park.

THE EVENING of the anti-Tammany meeting will be held, and we shall see if there is any truth in the theory of the Tammany leaders that the new party is without strength. It is not a good time of the year for political meetings, but the laborers whose wages have been reduced suffer enough and want to make it hot for somebody else.

RUSSIA IN ASIA.—We print this morning an exceedingly interesting letter from St. Petersburg describing the movements of the Russian power in Asia. It will be seen that notwithstanding the assurances of the envoy sent by the Czar to the English government before the invasion of Khiva the victorious Emperor has been compelled to occupy the best part of the Khivan dominions. The assurance of the Emperor was one point, the necessities of Russian ambition another. As our correspondent shows with so much learning and eloquence, Russia means to win her way in spite of England to the dominions of Asia.

TUNISIAN EXPLORATION SOUTHWARD IN AFRICA.—By a special cable telegram from Rome we are informed that the expeditionary force which was commissioned some time ago by the government of the Bey of Tunis to explore the territory southward from his seat of government has reached the town of Gabes, in the Gulf of Gabes, Africa. The men of the command were in excellent health. They had plenty of food. The supply of labor was equivalent to the demand, and Bedouins were obedient to the orders of the sheik, who leads the party in person. The expedition will explore the Island of Jerba, in North Africa, a fertile spot. The party has already explored the story of the ancient topographers of the existence of a canal which connected Syria Minor, an inlet of the Mediterranean, with the great and vital questions of commerce, taxation, economy, &c., and if the republicans want to lead us in that direction they must not only repudiate the third term, but the works and policy of the third-termers. And they have no time to lose. It will be too late next year. The country has learned to distrust platform promises. The republican opportunity is now; the rank and file of the party would respond at once and joyfully to such a declaration as we have suggested, made by the true leaders of their organization; it would inspire the party with new life and rescue it from the fatally false position in which General Grant and the bummers who are his favorites have placed it.

How to Save the Republican Party.

The number of Presidential candidates who are anxious for the republican nomination is slowly but constantly decreasing. Friend after friend departs; who hath not lost a friend? It begins to be generally suspected that in spite of democratic foolishness the country is turning its face toward that party and its back upon the republicans. The shrewdest men in the republican party are making up their minds to a "democratic interregnum;" and a good many of them are not sorry. If the democratic leaders North and South had only managed to inspire the country with a little confidence in their conservative wisdom in the last four or five years they would carry off with them next year a large and the best part of the republican party. This is a disagreeable state of things for the republican leaders; but they have themselves alone to blame for it, and they have the remedy in their own hands if they have the courage and wisdom to apply it. They are not yet ruined, and they need not be; on the contrary, they have it in their power now to confer a great benefit on the country, and at the same time, as we believe, rescue their party from a threatening defeat. If it should be known to-day that the leading republicans of the different States—men of the stamp of Blaine and Wilson, of Wheeler, Ellis H. Roberts and Woodford, in New York; of Hayes and Foster, in Ohio; of Willard, Poland and Edmunds, in Vermont; Phelps, in New Jersey; Willard, in Michigan; Ferry, in Connecticut; Kasson and James F. Wilson, in Iowa; McVeigh, in Pennsylvania, and others whom we might name—had met together for consultation, and that they had called to them such honest Southern republicans as Sheldon and Judge Steele, in Louisiana; Judge Tarbell, in Mississippi, and Buckley and others, in Alabama, as well as a number of Southern whigs; and if to-morrow the result of this consultation should be made public in an address pledging the signers, on behalf of the republican party, to repeal, at the earliest moment, the enforcement acts and put a stop to all federal interference in the local affairs of the Southern States, there is very little doubt that the republican party would have removed the only really formidable obstacles to its success in 1876.

No sensible person in the North any longer doubts that this interference, however proper and necessary it may have been during some years after the war, has, during the last two or three years, and even longer, been the means of keeping in power in the South a set of unscrupulous politicians, who have misgoverned and robbed and used the federal power to sustain themselves. Even those who believe that violence and lawlessness are still the rule in the South—and their number decreases daily—acknowledge that the republican rulers there are bad men, who are guilty of grave and dangerous maladministration; and it is evident to all who have paid attention to the subject that the federal power, under the enforcement acts, is used now in the South only to bolster up a set of corrupt and incapable men who injure the republican name and crush out every attempt by honest republicans at reform of the party there. Now, the republican party is responsible for this federal interference and its results. It had the courage to adopt the enforcement acts at a time when Southern society was still disorganized by the results of the war. Has it the courage to demand and promise their repeal, now that circumstances have changed, and these laws are not a safeguard but a curse to the country? If the republican leaders have the courage to do this they will relieve themselves from the responsibility for the evils and oppression suffered by the Southern people; but they cannot avoid this issue, which, do what they may, will be the predominant one in the next canvass, as it ought to be, unless they now take it out. For, not only cannot the country go on longer in the extra-constitutional path in which it has been drifting, but it is impossible for the intelligent people of the Southern States, no matter what their party preferences or their political principles may be, to allow the attention of the people to be diverted from the one evil and danger which afflicts them, and by sympathy with us. Unless the republican party this year repudiates the federal interference, and with it the class of corrupt men who have thriven by it, this question must and ought to be the most prominent one in the canvass of 1876.

There are a number of reasons why the conservative part of the people, South as well as North, would prefer to see a conservative, honest and liberal republican statesman at the head of the federal administration during the next term, if the enforcement acts are repealed. It is not difficult to find in all the Southern States democrats who think thus. Probably the great body of liberal republicans have the same desire, as well as not a few thoughtful Northern democrats. But there is no doubt that this whole mass of honest and thoughtful citizens will welcome and support a democrat for the Presidency rather than run the risk of a continuance of the federal interference, and of such extra-constitutional government as has oppressed, irritated and robbed the Southern States for some years. Nor would such a declaration as we suggest, made by a convention of leading republicans, merely relieve their party of an odium from which already they suffered in last fall's elections, and which becomes constantly more fatal to them. It would give them the opportunity to place true and beneficent issues before the country in 1876, and to make themselves once more the exponents of the honesty and patriotism of the country.

It is "time to unload," as Grant said two years ago. The republican leaders have begun to unload Grant; but they timidly cling to his policy, and there is where they will make shipwreck. If we are to perpetuate a policy of repression, of irritation, of spoliation, then General Grant is undoubtedly the best man. For that he is eminently fitted, by his iron hand, his ignorance, his disregard of character and contempt for constitutional methods. If any man sincerely believes what the Pennsylvania and Ohio republicans assert in their platforms, that the administration of General Grant deserves praise for statesmanship and has been successful he ought to stick to the President; for on that line he is the best man. But if we are to return to constitutional ways, and to the discussion of the great and vital questions of commerce, taxation, economy, &c., and if the republicans want to lead us in that direction they must not only repudiate the third term, but the works and policy of the third-termers. And they have no time to lose. It will be too late next year. The country has learned to distrust platform promises. The republican opportunity is now; the rank and file of the party would respond at once and joyfully to such a declaration as we have suggested, made by the true leaders of their organization; it would inspire the party with new life and rescue it from the fatally false position in which General Grant and the bummers who are his favorites have placed it.

The Division of the Brooklyn Jury. The horrible idea has just occurred to us that possibly the Beecher trial is not near its end, but that the jury having been obliged to listen for six months to irrelevant testimony and exhaustive speeches, intend to revenge themselves upon Mr. Beecher and Mr. Tilton by staying out six months longer, and keeping them both in dreadful suspense. It is natural that they should have such a feeling, and nothing, probably, prevents them from indulging it but a decent respect for their own comfort. The heat has for several days been extreme, and these unhappy gentlemen, shut up in the Brooklyn Court House, have visions, no doubt, of the Bay, of the parks, and cool places where Beecher will cease to trouble and Tilton must let them rest. Their own sufferings will induce them to dispense with the awful revenge upon the parties in the trial which otherwise they would have been likely to inflict.

The College Foot Races at Saratoga. Among the events which cluster around the coming University race not the least interesting will be the series of foot races thrown open to the students by the gentlemen of the Saratoga Rowing Association. It will be seen by our advices in another column that the number of entries for these contests has already surpassed expectation, and not only fully establishes the success of the meeting, but bids fair to make it eclipse any event of the kind ever known in America. The committee have wisely thrown the races open, not merely to the colleges which send competing crews to the boat race, but to the students and alumni of every college in America, and we shall not be surprised or annoyed to see the finest prizes carried off by the representative of some institution at present but little known. As a feature of the general awakening in the matter of a sound and symmetrical physical development among young men these meetings are well worthy of notice, and encourage the hope that a graduate of an American college may become synonymous with a man whose mind and body are sound, educated and strong. A thing that the reader will hardly fail to remark in the long list of entries is the large number from Wesleyan College, while both Yale and Cornell, by bringing forward their men who did so well last year, make sure of a good record. The times made then were only fair, but we look now for something really brilliant, especially as several of the crews will probably enter yet, and as the graduates number some men of known speed and staying power.

A Letter from Tokio to-day contains an important account of the proposed treaty revision in Japan, a step which the government of that country seems inclined to take. There are many compact with foreign nations which need to be readjusted, that concerning consular jurisdiction being one of the most important.

The Dog Star.—Several mad dogs were killed yesterday. It is to be hoped that this hot weather will not bring on us another hydrophobia panic, like that of last year, when people who were dog-bitten died of fright, even if they escaped the poison.

The Rats at the Bin.

Our readers may understand, if they give much attention to the reports of the movements of local politics, that we are now on the eve of another great excitement as to the control of the city. It seems that there is a controversy impending between Boss John Kelly, who commands the swallow-tailed democracy, and Boss John Morrissey, who commands the short-haired element of that dominant faction. These two athletes are stripping for the encounter. Slowly coming up to the front and forming in line to take whatever part may fall to them in the strife we have Boss Tom Murphy, who commands the republican beef-eaters, and Boss Tom Creamer, with a detachment of plug-uglies from Mackerelville, whose expenses he is liberally defraying out of the one hundred thousand dollars he recently made in Wall street. Every day we have a bulletin from our local statesman as to the condition of the fight and the points involved. That profound German scholar, Mr. Justice Quinn, who made himself immortal some time since, when he viewed "with alarm the growth of the German power in this country of ours," has given us his views of the strife. Boss John Kelly, who is as silent as Grant, vouchsafes occasionally, in an oracular phrase, to tell us what may or may not be done. Boss John Morrissey holds loud council in an uptown barroom, threatening the defiance of Achilles between his cups. Boss Tom Murphy is too busy eating clams at Long Branch and too assiduous in his personal devotion to the President to give the time necessary to a proper conduct of his party. Altogether there never was so much excitement, so much noise, so much clamor and so much strife, and the destiny of New York may be said to turn upon the "combinations" of the next few weeks.

And yet what does it all mean? It is really nothing more than the clustering of rats around the bin. Their only purpose is corn. All these declamations about home rule and reform and self-government are the gnawing of the rats through the heavy plank. What they want is corn, treasury corn. What they have lived on all their lives is corn. They have been in and about the public treasury ever since their teeth were sharp enough to scratch through a pine knot. Every year we have this clamor, this excitement, these "combinations," this burrowing through the newspapers, this scratching into clubs and conventions. It is simply the rats at the bin, eagerly striving who will first get through the plank and who will have the largest share of corn.

We wonder what are the thoughts in the mind of that gray old rat who has had his own good times in the bins of the past as he looks out upon the scene through the bars of Ludlow Street Jail? What advice Boss Tweed could give to these scheming, rashing, scrambling adventurers if they would only come to the old man's cell door and listen. We wonder what must be the musing of that alert and never very conspicuous rat Peter B. Sweeny, as he slyly snuggles along the Boulevard in the dusk and dawn and thinks of the days when he was in command of all the bins in New York and gave or took the corn as he pleased. What discussions over table d'hôte and brandy and water between that colony of rats—Tom Fields, Harry Genet and the rest—who wander around the Continental capitals out of the reach of Mr. O'Connor's indictments. They know how hollow all this is, how unnecessary all these professions of "devotion to the people," how there is no difference between one politician and another, between beef-eater Tom Murphy and swallow-tailed John Kelly, short-haired John Morrissey and plug-ugly Tom Creamer. They are all rats at the bin eagerly scratching for corn. What they want is corn all the time. They live on corn. The only means of obtaining corn is from the bin of the public treasury.

If the people would take a proper view of this matter and see that so long as New York is governed by politicians it will be badly governed, then we might hope for a real reform. If from year to year the bin is to be abandoned to the rats why, then, the best that we can do is to look on and listen to their gnawing, and have as much amusement as we can out of their tricks and struggles and contests and efforts to eat through the planks.

Few subjects are of greater interest to the Western farmer than this terrible insect, which is so destructive to crops that some States have deemed it wise to treat him as a crop himself, and fix his price anywhere from twenty cents to two dollars and a half a bushel. At the latter rate the scourge would prove an advantage to the people; for there is no other crop they can get for so little labor and sell for so much money. But States would soon tire of this transaction if the grasshopper should become, as he threatens to, a permanent incident of the Western summer in proportion as the country comes under cultivation. In that case he will simply take his place with the other obstacles that nature opposes to man's endeavors, as if only to stimulate his energies and his ingenuity in the battle for life. Many of the devices already practiced by the people against their formidable foe are given in the entertaining sketch of the grasshopper by Mr. Dodge, of the Agricultural Department, which we print in another column; but the people will improve upon these. It seems likely, however, that the direction is indicated in the hint of a grasshopper machine. "What wonderful inventions we have seen, signs of true genius and of empty pockets!" No doubt some one will invent a machine to take the grasshoppers out of a field without injury to the growing crop as readily as an cultivator cleans out the weeds. In a communication also given elsewhere it is suggested that these insects can, perhaps, be profitably made into animal charcoal, and an apparatus for the purpose may be presently on sale in every country town, though our correspondent is of opinion that any farmer can make an apparatus of his own. If the grasshopper can be made valuable in any way the people will certainly regard his visitation with far less terror.

The Dog Star.—Several mad dogs were killed yesterday. It is to be hoped that this hot weather will not bring on us another hydrophobia panic, like that of last year, when people who were dog-bitten died of fright, even if they escaped the poison.

Tennyson's Drama—Shall It Be Played? The appearance of Tennyson's drama, "Queen Mary," is one of the great literary events of the century. Both in its merits and its faults it is a surprising effort. For strong and vigorous English it is unsurpassed by any poem in the language, and it is, besides, exceedingly rich in daintiness as well as lustiness of speech. Many of its best lines and best speeches are introduced apparently for their own sake, just as we sometimes see a characteristic part introduced into a working drama for the sake of affording a favorite actor a coveted opportunity. The fourth act in Mr. Tennyson's play, which is, by all odds, the best piece of writing in the dramatic form since Shakespeare, is justified only in its excellence, for Crammer's imprisonment and death were only incidents, not pivotal events, of Queen Mary's reign. Wyatt's rebellion was another incident, and yet if the poet had not given it a prominence beyond its actual importance as a part of his work we should not have gained one of the best pieces of prose ever penned—the speech of the rebellious nobleman to the dissatisfied populace. More in keeping with the drama as a drama is the daintiness of treatment accorded to the Princess Elizabeth. Her love scene with Courtenay is exquisite, and throughout the piece her actions are subordinated to those of the Queen with a skill evincing great dramatic insight. Another effective scene, even in an acting play, is the quarrel in Mary's presence between Gardiner and Pole, and we are not sure that in good hands it would not be of its kind one of the finest stage pictures in the historical drama.

So much may be said of the work—there are so many grounds for honest difference of opinion—and mere stage success is, after all, a problem that can never be determined beyond dispute unless the curtain is raised and the lights turned upon an actual representation, that it is likely, in spite of all our praises of the play as a poem, its merits as a drama will be practically tested before the excitement occasioned by the appearance of the work is allowed to die out. The only question is, Where is the manager who has the courage to undertake its representation? But this is a question that we presume will not be answered unless the public evince a very strong desire to see the play on the boards of one of our leading theatres. Shadowy as most of the characters are the actors would gain great favor by investing the parts with the fire and potency it is the mission of the stage to supply. No such opportunity is likely to occur again during the present century for graceful and cultured elocution as that afforded by Tennyson's faultless and vigorous verse. Could a company be found capable of reading the lines and looking the parts success might be won through triumphant elocution. This in itself is worth striving for, though, it must be confessed, exceedingly difficult of attainment. If the play is not an acting drama—and it is our deliberate judgment that it is not—it still might be the subject of a great dramatic reading that in the end would work a revival of what is almost a lost art. Many of Shakespeare's plays are nearly as deficient in acting qualities as Tennyson's "Queen Mary;" but if they were well read people of culture, who are shocked with the wretched elocution of the minor actors, would take pleasure in the recital. Reading is an art that is lost to the stage, and here is an opportunity to restore it and at the same time afford the public a chance to judge of the dramatic worth of a work that must be tested behind the footlights before people will be content to accept it as a drama suited only to the study.

The Variety of Religion in New York.

Religion in New York is remarkable for its variety. In countries where one Church is established by law, and where other churches are forbidden or at least but tolerated, there must be a monotony of worship. The history of the Jews illustrates this effect. Required to worship but one Supreme Being they were continually running off after false gods, a tendency which gave the prophets a great deal of trouble. In this city religion resembles more closely that of the Greek Pantheon, wherein every worshipper could choose any god that he liked, some preferring Mercury, others Pallas, and others Diana or Bacchus. The pious mind must be fastidious indeed if it does not find in our churches some religion that will suit it, and if it has any difficulty in the matter it has only to act upon the advice given by printed placards in fashionable stores:—"If you don't see what you want ask for it."

The sermons we print to-day give some evidence of this wonderful variety of religion. Some of our churches overflow with piety, no expense or labor being spared to procure the most eloquent clergymen and the finest choirs. Other churches have just as little religion as they can get along with without being classed with lecture rooms and Sunday clubs. Mr. Frothingham gives religion in homoeopathic doses, a grain of Christianity being mixed with a gallon or so of heathenism. Yesterday he compared the Saviour with Tom Paine, and considered the latter to be some respects the nobler character of the two. A strong contrast with this is found in Mr. Talmage's sermon in Brooklyn, in which he showed that the recent revival in his Tabernacle had resulted in what he called a "spiritual haul" of five thousand two hundred and eighty souls, who fled from the wrath to come. This was certainly to have done well, and the converter announced that the congregation needed a rest and that the Tabernacle would be closed until September 5. The centenarian clergyman, Mr. Boehm, took a view of the character of Jesus directly opposite to that of Mr. Frothingham. Mr. Beecher spoke of a cloud of witnesses (there were one hundred and ten in the trial) and of the occupation of the saints above. Mr. Hepworth preached upon the humility of Christ and the importance of emulating His spirit of sacrifice. Then, to go to another extreme, the Progressive Spiritualists listened to an address from a lady who was inspired by several well-informed ghosts, who remained in the background and whose names we were not able to obtain. They were spiritual wirepullers, holding a relation to the lady, Mrs. Hysler, similar to that which the Albany lobby does to the Legislature. At St. Patrick's Cathedral Father Kane announced that no sermon would be preached on account of the heat, as

example which might have been profitably followed elsewhere. We have cited enough variations to prove that no one can excuse his irreligion in New York on the ground that he cannot find a creed to suit him. We can accommodate all shades and kinds of Christians, Buddhists, Brahmins and pagans, and if a man has any new doctrine not already provided for there is nothing to prevent him from preaching it himself.

General Rosecrans and Sherman's "Memoirs."

We publish this morning an interesting letter from General Rosecrans, who, during the war, was one of our most conspicuous and esteemed commanders. General Rosecrans, in commenting upon the publication of the Sherman "Memoirs," approves of the course of the General in giving to the world his views of the great events in which he took so prominent a part. He intimates that he may himself write fully his own narrative of these famous transactions. The General alludes to the description of his military operations in the West by General Badeau in the "Official Life of Grant" as "calumnious" which he has "left unnoticed thus far, because the time has been inopportune and the exigencies of a government and a party render it necessary to prevent the truth from becoming known, which would tend to destroy the popularity of the leader, who, albeit against their better instincts, its chiefs have felt it necessary to set up."

We infer from this that General Rosecrans believes the time will come when he will find it necessary to challenge the military supremacy of General Grant. If he has any contribution to make to history on this subject the sooner he does so the better. Our general comment upon this whole discussion arising out of the publication of General Sherman's "Memoirs" is that nothing should be allowed to hide the truth; that sooner or later it must be known, and that the more fully and frankly our generals write about their military transactions the better it will be for their own fame. A contemporary informant that General Sherman not only thinks his own book was in "good taste," but would like to have General Sheridan write another of the same kind. We confess that we should rejoice to have a book from General Sheridan on the war. The General is a racy, pointed writer, with a tendency to speak plain, which would give his book even a more interesting quality than that possessed by the "Memoirs" of Sherman. We are further told that Admiral Porter is preparing a book of recollections of the war, to be published after his death.

PERSONAL INTELLIGENCE.

Mr. George L. Fox, the comedian, is among the late arrivals at the Grand Central Hotel. Mr. Edward P. Smith, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, is registered at the Windsor Hotel. Professor Eliot Lord, of the United States Naval Academy, is sojourning at the Windsor Hotel. Lieutenant Governor H. G. Knight, of Massachusetts, is staying at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. Secretary Robeson arrived in the city yesterday from Washington and is at the Fifth Avenue Hotel.

Ecclesiastical Meteorology.—In one part of Europe they are praying for dry weather and in another for rain. Connected on either hand that the organization of nature is at fault. "Backsheet" is the title under which Colonel Thomas Knox's travels in the Orient will be given to the world. It will be issued by subscription by A. Dooley Worthington, of Hartford, and is being rapidly put through the press. A Maine girl left her clothing in an open boat and hid herself, and when her parents were crying and saying that if they only had her back they would obey her slightest wish, she appeared and said she wanted to marry Jake.

Preliminaries have been arranged for the collection of Australian exhibits for Philadelphia. The royal commission appointed for that purpose has as its president the Chief Justice, Sir James Martin, and has already commenced its sittings. Evidently the New Zealand gets nearer and nearer to London. One of the great Maori chiefs, who died in 1842, is to have over his grave a marble obelisk, in the most approved style of civilized fame. Cost of the obelisk, \$41,000. One of the peculiarities of the paper on which the Bank of England notes are printed is its strength. A bank note will support thirty-six pounds before being used, and afterward support a man for years if it is only for the right amount. Pittsburg papers claim to possess the person of the next President, and even that Pittsburg has hands on his head and said he would yet be President. Each man is willing to make the sacrifice. Ex-Mayor Seibr, of San Francisco, who recently died in that city, was born in New York, was a clerk with A. T. Stewart and was a Forty-niner. His monument is a San Francisco slot tower which he built. He was also one of the slick trust tests. According to the *Schlesische Zeitung* the total number of post offices in the entire Russian Empire, both in Europe and Asia, is 3,200. In London alone (reckoning the pillar receiving boxes) there are 530, and in England and Wales (exclusive of Scotland), 9,200. Recently at the Burg Theatre, Vienna, Austria, Miss Halzinger, the first old woman, celebrated the sixtieth anniversary of her debut upon the stage. The Crown Prince was the first to throw a gigantic bouquet to the artist, who is an especial favorite with the imperial family. She is seventy-six years old. It is reported from India that the English authorities there have in their possession a letter written by the King of Burma to one of the small chiefs of his country which would stand to the latter as an instruction and authority for the murder of Mr. Margary. Of course such a letter will justify and assure the disposition of His Majesty.