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JAMES GORDON BENNETT, PROPRIETOR.

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VOLUME XLII.....NO. 84

AMUSEMENTS TO-NIGHT.

- TONY PASTOR'S NEW THEATRE. VARIETY, at 8 P. M. BROOKLYN THEATRE. ROSE MICHEL, at 8 P. M. UNION SQUARE THEATRE. FERREOL, at 8 P. M. PARK THEATRE. BRASS, at 8 P. M. CHATEAU WABILLE VARIETIES. VARIETY, at 8 P. M. BOWERY THEATRE. HEARTS AND TRUMPS, at 8 P. M. FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE. FIGURE, at 8 P. M. THIRTY-FOURTH STREET OPERA HOUSE. VARIETY, at 8 P. M. GERMANIA THEATRE. ZIEGENSCHEN, at 8 P. M. GLOBE THEATRE. VARIETY, at 8 P. M. CHICKERING HALL. VON BULOW RECEPTS, at 8 P. M. PARISIAN VARIETIES. VARIETY, at 8 P. M. SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS, at 8 P. M. BOOTH'S THEATRE. JULIUS CÆSAR, at 8 P. M. OLYMPIC THEATRE. VARIETY, at 8 P. M. TWENTY-THIRD STREET OPERA HOUSE. CALIFORNIA MINSTRELS, at 8 P. M. WOOD'S MUSEUM. OFLANTGAN, at 8 P. M. LYCEUM THEATRE. VADEVILLE, at 8 P. M. WALLACK'S THEATRE. SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER, at 8 P. M.

WITH SUPPLEMENT.

NEW YORK, FRIDAY, MARCH 24, 1876.

From our reports this morning the probabilities are that the weather to-day will be warmer, partly cloudy and, possibly, rain.

THE HERALD BY FAST MAIL TRAINS.—Newsletters and the public throughout the country will be supplied with the DAILY, WEEKLY and SUNDAY HERALD, free of postage, by sending their orders direct to this office.

WALL STREET YESTERDAY.—Stocks showed the absence of a leader. Prices were again irregular. Gold brought 114-1/8 a 114-1/4. Foreign exchange was easier. Money loaned at 3 1/4 and 4 per cent. Government and investment securities were steady.

A CENTENNIAL CANDIDATE.—How would moon-faced, frosty-pated Marshall Jewell, who, as Holmes would say, looks like a "rose in the snow," do as a Presidential candidate?

WE HAVE yet to see the first opponent of Mr. Conkling in the Republican Convention who is not inspired by some selfish, personal reason. The cry of "Grantism" is cant, coming from men who have followed Grant with slavish adulation.

A CENTENNIAL CANDIDATE.—One advantage of Charles Francis Adams, as a republican candidate, is that it would be a comfort to Samuel Bowles, the famous country editor, and an encouragement to country editors generally.

CURTIS was the Brutus, Roberts the Casius of the Syracuse conspiracy. But Curtis should remember that among the last speeches of his prototype was this:—

O Julius Cæsar! thou art mighty yet; Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords In our own proper entrails.

A CENTENNIAL CANDIDATE.—We wonder if he republicans have any candidate stronger than Grant—any candidate who, like him, has retained his strength in spite of Grantism and Belknapism. This is a question to be pondered well by the republican anglers.

THE IMPERIAL EUROPEAN POWERS are about to do for Turkey what England is doing for Egypt—namely, put her finances in good order. In both cases, we suppose, the Powers are anxious to know definitely what they will have to pay for their next territorial dinner; in other words, what debt they will have to assume when the annexation begins.

A CENTENNIAL CANDIDATE.—If Edwin D. Morgan had not magnanimously withdrawn in favor of Mr. Conkling he would have been a formidable candidate. The name of Morgan, as the representative of the first commercial city of New York, may be quoted as first class, prime, gilt edged paper yet, especially if Lord Roscoe will write his gorgeous signature across its face.

WHAT a great thing it would have been if Mr. Curtis had addressed the Convention upon some of those social themes which he has been treating for so many years with haste and glowing eloquence in the fashion newspapers, and if Mr. Roberts, the great country editor, had read one of his tremendous leaders as to the proper time for planting pumpkins! The Convention would have received instruction as well as amusement.

A CENTENNIAL CANDIDATE.—Hamilton Fish, as the republican candidate for the Presidency, would have a double advantage—as the descendant of a Revolutionary hero as well as of one of the Knickerbocker patriots.

THE HAITIAN REVOLUTIONISTS, under the lead of General Canaël, are bringing the black Republic into its normal state of confusion and insecurity. It would not be much loss to the world if both Hayti and St. Domingo were at a dead lock under a general canal.

A CENTENNIAL CANDIDATE.—In the tiara of gems which republicans are now studying with a view to display the crown diamond is Bristow, of Kentucky. He would make a good Kobal-Noor candidate.

The Syracuse Convention—The Republican Situation—Opening of the Campaign.

If there is any virtue in a majority as the representative of the will of a party or a convention then Roscoe Conkling is the chosen candidate of the republicans of New York. If this virtue has vanished then all party harmony is at an end. If this intrigue against Mr. Conkling, which began in the smoking room of the Union League Club and was championed by Mr. Curtis and Mr. Roberts, is to be arranged, then the vitality of the republican organization has departed. It is a thoroughly selfish intrigue. Its insincerity is not hidden by the fact that an accomplished essayist like Curtis and a strong-headed country editor like Mr. Roberts are at its head. It resembles the contest of Greeley against Seward, which no one who honors the memory of Greeley cares to remember now. The great journalist destroyed the Presidential prospects of the great statesman because of a personal quarrel arising out of disappointed ambition. Seward lived as the dominant statesman of two administrations. Greeley never recovered from the effects of his victory, for there is a rude sense of fair play in the masses of a party. The republicans of New York saw their favorite statesman stricken down and an alien put in command because of a political and personal quarrel five years before. It was revenge that took Greeley to Chicago. It was revenge that sent the dagger into the breast of Seward. But State pride was wounded. New York saw herself robbed of an honor she coveted. The result was that while Lincoln's nomination came as a direct result of Greeley's triumph Lincoln himself never showed his appreciation of the honor which he had received. The Chicago triumph in 1860 was the end of the political career of every one who shared in it, simply because it violated the party sentiment of fair play.

Roscoe Conkling to-day is in the position of William H. Seward sixteen years ago. He is the chosen leader of the republican party in New York. He has shown his devotion to it in every way. In order that he might not be taken out of its ranks he declined the highest office in the gift of the President—that of Chief Justice of the Supreme Court. He preferred the danger and uncertainty of a post in the field to the secure and lofty seclusion of the bench. He has a stainless and honored name. His eloquence and his courage have placed him at the head of the party, precisely as Mr. Seward had been. No New Yorker ever has reason to blush for his State when he looks from the Senate gallery upon the majestic presence of Roscoe Conkling. His faults—those which are urged against him by his enemies—are only another name for virtues. He has the capacity for anger. He would rather quarrel than lie. His manners are imperious; his frankness sometimes wounds. Now we yearn for some of those qualities in public life. We have too many men who would rather lie than quarrel for manliness and courage and sincerity.

The political faults attributed to Mr. Conkling are that he has always supported Grant, that he has been a servile champion of the administration. These are faults to be considered in their proper time—when Mr. Conkling is before the people as a candidate, and not when he is before a republican convention. When we see whom the democrats nominate we can discuss "Grantism," and how far it affects the Presidency. But we submit that for any republican convention, for Mr. Curtis, or Mr. Roberts, or the loungers in the Union League smoking room, to assail Mr. Conkling on this score is a political outrage. Who has done more for Grant than these very men who oppose Mr. Conkling? What republican convention has said a word against the administration? What has Mr. Curtis been doing these seven years, that he should mount to the highest place in the synagogue—Pharisee among the Pharisees? What act of Grant, what feature in his administration, have these gentlemen opposed? When they censure the "Grantism" of Conkling they censure themselves, and the party is not deceived by their hypocrisy. No, gentlemen, you are strong as Grant is strong, you are weak as Grant is weak. The party honors Roscoe Conkling because he has been true to every article of his faith.

How will this nomination affect the country? Well, so far as the country is concerned, the New Hampshire election proves two things—namely, that it does not crave a change and hesitates to trust the democratic party. It would rather bear with the ills it has—even Belknap—than fly to others it knows not of. We fear it must be laid down as a political fact that the generation which fought the war of the rebellion will never give power to the party which aided the rebellion. We wish this were otherwise, for many reasons. We would have new men in public life and a clearing out of all departments. We must take facts as they are. We see a democratic party which has learned nothing and forgotten nothing, which would undo the emancipation in the South by establishing a system of political slavery, whose leaders in the House act as if there was no Union outside of the Mississippi Valley, whose Convention in Pennsylvania is directed by an agent of the Pennsylvania Railroad. If this party had been wiser the tidal wave of 1875 would have swept on to victory. But that success led to mad and selfish councils. The monster spirit of rebellion seemed to rise in the South and stretch out its hands to the monster spirit of repudiation which arose in the West. The party has no issue. It demands administrative reform, for instance, the only question even approaching an issue which it presents. To this the country answers:—"We can have administrative reform in the republican party, with Everts or Bristow, even granting all you say as to the rest of the candidates, and without running the risk of Ben Hill-ism in the South and repudiation in the West."

It is NO INJURY TO RELIGION to see a scoundrel take a pious garb to serve the devil in, but each such case points the moral that a man's honesty is not to be gauged by the extent to which he shows the white of his eyes. The operations of the pious book-keeper charged with embezzling twenty-eight thousand dollars of the Marine Bank's money may be read with profit.

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Breach of Trust and Embezzlement. By the laws of this State the man who betrays the trust reposed in him by a corporation may be assigned to State Prison for from five to fifteen years, in proportion to the amount of money involved in his offence; but for the man who betrays trust to any amount whatever by which the property of many orphan children is put into his hands the criminal law of the State has no penalties. This is all wrong, and should be remedied without delay. It is more sentimentality to treat the nature of the relationship between the trustee of a private estate and the heirs of that estate as though they were apart from all other human relations in which while there is confidence on one side there are obligations on the other. Trustees are men who are dealing with other people's money, and, with all allowance made for the latitude that must be given to them in order that they may keep the money safe or invest it profitably, the courts should have the opportunity to discriminate where, in any given case, honest errors end and fraudulent appropriation begins. Human life is to be made as sacred as possible by the protection of the law, yet it is doubtful if Rubenstein and Dolan together have done as much harm to society or scattered so much misery in the families of their victims as is scattered by the villainy of one trustee who has left in his hands the subsistence of widows and orphans and squanders it all away. But Rubenstein and Dolan will in all probability hang, and the trustee may come and go none the worse for all the terrors of justice. Our State prisons are filled with wretches whose small crimes a fraudulent trustee contemplates with contempt. Men who have forged some one's name and gained fifty dollars; who have pried open a door at midnight and stolen a silver-plated teapot; who have relieved some plethoric millionaire in a crowd of an indifferent watch, they are in for two years, ten years, five years. Twenty men could be named in any of our prisons the aggregate of whose sentences would foot up a hundred years, while the aggregate value of the property stolen by them would not foot up a thousand dollars. But a gentlemanly trustee who has converted to his own uses a hundred thousand dollars or two hundred thousand dollars put into his hand to be kept for others, may drive past the prison doors twice a day and never feel uneasy at the sight of them. He has committed no crime in the eyes of the law; he has only done an injury to the heirs, for which they can have a civil remedy against his estate; and it is supposed not to be the fault of the law if his own estate was all squandered before he began on the trusts. Indeed, on this point the law is not so bad as on the other. If trustees are appointed subject to the authority of the Surrogate he may, and in certain cases must, require them to give bonds; and then if they converted moneys to their own uses their bondsmen were responsible. Unfortunately, however, for people in this neighborhood, the Surrogate's office is a part of our local administration that has been in no greater favor with honest men than some more notorious of our courts, and one of the things naturally desired was to make the administration of estates as far independent of the authorities as was possible. This is a natural impulse on the part of the people, and through this impulse they are shut out from that method of disposing of their property which the law seems to contemplate as regular. By the state of the law and the corruptions of our administrative system people are forced to put their property into the hands of trustees, and because, for this reason, they do not get the security that the law presumes is given, the Legislature should give an equivalent guarantee by providing that trustees of private estates as well as officers of corporations shall be liable to the penalties for embezzlement as provided in part IV. of the Revised Statutes, chap. 1, art. 5. Our law contemplates that a breach of trust is an injury for which there is a civil remedy—is an offence whose evil effects are restricted to the immediate victims, and not a crime in so far as a crime is an offence against society at large. But this distinction is scarcely a good one in the present condition of society here. With rottenness prevalent and spreading, with a Surrogate's Court at the mercy of Tammany or any other political party, with large accumulations of wealth that force the creation of trusts, the great body of society becomes interested in such charges, and the act that shows that they may be abused with impunity, and so tends to encourage dishonest courses, is a crime against the whole community, and if ever a severe penalty could be fairly applied on the theory that it prevents crime it can now in cases of this nature.

A CENTENNIAL CANDIDATE.—Would it surprise the bookmakers to see in the last quarterstretch, as the horses strain their pace, the colors of Washburne creep slowly to the front? We should not only feel no surprise, but would throw up our hat with the crowd.

House Hunting.

That most terrible of all seasons in New York, the season of house hunting, is again upon us. Bills with "To Let" printed on them stare boldly from the fronts of nearly one-half the houses in the uptown streets, and gangs of house hunters go up and down the thoroughfares of the metropolis like so many chiffonniers seeking for treasures where there are none. This annual migration of our people, the weary hours spent in finding a new home which at best is not better or cheaper than the old one, the irruptions of hordes of house hunters into what ought to be quiet and peaceful households, the labor and discomfort and wear and tear of moving day, is simply a nuisance. We are a nomadic race, going about from place to place for no other reason than the desire for change. In many cities the annual Directory is useful for five years at the least. Trow's and Goulding's undergo a complete transformation every year. Change with us is a disease and discontent with our abiding places a chronic ailment. Valued friends exchange addresses nearly every time they meet, and if Broadway was not a universal thoroughfare would lose sight of each other altogether. This spirit of constant change is a sign of an unsettled state of society, and is to be deprecated as an evil. We want more home stability for the cultivation of homely virtues and the growth of social culture. No people can be thoroughly happy until their affections centre upon some spot made dear by many associations. Old people die when transplanted from the hearthstone around which the period of their youth and manhood was spent, but that old age must be cheerless indeed which has never known the same hearthstone for more than a year at a time. Such is the lot of too many denizens of this migratory city. When the spring comes the house hunting fever breaks out, and it burns with increasing heat until the inevitable moving day is past. Let us all discourage this; landlords by an honest effort to secure and retain good tenants, and householders by a determination to remain in a good home when they find one. We must learn to consecrate home by the tenderness of its associations, and discourage the nomadic tendencies of our people. If one spot is better than another it is where children were born or dear ones have departed; and until we learn to value these things we must continue to be what we have been too long already, a cheerless and unhappy race, seeking relief in change and constantly recurring rounds of house hunting.

A CENTENNIAL CANDIDATE.—The fact that Governor Hayes has a good war record, and that, while no one supports no one opposes him, makes him a vital candidate, especially in a generation which has seen the nomination of James K. Polk and Franklin Pierce. Sometimes the lost knowledge is in not being known.

LET US HAVE AN INVESTIGATION of the Railroad Committee of the Assembly. Mr. Killian said that he would like to have it. Whether he does or not let us have it. Let Mr. West be called to testify as to the remarkable announcements he made in the Assembly on Tuesday. He then stated that he had been repeatedly approached by lobbyists, whom he encouraged until they offered him bribes in sums as high as five hundred dollars. Let him give the names of these lobbyists, that honest people may be warned and knaves punished. Let him tell the specific jobs they wanted to bribe him to support. Lawmakers should not shield or encourage lawbreakers. At the same time let Mr. John Kelly and Mr. Chanancy Dewep be called to tell what they know of why Mr. Killian ceased to take interest in the "No Seat No Fare" bill. Let Mr. "Nick" Muller and Mr. Whitson be investigated.

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A CENTENNIAL CANDIDATE.—James G. Blaine has one strong point in his favor—namely, that he was once an editor. There is a still stronger point against him—in this, that conscientious journalists should not encourage their brethren to lower their profession by descending even to the Presidency.

Will Pendleton Explain His Explanation?

From his latest statement of his connection with that Kentucky Central Railroad claim it would appear that the finest specimen of a democratic gentleman which the West can produce has an account to settle with common honesty on a new point. He defends himself from the charge of having taken an improper advantage of his infant wards by the allegation that when the claim was allowed the portion of the railroad regarded as the property of those wards had been adjudged by the courts to be not their property but the property of certain counties of the State of Kentucky. If it was not to the Bowler children as owners that the claim was due he did them no injustice in agreeing to give himself so large a share of it; and if he only wronged certain counties of Kentucky, why, what are counties that anybody should be affectionate and honest on their account? But it is further reported that though the road was the property of the counties through which it ran, and not of Mr. Pendleton's wards, that this gentleman nevertheless paid to these wards, and not to the counties in question, that part of the claim which under his agreement belonged to one or the other. If it did not belong to his nephews and nieces he did them no harm by an unequal bargain; but if it belonged to the counties why did he pay it to his nephews and nieces?

A CENTENNIAL CANDIDATE.—William M. Everts is the first citizen of the Republic in many respects—a man who has honored every station. Why should not the Presidency honor him?

Coroner's Law.

If we had a poet like Hood, whose tragical touch could bring the horrors that write and fester under the surface of everyday life home to our hearts, what a theme to stir humanity with indignation could he find in the night vigil of James Young over the corpse of his wife, as it stirred with a horrid semblance of life to the pulsing, heaving and lapping of the dark waters of the East River! But it does not need the aid of verse to tell this story in tones as sad and heart-wringing as hers who plunged into Lonfon's lamp-reflecting river, glad to be "anywhere out of the world." He had missed his wife from home on Monday night. On Tuesday morning he left his little ones to seek her. Graft official routine at Police Headquarters scarcely turned its head to help him. He had heard of a woman found drowned, but hope deflected his ear, until he saw a crowd of idle wonderers standing by the river's brink gazing at a dark object in the water. Something smote him at the heart, and he rushed among the crowd to find that the dark object was all that was mortal of his wife. It was fastened by a rope to the pier; it had floated face upward or face downward, as the tide willed, for hours, and he piteously begged the law that stood dead by, in the person of an officer

swinging his club, to place the body on the shore. He begged that, until the law deigned to move, the form of her who had borne his children and nestled in his breast might not sway and rise and fall with the coming and going of the tide. But no, not even that poor boon. So, mad with grief, he hurried away to beg the law to move. At station house and Coroners' Office he sought the aid of the law in vain. Think of it! The woman's body had lain eight hours in the water, as James Young returned at nightfall, helpless and heartbroken, to take up his long vigil at the river's edge, with the gruff policeman still there. James Young is a poor man, of rough occupation; but what pen can tint the horrors of the hours that that watch of his by the floating dead that was to him so dear in life? The poor man mourned in the night by the lamp-reflecting river with the corpse swaying at his feet; the law, like an immoveable, ferocious brute, by his side, and the thought of the little ones beyond the river, waiting in vain for their mother, knocking at his heart. He waited till midnight, when the cry of the little ones grew louder in his ears, and from the black despair around him he fled to comfort them. At early morning he came back to beg his dead; but not even now. He went to the Coroner's again; he returned once more to the river. At last the dead wagon came, but the brutes who tended it would not even tell him where they would take the corpse that had lain in the water twenty-four hours. Again to the Coroners' Office. The Coroner was away. He hurried after him, and there Coroner Croker, before he would listen to James Young, made him serve on a coroner's jury over the body of a burned child! This is horrible—almost incredible. Habit may bring a man to look on the greatest suffering with an indifferent eye, but there is a grim brutality about this shocking to human nature. Yesterday morning James Young got the body, but it is doubtful if any inquest was held over the remains.

What, then, have the officers of the law—police and Coroners—to say to this outrage on decency—this gross wrong? They shrug their shoulders. The body could not be moved without a permit. There was nobody to give one. The coroners had gone home. Red tape could not weave a harder knot than this case presents. They have police, telegraphs, coroners, dead wagons, attendants, a Morgue—all that the pity of a great community could provide to meet such cases; but because the man was poor and coroners lazy and brutal and policemen heartlessly indifferent, James Young could beg the law to move his wife's body from the water in vain. When Coroner Croker was lodged in jail charged with murder another Coroner could hurry at a politician's beck to violate the law and let the accused murderer go; but none of them could turn a step to have Rose Young's body removed from the river. James Young must be a patient, law-abiding man, for not a few men in his place would have taken the law into their hands, cost what it might. Is not reform needed?

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Coroner's Law.

If we had a poet like Hood, whose tragical touch could bring the horrors that write and fester under the surface of everyday life home to our hearts, what a theme to stir humanity with indignation could he find in the night vigil of James Young over the corpse of his wife, as it stirred with a horrid semblance of life to the pulsing, heaving and lapping of the dark waters of the East River! But it does not need the aid of verse to tell this story in tones as sad and heart-wringing as hers who plunged into Lonfon's lamp-reflecting river, glad to be "anywhere out of the world." He had missed his wife from home on Monday night. On Tuesday morning he left his little ones to seek her. Graft official routine at Police Headquarters scarcely turned its head to help him. He had heard of a woman found drowned, but hope deflected his ear, until he saw a crowd of idle wonderers standing by the river's brink gazing at a dark object in the water. Something smote him at the heart, and he rushed among the crowd to find that the dark object was all that was mortal of his wife. It was fastened by a rope to the pier; it had floated face upward or face downward, as the tide willed, for hours, and he piteously begged the law that stood dead by, in the person of an officer

the stages of legislation is small. If somebody could get put into that bill one plain provision declaring that if any person holding office under the United States government should sit as a member of any political or party convention or take any part in the proceedings of such a convention his office should thereby become vacant, and it should be the duty of the Executive to appoint another person to that office, that somebody would almost give us a good civil service system at a single blow.

THE EMIGRATION COMMISSION.—We cannot look forward with any complacency to seeing the care of the thousands of immigrants arriving at this port turned over to the steamship and railroad lines. Emigration from Europe has fallen off considerably, and we do not care to have the rate still lowered by allowing the report to go abroad that the peasant who comes here will be handed over to the harpies of our cities as soon as the steamship lines have done with him. Congress should take hold of this matter at once and provide for a continuance in some shape of a system which, in spite of some faults, has worked well, giving the poor immigrants breathing time and a fair chance to get started in the New World without first paying a heavy royalty to the predatory classes that flourished long ago in the First ward.

EMPEROR OF INDIA.—The division in the House of Commons yesterday on the final reading of the Royal Titles bill shows a more determined effort on the part of the opposition to defeat it, but the majority was still large enough to give the Ministry confidence in its popularity. It now goes to the House of Lords, where assent is certain.

A VERDANT ENGLISHMAN, who sits in the British Parliament, wants his Foreign Office to tell him if our government have five or ten millions of the Geneva award that they cannot find legitimate claimants for. We think Uncle Sam has some claim, so the British lion need not worry, trying to twist its tail into an interrogation mark about it.

THE MANAGER OF A CO-OPERATIVE BANK in England has been sent to Newgate to await his trial for obtaining money and securities under false pretences and with intent to defraud from the trustees and depositors. Is it no crime in this country?

A CENTENNIAL CANDIDATE.—If Oliver P. Morton had a few more friends as sincere as Tecumseh Sherman what a run he would make, in spite of the infatuation handicap buckled upon him by Indiana!

THE MEXICAN REVOLUTION is progressing satisfactorily—that is to say, it is coming to a head, which we hope the government may prove itself able to chop off.

PERSONAL INTELLIGENCE.

Figs grow well around Mobile, Ala. Florida is sending peas to New York.

The St. Louis Republican finds that since the repeal of the law licensing the demi-monde of that city public demoralization has increased.

A baby weighing nineteen and a half pounds was born at Boone, Iowa, the other day. And the girls already hail him as a Boone companion.

The St. Louis Republican thinks that if Professor Tice were to go over and examine that shower of flesh he would be able to tell motors from nutsons.

Professor Tyndall has gone to Naples. His special attraction thither is the aquarium, which is very fine, and is the first in Europe started on a large scale.

"Can you see me, dearest?" said a Chicago man to his dying wife. "Tell me, can you see me?" "No," she faintly whispered, "but I can smell your breath."

The Second Adventists and Millers claim that the big smash-up of the world will come certainly this year. We shall have a full account of the thing, with a map.

The inaugural at Syracuse was between a bandbox, a box of kid gloves, a pair of new-clopping shears on the one side, and the great mass of the republican party on the other.

Oh for the good old political days of thirty years ago, when Webster, Clay, Hayne and Calhoun were the pride of America, and whiskey was only twenty-two cents a gallon!

M. Jules Simon seems to have a tremendous task before him. Out of a total population of 33,102,921 in France, 13,324,801—more than one in every three—can neither read nor write.

The route from Cheyenne to the Black Hills is now vast ashly plains studded with troublesome sage brush and broken by frequent but muddy streams. Trees are scarce and the nights are cold.

An English authority says:—"The thinker loves symmetry, the humorist hates it; and therefore the two classes are radically opposed." Mr. Belknap loved symmetry and yet he kept only for the fun of the thing.

There is no reason to believe that the peasantry of France are in the least priest-ridden; on the contrary, they are exceedingly jealous of an intruder on the part of the priest upon matters which they regard as specially their own.

The St. Louis Republican thinks that some of its personal and some of ours are on the same subject. True. "Great minds," says an old proverb, "run in the same channel"; but the Republican's personal, somehow, always appear about two days after ours do.

Day after day the Southern press, and especially that of Virginia, indicates more and more clearly that the active, intelligent conservative element in politics is desirous of forming a party which shall be neither democratic nor republican, but opposed to destructive radicalism. Is the whig party really reviving?

The Detroit Free Press is moved to make fun of the dress of the Sandwich Island women. But, seriously, it is the most sensible and picturesque dress in the world, consisting of a single, ample sleeved garment, buttoned at the throat and falling gracefully to the instep. The hat is frequently a wreath of leaves and flowers.

"The moral problem," says Sainte-Beuve, "which the character of Talleyrand arouses in us consists altogether, so far as his extraordinary and original nature is concerned, in a union, absurdly singular and unique in its kind, of a great intelligence, a clear good sense and an exquisite taste, with the most consummate corruption, disdain, laissez aller and superciliousness."

The novelist Ouida is in Florence, and has become almost entirely stationary; she may any day be seen driving very fast, with her horses belted and feathered in Italian style, and she lives a mile or two out of town in one of the most celebrated villas of Tuscany, shut in beautiful gardens, where a little later in the season she gives garden parties.

The Cornhill Magazine, speaking of English training and school tyranny, says:—"One of the chief dangers of the pedagogic mind is the desire to conform other minds to its own and secure universal favor for its pet systems and modes of thinking, and it is hard to imagine anything more likely to produce mental collapse and stagnation than the power to enforce this, with which recent legislation has endowed the heads of the great schools."

Below spilled out not long ago:—"There's all that nice stuff about Italy being the cradle of art, and so on. Cradle of art, indeed! Hump! So it was; but what of it