

NEW YORK HERALD

BROADWAY AND ANN STREET.

JAMES GORDON BENNETT, PROPRIETOR.

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AMUSEMENTS TO-NIGHT.

- UNION SQUARE THEATRE. VERRELL, at 8 P. M. C. R. Thorne, Jr. FAOLE THEATRE. VARIETY, at 8 P. M. PARK THEATRE. BRASS, at 8 P. M. George Favent Bowe. CHATEAU MABILLE VARIETIES. VARIETY, at 8 P. M. HOBNEY THEATRE. WAITING FOR THE VERDICT, at 8 P. M. THIRTY-FOURTH STREET OPERA HOUSE. VARIETY, at 8 P. M. FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE. PIQUE, at 8 P. M. GLOBE THEATRE. VARIETY, at 8 P. M. SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS, at 8 P. M. PARISIAN VARIETIES. VARIETY, at 8 P. M. GERMANIA THEATRE. DIE KARLSCHNEIDER, at 8 P. M. WOODS MUSEUM. WIDE AWAKE, at 8 P. M. George Franco. Matinee at 2 P. M. LYCEUM THEATRE. VAUDEVILLE, at 8 P. M. Minnie Palmer. THEATRE COMIQUE. VARIETY, at 8 P. M. WALLACK'S THEATRE. TEARS, IDLE TEARS, at 8 P. M. H. J. Montague. BOOTH'S THEATRE. HENRY V., at 8 P. M. George Rignold. TIVOLI THEATRE. VARIETY, at 8 P. M. BROOKLYN THEATRE. THE MIGHTY DOLLAR, at 8 P. M. Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Florence. TONY PASTOR'S NEW THEATRE. VARIETY, at 8 P. M.

TRIPLE SHEET.

NEW YORK, TUESDAY, APRIL 11, 1876.

From our reports this morning the probabilities are that the weather to-day will be partly cloudy.

NOTICE TO COUNTY NEWSDEALERS.—For prompt and regular delivery of the HERALD by fast mail trains orders must be sent direct to this office. Please free.

WALL STREET YESTERDAY.—Stocks were generally lower. Gold opened and closed at 113, with intermediate sales at 113 1/4. Money was supplied at 3, 4 and 5 per cent. Governments, railway bonds and investment securities were steady.

TURKEY at last reports a victory in Bosnia, but from the number of insurgents in the field there it would seem that the chance of their final defeat is remote.

THE WEAKNESS OF ALFONSO'S GOVERNMENT is shown in the strength of the Vatican influence at Madrid. Begging of Rome not to oppose liberty of worship in Spain will, if continued, lead to the kingship going begging again.

ICELAND is better off than was believed. The volcano-vomited pumice dust that was to destroy the pastures, on the contrary, makes the grass grow where it never grew before, and the islanders who were threatened with famine are found flourishing on fish. We are very glad to learn these things, as man attempted but little to relieve the threatened want which Nature, in her own mysterious way, removed from the sturdy people who woo her in her most repellent fashions.

MR. CONKLING AND THE PRESIDENCY.—The generous manner in which the Sun supports the claims of Mr. Conkling for the republican nomination shows a discernment and liberality which never appear to so much advantage as in independent journalism. Mr. Conkling represents the courage and discipline of his party, and so long as we have two parties in our politics the wisdom of independent journals in supporting the real leaders of each organization is commendable. More than all, we are glad to welcome the Sun into these high realms of politics and to the consideration of national questions from a national point of view.

ANOTHER PHRASE FROM GRANT.—Once more Grant has given us a phrase which expresses pithily and happily a thought and aspiration of the whole people. He is famous for his phrases. Several of them are inseparable from the history of the war. On some occasions he concentrated the programme of a campaign in an epigram; as when he said, "The Confederacy is a shell; or, 'I will fight it out on this line,' &c. His declaration to the republican party, that it was "time to unload," was of the same sort. Now he expresses, with a sense of impatience, his wish that the 4th of March, '77, were already here—in short, that he were out of office. How deeply and widely the whole American people are with him in this respect, how precisely he has given words to their thought in uttering his own, he can never understand.

ASSEMBLYMAN KILLIAN, the "Blue Line" legislator with "fine feelings," made a great sensation when he clamored for an investigation into the action of the Railroad Committee on the "No Seat No Fare" bill, which, like a heartless parent, he deserted when West, Whitson, "Nic" Muller and the rest of the worthies were throwing it to the wolves on the floor of the House. Never before did the dingy walls of the old Capitol reverberate to such indignant but, alas! hollow thunder. The days and weeks roll on and this thunderously fine-souled Killian, the wounded West, the sorrowing "Nic" Muller, the wilting Whitson mope about in silence and call not for the investigation they wept for some weeks gone. Have they applied the salve of Third avenue axle grease to their pierced bosoms? Do they know as much about that notorious piece of work as John Kelly and Channey Depew could tell them? It appears so.

Democratic Prospects and Candidates.

The expectation of the democratic party that it will carry the next Presidential election has a great deal to support it. The revolting exposures which have occupied public attention during the last two months ought to have a fatally damaging effect on the party in power, even if no more should be proved than has already come to light; and there is good reason for believing that the end is not yet. If the evidence of pervading rottenness should have no political effect the country is in a bad way, because public indifference to these disgraceful exposures would imply such a decay of moral sense among the people as would justify doubts of the stability of the Republic. If widespread and long-continued official corruption be not a sufficient reason for discarding the party in power there can be no sufficient reason; for mere mistakes of policy or bad judgment in measures are venial offences in comparison with swindling knavery and gross betrayal of trusts. We cannot think so meanly of the American people as to suppose that they will not be stirred with moral indignation at these thick-coming exposures, or that they will not attest their abhorrence by their votes. These disgusting revelations are likely to go on, and it is hardly conceivable that the democratic party will mismanage so egregiously as to blunt their effect. With tolerably wise strategy on the democratic side the republican party should be ignominiously defeated in the approaching Presidential election, because it has justly forfeited the power which it has so scandalously abused.

The contest for the democratic nomination will be active and vigorous, because, in democratic estimation, success at St. Louis will be equivalent to an election. The chances seem so favorable that Judge Davis, of the Supreme Court, though never a democrat, is more than willing to accept the democratic nomination. We should suppose that the experience of the democrats in going outside of their party for a candidate in 1872 ought to operate as a warning; but there are democrats weak enough to make a similar blundering appeal for republican support. We do not believe that a political party ever gained anything by such miserable trimming. It is always dishonorable to the candidate, as implying that he is willing to relax his principles for the sake of high office, and it is equally dishonorable to the political party which takes up such a candidate, as showing that it is composed of political buccanniers who are as ready to sail under any other flag as under their own for the sake of plunder. With so good a prospect of success as is now opened to the democratic party it would be absurd for it to take a republican judge as its Presidential candidate. Judge Davis is brought forward as a rival of Governor Tilden; but no democrat of sense and principle can hesitate a moment between a steady, consistent democrat and a renegade republican. If the choice lay between these two candidates no earnest democrat should countenance or tolerate the pretensions of the republican judge.

Another gentleman who has been much talked of and is supposed to possess some strength is Governor Hendricks. There is little to choose between him and Judge Davis, both of whom belong to the same type of trimmers. It is really of no consequence whether a man surrenders or stifles his political convictions to get the support of a party with which he has never acted, or to recommend himself to a section of his own party with whose views he has no sympathy. A man who yields or disguises his principles for the sake of office lacks the firm moral fibre which should be possessed by the Chief Magistrate. Sacrifices of principle and sacrifices of integrity are so nearly akin that there is no solid ground for confidence in the honesty of a statesman who has shown a willingness to barter his convictions for the hope of office. Governor Hendricks does not meet the requirements of the situation, for a Presidential canvass in which the main issue is reform of abuses should be led by a man who is conspicuously true to his convictions and his conscience. Mr. Hendricks has not a clean bill of moral and political health, and the democratic party would forfeit its most important advantage by nominating a candidate on whom his principles sit so loosely. Democrats of sturdy convictions and robust honesty would not care the toss of a nickel cent whether an outside trimmer like Davis or an inside trimmer like Hendricks were made the candidate. No man is fit to lead this great canvass on the democratic side unless the steadiness of his principles is a guarantee of the firmness of his integrity.

Davis and Hendricks being excluded there remain three prominent democratic candidates of conspicuous ability and sound principles—namely, Governor Tilden, Senator Bayard and Senator Thurman—any one of whom would make a vigilant and incorruptible President. Each of the three has some peculiar attributes of strength. In favor of Senator Thurman it may be said that he alone, of all possible democratic candidates, has a chance of carrying his own State of Ohio. If this chance were a certainty it should be a controlling reason for making Mr. Thurman the democratic standard bearer, for a democratic victory in the Ohio State elections would virtually decide the Presidential contest in favor of the democratic party. A democratic success in Ohio in October would be worth at least thirty thousand votes to the party in New York in November, and would bring an equal ratio of gains in every other State. If the chances are such that Ohio is worth contesting Mr. Thurman is the best candidate; but it does not yet appear that even he would have any certainty of recovering Ohio from the republicans, and unless this can be done Mr. Tilden or Mr. Bayard would be a more expedient candidate. If the republicans are destined to carry Ohio in October it is better that the democratic candidate for the Presidency should not have a peculiar stake in that preliminary local canvass.

If Ohio should be conceded to the republicans and Mr. Thurman's claim to the democratic nomination be ruled out the choice among the candidates who have as yet become prominent would lie between Governor

Tilden and Senator Bayard. Either of them would make a good President, and, according to present appearances, one of these two will carry off the prize. If Governor Tilden cannot get the nomination himself he is certainly strong enough to give it to Mr. Bayard. Both are statesmen of settled convictions and sterling integrity, and official swindlers would be equally scouted out of the government under the administration of either. Mr. Tilden would be a more sensational President, but Mr. Bayard would make fewer enemies. Senator Bayard's chances, whatever they may amount to, depend on the good will of Governor Tilden, and so long as the Governor has hopes of getting the St. Louis nomination himself he will not be likely to designate a political heir. But in the present aspect of the canvass he has a double chance for political influence; for if he cannot control the Convention in his own favor he may give the nomination to Senator Bayard, and thus assure the success of his principles and the pre-eminence of his personal influence in the new administration.

The Death of Alexander T. Stewart.

The death of Alexander T. Stewart cannot fail to create an impression in the commercial and business world which would not result from the demise of any citizen we might name. This effect is not so much in consequence of the vastness of his wealth and the extent of his business enterprises as of the force and vigor of the intellect which has ceased to work. In his case death robs the world of nothing that he amassed; but we are all the poorer in the fact that the power which directed all these vast concerns is no longer potent. Such a loss is the obliteration of capital, because it was the intellect, the foresight, the directing energies of this man which created the capital we now call Mr. Stewart's wealth. The loss of this wealth would not have been a greater blow to the commercial interests with which it is bound than the loss of the intelligence which made it increase its functions and multiply blessings wherever its influence was felt. It is too customary with the unthinking crowd to belittle the usefulness of men like Mr. Stewart; but without them the world would be a sterile and unproductive desert. They are the motive power which turns the wheels of trade, and Alexander T. Stewart more than any man of his time was the exemplar of commercial probity and usefulness and success in this country. There are many things to be said in his honor, and first among these is the fact that the fairness of his dealings was never questioned. When his business shrewdness was the keener his integrity was apt to be shown in its brightest colors. Those who dealt with him never had occasion to complain that they were his victims, and when he marked his goods down that he might sell to buy again he was obeying the law of morals quite as much as the laws of trade. It is by such devices and through men with the quick wit to adopt them that business energies and enterprises are kept from stagnation, and because of this merchants like Mr. Stewart are among the most useful and important members of the community.

We cannot stop to inquire what will be the effect of this man's death upon the business and commercial interests of the city. To do this would be to enter into the minutiae of his vast affairs and to estimate the exact value of the directing force which moved the vastness of his enterprises. At such a time we cannot do more than recognize the power which, until yesterday, was potent in all the business centres of the world, but to-day is silent as the inanimate form which is all that remains. From all that we see around us—those magnificent storehouses, and hotels, and theatres in Broadway, the growing city on Long Island, the mills and factories which his wealth was calling into existence, and the immense commercial activity which grew up under his guidance—we may estimate the character of the man to whom all these things belonged, not so much because he bought and paid for them as because he created them. Out of the little storeroom at No. 283 Broadway they all may be said to have come; but in fact they were coined out of this man's brain, and the value of all this property and these pervading business enterprises is, after all, but the work of a single mind, directing and controlling the forces which make society and government, liberty and happiness possible.

THE WITHDRAWAL OF STEAMERS from the traffic between this port and Liverpool, reported to have been agreed on by four of the leading English lines, points to an expected further falling off in the emigration from Europe to America during the present year. The tourists who may come to visit the Centennial Exposition, it may be plainly seen, are not expected to counterbalance in the smallest degree the loss from a diminished number of steerage passengers, who, from the way they may be stowed between decks, form the most valuable kind of cargo. The falling off in emigration may be credited to hard times in Europe and the exaggerated reports of harder times here, which have been industriously spread in Europe, particularly in Germany. The moral with regard to the Exhibition may shock Philadelphia somewhat, but the HERALD anticipated it some weeks ago. With regard to the emigrants, a single season of renewed enterprise, sure to come, will correct the reluctance of the toiling millions to turn their faces westward, and the flood of brain and muscle, as fertilizing to this country as the Nile overflow to Egypt, will pour over the land as before.

THE UNSATING OF M. ROCHER by the French Chamber of Deputies, on the ground that a letter from the Prince Imperial exercised an unconstitutional dynastic influence on the electors of Ajaccio, may be politic in France, but reads strangely here. We have not a spark of sympathy with the Vice Emperor or his pack of adventurers, but annulling the votes of the Corsican electors for such a reason is certainly straining matters to a dangerous point. In effect, too, we doubt its wisdom, for Ajaccio is Bonapartist almost to a man, and will probably re-elect M. Rocher or Prince Napoleon, and whether a Bonapartist comes as an avowed imperialist or disguised as a republican leaves very little choice of evils.

The English Mission—Mr. Longfellow.

We disagree with our neighbor the Sun in its estimate of the fitness of Mr. Longfellow for the English mission. It by no means follows that because a man of genius writes poetry he is not a practical man. Some of the greatest men in history, great in purpose and achievement, wrote verses. Frederick the Great wrote an incredible quantity of rhymes and quarrelled with Voltaire because he sneered at them. Yet as a king, warrior and diplomatist, Frederick stands first of his time. We do not know that Napoleon ever wrote verses; but he was fond of Homer, which showed good taste, and of Ossian, which showed that he was not always lofty in his tastes. John Quincy Adams wrote poems to the end of his days, and had enough many of them were. Lord Byron, whose fame as a poet was on the eve of what promised to be an illustrious civil and military career, when he died. The fact that he had written "Childe Harold" did not prevent the Greeks from offering him the command of troops. Goethe's verses are among the monuments of German literature, and yet Goethe was a Minister of State. In the history of our own diplomacy we have had no better service than that of Joel Barlow, the poet who served us in France, and Bayard Taylor, and George H. Boker in our diplomatic service in Russia. A few days have only passed since a poet was appointed to rule one of the largest empires in the world. If Disraeli sees fit to send Owen Meredith to govern India why should we hesitate to send Longfellow to London?

But why multiply illustrations? The editor of the Sun has himself, in his "Book of Household Poetry"—a book which is a mosaic of classics—celebrated the wisdom and genius of poets. The editor of this volume should feel debarred from criticising the nomination of a poet to any station, however eminent. Mr. Longfellow, unlike some who have written verses, is a very practical man, of common sense, clear judgment and experience. He represents a wide and generous culture. He has had abundant opportunities for studying the institutions, the literature and the politics of the older nations. A mission like that of England needs something more than a life around the lobbies of Congress. What an atmosphere Longfellow would take with him into the drawing rooms of London! His venerable, classical head, recalling to those who look upon it the noblest forms of antiquity, would be far different from some of the heads we have been sending across the seas. While, therefore, Professor Woolsey would suit us, while we should be happy to see Senator Morgan or any of the estimable candidates conceived by the Sun nominated to the Court of St. James, we still think that Mr. Longfellow would answer more conditions of fitness than any one thus far named. While objecting to the assumption that, because Mr. Longfellow has written noble and beautiful poems, he would not make a suitable Minister, we beg to congratulate our contemporary upon its renewed and enlarged interest in national politics, and especially upon the fidelity with which it follows the example of the HERALD in dealing generously with the real issues that come before the people. These are the higher realms of journalism, and the Sun, in entering upon them with so much enthusiasm and good taste, shows that it really shines for all.

Department and Gas.

Elsewhere in our columns will be found the record of the most noteworthy fact of these times. "Urbanity and courtesy" are now to be found in the offices of gas companies. They are strange things to be found in such places. Independence has been proverbially recognized as the great moral attribute of wood sawyers; and impudence and a general tendency to adopt an insulting demeanor toward a protesting public are equally known as the distinctive characteristics of all persons employed by gas companies. So it has been for a time from which the memory of man runneth not to the contrary; but now we hear that these persons are attentive; that they listen to what people have to say; that they admit the possibility that their complaint may be well founded; that they inquire into the matter. This change has been produced by kerosene. It seemed strange when people heard that the beautiful new colors in silks and ribbons, invented in these days, were produced from kerosene; and it seems a fact equally remote from the nature of this fluid that it should mend the manners or improve the heart of a man in a gas office; but it has evidently done both. By an article on gas, given elsewhere, it will be seen that greater wonders yet are to flow from the use of kerosene; for, through the invention described, it seems possible that every large establishment may yet make all its own gas.

Van Ranst on Cheap Cabs.

Van Ranst seems to be regarded as the magnum of the hackmen—the person whose consent must be obtained and with whom terms must be made before any change can be permitted in regard to the use of the street for cabs. He is evidently satisfied with things as they are. So long as the law will permit and the public will pay him he will be happy to fit up vehicles to carry a man or a woman about the streets at two dollars an hour, or at a dollar a mile, which would be about five dollars an hour. If he could keep his coaches constantly employed at this latter rate for, say six hours a day, or thirty dollars for each coach, the business would pay; not extravagantly, but so that a man need not complain. Indeed, if the public had to pay him five dollars a mile there is reason to believe that he could stand it. It will not astonish any one to find that this owner has an unlimited capacity for regarding any sum paid for any service as no more than sufficient, for was he not trained as to the expenditures of the public in the school of the Tammany potentates, who now patronize the omnibuses in Brussels or walk in Montreal? He was the Hackmaster General of the Ring days, and in all the accounts for carriages that figure in the municipal documents of those days he had an interest. No one suspects that when his bills were sent in to the city he made them higher or lower as the price of oats was up

or down. Perish the thought that a great hackman should stand on such trifles! But if the prices were adjusted, as were the prices in other bills against the city, with a view to dividing with the persons who audited the bills, then we can understand how the great hackman got his ideas up on the subject of prices. But we can assure him it is time to get his ideas down. The Ring is extinct, and the public mind is getting into that normal tone when people refuse to pay for any service a cent more than just what it is worth. Let Van Ranst be easy about irresponsible drivers. People do not mean to be victimized by them, nor by responsible ones either.

The Conviction of Fuchs.

After a short trial the butcher of Simmons has been convicted of murder in the first degree. Had the crime of the killing not been supplemented by the atrocious butchery of the remains the defence might have been heard to some effect. As the crime stood, in all its horror, the story on which the prisoner relied to save him from the gallows could not, in minds unused to fine legal distinctions, outweigh the inference to be drawn from the revolting means employed to hide the body of the murdered man. The instances of men frightened by the consequences of an act legally or morally justifiable into really criminal efforts at concealment are not unknown to students of criminal practice. These surround a case with great difficulty, for the color given to the first transaction by the acts that followed is often such that the truth is extremely likely to be obscured. In Fuchs's case the utter depravity exhibited in his mutilation of the remains of Simmons, his cunning, and the vile moral atmosphere in which the crime transpired, gave the same bestial color to his defence that a similar story told by a dog would have done. It could scarcely be expected to help him among ordinary men. The first ballot of the jury, we are told, showed that six of them totally disbelieved this story; that five accepted it in part, and only one out of the twelve in its entirety. That all of them finally rejected it and agreed to make the offence the highest known to the law shows that what may have been feebly grasped at first by some of them as the legal grade of the crime *per se* could not be defended by them when opposed to the strong reasoning of the majority based on the whole story of the killing, the mutilation and the concealment. It resulted in a verdict which will be accepted by the public; for, no matter how the story of the provocation has been received, no one will say that such a miserable wretch as the prisoner is too good for the gallows.

Rip Van Winkle in the White House.

It is not generally known, but yet seems to be established on competent evidence, that in the past seven years—seven is a mystic number—there has been in progress in this country, on a grand scale, one of those cases of oblivion that have so often attracted the attention of poets and philosophers. Irving has set what may be called the oblivion myth, in a popular style, in the story of that idle and amiable old reprobate, Rip Van Winkle. It was written in another age that a man walking through a forest heard the voice of a bird, and stopped to listen to the most entrancing music that ever smote human ears. He listened for a little while, as he thought, and then went on to the neighboring village; but seven years had passed in what seemed to him a moment of delight. This thought has, in short, reappeared from time to time in various forms, garnished with different fancies as the imaginations of the poets of different countries adapted each to the customs and comprehension of his own land—the ever applicable truth that a lifetime may slip away in what will seem but a moment in the reveries of pleasure, and that, by the man who is lulled in the delights of the senses, duty, honor and every vital obligation are forgotten. But, though this comes up in various forms in the hands of the poets, who would have looked to see it come up as a fact at the national capital? Yet that is the case before us. It seems that as soon as Grant reached the White House he fell into a modified form of this kind of oblivion; a lethargic dimness came between his vision and the world; lethargy seized upon the warrior's will. This fully accounts for the change the people noted in the character of the acts that were called Grant's acts before he went into the White House and the acts given out as his after that period. No effort was spared by men about him to guard his slumber—to perpetuate the trance that separated the hero from the world as it knew him. Babcock, the faithful secretary, kept a hop pillow under his head, and filled the air with the vapor of poppies and the drowsy music of well-poised flattery. Williams darkened the windows and packed the keyholes to keep out noise. Duties of this nature were divided between a dozen. And while they kept him in this slumberous condition they "ran him" as a piece of Presidential machinery. They made appointments through him—governed in his name. So it went on for seven years. Then came a democratic investigating committee and waked him up, and now he comes forth to aid himself in rags as to his reputation—an old man in a world he cannot recognize, and gazed upon by people who cannot recognize in him the gallant soldier whom they elected President seven years since—a man who has slept while the house he was appointed to guard and keep has been tumbled to ruins about his ears. As such a sleeper indignation might be fierce but for the pity that will rise with it, and pity might soothe his remorse but for the truth that pity is inseparable from contempt.

THE GENEVA AWARD.—The English government could not well do otherwise than decline to make any representations to the United States on the possible surplus remaining over after the legitimate claims upon the fifteen and a half millions of the Geneva award have been satisfied. If Chief Justice Cockburn was the government of England perhaps we might have some stirring despatches, to which we might recall Mr. Caleb Cushing to make reply.

Trouble on the Mexican Border.

The inconvenience of living near a gunpowder manufactory is very great, and the haste with which people who find one growing up in their midst remove from its vicinity or combine to have it removed may be applied to the state of mind in which the American citizens along the Rio Grande find themselves with a revolution in full blast on the other side of the river. Our despatches acquaint us with a very disagreeable condition of affairs at Laredo, Texas, and New Laredo, across the Rio Grande, where, after the perpetration of an outrage upon an American citizen, the Mexican federal commander had a fight with the revolutionists, in which stray missiles wounded four persons on the American bank. The revolutionists repulsed, the Mexican commander opened fire upon the American soldiers on this side of the river, to which Major Merriam, the United States commanding officer, replied by dropping two twelve-pounder shells into the Mexican town. These are acts of war on both sides, the exact responsibility for which it is difficult to assign at present, but as the facts are stated Major Merriam has the point in his favor of having acted on the defensive.

What occurred at Laredo yesterday may occur to-day or to-morrow at other points along the Rio Grande; and as the United States do not propose to move away from the river because of a few ragged cutthroats of one or other Mexican kind are fighting for supremacy in Mexico, the situation becomes particularly delicate. On the other hand this country is now in no mood to take the trouble of removing the Mexican boundary back to the mountain line. Hence it becomes absolutely necessary that measures should be taken to prevent the recurrence of these disagreeable episodes between the citizens of countries nominally at peace. This is to be done by keeping such a force upon the border as will overawe the fighting ragamuffins of Mexico and placing it in the hands of a prudent officer of high standing who can be relied on to make such dispositions of his command as will make rencontres unlikely. The whole business of official communication along the Rio Grande needs to be strictly regulated. We cannot, for instance, understand what right Major Merriam had to cross the river and bandy words with the Mexican commander. The gallant officer was probably led away by sheer motives of humanity, with which, as a soldier, he had nothing to do. It is hard, no doubt, that American citizens and soldiers should be shot at without replying in kind; but as we have no desire to see the United States hurried into war by such acts the government should take prompt measures to prevent their repetition. The President, his Secretary of War and the General of the Army will be held responsible for preserving the peace by prompt and dignified action.

PERSONAL INTELLIGENCE.

Florida makes 216,000 cedar pencils a day. Secretary Robeson has returned to Washington. Several republican papers in Iowa have come out in favor of Governor Kirkwood for President. Mr. Holman may, after all, be a formidable rival to Orth as candidate for Governor of Indiana. "Now, Mr. President," said Taff, "I mean to abolish these points and turn them into railway ties." Boston wants to be the headquarters of American art. She seems to be in a fair way to succeed. Old Tammany Hall boys were slain alongside the kord of bumast politicians who infest Chicago. Paris girls try to thin, avoid complexion-spilling soap and meat and wish to be transcendently pale. Colonels Whipple and Tourtelotte, of the staff of the General of the Army, reached Washington yesterday. There is a round of criticism because it costs \$1,500 a year to educate a boy at college, when it did not cost Daniel Webster's father one fifth of that sum for that statesman's expenses. The Buffalo Courier says that there are some Buffalo bills in the Legislature. This is untrue. There are only two genuine Buffalo Bills—one is in Canada and the other is Lieutenant Governor. Detroit Free Press.—The remains of yet another great city have been discovered on the banks of the Caspian Sea. It is becoming more evident that Cain and Abel and Gideon Welles had other boys to play with. The spirits materialized George Washington at a séance in Indiana the other day, and when one of the spectators asked him whether he was really the great hatcherer, our first President replied, "Dot his der kind of Hans en an." In Germany the telegraph wires are in future to be carried underground instead of being supported by posts. The object of this change is to prevent the interruption of communications which regularly follows upon a great storm. From Pin—Mary:—"I say, Mrs. McCarthy, this 'ere's a very bad cabbage." Mrs. M.:—"Share now, and is it, honey? Then pick another. Hiesz yer, young cabbages is like sweethearts; you must try half-a-dozen 'ere ye gets a good 'un." New Orleans Republican.—Married women generally get their letters when the time comes for them to push away their husbands' overcoats for the summer; and perhaps they will also find two or three which the gentleman was asked to mail the fall previous. Colonel Higginson thinks that only women are not horrified at political corruption, because their lives are remote from political knowledge and influences. But Tweed's and Pendleton's lives were not remote from such knowledge, and they were not particularly horrified. The Indianapolis Journal thinks that even the modesty of the South is not wishing to name the democratic candidate for President is dangerous, because a Northern democratic President would be ruled by the South after the manner in which James Buchanan was ruled. The Augusta (Ga.) Constitutionalist quotes and says:—They complain that at Fort Sill the frauds charged a dollar and a half for soothing syrup, about fifty per cent. ad valorem. But what do soldiers want with soothing syrup?—New York Herald. A large portion of the troops stationed at Fort Sill are infantry. The signs in California are that the independents will reunite with the republicans against the recently victorious democrats. This movement is hastened by the fact that the republicans are now the enemies of the Central Pacific Railroad, and are, therefore, working in the path marked out by the independents. Stanford & Co. are behind the democrats. The Newark (N. J.) Courier has become a morning paper. Thus the experiment of having an evening republican competitor with the sober, conservative old Advertiser ends disastrously. The stockholders never paid up their stock, and the editors were compelled to be lobbyists. There was a field for the Courier, but it never displayed any journalistic enterprise. Sir Stratford de Redcliffe, in his old age, after a life of great activity in Cabinet politics, turned himself toward religious subjects, and wrote a not very brilliant but pious book. Guizot, after his long political career, gave as a book of religious meditations, very mild and pious. Thurlow Weed, in his old age, attends the Moody and Sankey meetings regularly. Will he give us a book? Dr. Fayer's opinion is that, if systematic returns were kept, the annual number of deaths from snake bites (exclusive of all doubtful cases) in India would be found to exceed twenty thousand. A larger proportion of women, it seems, are bitten than men, showing that the women of the working classes in India are busier than their lords in the fields and other places where snakes are to be met with.