

NEW YORK HERALD

BROADWAY AND ANN STREET.

JAMES GORDON BENNETT, PROPRIETOR

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.

All business, news letters or telegraphic despatches must be addressed New York Herald.

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PHILADELPHIA OFFICE—NO. 112 SOUTH SIXTH STREET.

LONDON OFFICE OF THE NEW YORK HERALD—NO. 46 FLEET STREET.

PARIS OFFICE—AVENUE DE L'OPERA. Subscriptions and advertisements will be received and forwarded on the same terms as in New York.

VOLUME XLII.....NO. 132

AMUSEMENTS TO-NIGHT.

- WALLACE'S THEATRE. LONDON ASSURANCE, at 8 P. M. TONY PASTOR'S NEW THEATRE. VARIETY, at 8 P. M. UNION SQUARE THEATRE. CONSCIENCE, at 8 P. M. C. R. Thorne, Jr. EAGLE THEATRE. VARIETY, at 8 P. M. PARK THEATRE. BRASS, at 8 P. M. Mr. George Favestit Row. CHATEAU MABILLE VARIETIES, at 8 P. M. MATINEE at 2 P. M. HUMPTY DUMPTY. OLYMPIA THEATRE. PHILIPPIAN VARIETIES, at 8 P. M. MATINEE at 2 P. M. BEN McCULLOCH, at 8 P. M. BOWERY THEATRE. KELLY & LEON'S MINSTRELS. THIRTY-FOURTH STREET OPERA HOUSE. VARIETY, at 8 P. M. FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE. FIGUE, at 8 P. M. Fanny Davidson. ACADEMY OF MUSIC. GRAND PROMENADE CONCERT, at 8 P. M. GERMANIA THEATRE. KREUZFUER, at 8 P. M. GLOBE THEATRE. VARIETY, at 8 P. M. MATINEE at 2 P. M. WOODS MUSEUM. ROVING JACK, at 8 P. M. MATINEE at 2 P. M. BROOKLYN THEATRE. MAUD SULLER, at 8 P. M. Charlotte Thompson. SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS, at 8 P. M. THEATRE COMIQUE. VARIETY, at 8 P. M. CENTRAL PARK GARDEN. ORCHESTRA, QUARTET AND CHORUS, at 8 P. M. GILMORE'S GARDEN. GRAND CONCERT, at 8 P. M. Offenbach.

QUADRUPLE SHEET.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MAY 11, 1876.

From our reports this morning the probabilities are that the weather to-day will be slightly warmer and clear.

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

WALL STREET YESTERDAY.—Speculation was active but resulted in lower prices, and a sharp break in New Jersey Central and Delaware, Lackawanna and Western. Gold declined from 112 1/2 to 112 1/4. Money was loaned on call at 3 and 4 1/2 per cent. Foreign exchange, government and railway bonds were steady.

WHAT WILL THE TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND people who attended the Centennial Exhibition yesterday do with themselves on Sunday?

HOW THE KENTUCKY REPUBLICANS regard the canvass for the Presidency is happily told elsewhere in a series of interviews with prominent corn-cracker politicians.

WHAT JACQUES OFFENBACH has to say of things in general and the decline in French literature and French drama in particular will be read with some amusement on both sides of the Atlantic. "Il y a des gens—"

THE IMPRISONED FENIANS will undoubtedly run a better chance of liberation from the petition which has so far received the signature of one hundred and eight members of the British Parliament than from any previous effort in the same direction.

PRESIDENT GRANT'S ADDRESS at the Centennial Exhibition yesterday was sensible enough, but commonplace. It was without inspiration, and did not contain one sentence that deserves to be remembered. Imagine what Lincoln would have made of the opportunity! His speech at Gettysburg is written in golden letters in American history, and will endure as long as the republic.

THE AMNESTY QUESTION in France has evidently some troublesome possibilities in its yet. With unrepentant and unforgiving penmen like Rochefort on one side, and conservative fears on the other, and the great tide of public opinion anxious to hide the past by an Act of Oblivion in the name of the fair future of France it would require more delicate handling than in the exigencies and opportunities of party warfare it is likely to receive.

AMONG THE OLD PEOPLE.—The readers of the HERALD, when they have read through the account of yesterday's great doings at Philadelphia, can in a measure span the century that has almost passed since the Declaration of Independence was signed there by placing at the two interesting stories of the Delaware lady of ninety-nine years and the Irish citizen of Baltimore of ninety-two years, as told in another column. The spray of elm which Mrs. Denny received from the hands of Cæsar Rodney, and which now towers as a stately tree one hundred feet high, is wonderfully apt in its symbolism of the then and the now.

A "COMMON" THAT IS NOT A COMMON in any common sense of the word is the condition in which our costly Central Park finds itself owing to the Chinese restrictions placed upon the citizens, young or old, who attempt to enjoy themselves in it. "Keep off beds of flowers," "Keep off old gentlemen's corns," "Keep off the tails of old maids' Spitz dogs" would be sensible admonitions; but "Keep off the grass" is to the child as absurd and trying a warning as "Keep off the gate" would be to a hilarious farmer's son in the rural regions. Let the children play on the grass, O ye Commissioners, or plait up your pigmils and take the next steamer for the banks of the Yang-tee-kiang.

The Inaugural Ceremonies at Philadelphia.

The scenes presented yesterday in the streets of Philadelphia and at the Centennial grounds are reported in our news columns with a picturesque fulness of detail which will meet and satisfy the lively curiosity of the public in relation to an event which appeals so strongly to national pride and to the love of scenic effect. The weather, in spite of the threatening aspects of the morning, had all the brightness and blandness of a lovely spring day. The virgin foliage which is beginning to cover the trees of Fairmount Park has just reached that stage when its beauty is most refreshing to the eye, and a resplendent sun, shining on groves and river and on the glittering architecture of the buildings, supplied a setting for the moving picture of military and civic parade which heightened its beauty and impressiveness. In all that was addressed to the eye the opening was a magnificent success, and it is chiefly through the eye that such occasions produce their effect. There may have been less of a certain kind of pomp than attended similar inaugural ceremonies in the Old World, where the presence and trappings of royalty were among the attractions; but the one crowned head which graced this occasion is the one which we had the most reason to desire, because he is the sovereign of the most important nation on the Western Continent next to our own, and because, with his royal rank, he deports himself with the simplicity of a republican gentleman, who shuns instead of exacting the ceremonious etiquette which is alien to our institutions. This welcome is the more cordial by the fact that he is not only an American ruler, but that he shares with us in the noblest achievement of the century so fitly alluded to in those lines of Whittier's Centennial hymn relating to the fruits of the strong assertion of human equality in the Declaration of Independence:—

Whose echo is the glad refrain Of reborn blood and falling chain.

Not only that part of yesterday's proceedings which was merely scenic and addressed to the eye was a great success, but also the music, which, next to the pageant, was the most popular and inspiring feature of the occasion. The music, which is described to have been admirably executed, was heard and enjoyed by the whole of the vast and thronging multitudes; but the addresses could have been audible only to one or two thousand people in close proximity to the spot where they were delivered. They added nothing to the pleasure of the greater part of the visitors, and until they are perused in the published reports very few can know whether they were good or bad. They can hardly be regarded as contributions to the pleasure of the day and of the people present, but only to the pleasure of readers on the next day when they peruse them in the newspapers. In all the enjoyable essentials of such a day the opening ceremonies were a brilliant success—in the bright, lovely weather, the vastness of the assemblage, the good order of the arrangements, the military display, the gay profusion of waving flags, the beauty of the buildings, whose decorations appeared to full advantage, and in the presence of notable persons.

Of the intellectual features of the occasion it is not possible to speak with the same confident and unqualified praise. Mr. Whittier's noble hymn was the most creditable of these contributions. It has no faults of taste, no tawdriness, no mock emotion, and its tone of sentiment is in perfect keeping with the anniversary. In addition to these negative but important merits it is baptized in the very spirit of patriotism, and rises in some of its lines and some whole stanzas into a high strain of poetry. The allusion to the Argonauts is peculiarly striking and happy, as is also the thanks "for beauty made the bride of use." Even the lines that seem bare of poetical ornament have a fervid and condensed moral energy, admirably appropriate in a hymn written for so affecting an occasion, as, for example, this manly invocation:—

We thank Thee, while withal we crave The austere virtues strong to save, The honor proof to place or gold, The manhood never bought nor sold.

There is a whole code of national morals condensed into these energetic lines, which deserve to be deeply engraven in all hearts. The last two lines of the hymn are equally admirable by the lofty disdain of that flattery which is the besetting sin of poets on such occasions, and by the hint that our national character has great room for improvement. The whole hymn is suffused with a spirit which is more valuable than mere poetry, and is so chastely poetical and truly appropriate that it is not likely to be forgotten.

President Grant's address was well conceived, but it has some bad faults of execution. It is to be regretted that he did not submit it to some friend of more literary cultivation than himself for revision previous to its delivery. In tone and spirit it is excellent. It is entirely free from the foolish bumptiousness in which our patriotic orators are wont to indulge. There is none of the overstrained eulogy of our achievements so common with fluent phrase makers, who mount on stilts as soon as they begin to speak upon topics connected with our national history, and who seem to think that fustian is the proper language of patriotism. President Grant's ballast of strong sense protects him against spread-eagle nonsense, and he speaks of what this nation has done with becoming modesty and discrimination. He admits the superiority of some other nations in the arts of civilization. "Whilst proud of what we have done," he says, "we regret that we have not done more. Our achievements have been great enough, however, to make it easy for our people to acknowledge superior merit wherever found." These remarks evince sound judgment and an excellent sense of decorum. That part of the address in which he accounts for such defects as may be discovered in our culture, by the necessity we have been under of subduing the wilderness and providing for material wants, is rational and appropriate. But when he proceeds to state what may be learned from the Exposition he talks loosely and inconsiderately. He says "we have done what

this Exhibition will show in the direction of rivaling older and more advanced nations in law, medicine and theology; in science, literature and the fine arts." Everything but the fine arts should be stricken from this list. How "this Exhibition will show" what we have done in law, theology or literature passes comprehension. Even if all the works of American authors were to be put on exhibition in the Centennial buildings nobody would go there to study and compare them. We can exhibit the physical productions of the country, the machinery we have invented, the fabrics we have made, articles of dress, furniture and convenience, the good pictures and statues of our artists; but our jurists, theologians, physicians and men of letters must find appreciation through other channels and not through an exhibition of the productions of art and industry. It was not to be expected that President Grant would compose an address displaying the same exactness of knowledge which was possessed by the accomplished Prince Albert, but he might have avoided serious mistakes by taking the counsel of some judicious friend.

The opening yesterday, notwithstanding some slight blemishes and drawbacks, must be regarded as a gratifying success, and there is every reason to expect that the Exhibition itself will be worthy of so splendid an inauguration.

The Murders at Salonica.

Exactly how the train of events started which ended in the murder of the French and German consuls at Salonica we are not likely to learn. United States consuls are, unfortunately, not always models of discretion. They are often disposed to presume extremely on the importance of their position and to "take the responsibility" of proceeding in wholly unauthorized ways. This is rather more apt to be the case when they are not natives of this country and are only constructively citizens, but are, on the contrary, natives of the place in which they act as our consuls. If some man of small wit who has lived to middle age a mere nobody in a quiet place of Europe or Asia acquires the right to put the Stars and Stripes officially over his house he is very apt to regard it as a warrant that fully justifies him in the attempt to sit on the heads of the rest of the population. Nearly all the vagaries of our consuls that have brought them into collision with the people amid whom they live have originated in such mistaken endeavors, and it may prove that the statement of the Ottoman government is true, and that the people were provoked beyond the possibility of restraint by an unjustifiable consular interference, in which case they only did what would have been done by a mob in any country. Indeed, if the statement of the case that is friendliest to the Consul is true—that he rescued a Christian girl from Moslem captors—he was then engaged in performing the duties of the Salonica police force, and was hardly within the limit of consular rights. But if this officer were a thousand times wrong the acts that followed are not the less grave and compromising to the Ottoman Power. The consuls who were killed were not involved in the primary error, if there was one, and they represent Powers that cannot afford to let a case like this pass without an example that will protect in some degree the lives of future consuls. Turkey will, of course, give the fullest satisfaction for the outrage, both by extreme punishment of the rioters and by indemnification to the families of the murdered persons, in the hope to prevent the use of this fact as a complication of those difficulties in her administration that have already made her a subject of consideration with the great Powers. But the endeavor will be vain. However Austria, or any other Power, may try to belittle this incident in the attempt to sustain the Sultan in any conference or diplomatic negotiations, this new evidence that the local authorities in an important Turkish city are unable to control the fanatical impulses of the people cannot and will not be left out of consideration in reflection upon the methods for ameliorating the condition of the Christians who may at any moment become the victims of such fanaticism.

A Starving Communicant.

A card published in yesterday's HERALD related a dubious story about an "educated lady" who applied to Dr. Dix, rector of Trinity church, for relief during the past winter. The lady gave him, the card states, "references to some merchants in high standing down town," and, although said to be starving, did not call again on the Doctor for "a week or two." Finally we learn that this lady got up a dramatic reading, for which Dr. Dix is accused (!) of taking, and, we presume, paying for, two tickets. To all this is tagged on an attack upon Trinity church and its rector, whose native goodness of heart is sufficient answer in this community to any such injurious accusations as neglecting the worthy poor. We take pains in calling attention to this silly card because a deal of sham and cant lies at the bottom of it and kindred communications. Why the "merchants in high standing" should turn over their starving friend to Dr. Dix is a question not to be answered by a shrug of the shoulders. No one would lay a straw in the way of their assisting her, but it saves some trouble and a little money and gives them a chance for cheap indignation to send her at intervals to a revered pastor and then visit their own sins of omission on his shoulders.

The Scotch Rifleman.

The Scotch Rifleman have already marked out the arrangements for the selection of the competing team that will come to America to shoot in the Centennial match. A goodly sum has already been subscribed to cover the expenses, and Colonel MacDonald, who has been chosen captain, will undoubtedly head a formidable body of sharpshooters. We bespeak a hearty welcome for the gallant Scots.

The Bergen Tunnel Explosion.

The BERGEN TUNNEL EXPLOSION inquiry yesterday, while making it almost certain that the rendrock catastrophe was produced by design and by some one familiar with the process of ignition, also establishes that had it not been for the criminal carelessness of the contractor the diabolical design could never have succeeded as it did.

Can the President Abrogate the Extradition Treaty?

There is a passage in Secretary Fish's otherwise admirable despatch which assumes that the President alone, without the previous authorization of Congress, will annul the Extradition Treaty if Winslow is not surrendered. This is untenable ground. It will be the President's duty as soon as Winslow is set at large to communicate the facts to Congress and make such recommendations as he may think suitable; but his further action must await the will of Congress. Reason, sound precedents, judicial decisions and the opinions of writers of authority alike require this course. Treaties are declared by the constitution to be the supreme law of the land, and the President is not empowered to set aside any law. It has accordingly happened that when this government has desired to abrogate treaties, either for infraction by the other contracting Power or in pursuance of a provision in the treaty itself for terminating it by notice, the will of the government has been first declared by Congress and then executed by the President in pursuance of its instructions. Our earliest treaty with France was abrogated in 1798 by an act of Congress whose preamble recited violations by France, and whose enacting clause annulled the treaty in consequence of the infractions. When President Polk, in 1846, desired to give notice to Great Britain of our wish to terminate the treaty for the joint occupation of Oregon he asked Congress to confer on him the requisite authority. When the Canadian Reciprocity Treaty was terminated by giving the stipulated year's notice the same method was pursued, Congress passing a joint resolution instructing the President to give the notice. There is only one exception to this method of procedure, and the history of that exception confirms and gives emphasis to the rule. In 1864 the people of Canada behaved so badly that Mr. Seward, by direction of President Lincoln, gave notice to the British government of our intention to terminate the treaty limiting the number of war vessels on the lakes. But Congress at its very next session passed a joint resolution validating the notice, declaring that it "is hereby adopted and ratified as if the same had been authorized by Congress." That act made it very clear that Congress alone could enable the President to give a valid notice of the termination of a treaty.

The Senate Committee on Foreign Affairs, of which Mr. Sumner was then chairman, declared through him that "in their opinion a treaty may be regarded to a certain extent as a part of the law of the land, to be repealed or set aside only as other laws are repealed or set aside—that is, by act of Congress." In support of this view Mr. Sumner quoted Story's "Commentaries" and a judgment of the Supreme Court of the United States. Secretary Fish has managed this extradition controversy so admirably that we should be sorry to witness a departure from sound precedents in the final stage of the business.

Stock Operations.

A well known stock broker and eminent wit was once heard to remark that all worshippers in the Broad street temple wear "blinders." They see a little way before them, but can never avoid the dangers or seize the advantages on either side. The history of the Stock Exchange for the past two years and its aspect to-day are striking evidences of this clever truism. Its votaries blindly follow the operations of a few artful leaders, who, taking advantage of the chance condition of the market, move up what they are pleased to term "values" a few points, and the faithful remnant of the once large army of speculators rush in "where angels fear to tread," believing that the turn has come at last, only to find that, like the laboring vessel on a dangerous coast, they are led on to destruction by a false light—a lantern hung to a hobbled donkey.

The fact is that the day of stock speculation has passed. Watered stocks, scrip dividends and "corners" have done their work, the crop has failed and the grasshoppers have disappeared. The present generation have had enough of it, and the glorious old times that ended so disastrously in 1873 are not likely to be repeated in our day, or until a new generation has matured—a generation ignorant of, or willing to ignore, the lessons that we have learned and for which so tremendous a price was paid. "Flyers" are out of fashion, and one no longer hears the slang of the street in the mouths of the gentler sex who have "a sure point in Western Union," nor are club members ravaged and laid low by puts and calls on a safe thing at a dollar a share. Everybody who has anything is anxiously waiting for an opportunity to get out, and the desire to get in grows small by degrees and beautifully less; in short, it will be a long time before the unfrequented resorts of past speculation can again, like the crocodile in "Little Alice,"

Welcome little fishes in With gently smiling jaws.

That speculation will again revive in this essentially commercial community is certain; that it will be long delayed is improbable, but it is equally probable that it will seek new issues and new roads to fortune. The old ones have been ruined by mismanagement, greed, and, in many instances, by something worse. Meanwhile the daily papers continue their money articles as barometers of public opinion, some doing a "Signal Service," and financially following in the footsteps of "Old Probabilities."

The Drift of Political Discussion.

Political discussion, as represented in another column from the press of the country, shows that while the South does not wish to furnish the candidate for either place on the democratic ticket it looks for a strong and available rather than for a great man. It wants some one to win with. It likes Bayard, it has enthusiasm for Hancock; but it demands the nomination of Tilden, on the ground that he will carry enough Northern States to elect him. The California Democratic Convention occurs on the 24th of this month, and its Southern element will probably suggest Tilden, with ex-Senator Latham, of California, for the second place. The latter gentleman really represents the old democratic régime. Kentucky is very busy in politics, and Bristow is far ahead of any man in the affections of that State. All over

the West there is a disposition among democratic editors to regard Mr. Seymour as a man who will accept the candidacy if it is forced upon him. This idea is echoed by many democratic newspapers of New York State. In Ohio the county conventions are favoring old Mr. Allen before Senator Thurman. The fight for the Senatorship from Connecticut is very bitter, and both English and Barnum threaten a bolt for a compromise candidate. Barnum is the stronger man, but it appears improbable that either will be chosen. Since Messrs. Toombs and Stephens have favored Mr. Eaton, of Connecticut, as the democratic candidate for the Presidency the affairs of that State have risen in importance.

The American Challenge to the English University Oarsmen.

By our special cable from London to-day we learn that both the Oxford and Cambridge university boat clubs have declined the challenge of the Association of American Colleges to row a three-mile straightaway race on Lake Saratoga. Every inducement was thrown out by Mr. Rees, the representative of the American university oarsmen, to our English cousins to come and row this race, but in vain. The declination of the Saratoga challenge does not necessarily prevent a meeting between our college crews and the English university crews, however, as Cambridge, Oxford and Dublin, we are told, will be here to row in the Centennial regatta on the Schuylkill. No doubt the best men that can be had will compose the English crews, and the Irish crew already in training is known to be a good one. Now that it is ascertained positively that the British universities oarsmen will not row at Saratoga Lake, and have declined the challenge of the American universities, but will row on the Schuylkill at the Centennial regatta against all comers, let the American students who are so desirous of rowing prepare to meet them there, and from their university sixes select the best fours they can pick out to try conclusions with the oar on the waters of the Schuylkill.

The Hebrew Murderer.

The burial of Pesach Nisan Rubenstein yesterday closes the last chapter in a weird story of crime. From the day of his arrest, four months ago, it was instinctively believed that justice had laid its hand on the man who had committed the hideous murder in the cornfield. Every circumstance that has come to light in connection with the death of Sara Alexander has but deepened that belief, and the verdict of the jury upon the evidence was but the reflection of what everybody thought. It was a murder in which the cowardice was even more marked than the brutality. The wretch who howled and moaned and uttered long Hebrew prayers in his cell came of an ancient and a long persecuted race. Clinging to an old, old creed through ages, when scorn was the most lenient treatment they received, small wonder that fanaticism and superstition should grow among the trampled Jews of Europe to strange proportions and make them insincere and tricky in their dealings with those who had always treated them as objects of divine and human wrath. To mystic dreams and obedience to stern dogmas among themselves they joined a devious shiftness to the Gentile world. Of a mental organization clearly resultant from these sad conditions of his race was the murderer who died so wretchedly in his cell on Tuesday. The girl Alexander, his cousin, was with child and his wife was coming from Europe to him. He had offended against the Hebrew and the statute law. Intensely sensitive to the first, we know that by a compact with another Jew he proceeded to buy his way out of his sins past and to come in a manner rudely suggestive of the time when the sins of Israel were laid by the High Priest upon a goat sent to perish in the wilderness, and which evidently survives among his class in the Talmudic writings. To the law of the land he felt no such compunctions, so he took the girl to the cornfield one December Sunday afternoon and stabbed and hacked her till she died. He returned to his home, and, if we may be permitted to trace the course of his thoughts, his mind hung shuddering over the wretched form that lay outstretched as he left it; trying to figure to himself how it could be hidden away; how perhaps it could be buried with Jewish rites, so that there might be less upon his soul; how the gory show might be ended, so that he could forget it. All the next day wore on and the body had not been discovered. He must have begun to congratulate himself on the one hand, while his religious fears became intensified on the other. Between his worldly cunning and his superstition at night he laid the trap into which he was to be caught so fast that he should be taken out of it only as he was on Tuesday—a corpse. He told his father next morning he had dreamed his victim lay dead in a cornfield eight miles from New York, and the father, in his blind belief, repeated the story to ears without illusions. Of the subsequent bearing of the wretched creature in his prison cell, his prying, his lamentations, his curses, his wild oath in court and his fastings that finally broke down his miserable frame, we can only speak as the same mixture of short-sighted cunning and religious mania that led him from his first crime to his second and finally to his death. He escaped the gallows, but in the sight of the vermin-covered, emaciated corpse over whose face a sorrowing father drew the prison blanket there was evidence enough that human and divine law had been avenged. It was so miserable a death that the rope he deserved can scarcely be said to have been cheated. In many years no such crimes as Rubenstein's have been more signally punished.

The May Anniversaries.

ALTHOUGH THE Centennial rather monopolizes that attention that the public is disposed to give to celebrations there is at least the usual formal activity on the part of those organizations that believe the world is to be bettered, if not saved, by a yearly meeting of philanthropists of various stripes in this city. As the war abolished slavery the organization that agitated that great theme has indefinitely postponed itself and is heard of no more. But other themes remain. Temperance is the grand hobby ridden by several organizations; tract societies,

Bible societies and missionary societies collect their dimes with the usual assiduity, and if the heathen continues to rage notwithstanding, at all events some very pleasant and no doubt talented gentlemen enjoy fine salaries as presidents and secretaries. Woman's suffrage is the most congenial topic that seems to be left for the attitudinizing of the anniversary season; but the champions of the sisters do not roar with the vigor of the anti-slavery crusade.

Music at the Centennial.

The musical programme at the opening of the Centennial Exhibition was worthy of the occasion. The grand orchestra, which Theodore Thomas led, the chorus of eight hundred voices, the magnificent march in which Wagner paid the homage of his genius to American liberty, the cantata of Mr. Sidney Lanier, to which music was supplied by Mr. Dudley Buck, were all in harmonious with the grand event. But we beg to point out that the poets were not quite as successful as the musicians. Mr. Lanier is an intelligent poet and his verses have ideas and melody. But he seems to have made the common mistake of supposing that verse should be itself musical to be sung. Verse written for music should be simple, clear, direct and brief in its statements. For you cannot follow a complex thought when the words are warbled by a soprano or delivered with profound deliberation by a basso. Every great poet who has written successfully for music has made his songs direct and simple. For instance, take the national air of England; it is a series of statements, which are understood at once. Take the best songs of Burns and Moore, written in octo-syllabic verse. Burns tells us that his love is like a red, red rose, and Moore reminds us of the harp that oiled through Tara's halls the soul of music shed. To hear these lyrics sung is as easy as to hear them read. But when we compare Mr. Lanier's cantata with these masterpieces we see how far he has departed from the true method. He has written a beautiful poem, but it is obscure to the eye and must be unintelligible to the ear. The first stanza has ten verses in one sentence. The argument of the poem is not easily to be comprehended, and the language is harsh. We cannot imagine any vocalist singing this verse, for example:—"In thy large signals all men's hearts, Man's Heart behold." When we read such poetry, avowedly written for music, we are reminded of what Poe said of one of his contemporary poets:—"Mr. Channing calls this a song, and we should very much like to hear him sing it."

GRANT'S PUNISHMENT OF CUSTER is raising public opinion in a manner that cannot fail permanently to injure the President. It would seem that his treatment of the gallant Indian fighter at the White House, of which we quote an account from the Chicago Times, should have satisfied Grant's private anger. General Custer did not seek to testify at Washington. In his letter to Clymer he requested that questions for him to answer should be sent to him by mail. This request being refused he was compelled to obey a Congressional summons. The President's friends have endeavored to explain his action on the ground of military necessity; but his personal insult to General Custer shows that he was in a mood to seek revenge. If it was the duty of General Custon to call upon the President; and if he called, as he did, merely as a matter of military etiquette, why could the President not receive him accordingly? The President was angry, and there is no excuse for him. General Ingalls remonstrated with him for treating General Custer so rudely in the White House, but he sullenly refused to say a word in reply. The truth remains that General Grant is a personal enemy of General Custer, that he privately insulted him and that he publicly disgraced him.

Don Pedro's rapid journey to the West is graphically sketched in another part of the HERALD, and the interest which attaches to His Majesty's visit will repay a perusal of incidents in the trip which has only reached the public in outline.

PERSONAL INTELLIGENCE.

- Anna Dickinson is thirty-three. Saturday Review.—Englishmen dislike Victor Hugo. These cool, fresh spring showers make the milk taste better. Fendleton's family has returned from Florida to Ohio. Senator Morton enjoys better health now than he has for several years. A California hen is trying to go to the Centennial by laying four eggs a day. Dr. Ayer has gone South for health. Why not take some of his own medicines? Murat Halstead says that Morton will not rot a Northern vote outside of Indiana. Boston Traveller.—"Yesterday the thermometer stood at five paper collars in the shade." If a negro carries a razor around with him he is carrying a concealed weapon? Mr. Moses Grinnell, according to gossip, is soon to marry Miss Reed, sister of Mrs. Paron Stevens. General Hardee's old grove of orange trees, on Indian River, Florida, produced 2,000,000 oranges last summer. The Chicago Tribune says that during the recent floods the Mississippi towed had large floating populations. Hon. W. H. Barsum, one of the candidates for Senator from Connecticut, is a wealthy iron miner and railroad man. Grant violated a rule of rhetoric in combining two figures of speech when in his Centennial address he said, "etc., etc." John Morrissy, it is understood, has agreed that if Charles Francis Adams will find the candidate he will put "a head on him." The Topeka (Kan.) Commonwealth insists that the republican candidate must "stand right out in the sun." "If he does he'll get tanned." Senator Conkling is said to favor the idea that the Senate has no jurisdiction in the Beckman case; Senator Thurman inclines to the same view, while Senator Edmunds believes the Senate may go on with the trial. A pious father entered a Virginia City saloon with a horseplay one night last week and found his son playing euchre. He tanned the young man's jacket and sent him home, and then sat down and finished the game himself. Newspapers are waking up to the idea that this country is deplorably without candidates for the Vice Presidency. It is worthy of remark that both in the time of General Harrison and in that of General Taylor Daniel Webster lost chances at being President by not being made Vice President on the tickets with those elders. The Hon. Ellis H. Roberts, in a thoughtful article asserts that aggressive moral sentiments and criticism in this country are found within the republican party, precluding the formation of a new organization. But such men as Roberts, Schurz, Adams, Bowler, Seelye, Phelps and Halstead are errors and moralists without the fact or the faculty of organization.