MEMPHIS APPEAL

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THE MASS-MEETING YESTERDAY.

The Democratic party of Shelby county added nothing to its strength by the proceedings of the mass-meeting held yesterday at the Greenlaw Operahouse. The resolutions introduced produced a stormy debate, characterized by much wrangling and discord. In a previous mass-meeting the party had expressed its views on the State debt question, and there was no necessity for reiterating them. Apprehending the very strifes, disputes and brawls which disfigured the convention yesterday, the APPEAL opposed the adoption of any further resolutions, and it is a misfortune that its advice was not heeded, as the proceedings did much to disturb the harmony which had been inspired by the previous mass-meeting. But many of the best Democrats of the county thought it wise and expedient to emphasize and enlarge on the resolutions of the 7th of March, hence the introduction of the resolutions and the discord that followed. There can be no objection *per se* to the resolutions, as they are in general accord with those already passed, which fact made their adoption a work of supererogation. We have had a surfeit of resolutions. The delegates go to the convention hedged in with all sorts of resolves. But we feel assured that the sentiments of the State Convention will be in harmony with those of the Democracy of Shelby, and in obeying these instructions our delegates will reflect views which will no doubt control that body. The State Convention meets on Tuesday next, and it is charged with grave responsibilities. By conciliatory counsels and prudent action it can unite the Democracy of Tennessee and make it irresistible. But it is equally within its power, by pursuing an arbitrary and proscriptive course, to sow the seeds of discord and disaster. Between these two diverging paths no sagacious and patriotic Democrat can hesitate. The sixty-and-six bill was inspired by the Republicans, and passed by the Legislature, with the sole view of dividing the Democrats, electing Hawkins governor, and a Republican Legislature to elect a Republican as Senator Harris's successor. These results will be accomplished if the serpent of faction be raised in the convention. In the presence of such commanding issues and duties, what honorable and right-minded Democrat can hesitate? There must be no attempt to proscribe any element of the party. The action of the convention, if it be responsive to the popular voice, will be unanimously against the sixty-and-six, and for fifty-and-three. With a harmonious convention and a strong man for governor, the Tennessee Democracy will achieve an old-fashioned victory and make a final settlement of the State debt.

THE MADNESS FOR MOB LAW.

With shame be it said that since the first day of the present month no less than ten persons have been hanged in the United States by lynch law. This is a sad commentary upon the institutions of our country. Great evils generally approach by slow degrees, but never has an evil made such rapid strides as that of mob law, and unless checked it will soon shake and imperil the existence of the republic. Only a few years ago the lynching of one man on the frontier, where there were no courts and justice was tardy, lynching was regarded as a monstrous crime, and shocked the American people. But now ten men have been hanged by the mob in different sections of the Union in two week's time without creating any alarm as to the permanency of our institutions. From the blood of every man murdered by the mob will spring up a crop of armed communists and agrarians. Lawlessness undoubtedly begets lawlessness, and unless an end be put to mob law the whole country will soon be convulsed by the surging waves of threatening revolution. Men have been punished in the United States for every conceivable crime save that of lynching. In all the history of the country never has a lyncher, the leader of a lawless mob, been punished. Such immunity is an invitation to commit further crimes, and in a few years the people, if they desire, will not be able to put down the evil which they failed to exterminate when it first lifted its hated head. The lawlessness of the kuklux aroused the indignation of the American people. But this klan has made its appearance in almost every part of the country, and no effort is made to detect and punish the murderers. Lynching has become so common as to excite but little attention, and yet the crime is one which tends to subvert our whole system of government. It is high time for law-abiding citizens to speak out in condemnation of this growing evil and to suggest means for its extermination. Our laws must be vindicated if our government is to be maintained. It will never do to permit the mob—a gang of outlaws—to pass upon the guilt or innocence of the accused and to execute him at will. These are the methods of anarchy, of the savage, not of a government which recognises law and order. What have we gained by our civilization if the customs of barbarians are to supplant law? Society can only be preserved by the execution of the laws in the manner they prescribe. There is no crime more dangerous to our institutions than that of lynching. And yet lynchers are never punished, not even arrested. Lawlessness has made such rapid strides that the governor of a State has hired an assassin to murder an outlaw. It may well be asked, what is to be the end of all this lawlessness? Good citizens must unite in cultivating a deeper reverence for law and in a determination to punish the crimes of the lawless mob. Woe betides a people who contemplate with calmness and even satisfaction the almost daily lynchings which now disgrace the country.

THE CLOSING YEARS OF TWO CENTURIES.

There is something remarkable in the similarity that exists between the state of thought existing in the last quarter of the last century and the last quarter of the present century. A hundred years ago the elements were seething that produced first the American, then the French revolution, and, finally, the subversion of several of the governments of Europe, and sowed the germs of thought that have destroyed "the right divine" of kings to do wrong. So monstrously and degradingly had the Church identified itself with the state, so intimately had it mingled itself with the oppressions, cruelties and enormities of such kings as Louis XIV, that any attack upon the abominations of the state necessarily carried with it censure upon the abuses of the Church. In such a spirit Rousseau wrote; Voltaire denounced with far more ire and gall a religion which showed itself to his keen eyes in forms that dishonored God and hid Christ behind a veil of wretched distortion and superstition. There were alternate promises and threats for the life to come, but here kings and nobles were to rule and the masses to obey. Such religion shocked the minds of those who estimated the character and dealings of God as Christ had revealed him. Sagacious minds that saw religion made a political tool, hesitated not to denounce it, and Volney in poetic lines, Posna with incisive but shallow sentences roused up skepticism and unbelief. D'Alembert and the whole school of the encyclopedists carried the negativeism whose void is ever the foundation of unbelief, to the point of denying the existence of God and proclaiming the sufficiency of matter to produce all the phenomena, physical, mental and moral, that the whole universe contains. Now we have reached the closing years of another century, we find the very same denials and affirmations repeated. Politics are little disputed in principle. The doom of aristocracy is settled, the prevalence of democratic as opposed to aristocratic systems is assured. Quietly or tumultuously the work goes on that is changing, and will continue to change old institutions until government is recognized in every land as an institution valuable only so far as it is useful, and as constituted by the people for the people, and responsible to the people. With religion discussion is wider and strikes deeper. There is unrest and discontent among the people. Creeds, and confessions, and articles, and all the wretched gibberish of "theology" have been invented and constructed and thrust between man and his Maker, between the human soul and the gospel that was sent to enlighten and renovate it. Men do not see in the respectable, money-hunting, pompous, power loving religion of to-day a realization of the views set forth by the Nazarene, [illegible] edifices where no toiler shows his [illegible], nor poverty dares display its [illegible] see no meekness; in the rich and poor nothing of [illegible] brethren," and the "least [illegible] Christ. In short, they see in the religion of the day a mass of conventionalism, not that spirit of love to God and love to man that makes religion a life, overcomes the world, overturns its maxims, crushes its selfishness, and establishes a new earth whereon dwelleth righteousness. So the contest rages to-day, as it raged a century ago. The watchwords, and the signals, and the maneuvers of the contending armies are changed, but the battle is the same. Men have an ideal which comes from Christ, but they do not see in the Church of to-day a realization of that ideal, and they study positivism and agnosticism, and listen to the sophisms of Ingersoll, and the negations of Adler, to discover if, haply, truth may be somewhere found and rest for the spirit that becomes more perturbed as science opens to its views wider vistas of the universe that surrounds us. Truth is sought earnestly and with ardent longing, but can truth, it is asked, be found in a Church that cannot point to one country, one city, no not to one little village, and say that there every human being that has arrived at years of discretion is making the teachings of their leader the directions of their life? there all speak truth, all live uprightly, all manifest purity of heart and conduct; none seek power, show, or riches, and none are deficient in the necessaries and comforts of life; and they all love one another as affectionate families love each other; in sickness, misfortune and sorrow there is always sympathy, compassion is never wanting and help abundant and free is ever at hand when help can assuage misery. Such is the Church Christ spoke of, such was the kingdom of heaven He came to establish. Show us that and we shall know where the truth is. Your teacher said: "By their fruits ye shall know them," yet not even a little village is known where the fruits are habitually manifested. We look over the christian world and we see jarring, and chicanery, and everywhere selfishness seeking power, display and money. Within the Church itself, "the bride, the lamb's wife," we see disunion, strife, pomp, desire for precedence, self-assertion, denunciation, excommunication, law suits, exclusions, while the general tone of morality is not higher than that of the decent, conscientious, self-respecting citizens outside of the Church. Taken in its divisions or as a whole, we do not see the fruits your leader said his followers were to be known by, and this after nineteen hundred years of existence. So men observe and question, and in despair seek at strange shrines and from stammering tongues for what a bible undimmed by human inferences and speculations would teach if the veil-man's presumption and man's desire to make religion sanction his pride, his covetousness, and his utter selfishness were removed. As it is, the most solemn truths are questioned, the being of God viewed as a speculative idea, and man's immortality as a dream, beautiful but baseless. So the turmoil of a hundred years ago is renewed, and wrongs and contentions, and ambition and arrogance, and the unquenchable thirst for money, in the Church and out of it, goes on, and men yet grope in darkness for "the living epistles to be read of all men" fail.

ARE THE PRESENT STRIKES JUSTIFIABLE?

All the wealth that exists comes from labor. The greatest gifts of nature have no market value until labor has touched them with its fairy wand, made them accessible, and adapted them to use. Without labor what is the money worth of gold in the mine, or of fish in the sea, or of the soil upon the surface of the earth? When the products of labor are accumulated in any form of money value, those products are known as capital, and the possessors of this accumulated labor employ it in sustaining toilers while engaged in other labor. The two are therefore partners, the one producing wealth, the other storing and distributing it, and having nothing of commercial value itself but what labor has created. It is clear, therefore, that the profits on what is produced belong to the toiler and to the capitalist, and should be equally shared between them. The proportion which each should take ought to be settled by mutual agreement. Neither has the right to take what he pleases and leave to the other the remainder. That each may obtain his just proportion, each must have power to enforce his just claim. To leave either dependent upon the will of the other would manifestly be to invite wrong-doing. Where law interferes between the two, it should not favor one at the expense of the other. Here are the broad and easily understood principles on the basis of which all questions respecting the proportion to which the profits accruing from labor, conjoined with stored-up labor, which is capital—should be regulated. How do we find the division made in fact? This question is too wide to be discussed otherwise than in detail, and a detail we find in the New York *Herald* may now be used by way of illustration. Under plea of protection for American labor a vast communistic system has been established, by which the property of the people is heavily taxed to give communistic aid to labor, so that its returns may be ample for the wants of the toiler. If the advantages derived from this protective tax be taken from the toiler and appropriated for other objects than the protection of labor, then the object of the law is violated, and the continuance of the violation ought to cease. One year ago, says the *Herald*, the present scale of the wages of men employed in the manufacture of iron was accepted by the employers as reasonable. The monopoly enjoyed on the protection-of-labor system proved very advantageous, and profits were large. "The capital stock of seven mills is $3,260,000, and upon this sum dividends aggregating $712,00 were declared, showing an average profit of nearly twenty-two per cent. Since this favorable showing was made nothing has occurred in the iron market to indicate that the profits are any less to-day than on the 1st of January. Here, then, is a business that bears some resemblance to a bonanza. Twenty-two per cent. net profits is not realized in any other business in this city. Real estate owners are happy when they get ten per cent., and money-lenders find great difficulty in obtaining six, while many of them invest in government bonds at four per cent." There is the plain fact of the case, as given by a paper that cannot be accused of ignorance, and that is not usually found too ready to take the part of the weak against the strong. Now arises the question, does the labor get its full share of these extravagant profits, the share that arises from the partnership of toiler and capitalist? In the second place, does labor get what the country granted for its protection and benefit, when it constituted the monopolies by aid of which these extraordinary profits are made? These two questions the reader can answer for himself, and a true answer will declare whether the strike now making by the laborer's in iron is justifiable and proper or not?

SENSATIONAL LITERATURE.

The frequent sensational accounts of the daring exploits of the James boys has done much to familiarize the youthful mind with crime and to divest it of its hideousness. The life of Jesse James has been published in book form. The dissemination of such sensational literature ought to be suppressed by the proper authorities, as this sort of reading furnishes a text-book for the information of such youths as are naturally wicked and depraved. When villains are made heroes, crime becomes respectable. The recent murders committed by young Tibbetts, only fifteen years of age, can be traced directly to the reading of sensational literature. This boy murdered in cold blood two men, was apprehended and lynched by a mob, and he attributed his crimes to the result of vicious training. His favorite literature was the life of the James boys, the Younger brothers, the life of Billy the Kid, and when he could not get anything more blood-curdling he would ransack the bookstores for the sensational trash which furnish food for depraved appetites. The father and mother of young Tibbetts are said to be worthy people, but took no trouble to instill correct morals into the minds of their children, and the same old story is the result. The young desperado had read so much about desperate men that he faced death bravely, and announced that his crimes were the result of the sensational literature which he had been devouring with great avidity since he learned to read. This confession, and the tragic death of the boy who had murdered in cold blood two travelers in search of homes, should furnish food for solemn thought on the part of parents. It should inspire a determination to withhold from the young and plastic minds of their children vicious and immoral literature. The boy and the girl who continually read of the exploits of robbers, murderers and the licentious are on the road to ruin. On the contrary, those who read only such literature as inculcates morality, truth, purity and piety, will be sure to live clean lives. The New York *Star* shows that anyone may take ninety-nine out of a hundred boys in any of our cities to-day, who are allowed to select their own reading from the cheap and lurid juvenile publications, and you will find them yearning to be bandits, or buccaneers, or slayers of Indians. The primitive barbarian is aroused within them, and their thoughts fly out to scenes of bloodshed with a tigerish craving. In maturer years many of these boys, losing the chivalry of boyhood, become criminals and bullies. In the market, within reach of everybody's purse, there is plenty of good literature that is at once wholesome and interesting, that will improve both mind and morals, and that appeals to better instincts than those of cruelty and destructiveness. By cultivating in their children a taste for good books and periodicals and newspapers, parents will do much to guard their offspring from shame and sorrow. John Tibbetts thought himself a boy hero; he was really a silly imitator of Guiteau, and his aspirations for distinction ended in a dog's death.

THE NEGRO'S EDUCATIONAL DIFFICULTIES.

Reports of institutions are rarely interesting to parties unconnected with them, but the report for the year just terminated of the Hampton (Va.) Normal and Agricultural Institute is one that will interest any one who takes a pleasure in tracing the working of the human mind under peculiar conditions. The institute educates Indians and negroes, and the report in its details shows how these people receive instruction, and what there is about the workings of their minds that appears special. Most readers of the report, we believe, will be struck with surprise as to the light thrown upon peculiarities exhibited by the negroes in their painful efforts to make advances in knowledge, and where they have not been house servants, or in some way have been made tolerably intimately acquainted with the habits, conversation, surroundings and mode of living of the white people, those efforts have peculiarities most of us little expect. Miss Davis, the lady principal in the department of mathematics and natural philosophy, reports that the students on arrival, coming mostly from country places, rarely know more than the first four rules of arithmetic. They have little command of language and small reasoning power, and at first are unable to analyze the problems. The teacher has to explain to them orally, for they learn slowly from books. The reason why books prove of such slight aid is worthy of remark. The number of words in the vocabulary of an ordinary negro are very few, and their pronunciation commonly differs greatly from that indicated in our ordinary, complicated, irregular way of spelling the English language. The books are not, therefore, as comprehensible to them at fourteen or eighteen, as they are to our children. The latter usually know the words and have only to know how to recognize by the eye what they are more or less familiar with by the eye. To the negro who has mixed with negroes only, the greater part of the words themselves are as unknown as if belonging to a foreign tongue. When beginning early enough there is no want of capacity, nor does more or less depth of color show any difference in point of intellect, or on the average of quickness or dullness. The difficulty is in the language of books; in the use of words literally, figuratively, technically, idiomatically, and so on. The Indian has the whole language to learn, but the negro has much of the language he has acquired to unlearn. It results from this that when persons who have not reflected upon the peculiar position in which the negroes' defective and erroneous home educating has placed them, endeavor to instruct them, they are almost sure to make the mistake of attributing the negro's privation of the knowledge that is familiar to the firesides of the white, and the consequent apparent dullness in understanding books, to a natural incapacity that does not exist. Isolate white children; let them hear but few words, and those restricted to their most obvious senses; let a great portion of the words of their language be utterly unknown to them, and let them speak a dialect only, and they would experience exactly the same difficulty. A London preacher, who had officiated for a friend in the country, at the conclusion of the service told his friend, on their way to the parsonage, that he had, at least, been careful to obey his instructions to use only the simplest words, such as all understand. The clergyman accosting a passing parishioner, inquired whether he had understood the stranger's sermon. "Well, pretty well, sir," was the reply. "Several times the gentleman spoke of 'felicity;' John what is 'felicity?'" "I am not sure as I knows rightly, but I think its summat inside of a pig." Such ignorance is not unusual in England. The negro has a little more of it, that is all. But we see by this that the negroes start on the race for knowledge heavily weighted. As they proceed with their arithmetical studies they usually become deeply interested, and will not take a step without knowing why. Natural philosophy interests them also, and to a surprising degree, everything is so new to them, and they begin to want to know "the philosophy" of everything they see. But they find it difficult to learn to state what they know, or want to know, as their minds have not been trained to think consecutively and logically. If their studies could be extended so as to include geometry, with its clear methods of stating premises and reasoning from them, it would be of infinite advantage to their unskilled minds. Each household among us discuss occurrences and things seen and heard, causes are inquired into, consequences are foreseen, inferences are drawn and conclusions are arrived at as to what shall be done or avoided under such-and-such circumstances. It is not so in the negro cabin. Incidents as wholes and as composed of details impress the imagination, or perhaps arouse the emotions, but do not set the reasoning faculty at work to separate what is distinct, contrast what is different, and catch sight of resemblances, as is the daily and often unconscious habit of those who, from the cradle, have been accustomed to have the reasoning faculty brought into play. To understand the disadvantages the average negro has to contend with helps us to understand much in him that had baffled and bewildered us. In learning grammar the negro finds committing the verbs to memory a very difficult task; it is different to anything he has a notion of, or if there is a notion that notion is a hindrance, because it is an error. "He were pleased," "I tries to do it," and so on, require much trouble to correct. When the puzzled students begin to perceive what the grammar is teaching them they become enthusiastic in the study, and are merciless critics of each other, with many disputes about correctness to refer to the teacher. As a specimen of the manner their ignorance of the words of our language obstruct them with difficulties, the following occurrence is mentioned: A pupil in geography cannot understand the question: "Into what waters do the rivers flow that rise on the western slope of the Alleghanies?" He has looked in the map, but that has not removed his difficulty. The teacher set up on its edge a half-opened book; the pupil points out on which slope the river rises, and also in what direction the Atlantic lies. "If, then, the river rises near the top of the western slope, in what direction do its waters run?" The strange reply is given: "Into the Atlantic ocean." "But the Atlantic is on the other slope; did you ever see rivers run up hill?" "I never did; but the book says—they *rise!*" His own idea was correct enough, but he could not undertake to correct the book, and the book spoke of the rivers as "rising," and if they rose they ran up the mountain. So it looked to the youth, whose trouble was not about the thing but about the word "rise," whose import he only imperfectly comprehended. The whole testimony of the Hampton teachers shows that negroes can be taught as readily as other people, if instruction begin early and the child is away from its family, and that when the negroes generally are sufficiently instructed to talk and read like other people their fireside conversation will prepare the young for school as the white children are prepared by the same process.

What the South Pays the North for Food.

Atlanta (Ga.) Constitution.

It has been ascertained that the South has this season paid to the North $55,000,000 for wheat, $50,000,000 for corn, $72,000,000 for meats and about $25,000,000 for hay, butter, cheese, oats, apples, potatoes, etc. The North, in other words, draws on us for about $200,000,000 a year to liquidate bills that should not have been made. This sum is far more than we can afford to pay for bread and meat, if we wholly depend upon cotton. This drain has impoverished us, and from bitter experience we have at last learned to do better. The North will next season be able to take from us over $100,000,000 on account of provisions and grain, and a year later the South should be fully self-sustaining. It must be done if there is to be any real independence in the South.

FREAKS OF CRIME.

The Gutermuth Murder in New York Still Enveloped in Mystery—The Coroner's Inquest.

An Injured Husband's Horrible Revenge—A Wabash Scandal—Spicy Divorce Suit.

TOLEDO, June 17.—Charles Bachs, who murdered his wife in October last, has been convicted of murder in the first degree and sentenced to hang October 13th. His family lived on a farm near Milton Center, Wood county. Bach and wife had frequent quarrels, during one of which he attacked and killed her with a corn-cutter.

A TERRIBLE REVENGE.

AN INJURED HUSBAND HORRIBLY MUTILATES HIS WIFE'S SEDUCER.

DETROIT, June 17.—Eugene Webster, a resident of Bedford, Calhoun county, having reason to suppose that Stephen Tarbell, his hired man, of having been too intimate with Mrs. Webster, taxed him with it, and at the muzzle of a pistol forced from him a confession. He then tied Tarbell and castrated him. The victim cannot recover. Webster has been arrested.

WAR ON GAMBLERS.

THE AUTHORITIES OF MILWAUKEE DETERMINED TO CLOSE THEM OUT.

MILWAUKEE, June 17.—The chief of police, by direction of the mayor, issued an order that all gaming and gambling houses of every kind should be closed up from date. All keepers and inmates are to be arrested and dealt with according to law on notice. He assures the press and people that there is no double meaning to the order, but that it means extermination for the gamblers.

PUGILISTIC.

THE AUTHORITIES HUNTING UP WEEDEN AND MALONEY.

PITTSBURG, June 17.—The authorities of Columbiana county, O., are hunting up Weeden and Maloney on account of Thursday's prize fight. Weeden left this city for Philadelphia yesterday, and Maloney is hiding at some place. It is probable that the Campbell and Walling fight, which was to come off on the 26th instant, will be interfered with. The principals will be notified that they cannot remain in training in Allegheny county. What they will do about it is another question.

MURDER AT SEA.

A SHIP'S CAPTAIN KILLED BY THE CHINESE STEWARD.

NEW YORK, June 17.—The ship Freeman Clark arrived to-day from Calcutta. The chief mate of the ship reports that while the captain, James Dwight, of Springfield, Mass., was asleep in his berth, he was attacked and literally hacked to pieces with a hatchet by the Chinese steward of the vessel. The Chinese cook also attacked the chief officer in his cabin, who, though badly wounded, grappled with his assailant and raised the alarm, whereupon the crew rushed to his assistance and killed both Chinamen, throwing their bodies overboard. The ship was brought to this port by the chief officer. No cause is assigned for the murderous attack, the captain being a general favorite.

A "DAISY" WIFE.

SPICY DEVELOPMENTS BROUGHT OUT IN A DIVORCE SUIT.

CINCINNATI, June 17.—Edwin Bowman, of this city, has brought suit for divorce from his wife, Eliza Bowman, on the ground of extreme cruelty. Bowman alleges in his petition that two years ago his wife struck him on the head with a poker. One morning in July, 1881, he was awakened from his slumbers with pains in his feet and legs, caused by his wife beating him while asleep. This laid him up for weeks, and during his illness she put a hot brick to his feet while he was asleep, and then left him alone and helpless. The brick set fire to the bed, and but for the fortunate appearance of a friend he would have been cremated. In February last she put Paris green in his tea to poison him, but begged him not to say anything about it. Bowman further alleges that he considers his life in danger with such a wife, and prays the court for a legal separation.

ABDUCTED.

A CASE IN MANY RESPECTS SIMILAR TO THE ZOE WATKINS SENSATION.

DENVER, COL., June 17.—A special from Colorado Springs says: "A man by the name of Gansen, *alias* William Brown, was arrested here to-day for abducting Hattie Finch from her home in Chicago. The case is in many respects similar to the Zoe Watkins sensation. Miss Finch having left her home in Chicago Saturday last to visit a neighbor, she was under some pretense enticed to accompany Brown and a procuress, who acted as an accomplice, to the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy depot, and brought to this city. They were followed by J. S. Bell, a brother-in-law to the girl, who was informed at Pueblo that a man and a woman with a girl in their possession had come to this city. He arrived this morning, had Gansen placed in custody, and returned to Chicago with the girl this afternoon. The girl comes from a very respectable family, and tells a heartrending story of her experience with her abductors. Gansen will be held for a requisition from Illinois."

A WABASH SCANDAL.

A YOUNG GIRL RUNS AWAY WITH A MARRIED MAN.

WABASH, IND., June 17.—Quite a social sensation is now agitating the people in Wabash and vicinity. Annie, the young and pretty daughter of Calvin King, a leading farmer, eloped with a married man named Daily, who hails from Newcastle, Ind. Miss King has been teaching school near her home, and fell in with Daily, who was traveling under the assumed name of Carlisle. Last night he called upon her, and after the girl's parents had retired she packed her trunks and skipped with the scamp, leaving a note on the table informing her mother that, knowing she could never secure her father's consent to the union, she had taken this course to communicate. Miss King had saved $200 in money, and this she took with her. Her parents did not know of her departure until this morning, and an officer was sent after the pair in hot haste. They were last heard of at Indianapolis, and will likely be overtaken. Daily, after ruining the girl and getting the money, will abandon her, as he is known to be a villain. Miss King has always been considered one of the most refined and elegant young ladies in the country.

THE GUTERMUTH MURDER.

CORONER'S INQUEST COMMENCED—THE AFFAIR STILL WRAPPED IN MYSTERY.

NEW YORK, June 17.—The coroner on Thursday last began his inquiry into the cause of the death of Mr. Louis W. Gutermuth, and, so far from throwing light upon the identity of his mysterious assailants, when the inquest was adjourned for the day the perplexity of the police was even more apparent than it had been before. Mrs. Hawks was confronted in the court-room by the two prisoners, Robert W. Clapp and Imley, the private detective, and failed to identify either of them. Mrs. Hawks was admitted to bail, and Clapp and Imley are still held as prisoners. Mrs. Laura B. Sherwood, living in apartments on the west side of the city, told a *Times* reporter to-day that she had known Mr. Gutermuth about six months before his death. He visited her at her apartments at 10 o'clock last Saturday morning, the day before he died. His head pained him greatly, and he was very weak, but he did not think he was going to die. He sat down on a couch, and was given a pillow to lay his head upon. When the subject of the assault was mentioned, he expressed his willingness to tell all about it. He said that he was accompanying Mrs. Hawks to her home, and intended to leave her at the door. While walking up Seventh avenue, and as they were approaching Fifty-seventh street, Miss Hawks said, "We are drugged." Gutermuth suggested that they should turn into Fifty-seventh street to make sure that they were followed. They did so, and just as they turned the corner the man came up close to them and addressed a remark to Mrs. Hawks. Mr. Gutermuth confronted the man, and was about to say, "What do you want?" but, before he could utter the words, the man struck him. Gutermuth thought the blow was dealt with a pair of brass knuckles. His lip was cut open and he was knocked down. He fell heavily, and his head struck with fearful force on the curbstone. Before he could arise he was struck across the nose on a level with the eyes with what he judged to be a club. He attempted to regain his feet, but as he raised himself upon his elbow and was wiping away the blood which had flowed from his wounds into his eyes, he was hit upon the side of the head with what felt like a sand-bag, but he was dazed and he could not tell exactly what kind of a weapon it was. When the blow landed upon his head Gutermuth lost consciousness, and when he recovered his senses he found himself in the Roosevelt Hospital. Gutermuth expressed the belief that he was mistaken for Dr. Mortimer Clapp, but he did not state his reason for this conclusion. He said that he had no idea who the person was who assailed him, and could not identify him if he was brought face to face with him. He did not have a single enemy that he knew of, and he was sure that the blows were not intended for him. He saw only one man, and was constrained to think that only one was engaged in the act. Inspector Byrnes said to-day that the police had been vainly searching for two weeks for a man who went under the name of Russell, who was with Miss Clapp, the companion of Mrs. Hawks, on the night of the assault. For some time past the man has been a frequent visitor at the Rossmore Hotel. He seemed to know Dr. Clapp very well, and called to see him about 2 o'clock Monday afternoon. He went into the hotel, and, going to the desk, took a blank card from the case. He wrote on it in a bold, flowing hand, "Mr. Russell," and asked the clerk to send it to Mr. Clapp's room. Hearing at that time that detectives were watching the flat where the woman lived, he disappeared, and has not been seen since. Mrs. Hawks has the reputation of being a very fast woman. When she left her first husband she went to San Francisco with Cornelius Stagg, and with him established a very pleasant resort near the city, and soon made money. The house was well equipped, and one of the attractions of the pleasant surroundings was a lake a mile long and half a mile wide. One of the recreations of wealthy San Francisco people was to drive out to Stagg's and have a good time. Here Josephine became a showy blonde, thanks to a skillful wigmaker, and an adept at shuffle-board. Stagg tired of her and drove her to seek bad companions by gambling and consorting with a disreputable woman. The hotel ran down, and Josephine became acquainted with a young Englishman who introduced her to Hawks. His wealth attracted her and she prepared to go East with him. After thrashing her successor in Stagg's affections in the public streets, she defied Stagg, and he accepted the situation. It is asserted positively that Stagg knowing of Hawks's relation with his reputed wife, borrowed $1000 of him. A few weeks after this transaction, on the 23d of May, of 1877, Josephine and Hawks came eastward. She told her friends that she was divorced from Stagg and had married Hawks. They lived luxuriously in New York, and had summer headquarters at Coscob, Conn., and Saratoga. Not long ago she sent Stagg $1000 obtained from Hawks. Stagg is reported to have reached the level of a hoodlum.

Deputy-Coroner Messenger received this evening an anonymous letter from some person claiming to be a personal friend of Mr. Hawks. The writer declared that Mrs. Hawks was not married to his friend, and had no claims upon him. The writer explained his theory of the Gutermuth murder to be that Mrs. Hawks got into a quarrel with Mr. Gutermuth and struck him a blow on the mouth with her parasol. Then Mr. Gutermuth tripped and fell, rose, and was again struck by his companion, when he fell a second time and fractured his skull. In support of this theory the writer declared that Mrs. Hawks had a violent temper, and had struck and stabbed men. She tried, he declared, to kill Mr. Hawks with a dagger when they were living at No. 194 or 196 Madison avenue. The writer withheld his name, he added, because he disliked to be brought into such unpleasant affairs.

MEDICAL MISTAKES.

The Blunder the American Medical Association Made in Not Indorsing the Medicos of New York.

The Strength of the Homeopathists Can Neither be Denied Nor Derided—Facts and Figures.

CINCINNATI, June 16.—"Gath," in a special to the *Enquirer*, says: "I was speaking with an eminent physician of this city to-day about the action of the National Medical Convention in refusing admission to the New York delegates because they consulted homeopathists. He said: 'Nothing could better show the advance in liberality, and incidentally in knowledge and wisdom of the profession in New York over the rest of the country than this ridiculous action. Yet country doctors are not to be scouted. They were honest. Not being thrown into the variety and character of practice that the profession here has, they of course adhere to their old prejudices, just as politicians down in the country keep their intolerance after city people have given it up. Homeopathy, at the time when the regular practitioners refused to consult with its devotees, was a very crude, empirical thing. But so is medicine, for all that. The men who assume the least for medicine are those who know it most. The science is developed just far enough to show us the huge chasm between what we can do and what we do not know. Homeopathy in the intervening years has raised itself to consideration among thousands, I might almost say millions, of wise people. In a large city like this we are called by some respectable family to a consultation with their homeopathist, who has been liberal enough on his part to ask that we be sent for. We walk in the room and say we will have nothing to do with life and death unless that man goes out. Now, we neither can afford it in New York, nor do we propose to be so dogmatic and betray our boorishness. We know that the man on the other side has had a medical education in a college, and is as well acquainted with the anatomy as we are. As far as sending our delegation away from the convention is concerned, it is laughable. You see, many of those country doctors never went to a National Convention before, and they feel very much elated.'

"Well," said I, "it is said that the New York men take the homeopathists in because they are specialists in New York."

"Well, it is true that in the delegation which left the convention there were several men who make large sums of money in special branches. The tendency of medicine nowadays is toward specialties. But a man cannot be a specialist of any consequence unless he has pushed far ahead of the usual trade of doctors, and, after he has been completely educated at the college, continues his reading and experiments in the direction of his specialty. One of the men put out of the convention was prominent in skin diseases, and another in venereal diseases. I attend chiefly to eye and ear diseases. I have sat up many a night reading and experimenting when these country doctors were riding around in their gigs."

"Who makes the most money of any practitioner in New York?"

"I suppose that Loomis is in the general practice of medicine, but he has a high reputation as a consulting physician, and is sent for in prominent cases by the family doctor. He told me that last year he made between the 1st of January and 1st of July $200 a day, which is at the rate of $70,000 a year."

"How much do you charge?" said I to my friend, who is not a hardfisted man.

"Why, I charge $5 for an office visit, unless I make an examination as to the patient's condition. The best chance we have to pick up money is in an amputation."

"Well, how much do you charge to cut off a man's arm?"

"That depends very much on the patient himself—his means, etc. About $250 is a pretty fair charge to amputate an arm."

"What will be the end of this quarrel about the homeopathists?"

"Why, it can only have one termination. Liberality will grow, and finally the last of the Bourbons will give way."

The late Dr. Bumstead, who wrote one of the widest-circulated medical books ever known—that on venereal diseases—and who died wealthy, was assisted in the last edition by Dr. Robert Taylor, who is now at work on a final and magnificent edition of that celebrated work.

STRENGTH OF THE HOMEOPATHISTS.

As to the merit of the differences between allopathic and homeopathic physicians we are in profound ignorance. In view of the action of the Allopathic Association in excluding the New York delegation from its National Convention for having recognized the homeopathics as doctors, the strength of the latter in the country has become of prime interest. The Homeopathic National Convention is now in session at Indianapolis. The American Institute, as the national organization is called, consists of representatives of 265 institutions and 7000 physicians. The total is made up of: General associations, 4; State associations, 26; local societies, 102; clubs, 13; miscellaneous societies, 5; general hospitals, 26, with 645 beds; dispensaries, 36; 100,000 patients; colleges, 12, with 430 graduates the past year; schools 3, and journals, 16.

How long can the regular school of physicians afford to brand as quacks or pretenders so large a body of men? Any school of science, medicine or letters boasting twelve colleges with 430 graduates each year, seems to the uninitiated, worthy of respect for their growing learning if not for the wisdom of their doctrines.

STUPID MEDICOS OF MASSACHUSETTS.

Boston *Advertiser:* "The proposition about the admission of women to the Massachusetts Medical Society has been postponed, although the majority of the fellows might seem to favor the recognition of properly qualified female doctors. The councillors, however, are strongly opposed to such recognition, and as the by-laws of the society cannot be changed, save upon the advice and consent of the councillors, the women who wish to join the Massachusetts Medical Society must either wait or enter associations which the regular members of the profession repudiate as unworthy of recognition. This is rather hard on the few women who wish to practice medicine in Massachusetts and are willing to be tested as male practitioners are. It seems, also, that the physicians of Boston are particularly opposed to the recognition of women as medical practitioners, while the country doctors are somewhat less set in their pleasure. The vote of the councillors postpones the question 'indefinitely;' but such matters have a way of coming up annually until they are decided, and in this case an affirmative decision is merely a question of time. Whatever the profession and the laity may now think of female doctors, in ten years the matter will stand differently, and meanwhile it is quite useless to think such a matter of form excessively interesting or important."

An Actor's Dream.

Life of Mrs. Duff.

Mrs. Duff and her husband sailed from Boston on the ship New England for Liverpool, on the 4th of December, 1827. Steam packets were yet unknown, and at that period of the year it may be imagined that the voyage was not over pleasant or very speedy. After Mr. Duff had taken passage, he was disturbed by a dream, in which he beheld the destruction by shipwreck of the vessel in which he was to sail. This made such an impression upon his mind that he changed his tickets for those on a packet to leave at a later date, in which he and his wife reached their destination in safety; but in Liverpool he learned that the former ship had not yet arrived, nor was she ever heard of again. The story of this dream has been converted into quite another shape, and has been told in print as follows, by the late Count Joannes: "Mrs. Duff, after her widowhood, had formed an engagement of marriage with Mr. Conway, the tragedian, who soon after sailed for Savannah. A few nights after his departure the apparent ghost of the tragedian appeared to Mrs. Duff in a dream. On awakening she wrote down the circumstances, date and hour. Soon news arrived that Mr. Conway had committed suicide by plunging into the sea off Charleston harbor on the very night and hour of the strange dream." The incorrectness of this version of the story will be at once perceived when it is remembered that Mrs. Duff did not become a widow until April, 1831, and that Mr. Conway had perished in the spring of 1828, three years before.

Ask Yourself,

Does your system need nourishing and strengthening? Are you recovering from some low fever? Do you suffer from dyspepsia or indigestion? Are you troubled with any urinary disorder? Remember Brown's Iron Bitters will surely cure you. They have cured thousands who were given up to die by reputable physicians.

NEW YORK IN JUNE.

Broadway and Fifth Avenue, in the Leafy, Dreamy Month, Alive With the Throng of Vanity Fair.

Miss Juliet Corson's Labors in the Kitchen—A Benefactress of Her Race—Materna's Farewell.

Special Correspondence of the Appeal.]

NEW YORK, June 15.—In these "rare" and "perfect days" of June, when

"Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,"

as strange as it may seem, there is a very seductive tinge of Bohemianism underlying and coloring the thoughts of the most practical, matter-of-fact and staid men and women. The spirit of that early age when men led wandering lives and dwelt in tents, creeps back as a kind of psychological and vaguely familiar influence, as if we too had lived in that time, and the old passionate instinct to roam, vagabond-like, and spree with nature at our own sweet will, is hard to resist.

THE CONVENTIONALITIES OF LIFE become a bore, and every-day duties a tedious, irksome task; we grow restless, and, without knowing precisely why, as Lincoln used to say, we want to "browse around."

Nature is now in her loveliest garb, but in our magnanimity we think she needs the human figure to complete the picture. It is not the *dolce far niente* without the picturesque Italian peasant to bask in it.

A French writer once said, "solitude is pleasant if you have somebody to say it to." And what's the use of glorious sunshine, blue skies and delicious air if you can't go out and revel in it, making a very conspicuous personal part in nature's royal beauty and enjoyment?

Along with *other* New Yorkers I have fairly lived on the avenue and Broadway lately, and to judge by the immense crowds and never-ending stream of people constantly passing both ways, up and down, you'd scarcely believe how overflowingly full every ocean steamer has been leaving our piers during the past two months. The record, from what I hear, shows a most extraordinary number of people crossing this year. Then, other modes of travel and points of destination for the summer have taken scores of hundreds from the city, but the hegira is yet barely perceptible.

In my peregrinations the other day, I wandered as far as Central Park, the giant lungs of the metropolis, and to me the place was never so lovely before. The air there was so woody and fresh; the flowering almond was rich in its gay peach-tree-like blossom, and vied with the snowy spirea in its delicacy of odor; the grass, as soft as velvet, was thickly dotted with saucy little buttercups, so tempting to childish eyes and hands; and, turn where you might, delightful aromas, either from the freshly-cut, sweetly-scented sward or the many shrubs and plants, intoxicatingly perfumed the air.

I happened there just at the time of THE FASHIONABLE DRIVE in the afternoon, and swell liveries and teams of all descriptions were out in full force.

Crowds of pedestrians were thronging the paths, and some of the poorer classes with their children, to whom the park is a blessing the wealthy will never be able to understand or appreciate.

There is a "nursery" set apart for the children where they are allowed to play on the grass, and I believe on May-Day festivals there are certain privileges granted but I do not think there are a sufficient number of sections or portions of the park especially assigned for the free use of grown people in that particular. One-half the pleasure of a ramble there is therefore spoiled by restrictions as senseless and selfish as unreasonable.

As I continued my tour through the park the obelisk was the next interesting object, which, although not new to my eyes, yet has never ceased to be to me a most lonely and home-sick thing. I stand before it and muse and wonder till my eyes fill up, and my throat aches as if it were a sentient being. Somehow or other, I feel about that needle as I used to hear the old negro mammy in the South say, when children would steal little kittens away from the old cat mother, "take 'em back, chile, to der mammy, dey'll pine away and die; leave 'em dere outwel dey's older, honey."

I wonder how much older Egypt's stray child must be before it is weaned? Or when it will cease to have that far-off home-sick look?

In all the civilization of this great city there is a "screw loose somewhere." Why is not the Metropolitan Museum open on Sunday, as well as week days? I know *several* gentlemen of the highest culture and taste here who have *never* been to that museum, simply because they did not have the time during the week, *and it is not open on Sundays*. It seems to me the *principle* "strains at gnats and swallows camels." New York can learn from Boston in *that* at least. Boston would *say more* than that perhaps, but the people would be satisfied with that.

The APPEAL has heard, no doubt, of MISS JULIET CORSON'S NEW YORK COOKING SCHOOL, a most excellent institution. And ever since I tasted some of that lady's "pink velvet soup," contributed by her to the Pot-Luck picnic, a year ago last March, I have always been curious to know how that soup was made—for it looked just like pink velvet, and tasted most deliciously—and to meet the clever woman from whose brain such a receipt was evolved.

As "faint heart ne'er wins fair lady," I knew I should never capture Miss Corson unless I stormed her, and that was just what I did.

But I did have a card from "Fanchon," the New York correspondent of the Cleveland *Leader*, who had the pleasure of Miss Corson's acquaintance previously, and on that card some pleasant things were said of the subscriber, so I felt sure of a welcome. Miss Corson herself, however, is so amiable and lovely I should have been well received any how. Miss Corson's school is No. 1516 Broadway, and if anybody from Memphis should ever desire a few lessons from that school I hope the above address will be remembered. Miss Corson is an intelligent, intellectual woman, and I know when I say that, the APPEAL readers will wonder what I mean. But she is, and a more charming talker I never listened to.

Ten years ago Miss Corson had about as little idea of starting a cooking school as any refined, educated and cultured woman North or South. But connected as she was with a charitable establishment, and teaching different branches to the struggling and poor, she finally drifted into that branch of living that has been such a stumbling block to matrimony, and one so hard to solve for both rich and poor. In 1866 or thereabouts, Miss Juliet Corson was one of the contributors to *The National Quarterly*, now no longer in existence, then edited by Dr. Sears, a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, and a man of rare attainments and superior scholarly and literary culture. Miss Corson had written previously for the *Leader*, a New York daily, also no more, but which was the means of bringing her to Dr. Sears's notice. All that time she was associated more or less with ELEEMOSYNARY INSTITUTIONS, teaching the poor in one way or another. In 1873 Miss Corson began the experiment of a cooking school, and during the ten years that have passed since then she says she has studied and worked very hard, as there's nothing ever satisfactorily attained in life, no matter the genius, without hard work. Miss Corson is a woman of fine physique, with beautiful, grayish brown eyes, heavy, dark eyebrows, brown hair and clear peach-like complexion. She is amiable and good-natured, I judge, with great earnestness of character and a large fund of practical common sense. She gave me many interesting items concerning her experiment of a cooking school, which would take too much time and space to tell, but showed so plainly how we slip into places and necessities unconsciously to ourselves, which none of us can ever foresee or control.

The step Miss Corson took seemed to me to be from the sublime to the—if not ridiculous, at least intensely practical. And how jollily she laughed over it as I asked her how in the world she ever managed to let herself down from book reviews in a *National Quarterly*, and other peculiarly intellectual subjects, to plain receipts for making soup, dressing fowl, making bread, etc., and which must have been awfully distasteful to her at first. She said she found it up-hill instead of down-hill at first, beginning as she did at the wrong end, the top, when she should have begun at the bottom, where she had just now reached. She has published quite a number of books, among them a little pamphlet called "FIFTEEN-CENT DINNERS." for workingmen's families, which at the time of the great strike in November, 1877, I believe, among railroad hands in Pittsburg, caused a great sensation among all classes. She says she distributed the edition of 50,000 in a very short space of time, after which that plain little book was translated into German, then it traveled to China, and Japan, and Hindoostan, and other foreign countries, from where the author received many complimentary letters concerning it, and she has every reason to believe great good has been done, as she fully meant, by the pages of that unpretending little pamphlet.

Her system has been from the first to work down to a perfect economic plan. She felt that the wives of the laboring classes might do much to solving the difficulty of small wages, and to that end Miss Corson worked. I ought to have said that Miss Corson's *Fifteen-Cent Dinners* was printed at her own expense, and circulated entirely free.

During my call that morning I asked her if she "knew anything of the negroes' system of cooking, which to me, a Southerner, was the *ne plus ultra* of good things to eat?" "O yes," she said, she had learned to make egg-bread from an old negress. She was told, she said, to go into the kitchen every morning for a week and observe the old auntie carefully. What surprised and amused Miss Corson was that "the old cook never followed her receipt twice alike," and she said as much to her, which the poor old soul answered very adroitly, but which didn't seem to affect the result, as the bread was nevertheless always a success.

I then asked Miss Corson if she knew how to make plain cornbread, a familiar dish on a Southern table, and which I had never seen since I left my own home. She wanted to know "if that was THE PONE?" and seemed to be more or less acquainted with that generally despised specimen of Southern bread. Like all frauds who know but little of a subject they are prating about, I tried to impress Miss Corson with my immense knowledge of the culinary art, by asking her another question relative to cooking; that was, did she "know how to make good home-made soda biscuit?" And she immediately proceeded to inform me what ingredients she used and how she mixed them together, etc. It was such a triumph, such a pleasure to me to be able to say, "Miss Corson, that is the way most people make them, and that is the reason the biscuits so often have those yellow streaks and lumps scattered through the dough, and which are not pleasant to the smell;" and then I told her my way, but as it is a secret belonging to my dear old Martha, who never failed in making delicious biscuit, I'm not going to give it away to the public for nothing. But I'll tell you about the pink velvet soup—that's Miss Corson's secret—white beets and milk, that's all. Miss Corson is a charming woman, and has gone down to the bed-rock of the life problem, housekeeping, etc. She deserves success, and I wish her it with all my heart.

Fanchon, the sketchy correspondent of the Cleveland *Leader*, who gave me her card to Mrs. Corson, is Mrs. Laura B. Starr, and a very bright, lovely woman, with large, expressive eyes and pretty gray hair, although prematurely so, being entirely too young for any sign of age. She is extremely versatile with her pen, and an interesting, sprightly talker. As one of the regularly salaried staff on the *Leader* for many years, she is esteemed very highly by the press wherever she is known.

THE VARIOUS SEASIDE RESORTS near the city—Coney Island, Manhattan Beach, Brighton, Rockaway and half a dozen others—are all once more open for the season; but notwithstanding the increasing crowd of visitors daily, the weather has scarcely so far been at all propitious for excursions. The water is entirely too cold yet for bathing, and the only thing to do when once there is to wander up and down the beach picking a sea-shell here and there or some other characteristic jetsam and flotsam, or sit on the verandas or galleries of some hotel, staring out at "the glad waters of the dark blue sea" in a listless, sleepy, you-don't-know-whether-you-enjoy-it-or-not sort of way, listening to Gilmore's fascinating band (if at Manhattan) with which the ocean's low moan is an eternal obligato, like a sombre thread running through life's brightest texture.

Last Sunday every resort of the kind was crowded, and I presume there was more or less enjoyment, especially to the class of people who are compelled to depend on Sunday for the needed rest and recreation that day alone can give, and which, in all common sense and reason, I believe God meant it for.

AS CONEY ISLAND GROWS each year more and more a necessity to the metropolis, the wonder is how New Yorkers managed to do without it so long, and why the Island was not made such an attractive resort long ago. There are two iron piers there now, the second one having been finished since last summer, and the sail down and back on one of the regular iron boats is a glorious experience. If for nothing else, the specimens of human nature one meets, in all their peculiar phases alone, are worth studying.

The concert for the benefit of George Conly's widow, and in memory of Herman Rietzel, realized not far from $4000, but Conly's body has not been found yet.

Herman Reitzel's funeral was held last Saturday at the Lutheran church, in Sixteenth street. The scene was a very solemn and impressive one.

Frau Materna's farewell concert took place Friday evening at the Academy of Music, before a very large and enthusiastic audience. And now, after hearing Wagner's *Brunhilde* in a building better adapted in size and acoustics to the test of the human voice, I can safely say she is the greatest dramatic singer I have ever heard. Her second selection was a lied *Meine Boten*, by Wilh. Gericke of Vienna, which she gave in the full perfection of taste and feeling. The melody was beautiful and showed the artists emotional nature more than anything she had yet given. New York will not be satisfied now till Materna comes back with a good operatic troupe, and gives this public the wished-for opportunity of seeing her, as she herself wishes, in her special characters, as the only living exponent of Wagner's great creations.

J. E. K.

GUITEAU

Preparing for the Inevitable—Prayer and Praise and Bible-Reading His Only Consolation.

He is Losing Something of His Egotism—His Conduct Toward Women Visitors.

WASHINGTON, June 17.—The *Star* publishes the following, showing the feeling of Guiteau, the assassin, as the end approaches: "During the past few days—in fact, since Friday last, when the Rev. Dr. Hicks called on him—Guiteau has been quite cheerful. This, however, cannot be attributed to any new grounds of hope, for Guiteau looks now only to the President for a respite or reprieve, and has no faith in what may be done for him before the courts. In the interview with Dr. Hicks, the pastor informed the prisoner that there was no earthly ground of hope, and that three weeks from that day he would most likely end his life. So far from feeling offended because of Dr. Hicks's remark, Guiteau thanked him for telling him candidly what he thought was the truth. Sunday the prisoner spent almost the entire day reading the Bible; and Monday, when Dr. Hicks called, it was quite evident that he was well supplied with ideas for a theological discussion. The interview lasted over two hours. Guiteau, in his conversation, still throws out the idea that he was God's man when he assassinated the president; that God had had an object in it, and if his (Guiteau's) blood is shed the American people will suffer. He called Dr. Hicks's attention to Exodus ii, 12, where it is related that Moses slew the Egyptians, and then spoke of the care God had taken of Moses. He also cited a number of other special providences, and they had quite a discussion thereon, in which Guiteau showed a pretty thorough knowledge of the scripture. The subjects discussed were faith in Christ's salvation, and rewards and punishments beyond this life. Guiteau referred to the psalms of David, reading several of them in a prayerful mood, and he, with Dr. Hicks, commented on their beauties, the meaning of them and their application to this case. At the request of the prisoner Dr. Hicks gave him the points of his sermon preached last Sunday, and Guiteau made two or three suggestions thereon. When Dr. Hicks withdrew Guiteau expressed his thankfulness for the visit, and promised to read a book the minister had brought him—Dr. Parker's *Expositions of the Sayings of Christ*. The prisoner has always shown a dislike to profanity, and some of the guards and attendants inclined to the use of oaths have been frequently checked by him. Generally, if he overhears an oath, he will say: "Let up, let up on that," and make a significant motion with his hand indicating the region below. Guiteau pays more attention to spiritual matters now than he formerly did, and both on retiring and arising kneels at the side of his cot and prays, and before partaking of his meals he sits down quietly, and, pausing a moment, places his hands over his eyes, and asks a blessing. The larger portion of his time he spends in reading his Bible or some religious work. Sometimes he will whistle or hum a hymn tune. Occasionally he involuntarily strikes a song tone, but will drop the latter as soon as he discovers his mistake. A few evenings ago he was whistling, "Jordan am a hard road to trabble," when the guard said: "That is not in keeping with your actions, Guiteau," and he at once stopped it, remarking that he had forgot himself. He is apparently losing a portion of his egotism, placing himself in the position of a supplicant for God's mercy, looking anxiously forward to the time set by his spiritual adviser, the Rev. Dr. Hicks, to visit him. He eats well and sleeps well. Last night he slept soundly, and awoke this morning quite refreshed and very bright. Some of the ladies who have called seem to have been satisfied with barely a look at the prisoner, and, when he extended his hand to them, would recoil, at which the prisoner would get very much excited. On one occasion he ordered a number who had thus treated him out of his cell. Probably he never showed so much temper as he did on one occasion when he overheard one of two New Yorkers about entering the corridor to see him remark: "I have been in many prisons and seen hundreds of prisoners, but for the first time I am going to see one whom I have not even a little sympathy for—one whom I would honor to spit in his face." Guiteau jumped into his bed at once and turned his face to the wall, so that the visitors did not have their curiosity gratified.

Model Orators.

The erudite New York *Sun*, having been applied to for information as to the great living orators of this country, discusses a number of them, and while conceding the decadence of "luscious oratory" in Congress, it says: "On the whole, we should advise our correspondent, who is in search of a model orator, to study the rhetoric and enunciation of Wendell Phillips; to borrow, if he can, some of Colonel Ingersoll's homely vigor and humorous audacity; to analyze the platform art of Beecher, and select with discrimination; to acquire, if possible, the earnestness and the fancy of O'Gorman; to go to the masterpieces of Evarts for sustained flow of language and the niceties of digital gesticulation; to throw in, perhaps, a dash of the Calvinistic vehemence of John Swinton; and to pay particular attention to the strong Bible English of Judge Jeremiah S. Black. If he succeeds in combining in his own style the several merits of these orators, to the exclusion of their faults, and then schools himself to open his mouth in public only when he has something worth saying to deliver, he will not have to go far to find the greatest American orator. Besides these specified in its summary the *Sun* finds Blaine a pleasing and not self-conscious orator, Conkling effective and dignified, Frye stentorian, Tom Ochiltree and Senator Vance old-fashioned Southern rhetorician, Hoar Ciceronian and Phillips Brooks colossal, impetuous and of too nimble tongue.

Coal Mine Explosions.

WILKESBARRE, PA., June 17.—Two explosions of gas occurred in the Lehigh and Wilkesbarre mine this morning. Eight miners were badly burned. The mine is on fire.

SOMETIMES a little assistance at the right time will enable the system to throw off an attack which might otherwise result in serious sickness. Ayer's Pills should always be kept at hand, and promptly taken for the relief of slight ailments before they become formidable diseases.

OUR FREE SCHOOLS.

A Leaf From the History of the Colonies Showing the First Steps Taken Toward

The Education of the People of the South—Schools in Maryland and South Carolina.

BALTIMORE, June 13.—The *Sun* says: It is often assumed by professed monopolizers of knowledge that free schools owe their origin to New Englanders. The fact is, however, as was shown in a paper read recently before the Historical and Political Science Association of the John Hopkins University, that free schools were established in Maryland before the close of the seventeenth century. They are first mentioned in a bill dated April 13, 1671, which passed one branch of the Legislature, but failed to become a law. The first bill for free schools approved by both Houses was passed October 18, 1694, by the aid of Governor Francis Nicholson. It provided for the erection of one free school at Annapolis, and contemplated the erection of others in various parts of the province. The first school was erected entirely by the aid of voluntary subscriptions, Governor Nicholson contributing liberally, and nearly every member of the Legislature following his example. The school was continued by revenues arising from special fines and taxes appropriated for its support. In 1696 the colony sought the patronage of King William for a college to be erected at Annapolis, which foundation, called King William's School, was made by authority of the Legislature in 1704. In 1723 legislative provision was made for a free school in every county, to be governed by a board of seven visitors. Among the eighty committeemen thus appointed we find Governor Charles Calvert, three colonels and thirteen ministers, the others being planters and merchants of acknowledged integrity and public spirit. These schools were supported by fines and imposts, including duties upon the importation of negroes and the exportation of tobacco. Donations from private individuals were not infrequent. By a statute passed in 1728 provision was made for the education of poor children in each county. The frequent mention of free schools in the statutory law of Maryland attests their popularity and importance in the minds of legislators, who fairly represented the better sense of the colony. Considering how slowly Maryland grew, how isolated her people were (their manor houses being widely separated), it is remarkable that free schools were so early established. That these schools exercised considerable influence upon the culture of the people is beyond question. Mr. Eddis, in his letters from America in the last century, remarks upon the purity and even elegance of language in Maryland. Of Annapolis, where the college was located, he said few towns in the British dominions can boast a more polished society. The present prosperity of the school system in Maryland is in no small degree the outgrowth of that first planting two centuries ago by wise legislators and philanthropic citizens."

The free schools of South Carolina also are of ancient date, being coeval with the parish and the district. Says the author of another paper read before the same society: "The early legislators of the colony were deeply impressed with the importance of popular education. So dominant was this idea that it had much to do with the division of the counties into parishes, in order to obtain aid from the society in the mother country for propagating the gospel in foreign parts. This society lent its aid in supplying parish ministers and preachers. Parochial libraries were founded and parish schools were established, at first under the immediate control of vestrymen. The history of popular education in South Carolina dates from these parish beginnings. As far back as 1710 a free school was established in Charleston. Similar institutions were planted at Dorchester, Childsbury, Beaufort, Ninety-Six, St. Thomas's Parish, St. James Santee and elsewhere. Many of these schools owe their origin to legacies bequeathed them by generous parishioners, like Beresford, Ludlam, Childs and others. With the growth of primary education the demand for the higher education increased, resulting in the establishment of no less than five colleges and several academies before the expiration of the eighteenth century. Many charitable societies also maintained schools, usually for the education of the poor. In some cases even slaves were taught to read. The State constantly encouraged education by donations, immunities, and by vesting in the School Board escheated property in the villages or parishes. In 1801 the South Carolina College was founded. By the year 1811 the demand for popular education had so increased, and the country was being so rapidly settled, that a general system of free schools was inaugurated. From this time on there was a steady increase in educational facilities until the outbreak of the civil war." The fact is that the propriety of establishing free schools was recognized early by all the colonies, and the system attained different degrees of development in each quarter, according to the varying conditions of density of population, occupation, etc. It is questionable whether what has been added from abroad to the original Maryland system has not been in the direction of pretentious superficialism rather than real efficiency.

The Athenæum.

A DAY.

Sunrise fresh, and the daisies small
Silver the lawn with their starlets fair;
But the blossoms of noon shall be stately and tall,
Tropical, luscious, of odors rare:
Ah well!
Noon shall be gorgeous beyond compare.

Noon, and the sky is a blinding glare;
The flowers have fainted while we have strayed;
We wandered too far to tend them there,
And they drooped for lack of dew and shade:
Ah well!
Evening shall right the mistake we made.

Evening: 'tis chilly in meadow and glade,
The last pale rose has died in the west;
The happy hour is long delayed,
Our wandering is but a long unrest:
Ah well!
We will home to the fireside. Home is best.

Nothing but ashes gray? No blest,
Faint glimmer of light on roof or wall?
A weary search was this day-long quest,
And on empty hands the shadows fall:
Ah well!
Let us creep to bed and forget it all.

HANDICAPPED.

For the Sunday Appeal.]

What sportsman, provided he be a true lover of the horse, has not felt emotions of indignation, creditable to his best manhood, upon witnessing the struggles of some noble animal, straining every nerve—heroically, desperately, vainly! Panting with excess of ambitious zeal; displaying unconscious pride in every motion; eager desire to test his own superiority flashing from his eyes, only to stand finally before the judges' stand, the race run and lost! The drooping head, quivering nostrils, relaxed muscles—all eloquent of spent force and pathetic in their mute acknowledgement of failure! All by reason of being too heavily handicapped. Yet those same men will walk side by side, from the cradle to the grave, with men and with women, who are struggling in just the same heroic, desperate fashion on their, appointed race-courses, fatally handicapped, and falling to the rear by reason of carrying too much weight; the bitterness of defeat augmented by the deathless conviction that, with a truer adjustment, they might have sped swiftly and unerringly on straight to the goal of their most ambitious desires, amid the loud acclaims of the very men who, when they finally stand before the judges, faint and weary, branded with failure, accord them the niggardly dole of contemptuous pity, or add the smart of indignant reproach to a burden of weariness and humiliation already too great for poor humanity to bear. But the hand tender to adjust the handicap, and the judge wise enough to temper justice with mercy, are not always to the fore, and many an aspirant capable of the most glittering triumphs sinks, at last, to the level of dumb, driven cattle, sullenly subservient to the fatal adjustment that has crushed out his more magnificent possibilities. The "weights" that are so often unseen, but irresistible, causes of failures in life—failures at which the unseeing many ignorantly wonder—are of descriptions as varying and as numerous as those failures themselves. A scolding wife may blunt the brightest susceptibilities of a man's brain; an intemperate husband may make a dull-eyed drudge of a Corinne or an Hypatia. Poverty, a sort of black frost that nips the best mental possibilities of any nature, is one of the commonest kinds of "weights." Ill-health, sneers, domestic cares—oh! the numberless burdens that are laid upon the struggling sons of toil. Shockingly lugubriously reflections into which this prosy moralizer was cast, by reading the following scrap of Thackery's at too early an hour of the morning, perhaps, for healthy mental digestion: "Who ordered toil as the condition of life ordered failure success; to this person a foremost place, to the other a struggle with the crowd; to each some work upon the ground he stands on until he is laid beneath it. * * * Our mental changes are like our gray hairs or wrinkles, but the fulfillment of the plan of our moral growth or decay. Lucky he who can bear his failure generously, and give up his broken sword to fate, the conqueror, with a manly and humble heart. Are we to understand by this that we started out on the race handicapped for failure or success? One does not like to think that the Great Adjuster should order to one a foremost place, to another the struggle with the crowd. It accords better with our ideas of infinite justice that the success should be as is the effort. It accords with our experience that he who labors most valiantly, may be the one first called upon to give up his broken sword to Fate, the conqueror. In one of the rambles that I have wisely regulated by the thermometer lately, I had pointed out to me, under the gaslights, a man prematurely gray. His shoulders were rounded, his attitude listless, his eyes dull and heavy. He glanced neither to the right nor the left; the electric lights cast a pallid brilliancy over him, bringing out in bold relief a certain dogged-don't-care look about him that was pitiful to behold. Many eager throngs were flitting by him, pressing forward to secure a car for Estival Park; anxiety to be in at Levy's first cornet flourish, visible in every eye. Apparently he had no special motive for standing still or for moving on. The latter he did, presently, with the same indifferent languor that characterized all his movements—"Tipsy." I ask, which is generally a woman's solution for everything queer a man does that fails to accord strictly with her preconceived notions of right? "Not just exactly," was the answer, "but he has all he can carry. He's a ruined man, a wreck. At one time a prominent lawyer; he was on the high road to fortune; respected and esteemed—temperate and industrious—his wife deserted him, and he's going to the dogs heels over head." And I though to myself, poor failure! had you been cast in a coarser mould you might have found it easier to give up your broken sword with a good grace. Passing by a brilliantly lighted corner, where the latticed doors and the sweet strains of music, heard but not seen, indicated the location of a beer-saloon "with other attractions." We saw a slender, pale-faced woman, halt by the latticed doors, hold them slightly ajar to peer within, sigh and turn wearily away. It was none of our business; in fact, I suppose we were unpardonably curious, but we watched her repeat the same maneuver at several other similarly *attractive* places. "She is evidently looking for her husband," said my escort; "a husband who has to be hunted up like a needle in such very questionable haystack," I say, with true feminine spite, "is hardly worth recovering." "That woman," he continues, "has carried too much weight in life. She bade fare to be one of the most brilliant writers in the United States. Fate has been against her. She is teaching school now at $20 a month; has an age-enfeebled mother and a paralytic child to support." "And between times," I savagely interrupt, "looks up her husband." Pretty heavily handicapped! Each heart knoweth its own bitterness, I thought, as the anxious face flitted out of our range of vision. May the searcher of all hearts comfort her.

MOTHER GOOSE.

PRIESTS IN TROUBLE.

Mr. Cowles, of the Cleveland Leader, Gives His Side of the Story of His Assault

Upon Bishop Gilmour's Private Secretary—A Catholic Bishop Interrupts Wedding Arrangements.

CLEVELAND, O., June 17.—Mr. Edwin Cowles, editor of the *Leader*, was arrested Friday night upon a warrant charging assault and battery, issued at the instance of Father Houch, a Catholic priest, and private secretary to Bishop Gilmour. The trouble grew out of Bishop Gilmour's action toward the Land Leaguers and the *Leader's* editorial thereon. The hostile attitude of Mr. Cowles toward the Catholic Church is well understood. In reply to an editorial in the *Leader* Bishop Gilmour sent an open letter to Mr. Cowles demanding its publication, which was refused. To a *Herald* reporter who called upon him for a statement as to the circumstances of the affair, Mr. Cowles said: "On Wednesday evening a card written by Bishop Gilmour was left at my office by a messenger from him, with a peremptory demand that I publish it in the *Leader*, or that if I did not, that I telephone the bishop to that effect. I read the letter. It was of considerable length and very insulting to me. It went into my family affairs, and was virtually blackmailing in its nature, holding over me a threat that if I did not publish it, it would be published elsewhere. I took notice of the mandatory request accompanying it, and of course did not publish the letter. This afternoon I was called to my office to see a messenger sent by Bishop Gilmour to me. I went into my room and found a man there. I said to him: 'Are you the bishop's messenger?' He said he was. I then said: 'Are you a priest?' 'Yes,' was the answer. 'And Gilmour's private secretary?' 'Yes, sir,' said he. I said: 'Clear out of this!' and as he did not move very quickly, I took him by the shoulder and quickened his departure, handing him his hat at the same time. I was notified about 5 o'clock that a warrant had been issued for my arrest upon a charge of assault and battery. I used no violence to the man. The letter was a direct insult to me. It charged me with cruelty to my youngest daughter, whose mind has been influenced by priestly teachings, and who the bishop has endeavored to persuade to enter a convent, besides teaching her that my influence was nothing as compared with the duties she owes to the Roman Church. These teachings have caused me infinite trouble. My daughter is lying sick in my house, and has lain so for some twenty months. She has been treated with all possible tenderness and affection, and the infamous insinuation that I had been guilty of cruelty toward her, coupled with the request that I publish the bishop's unjust criticism of my course toward her in my own paper, was so supremely insolent that it naturally maddened me." Mr. Cowles introduced the reporter to Dr. M. L. Brooks, who has attended Miss Cowles in her illness. Said the doctor: "The charge of cruelty is infamously false. Miss Cowles has been carefully nursed, and all the affection of her parents has been poured out lavishly upon her."

Wedding Arrangements Interrupted by a Bishop.

NEW YORK, June 17.—Cards were issued recently for the marriage of Miss L. Thebaud, daughter of Mrs. Laura Thebaud, of Madison, N. J., and Hugh K. Toler, grandson of Ex-Governor Pennington, of New Jersey. The wedding was announced to take place on Wednesday night, at the house of the bride's mother, adjoining the estate of the late Judge Lathrop, at Madison. The Thebauds are Roman Catholics, and Mr. Toler is a Protestant. The rule of the Roman Catholic Church against marriages of communicants with Protestants, it had been understood, would not be enforced. It was stated that Bishop Wigger, of the Roman Catholic diocese, had given the assurance that there would be no interference with the arrangements for the marriage at the house. Mrs. Thebaud gave her orders to caterers and others, and the house was profusely adorned with choice flowers. On Thursday, however, Bishop Wigger forbade the marriage. Notices were sent to all the invited guests announcing the fact and recalling the invitations to the marriage ceremony, but renewing those to the reception. It was stated that the bishop had forbidden the ceremony, and had made a threat of excommunication in case it was performed by a Protestant clergyman. In compliance with the requirements of the bishop the couple repaired to the house of the resident priest of Madison, and were by him united after a modified ceremony. The reception, which afterward followed at the house of the bride's mother, was attended by a large company, guests being present from New York, Newark, Jersey City, Paterson, Morristown and other places. The action of Bishop Wigger was the theme of much unfavorable comment. The rule of the Roman Catholic Church in the case of the marriage of Roman Catholics with Protestants in the Newark diocese is that no ceremony can take place in a church which partakes of the form of a sacrament, nor can any regular ceremony be held. It is provided, however, that a modified ceremony can be held to make a legal contract.

Squabble Between a Priest and a Bishop.

DUBUQUE, IA., June 17.—The unusual spectacle of a Roman Catholic priest entering a court of law with a suit for damages against the bishop of his diocese is afforded just now in Jackson county, Ia., where the Rev. Father Jaen, whose parish lies in the township of Lyons, has begun an action for the recovery of $240,000 against Bishop Hennessey, of Dubuque. From Father Jaen's point of view his remarkable act is probably justified, for he has been deprived of his parochial charge, together with all its emoluments, by the bishop, whose word has gone forth that the priest is morally unfit to look after the spiritual welfare of his people, and as the priests in the United States are dependent for their living upon the bishops, he has no other course to pursue, unless he renounces his calling and becomes an outcast in the eyes of the church. Nevertheless, the trial will probably cause a great deal of excitement in the rural neighborhood in which it is to be held, and the priest will gain a wider notoriety than he ever could have hoped for as the humble pastor in the parish of Lyons. Father Jaen asserts that he organized the Church of St. Iraneus, in Lyons, thirty-two years ago, and built it up by self-sacrificing efforts, and that the present bishop, who was appointed to the diocese in 1866, entered into a conspiracy with his vicar-general in 1872 to obtain the revenues of the parish by damaging the reputation of the plaintiff and thus depriving him of his charge. The squabble between the priest and the bishop has been going on for ten years, and this curious lawsuit is its final result. The plaintiff charges the defendant with libelling his private and priestly character, and asks damages in the sum mentioned above, which includes $64,000, the amount with interest of the priest's salary for ten years, during which time, it appears, he has drawn his means of livelihood from other sources. Father Jaen objected to the trial of the suit in Dubuque county, where he admits there is a strong prejudice against him, and has so obtained the change of venue to Jackson county. The bishop denies all his allegations, and reasserts his opinion that the priest is morally corrupt, and an edifying insight into ecclesiastical manners and methods will therefore be afforded in the Iowa court.

DAYBREAK.

Into the vast unknown,
Under the morning skies,
Out where the diamond dew
Thick on the meadow lies;

Fresh, swift and strong upborne,
Like birds in eager flight,
On through the fragrant dawn,
On through the rosy light;

So do our spirits soar
Far up and far away,
Into the vast unknown,
Into the golden day.

The St. James Hotel, Boston.

The St. James Hotel, Boston, has passed into the possession of the New England Conservatory of Music. The building will cost $700,000, and will contain a hall with a seating capacity of 1200, and rooms for 550 boarders, and class-rooms sufficient to accommodate 3000 studens in classes of four, with two lessons per week. The managers have engaged a corps of the best teachers from London, Paris, Florence, Milan, Stuttgart and Leipsic, and have entered upon their work on the most liberal basis, with the intention of making this the leading institution of its kind in this country. The enterprise is under the direction of a Board of Trustees, among whom are some of the most prominent merchants and professional citizens of Boston. It is a gratifying evidence of our continued advance in the musical art to note the earnestness and vigor with which this College of Music is established in Boston. Its results will undoubtedly be soon evident.

LEG DRAMA DONE.

The People of the West, as Those of the East, Tired of It, but Will Support Superbly Mounted

Spectacular Plays Like "Romany Rye," "The World," "Michael Strogoff" and "Mankind."

ST. LOUIS, June 15.—The *Republican* publishes the following interview with Samuel Colville, one of the most prominent amusement managers in the country and the owner of a majority of all the late melodramatic productions which have been brought over from Europe. Although Mr. Colville's name and face do not appear upon the bill-boards and dead walls of the city as frequently and resplendently as those of Haverly *et al.*, he is looked upon in theatrical and amusement circles generally as one of the solid men of the profession and a man whose judgment in the matter of securing attractions is exceedingly valuable. For years he has carefully and studiously watched the popular pulse and the various changes in the wants of the public, and his promptness in supplying those wants have won for him his wealth and position. He was engaged in amusement enterprises in California and Australia for several years, and settled in the East about 1861, his main fields of operation being in New York and Cincinnati before the death of the stock system and the birth of the combination plan. He brought the Lydia Thompson company to this country in 1868, and made the popularity of burlesque, which has since died a natural death. His attention is now devoted entirely to melodrama and spectacle.

MR. COLVILLE was met last night at the Southern by a *Republican* reporter who entered into conversation with him regarding the future course of amusements in this country. In speaking of the probable great amusement successes for the coming season, Mr. Colville said: "The first probably will be the melodramatic spectacle *Taken From Life*, which will be introduced for the first time in this country at McVicker's Theater in Chicago. It was written by Henry Pettit, and will probably take the lead in next season's successes. It will also be produced at Wallack's Theater, New York, September 1st, for an unlimited run. Wallack's season generally opens in October, but this year it will be open earlier than usual. *Taken From Life* will only be given in the larger cities, as the scenery is too elaborate to admit of its presentation in any but the better class of theaters."

"Will there be any special changes in the conduct of the spectacular plays?"

"Only this: They will be run with one company. It is a mistake to increase the number of companies on plays like *The World*. That plan may do with plays like *Hazel Kirke* and *The Professor*, which can be put into small theaters without detracting from the attractiveness of the play, but with spectacular plays they must have all the necessary scenery and accessories of stage mechanism to present them to advantage. Another play which will be a success, perhaps, is that new one produced at the Prince's Theater in London last week, *Romany Rye*. It has been secured by R. M. Field for Boston and New England, and for the balance of the country by Brooks & Dickson. It is of the spectacular order, but more romantic than spectacular plays generally. It deals with gypsy life, but whether it will be a success in this country or not it is hard to tell. It is appreciated in England because they have gypsies there, but whether it will do here or not, where we have no gypsies, is a matter of uncertainty."

"There will be other spectacular attractions, of course?"

"Yes; *The World* will be on the road with one company, the *Lights o' London* will be taken out by Collier, *Mankind* will be given at Daly's, and for a summer attraction *The Black Flag*, with Nat Goodwin and E. F. Thorne in the cast. You ask if melodrama is to be the popular style of amusement next season. Let me show you: There will be presented in New York at one and the same time *Taken from Life* at Wallack's, *Romany Rye* at Booth's.

MANKIND AT DALY'S, THE BLACK FLAG AT UNION SQUARE, *The World* at the Grand Operahouse and *Youth* at Niblo's—all melodramas. This shows clearly the drift of the public taste. The Union Square and Wallack's are noted for their melodramatic successes, because nearly all of them have come from these theaters, and they have the facilities for producing this class of plays."

"But, as a rule, are not spectacular plays produced on a grander scale here than in London?"

"Yes, because there is more energy and liberality displayed in getting them up. I have been fortunate in having the piece I control produced first at Wallack's, where every attention is given to the details and all the necessary effects are looked after."

"But why is it that we have to go to Europe for all our spectacular plays? Why cannot they be secured in this country?"

"Well, you can answer that question as well as I can, perhaps. We are young in the business. We lack constructive ability. It is not a lack of energy or enterprise, for we give these plays all the effect that scenery can give them, and they are presented with fine companies.

TAKE WALLACK'S AND THE UNION SQUARE, for instance. Spectacular plays are given there with everything that a good stock company and elaborate scenery and stage mechanism can give. These are the only two theaters that have stock companies that are devoted to melodrama. Daly's has a stock, but no positive policy. His success is what we call the upholstery drama. He puts up anything that is wanted. He is an able, enterprising manager, but he has no special groove."

"What do you think of the prospect for the new dramatic stars?"

"Well, it is hard to tell. There are a number of them. Marion Elmore, whom I brought over to this country, is an energetic and talented little lady, and she ought to succeed. So is Pearl Eytinge, who stars for the first time, but who has a fine New York record, and ought to win a place in the front rank.

MINNIE MADDERN, I think, will be a success if she's managed right. There are numbers of them, but of course no one can predict what they will do with any degree of accuracy. Salvini comes over again next season and so does Aimee, who will be under Brooks & Dickson's management. They will also bring over Charles Wyndham, who has not been here in ten years."

"What is the outlook for comic opera?"

"It has about run its course. There is every prospect, however, that Gilbert & Sullivan's new opera, *The Princess Fairy*, I think it is, will meet with success. It will be produced in New York and Philadelphia in September and October. It has the advantage of Gilbert's great ability as a *libretto* writer. That is one thing that we lack in this country. We have no *libretto* writers; none who understand the art of writing operas. What we want now is an opera of an unpretentious character, full of melody and with a well-written *libretto*, to take the place of burlesque.

THE PEOPLE ARE SURFEITED WITH LEGS, and they don't want them in first-class theaters. Melodrama will be the popular groove for next season, but that must exhaust itself in time as other methods of amusement have done. From the following season a judiciously-formed company to play the standard drama may be the strongest attractions. Theatricals have taken great strides within the past few years. The business is looked upon in a very different light from what it was some years ago. People do not have to go to a museum now to see a theatrical performance as they used to; they go direct to the theaters. The business has assumed an importance that it never before possessed, and is looked upon as just as legitimate as any commercial pursuit."

In speaking of the enormous expense attendant upon the production of spectacular plays, Mr. Colville said: "*Michael Strogoff* cost me $20,000 before the curtain went up for its first presentation, and I made no profit on it. *The World* cost me $2500 to produce and the profit was $79,000. I paid $10,000 in cash for the manuscript alone of *Taken from Life*. There is a great deal of risk to run and the profits are not always certain."

TENNESSEE NEWS.

Jonesboro *Herald:* "On Friday night thieves stole between $700 and $1000 from a trunk in the sleeping-room of Mr. S. Waddill."

The *Southern Lumberman* says many of the counties of Tennessee produce fine sumac, good for tanning. If cultivated, poor lands could be made to yield profitable returns.

Nashville *Banner*, 16th: "Two fruit and peanut sellers were fined $5 each for having measures with false bottoms; their measures were destroyed.........Four cases of smallpox at the pesthouse yesterday."

Clarksville *Herald*, 15th: "During the great storm here Wm. Bird and Edward Sinclair took refuge under a large tree. They were both struck by lightning and killed, and two boys under a small tree near by were stunned. The wheat crop was much damaged by wind and rain."

Savannah *Transcript:* "The morality of the people of Savannah cannot fail to impress the visitor. Profanity is never heard on our streets; we are free from the evils attending the liquor traffic, and the larger portion of the people are regular church attendants." [Savannah is modest; it is not as other men are, or even as this publican.]......Savannah has a literary club.

Pulaski *Herald:* "Pulaski gas works are approaching completion....The new Presbyterian church walls are near completion. A third interest in the flouring-mill has sold for $5300....A horse ran against the town pump; the pump was smashed and the horse lay sprawling.....Miss Fanny Foster was persuaded by friends to commence a suit of breach of promise of marriage against W. S. Chapman. At his request she withdrew it, and when the affair had all been happily adjusted he made her several presents, and they got on their horses and left town together. It is almost the universal opinion that they will marry yet."

The Smallpox Stamped Out at Chicago.

CHICAGO, June 17.—The smallpox is apparently stamped out in the city. Not a single case has been reported for three days.