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NEW YORK.

LITERARY GOSSIPINGS.

THE APRIL MAGAZINES—GEMS OF THE MONTH—LIPPINCOTT—ATLANTIC ET AL—WISE AND OTHERWISE.

(From the Regular Correspondent of the Sentinel.)

NEW YORK, March 19.—How unpleasant it must be not to have, and to indulge a taste for desultory reading! Before me lie the advance sheets of the Atlantic and Lippincott's, and as I cut the cleanly folded leaves, speculating upon the possible treasures hidden there, I can't help wondering what becomes of those very proper people who don't believe in periodical literature. Is their fortitude proof against the manifold attractions and distractions of our magazines? As for me, being eminently of the age, ephemeral, I gladly leave those misguided ones to their "course of reading," while I give myself to the dear delights of that evanescent, yet regularly recurring occupation—turning the leaves of the monthlies. How short they make the months seem, unless you are reading the serials, in which case there is nothing for it but to wait patiently till it shall be settled whether she marries him or not. At this season, which is as bad for editors as for housekeepers, all the periodicals are visited by that dreadful epidemic, spring poetry. There seems to be no escape from it and I know that I but crystallize the desparing thought of every editor in the land, when I quote that old composition of an anitious youth: "There is four seasons; spring, summer, autumn and winter; some folks may like spring best, but as for me, give me liberty, or give death." If it were not for the waste basket, I think many an editor would "sink into the silent tomb" gladly at each repetition of the infliction. Of course the magazines under consideration cannot form exceptions to the rule, and in Lippincott's we have "April," by Mary B. Dodge, in the Atlantic, "To-day," by Julia C. R. Dorr, and in the Galaxy, "A freak of March," by Nettie M. Arnold. Not one of these rises above mediocrity, except, perhaps, a stray line or two, and one cannot help wondering why? Why cumber they the pages of these popular favorites? O young men, and especially maidens, take the pledge we beseech you, and vow that you will never more put pens to paper in praise of spring! All merry quips and gay conceits are exhausted, and were exhausted long ago; let us have peace! And now I may say that the general average of the April maggazines, poetically speaking, is high; the neatly, almost princely dressed Galaxy hides under its quaker color, a rich variety of verse, consisting in part of some striking additions to Bayard Taylor's studies in versification, under the general title of "Sunmer Night," (not spring night, thank goodness!) There are four movements in this poetical sonata, Andanta, Adagio, Appassionato, and Capricciose, and they are all marvels of style and rhythm the whole forming a love song of unusual beauty. M. E. W. S. had not done herself justice in the somewnat rugged verses entitled "Why?" But it is not to be expected that her prose and poetry translation and creation should prove alike excellent. If she will take a word or two of friendly advice, I could say, let her translate poetry and write prose. William Winter contributes a sweet pathetic, peom which, though it is called, "At Peace," yet has, like most of his writings, more of strife than of the benediction which follows after. I give it entire:

AT PEACE.

I.

Green trees, and quiet fields, and sunset light
With holy silence, save for rippling leaves,
And birds that twitter of the coming night,
Calling their mates, beneath my cottage eaves—
These Fane hath granted for a little space
To be companions of my pilgrimage
Filling my grateful heart with Nature's grace.

II.

Not unremembered here the garish stage,
Nor the wild city's uproar, nor the race
For gain and power in which we all engage;
But here remembered dimly, in a dream,
As something fretful that has ceased to fret—
Here, where time lapses like a gentle stream,
Hid in the woodland's heart, and I forget
To note its music and its silver gleam.

III.

But never, never let me cease to know,
O whispering woods and daisy-sprinkled grass,
The beauty and the peace that you bestow,
When the wild fevers of ambition pass,
And the worn spirit, in its gloom and grief,
Sinks on your bosom and there finds relief.

"A query," by M. is so exceedingly rough in versification that I may be pardoned for saying that the idea is neither new nor brilliant enough to redeem the setting. Among the prose articles in this number is one entitled, "Women as Women," by the

GREAT INEVITABLE.

Junius Henri Brown. Will he and the Galaxy never part company? For countless months his woman essays have dragged their slow length along, and now there is a prospect that they will cease from troubling. Nobody cares, (would that nobody knew!) what J. H. B. thinks about women; and he can't know anything about them more than Jones and Robinson know, yet they kindly refrain from giving us their ideas on the subject. But he who runs may, or may not, read, just as he pleases; be it our blessed privilege not to read, this time, but to turn our attention to the better part of the table of contents. Last month the Atlantic set the example of publishing a posthumorus article by Raph Keeler, and a tribute to the writer by his friend Howells in the same number. This month the Galaxy gives us, "My private grief against George Sand," by Charles Astor Bristed, and follows it up with Richard Grant White's curious, half elegiac, half critical article, in which the lamented author is considered as he was, and as he might have been—as the scholar, gentleman and true friend he was, and the classicist and philologist he might have been had he possessed less money and more physical strength. Mrs. Sherwood also gives some touching reminiscences of his life, and a picture of his last moments. She says; "He loved his friends and was never tired of serving them;" and now his friends are showing how deeply they loved and appreciated him. Their words are his best epitaph. That charming writer but unpronounceable man, Hjalmar, Hjorth Boyesen, sketches in a most entertaining way the Russian novelist Ivan Tourgenell, and tells how the great man enjoys American literature and especially Hawtherne's works; also how it pleased him to hear of his popularity in America. Then there is "A Breakfast with Victorine Sardon," a bright, entertaining sketch, and an interesting chapter of travel by Henry James, Jr., called "A Ball at Delmonico's," "A Personal Matter," and "Austin Chasuble's Love Chance," all pleasant reading, if nothing more. The only "heavy" article, strictly speaking, is Dr. Coan "Tree of Life," which is less a religious than a scientific growth, though it is both in a degree. There is an excellent review of "The Parisians," by the late Lord Lytton; this story has the sorrowful interest always attaching to the last work of a great author, but it is, aside from that, a great work. To Americans the most curious and interesting part of it must always be that which deals with the American character a exemplified in Colonel and Mrs. Morley. No other book that I remember ever to have seen gives such a revelation of the astounding ignorance of the English people with reference to our country. That a man of Lord Lytton's position, aud his genius and culture, should be so easily imposed upon as to believe in the conventional "Asa Trenchard" Yankee being the typical American gentleman almost passes belief; yet it is trne, as witness his putting into the mouth of Colonel Morley the word "kinkle," and then gravely explaining in a note that it meant notion! And now for a trip across the Atlantic. After "Prudence Palfrey," that last and best of Aldrich's stories, comes "The Lord's Day Gale," by Edmund Stedman; bnt even that can't make the passage rough, though its metre is fairly stormy, and as rugged as a stone light-house on a a rock. It has a certain power, but does not equal some of its author's previous efforts. There is a fine poem by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, entitled "Congratulation," but it is almost too long for quotation. "The Cohansy Tea fight" is a very smart little story of the olden time, told by a Quaker grandma. I extract the followiig dialogue: "Aunt Elizabeth had looked uneasy for a few minutes, and, as grandma paused to take up a stitch, she said mildly, 'Some people would say, grandmother, that it is not very wise to be putting love-stories into the heads of these young girls.' Grandmother looked up, and her bright eyes twinkled a little. 'Elizabeth,' said she, 'does thee know that the white kitten had her nose in the cream this morning?' 'Yes,' answered Aunt Elizabeth; 'I saw her.' 'Did thee show her the way to the milk, Elizabeth?' 'No,' said Aunt Elizabeth, surprised. 'Oh!' said grandma, 'I didn't know but some one had put it in her head.' Aunt Elizabeth smiled and went on with her hem-stitching." "Life in the Backwoods of Canada" has come to an end, as I should think it must always, after reading this account of "the bush," technically so called. "Baddeck" keeps on with its quaintness and its Evangeline glamour. There are articles on Liszt and on Mistral's "Calendan," and one entitled "A Modern Financial Utopia." "Mose Evans" is continued; and there is a bright article upon the "British Upper Class in Fiction," by E. S. Nadal. The reviews and criticisms are, as always, fine and true, and the number closes with gossip about art, music, and so forth. Among other noticeable things in Lippincott's, for April, is an expose of the commonplace

SPIRITUALISTIC PHENOMENA,

not especially remarkable in itself perhaps, but made so by the writer's evident honesty, and by his friend's immediate discovery of the frauds practiced. They went to pray, and remained to scoff, and their conclusion of the whole matter is that though there is a force as yet uncomprehended, it has nothing to do with spirit, but is certainly dependent on the medium himself. In the department of fiction this magazine is rich indeed, for beside its leading serial, "Malcolm," by MacDonald, there is a sort of character study in serial form, called "A Modern Cressida," which is exceedingly interesting, albeit it has a certain weakness suggestive of the school of "Ouida." Its heroine is a species of modern Undine without a soul, and whom even Love himself could not dower with one. A short tale by the author of "Blindpits," is told in a felicitous style, and is a more than ordinarily good story. It is called "Mrs. Burnet's Story, as told by My Wife." There is another called "A Pair of Fugitives," and there are more reminiscences of Walter Savage Landor, told this time by one who knows whereof he speaks, Thomas Adolphus Trollope. "Florida Reefs and Keys," a continuation of the "New Hyperion," and, "With Count Beanvoir in Japan and California," fill up the remaining pages, with the exception of the space allotted to an imaginary dialogue in verse, between Raffaelle and Giulio Romano in the Sistine chapel in 1517. It would be easy, in many cases, to find fault with our periodicals on the score of their choice of subjects, for there is too often a monotony in the table of contents, and a triteness not to be desired. But it is difficult, if not well nigh impossible, to be unhackneyed in these days of much ink-slinging; therefore, let us "be aisy, and if we can't be aisy, be as aisy as we can." As a pendant to this talk about periodicals, I wish to call attention to a new feature in that excellent weekly, Harper's Bazaar. For some months the admirers of that paper have observed excellent but unobtrusive woodcuts on the last page, illustrative of New York gamin life, or as a friend happily called it, Gavrocherie, after the little hero of Les Miserables. Wolff, the draughtsman in question ought to make himself famous, if he does not, by his wonderful sketches of the "small boy," and the small girl of Gotham. These little creatures always have on clothes too large for them, by several sizes, and are otherwise conspicuous for disproportioned "cheek," and a generally celtic cast of countenance. The humor of these pictures is of a kind not to bear transferring by means of pen-photography, put to be laughed at, needs but to be seen. N. B. This Wolff is no relation to the one that ate up Little Red Riding Hood; instead he would have handed her down to fame in one of his inimitable sketches, also in an overwhelming cloak and with her maternal aunt's shoes on. C. S. N.

Senator Sumner's devotion to Harvard college was shown by his presentation to it within five years, of 7,000 pamphlets and over 1,000 volumes, some of which were of great value.

Infallible mad-stones for the cure of mad dogs' bites and also for incipient hyprophobia are becoming quite numerous. The latest one discovered is in Paris, Iowa, and it has lately cured a son of William Connor, of Knoxville, Illinois, who was bitten by a mad dog some fifteen years ago. This mad-stone is said to have already cured five hundred persons who have been bitten by rabid dogs. The owner of such a treasure as this ought not to hide it in such an out of the way place as an Iowa country town.

In 1870 there were in the United States 1,996 professional undertakers, of whom 20 were women. Besides these, there were 2,365 coffin-makers, these classes together making a total of 4,361 persons, who lived during the year by the deaths of 260,673 persons. Doctors and dress-makers counted out, about sixty deaths avail to keep one person alive during the year. If the cremators should establish their methods, these classes would be obliged to seek new vocations by which to keep up the animal activity for the traditional lease of life.

Another infant orator has appeared in San Francisco, named Ellie Brown, and aged five years. His declamations are really astonishing. He has spoken many times in public, before large audiences, reciting the most difficult and lengthy pieces in a manner unsurpassed by many of our distinguished orators. He has a full voice, and he speaks distinctly, and with the most accurate pronunciation. It is only necessary to read to him a piece two or three times to enable him to commit it to memory, and, what seems so strange, he does not forget any of his 250 pieces.

SNOWED IN.

A SIERRA BLOCKADE.

A FRIGHTFUL SIEGE ON THE PACIFIC RAILROAD.

SNOW PLOWS AND STORM PARTIES—A TALE OF TRIAL AND DANGER.

A correspondent of the New York World, writing from Summit, on the Central Pacific road, under date of March 10, describes the blockade and the consequences: "Here in the very top of the Sierra, 7,150 feet above the level of the sea, I am seated in what was the second story of the Railroad hotel, but which is just now the basement, with snow above, snow below, and snow all around me. Into the window of this second story basement a feeble gleam of light penetrates down an inclined plane of snow. The railroad station, hotel, and all the shops and houses of the railroad employes are built within the snow-sheds which here line the Central Pacific road for twelve continuous miles. All these are literally buried in the snow. I walked from the station to the hotel on a plank which is laid twenty feet above the solid earth—a step to one side or the other would literally have buried me alive—and on either side the terrible snow was piled above in solid bulwarks forty feet high. To a New Yorker, to whom three or four feet of the "beautiful" seems terrible, these figures may appear of the Munchausen order. But I assure you I have not exaggerated the situation in the least. It has snowed more or less here continually since the first of December, but the great storm of the season began last Tuesday. It continued through Wednesday and Thursday, subsiding at intervals, took a rest on Friday and a portion of Saturday, and then began again on Saturday night with redoubled violence. It is still snowing, with no signs of cessation, and the railroad presents a scene of natural grandeur such as I never expect to witness again. I started from San Francisco in the overland train on Friday morning, reached this point, and then scenting trouble in the distance, determined to remain here and see the trouble to the end. I have been awarded in witnessing the battles waged between man and nature. I have seen them conquer, only to be again conquered in his turn. I have seen the triumphs of mechanical engineering undone by the grand power of nature in one short hour, and finally I have been taught to realize, as I never realized before, what it means to run a railroad across the Sierras—what it means to attack nature in her own giant strongholds.

SCENE OF THE TROUBLE.

Up to this time during the winter the Pacific road has been kept tolerably clear from the snow, and the trains have generally managed to get through on time. The snow-ploughs have been in constant use, and have succeeded in keeping the track in an available condition. The last great storms, however, has more than taxed the combined efforts of ploughs, shovellers, engines, and engineers. The greater bulk of the snow lies between here and Blue Canyon, a distance of twenty-seven miles, all of which is, so far as human skill can do it, protected by long rows of snow-sheds. As I came down the other day, with eleven engines and two snow-ploughs ahead of me, the white snow was piled up on either side of the road fully forty feet. The glistening mountains stood there, forming solid bulwarks to a narrow avenue, through which the long line of iron monsters puffed and snorted its tortuous way. Words fail to express the significance of a scene like this. The grade is very steep, and the road winds in and out among the towering peaks of the Sierras, now skirting some deep canyon and again threading the tortuous windings of the mountains. The snow flying in blinding sheets before the great iron plough which preceded us, now rolling with a mighty crash down the sides of some precipitous canyon, and again piling itself along the sides of the track; the grinding, groaning, agonizing engines puffing their slow way along, the murky smoke mingling with the fleecy spray, all this combined to create a scene which can be witnessed nowhere and at no time but in the Sierras, and at this season of the year.

THE MONSTER SNOW-PLOUGH.

The snow-plough of the Sierras requires some description. It is not one of the puny arrangements which are brought into requisition on your eastern roads, when two or three feet of snow interferes with travel. It is a curiosity in itself, and does noble work. It is a massive structure; the smallest in use in these mountains weighs 45,000 pounds, and the laagest 55,000 pounds. It is about the size of a two story house, and is composed entirely of iron and steel. It is of a peculiar form, and so constructed that it throws the snow, when under full speed, fifty feet in the air, hurling it off into the canyons with tremendous force. The plough in front is shaped like the iron prow of an iron clad frigate. Near the ground this changes into a flat surface. Attached to this flat surface is a smaller prow, known as the "apron." The attachment is by means of hinges, so that it may be raised or let down at pleasure. When the machine is in operation the small "apron" rests upon the track, sliding smoothly along under the snow, which is thrown up; this being caught upon the huge, sharp prow above, which is divided, much as the water is divided by the prow of a ship, and cast with great violence to either side. The steam plows of the Central Pacific railroad are master-pieces of mechanical skill. Two engines are always used to push them forward, and during the present storm eleven have been attached to one plough.

A PLOUGH OFF THE TRACK.

The train which is to bear this letter is now waiting at Emigrant Gap for the road to be cleared between that station and Blue Canyon. An unfortunate accident occurred this afternoon which may give the snow an opportunity to win the battle and blockade us all yet. So far, human energy and human endurance have conquered, but to-day, while the storm was at its height, one of the monster ploughs jumped the track about a mile west of Blue Canyon. It was followed by one of the two engines which were pushing it forward. This was most unfortunate, as fully three feet of snow were then on the track. The engine backed up to Blue Canyon for help. Another engine was obtained and a squad of one hundred men, and a start was made for the disabled plough. The two engines rolled about fifty yards, and there they stuck fast in the snow. The telegraph tells me that they are now digging them out for a fresh start. In the meantime every minute thus wasted increases the chances of a blockade. The plough and engine across the track are being fast snowed up, and the track itself, with nothing to clear it, will soon be impassable. You will learn by telegraph the result of the operations long before you receive my letter. As it stands now the road is blocked and four hundred men are digging away to get it clear again.

NO THOROUGHFARE.

Nature has triumphed over all the skill and energy which man could bring to battle against her, and four feet of solid snow lie between this place and Alta station. The engine and snow plough, which jumped the track so unfortunately, and thus gave the storm time to gain upon the men, now lie buried under 10 feet of snow, which has accumulated chiefly from drifts. All night long 400 men have been digging and working on the track in the vain hope of reaching and clearing away the obstruction. All night long the powers of nature have been working against them, and continually gained upon them. Slowly but surely, unwillingly but certainly, we are forced to the conviction that the road is blockaded and that no human effort can raise the blockade until the storm ceases. Two westward and two eastward bound passenger trains are now lying, the one at Elko, nearly four hundred miles from here, where the road is again blocked, the others at Alta, 36 miles to the west and just beyond the range of this terrific storm. The railroad men refuse to give up the fight. They still keep to their work, trusting to the vain hope that they may gain upon the encroaching elements. "At least," as the superintendent of the division said to me to-day, "we can prevent the storm from gaining upon us any more just here at the canyon." I hear the mighty puffing of seven monster locomotives rising high above the wailing of the wind. Those seven monsters represent a tremendous brute force, and yet they puff and snort and push and tug and are unable to move six consecutive feet upon a level. Unless the storm abates soon I shall not be surprised to read this letter in The World on the fourth of July. Four trains are snowbound in the bleak Sierras. The passengers will long have cause to remember their trip across the continent in the spring of 1874.

A TERRIFIC ADVENTURE.

This evening I met Mr. Tarboy, one of the gentlemen who accompanied the snow-plough, which is now wracked just beyond here, and who nearly lost his life when the plough jumped the track. His story of the adventure is interesting, and I transcribe it for your benefit. Mr. Tarboy said: I stood with my teeth clenched, my fingers grasping the life-rope and my eyes fairly starting from the sockets. I held my breath and wondered if the thing would ever stop. Once only I ventured to look around. The sight was awful. The great, black engines, their tops almost even with the high banks of snow, were rushing on in hot pursuit, and screaming out their delight in the sport in tones which shook the earth and echoed for miles in the mighty gorges through which we sped. With unslackened speed the plough rushed on to Blue Canyon. There, stiff with cold, my face cut and lacerated by the fiercely driven show, my neck and hair filled with fleece, I descended from the plough and mounted to the first engine to thaw myself out. The great plough rushed along, rounding the steep embankment at Dutch Flat Ditch. We had just passed it when I saw the huge structure in front sway like a drunken man. Somebody cried, "She's off!" There was a rush for safety. The engine gave a short, sharp, frightened scream—there was a thud, a heavy surge to the right, a violent shock, and then there came a crash. Everybody obeyed nature's first law—the instinct of self-preservation. I made one frantic leap through the window and sprang wildly into the snow. I came out all right, but I don't want to repeat the experiment in a hurry.

THE BLOCKADE RAISED.

BLUE CANYON, March 10—8 P. M.—The blockade is raised, and the Pacific road will soon be clear again. This happy termination of the difficulty, which I could not have believed when I wrote last night, is due to two causes—first, the indomitable energy with which the men have worked through all of last night and to-day; and second, the grand clearing up of the storm and bursting forth of the glorious sun. The piercing rays of the god of the day have done more to extricate us from our difficulties than all the labor and snow-ploughs and engines combined. The snow which filled the cuts was fast becoming ice, and twenty-four hours more of the blockade would have settled us here in the Sierras for at least a week. Happily, this morning broke clear and bright. The hard snow yielded to the melting appeals of the sun, and the huge snow-plows, attacking the enemy when at his weakest, tore a passage through and the overland trains are once more running.

THE LAST GREAT SCENE.

The great snow-plough started from this station at ten this morning. At the same time another started from Alta. Each was propelled by eight forty-five ton engines, and the objective point of each was the same—the wreck near Emigrant Gap. Each did its work well, though under great difficulties. The snow had become softened to a certain extent, and the prow of the huge monsters clove through it for some miles at a reasonable rate of speed. But the snow-king declined to give up the fight until thoroughly beaten, and twice the plough from this point became fast in his icy grasp. The eight engines struggled and groaned and puffed and quivered to no purpose. The shovels were brought into play and the monster was resurrected. Then a fresh start was taken, and tons of snow were hurled over into the canyons, rolling down the mountain side with a noise like the rumbling of mighty thunder. At length the wreck was reached and a way had been cloven through from Alta to Blue Canyon. The snow-plow was got upon the track again, and the engine, which is utterly ruined—a shapeless mass of iron and wood—was removed. This cleared the road, and the workmen, who have labored almost continuously for 48 hours, gave vent to their joy in loud huzzas and wild gesticulations. The battle has been fought and man is now triumphant. From other parts of the line come the news of victory. The road is now open throughout its entire length to Ogden. The delayed passenger trains are now moving onward to the east and to the west. The snow has been fairly vanquished after four days of hard fighting, and unless another furious storm bursts upon us to night the blockade is at an end.

The late ex-President Fillmore took lessons in French while in Paris. He was most indefatigable and good natured while in pursuit of the study, but he could not remember or pronounce correctly the most trifling words.

A London letter attributes to Queen Victoria a piquant bon mot. Some one spoke disparagingly of Sir Charles Dilke's criticisms of the civil list, whereupon the Queen remarked: "It is strange, for I remember having him as a boy on my knee and stroking his hair. I suppose," added her majesty, after a moment's pause, "I must have stroked it the wrong way."

The new postage law brings a considerable revenue from the New York advertising agencies. Geo. P. Rowell & Co.'s quarterly bills upon newspapers received exceed $430; those of S. M. Pettengill & Co. are above $350, while the agencies of W. J. Carlton, Bates & Locke, W. W. Sharpe, and others most prominent, pay from one-fourth to one-eighth of the above amounts.

WASHINGTON.

MENDING THE MOIETY BUSINESS—A SOP FOR THE SIOUX—GEN. HOWARD'S COURT OF INQUIRY.

WASHINGTON, March 23.

In the Howard court of inquiry to-day the hearing of the testimony as to the actual facts in the case was commenced and General Hallach was examined. His evidence was in regard to the management of bureau orders given by General Howard, the disbursements under them, etc.

The committee on ways and means this morning had a conversation on the moiety question and on the proposed changes in the duties on wines. A majority of the committee favor the $400,000,000 bill, but different members have reserved the right to a test of the House by offering amendments to fix the amount of greenback circulation at $356,000,000 and $382,000,000.

The House committee on appropriations this morning heard a statement of the acting secretary of the interior and commissioner of Indian affairs urging an immediate appropriation of $200,000 to provide subsistence for the Sioux Indians now congregated at Red Cloud and Whitestone agencies. This sum is regarded by the interior department as of the utmost importance to the preservation of peace with all the Sioux, and also strictly in the interests of economy. The subject was referred to a sub committee.

THE DISTRICT INVESTIGATION.

EXAMINATION OF LATTA AND KILBOURNE.

At a meeting of the District of Columbia investigating committee to-day, the examination of Latta was resumed. He still refused to answer the questions asked Saturday, relative to the property held by him as trustee, and the committee took the matter under consideration in secret session. After the doors were reopened, Mr. Latta for some time continued his refusal to answer the question, "for whose account he purchased the property referred to, but finally said he had just received permission to answer, and would state that all except a portion was bought for Messrs. Stewart, Hilly and Sunderland, was purchased for Hallet Kilbourn, trustee. The memorialists to day printed a second list of charges against the board of works. These charges contain general accusations, extravagant administration by the board, also, that the engineers of the board have made false measurement of work done under their supervision, and that prices for various items of work were increased by the board, in many instances, after the contract for said work had been closed. A letter was read from John Prudy, addressed to the chairman of the committee, requesting to have his name withdraw from the list of memorialists, for reasons which he stated at length, one of them being that by the developments of the investigation thus far.

HE IS CONVINCED

that the charges of the memorialists are frivolons. When the committee assembled Kilbourne was sworn, and in reply to the question read from the memorandum showing all the property purchased by him as trustee, he said that this property was purchased from A. R. Shepherd, W. B. Parisen, Thomas Young, G. W. Bullock, W. W. Corcoran, J. W. Corcoran, and some others. The property referred to irrespective of that conveyed to him as trustee by Latta. He stated that he had money placed in his hands with which to make purchases, but declined to state by whom the money was furnished except that Jay Cooke & Co., put up $25,000. Henry D. Cooke was not interested in these purchases beyond whatever interest he may have had in the bank of Jay Cooke & Co. Kilbourne refused to give further particulars unless some responsible party would come forward and charge some unlawful or criminal act committed by the firm of Kilbourne & Latta, or either of them, and connect that act with some member of the board of public works. So far as the purchases of real estate by his firm were concerned, they had never been directly or remotely in collusion with any person or persons who were officers of the board of public works. The witness stated that, except in one instance, all the parties benefitted, or to be benefitted by the trustees referred to, are non-residents of the District of Columbia. The witness was told to hold himself in readiness to answer, should the committee determine to enforce replies to questions he had refused to respond to, and the committee adjourned.

INCREASING THE VOLUME.

THE NEW CURRENCY BILL.

The following is the bill reported by the Senate committee of finance:

A bill to provide for the redemption and reissue of United States notes, and for free banking.

Be it enacted, &c., That the maximum limit of United States notes is hereby fixed at $382,000,000 at which amount it shall remain until reduced as hereinafter provided.

Sec. 2. That on the first day of January, 1879, the secretary of the treasury is authorized and required to pay on demand, at the office of the assistant treasurer in the city of New York, to any holder of United States notes to the amount of one thousand dollars, or any multiple thereof, in exchange for such notes, an equal amount of the gold coin of the United States, or in lieu of coin he may, at his option, issue in exchange of said notes an equal amount of coupons or registered bonds of the United States in such form as he may prescribe and of denominations of fifty dollars or some multiple of that sum, redeemable in coin of the present standard value at the pleasure of the United State or ten years from the date of issue, and bearing interest payable quarterly, in such coin at the rate of five per centum, and the secretary of the treasury may issue United States notes so received, or if they are canceled may issue United States notes to the same amount, either to purchase or redeem the public debt, or meet the current payments for the public service, and the said bonds and interest thereon shall be exempt from the payment of all taxes or duties of the United States, as well as from taxation in any form, by or under state, municipal, or local authority; and the said bonds shall have set fourth and expressed upon their face the above specified conditions, and shall, with their coupons, be made payable at the treasury of the United States.

Sec. 3. That national banking associations may be organized in any state or territory, or in the District of Columbia by having a proportion of a national bank circulation equal to that of the state of New York, according to the apportionment made upon the basis of population and wealth by the comptroller of the currency, until each state and territory, and the said district, respectively, has an amount of such bank circulation equal to such proportion of the notes now outstanding in the State of New York; and all banks organized under this section shall be subject to, and governed by the rules, restrictions, limitations, and possess the rights, privileges, and franchises now or hereafter to be prescribed by law, as to national banking associations, and section six of the act entitled an act to provide for the redemption of the three per centum temporary loan certificates, and for an increase of the national bank notes approved July 12, 1870, be, and is hereby repealed.

Sec. 4. That within thirty days after the circulating notes to the amount of one million dollars shall be issued to the national banking associations under the preceding section, it shall be the duty of the secretary of the treasury to retire an amount of United States notes equal to 70 per centum of the circulating notes so issued, which shall be in reduction of the volume of $382,000,000 fixed by the preceding section, and such reduction shall continue until the aggregate amount of United States notes outstanding shall be $300,000,000, and for that purpose he is authorized to issue, and sell at public sale after ten days' notice of the time and place of sale, a sufficient amount of the bonds of the United States of the character and description prescribed in the second section of this act for United States notes to be then retired and canceled.

Sec. 5. That each national banking association now organized, or hereafter to be organized, shall keep and maintain as a part of the reserve required by law one-fourth of the coin received by it as interest on the bonds of the United States deposited as security for circulating notes or government deposits, and that hereafter only one-fourth of the reserve now prescribed by law for national banking associations shall consist of balances due to an association available for the redemption of its circulating notes in cities of redemption.

THE REBELLION.

A DIFFERENT STORY—VERY LITTLE TO IT—THE JAPS TIRED OF PROTECTION.

The revision of the Japanese treaty makes but little progress. Notes have passed between the foreign ministers and the Japanese government, but the latter is using all its endeavors to have the ex-territorial jurisdiction abolished, which point the ministers have been instructed by their respective governments not to concede. Negotiations may be said at present to be in a dead lock. It is said that the budget for 1874, prepared by the minister of finance, show a very favorable state of the national finance. Great anxiety was felt for the Pacific Mail steamship Alaska, which did not arrive here till the evening of the 5th, nine days over the contract time. The delay was caused by bad weather.

A scheme is under consideration for improving the harbor by building piers so as to shelter the anchorage from the winds.

In a correspondent's summary of Japanese news just received, he gives an account of an attempt upon the life of the Iwakura, and says that some of his assailants were discovered and arrested toward the end of January, while others still remain at large. It is understood their motive was one of political hostility which is felt toward Iwakura by many persons of various degrees of rank. There is no suspicion, however, that the assault was sanctioned by any of the leaders of the antagonistic parties. These leaders made a much

MORE FORMIDABLE DEMONSTRATION

against the government, of which he is most important member, by means of a memorial to the Mikado, attacking the administration in violent terms, and proposing radical and immediate reform chiefly in the establishment of a national legislative body. The intemperate tone of this document would have deprived it of all weight, had it not been signed by some of the most popular men in the country, among them Povezima, a former vigorous minister of foreign affairs. Great surprise was expressed at finding the name of this statesman, and those of some others of equal eminence, appended to a seditious memorial. But no action was taken beyond the publication of a brief answer to the effect that the subjects alluded to had long been under the government's consideration, and the establishment of a parliament had for some time been decided upon. Immediately after the appearance of this memorial, the country was startled by the report of insurgent gatherings in Sagaken, better known as the old province of Hizen, reports which were wildly exaggerated and distorted by the Yokohama newspapers. The real facts of the insurrection up to the present time are not of a disturbing character and first broke out in the neighborhood of the city of Sago. It has not yet spread to any considerable distance. The ostensible motion of the rising was to demonstrate the desire of the Samurai in that section for a war with Corea, but that is believed to be only the nominal rallying, the real grievance being

THE RENDOUBLED HARDSHIPS,

which the political changes of the last three years have brought upon the military class. Although Sago is the state to which Soyezima belongs, no charge of complicity in this movement is made against him, he continues to reside at freedom in Yeddo. There is reason for believing, however, that many of the disaffected have taken advantage of the momentary excitement caused by his memorial to make this demonstration more effective than it otherwise might be. The government has acted with great promptness, and thus far, with thorough success. In the confusion of the uprising of some five thousand of men, certain inevitable casualties happened. Some officials were seized, the bank was attacked and an old castle was burned, but about the middle of the month troops were called and dispatched to the scene of the disturbance and a high civil official, Okubo, minister of the interior, was charged with the task of instituting official inquiries on the spot. On the 22d and 23d of this month news was received of the first encounters between the national troops and the insurgents. These took place probably on the 21st and 22d, at the small towns of Toderdasa and Abyoma, in the near vicinity of Saga, which latter city has been in the possession of the rebels for several days. The number of government troops was small, not exceeding a few hundred, the first who arrived. The resistance offered them was so slight that the affair is hardly considered even in the light of a serious skirmish. The best results appear to have been the proofs of spirit and loyalty shown by the national soldiers. The rebels retreated in confusion toward Saga, on which their assailants were advancing at the last accounts. The dissatisfaction is not believed to have spread beyond the very limited space in which it first

MANIFESTED ITSELF.

A messenger is known to have been sent to communicate with Samiza, of Satsuma but he was ordered out of the province in haste. Samiza Saburno, the old ruler of Satsuma, was immediately sent southward at his own request, to watch the affairs in our district. This is absolutely all of importance that has transpired to the present date. The statements in many of the Yokohoma papers are without foundation and do not create much excitement. These foreign representatives who always seek for opportunities of display have been encouraged by several characteristic demonstrations, and the citizens of Yakohoma have agitated the question of establishing volunteers for their own defence. It is important to understand that not a single one of the reports with which that settlement has overflowed during the past two weeks have been confirmed, and only certain facts relating to the hostilities are known. The treasury department has presented an earnest protest against the future regulation of the tariff by treaties. Toward the last of January one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars have been paid to each of the three foreign representatives who had announced a determination to extend the balance of the Simeonescki indemnity in case certain commercial and other concession should not be granted by the Japanese. These installments were for England, France and Holland. No part of the amount due the United States was offered to Mr. Bingham, in accordance with his wishes to that effect. Yendmoto starts for St. Petersburg next month, and will carry out the regulations concerning Marialus and Saghalien, the preliminaries of which were entrusted to Honabusa, the secretary of the legation in December last.