

NEW YORK HERALD

BROADWAY AND ANN STREET. JAMES GORDON BENNETT, PROPRIETOR.

Volume XXXVIII.....No. 247

AMUSEMENTS THIS AFTERNOON AND EVENING.

- THE GARDEN, Broadway, between Prince and Houston St.—THE BLACK CROSS. GRAND OPERA HOUSE, Eighth av. and Twenty-third St.—MIDWINTER NIGHT'S DREAM. BOOTH'S THEATRE, Sixth av. and Twenty-third St.—GIP VAN WINKLE. METROPOLITAN THEATRE, 565 Broadway.—VARIETY ENTERTAINMENT. ROWERY THEATRE, Bowery.—BUFFALO BILL—ORANGE INTEREST. WOOD'S MUSEUM, Broadway, corner Thirtieth St.—DICK, THE CHEVALIER. AFTERNOON AND EVENING. WALLACE'S THEATRE, Broadway and Thirteenth Street.—USED UP—KERRY. BROADWAY THEATRE, 728 and 730 Broadway.—Opera Bouffe—La Fille de Madame ANTOINE. OLYMPIA THEATRE, Broadway, between Houston and Bleecker streets.—MERFISITO. THEATRE COMIQUE, No. 614 Broadway.—VARIETY ENTERTAINMENT. UNION SQUARE THEATRE, Union Square, near Broadway.—PUN IN A FOG—MILKY WHITE. ACADEMY OF MUSIC, 14th Street and Irving Place.—COLOR GUARD. BRYANT'S OPERA HOUSE, Twenty-third St., corner 6th Av.—NEGRO MINSTRELLS, &c. HOOLEY'S OPERA HOUSE, Court Street, Brooklyn.—SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS. CENTRAL PARK GARDEN.—SUMMER NIGHT'S CONCERTS. NEW YORK MUSEUM OF ANATOMY, No. 618 Broadway.—SCIENCE AND ART. DR. KAHN'S MUSEUM, No. 608 Broadway.—SCIENCE AND ART.

TRIPLE SHEET.

New York, Thursday, Sept. 4, 1873.

THE NEWS OF YESTERDAY.

To-Day's Contents of the Herald.

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THE SAN FRANCISCO ELECTIONS YESTERDAY were conducted with much asperity. The railroad monopoly party were opposed by the people's party. In the local offices a petty sectarian spirit appears to have lent its bitterness to the contest.

"FUSION" WAS DEFEATED BY THE STATE DEMOCRATIC COMMITTEE yesterday. The democracy will remain "straight out," and the liberals of last year, if there are any left, must come into the democratic fold as true Jeffersonians. The Convention will meet at Utica on the 1st of October, when the leaders promise a united party.

THE MASSACHUSETTS DEMOCRATS MET YESTERDAY at Worcester, and nominated a fall State ticket of unimixed political complexion. Ex-Mayor Gaston, of Boston, was nominated for the place which Mr. Adams, the younger, has so frequently and fruitlessly contested hitherto. Beyond some faint hopes growing out of the republican fight in the State there was little calling for comment. Ohio and Pennsylvania left nothing for the "conveniently small" Bay State democracy to do but acquiesce in the return to unadulterated Jefferson.

THE MEXICAN COW THIEVES are again marauding in Texas. We want more cavalry there and something of the spirit of Colonel Mackenzie, who brought back the thieving Kickapoo. We owe no courtesy to Mexico or any other power when the lives and properties of our citizens are taken through its indifference or dovetailness.

Cesarism as Known by Its Fruits—Representative Statesmanship.

An era is generally shown by its men. The tree no more surely shows its sweetness by its fruit than the generation by the men it produces. We are more or less types of our time, its fruition, and in all classes there are family resemblances. History is marked with this phenomena. There was the generation of cant and piety under Cromwell, and the generation of license and infidelity under Charles. There was the time of the nabobs—the time of the dandies—the time when every gentleman carried his sword ready for a duel—owned a man of cooks and dined with his favorite prize fighter. France had, almost in the same generation, the brilliant vicces of the Regency and the austere virtues of the Republic. There was the gilded butterfly period, when men only lived to prey on virtue, and the time of fire and flame, when young men cultivated their hair and called themselves Regulus and Brutus and discussed assassination as a patriotic duty. In our Revolutionary era we had whig and tory struggles. One generation yearned for a court like Hamilton, another despised all kings like Jefferson. One generation worshipped the slaveholder, the next worshipped the abolitionist. We had the generation of simplicity, say in the time of Quincy Adams; the generation of display that came with the war and war fortunes. There are men living who remember when our merchant princes lived on Maiden lane and walked to church on Sundays; who remember also the flashing eminence of quacks and adventurers, and the gambling kings of Long Branch and Saratoga.

If we might select a phrase that will give some idea of our meaning we should call this generation the era of false pretence and mediocrity. We noticed recently in the account of an interview between an American traveller and Mr. Carlyle that the venerable and illustrious thinker cried out, "We are all going to the devil together—we here in England—we have nobody to rule but this Gladstone, who is a bagman, or he they call Dizzy, who is a pedler." We do not venture to say how far Mr. Carlyle speaks truly of England, and some allowance must be made for the vehemence of after-dinner fideside rhetoric. But the germ of Mr. Carlyle's expression corresponds with our thought about America. We do not recall a time in our history when there was so much false pretence and mediocrity in public life as we see now. It is one of the surest, as it is one of the most painful, evidences of the growth of Cesarism. We do not remember a time when our public life did not have men of conspicuous renown—known to all men—that we might call promontories and peaks—peaks shining at times and seen over the world. There is only a dead Sandy Hook level, and marshy odors in the air, breathing poison and disease. A striking and at the same time hopeful evidence of this is that we only see this barrenness in public life. In other branches of art and science and industry the time is rich in men of gifts. At the Bar we have O'Conor, Evans, Hoar—in oratory and eloquence, Phillips and Beecher—in literature, Whittier, Longfellow, Boker—younger men, of rare promise coming up, whose works are already read in many tongues. In business achievements we see what is done by Vanderbilt and A. T. Stewart and Thomas A. Scott and Cyrus W. Field. The genius of individual enterprise was never more alive. The country knows the men who have fought her battles by land and sea. Wherever we turn there is life, energy, honesty, the creative spirit, the impulse to inquire and know the truth. It is only when we contemplate public life that we see the barren, sandy reaches—here and there a scrubby plant sending out rankness, and over all floating miasmas of Credit Mobilier and corruption, and the absence of any high, generous, refreshing manhood.

Let us make our meaning clearer by an illustration. The highest level this political generation has reached is Schuyler Colfax. Until within a short time Mr. Colfax was the most popular man in the United States—Vice President and candidate for the Presidency, the envied, the successful, the darling statesman, the model of all virtues, the example to youth. A day came when the truth was known, and in an hour the worshipped of all men became the despised of all men. The Credit Mobilier investigation did not damage Mr. Colfax in his character. He was as good a man when it ended; he is as good a man today and as deserving of popular approval as at any time in his career. The wolf that falls or is wounded in the hunt is at once rendered asunder by other wolves, and how swiftly poor Colfax was torn limb from limb! And yet how much fitter he is now to be President than he was last year, when his friends were seriously thinking of running him against Grant! We say that he is a better man now than he has ever been, and more fitted for the Presidency. He is a creation of this time, an embodiment of false pretence. There are not nine in ten of the men who carefully nourished Mr. Colfax, and led him from place to place until the tips of his fingers touched the diadem of the Presidency, who did not know his true value from the beginning. They knew him to be false, insincere, limited in capacity, absolutely selfish; seeing no aim, end or principle but his personal advancement; wearing his friends like gloves, only to be thrown off when it pleased him; industrious, shrewd, untiring; who drank no wine and prayed in public, and, calling these qualities virtues, wore them on his forehead like a plume; in his statesmanship seeking the highest places by the smallest ways, never contributing an idea, a thought, an aspiration or a generous sentiment to his time; always lagging in his party rank when it was taking new ground; ready to desert if disaster came; only too ready to hurry to the front and hurrah and claim the honors of victory after the battle was won; never so much of a republican that he was not quite willing to be a democrat—simply a business politician in active business life. There are not, we repeat, nine in ten of his followers who did not know him all the time as the world knows him now.

Why is it, then, that this man, who is simply the incarnation of the franking privilege, and who could only escape pleading guilty to perjury by admitting he had been bribed, should rise to the highest political level of the generation? Simply because the spirit of Cesarism has permeated our politics and

finds expression in a creation like Schuyler Colfax. The robes of our Senators are ensouled and foul, and Mr. Colfax only looked white by comparison. It is the tendency of Cesarism to encourage insincerity. The augurs never laughed over their incantations and auspices in the highways. So while all Washington knew Colfax thoroughly—his slippery ways, his skill in skipping novel and dangerous issues; who he shook hands with everybody and never forgot a face, and wrote letters from morning to night, and dropped an old friend as soon as he found a new one, and never, never, never did a service beyond giving a Patent Office report to any human being—while all knew that he could smile on an opponent or a rival and wound him with a dexterity that Richard III. would have envied no one ever breathed a word of this to his disparagement. He was an augur like the rest, and, since he wanted to be President of the United States and wore his two-feathered plume of temperance and religion in public, let him be nominated and let the people be cajoled into his election.

It was not so in other days—in the period of simplicity and homely virtue. Aaron Burr, like Mr. Colfax, was a candidate for the Presidency and Vice President of the United States. Unlike his successor, he was a man of unusual gifts—the peer intellectually of any man of his day—excelled by Hamilton alone. We are not aware that Mr. Burr was suspected of perjury or a confessed bribe taker while Vice President of the United States. The development of his worst qualities came afterwards. He was simply an unscrupulous politician—like two-thirds of the Senators and Representatives in the present Congress. Yet because of this he was despised by Washington, driven from public life by Jefferson, and lived in exile, penury, contempt, pity, to a dishonored and unloved old age. Mr. Colfax was shown by his own admission to have committed an offence against public morality more flagrant than any attributed to Burr before leaving the Vice Presidency. He was shown to have sold his honor for money. And yet the simple-minded Grant—the honest soldier—writes him a letter of congratulation and endorsement, and he claims to be a leader and teacher in our politics. How low have we fallen when the fruit of our generation is Schuyler Colfax! and when even the pure-minded and honest Grant can endorse him as a man worthy of honor! And not only endorse him, but send another of the unholy combination, Mr. Bingham, to Japan as an American Minister! How low have we fallen—from the President who spurned the marvellously gifted Burr to the President who cherishes and endorses the mediocre, pretensions Colfax! The times have changed; Cesarism has given its color to the age, and it is not surprising that the spirit has affected Grant and shows the dominance of mediocrity and false pretence.

The Frigidity of Female Education—What is the Remedy?

Let us return to this educational question again. It is peculiarly befitting to consider in what respect the new educational year will benefit the girls and young women who throng our female boarding schools and colleges. The discussion of the comparative advantages and disadvantages under which our male collegians labor may be dropped for the present. Such evils as are associated with wrong courses and methods of study on the part of male students often meet in after life with a corrective not vouchsafed to girls and young women who have been unwisely disciplined. At any rate, the evil is not so glaring as the one to which we refer to-day—namely, the frigidity of female education, the frills and furbelows which with such fatuous industry are crowded upon the gaudy gown of feminine culture, forgetful of the fact that the very gaudiness is offensive to good taste and common sense, without the jostling embroidery and the puckered fancy work.

It is true that improvement has been made in these respects. It would be possible to name more than one female college or boarding school in which the useful and substantial in education bear the palm and the ornamental holds its proper place as an exquisite accessory. We should not have to hesitate long in order to recall two or three instances of female seminaries whose principals not only have sound ideas of what a sterling and solid female education demands, but likewise know how to work the physical machinery by which such ideas are put into complete and harmonious action. The difficulty is that these ideas are not appreciated and entertained in all their height, length and breadth by a sufficient number of principals, and that even those principals who do co-ordinate with such theories do not know how to deduce from facts a practical synthesis for action. Home and woman ought to be correlative terms. The elements which compose them intertwine their initials and build up a spiritual monogram. The best part of any home education comes from a good mother—good in that wide sense which includes moral strength not less than mental culture—and the most valuable education a girl can acquire is that which makes it impossible that she should not become such a mother, provided she becomes one at all. Now this is precisely the kind of education that most of our female schools fail to give. In this respect the majority of our boarding schools are deplorable negatives. The students who leave them pronounced "finished" are like new houses, with the parlors frescoed and furnished, but without any roofs put on. We admire the elegance of the trimmings and the gloss of the upholstery. Possibly it might be safe to eat an ice-cream there or hold a conversation, but the more cautious among us would be wishing for a roof tree, and he would be a man who should make his home in such quarters without providing them a shelter and stocking them with comforts.

Now every girl ought to carry the "comforts of a home" at the end of her fingers as well as in her heart. This potentiality is not to be acquired in a round of studies whose only effect is to adorn. When Victor Hugo declares that the beautiful is as useful as the useful he is merely stating half a truth in that sententious, epigrammatic style which is with him an idiosyncrasy. Too many teachers of female schools, however, seem to proceed upon this principle. Their tuition is a sort of mental horticulture, in the course of which the virgin soil is sowed with plants bearing blossoms fair to sight, but of no discoverable use other than that of being looked at and ad-

mired. It is because of this flimsy policy that so many parents, who yet have no sympathy with Roman Catholicism, place their young daughters in convents, which, whatever else they may be thought by some to lack, are very strong in two grand essentials—the inculcation of moral purity and the instruction in those practical domestic details in which every mistress of a family must be an adept if she would make that family's home a happy one. We are not advocating the average female ignorance of a hundred years ago, when a woman held her husband's heart in proportion as she held her tongue, and an accomplished housewife was considered a perfect helpmate. We do not belong to the low-bred mob who think, or affect to think, that a woman's foot was made for the rocker of a cradle, and that her hand is never better occupied than when moulding pastry; but we insist upon the beauty not less than the necessity of a girl's being so educated at school or college as for it to be impossible for her not to be an adept in that practical knowledge by means of which the average ideal of home is realized—an ideal not extravagant, not absurd, but simply embracing the ideas of affection, comfort, health and purity. Until this kind of education is given we shall still see the same sad spectacle of young girls entering married life ignorant of the very first principles upon which domestic happiness is based, and in their turn becoming mothers of daughters who pass through a similar retrogressive stage.

Cuban Affairs—The Insurgents and the Carlists.

Our latest advices from Cuba represent the insurgents as actively resuming offensive operations. Their latest reported achievement is their descent upon and occupation of the port of Nuevitas, from which it appears that after swarming over the town during the night and after sacking stores and setting fire to some of the buildings, they retired at six in the morning, having had their own way generally, the Spanish defenders of the place having sought refuge in the Custom House meantime as their citadel. Occasional captures of government army supplies en route from one post to another, with the burning of the buildings of a sugar plantation here and there, are also reported among the current events of this protracted war in the island. The essential fact thus established is that the insurgent Cubans, or liberals, still maintain their ground for independence, and that they are beginning to comprehend the opportunity now offered them from the embarrassments of poor Spain. In this view, "it having come to the knowledge of the President (Cespedes) that some of the officers of the Republic (of Cuba) are abusing their positions abroad," it is ordered that they return immediately to the island and report to his headquarters. These officers, we believe, are mostly now in this city, and if their patriotism holds good they will at once obey this order; for never heretofore have the Cubans had so many advantages for their cause of independence as they now possess.

They should not depend too much upon the idea that Spain six months hence will be powerless against them, for should the Carlists supplant the Republic and recover the government at Madrid there can be no doubt that, with an immediate recognition from England, France and Germany, they will at once be put in a position for the reinforcement of the now depleted Spanish army in Cuba. There is reason to believe that the reports from Spain are true that the Carlists are receiving contributions of money from friends in Cuba; for the sugar planters of the island, as a body, adhere to their institution of negro slavery as better for them than that independence with emancipation for which the insurgents are fighting. The present opportunity should, then, be improved to its fullest extent by those Cubans who are contending for the great causes of national independence and universal liberty; and the Island of Cuba, and not the city of New York, is the field in which they should display their patriotism.

The Question of Color in Public Schools.

The Brooklyn Board of Education may be considered now as between the horns of a dilemma. The vexatious question, "Shall colored children be allowed to sit in class with white scholars?" has been submitted to their decision in a stern, logical way that admits of nothing short of a plain, straightforward reply. The petition, in which this question is brought up, deprecates the exclusion of colored children from the common enjoyment of the privilege of attending any of the public schools, designating it as an act of great injustice and tending to perpetuate the humiliation and degradation of the race. A member of the Board, in support of this petition, asserted that there was no longer a distinction between whites and blacks, and that all the public schools should be conducted with that principle in view. The object, then, is the abolition of educational institutions especially devoted to colored children. This would be a great wrong against the very portion of the community whom it pretends to assist. Our colored citizens, with very few exceptions, prefer the present system of separate schools to one that would, undoubtedly, revive antagonism on account of color in its worst form. The colored schools have done and are doing a vast amount of good, and there is not the shadow of reason for abolishing them. The experiment in question, to say the least, will be a doubtful one, and it is quite unnecessary, too. Colored parents prefer sending their children to schools where there can be no opportunity of reviving disagreeable questions, over which men of education, experience and talent have quarrelled. This attempt to force the Civil Rights bill beyond the limits which should be reasonably accorded to it looks too much like political trickery to attract the serious attention of any right thinking person in the community. Still, according to the letter of the law the petitioners may demand, and in such a case must obtain, the privileges conveyed in their communication to the Board. Already, in Poughkeepsie, this vexed question has been set at rest by the admission of two colored pupils into the public schools, and their classification the same as the white children.

THE TIGHBORNE CLAIMANT'S TRIAL.—If the endless proceedings in the Tighborne claimant's trial for perjury are fruitful in anything they have brought forth a barrister whose ability and persistency have rarely been excelled in a court of justice and a Bench whose Lord Chief Justice has been chiefly remark-

able for his violent outbursts of temper. The quarrels between Chief Justice Cockburn, who wrote the amiable "paper" on the Geneva arbitration, and Dr. Kenealy have not only been disgraceful, but the strong language which they have employed in their high words gives us anything but a cheerful view of "the time-honored British Bar." We publish this morning the peroration of Dr. Kenealy, a masterpiece in its way, and the strongest case we have yet seen made out for the "Wapping butcher" or the seign of a noble house.

The Search for the Polaris—The United States Sloop-of-War Junia on Her Way to Disco and Upernavik.

When Hermann Melville wrote "Typee" he opened to the reading public a strangely new, if imaginary world, sensuously peopled and enriched with voluptuous landscapes. The realm which is described in to-day's HERALD by our correspondent on board the United States sloop-of-war Junia is equally new and equally strange, and has the additional advantage of being neither voluptuous nor imaginary. The description is a powerful and conscientious picture of a region about which little has hitherto been said and less is known. Beneath the humor and sympathy of our correspondent's style flows the still and solemn current of tragedy and omen. You can detect the grave import of the expedition upon which captain and crew are bound as directly and unerringly as you can scent the coming rain in summer air. The search for the Polaris is the proper sequel to her loss. You picture to yourself the lonely Junia proceeding on her perilous voyage, conscious of her prowess and nursing a noble scorn of fog and iceberg and all the elemental enemies that join hands against her. You see the crew made one by unity of purpose, their heroic duties contrasting with the rugged and grotesque wildness of the Esquimaux, among whom they find themselves at Holsteinborg and Sukkertoppen. While you listen to a violin's scraping in a Greenlanders' hut you perceive in the distance the darkness and blackness of the rain storms of the sea. While you bargain for ice dogs and assume the coat of seal-skin a ghastly tableau unfolds itself to fancy and the green mould of the Polar Ocean tints with the supernatural the pinched features of a starved and frozen crew.

But pictures like this have not weighed too heavily on the heart of the Junia's company. From Commander Braine down they are practical men, not given to dreaming, or, if so, their dreams are of that instantaneous order which rank as conceptions passing into immediate action. The letter which we print to-day was completed only a few moments before the Junia was expected to set sail for Disco, thence probably to proceed to Upernavik, at which point the search for the Polaris would become a matter near at hand. It seems that the Junia's crew have been behaving like men who can play all the harder because of their capability for very serious work. They shot eider ducks on Hamburg Island and did battle with mosquitoes at Holsteinborg. They gave right cordial welcome to the Esquimaux who came swarming around them in the native kayaks, and some of the officers, as in duty bound, called upon the Danish Governor at Sukkertoppen. They attended a hop, at which Esquimaux Brummels were radiant in seal-skin breeches, and they enjoyed the inestimable privilege of contemplating the Arctic Aphrodite beneath the glamour of blubber and bulbousness. They imbibed coffee sweetened with succulent Danish candy. They felt their spirits swell beneath the desolate and icy grandeur of the Greenland landscapes, and when they saw the native at his worship they bowed their heads and acknowledged that he performed that act in an homelier spirit than their friends in the temperate zone.

It is pleasant to see the grave and gay trifles of social and domestic life weaving themselves among the sombre warp and woof of this hazardous expedition. We have been peculiarly fortunate in our selection of correspondents, who could go into danger with that cheery patience, that bright equanimity which both proceed from courage and sustain it. Our Greenland letter is the latest evidence of this, and the promptness with which it has come to hand and the avidity with which it will be read are the best reward which the HERALD could desire for its indefatigability and enterprise. In a voyage of this description there is plenty to attract an adventurous, not to say heroic, nature. The constant presence of danger, the contact with unfamiliar customs and institutions, the unfolding of gigantic landscapes at once weird and splendid, the strange and superb natural phenomena new to the eyes of the explorer, the dread secret to the clew of which hope asserts every hour is bringing him near, the solicitudes he leaves behind him to be counterbalanced by the exultation to be created by a triumphant return, the knowledge that his purpose is a noble one, whatever may be the end achieved—all these considerations spur the imagination and carry even the fainter-hearted glowingly into the land where ice is king. If, in addition to all these, the romantic sentiment steps in and represents the Polar Continent as a sort of frozen consciousness, holding in its dreadful abysses the very secrets which we burn to know, the spell is almost completed, and to the inducements which evolve the enthusiastic explorer is only wanted that final and perfecting one which comes from a desire to serve an enterprising and independent newspaper that would wrest information from the open Polar Sea itself.

Treasurer Spinner on Back Pay.

The amiable old gentleman whose signature is at the lower right hand corner of our currency stated to a Congressman, when giving an opinion on the back-pay "covering" business, that he was no lawyer. But he volunteers an opinion as a layman that the only sure way for a Congressman to finally and beyond revocation "cover" his back pay into the Treasury is to do it "by a last will and testament, stating, as a consideration, the love and affection you bore your native land." There may be great truth in this, but it will bear a melancholic tinge, no matter how we may look at it. The good Congressman is invited, like the ill-used good Sunday school child, to sit down and contemplate his tombstone while the naughty Congressmen are gleefully eating their "butcher's meat." That it must be saddled with "a consideration" is questionable. The expedient Con-

gressman may solace himself with the thought that his patriotic shuffling off the mortal coil is *in pace et decorum*. Even Congressmen must pay the debt of nature, and why not now when the chances of future fame are so good. Generations would weep over any man of whom it could be said or written, "Died of back pay." Let them all make their wills, those who voted for the bill particularly, for the only way back pay to "cover," To live a sham from evilly eyes, To prove yourself your country's lover And touch its heart, is but to die.

"The Lost Cause"—Mr. Jefferson Davis Rises to Explain.

The unhappy Jefferson Davis is the Prophet Jeremiah of the "lost cause." His lamentations are not so vivid in their colorings of the sufferings and sorrows of his unfortunate people as those of the heart-broken and eloquent Israhel, but the intractable Mississippian sticks to his text with the same tenacity. The unconquerable Southern rights man of Arkansas precisely defines the position of the fallen chief of his fallen confederacy in the emphatic declaration that—

A regular, straight-out rebel I was, and still am. And I won't be reconstructed, And I don't care a—hem!

We fear, nevertheless, that in the public judgment the character in which Mr. Davis lately presented himself before the Southern Historical Convention, and in which he makes the explanation that we publish to-day, will be held as less heroic than the rôle of the maid of all work in which he appeared "once upon a time" in a sundown and calico wrapper, bearing from a crystal spring away down in Georgia a pail of sparkling water. There he tried as fair a trick of warlike strategy as that of King Alfred in the cowherd's cabin; but in his unseasonable rigmaroles of the Southern Confederacy and what "might have been," had Mr. Davis only known what to do, we have the senseless and purposeless vapors of a weak and foolish old man.

What does he mean in his declarations that he has a hope in the future founded on the fact that he has not yet seen a reconstructed Southern woman, and that while the men of the present day might yield the principles for which they struggled, yet he hopes the children who succeed them will grow up to maintain and perpetuate those principles and redeem all that we have lost? He must mean that his "lost cause" is to be

Bequeathed from bleeding sire to son by the unreconstructed women of the South, and that at some time in the dim future we shall have another Southern rebellion. So we interpret his incendiary White Sulphur speech, and such is substantially his explanation of that wild harangue. We apprehend that silence, instead of such firebrands as these from Mr. Davis at this time, would have been cheaply purchased by the Southern people in the outlay of a million of money; and we entirely concur in the opinion of a Charleston contemporary, which is to the effect that if Mr. Davis cannot open his mouth without putting his foot in it he will best serve the cause and the interests of the South by keeping it shut. During the war his zeal too often outran his discretion in his public appeals; but since the war he has been nothing but a dead weight upon the South, and a decisive argument in favor of the Northern radical policy of coercion when all other arguments have failed. In this view, then, a bribe upon the tongue of Jefferson Davis would be better for the South than the extinction of all the Ku-Klux Klans.

In the War Office at Washington there is a valuable collection of historical papers and official documents relating to the war between the United States and the "so-called Confederate States," as defined by Lord John Russell, and among these papers, we believe, are the precious Southern archives of those five black trunks sent up to Canada for safe keeping when clouds and darkness were settling over the Southern Confederacy, but which were brought back some twelve months since or more and turned over to our War Office for the pitiful sum of seventy-five thousand dollars, or at the rate of fifteen thousand dollars per trunk. Doubtless more than fifty trunks of Confederate archives, with many wagon loads of scrip, were destroyed in the Richmond fire, which lighted Mr. Breckenridge, the Confederate Secretary of War, in his hurried departure en route for Appomattox Court House. But still there must be a rich magazine of historical materials in the possession and within reach of Mr. Jefferson Davis, which, for the enlightenment of the future historian, should be collected, compiled and published to the world.

Here is a field in which Mr. Davis, if he can divest himself of his personal grievances, may still appear in a commanding position among the patriots and heroes of the South. At present, with his vain tears, sighs and groans and seditious nonsense, he stands before the people of the South as a stumbling-block in the way of their restoration to political harmony, union, law, order and prosperity, and the best thing that his immediate friends can now do for him, for themselves and the South, is to keep him quiet.

YACHTING NOTES.

Sloop yacht Genoa, R.Y.C., Mr. Haight, from the eastward for Gowanus, passed Whitestone yesterday. The yacht Dreadnaught, N.Y.Y.C., Mr. Stockwell, also from the eastward, is at anchor of HERALD telegraph station at Whitestone. Steam yacht Fearless, N.Y.Y.C., Mr. Lorillard, from Oyster Bay for New York, passed Whitestone yesterday. Yacht Elio, N.Y.Y.C., Mr. Thomas B. Weston, is anchored of Stapleton, S.I. Yacht Palmer, N.Y.Y.C., Mr. R. Stuyvesant, is anchored of Stapleton, S.I. Yacht Tarantula, N.Y.Y.C., Messrs. Kent, is anchored of Bay Ridge, L.I. Yacht Rambler, N.Y.Y.C., Mr. W. H. Thomas, is anchored of Bay Ridge, L.I.

THE BROWN-BIGLIN RACE.

HALIFAX, N.S., Sept. 3, 1873. Brown has agreed to Biglin's proposal for a race at Halifax three days after the St. John regatta, and has signed articles and forwarded them, with the necessary money for deposit, to New York to bind the agreement. The race will probably take place on the 20th inst.

THE CHOLEBA IN KENTUCKY.

CINCINNATI, Ohio, Sept. 3, 1873. There were four fatal cases of cholera in Middlesburg, Ky., yesterday, and two in Paris.

OBITUARY.

Judge Reed, formerly Judge of the Circuit Court of Boston, Mass., died on the evening of the 2d inst. at Dry Creek, near the Greenbrier White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia. His remains will be taken to Boston for interment to-day.