

NEW YORK HERALD

BROADWAY AND ANN STREET. JAMES GORDON BENNETT, PROPRIETOR.

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AMUSEMENTS THIS AFTERNOON AND EVENING.

- GERMANIA THEATRE, Fourteenth street, near Third St.—AUG. DEB. FRANZOSERICH.
OLYMPIC THEATRE, Broadway, between Prince and Houston streets—L. AND L. MATTICE at 1 1/2.
UNION SQUARE THEATRE, Union square, between Broadway and Fourth St.—COHEN J. MATTICE at 1 1/2.
WALLACK'S THEATRE, Broadway and Thirteenth Street.—DAVID GARRICK. MATTICE at 1 1/2.
BOOTH'S THEATRE, Twenty-third street, corner Sixth Avenue.—DADDY O'DOWN. MATTICE at 1 1/2.
GRAND OPERA HOUSE, Twenty-third and Eighth St.—URSULA S. MATTICE at 1 1/2.
BOHEMIA THEATRE, Bowery.—JACK HARRAWAY—LORRY IN THE CORNER.
ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Fourteenth street.—LUCRETIA, OLIVER GOLDSMITH, WITH READING.
THEATRE COMIQUE, No. 84 Broadway.—DRAMA, BURBANK AND O'LEO. MATTICE at 1 1/2.
NEW FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE, 728 and 730 Broadway.—NEW YEAR'S EVE. MATTICE at 1 1/2.
WOOD'S MUSEUM, Broadway, corner Thirtieth St.—Half, Afternoon and Evening.
ATHENEUM, No. 78 Broadway.—GRAND VARIETY ENTERTAINMENT. MATTICE at 1 1/2.
MRS. F. R. CONWAY'S BROOKLYN THEATRE.—LORRY. MATTICE at 2—CAPTAIN OF THE WATCH.
BRYANT'S OPERA HOUSE, Twenty-third st. corner 8th Av.—NABU MATTICE at 2.
TONY PASTOR'S OPERA HOUSE, No. 201 Bowery.—VARIETY ENTERTAINMENT. MATTICE at 2 1/2.
STEINWAY HALL, Fourteenth street.—GRAND CONCERT.
ASSOCIATION HALL, 2d street and 4th Av.—AFTERNOON at 2—STREET-FESTIVAL READING.
AMERICAN INSTITUTE BUILDING, corner Third Av. and 53d St.—MEXICO, MENAGERIE and HIPPODROME.
NEW YORK MUSEUM OF ANATOMY, 618 Broadway.—SCIENCE AND ART.

TRIPLE SHEET.

New York, Saturday, March 29, 1873.

THE NEWS OF YESTERDAY.

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NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.

Owing to the unprecedented quantity of our advertisements advertisers seeking our columns are requested to send in their advertisements early in the day. This course will secure their proper classification and allow us to make timely arrangements for our news. Advertisements intended for our Sunday issue may be sent in not later than nine P. M., either at this office, our only uptown bureau, 1,265 Broadway, or at our Brooklyn branch office, corner of Fulton and Boerum streets. Let advertisers remember that the earlier their advertisements are in the Herald office the better for themselves and for us.

N. B.—We will issue a supplement.

Spain—The Republic and the Carlists—The Abolition of Slavery and the Republican Prospect in Europe.

We print this morning a cable despatch, special to the HERALD, which shows that the Carlists in the Northern provinces of Spain are not only maintaining their ground, but gaining victories over the government forces. According to our despatch there has been a severe engagement in the Northeast. The government troops retreated, much demoralized; Gronellers was captured by Sabalis, one of the Carlist chiefs. The small garrison surrendered. In Tarragona, as if to show how completely Spain is waning in unity of sentiment and unity of purpose, we are told that Communist demonstrations were being made. In Barcelona there had been some fighting in the streets, and six persons are known to have been killed. We do not much wonder that the great Powers refuse to recognize the Republic, although the Republic is just as likely to be successful as any other form of government in unshapely Spain. Almost all our recent reports have been discouraging. We shall be glad to learn that some of these reports are ill founded; but, in the absence of contradictory evidence, we must take them as we find them. With the Cortes dissolved and with a general election on hand, it is in the last degree desirable that the members of the Cabinet should stand by each other. The last act of the Cortes before dissolution, although imperfect, did honor to the republican cause. The bill, which was passed by a unanimous vote, abolishing slavery in Porto Rico, provides for immediate emancipation. Pity that the bill was not more thorough. Immediate emancipation is more a name than a reality; for we find that the so-called emancipated slaves are to be compelled to serve, for three years, their present masters or other residents of the island, and that for five years to come they are to be denied the rights and privileges of Spanish citizens. How much money in the shape of indemnity it is proposed to pay the slave-owners we are not informed; but, whatever it is, the bill provides that it shall be charged exclusively to the account of the Porto Rico budget. With the passing of this abolition bill the dissolution of the Cortes was unanimously voted, and the House broke up amid the wildest excitement in the Hall of Assembly and in the streets.

The Spanish Republic has taken, in this abolition movement, a step in the right direction, we cannot refuse to admit. Slavery has been, for generations, a standing disgrace to Spain. It is now many years since Great Britain set her a good example, and since, in a variety of ways, she was placed under bonds to hasten abolition and to make an end of slavery and the slave trade throughout her territory. So long as slavery was an institution, privileged and protected in the United States, Spain had a show of reason for maintaining the relic of barbarism in Cuba and Porto Rico. Since our civil war, however, and especially since the close of that war, when slavery was crushed out by the might and the majesty of the freedom-loving people of the North, that flimsy excuse for refusing to do justice to the unfortunate slave has been wanting, and from the time of Isabella each successive government has had something to say about abolition. To the Republic, however, belongs the honor of having spoken and acted with effect. It is always a source of pleasure to us to be able to speak kindly and encouragingly of the republican cause in Europe. We have been watching Spain with attention and interest. We are pleased with what the Republic has done in this matter of slavery so far as it goes; but we must be allowed to say that what it has done it has done imperfectly, and that it has not done enough. Its action is imperfect, because emancipation ought to have been immediate and unqualified, and because the indemnity, instead of being charged exclusively to the budget of Porto Rico, ought to have been provided for out of the national Treasury. Its action is incomplete; the Republic has not done enough; for every reason which calls for abolition in Porto Rico calls for abolition in Cuba. When the British government decided, in 1833, to make an end of slavery throughout the Empire proper the indemnity, amounting to twenty millions of pounds sterling, was paid out of the national Treasury, and the joy produced by emancipation was not marred by any invidious or vexatious exceptions. We have no good reason to believe that the decision came to by the Cortes is completely satisfactory to the Spanish people; and we may take it for granted that, while it will be felt by the Cubans to be an open insult, and regarded by them as a justification of their policy of resistance, it will goad the inhabitants of Porto Rico into open revolt. The insult to Cuba is plain and unqualified, and Porto Rico is told that if she will have emancipation she must pay for the privilege and abide by all the consequences. It was not so that we emancipated the slaves of the South; and the present chiefs of the Spanish Republic ought to have benefited somewhat more from the lessons and experience of the past.

We regret that we cannot write more approvingly of the young Spanish Republic. In Spain, quite as much as in France, the hopes of European republicans are centred. France, since the close of the war, has been in a condition in which it has been difficult for the national sentiment to find expression. She has been burdened with a heavy debt and restrained by the presence of the exacting and relentless invader. What is to be her future form of government we cannot yet tell. We know that the Republic exists, and that, as President Thiers is forced, from time to time, to remind the monarchists, no other form of government is now possible. Not until the indemnity is paid and the invader gone and France has had a fresh opportunity to speak out her thoughts and wishes at the ballot-box shall we know whether France will again bow the knee to the crowned monarch or maintain her place in the ranks of free and self-governing nations. We wait for France; but we look upon the Republic in Spain as a fact. Free to decide after the abdication of Amadeus, and unaffected by any outside influences, the Cortes declared in favor of republican institutions. In spite of Carlist risings in the North, in spite of the intrigues of the monarchial factions, and in spite of the chilling opposition of the great oligarchies, who hate, because they

Spain—The Republic and the Carlists—The Abolition of Slavery and the Republican Prospect in Europe.

peace men and the military leaders, both of whom are desirous of securing the honors of this glorious campaign. Let the government have the medals struck and documents of honorable mention prepared.

The Detectives and the Goodrich Case.

We were but too well prepared for the detectives to blunder in the Goodrich murder case. From the absurdly incompetent treatment of the Rogers and the Nathan cases in New York we were scarcely ready to be sanguine that the Brooklyn Dogberries would improve on it. Eight days have elapsed since the discovery of the murder and "the woman" is still missing. To be sure a woman has been arrested, and thereupon, from the full-blown Chief down to the humblest patrolman, an air of owl-like wisdom has pervaded the Brooklyn official world. The importance which swells the most incompetent detective's bosom, when the public eye is upon him, is a study for the curious; but the overpowering effect which this official monosyllabic reserve has wrought upon the reporters of the local Brooklyn journals moves our deepest feelings. Every time the eye of the Chief deliberately winks it is noted down, and the patrolman who shakes his head sagely when questioned is in imminent danger of immortality. To a weak-headed chief and fogged detectives this problematic immortality has proved a very strong temptation to diverge from fact in regard to the woman who had been arrested. The poor, hard-working, illy-paid, badly dressed, pale, thin seamstress, of twenty-six, Lucette Myers, or Lucette Armstrong, who was hurried over by the detectives to the Central Office, is hinted by the Chief to the reporters as a wonderfully deliberate woman, who lives in furnished apartments and on whom the deceased used to call often twice a day. There, too, the deceased would occasionally go to take tea. Then he could throw out hints that Brooklyn would be "thunderstruck" when they found how the deed was done. We fear Brooklyn must wait for the thunderbolt. And as to the facts about this woman. She knew the deceased, the Chief says, and calls him "Charley." So probably did a great many people, women included. She admits, says the Chief, having been to the house three times, and says the Chief, with emphasis, she calls him her "bean." She did not, says the Chief, wish to see the man as he lay murdered. All these things, breathed as though they were only a tittle of the information he had gained, filled the listeners with creeping sensations. We confess, however, to not being much moved. Lucette Myers lived, previous to her arrest, with her aged parents, whom she supports by her hard-won earnings in the shirt shop of Mrs. Levy. The family—five in all—habited two poor back rooms on the fifth floor of a crowded tenement house. They are furnished rooms, wonderful to relate. How much furnished nothing but the implied magnificence of the Chief would induce us to say. It can be judged from one fact—the poor people make their beds on the floor. Here, then, O Chief! is where the owner of a row of houses in Brooklyn used to take tea! These are the furnished apartments of la petite maitresse. Some time since the family were turned out of a tenement house hard by for non-payment of rent. Three dollars a week and five in family make this plain, too plain, we fear, for the oracular Chief and his luminous detectives. If the detectives were not so clumsy we would tell them that they had committed an outrage in arresting this poor woman, when all these facts and a good many more were within easy reach, without laying bare the honest poverty of these people. The woman, they could have learned, was at home on the Thursday night and at work the next day. Fortunately for the family, Foster's execution enables them to fix these points with precision. What the relations of Goodrich were with Lucette Myers we do not care to take on the word of the Chief. A detective who had learned his business would have found it all out without an arrest, and could have discovered the greater part without the woman being once aware of it. To be sure they knew no better than to drag her from the workshop and put her through a course of cajolery varied by browbeating in the Central Office, and then we must remember that their conception of duty was to furnish morsels for the Chief to hold before the bulging eyes of Brooklyn's reporters.

Mr. Goodrich seems to have been a ladies' man in a wide sense. The "woman" with whom he had the quarrel and who wrote the reproachful letters about the child hinted at as being born of the intimacy is not the woman arrested, all the furnished apartments, tea-taking moonshine of the Chief to the contrary. Every day wasted in furnishing sensation when it should be devoted to clear thought and rapid, careful action, is a gain to the criminal or criminals. At the inquest yesterday it was hinted by Mr. W. W. Goodrich that his brother's body had been dressed after the murder. Beyond that nothing novel was adduced. In addition to our warning to the detectives not to further befog themselves with theories, we now tell them not to waste valuable time in building empty sensation. Their stupidity in arresting Lucette Myers does not promise much for the rational course of their future movements. The woman against whom the evidence they possess points is still at large. The possibilities of an accomplice, who he is, or whether the murder did not spring from motives altogether unconnected with the case, are, to the detectives' shame, yet unexplored. But they have made a sensation.

HANGING FOR WILFUL MURDER.—The Baltimore American avers that "the right thing to do is to make hanging for wilful murder certain." "First catch your fish," &c. It would be an interesting matter to ascertain the sentiment of the public press for and against the death penalty as a punishment for capital crimes. So far as it was expressed in the case of Foster the course of General Dix in non-interfering with the decision of the courts was almost unanimously sustained.

THE SETTLEMENT OF THE MODOC DIFFICULTY seems as far off as ever. According to the special despatch to the HERALD, which we publish to-day, another reconnaissance of the lava beds took place on Thursday, when one of the Commissioners accompanied the cavalry and was also present at a brief interview with two of the rebellious Indians. Absolutely nothing has been done, and, as we predicted a few days since, nothing is likely to be accomplished, while a commission of opposing and interested members are entrusted with the task of concluding peace. It is even hinted by our correspondent that there are rivalry and jealousy existing between the

Cuban Affairs—Bidwell's Imprisonment—Insurgent Movements.

The special telegram advices which we publish to-day in reference to the imprisonment at Havana of Bidwell, one of the parties accused of the recent forgeries upon the Bank of England, are very interesting, touching the jurisdiction of the island authorities in this matter. It appears that Bidwell was arrested at the request of the British government on the supposition that he is a British subject; but it is represented that he is a citizen of the United States, a native of Indiana, and that his arrest in Cuba is not justified by any extradition treaty with England nor by any other authority, except that of the Captain General, whose will over the island is the supreme law. If it can be established that Bidwell is a citizen of the United States his case certainly calls for the intervention of Mr. Secretary Fish. The prisoner, it seems, desires a transfer to New York, which is perfectly natural; but we suspect that the international difficulties suggested touching his detention in Cuba will not materially improve his chances of escape. Through private advices from Remedios it is reported that part of the Spanish Cadiz battalion had gone over to the insurgents, in a recent engagement on the other side of Old Trocha, between the Spaniards and the insurgent forces of Agramonte. In this engagement, it is further reported, Agramonte captured sixty Spanish soldiers, summarily executed fifty-nine of them, under the law of retaliation, and sent the one man left back with the message to the Spanish camp that, as they, monarchists or republicans, gave no quarter, no quarter would be given them in return. And so, it appears, this Cuban war of extermination goes on. There can be no doubt that the insurgents are being strengthened in arms and men and are gaining ground, and as the season is close at hand which is favorable to the Cubans in being deadly to the Spaniards in the field, the opinion of General Grant, that Cuban independence will be established before the expiration of the present year, we are strongly inclined to believe will be made good. The Carlists in Spain, without the slightest intention or suspicion in this direction, are working for the Cubans, and it will only be another addition to the many remarkable events of the last ten years if the efforts of those old Spanish Bourbons in behalf of "the divine rights of kings" shall result in securing the divine rights of a struggling people. General Ceballos, Commander-in-Chief of the Spanish forces in Cuba, has been, we are specially informed, removed under orders from Madrid, and is at Havana awaiting an opportunity to report to the home government. His threat to shoot the HERALD Commissioner as a spy is said to have been the exciting cause of his official trouble. The Cuban people are anxious concerning O'Kelly's safety, having had themselves personal experiences of the sort of régime which the Spanish volunteers exercise in the island.

The English University Race.

The interest felt so recently throughout England and far outside in the doings of her older heads in the magnificent halls of Parliament on the banks of the muddy Thames very naturally and easily turns to-day three or four miles up the river, to the famous Putney to Mortlake course, where her chosen younger men will meet in friendly struggle at the oars; for, at three o'clock, London time, Cambridge University will do her utmost, for a fourth time in succession, send away to the little "Cam" the news that Oxford was second at the finish. Many times previously it was first the other way. Away back in 1829—has she made a similar effort, and though often victorious, yet for the nine whole years following 1860 she had the disheartening record of nothing but defeat. Then she again found how to win, and till to-day has made that knowledge stand her in good stead. Whatever our despatches may tell us at noon, when we recall for a moment the weather of the last six weeks, and that the severe work of preparation of the rowers of to-day has been done in a climate that has lately proved but little, if any, milder than ours, and when it is quite possible that this race, as was more than one of its predecessors, may be rowed in the middle of a snow storm, we may readily see how pertinent is the following passage from a letter of an eminent English physician, Dr. Humphrey, Professor of Anatomy at Cambridge University. Giving his opinion on the effects of boat racing on the health, as shown by members of that institution, after referring to both its benefits and objections, he adds:—"If we are to train in our Universities, as we wish to do and as the country needs, an independent, noble and brave, as well as intelligent and industrious youth, we must leave them, to some extent, free to encounter the risks of sport as well as of work which their energies involve. Mediocrity in play is inferior only to mediocrity in work, and excellence in neither can be attained without some risk. The nation that is best in one is likely to be best in the other. It is among the glories and hopeful features of England that she excels in sports." Whatever doubt there may be as to the prudence of singling out so bleak a time of year for hard work upon the water, there can be little question that the qualities desired by the writer have here an excellent chance for development.

When we think of one of these sturdy young Britons coming on from a four-mile practice pull at racing pace on such a day as Monday or Tuesday last, and being not only none the worse but apparently far the better for it, we can all the more readily let her horse cars alone, and on our way to and from work give "shanks' mare" more liberty. While we are slow to admit that because England plays better than America she works better too, there certainly is a widespread lack among the young Americans of to-day of anything like systematic exercise, and the consequent hard-wood and vigor of body which might be had so easily. But it is pleasant to note that so far as the more favored of them are concerned in this matter of rowing, the interest in physical development is decidedly on the increase. Within a few days there will meet at Springfield delegates—not as of old, from Harvard and Yale alone, but from Harvard, Yale, Amherst, the Amherst Agricultural, Brown, Dartmouth, Brunswick, Williams, Middletown, and we are glad to add, our own Columbia—all purposing being on hand to complete the arrangements for the

great inter-collegiate match of July next on the broad waters of the Connecticut. Nor do we see why only these should come; for Princeton, Cornell and Union might make the dozen generous, while West Point and Annapolis would find a hearty welcome. Then we would have what all Englishmen know, racing in heats, and the man who broke away for a couple of days from his work to take a look at our athletes would find ample reward in such a number and variety of contests. Methodist Middletown and Baptist Brown might show which creed would best hold water, while orthodox Yale and wicked Unitarian Harvard might have a special day set apart for renewing their time-honored struggle for the mastery; or the Pointers and the middies might show whether with the army and its training or the navy lay the supremacy. And from such abundance of material, and material which showed as good rowing as that of last July, the winner of to-day might find rivals who would do for her the little favor once so willingly bestowed upon Harvard.

Clown or Cleric, Which?

In an age when priests and parsons are crying out as loudly as Jeremiah against the growing disrespect for religion it is significant to note how ministers themselves justify the accusation. Parson De Witt Talmage is the latest offender. His Brooklyn Tabernacle was laid in ashes one raw Sabbath morning last Winter, and the fair sisters of his congregation have ever since been building "tidies," dolls' clothes, pincushions, portrait albums and all the "cunning" grim-craekery which go to make up the wares of a fancy fair, at which the sweet sisters themselves behind their counters are the chief attraction. The Tabernacle must be rebuilt, and this calling in of beauty with its smiles and its embroidery to aid in the extraction of eleemosynary greenbacks from the friends of religion is at once innocent and poetical. Venus and Minerva are consecrated to the uses of the prosbytery, and the devotees of both the goddesses are "bled" upon the altar of the Church of Calvin. Perhaps the stern prosbyter of Geneva would go howling back to his grave after having overturned all the tables if he once could quit it to witness an ordinary Presbyterian fancy fair at the Brooklyn Academy. But we could not even sympathize with him in his distress and should be the first to assist the fair merchants of the church from under the confused heap of their merchandises. De Witt Talmage, however, with that boldness and decency which characterize him, was not content to follow in the steps of former fancy fairists. He was resolved that his fancy fair should produce a sensation, and to that end prepared a scene that would shock as many delicate sensibilities as were left unimpaired by the "Black Crook" and the "Twelve Temptations." In the most sensuous of those pieces the rites of the Christian religion had not been burlesqued. Here, then, was a chance for Talmage—we had almost cut the word at Talmage. He had possession of a theatre and he would make "Marriage" a broad farce. It would not be a mere simulation. When we see the blessing of the pious in the "Huguenots" we know that the priests are larger bilk sellers in reality and that the conspirators murder nothing but the English language with Dutch solisms in everyday life. Talmage, on the contrary, would have a genuine priest, with real (!) prayers and a bona fide bride and bridegroom. The long-buried Romish mystery-play would be revived, for the first time on any stage in America, at half a dollar per head admission. He advertised for his marriage aspirants and selected them from fifty-two fools, as a pagan priest would a bull and heifer for the sacrificer's knife. It was to be heightened by effects borrowed from the "property man" of the theatre, and to represent a New England marriage of a hundred years ago. That it was as far from being a Puritan ceremony as was the ballet of the bare-legged Amazons, stage manager Talmage knew full well. Madame de Pompadour might perhaps have looked on it with satisfaction; but no mother of New England's heroes of the Revolution would have thought it other than a wife of Satan. Talmage knew all this; but burlesque-goers care nothing about exactitude. They want glitter, show, fun and sensuousness, and seldom object to indelicacy in act, gesture or suggestiveness. To heighten the burlesque he had issued cards of admission with the definite article spelled "ye" to represent English in the age when Johnson and Goldsmith were writing. No wonder the Academy was filled. The stage manager became the parson of the farce. The solemn rite of marriage was performed "without a ring," but with all the prayers that earnest Christian men had composed for hearts filled with the serious love of God and awed by the sacredness of the life-long pact the words were intended to signalize. Not for the laughter of the gallery "gods" or the smirking of the people in the orchestra chairs were the simple, touching words intended. The player-parson kept a steady face, as good comedians do; but the audience roared with delight and clapped their hands, as though it were Grimaldi, the clown, singing a "Charley" with a red-hot painted poker. It was humbug; but was he not still a parson, and were not the two Stamford idiots man and wife when the shameless scene was over? No doubt. The line where the cleric ends and the clown begins has been receding from the communion rail towards the footlights, and Connecticut is as famous for divorcees as Indiana. Talmage may only be ahead of his time. To the spectacle at the Brooklyn Academy people may yet look back as American citizens do to the Philadelphia Court House on the 4th of July, 1776. When sermons are preached as interludes to ground and lofty tumbling, and the acrobat is the clergyman; when marriage is such a jest that the knot which is tied in Niblo's by a parson-clown on one night is untied by a harlequin-jawyer the next, Talmage will be looked back to as a reformer, as a prophet, as a true priest; but not till then. Ministers of