

Lancaster Intelligencer.

TUESDAY EVENING, MARCH 2, 1880.

The Presidential Pot-Pourri.

Our amiable Republican friends, who exhibit so much real distress of mind and grief of heart, lest the Democrats may have trouble in finding a candidate for president who will be acceptable to their quarter million majority of the American voters, will do well to take notice that the difficulties that beset the Democratic situation are not nearly so serious and insurmountable as those in the path of the Republicans. For whereas the Democracy are tending more and more to unity, the Republicans are very much in the fix pictured by the negro preacher who pointed out to his hearers two roads, one leading to hell, the other to damnation, and the independent Republicans, like the affrighted darkeys, are disposed to "take to de woods."

If not Grant then Blaine is the dilemma offered to the Republicans. And it is a melancholy choice. For with all Grant's faults, as the New York *Times* points out, Mr. Blaine—by the way he sent a substitute toward Grant's army, who represented his principal in jail—as a statesman, has chiefly distinguished himself by his steady support of Mr. Blaine, and his promulgation and defence of the Blaine doctrine that Mulligan has no right to retain compromising letters." Even the "young Republicans" of New York who remind their party friends that Grant's civil career is "inelibly associated with scandals which come home to thousands of Republicans with the sting of a personal disgrace" cannot forget that Blaine's official career is "tainted with dishonesty," and that he only belongs to that class of pelfigging politicians whose talents shine in caucus and are devoted to their own aggrandizement, Schurz and the Ohio Germans pronounce Blaine as distasteful as Grant; and the stalwart *Penn Monthly*, of Philadelphia, says: "General Grant, as the nominee of the Conklings and Camerons, cannot command the undivided support of the party. Mr. Blaine cannot; Mr. Sherman cannot."

So, if our Republican friends are anxious to get a clear track for the presidential race they had better sweep before their own door.

The Truth—For Once.

The editor of the *Examiner* is never so apt to tell the "honest God's truth"—at least as it is given him to see the truth—when he gets his man on. He has it on now, and so he forgets himself far enough to tell the truth about J. W. Johnson's desire for a second term as district attorney and why he should not have it. There is a vast amount of virus in that little line "to multiply indictments at \$5 apiece," and the Commodore must have been pretty mad to let it slip out of his mind and into his paper. For though he hates Johnson like a snake it is not often that he dares to say so.

It is the "honest God's truth" that Johnson as district attorney "multiplied indictments at \$5 apiece." Time and again the INTELLIGENCER charged him with it, pointed it out to the court and demanded that a stop be put to it. But the court never interposed any effective check, to him and the Republican papers did not even rebuke him. The *Examiner*, knowing the facts then as well as it knows them now, even allowed him its columns to make the shallow defense that our assaults upon him were because of some prejudice against him, when the truth is that there is nobody in town we are so careful to deal even justice to as J. W. Johnson—and there is scarcely anybody that seems to complain more when he gets justice.

Now that Johnson is a candidate for district attorney against the *Examiner's* interests, it does not fear to go back on its past record and assail him with his official derelictions. It would have been more creditable to it had it done it when more timely. But as we have often had occasion to remark the two factions of the Republican party here, in their family fights yearly, denounce and prove each other to be "bummers and return tinkers, poor house jobbers and prison ringsters, forgers of naturalization papers, jail birds, bogus tax receipt swindlers and plunderers of the city." Then they nominate some of this catalogue for county officers and all join in glorifying them as heroes of Republican campaigns and martyrs of Democratic persecution.

Manners at the Theatre.

The frequent recurrence of a serious cause of complaint with the major portion of audiences in attendance upon theatrical performances at Fulton opera house has become so unendurable as to call for public notice, in the hope that it may be promptly removed. It is the habit which many people have—and one that is not confined exclusively to the masculine portion of the average audience—of rising in their seats a few moments before the fall of the curtain, drawing on overcoats, adjusting capes and cloaks, and making preparations for departure, and in some cases leaving the hall; not only to the manifest embarrassment of the people on the stage, but to the discomfort of persons better bred, who happen to be sitting behind those alluded to, and who are prevented from seeing or hearing what is transpiring during the closing scenes by the interposition of a burly form that rises directly before their vision and deliberately begins to make preparations to go home. The lack of good taste and common politeness in such conduct is so manifest to people who make any profession of breeding at all, that the simple notion of it ought to be sufficient to induce them to abandon this just cause of complaint, which, together with the disagreeable click of the opera glass case that is heard in every quarter of the house during the last few moments of the final scene, must be quite as distasteful to the actors as it certainly is to the majority of the audience. As for such who cannot be reached by an appeal to their sense of common politeness and what is known as good manners, they occupy the same plane as that detectable gentry who stand at the inside door of the theatre and blow vile tobacco smoke

into the faces of ladies and gentlemen as they emerge. This latter offense is within the reach of the authorities in charge of the building, and so insufferable has it latterly become that it is hoped and believed that the proper remedy will be at once applied. Hand the rowdies over to the care of the police.

The Albany Law Journal, which stands in the front rank of the publications of its class in this country, discusses the motion to disbar Messrs. Steinman and Hensel, on a correct knowledge and statement of the facts; and its conclusions are noteworthy from the high authority of their source. In its suggestion, however, that editors may be liable to punishment for *contempt*, by reason of a publication made out of court it has doubtless overlooked, or is not aware of the Pennsylvania statute of 1836, which says that "No publication out of court respecting the conduct of the judges, officers of the court, jurors, witnesses, parties or any of them, in or concerning any cause depending in such court, shall be construed into a contempt of the said court so as to render the author, printer, publisher, or either of them, liable to attachment and summary punishment of them." This is one of the very kind of "limitations of statutes defining contempt" to which the *Journal* refers further on; and it is so very plain that even Judge Patterson intimated on the argument of the case that he had become acquainted with it and recognized its binding force. If the *Journal* is satisfied, as it seems to be, about the rule to disbar, as a matter of law or policy, the rule to answer for contempt is settled by the statute—as even Mr. Weller might observe.

PERSONAL.

COL. ISAAC PARKER, son of the Brown-Parker family of Carlisle, Gen. Hancock's old camp through the war, and died a frequent visitor to Lancaster, and died suddenly in New York on Saturday night.

PROF. WM. B. HALL has been unanimously elected as non-resident professor of vocal music in the state normal school at Indiana, Pa., and will assume the duties about the middle of April.

Cunkling would not allow GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS to jump into his wagon, but it is understood that the Ashfield district, Massachusetts, will select him as representative, and Mr. Curtis will hail, therefore, from the old Bay State.

STEPHEN THATCHER, a native of Massachusetts, died in Saratoga, N. Y., on Sunday night, aged 99 years. He was formerly a paper manufacturer, and made newspaper continuous rolls at Lee, Mass. He served two terms in the Massachusetts Legislature. In 1852, being then over 70 years old, he retired from business and went to Saratoga to live.

M. HENRY IRVING is the subject of considerable gossip at the London clubs now, rumor having it that a breach of a serious nature has grown up between the tragedian and Lady Burdett-Coutts, his aristocratic and wealthy patroness. The cause of the trouble, it is said, is Miss Ellen Terry, who is now playing with Mr. Irving, and to whom he has transferred that single-hearted devotion which he once gave as an offering to his art.

GO. DEB. KEIM, second officer of the Philadelphia and Reading railroad, sailed to-day for Europe with his eldest daughter on a tour of pleasure and for the restoration of health, after ten years of unremitting service during a very trying period of the company's existence. The steamer on which he sailed was to have gone last week, but was detained by repairs necessitated by her rough voyage to this side. Mr. Keim's trip is wholly one of recreation, and the people here will not be accorded their hearty support.

MINOR TOPICS.

BOSTON'S second cat show being about to open, a local paper records in a feline manner that categorically speaking the entries cannot be catalogued, but a member who was cattish says that unless some catastrophe occurs it will beat last year's show, which was a grand success.

GENERAL GRANT is a scratcher. It is recalled that he said in 1876 to a *Herald* correspondent: "I had one candidate for the presidency as my successor, and that was the Republican candidate who could be elected. I took no part in the proceedings antecedent to the Cincinnati convention because the candidates were my friends, and any one except Mr. Bristow would have had my heartfelt support. Mr. Bristow *never* would have supported."

BOTH HOUSES of the Virginia Assembly have passed a bill repealing the bell punch liquor law and re-establishing the license system which is to go into operation on May 1. The vote was nearly unanimous. Both Houses of the General Assembly passed and sent to the governor for his approval the bill to re-establish the public credit. It reduces the principal of the state debt from \$33,000,000 to \$20,000,000. The governor will probably veto it.

NOTWITHSTANDING the alleged bitter and persistent opposition of Senator Wallace to Marshal Kerns we hear from Washington that "the Senate judiciary committee, after a brief discussion, agreed unanimously to favorably report the re-nomination of Marshal Kerns as marshal of the Eastern district of Pennsylvania. He will doubtless be confirmed at the next executive session of the Senate."

Democrats, please stick a pin there and wait and see.

Or the bill to create a lunacy commission, now before the new New York Legislature. George William Curtis writes in enthusiastic terms. He says that "the necessity of a more thorough and detailed public knowledge of the interior of the insane asylums cannot be disputed," and, again, "that it is the system of supervision that needs correction." "Humanity, justice, good sense, economy, all plead for the bill, nor do I see why any serious opposition should be offered to it from within or without the asylums."

THE DRAMA.

The "Lie" Courteous.

Examiner.

The editor of Mr. Warfel's paper, the *New Era*, simply lies when he says that Mr. Eshleman "departed from his original instructions," as to calling the committee together. There never was any "original instructions" from any one, or any intention on his part, or any of his friends who have the means of knowing what his intentions were. The purpose always was in due time to call the committee together to pass on all the questions brought before it. Especially was it the purpose to do so, as not to give any excuse in the future to change the generally accepted time for making county nominations. The fact that Mr. Geist thinks it important to select another set of delegates to the Chicago convention from this county never gave the friends of the delegates selected the idea of sending the committee to the national convention.

It may help among some of the "boys," but just who is to derive the most benefit out of this tempest in a teapot, whether Mr. J. W. Johnson, who wants a "second term," to multiply indictments at \$5 a piece, or Mr. Thomas J. Davis, we will not undertake to say now. But one of them will, very probably, find by the time it is over that he has been "suck-ed-in" as well as some others who are mounting that "boom," to bring them fame and fortune. But of this, there will be plenty of time and opportunity to play a "full hand" before the game is through. But we have digressed. We only mean to tell Mr. Warfel to stop his editor's writing.

LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

THE DRAMA.

Miss Antie Pixley as "M'iss"

There is a picturesque beauty in Bret Harte's romantic story of the Sierras adapted to the stage under the name of "M'iss." It is a faithful photograph of the wild and rugged life of the gold fields of California, and the characters are all imbued with the rugged qualities with which it requires no very stretch of the imagination to invest the '49er and his modern successor in the far-off purple clime of the Golden state. The incidents, too, partake of that vivid intensity which makes unnecessary the almost farcical exaggeration and overdriving which distinguishes the ordinary frontier drama. The playwright has so conscientiously followed in the line marked out for him by the author of the story that there is an utter absence of the many incongruous and ridiculous situations which offend the eye even in the enjoyment of the breath of fresh mountain air that only a tolerably good play of this kind is calculated to walt into the parched nostrils of an audience accustomed to the vapid inanities of your modern "so-called" drama. And "M'iss" allows you to take repeated draughts of the delicious breezy atmosphere, while the eye is at the same time charmed by the artistic accuracy of all the surroundings. It is *pure excellence* the frontier drama of to-day. It was in its title role that that bright little actress Miss Annie Pixley bounded onto the stage less than two years ago. For she is one of those lively little creatures who fortunately do not require the crutches of patient and laborious effort to hobble into public favor, but at one leap sustained in the arduousfeat by natural endowments, land themselves on the safe side of the turbulent stream that separates them from the green pastures of fame, while others are painfully guiding their footsteps among the snags and stumps that beset their pathway. She appeared here but little more than a year ago and played right bravely to a beggarly array of empty benches. She came later the same season and the large audience which then greeted her must have been highly gratifying to her. But the house last night! Why it fairly groaned under the weight of humanity that it held. Not merely every seat, but every available nook and cranny in the auditorium and gallery was occupied. Around the parquet circle stood a solid row of people, whilst up in the gallery the same state of things prevailed. It was a regular ovation, and had the effect of putting the charming little lady on her mettle, for she played as she never before played in this city. Our readers know all about the pretty-faced, light-hearted, rollicking child of nature, the rough diamond of the Sierras, full of tricks and the odd ways which association in a miners' camp has given her; a heart big and generous, and a native wit as bright as polished gold. That is "M'iss," and Miss Pixley's reproduction of the character last night set her great audience wild with delight. She is not less effective in those parts where the author has mellowed and refined the breezy humor of his work by introducing a strong vein of pathos, and nothing could have been more touching than the "wildcat" tender affection for her drunken and bearded old father and her hysterical outbursts at the thought of losing him. Miss Pixley was in admirable voice, and her rendition of a number of popular songs brought down the house in tumultuous and repeated encores.

The support was quite good, notably Mr. McDonough's "Yule Bill," which was marked by an off-hand freedom admirably befitting the role; the acting of Mr. Johnson to whose hands the difficult part of "George Smith," the drunken father, had been committed, was likewise highly commendable; whilst the remainder of the cast kept up their end of the performance in a manner that maintained the merit at a very even balance.

STATE ITEMS.

A fire in Wilkesbarre destroyed Carey's store, Kerns' dry goods store and three buildings belonging to the estate of Mr. B. Wood. The buildings of Mr. Lederer and Mr. Persons were damaged. Total loss, \$35,000; insurance, \$12,000.

Justice Paxson, in the supreme court, has rendered a decision affirming the decree of the court of common pleas, No. 1, in the matter of Dr. Rush's bequest to the Philadelphia library, thus sustaining the bequest.

In Monongahela local option prevails, so the proprietors take themselves to Temperanceville across the river. The local option people are so incensed at the temperance that one tavern was burned early yesterday morning and two saloons set on fire.

Rev. Isaac Price, the oldest postmaster in the United States, has tendered his resignation from the Schuykill office, located at Corner Stores, near Phoenixville, Chester county. He was appointed in 1832, when General Jackson was president, and held the position ever since.

A tramp went into the press room of the Altoona Tribune and stole a gold watch from the pocket of a vest hanging in the room, which belonged to the pressman. He was caught five miles east of the city. He gave up the property and after getting a sound thrashing he was allowed to resume his travels.

Proposals for Water Trenches.

Attention is called to an advertisement elsewhere for proposals for digging trenches for water-mains on North Queen, North Prince and Lafayette streets. Proposals will be received up to Thursday afternoon at 4 o'clock.

Sale of Horses.

Samuel Hess and Son, auctioneers, sold yesterday at public sale at the Merrimac house for Ed. Kauffman 14 head of horses at an average of \$126 per head.

AGRICULTURE.

MEETING OF THE LOCAL SOCIETY.

Crop Reports—Resolutions of Respect-Essay on Apple Culture—Preservation of Forests—Clover and Clover Seed—Another Agricultural Fair, &c., &c., &c.

A stated meeting of the Lancaster county agricultural and horticultural society was held in their room in city hall yesterday afternoon.

The following named members were present:

Joseph F. Witmer, president, Paradise; M. D. Kendig, secretary, Manor; Henry M. Engle, Marietta; Calvin Cooper, Bird-in-Hand; Simon P. Eby, city; Frank R. Diffenderfer, city; John C. Linville, Salbury; Casper Hiller, Conestoga; John Huber, Warwick; Henry Kurtz, Mount Joy; John H. Landis, city; Daniel Smead, city; Ephraim A. Green, city; Charles Hershey, Paradise; John B. Erd, Strasburg; Robert Dysart, city; Samuel Blankley, Warwick; Wm. H. Brosius, Drums; Dr. C. A. Green, city; Webster L. Hershey, Landisville; C. L. Hunsecker, Manheim; John H. Landis, Manor; Levi S. Reist, Oregon; Wm. McComsey, city; Eph. S. Hoover, Manheim; Dr. S. Rathvon, city; Jacob B. Garber, Columbia; Johnson Miller, Warwick; Simon A. Hershey, West Hempfield; Enos Engle, Marietta; Wash. L. Hershey, Chickies.

In the absence of the president when the meeting was first organized, H. M. Engle was called to the chair.

Crop Reports.

Reports on the condition of the crops being called for Henry Kurtz of Mount Joy said the wheat looks well; fruit bushes are very fine; even that which was sown late in the fall looks as well as that sown earlier, grass does not look so well; and clover looks if there would be a short crop; the tobacco is nearly all sold.

John C. Linville, of Salisbury, said the wheat looks well; fruit bushes are pushing rapidly and peaches will in a few days be blossoms if the weather continues warm; the maple is in bloom and the bees are busy gathering honey; live stock has wintered well, especially sheep, and the advancing price of wool promises a good return to the sheep husbandmen.

H. M. Engle reported that the rainfall for the past month was 3½ inches.

Resolutions of Respect.

On motion of Calvin Cooper, the rules were suspended to enable him to offer the following resolutions of respect to the memory of C. M. Hostetter.

Resolved. That we have lost one of our late fellow members, Christian M. Hostetter. Therefore,

Resolved. That while we bow in submission to the works of an overruling Providence, we have lost an active co-laborer in the cause of agriculture.

Resolved. That it is with sorrow we think of his removal, while yet in the prime of life, and we tender the friends of the deceased our sincere regrets, trusting our loss has been his gain.

Resolved. That a copy of these resolutions be sent to his friends.

The resolutions were unanimously adopted.

Essay on Apple Culture.

Casper Hiller read the following essay:

The day was in the recollection of many yet living, that Lancaster county was one of the greatest apple growing sections in the country. Then apples rarely ever failed. Every other year was called the apple year, though the off year usually produced fruit in abundance for home use. Well I know that we picked wagons full of apples and hauled them to the distillery to have them converted into applejack, to keep them from spoiling (?). The hogs revelled in the orchard and got fat, and the cellars were filled with winter apples, that were free to every comer, and in the spring there was often such a surplus that they had to be carried out to the hogs. In those days there were no apple districts.

Then five cents a bushel was a fair price for winter apples, and they were often sold as low as ten cents a bushel. But a change has come over these things. For many years the apple crop has been uncertain, sometimes failing altogether, but frequently plentiful enough, but defective and ripening before its proper season, so that often we had no fruit about the holidays.

The result of this is that our five or ten acre orchards have disappeared, and in their place we see half acre or acre orchards, and in many places no orchards at all.

But with these discouragements in apple culture are there not acre prehards after all, giving better average yield than the rest of the acres of the farm? They supply the family with all the fruit needed during summer, fall and early winter, supplying all the dried, applebutter and vinegar needed during the year.

It must not be forgotten that fruit is necessary to health. If it is not grown at home, the household will be often short of a supply, especially in the summer season.

If a supply is to be kept up by purchases, the bills during the year could not be paid by the profits of an acre of wheat or corn. These should be sufficient inducement for us to attempt to grow our own fruit.

It is a question, too, worthy of our consideration, whether we have been doing all we could to grow better fruit and more of it.

The most careless observer, no doubt, has noted occasionally a tree of some well known variety, produce much better fruit than its