The Dispatch.

ESTABLISHED FEBRUARY 8, 1846.

Vol. 44, No. 5.—Entered at Pittsburg Postoffice, November 14, 1887, as second-class matter.

Business Office--97 and 99 Fifth Avenue.
News Rooms and Publishing House--75, 77 and 79 Diamond Street.

This paper having more than Double the circulation of any other in the State outside of Philadelphia, its advantages as an advertising medium will be apparent.

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PITTSBURG, TUESDAY, FEB. 12, 1889.

THE DARKEST HOUR.

It would be underestimating Mr. Balfour, the now famous instrument of Tory rule in Ireland, to suppose that he is either a weak or incapable person; but conceding the truth that he is by temperament and purpose the fittest exponent of Toryism his generation has known, it still remains that in counting upon main strength and force as the means of governing Ireland he has been sowing the wind, which will ultimately destroy the supremacy of his party. At all times he has been ready with pleas to justify the imprisonment of the Irish members, and their severe treatment in prison. His contention has been that they should obey first the coercion laws, or, breaking these, and finding themselves in prison, they should live up to the prison rules and regulations, or else be treated as other prisoners who infringe them.

This argument has met with applause from Mr. Balfour's party, but when the struggle is seen to continue, and the results promised from this discipline are farther away now than when it was begun, the English people will not remain satisfied. They will revert to the fact that these laws which Mr. Balfour is so severely administering in Ireland are exceptional; that they create new offenses known in no other part of the British Dominion; that they destroy the right of free speech on political subjects; and that, by their application, many men who are elected to Westminster to take part in the government of the country, find themselves in prison, in place of sitting with equal voice in the same hall with Mr. Balfour.

There are signs that leading members of the Liberal Unionist combination are growing restive under the continued state of things in Ireland. Coercion laws have never resulted successfully for any political party in dealing with that problem. The most experienced of all British statesmen, Mr. Gladstone, threw them to the winds after a long trial; and the Tories cannot succeed by them. Should Balfour fail, it will doubtless be the last of the system of repression and coercion. Much as he is hated by his opponents, all recognize that he is the most determined of the Tory leaders; that he is least liable to be influenced by agitation against him; and that, if he fail in governing Ireland by coercive methods, there is no one who can hope to take up the task where he leaves off with the slightest prospect of success. Thus, with the Home Rulers, the darkest hour is that before dawn.

TOP-HEAVY CAPITALIZATION.

The crash of the Ohio and Western Coal Company, which has already been noticed, appears upon further details to be an utter wreck. This concern was one of the results of the policy attempted a few years ago of erecting a huge system of fictitious capitalization on the foundation of the Hocking coal business and trying to inject some value in it by combination. It was an attempt to follow the example of the Standard Oil Company, without business perception enough to recognize its impossibility, or honesty enough to withstand the temptation to try to secure its illicit gains. The struggle to carry the burden of fictitious values has been dragged on for some years; but the inevitable result has been reached. The sooner these hugely watered concerns are wiped out and reorganized on a basis of honest values, the sooner their business will be restored to health and prosperity.

REVIEWING CITY EXPENSES.

As everybody is, or should be, concerned in any scrutiny of city affairs which tends to establish due economy, as well as efficiency in the administration, the Mayor's message to Councils yesterday, and other proceedings in those bodies, will be read with interest. Particularly is this so because of the pending appropriation ordinance and of the approaching election. It may be said of the taxpayers that they are cheerfully willing to pay all that may rightly be required for a good government. It follows, as of course, that they are entitled to a full return for their money; and, if in any particular they do not get it, explanations are in order. Several points were raised yesterday which Councils and the heads of departments must consider.

The growth of Pittsburg promises to be extraordinary within the next few years, involving large expenditures and important works. It is only by frank and free criticism and comparison of notes that the best results can be hoped for, and it is the duty of Councils to examine every matter, not from the point of view of personal or political considerations, but in a strictly business light. Wherever charges of extravagance or inefficiency are made, they should examine and act upon them promptly and squarely.

PUGILISTIC ELOQUENCE.

An ingenious writer on sporting matters has evolved a curious theory regarding the results to be obtained from cross-breeding in pugilists. His conclusions are hardly worth discussing here in so far as they concern the physical side of pugilism. It appears reasonable on the face of the arguments advanced to believe that the mixture of nationalities has a distinct bearing upon the evolution of the pugilist as a fighter with his fists. That side of the question may be worthy the consideration of experts on the subject.

But in these days surely we are justified in preferring to inquire the causes of the singular ability displayed by pugilists everywhere to fight with their mouths. Whence comes this enormous gift of the gab? as the classic ringsters would say. Has the mixture of English, Irish and American blood anything to do with the display of eloquence which the meeting of any two or more pugilists always brings forth? The learned writer in his disquisition on cross-breeding in the production of ring champions unfortunately has failed to enlighten us upon this point. He contents himself with the commonplace conclusion that the best fighters with fists have the blood of three nationalities in their veins. Doesn't he know that it is not good form any more for a pugilist to use his fists? He cannot be much of an observer of the fighting fraternity if he has not realized that the tongue is stronger than the fist, not absolutely inside the ring but as near it as pugilists of this era ever care to come.

What we should like some technical expert to demonstrate to us is the origin of what may be termed pugilistic eloquence. Is it the Irish strain contributing the "blarney," for which the race is famed, the British strain with its national characteristic of boastfulness, or the American strain with its spread eagle tendencies, which has had the most weight in the evolution of the pugilistic orator?

And if it takes three nations to produce a John L. Sullivan, a Charley Mitchell or a Jem Smith, how much does it take to turn out a Congressman, the next in the scale of eloquence, who can talk the House into adjournment in ten minutes?

THE BUILDERS' BULL.

The deliverance of the Builders' Exchange against the Coroner's jury which found a verdict in the case of the Willey building disaster, assumes the *ex-cathedra* character of a papal bull, in denying the right of anyone but the Builders' Exchange to pass judgment on that affair. This is not calculated to encourage outside comments; but those who are not experts in building may feel themselves qualified to perceive gaps in the builders' logic.

We are told on authority that all the material in the building was of the best character; that it was put up under the supervision of the best architect by a first-class contractor, with the inference that everything was done just as it should be. On these premises the public can hardly fail to perceive that it is a most illogical conclusion for such a first-class building to fall down in a wind that did not severely strain any of a hundred other buildings within a radius of a thousand feet, including two that were little further along toward completion than the one destroyed. Is the view of the ruins and the list of the dead merely an imagination to be dispelled by this solid reality of first-class material and talent? Or are we to infer that these are possible results from the use of the best bricks, mortar and builders, with the apparent conclusion that safety is to be secured by the resort to second-class material?

The intimation of one of the builders that the Coroner's jury should have found that Providence was a fool for sending a wind that would blow the building down, is evidently intended to place the responsibility for the disaster as an act of God. But while a builder may speak as an expert on building matters, he is not necessarily an expert on Providence. The public is very well qualified to perceive that Providence was not so foolish as to blow down the Hussey building within 200 feet of the one which fell, and to draw the obvious inference.

TOO LATE IN THE SESSION.

The debate in the House of Representatives yesterday on the Elliott-Smalls contest affords a remarkable illustration of the inefficiency and inanity to which partisan control has reduced that body.

It is not alone the remarkable nature of the discussion, which paid not the slightest attention to the evidence in the case, that shows the inability of the parties to take into consideration real and vital issues. That is a singular feature; but it is not the most phenomenal one.

It is the spectacle of a legislative body which has postponed the settlement of the question who was elected in the Congressional election of 1886 for nearly three years, and now, laying aside necessary business, in order to fight the bloody shirt issue over on both sides, with reference to a seat the term of which expires within three weeks.

If the House cannot decide its contested cases before its term has practically expired it should have sense enough to leave them alone when there is pressing business to be done.

NO TRUST IN PIG IRON.

Concerning the intimation of a disagreement between the furnace owners of the Mahoning Valley and their employes "a Pittsburg iron man" is quoted by the city papers as saying that it would be a good thing for all the furnaces to shut down one month, from which the usual deduction is drawn that "the furnace owners should come to some kind of an agreement to limit the production."

If the furnace owners and their employes cannot agree as to wages they will, of course, shut down; and it may also be taken as a fact beyond dispute that so long as there is a profit in the production of pig iron they will not shut down. The pig iron industry is peculiarly the one which, by its' records, is able to confute all the factitious theories about the restriction of production and the benefits of pooling, by the fact that it has been the case for twenty years, when the production of pig iron does not pay that the furnaces go out of blast. If the price is at a point where some furnaces can run at a profit, those which cannot shut down, when prices are readjusted so that they can get a profit they blow in again. This is the natural and legitimate way of preserving the equilibrium of supply and demand, and its result is to put the prices of pig iron at the level which yields a decent return to the establishments that are in operation at any given period.

What would be the difference in results obtained by the pooling or trust policy of an arbitrary restriction of production? In the first place the policy is impossible, for if the furnaces at present in operation should try to raise prices by restricting production, it would at once bring in the hundreds of stacks that are out of blast waiting for a favorable turn of the market. Imagine, for the sake of argument, that the whole industry could be united in such an effort, and it is plain that the judiciously located and best constructed furnaces would be losing the profits of steady operation in order that the furnaces that are out of date or injudiciously located may share the profits of arbitrary restriction.

That is the true meaning of all combination attempts to restrict supply. It means that the legitimate results of improved processes and careful judgment are to be prevented from reaching the public. The pig iron industry will not adopt any such policy, because it cannot.

A PROPER AMENDMENT.

While there may be sincere and well founded differences of opinion as to the justice or good results of the "valued policy" insurance bill which is being mooted in the Legislature, there can be no doubt of the justice of the movement to secure the alteration of the legislation which prevents the adoption of the "factory mutual" system in this State. It is proper for legislation to regulate insurance to the extent of seeing that no false pretenses are used and that the assets reported by the companies are valid; but it is highly improper to distort the pretense of regulation into the exclusion of so legitimate and economical form of insurance as the factory mutual. If, as is stated, the law of 1887 prevents factory and mill owners from furnishing mutual insurance for themselves, it simply builds up a monopoly in the interest of the generally excessive ratio of expenses in the regular insurance companies. That is legislating in the interest of a class and not of the people.

THE wrath of Wall street at the events on the stock market during the past week finds utterance in the declaration of the New York *Telegram's* financial column concerning the Chicago crowd, that "these Western money masters are a horde of common gamblers, with less notion of commercial integrity and personal honor than obtains with the average faro dealer or bunko steerer." The fact that the Chicago gang came out on top seems to make the denunciation pertinent. It takes that kind to get the better of the Wall street money masters.

IT is a little singular that no one has yet pointed out the inference that the failure of an Eastern guano company is due to the fact that a Democratic administration has charge of the affairs of State.

THE discovery that after a season of Wagner, the performance of "Il Trovatore", at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York, was the most attractive thing of the season, is like a dash of cold water to the ultra Wagnerians, while the Philistine *Herald* actually glories over the disgraceful fact that New York still likes its opera with some "go" in it.

IF Balfour can only freeze and starve to death all of his political opponents the problem of Tory Government in England would seem to be completely solved.

THE official reports concerning that McAlisterville school epidemic afford a sum total of information to the effect that the officials do not know what is the matter. That is probably just what is wrong. The public wishes to know what is the matter, and it wants officials who make it their business to know when anything is the matter.

THE Tobacco Trust has gone to pieces, as all combinations of that sort are bound to do unless they have some special grip to shut out fresh competition.

EDGERTON'S loss of a month's salary as Civil Service Commissioner rouses the indignation of the Democratic politicians; but it is not half as objectionable to the people as the fact that he had previously drawn four years' salary for his services in nullifying civil service reform.

THE report that New York is left out of the Cabinet has at last struck the Big Four in its vital parts, and the inevitable convulsions are supervening.

ANOTHER cold wave is reported to be bearing down on us freighted with blizzards. If it is not wrecked, as the one predicted on Saturday was, the usual report of a gas shortage may be expected in the hill districts.

PROMINENT PEOPLE.

LORD SALISBURY has purchased an estate at Villefranche, in the Riviera, and will build a splendid mansion there.

CASSIUS M. CLAY has presented the revolver given him by President Lincoln for his defense of Washington, D. C., in 1861, to Colonel J. W. Caperton, of Richmond, Ky.

DR CORNELIUS LOGAN, cousin of the late John A. Logan, and formerly Minister to Chili, is said to be not averse to re-entering diplomatic life. The Spanish mission would suit him.

MRS. LIVERMORE, of New York, says her husband is a Republican, while she is a Prohibitionist; he is a protectionist, and she a free trader; he has a pew in one church, she in another; he has one doctor, she another; and yet they are happy and harmonious and never dream of quarrelling.

FAIRLY well settled in life, Valerie, Archduchess of Austria, and Franz Salvator, Archduke and half-brother of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, will be when they get married. The bride's fortune is a round $1,000,000; Parliament adds $250,000, and papa Francis Joseph gives $50,000 a year as long as they live.

PAUL LOYALL, who died recently at Vallejo, Cal., went to California as secretary to Commander Farragut when the latter took charge of Mare Island Navy Yard upon its establishment in 1854. Loyall was attached to the Gulf Squadron during the Mexican War. He has remained in California since 1854. He was the eldest brother of the late widow of Admiral Farragut.

"GENERAL BOULANGER has to my mind"—it is Blowitz the Great who speaks—"a short but great career before him, because there is no one else before the public at the present moment, there is no other man to take away his popularity, which certainly does exist; he is the popular hero for the moment." "Do you not, then, consider him a clever man?" "It is his adventure, not the man, that is wonderful. I think that he cannot last long if he ever gets to power, as he undoubtedly will. There is nothing in the man, and, although, as is well known, he has the greatest confidence in himself and his lucky star, his fall, in my opinion, will be far more rapid than his rise, and will be complete when it does come."

TWO WHITE CAPS UNMASKED.

They Get Into a Fight, Lose Their Disguises and Are Recognized.

Special Telegram to The Dispatch.

NEW YORK, February 11.—There appears to be at least two White Caps in Flushing. About 1 o'clock Sunday morning two men wearing masks knocked at the door of a house in Garden street, occupied by an old couple named Cunningham and their two sons. Old Mr. Cunningham opened the door. The men said they had been deputized by the White Caps to call for Mr. Cunningham's eldest son, James. They were told he was not at home, that he had gone to New York and hadn't returned. The two men pushed their way into the house, and espying the younger brother, Thomas, said he would do. Thomas alleges they dragged him out of the house and began beating him. His aged father attempted to interfere, and the men turned on him.

During the fight the masks were torn from the faces of the men. Mrs. Cunningham ran out of the house crying "Murder." Policeman Kinney had heard the cries and ran to the house, but when he got there the men had made their escape. Both the father and son say they recognized the two men as Thomas Bulger and James Doyle. They appeared to be under the influence of liquor. The old man and his son were badly handled by the alleged White Caps. No arrests have been made as yet.

THE RUSSIANS AND WHISKY.

They Regard Our National Drink as a Toper Regards Lemonade.

From the New York Sun.]

The Russians who have failed to show New Yorkers how to dance in their jumping-jack evolutions at the Eden Musee are not without honor in this country. Their power to absorb whisky has almost paralyzed every man about town who has seen them at the bar they patronize. It seems that our national drink is regarded by them as a toper regards lemonade. It does not take hold of a throat accustomed to the fluid fire called vodki, which Russian peasants are used to drinking. So these foreigners take whisky by the small tumblerful. When they are charged double prices and the bartender says to them that the usual price of a bath is 50 cents they think they are being swindled.

THE TOPICAL TALKER.

Hymns That Are Sung Everywhere—Good Words Harnessed to Poor Tunes—Meanness in the Contribution Box—Rives' Scotch Rhymes—Notes of the Day.

A PRESBYTERIAN clergyman of this city, who was in the congregation at the morning service in the Point Breeze Presbyterian Church, tells me that he was struck by the choice of hymns on that occasion. One of these hymns was the beautiful "Lead Kindly Light," and another, which is not so well known, beginning, I think, "We may not ascend to heaven." The former is from the pen of the great pillar of the Roman Catholic Church, Cardinal Newman, while the latter was written by our great Quaker poet, John G. Whittier. It was curious and very pleasant to find the works of two such opposite geniuses levied upon to supply the songs in a Presbyterian service.

There is another thing that anybody who attends services in churches where musical matters are not zealously attended to will have noticed, namely, the poor judgment too often shown in the apportionment of tunes to words in the hymns. Grand old airs are harnessed to sloppy lines that are too long or too short for the musical metre; and robust poems, infused with divine fervor, not seldom are thrown away upon jingling modern melodies.

Last Sunday I heard that remarkably stirring tune, born in the church of the sixteenth century, which Episcopalians still use with due respect as an accompaniment to the Christmas hymn, beginning "Come all ye faithful" twisted and strained to carry some tawdry sentimentalism of recent concoction. It was very hard to sing, as the choir would freely confess, and in the singing the grandeur of the melody was absolutely destroyed.

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PROBABLY the critics are tired of chastising Amelie Rives-Chanler, or some of them would have dissected her Scotch songs in last month's *Century* before this. They do not invite very serious attention, but Scotchmen will be the first to ask why the fiery young poetess chose to write her songs in Scotch, for evidently she has no very intimate acquaintance with the language of Burns. Perhaps the songs would have been more intelligible in English, even in Amelie Rives' English.

Take for example the following lines from one of the songs:

"The wan moon looks fu' patiently
From oot a scarf o' rainbow licht,
Like a woman pale wi' mony a grief
Dressit oot in colors licht."

What does she mean by "scarf o' rainbow licht?" Is "scarf" to be taken as a Scotch word when it may possibly mean a cormorant, or is it in the English sense of a shawl or sash? A cormorant will not fly in the context, but how a pale moon comes to be looking out of a rainbow scarf is past the knowledge of a plain student of nature.

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THE treasurer of a fashionable church in Pittsburg told a friend the other day that he feared meanness was on the increase. It seems that when the money taken up in collections in this church is examined a great many mutilated and foreign coins, and even a few counterfeits, are always found.

"It is very disgraceful," said the church officer, "and the practice of passing coin in church that cannot be used elsewhere is growing. Sooner than let the church lose money by these frauds, for the banks will not take bad coins from anybody, I have hitherto made good the loss myself. But I am discovering that this means a heavier expenditure than I can afford, and I want our pastor to direct the attention of the congregation to the matter."

One of this treasurer's friends advised him to get rid of the bad coin on bobtail street cars, but the treasurer pointed out with a sigh that most of the defective money took the shape of quarters, half dollars, and even dollars, which cannot be disposed of anywhere.

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TALKING of mean people who get rid of bad money under a cheap cloak of charity, a number of people would like to know who it was that obtained admission to the Tennis Club tableaux in Sewickley a week or so ago by false pretenses and a Canadian dime?

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IT is some time now since the wind and the Willey building played the leading parts in a never-to-be-forgotten tragedy, but here's a little record from that Black Wednesday which may be of service at a later date.

"I had to see a good deal of the crowds that gathered about the scene of the disaster on Wood and Diamond streets," said a banker of this city, whose offices are near the wreck, "and I observed that the sightseers who flocked to the spot for days after the accident seemed to proceed on a common line of action. They would push and squeeze their way to a place where they could see something of what was going on, and then patiently await the discovery of some unfortunate victim's body in the ruins. When the body was carried out that corps of spectators would depart, their curiosity apparently being satisfied. Another crowd would seize upon the vacated vantage posts and await the discovery of another dead man, when they would scatter like their predecessors. But until some incident, like the finding of a body, occurred, the same morbidly curious crowd would hang together.

"It struck me at the time that the crowds could have been kept moving all the time, thus saving the police and the rescuing party a great deal of trouble, if a dummy had been placed on a stretcher and carried in and out at stated intervals. The crowd would have melted away each time, I feel sure."

LOOKING AT BOTH SIDES.

Work at Meadville for Prohibition and Talk for High License.

Special Telegram to the Dispatch.

MEADVILLE, February 11.—The Constitutional Amendment Association of Crawford county was organized at the Court House this evening. The meeting was largely attended and very enthusiastic. The association is on a strictly non-partisan basis. Thirteen delegates were elected to represent the county at the State Convention on the 19th instant. A resolution was adopted requesting all the pastors of Crawford county to preach prohibition sermons on Sunday, February 24.

While the meeting was in progress at the Court House, Robert Graham, Secretary of the Church Temperance Society of New York, addressed a large audience at Christ P. E. Church. He favors high license and is opposed to the adoption of the prohibitory amendment.

A QUEER EPIDEMIC

That Carries Off Its Victims Faster Than the Yellow Fever.

WABASH, IND., February 11.—A disease, which invariably proves fatal, is epidemic in this city among children. Its symptoms at first are those of ordinary croup, but in the later stages they more nearly resemble those of membranous diphtheritic croup. So far 47 deaths have occurred. Physicians acknowledge their inability to cope with the disease. Its ravages seem to be confined to this city. Dr. J. H. Ford, Secretary of the Board of Health, says that yellow fever, in its most virulent form, does not approach this phase of croup in point of fatality.

DEATHS OF A DAY.

Colonel Henry J. Hunt.

WASHINGTON, February 11.—Colonel Henry J. Hunt (retired), Governor of the Soldiers' Home in the District of Columbia, died at 10:20 o'clock this morning from a complication of diseases. He was in his 68th year, and was appointed Governor of the Home about four years ago.

Colonel Hunt was born in Detroit, September 14, 1819. His grandfather, Thomas Hunt, served as a Colonel in the Revolutionary War, and his father, Samuel W. Hunt, as a lieutenant in the regular army. Colonel Hunt served through the Mexican War and was twice promoted for gallantry. He was wounded at the capture of the City of Mexico. He was promoted to Major on May 14, 1861, and commanded the artillery on the extreme left in the battle of Bull Run. After successive promotions he was appointed Chief of Artillery of the Army of the Potomac, and on July 6, 1864, he was breveted Major General of Volunteers, for "faithful and meritorious services" at Gettysburg. It was General Hunt who concentrated the artillery fire upon Pickett's famous division and almost annihilated it. He was retired as a Colonel in 1883, and appointed Governor of the National Soldiers' Home in this city.

Cardinal Pitra.

NEW YORK, February 11.—A cablegram to the *Catholic News*, of this city, announces the death of Cardinal John Baptiste Pitra, who was the second in rank in the sacred college. He was born at Champforgueil, France, on August 1, 1812. He was made Cardinal March 16, 1863, and was one of the six Suffragan Bishops of the Roman Pontiff.

Rear Admiral Chandler.

WASHINGTON, February 11.—The Navy Department is informed that Rear Admiral Chandler, commanding the Asiatic station, died at Hong Kong yesterday from an attack of apoplexy.

Edward Crall.

Special Telegram to The Dispatch.

CARLISLE, February 11.—Edward Crall, business manager of the Harrisburg *Call*, died at 6 o'clock yesterday evening at his house on South Pitt street, this city.

AT THE THEATERS.

Cora Tanner in Fascination—The Still Alarm and Other Plays.

The extraordinary sight of a play properly set and in the hands of actors from star to the least subordinate entirely competent and trained into that niceness of execution that bespeaks discipline enforced by a clever manager was presented at the Grand Opera House. If Mr. Wilt be well advised he will mark down February 11 as a red-letter day in his diary; the audience that appreciated the many charms of "Fascination" last night will do so, any way.

It is not anything of a great recommendation to say that "Fascination" is the work of Robert Buchanan, for at the present moment we cannot recall a play of his that possessed any remarkable merit. But "Fascination" is an interesting, though confessedly an improbable play. Its plot is extremely direct, and easy to follow. The heroine doubts her lover's fidelity, dresses in man's clothes, follows her lover into some rather questionable company, witnesses what is apparently his duplicity, and manages to quarrel with him there and then. But she also, by means of the masculine disguise is enabled, to discover that her lover was only lured from her side for the moment by an adventuress, and through the machinations of a very improbable alleged French Count. That's the play's story in a nutshell. There is hardly an unconventional situation in the play, removing from consideration the heroine's assumption of a man's clothes. The dialogue is crisp enough, and except in the first act there is no lack of action. The first act is tedious. The second act is by far the best, though the incident of the theft of the ring is dragged in with indecent haste to make a telling finale.

Miss Cora Tanner played the heroine *Lady Madge Blashton*, and as a man *Charles Marlow*. In giving full sweetness to her womanly side of the character, and a pert boyish impetuosity to the masquerade in man's garments, Miss Tanner was successful. She was very captivating in a thoroughly robust English way as the woman in love, and it must be confessed that in our judgment she was even handsomer as a young blade of the *jeunesse doree*. It is not an easy role that Miss Tanner fills so well; but it is one which could be easily made offensive and vulgar. Happily for everybody Miss Tanner avoids the pitfalls—which, perhaps, Mr. Buchanan would probably blame her for doing—and the consequence is that with all its riskiness, notwithstanding the depravity of many of the characters, "Fascination" is not immoral, not even suggestive, in fact.

All the actors who assist, to use the popular phase, Miss Tanner, are of the kind that can make the dullest kind of play tolerable. In fact, even with portions of "Fascination" one could not help thinking how very mediocre they would be if presented by less gifted actors. Mr. Edward Bell is more than handsome as *Lady Madge Blashton's* lover; it is his fortune to possess a fine face, but he has added to it a manly manner which gives force to the sentimentalism sometimes his element. *Count La Grange*, the villain of the play, is given with all the power for which Mr. P. A. Anderson is famous. Mr. Anderson's character acting is a thing apart, and, with all its exaggerations and minor defects, it is high art. In this place it may be suggested that the *Count's* advances to *Lady Madge* in the first act are absurdly gross in form, and such as no man would offer to an acquaintance even in the lowest circle of acquaintance. In the last act may we ask Mr. Anderson if he is not right for the *Count* to stand while addressing *Lady Madge* at some length. Mr. Augustus Cook is virile and pleasing as *Lord Sam Slashton*, and Mr. Lionel Bland shows a triumph of make-up and eccentric comedy as the *Duke of Hurlinghame*. Miss Eleanor Carey as *Mrs. Delamere* is satisfactory, and every individual in the company deserves laudatory mention. The comic curate presented by Charles Coote is exaggerated, but very funny.

The scenes in the play are set with a magnificence that is seldom seen outside of New York. Taken as a whole "Fascination" is worth seeing—twice or even thrice.

Bijou Theater.

"The Still Alarm" is one of the few modern melodramas which are likely to outlive the present generation of theater goers. Although it has already been played in this city twice, it would be hard to name an attraction better calculated to draw a big house. The large and enthusiastic audience at the Bijou Theater last evening found the play as interesting as though its thrilling scenes were all new. The handsome pair of cream white steeds, the brightly glittering engine and the other paraphernalia which but a few months ago were being used to show Englishmen how Americans fight fire, were all there in excellent form. Everything went smoothly and satisfactorily.

The great fire scene, in which the interest of the play is mainly centered, was managed better than ever before, and was intensely thrilling and realistic. The company contains few new faces, and therefore criticism of individual performances would be superfluous. Suffice it to say the leading parts, and especially the comedy roles, were well sustained. Handsome Harry Lacy won new laurels as the hero of the piece, and was repeatedly recalled. The staging was admirable, and fully up to all requirements. Mr. Joseph Arthur is to be congratulated. As long as he continues to produce his play in such excellent style, Pittsburgers will doubtless continue to flock to see it, no matter how often it comes.

Harris' Theater.

While James B. Mackie is not the *Grimes* that Gene Canfield was in Hoyt's "Bunch of Keys," this week's bill at Harris' Theater, he is about the best of the present cast, though he is ably assisted by Charles Burke as *Snaggs*. "A Bunch of Keys," the earliest of Charles H. Hoyt's peculiar series of successes, is not one of his best, but it is a sufficient vehicle to carry a company of lively fun-makers through its three acts of merriment and jollity, bright popular songs and graceful dancing. The hotel scene gives a specially good opportunity for a satire on the popular manner of running a public house, and the guests are ideal guests. The "Bunch of Keys," Louise Sanford, Ada Bothner and Nellie L. Bowers, of the present company, three jolly good girls, look and act their roles, and Bertie Conway does a neat bit of soubrette work, and is quite pretty—something very appropriate but not always seen in her class. Charles H. Stanley, the *Gilly Spooner*, has a fair tenor voice which is appreciated in the quartettes. Manager Grover has begun the promised improvements by making arrangements to facilitate the sale of tickets—something the many patrons of this house will be glad to have done. "A Bunch of Keys" will be given every afternoon and evening this week.

The Academy.

The Academy gives its patrons a very enjoyable bill of fare this week in the shape of Hyde's Big Specialty Company, which contains some neat attractions. Imro Fox, the comic conjurer, convulses the audience with laughter at his tricks, while Miss Helene Mora, the female baritone, treats them to a decided novelty. The American Four, in their farcical situations, keep the house in a continuous roar, and close a programme which is certainly enjoyable.

Stage Notes.

THE Casino Museum has many new curiosities and other attractions.

HARRY WILLIAMS has a good attraction in Hyde's Specialty Company, of which further notice will be made to-morrow.

THE Bijou will enjoy a season of opera next week. The attraction will be Rudolph Aronson's Erminie Company, with such artists as Pauline Hall, Marie Jansen, Jennie Weathersby, Isabelle Urquhart, Kate Uart, Francis Wilson, Charles Plunkett, Harry MacDonough, John Brand, George Olmi and A. W. Maplin. The repertoire is "Erminie" and "Nadjy," and the scenery, wardrobe and accessories are said to be superb.

BLOCKING GREEN GOODS MEN.

A Voluminous Bill in the Senate Providing for Their Punishment.

WASHINGTON, February 11.—A voluminous substitute has been reported to the Senate for the bill passed by the House to prevent the use of the mails for the purpose of swindling by what is popularly known as the "green goods game." The substitute makes it unlawful for any person to use or to induce another person to use the mails for the purpose of defrauding, by the negotiation or sale of pretended counterfeit money or securities, under penalty of a fine of $500, or imprisonment for 18 months, or both. The use of a fictitious name or address for this purpose is also made unlawful and subject to the same penalty.

It is made the duty of the Postmaster General to instruct postmasters that where the question of identification of the receiver of letters believed to be of the character in question be raised, they shall summon said receiver into their presence and if the identification is not satisfactory, his letters shall be sent to the Dead Letter Office. Letters of this kind are declared to be unmailable.

DEAD QUICK AND QUICK DEAD.

A Woman Who Alternates Between This World and the Next.

CHARDON, O., February 11.—There is considerable excitement and the doctors are much puzzled over the case of the wife of John Gloin, contractor and builder at Mulberry Corners, this county, who apparently died last night. After having been laid out she revived toward morning, talked to her husband and seemed rational. She appeared all right until about noon to-day, when she again dropped dead.

Physicians are watching the case, and it is the general topic of conversation.

THE SCOTCH-IRISH.

The Work Done by This Hardy Race in Opening Up and Civilizing the Country—Their Impress Upon the History of the United States.

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

In 1885 several articles by "Deacon" appeared in THE SUNDAY DISPATCH concerning the Scotch-Irish people, in which the writer was much interested. Recently the following, which prompts the writing of this paper, appeared in the Associated Press dispatches:

COLUMBIA, TENN., January 25.—There will assemble here on May 8 next a congress of the Scotch-Irish race. Every State in the Union, Canada and the United Kingdom will be represented by prominent representatives of this race, who will participate in the exercises of the congress. The object of the congress is to revive memories and to compile a history of the race, showing its impression on American civilization. It will be devoid of religious or political significance. Distinguished scholars will deliver orations commemorating the deeds of the Scotch and Irish. The opening address will be delivered by Colonel McClure, of Philadelphia. Dr. John Hall and other eminent divines have accepted invitations to speak. A feature of especial interest in connection with the Congress will be a reunion of ex-Confederate and Federal soldiers.

It seems to me that steps should be taken to have Western Pennsylvania represented in this convention. It is a well-known fact that the Scotch-Irish were the pioneers in its settlement; the Irish proper, English, Dutch and other races following. It was the Scotch-Irish who battled with and subdued the savages and wild beasts; who made the first paths through the trackless wilderness, cleared away the forests, built the first log schoolhouses and churches, and made the paths of civilization smooth for their children's feet.

What the Puritans did for New England, the Scotch-Irish did for the Middle States, Pennsylvania, Virginia, North and South Carolina, Georgia, Tennessee, Kentucky and Ohio; nor did they stop here; they were the pioneers of many of the more Western States. The history of New England—the character, conquests and achievements of the Puritans—has been voiced in story and song until it is familiar to every school-going child. To illustrate, in 1874 the writer visited Boston. Taking passage at New York on one of those magnificent Sound steamers, he was landed at Bristol, Conn., where he took the cars; the ticket said "Old Colony Railroad." Those words "Old Colony" brought to his mind reminiscences of the early history of the "Colonies," their contests with the Indians, the stirring events which were enacted, prior to and during the Revolution, at Lexington, on Boston Common, in Faneuil Hall and on Bunker Hill; all passed vividly through his mind as he had read them in "Peter Parley's Tales" when a small boy; places which then seemed so far away he never expected to see them, now made readily accessible by the progress of American civilization.

Even the history of the Pennsylvania Dutch has been written.

But, where is there a history of the Scotch-Irish? There is none, except such as is presented in connection with the biographies of our generals, statesmen and heroes of Scotch-Irish birth. Why should not their history be written and transmitted to posterity, that their children may be inspired to emulate their example? It was they who had the backbone to formulate and publish the first Declaration of Independence in 1775, from which Jefferson obtained the model for that of 1776. 'Twas they who led the star of empire from the Delaware to the Golden Gate and enabled American civilization to bathe its feet in the placid waters of the Pacific, and reach his helping hand to the isles of the sea. They were the pioneers in all grand and great reform movements in the regions where they placed themselves. Our common schools, academies, colleges and churches voice the interest they exhibited in education; in the scientific, moral and religious welfare of the people.

Ridpath's description of the character of the Puritans is so apropos to the Scotch-Irish, that I beg the reader to allow me to reiterate it here. He says: "They were in the beginning a vigorous and hardy people, firm set in the principles of honesty. They were sober, industrious, frugal, resolute, zealous and steadfast. They esteemed honor above preferment, and truth more than riches. Loving home and native land, they left both for the sake of freedom; and finding freedom, they cherished it with the zeal of martyrs. Without influence, they became influential; without encouragement, great. Despised and mocked and hated, they rose above their revilers. In the school of evil fortune they gained the discipline of patience. Suffering without cause, brought resignation without despair. Themselves the victims of persecution, they became the founders of a colony—a commonwealth—a nation.

"The gaze of the Puritan was ever turned to posterity. He believed in the future. His affections and hopes were with the coming ages. For his children he toiled and sacrificed; for them the energies of his life were cheerfully exhausted. The system of free schools is the enduring monument of his love and devotion. The printing press is his memorial. Almshouses and asylums are the tokens of his care for the unfortunate. With him the outcast found sympathy and the wanderer a home. Their religious faith was gloomy and foreboding. Human life was a miserable journey. To be mistaken was to sin. To fail in trifling ceremonies was deemed a grievous crime. Dissenters themselves they could not tolerate the dissension of others. Within the austere and gloomy fabric dwelt the very soul of genius and free thought. Under the ice-bound rigors of the faith flowed a current which in fatalism could congeal no superstition poison. The heart of a mighty tumultuous liberty-loving life throbbed within the cold, stiff body of formalism. A powerful vitality which no disaster could subdue, no persecution quench, warmed and energized and quickened."

The Scotch-Irish came here for the same reasons and under the same impulses as did the Puritans.

What brought them thus afar,
Bright jewels of the mine,
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?
They sought a faith's pure shrine.

They crossed the mountains
As of old the Pilgrims crossed the sea,
And made the West as they the East,
The homestead of the free.

It is said that the Scotch-Irish, inspired with the love of liberty which their forefathers, the Ulster Scots, manifested at Bannockburn and Drumclog, Derry and the Boyne, furnished men for the volunteer companies of Pennsylvania in '76 in proportion of five-sixths of the whole.

It is probably no exaggeration to say that without the Puritans and their compeers, the Scotch-Irish, "America" would have been a delusion and liberty only a name.

It is high time a true history of the Scotch-Irish in this country was written. It is slipping away. Much of it is now irrecoverably lost or only remains as traditions; and on that point allow a quotation from "Deacon's" article of August 9, 1885:

"If the material were in reach to accomplish the work, an interesting volume, or several interesting volumes, might be written in regard to the manners, customs, usages, social characteristics and domestic circumstances of the Scotch-Irish. Perhaps no one person could write such a history himself. It would require a division of labor and a combination of effort to perform the work with any degree of accuracy. The only way by which it could be done would be by a number of persons in different localities, fully competent for this task, gathering up in their respective districts such facts as have not been totally forgotten and furnishing them to some person possessing ability to arrange and synchronize them. By this means a comparatively full and accurate history of this famous and distinguished people might be obtained."

This is just what such a convention should and probably will set itself to accomplish. The Keystone State should be represented there. Steps should be at once taken to secure that end. How shall it be done?

JOHN OF VENANGO.

FULLY CORROBORATED.

Experts Confirm the Testimony as to the Washington Aqueduct Tunnel.

WASHINGTON, February 11.—The Joint Congressional Committee investigating the construction of the aqueduct tunnel for increasing the water supply of Washington, have received the report of Engineers Wilson and Greff, of Philadelphia, two of the experts who examined the work for the committee. It fully corroborates the testimony of the witnesses examined by the committee, and recommends that the tunnel be relined throughout.

It is laid the engineers stated that