CIVIL SERVICE REFORM.

AN ADDRESS FROM THE NATIONAL LEAGUE.

MISUSE OF PATRONAGE IN THE PAST—EXTENT OF ABUSES IN THE PRESENT—PRINCIPLES OF THE REFORM MOVEMENT—APPEALS TO VOTERS.

An address to the voters of the country has been issued by a committee of the National Civil Service Reform League, composed of George William Curtis, Sherman S. Rogers, Charles T. Russell, Henry Hitchcock, and Charles J. Bonaparte. This address, which was written by George William Curtis, reviews the growth of the abuses in the Civil Service from the improper use of patronage, presents the principles of the reform movement, shows what it is hoped to accomplish and appeals to voters to vote only for candidates who will support actively in Congress the passage of measures establishing non-partisan and open competition and probation for subordinate appointments. The address in full is as follows:

At the annual meeting of the National Civil Service Reform League, the undersigned were appointed a Committee to present to the voters of the United States on behalf of the League, the principles of reform, and to ask for them the support of all good citizens.

The dangers to free institutions that lurk in the power of patronage are familiar and they are as insidious as they are fatal. The corrupt use of patronage was the strongest weapon of the English crown in the long contest with the English people. By such corruption King George the Third endeavored to undo the work of the revolution of 1688, and it was by the same corruption that he prolonged the effort to subdue the American Colonies. The danger is inherent; and the nature of the evil was not changed nor its consequences removed by the substitution of republican for monarchical government.

The legitimate and healthy contest of parties in a republic is not to be deprecated. They are the agencies by which in a free government legislation is controlled and national policies are enforced. The subjugation of this legitimate party action by patronage is the overthrow of liberty under the forms of law. This is the peril which now threatens the country. The vast multitude of subordinate places in the Civil Service are public trusts to be filled solely for the general benefit. But a practice is now firmly entrenched in party tradition, which assumes that such places constitute a vast scheme of prizes to be distributed by successful politicians to their followers. The enormous power of the patronage which directly and indirectly controls hundreds of thousands of places and many millions of dollars in annual emoluments is thus prostituted to party and personal service with only an incidental regard to the public welfare.

DEVELOPING INTO A SERIOUS PERIL.

This is not a new abuse except in its rapidly increasing extent, its powerful organization and its immediate menace. At the beginning of the century it had mastered the State Governments of New-York and Pennsylvania, and sought control of the National Administration. As the National patronage enlarged the endeavor to divert it to mere partisan and personal ends became more and more aggressive, until about fifty years ago the National Civil Service was abandoned unreservedly to the evil practice, and with the vast extension of patronage since the civil war the abuse has developed into a serious peril. The greatest of American statesmen of all parties, Adams, Clay, Calhoun, Webster, have solemnly warned the country of the inevitable consequences. The Executive has sometimes vainly endeavored to stay the current of dangerous tendency. But the public mind has been languid and indifferent, until at last the accumulated and flagrant evidence of the perversion to personal ends of the fundamental power of the Government, namely, the votes of the people,—a perversion accomplished by the corruption of patronage,—has thoroughly aroused the attention of all patriotic citizens.

Unable personally to know those whom he must nominate to the offices of which the incumbents appoint the vast body of minor employes, the President is compelled to depend for information upon Senators and Representatives, upon whom also the success of his Administration depends. The Executive and the Legislative authority, although carefully separated by the Constitution, become hopelessly and dangerously confused. Representatives demand the patronage of their districts, and Senators practically usurp the power of nomination. From the system of mutual Executive and Legislative traffic in places arises a huge office-holding hierarchy ascending in regular gradation from the lowest employes to the highest officers, each dependent upon the other, and all united in a common purpose to control general and local politics for their personal advantage. A political class independent of the great body of the people thus practically absorbs the authority of the people. By assessing the wages of their subordinates the leaders of this class levy a tax upon the public treasury for the benefit of a party. By mercenary control of caucuses and conventions they hold the gate to political preferment and public employment, and the condition of such preferment and employment is implicit obedience to their will. The voters of the party submit because the only alternative seems to be the success of the opposition. Under the fatal spell of the system party ceases to be an association to shape public policy and becomes an agency to promote private gain. Politics become mere place-hunting. Self-respecting men withdraw more and more from participation in public affairs. Honorable ambition disappears. Rings take the place of real parties, and "bosses" of statesmen. The young American is taught that the qualifications for public employment are not integrity, intelligence and industry, but sycophancy and servility, cheating and bribing to swell the party vote, and every kind of unmanly political trickery. When personal favor has thrown him a place he learns that he can retain it not by official merit, but by personal service; that he must pay part of his wages in order to keep the rest—in a word, that he must be a parasite instead of a man. The evil system thus tends to make loss of self-respect the condition of public employment. It multiplies enormously and unnecessarily places and salaries; it stimulates reckless extravagance in public expenditure; it controls the vast contracts of the Government; it transforms the highest administrative officers into brokers of petty place; it subsidizes the press, defiles the American name, and debauches the National character until, under its degrading mastery, the power of the Government passes into the hands of a venal oligarchy, and a general election is no longer a contest of differing policies determined by free argument before the people, but a fierce and desperate struggle for the vast emoluments of minor place.

APPEALING TO THE WORST PASSIONS.

This is a plain statement of familiar facts. They are not denied by intelligent and patriotic citizens, and they show that the question of reform is a question of the continued existence of free institutions in this country. But the spoils system, from which the evils spring, is defended as essential to party government. On the contrary, it destroys the essential significance of party. A political party is a voluntary association of citizens who hold similar views of the nature of the Government and who desire a certain policy of administration. That policy is secured by the election of Legislative and Executive officers who make and execute the laws, and in these two great branches of the Government, the Legislative and the Executive, the convictions and the purposes of the people are represented. Party organization is designed to facilitate and make effective the expression of the popular will, and whatever tends to prevent an election from showing that will, by bribery or by the introduction of confusing issues, tends to destroy the very object of party organization. Such confusing issues are necessarily introduced by the spoils system, which, instead of submitting questions of public policy to the public judgment at an election, appeals to the worst and most dangerous passions by inviting furious contests for every petty place in the whole Civil Service. The result of such a contest is not the verdict of the people upon a public policy.

Another defence is attempted by the assertion that to make effective a change in the public conviction and purpose, as expressed in an election, there must be not only a change in Legislative and Executive officers, but in the whole Civil Service. This is no more necessary than a corresponding change in the Army and the Navy. Changes in the policy of administration do not affect in the least degree the duties of subordinate and clerical officers. Whatever the policy of the Government may be, whether a protective tariff or a revenue tariff, whether a currency of coin or paper, whether a lavish or a restricted system of internal improvement, whether an aggressive or a pacific foreign policy, a civil or a military Indian bureau, cheap postage or dear postage, the duties of postmasters and collectors, of marshals, clerks and messengers, of all subordinate employes of every kind and degree, are wholly unaffected. Elections change political officers in order that the policy approved by the people may be enforced. But rotation in office, as a maxim applied to the great body of public employes, is as absurd in public as in private business. It is not the purpose of the Civil Service to provide a living for all citizens in turn at the public expense, but to secure the transaction of the public business by those who are best fitted for its duties. Nobody has a right to any place except so far as he proves his fitness upon fair and equal trial, and the legitimate public interest in the Civil Service is only that its duties be well done.

WHAT A REFORM WILL ACCOMPLISH.

Reform of the Civil Service, therefore, is not merely a question of the more economical and efficient conduct of the public business, important as that question is, but it involves the very substance of popular government. It proposes the restoration of political parties to their legitimate function as organized agencies of the popular will; the overthrow of government by patronage; the emancipation of the suffrage and of the press from a corrupt personal servility; the elevation of the standards of public character and service, and it proposes to accomplish these results by means which will place the transaction of the public business upon a business basis, open the public service to all the people, restore the self-respect of the public agents, and promote, as nothing else can promote, the cause of popular education.

Such results will not be accomplished by general denunciation of evils, however necessary, eloquent and vigorous such denunciation may be. Nor can action be delayed until every possible doubt has been removed, every captious objection answered, and every foolish falsehood exposed. The abuses which have alarmed the public mind proceed from one general source, and that is appointment by personal interest and influence instead of proved merit. The spoils system is a vast scheme of personal favoritism. To destroy that favoritism is to relieve the service of its worst abuses and the country of the peril that springs from them. The practical method of preventing favoritism, a method which has been amply justified by experience, is selection of the non-political employes of the Government by a wise system of competition and probation. This method would not only secure the most intelligent public agents and those best fitted for the especial duty required, but it would at once deprive leading politicians, of high and low degree, of the means of their ignoble traffic. It would prevent arbitrary removals because the object of such removals, which is to substitute one particular person for another, would disappear. It would stop political assessments by leaving employes equal liberty with all other citizens to give or to withhold, a liberty which is both illogical and impossible under the spoils system. It would tend to correct the sycophancy, terror, suffering and demoralization within the service, and the public extravagance, corruption and danger bred by the present system, by striking at its source.

NO DANGER OF AN OFFICE-HOLDING ARISTOCRACY.

Proper security of tenure is essential to the efficiency of any office; but what is called fixity of tenure, whether for long or for short terms, is undesirable because the power of prompt removal is indispensable to the proper discipline and effectiveness of any service, public or private. Undoubtedly such authority is liable to abuse. But the true remedy for abuse lies in removing reasons for the illegitimate exercise of the authority. With the power of removal thus protected from abuse, no harmful life tenure could be established, because, as in private business, dishonesty, inefficiency and negligence would lead to summary dismissal. There need be no fear, under such a system, of an office-holding aristocracy, because an aristocracy is a privileged class. But no privilege would be conferred by a competition open to all citizens to obtain an employment which bestows no right except that of doing a prescribed duty, and from which prompt removal would follow dishonesty or incompetency. Such employes would constitute only such an aristocracy as already exists in every well-regulated private business in the United States. Equally groundless is the alleged fear of fanciful examinations and of a Civil Service of pedants. Final appointment would not depend upon examination but upon probation or a term of actual discharge of the duties required, and if by pedants and "broken-down schoolmasters" be meant educated men who are also unfit and incompetent officers, the service would not be filled with them because they could not enter it. But there is no reason to suppose that education breeds incompetency. Young men from the public schools are quite as likely to make good public servants as the "runners" of politicians. Sixty per cent of the successful applicants who have been appointed under the reformed system at the New-York Custom House were educated in the public schools, and six and a half per cent in colleges. It will not be the least of the good results of reform that it will promote that education in the free public schools which is the great bulwark of republican liberty.

WHAT GOOD CITIZENS SHOULD DO.

There is no question before the country of more commanding importance than that of the reform of the Civil Service, because it touches the very fundamental principle of the Government, freedom of the suffrage. It is the question whether elections shall honestly represent the popular will. It seems to us, therefore, that good citizens can render no better service to the country in the coming Congressional elections than by supporting only those candidates who will actively favor in Congress the passage of the bills now pending in both Houses, or bills founded upon the same general principle, establishing non-partisan and open competition and probation for subordinate appointments in the Civil Service. Such legislation would not only open public employment to all citizens upon just and equal terms: it would not only secure greater independence to the executive and legislative officers of the Government, greater economy in public expenditure, and greater fidelity, efficiency and self-respect in the Civil Service, but it would abolish the most dangerous survival of royal privilege in the country, restore political parties to their legitimate function, emancipate elections from dangerous corruption, purify American politics and wipe a disgraceful stain from the American name.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS,
SHERMAN S. ROGERS,
CHARLES THEO. RUSSELL,
HENRY HITCHCOCK,
CHARLES J. BONAPARTE,
Committee National Civil Service Reform League.

No. 4 Pine-st., New-York, Oct. 31, 1882.

THE RUMORED OIL SYNDICATE.

NO GENERAL MOVEMENT CONTEMPLATED.

LAND-OWNERS CONTEMPLATING THE CURTAILMENT OF OPERATIONS—WHAT OIL MEN IN THIS CITY SAY.

A dispatch from Titusville, published yesterday, stated that one of the strongest syndicates ever organized was about to be formed among the oil producers of Pennsylvania for the purpose of "bulling" the market. The scheme was described as an agreement between all the leading producers in the oil country to discontinue the drilling or sinking of new wells for the six months from November 1 to May, 1883. The dispatch mentioned the names of McKinney & Co., the Union Oil Company, the Tidewater Pipe Company, John J. Carter and H. B. Porter as being among the promoters of the scheme. An investigation made by a TRIBUNE reporter yesterday disclosed the fact that no such comprehensive movement as that described in the dispatch was contemplated. Evidently the circumstance which gave rise to the report was an effort on the part of the owners of the oil lands in what is known as the Sheffield district in Forest County to suspend drilling in a tract which they have only recently tested. This tract is known as the Cooper tract. The largest owners are the Anchor and Union Companies, but the men mentioned above are also interested. The Tidewater Pipe Company, however, is not an oil producer and has no line within twenty-five miles of the wells that have been opened in the tract in question. This tract is two and three-quarter miles long, and of an unknown capacity. Three wells have been drilled in it; one at either end and one in the middle. These are the test wells and their united yield at present is about 200 barrels of crude petroleum per day. If one owner begins to drill, the others on the line will be obliged to follow, in order to prevent the first from draining the oil from their territory, and this compels unity of action in the effort to stop the production of oil in order to await a better market. In the promotion of such united action a meeting of the owners of the Cooper tract was held at Warren, Penn., yesterday, but whether they consummated the contemplated agreement or not could not be learned here last evening. Efforts of the kind on a large scale have been frequent heretofore among the oil producers, but they have failed uniformly because of the practical impossibility of securing complete concert of action.

L. H. Smith, who is the president of the New-York Petroleum Exchange, and also president of the Anchor Oil Company, said yesterday, in response to the question whether the oil producers were combining to discontinue the drill for six months in order to force up the price: "I know of no such thing being agitated. There has been some talk among the land-owners in the Sheffield district, in Forest County, of their curtailing operations, but it is not as yet consummated." As to whether such a combination would have a material effect upon the price of petroleum, Mr. Smith declined to give an opinion.

Benjamin Brewster, a member of the Executive Committee of the Standard Oil Company, said that if successful, the plan of the Sheffield district owners would have a "bullish" effect on the market, though it was impossible to say to what extent. "The rise in the price of oil from 55 cents to 95 cents within the last sixty days," added Mr. Brewster, "has checked the export demand and holders of crude oil, especially in the oil region, believe that prices will be maintained. The exporters, on the other hand, and the foreign correspondents, believe the price to be a speculative one, which cannot be maintained, and so are holding off. This movement of which you speak would of course tend to assist in the maintenance or advance of the price."

Another officer of the company added: "The United Pipe lines have to-day in store 30,000,000 barrels of oil, and there is fully 20,000 barrels overproduction each day. It would therefore be a good thing if the producers would enter into arrangements of this kind and govern their production by the law of supply and demand, which they now ignore."

THE COURTS.

ANOTHER CASE OF DOUBTFUL INSANITY.

Henry Prouse Cooper was taken yesterday before Justice Donohue, in the Supreme Court Chambers, on a writ of habeas corpus sued out by his brother, Thomas Cooper. Thomas Cooper, in his petition for the writ, alleges that his brother is illegally deprived of his liberty by Dr. Josiah W. Barstow, at Sandford Hall, in Flushing, Long Island. Dr. Barstow yesterday put in a return to the writ, in which he asserts that Mr. Cooper had been committed to his charge on October 21 by an order made by Justice Donohue. The commitment was found on the certificates of Dr. Edmund C. Seguin and Dr. George M. Beard to the effect that he (Mr. Cooper) was insane. Dr. Seguin in his certificate declares that Mr. Cooper was of unsound mind and of greatly perverted moral sense. Mr. Cooper, the doctor said, had various plans and schemes, extravagant of themselves and when considered in connection with his financial condition. His schemes and remarks about his purchases and his moneyed resources seemed to amount to insane delusions. He presented moreover certain physical symptoms. Dr. Beard in his certificate said that Mr. Cooper appeared to be insane in several ways. His moral instincts were seriously impaired. He had been guilty repeatedly of outrageous violations of public decency. This was totally inconsistent with his natural character. He also had "delusions of grandeur." He persistently exaggerated the amount of his income, his prospective profits and his capital stock. He further had an absurd idea of his talent as a singer. He had embarked in various business transactions, making large and extravagant purchases of real estate, works of art and the like, for which he had no means of paying. This extravagance was attended with penuriousness in little things. All this was inconsistent with his previous character." Mr. Cooper had also, Dr. Beard declares, been morbid of religious matters. Dr. Beard finally concludes his certificate with this assertion: "He (Mr. Cooper) has been insane more than a year."

Mr. Cooper traversed the return to the writ, and denied that he was or ever had been of unsound mind. Justice Donohue ordered that the issues raised by the return to and traverse of the writ should be tried before a referee, and named John A. Beall as such. Thomas Stillman appeared in the case for Mr. Cooper's wife, Esther W., and for his two brothers, who had joined in the commitment proceedings against Mr. Cooper. He asked that Mr. Cooper should be recommitted to Sandford Hall. He said that in his opinion it would not be safe for Mr. Cooper's family, if he were allowed to go free.

The application was opposed by the attorneys for Mr. Cooper, B. F. Downing and Henry Thompson. Justice Donohue decided that Mr. Cooper should be put in charge of the Sheriff until the determination of the trial before the referee. Mr. Stillman then made the assertion to the Court that a man named E. R. Johnson, who was present, exerted a dangerous influence over his client. He therefore asked that until the sanity or insanity of Mr. Cooper should have been established no proceedings should be allowed to be taken on contracts entered into between Mr. Johnson and Mr. Cooper. The parties to the proceedings consented to a stipulation to this effect. The referee will begin to take testimony to-day.

UNITED STATES SUPREME COURT.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 1.—The following business was transacted in the Supreme Court of the United States to-day:

No. 149—Samuel and Emanuel Kahn agt. Claud E. Hamilton and John Elliott, trustees, etc., and No. 150—Isaac Woolf agt. Claud E. Hamilton and John Elliott, trustees, etc.—Submitted under 20th rule.

Nos. 63 and 64—Theodore Clough agt. the Gilbert & Barker Manufacturing Company—Argument considered.

No. 66—The Manhattan Medicine Company agt. Nathan and J. T. Wood—Passed on account of sickness of counsel.

No. 67—Simon Wing and others agt. Edward Anthony and others—Argument begun.

COURT CALENDARS—NOVEMBER 2.

SUPREME COURT—CHAMBERS—Held by Donohue, J.—Calendar called at 11 a. m.—Nos. 50, 82, 105, 132, 250, 266, 279, 292, 299, 300, 301, 303. Assessment calendar will also be called.

SURROGATE'S COURT Before Rollins, S. Contested will of Catharine Kalb at 10 a. m.; contested will of Ellen M. Mallen at 1 p. m.

SUPERIOR COURT—SPECIAL TERM—Held by Freedman, J.—No day calendar.

COMMON PLEAS—SPECIAL TERM—Held by Van Brunt, J.—No day calendar.

THE BAKERIES OF NEW-YORK.

HOW THE BREAD OF THE CITY IS MADE.

A FEW OF THE SHOPS CLEAN AND WELL VENTILATED—FROM BROADWAY TO AVENUE-B—FOUL ODORS AND FILTH OF ALL KINDS IN MANY BASEMENTS USED AS BAKERIES.

There are nearly 1,200 bakeries in New-York City. A few are conducted in an admirable way, with large, airy rooms where every attention is paid to cleanliness on the part of employes and their surroundings. These are found in fashionable quarters where patronage is drawn from the moneyed classes and the receipts are large. The average bakery, however, is found in a small basement, or rather cellar, whose only outlet for the fumes of the oven, the breath of the men and other exhalations of the place is found in a narrow doorway leading to the street. In some bakeries in the city, particularly on the extreme East and West sides, the casual visitor will be shocked by the filth which he sees all about him. Bakers, as a rule, are not a wealthy class, and as their hours are very long, little precious time is wasted as a rule in attention to such matters as cleanliness and ventilation. The foul odors that are penned up in a close and cramped cellar and the flying particles of dust arising from a floor that is seldom swept impart a quality to the bread sold over the counter the next morning that is not always traced to its cause and which cannot fail to have a bad effect upon its consumers. Then again bakers begin their work late at night, at 10 or 11 o'clock, and knead and bake until four or five in the morning. At these hours few people are passing in the streets, and no one is likely to drop in and watch the familiar processes of breadmaking. This freedom from inspection also tends to make the average baker careless.

In order to note whether the bakeries of New-York are as vilely conducted as those of London were recently shown to be, a TRIBUNE reporter started out on a tour of investigation a few days ago. First, however, he visited a fashionable bakery in Broadway, one of the largest in the country, in order to note how the industry is conducted under the best system. This baker has been in the business forty years, and his loaves go to Delmonico's, the Brunswick and Hoffman Hotels and 1,200 families of New-York. Sixteen wagons are kept busy every morning at a cost of 20 per cent of total expenses for delivery. The bakery is below the level of the sidewalk and is 120 feet long and 60 feet wide. The system of ventilation is perfect; even while the furnaces are in full activity a pleasant breeze blows through the room. The score of men employed in the various processes of baking are clad in white gauze, or merino, and are pictures of neatness. No use of tobacco is tolerated here. The floor is as bright as a new pin. As the men knead the dough in the huge troughs containing material for 400 loaves, weigh it in neat-looking scales to the pound and a-half, and then pass it into the big ovens, 13 feet square, there is nothing seen that indicates negligence or uncleanliness. The dough is kneaded by men nude to the waist, for near the ovens the heat is oppressive despite the ventilation. A two-hundred horse power engine furnishes the steam; a machine to beat 200 eggs in 20 minutes, big yeast vats, bins of flour and hills of bread are some of the interesting features of the room.

The proprietor, a portly, genial old man, gave the following points to the reporter. "Bakers don't make much money as a rule, so they use cheap flour. You may know that flour may be bought anywhere from $5 to $10 a barrel. The finest we get from Minnesota; it is made on the Hungarian principle by steel rollers, not by grinding between stones. The gluten makes handsome bread. We bake for the club-houses and large restaurants in the evening. There are other large bakeries in the city that supply the groceries. They make what is called domestic bread. There is a very large bakery of that kind in Williamsburg. It is cheap and good. Fine bread is bought mainly by large families. Do you know how to tell good American bread? It has a 'pile' on it. See this loaf. You can pull it to pieces by tearing it off in shreds. This French bread is all crust. You can see through it, it is so light. These rolls made with milk and egg yolks are called Kaiser rolls. They are very popular in Vienna, and, as you see, are very light and white. The English muffin, which is so very white, must be made of beautiful flour. These ship-bread loaves, three feet long, are going on a Cunard steamship to-morrow. They are baked hard the day before shipment. As the flour used contains much gluten, this absorbs moisture from the sea air, and the bread is quite fresh after being at sea four or five days. In fact, this kind of bread has kept fresh until the return voyage. Flour that has been ground six months is needed for Vienna bread. New flour is soft and has no spring. Our men begin work at 4 p. m., and are through at 3 a. m., in the basement. The wagons go out at four or five in the morning. The men do not sleep on the premises as in the smaller bakeries where they work sixteen and eighteen hours a day."

It was 1 o'clock in the morning when the reporter started out on the East side. Strolling up Avenue-B, which was dark and cheerless as the sky was lowering and lamps were few, a bright light shone out from a basement between Tenth and Eleventh-sts., and he dove down the steps. The room was perhaps thirty feet long and a dozen feet wide. The ceiling was about seven feet high. Two men and a boy were punching the dough, or shoving loaves into the oven at the further end of the room. Bugs crawled over the floor in unpleasant proximity to the freshly kneaded loaves. Near them was a barrel of ashes that a light breeze lifted at times, dispersed in the air and caused to settle on the bread. An old time broom was hard by, but had not apparently been used on the floor that morning. The air was close and impure, and what little breeze came in served rather to agitate the ashes than to remove the unpleasant odors in the room.

An Avenue-A bakery, which was also visited, is an uninviting place for a nice eater. Two or three hundred loaves a night are turned out here, but the regard for cleanliness is not of the best. One man was pulling rye bread out of the oven and watering it to make it swell up. Near his side was a decayed lounge, apparently a relic of an early civilization. On it, half covered with old and dirty clothes and rags, was a wooden "bread moulder," which had been used apparently only a short time before in kneading dough. The object of the reporter's visit was not made known, of course. He was taken simply for a passer-by who had just dropped in, and was invited to "follow the usual practice" when visitors called and "set 'em up for the boys." This invitation was kindly extended to him at most of the bakeries visited.

A few blocks above a mongrel cur guarded the entrance to a bakery as he sat near a pile of loaves and broke the monotony of his vigil by searching for fleas. Then he would wave his dirty tail over the bread and growl at passers-by. The reporter missed his chance to "set 'em up" here.

While a workman was kneading a pile of dough at a bakery in First-ave., he pulled away vigorously on an old clay pipe. He was not even perfuming the bread with good tobacco. Occasionally he would remove the pipe with a dough-covered hand to project a charge of saliva against a bullseye on the floor and then resume work. The hand that had just held the dirty pipe was plunged into the dough without the interruption of towels or water. As the reporter held an unlighted cigar in his hand, he was invited to light up and make himself comfortable. A few feet from the pile of dough was a tub of slops that emitted foul odors, a barrel of ashes, and a cat that was evidently not unacquainted with the neighboring gutters prowled around and shook hairs and parasites from her impoverished body. All these filth-producers were near a trough of dough which the young man said would "make bread for a health cure company of this city."

Other bakeries were visited on the East Side, and the majority were found to be small, poorly ventilated basements. All, however, were not repulsive from dirt and vermin, but too many were so, to afford comfort to the average patron of those places.

The same story may be told of the West Side of the city. Here the German element is very large. Many of these bakers make small profits, which are certainly not expended on their workshops except so far as is absolutely necessary. Cheap rent is the first point with them, and so long as the stuff sells, customers do not know whether the bread they eat is made in a pure, wholesome atmosphere, free from dirt, or not.

It was a very small basement which the reporter found in Ninth-ave., between Twenty-third and Twenty-fourth-sts., and the close air was almost intolerable. There was only one man at work. While he kneaded a batch of dough he amused himself by smoking cigarettes. Smoke and ashes mingled with the dough while the workman conversed with the reporter. The floor was dirty and dusty, and after tossing a few unbaked loaves on a board, the baker caught up an old broom and swept vigorously. The air was soon filled with dust, which in part settled on the dough and was baked into it.

The baker was rather discouraged about the profits of the business. He mentioned the name of the fashionable baker whose talk is reported early in this article, and declared his opinion that he was not making money as his expenses were too heavy. If the fashionable baker did make money, it was through his sales of confectionery and fancy cakes and not from bread, although he had a very large patronage in that commodity.

Not at all inviting was the bakery visited two blocks above—a narrow, dingy room whose fetid atmosphere was nauseating and general condition of dirt and negligence was not reassuring. A bevy of rats, that had been holding high carnival near the oven, scurried at the reporter's approach into their holes. Their playground was a few feet distant from a batch of dough ready for the oven. On the opposite side of the room was a vile sink, black with dirt. Here a workman from time to time drew water for a pan of "mixings." The sink exhaled foul odors and soiled rags and brushes were hung around. The floor was a mosaic of dirt and tobacco juice; the windows were darkened by accumulated dust. A pane of glass had been broken out; its place was filled by a soiled sheet of paper. Dirty pans were strewn around and old, dirty clothes and a barrel of loose ashes were seen near the dough. The brush used to gather flour on the working board was black from extended use and familiarity apparently with coal, and overhead was a pile of boards that looked as if they had afforded tramping-ground for cattle.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

THE LATE DR. JOHN F. HAWKINS.

A STIRRING EPISODE OF THE REBELLION IN WHICH HE WAS THE CHIEF ACTOR.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

SIR: The sudden death at his home on Sunday last of Dr. John F. Hawkins, an eminent physician of Knox county, Indiana, recalls some of the stirring incidents of his career, with which I hope you will permit me to acquaint your readers. He was a native of Maine and the oldest brother of Dexter A. Hawkins, a member of the bar of this city. After studying medicine he travelled extensively in the South and West, explored the country forty years ago nearly to the head waters of the Red and the Arkansas rivers, and hunted with the Indians. His skill with the rifle and endurance on the chase were so great that they wished to adopt him and make him their chief. He married in Mississippi, took up a tract of land in Arkansas on the White River, twenty miles north of Duval's Bluff, and settled down there to planting and the practice of his profession. When the Rebellion broke out he fell under suspicion as a man of Northern birth and education, an employer of free colored people, the centre of Union sentiment in his county, and the support of Union refugees concealed in a large cane-brake adjoining his place. It was not safe for the rebels to search the brake, and they finally put a guard of bushwhackers on a narrow point of land near him, around which wound White River, with orders to watch him and also to shoot the pilots of all Union steamboats that came up the river from Duval's Bluff, where our troops had a fort. In a few days a number of pilots were shot, and so close a watch was kept on the doctor that it was dangerous to send supplies to his friends in the cane-brake. He made a rough sketch of the position of the bushwhackers, explained the situation of affairs to a faithful mulatto girl in his employ and mounted her on a fleet and sure-footed mustang the first dark night, with orders to deliver the sketch to the commandant at Duval's Bluff, and ask him to send a company of mounted riflemen at once to clear out the bushwhackers. The girl reached the Bluff in a little over two hours; and soon a body of mounted men were on the way back, guided by her. They reached the point before daybreak, dismounted, formed a line across the point, ready to move in as soon as they could see; while she came home, reported to the doctor and went to bed. Soon after sunrise a sharp fusillade was heard on the point, the Union soldiers came out without prisoners, but in high spirits, remounted and galloped back to Duval's Bluff. No more pilots were shot from that point.

Not long afterward a company of rebels rode up to his house and ordered him to disclose the hiding-place of the Union men in the cane-brake, or they would hang him. He declined; they put a rope around his neck and ran him up to a limb of a tree; when nearly dead they let him down. This had no effect and they tried it again, with like result. They then told him his last moment had come unless he disclosed. He refused. They ran him up the third time and left him till apparently dead. But, as they had not obtained the desired information, they after great difficulty resuscitated him, turned his family out of doors, destroyed all his buildings, drove off his stock and carried him away a prisoner ninety miles to the rebel camp. He was confined for six weeks in a log sheep-hovel, full of vermin and having a foot of filth in it, and was so nearly starved to death that in six weeks he was reduced in weight from 190 pounds to 110 pounds; which, as he was six feet two, left him a mere skeleton. His skin was gnawed raw by vermin. They then held a drum-head court-martial, and sentenced him to be shot the next day at 1 o'clock. He asked them as a last favor to give him one meal of beafsteak and a paper to read, that he might start on his long journey with a full stomach and the latest news. The next morning to his joy they handed him a raw steak and allowed him to go the camp fire and broil it. He ate it with a relish, as it was the first meat he had tasted in six weeks. He was handed a rebel sheet and ordered into the hovel to await execution.

He read the paper, even to the advertisements, and inferred from the excited tones of the articles that the bottom was falling out of the Rebellion. Everything was in commotion about the camp that day. He supposed it was preparation for his execution. But 1 o'clock passed, and finally 2 o'clock. He then asked the lieutenant of the guard if a little performance set for 1 o'clock, in which he was to take a part, had not been forgotten. The officer replied with a volley of oaths, "The Yanks are coming and we have got 'to git up and git right smart,'" and informed the doctor that he might have his choice to be shot without ceremony or go with them. He replied that he was so weak from starvation that he could not walk, but that if they would give him a horse and let him go to the village for medicine, he would leave with them. This was granted, and as an invalid he accompanied the rebel army in its raid into Missouri. He was so closely watched that he found no opportunity to escape till the rebels were defeated in November, and on their flight his horse fell in the night, a regiment galloped over him, disabling his horse, and dislocating his wrist and breaking two ribs. After the retreating rebels swept by, he crawled into the woods, remained three days in hail, sleet and snow, till, hearing a bugle blast, he detected the strains of the "Star-Spangled Banner," and knew that the Union troops were near. They put him in an ambulance and sent him to the hospital at Fort Scott, where, as soon as it was learned who he was, he was given transportation to New-York. His family, meanwhile, went to Duval's Bluff, and in the Spring were given transportation to Indiana, where he met them nine months after the tragic scenes at his plantation.

He was up to the time of his death an efficient member of the Republican Committee of his county, and did much in his region to carry Indiana for Garfield. G.

New-York, Oct. 28, 1882.

THE LATE MISS EMMA STEBBINS.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

SIR: Within the past week a highly gifted woman has died at her home here in New-York, whose work as sculptor and artist deserves some notice in your paper. Miss Stebbins was of a peculiarly retiring, modest disposition. She withdrew much into the shade of private life, and for this reason the full extent of her accomplishments may not be known to the public. She was the sister of Henry G. Stebbins, esq., whose death was deeply deplored last winter. She was born in this city, and from her earliest years was a devoted art student. She designed and executed works in crayon, pastel, oil and water colors but pursued her work solely as the amusement of an amateur, never exhibiting anything in public until after she had taken up her residence in Rome in 1857. The pervading art life of the Eternal City stimulated her energy, and she determined to make sculpture her profession, having previously discovered that her attraction to form was stronger than any other artistic line. She studied first with Paul Akers, but soon opened a studio of her own, and entered upon her profession with enthusiasm. Her first work which won special notice was inspired by Tennyson's poem of the "Lotos Eater." It received warm praise from Gibson, the celebrated English sculptor, and was put in marble for Leonard Jerome, esq., of this city. The head of this work was many times repeated. The "Lotos Eater" was executed in 1857, and the same year she finished for Mr. Heckscher, of New-York, two small statuettes representing a miner and a sailor. In 1859 she modelled a bust of Miss Cushman for Mr. Shepherd, of Shepherdstown, England. This was three times repeated in marble. The same year she completed a fine bust of a Roman model which now occupies a place in Villa Cushman at Newport. In 1860 was produced a bas-relief of the treaty of Hendrick Hudson with the Indians for the purchase of Manhattan Island, for Marshall O. Roberts, esq., which Mr. Roberts caused to be inserted in the wall of his house in this city. The same year she executed to the order of Mr. Roberts a colossal statue of Columbus, which Mr. Roberts presented to the Central Park on certain conditions which have never been complied with. It is hoped this work may yet see the light. In 1861 the statue of Horace Mann was produced. It was afterward cast in bronze at Munich, and now stands before one of the public buildings in Boston. This statue was made at the request of Dr. Howe, the president of the commission appointed for this purpose. Dr. Howe was much interested that the statue of the "Apostle of Female Education," should be executed by a woman. He was greatly pleased with the photograph of the study sent to him, and declared in a letter to the artist that it was a "resurrection of the form."

The modelling for the well-known Bethesda Fountain in Central Park, at the foot of the steps by the lake was begun in 1861, and occupied four winters. Four allegorical figures of the seasons were to have accompanied this work, but were never completed. Miss Stebbins's health failed soon after the completion of this work, which was the last of her productions in bronze or marble.

Miss Stebbins' name is indissolubly linked with that of her friend Charlotte Cushman, with whom she formed a close intimacy soon after taking up her residence in Rome. They lived together, travelled together and worked together for many years. It was one of those romantic and abiding attachments which indicate a genius for friendship. Miss Stebbins watched over her friend in her late illness, and became her loving and appreciative biographer. Since the death of the great actress her own health has been declining. Her last days were full of pain and suffering borne with Christian heroism. She leaves a large circle of devoted relatives and friends to mourn her loss. F.

New-York, Oct. 30, 1882.

AN INCOMPLETE GIFT TO A FOREIGN LIBRARY.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

SIR: I have been requested by Oberstudienrath von Heyd, Chief Librarian of the Royal Public Library at Stuttgart, to state that the set of "The Rebellion Record," now on the shelves of his library, is incomplete (consisting only of Vols. I.-XI., 1862-'71, and Supp. Vol. I. ib., 1864), and that it is desired, if possible, to supply the volumes that are lacking. The first six of those above mentioned are inscribed: "Presented by citizens of New-York to the Royal Library, Stuttgart," and were forwarded through the kindness of the late Mr. James Lennox, to whose death alone the non-receipt of the remaining volumes may, no doubt, be attributed.

The librarian, Professor Dr. Wintterlin, in transmitting me the request of his chief, adds: "We should esteem it a very great favor if you could use your influence with your fellow-citizens of New-York to assist the Royal Public Library in obtaining, by some means, the rest of this unrivalled publication." I beg, therefore, heartily to commend the request to any of THE TRIBUNE's readers interested in such matters, and to express the hope that the librarian's appeal may meet with a prompt and generous response. GEORGE L. CATLIN, United States Consul.

Stuttgart, Oct. 14, 1882.

THE WOES AND WANTS OF IRELAND.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

SIR: I arrived in Paris, from whence I write you this letter, only two days ago, after completing the entire tour of Ireland. Poor Ireland's prospects at present are worse than I ever remember them. The past year has been more rainy than any for the last twenty years; and the crops, hay, and cereals of all kinds are rotting on the fields. The potato crop—the staple food of the peasantry—is a total failure, the stalks having withered early in June by what is known throughout the country as the blast or blight. With no manufactures or employment for the working classes, the crops, the fruit of the poor farmer's past year's toil, hopelessly ruined, a scarcity of money and provisions throughout the entire country, surely the coming winter must be a time of terrible suffering, want and misery. The great rental revenues handed into the pockets of absentee landlords and spent on the Continent and abroad are impoverishing and sucking the heart's-blood out of Ireland. There is no circulation of money, and trade of all kinds in the cities and towns is at its lowest ebb. In driving through Ireland you would not require a very fertile imagination to picture yourself as being within twenty miles of Alexandria. The country is flooded with military and extra police, and consequently taxation will rise in proportion and still further impoverish the householders and tenant farmers. With all its natural resources and advantages, being rich in minerals, good pasture and tillage lands, an industrious, thrifty, enterprising people, yet Ireland stands to-day the poorest and most oppressed country on the face of the globe.

Why does this state of affairs exist? Is there not something radically wrong and rotten in their standing laws and the manner of enforcing them? The educated, intelligent Irishman is not an extremist; he wants to be treated as a man, not as a serf. He does not in his wildest imagination expect to see Ireland stand alone as a republic: the very thought would be madness. We want in Ireland a native Parliament, where our representatives, not encumbered with English affairs, can devote their time at home to the interests of Ireland and the Irish. Canada does not send its Parliamentary representatives to sit in the British House of Commons and debate on the Egyptian or any other question. Why should not the Irish members legislate also for themselves at home, and submit their views after being carefully discussed and voted upon to a Ministerial Committee for approval? Without lessening their authority or taking one pound from the English coffers, Ireland with a native Parliament would soon rise again over all its trials and humiliations, and become a prosperous, happy country. The enlightened American people, who will never be a party to bigotry, tyranny or prejudice in any form, but who treat all men on their merits, are the only true friends of Ireland. Their opinions of British rule or misrule must eventually turn the tide of affairs in Ireland. A day must come when the voice of Freedom sounded in the name of American public opinion will demand from the British Parliament justice for Ireland. I am, sir, yours very faithfully, THOMAS CLARKE.

Paris, Sept. 26, 1882.

THE SPONGE FISHERIES.

THEIR IMPORTANCE AS AN INDUSTRY.

HOW SPONGES ARE GATHERED IN THE BAHAMA ISLANDS—THE DIFFERENT GRADES—ATTEMPT AT ARTIFICIAL PROPAGATION—THE FLORIDA SPONGES.

The importance of the sponge fisheries is increasing every year. Particularly is this true of the American sponge fisheries on the Gulf coast and in the Bahama Islands. The sponge industry of the Bahamas is really monopolized by three or four firms, principal among which are McKesson & Robbins, of this city. This firm have recently been requested to furnish a collection of American sponges for the National Museum of Natural History at Washington. This collection is nearly completed and embraces about fifty different varieties. Among the curiosities that the collection contains are a large cap sponge, or "Neptune's goblet"; a petrified sponge, two pieces formed like the knuckle of the foreleg of an ox; and a perfectly round sponge, which had become detached when small and continued to grow as it was rolled by the action of the sea. D. A. Gabay, an expert in sponges in the employ of McKesson & Robbins, gave to a TRIBUNE reporter the following information with regard to the sponge industry:

"Very few people," he said, "have any idea of what sponges are, where they grow and how they are gathered. It is really the most important industry in the Bahama Islands, and furnishes to hundreds of its fishing vessels and black native fishermen lucrative employment. It is now generally accepted by Professor Agassiz and other naturalists that the sponge belongs to the animal kingdom. Those of the Bahamas and other West Indian Islands are of a larger size and coarser quality than those on our Gulf coast. Fifty years ago the gathering and shipment of sponges in these islands was really a monopoly, but the fishermen finding more profit and excitement in wrecking, they practically abandoned the sponge fisheries. A few years later the fishermen again took to gathering sponges until the American Rebellion, when blockade-running engrossed their attention, and the sponge industry sank to a low ebb, to revive again at the close of the war. The Bahamians have applied themselves to the sponge fisheries with assiduity since 1878, and new fields have been discovered and the yield has thus been largely increased. At first the sponges were divided into two classes—the coarse and the fine. They are now divided into many varieties, principally the sheep-wool, white-reef, abaco-velvet, dark-reef, boat, hardhead, grass, yellow, and glove. The value of these is in the order named, the sheep-wool being the prime grade. Of each of these grades there are many varieties, all being useful for mechanical, surgical and bathing purposes. "The vessels employed in the sponge fisheries are small craft, averaging about ten tons each, and carrying from six to a dozen men. With six weeks' provisions on board, they start out, coasting along the banks and reefs where the water is shallow, for in such localities sponges are found. Occasionally, however, sponges are found at great depths. They are readily seen growing upon the rocks, reefs or shoals, and are brought to the surface by means of iron hooks fastened to long poles. Sometimes the fishermen dive for them where the water is very deep. The diver takes down with him a flat triangular stone, with a hole drilled through one of its corners. To the stone a cord from the boat is attached, and the diver makes it serve to guide him to particular spots. When he reaches the growing sponges he tears them off the rocks, and places them under his arms; he then jerks the rope as a signal to his companions, and they pull him on board. When first caught, the sponge is a soft, gelatinous substance full of life, and as black as tar, the sponge proper being really the skeleton or support of this living organism. The day's catch is spread upon the deck so as to kill this living covering, which in decaying emits the vilest odors. When a sufficient quantity of sponge has been gathered to warrant it, the men go ashore, build a pen of stakes at the water's edge, and place the sponges therein. The action of the tide helps to remove the black covering, the process being completed by pounding the sponges with sticks. Having been cleansed in this manner, the sponges are strung upon palmetto sticks, each string containing three or four sponges, and with this cargo the vessels return to Nassau.

"The trade is controlled by the Nassau Sponge Exchange Company, Limited, where sales are made daily, after which the sponges are hauled to the packing yards, where they are assorted and clipped into good shape. They are then put into tubs or vats of lime water to soak for several hours, and are afterward spread upon canvas to bleach and dry in the sun. Next they are pressed by machinery into bales about two feet by three feet in size, each containing 100 pounds, the packages being covered with coarse bagging securely sewed and corded, and they are then ready for shipment. Up to three years ago Great Britain got the bulk of the trade, but since then the United States have taken a greater part of the sponges, the value of those coming here last year being $113,643, while those going to Great Britain were worth only $36,357. One of the new fields recently discovered was near the Island of Eleuthera, about sixty miles from Nassau. It extends over many miles, but the majority of the sponges found thus far are of an extra large size with an inferior body, and not so valuable as those of a more moderate size. The water is also deep and the gathering laborious and tedious. The sponges from the Bahamas are of the medium grades, the sheeps-wool bringing about $1 a pound. The same grade was as low as 60 cents a pound less than a year ago on account of the discovery of some new beds.

"The best American sponges come from the coast of Florida, they being far superior to those of the Bahamas and West Indies. The sheeps-wool grade brings $2 50 a pound at the wharf. An attempt has recently been made at Key West to plant beds of sponges—to propagate them artificially—and with very fair success. The plan is to take a growing sponge under water and cut it in a dozen or more pieces and then anchor them in various spots. This was done more than a year ago, and the sponges which resulted were as fine in quality as the original one. The person who made the experiment feels so much encouraged that he will continue his efforts. He met with some difficulty, as the waves washed the plants away occasionally. The sponges on the coast of Florida are taken from about forty feet of water, and are fished by hooks on long poles. The fisherman uses, to see the sponges, a bucket with a glass bottom. He presses it just below the surface of the water, and he can see the bottom as plainly as if there was nothing to obstruct the view. The reason that divers cannot work there to advantage is because of the numerous sharks.

"Now and then we have a few Mexican sponges come on the market, but they are of an inferior quality and are hard. The Mediterranean sponges are the best. Attempts were recently made to gather sponges in the Mediterranean with dredging machines, but the Turkish Government has prohibited their use because they destroy the beds. A party has also been trying to use the dredge in the Florida fisheries, but from all reports it has been a failure; first, because the bottom is so volcanic that the dredge would not work perfectly; secondly, the sponges are too much scattered to make dredging profitable. But the most serious objection is that it would result in the destruction of the beds. Dredges were also being used in the Bahamas, but several petitions to the Governor, complaining of the serious injury to the beds by their use, caused the Legislature to make a law prohibiting their importation into the islands. It is believed that their use would have resulted in the complete extinction of the sponge beds."

NEW-MEXICAN INDUSTRY.

AMONG THE VINEYARDS AND SILVER MINES.

LUXURIANT GROWTH OF THE MISSION GRAPE—PROFITS OF THE CROP—LIFE IN MINING CAMPS—MINERAL RESOURCES OF THE ORGAN MOUNTAINS—A NEW RAILROAD SCHEME.

[FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.]

LAS CRUCES, N. M., Sept. 18.—The air is spicy with the smell of vineyards and resonant with the voices of prospectors who hunger to sell the "tenderfoot" a mine. On every corner sit phlegmatic Mexicans with baskets of luscious Mission grapes, and every other doorway frames a miner whose pockets bulge with fragments of ore assaying thousands to the ton. Behind the line of low adobe houses stretch acres of magnificent vineyards, and the horizon is cut by the vertical organ-pipe-like peaks of the Organ Mountains, where lie the mines which have set this little town ablaze. The transformation is so sudden as to be fairly ridiculous. This town and La Messilla, about three miles away, have been among the quietest and most sleepy as well as most beautiful of all the Mexican villages in the Territory. The advent of the railroad hardly caused a ripple in their existence—indeed, if anything, it nearly extinguished what little life there was by killing much of the freighting trade and general business of which La Messilla was a centre. But Mammon has enthroned himself in yonder mountains and his followers hasten to bow beneath his relentless yoke. Some discoveries of rich silver ore a short time since were followed by the location of a vein of quartz bearing free gold in large quantities. The news spread through the Rio Grande valley, and from Rincon to El Paso nothing is talked of but the strike in the Organs. But the mountains are far and the vineyards near; so before describing the new mining camps let me take you to the vineyards and the fruit orchards.

Along the outskirts of the village runs the acequia, or irrigating ditch, extending from the Rio Grande at about Leesburg. Immense cottonwoods, three or four feet in diameter, line the ditch and give the village the appearance, novel in this country, of being completely embowered in trees. Threading the shady lands among the trees and sunflowers, I found the land along the ditch divided into teranos, as the forty-acre lots are called, each with its adobe house, some showing whitewashed fronts and latticed balconies, and others hardly to be distinguished from the high adobe walls that guard the fields. I strolled up an open driveway leading into one of these teranos. On the left was a vineyard of some fifteen acres, the vines loaded with purple clusters, and on the right an orchard of pear, peach and apple trees. At the end of the drive, near the hedge and acequia, I found the owner of the vineyard, Mr. Cuniffe, superintending the gathering of the vintage. Under an awning his wife and daughters were packing in dainty boxes and baskets the tempting fruit that Mexicans were bringing from the vines. The smell of grapes was everywhere, on every side green hedges, luxuriant vines and sturdy fruit trees, the clear, exhilarating air, golden with sunshine and the scarred mountain peaks in the distance forming a striking background to this American vintage scene. I followed Mr. Cuniffe into his adobe storehouse, perfumed with the apples that lay in glowing heaps upon the floor. A basket of freshly plucked figs was produced, melting like honey on the tongue, and my host began to instruct me in viticulture as carried on in the valley of Las Cruces. I found that this is the first year that he has shipped grapes away, and that he expects to send off 100,000 pounds at 5 cents a pound, which is not a bad showing for so small a vineyard. He irrigates his vines once in ten or fourteen days, at a cost of about $6 simply for labor, for the irrigating ditch is a cooperative affair and is kept in repair by all those who use the water. The grapes are sent throughout this Territory into Old Mexico and Texas and to Colorado and Kansas. Had the Franciscan monks never done any other good they would deserve well of posterity for introducing the Mission grape which now, after its higher cultivation, is called the El Paso grape. Purple like the familiar Concord, but a trifle smaller, its flavor has a spiciness and piquancy with which the Delaware cannot compare, joined with a sweetness so great that nothing is needed in making rasins except drying the grapes. They are excellently adapted for making wine and brandy, as I found on driving over to La Messilla, the quaintest, prettiest Mexican town it has been my lot to see.

PHASES OF NEW MEXICAN LIFE.

The charm of the place lies in the immense cottonwoods which line the streets and give the plaza the resemblance of a New England village green encircled with elms, and in the gardens, vineyards and orchards which lie all about the town. I visited Mr. Bull's vineyards, the largest, I believe, in La Messilla valley, where I walked through acres of richly bearing vines surrounded by peach trees, and these surrounded by hedges of Osage orange. The peach crop this year is rather a failure and apples are not very abundant, but the grapes are perfection. On one side of Mr. Bull's vineyard was the shed containing his still and the large adobe storehouse where the grapes are piled four feet high in readiness for wine making, while in another part plethoric casks and hogsheads of wine gave the room the appearance of a monkish wine cellar in olden time. Another room was filled with casks and bottles of grape, peach and apple brandy of various ages, and the grape brandy five years old had a smooth richness which French cognac cannot surpass. It was a triumph of home production, much more so than the red wine sampled in another storehouse, which retained something of the crude taste peculiar to American wines. It was a genuine land of plenty that I was in, for there were storerooms filled with splendid wheat and vegetables from Mr. Bull's farm, as well as with grapes and wine. My host informed me that he would clear $5,000 this year from his grape crop, all of which he makes into wine and brandy, and that he would have received $4,000 from his peaches, pears and apples had the crop not been injured by a late frost.

My visits to various vineyards and orchards showed that the fruits raised here are superior in juiciness, flavor and sweetness to the California fruit that is met with commonly in the Colorado hotels, though not so extravagantly large and prepossessing externally. The valley of the Rio Grande from below Socorro nearly to El Paso, with the exception of certain desert sections, can with irrigation be made available for fruit raising. Climate and soil are perfectly adapted for the purpose. The industry has been hitherto chiefly carried on in the Dona Ana, Las Cruces, and La Messilla valleys, all lying in the Rio Grande valley, and the results indicate its rapid extension. Already land is being taken up, new vineyards and orchards set out, and old ones increased, and renewed attention given to raising vegetables, especially the colossal onions which are produced here. The fruit raised in this valley is already beginning to drive California fruit from the market in open competition in this Territory, and it is a reasonable prediction based on an examination of this district, that Rio Grande fruit, particularly that of Las Cruces and La Messilla, will soon become as famous as that of California.

Returning from the vineyards through the plaza, I stopped at the court room an instant to hear an interpreter and a lawyer struggle with a mixed jury of Mexicans and Americans. The low, stuffy court room is historic in this section, for it was here that "Billy the Kid" was tried and sentenced to death, and it was in leaving his room that he made a boast "that they'll never hang me," which came true in a way entirely unexpected. Pausing to pluck from Mr. Bull's trees some luscious figs, I drove back to Cruses across the old bed of the Rio Grande, which formerly ran between the two towns.

There was a sound of revelry that night in the barroom of the hotel. Some prospectors who had "struck it rich," and two or three local capitalists who had purchased promising claims, were indulging in a celebration with a crowd of admiring satellites. One man sang a Dutch dialect song, another improvised some verses full of very personal allusions to members of the company, and the bronzed, bearded miners, picturesque despite themselves, with their broad hats, flannels, top boots and belts of weapons, were swayed like the veriest children from stentorian laughter almost to tears at the words of some doggerel ballad. Across the street hovered the contrast, a tattered, blear-eyed, trembling wreck of a man who had gone through all the startling vicissitudes of a miner's life, had made rich strikes like the men inside, and, like most miners, lost his money in further ventures and in dissipation; who was among the first on Salmon River and in Bannock City; who camped on the Comstocks before any work had been done, and refused an offer of one-third of the Savage for sinking a shaft fifty feet, and who that night shook and trembled in the street without a friend and without money enough to buy him bread, the prey of whiskey and disease. Lazarus and Dives yet in the whirligig of the mining gamble change places every day.

THE ORGAN MOUNTAIN MINES.

The next morning I started for the Organ Mountains, a drive of twenty or twenty-five miles across low sand hills whose only vegetation is the Spanish bayonet, with its long lance rising ten feet above the cluster of spikes, and the mesquite, a humble shrub, but whose thick, heavy roots furnish quantities of firewood. The peculiarity of the Organs lies in the unusually clear definition of the contact formation. The bands of slate and lime can be seen on the western side of the range and are traceable with especial distinctness along the Black Mountain on the east. The first mine reached on the west was the Stephenson, the oldest and best known in this locality. Discovered by a Mexican over a generation ago it was Stephenson, whose primitive fashion of working brought him a yield of $60,000. He sold it to the Steph-