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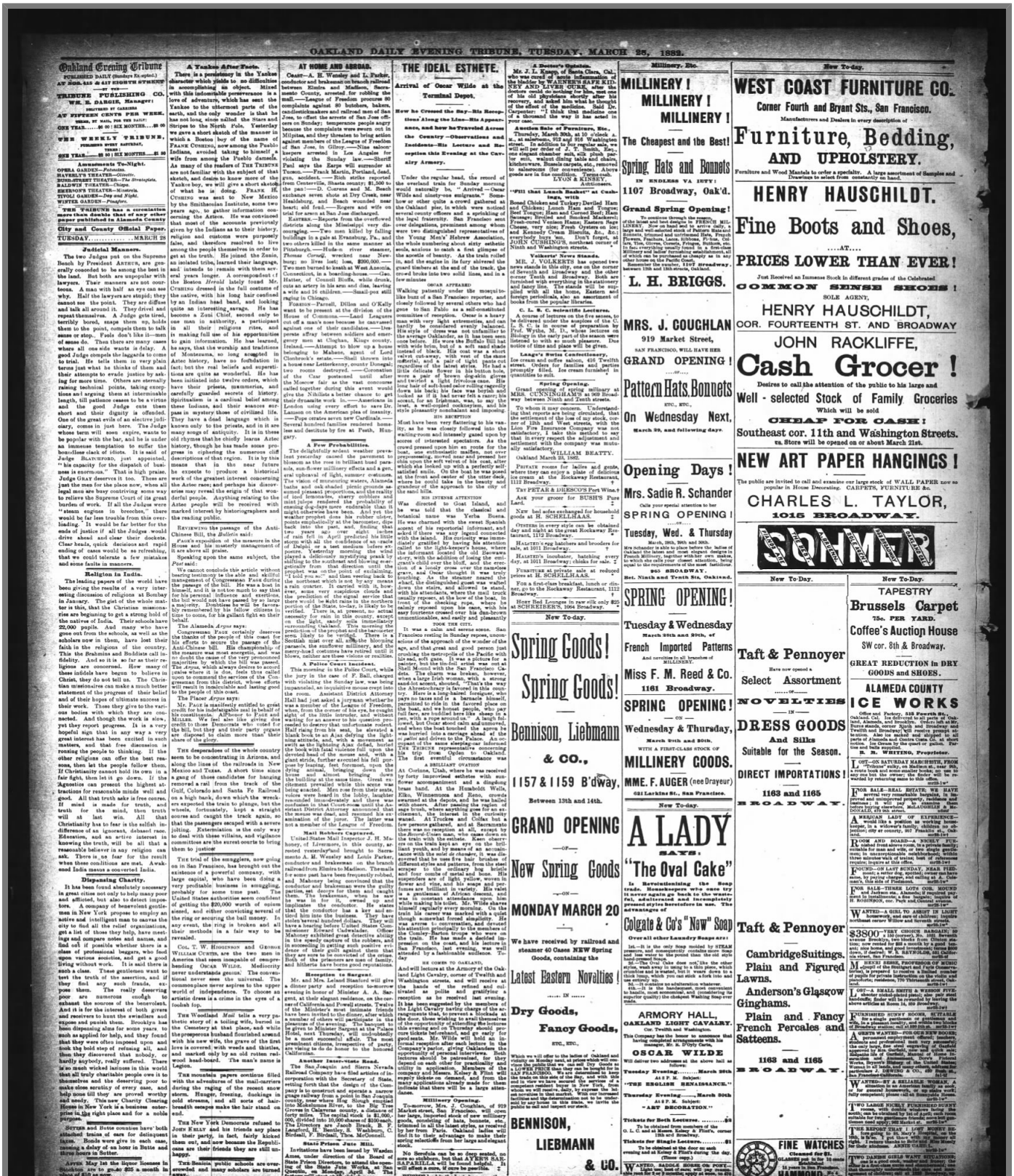

OAKLAND DAILY EVENING TRIBUNE, TUESDAY, MARCH 28, 1882.

Oakland Evening Tribune
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Amusements To-Night.
OPERA GARDEN—*Patronella.*
HAVERLY'S THEATER—*Olivette.*
MORN-STREET THEATER—*The Streetgirls.*
BALDWIN THEATER—*Chispa.*
SHERMAN'S THEATER—*Minstrels.*
TIVOLI GARDEN—*Day and Night.*
WINTER GARDEN—*Pinafore.*

THE TRIBUNE has a circulation more than double that of any other paper published in Alameda County
City and County Official Paper.
TUESDAY.....MARCH 28

Judicial Manners.

The two Judges put on the Supreme Bench by President ARTHUR, are generally conceded to be among the best in the land. But both are unpopular with lawyers. Their manners are not courteous. A man with half an eye can see why. Half the lawyers are stupid; they cannot see the point. They are diffuse and talk all around it. They drivel and repeat themselves. A Judge gets tired, terribly bored, snaps them up, holds them to the point, compels them to talk sense or stop. Fools don't like it—men of sense do. Then there are many cases where all one side wants is delay. A good Judge compels the laggards to come to trial. He tells them in very plain terms just what he thinks of them and their attempts to evade justice by asking for more time. Others are eternally raising technical points, taking exceptions and arguing them at interminable length, till patience ceases to be a virtue and the good Judge cuts them short and their dignity is offended. One of the great evils of an elective judiciary, comes in just here. The Judge whose term will soon expire, wants to be popular with the bar, and he is under an immense temptation to suffer the boundless clack of idiots. It is said of Judge BLATCHFORD, just appointed, "his capacity for the dispatch of business is enormous." That is high praise. Judge GRAY deserves it too. These are just the men for the place now, when all legal men are busy contriving some way to relieve the Supreme Court of its great burden of work. If all the Judges were "steam engines in breeches," there would be less trouble from this ever-loading. It would be far better for the ends of justice if all the Judges would drive about and clear their dockets. Clear heads, quick decisions and rapid ending of cases would be so refreshing, that we could tolerate a few mistakes and some faults in manners.

Religion in India.

The leading papers of the world have been giving the results of a very interesting discussion of religions at Bombay in January. The gist of the whole matter is this, that the Christian missionaries are beginning to get a strong hold of the natives of India. Their schools have 22,000 pupils. And many who have gone out from the schools, as well as the scholars now in them, have lost their faith in the religions of the country. This the Brahmins and Buddists call infidelity. And so it is as far as their religions are concerned. How many of these infidels have begun to believe in Christ, they do not tell us. The Christian missionaries can make a much better statement of the progress of their belief and of their hopes of ultimate success in their work. These they give to the various bodies with which they are connected. And these the whole is slow, yet they report progress. It is a very hopeful sign that in any way a very great interest has been excited in such matters, and that free discussion is running the people to thinking. If the other religions can offer the best reasons, then let the people follow them. If Christianity cannot hold its own in a fair fight, then let it go down. If the Agnostics can present the highest attractions for reasonable minds well and good. All that truth asks is free course. If mind is made for truth, and truth for the mind, then truth will at last win. All that Christianity has to fear is the selfish indifference of an ignorant, debased race. Education, and an active interest in knowing the truth, will be all that a reasonable believer in any religion can ask. There is no fear for the result when these conditions are met. Awakened India means a converted India.

Dispensing Charity.

It has been found absolutely necessary in great cities not only to help the poor and afflicted, but also to detect impostors. A company of benevolent gentlemen in New York agree to employ an active and intelligent man to canvas the city to find all the relief organizations, get a list of those that help, have meetings and compare notes and names, and find out if possible whether there is a class of professional beggars, who feed upon various societies, and get a good living without work. It is said there is such a class. These gentlemen want to test the truth of the assertion, and if they find any such frauds, expose them. The really deserving poor are numerous enough to exhaust the sources of the benevolent. And it is for the interest of both givers and receivers to let the swindlers and expose and punish them. Brooklyn has been dispensing alms for some years to such an applied her self, and they found that they were often imposed upon and took the bold step of refusing all, and then they discovered that nobody, or hardly anybody, really suffered. There is no mischief wrought in this world that all truly charitable people owe it to themselves and the deserving poor to make alms-giving of every case, and help none till they are proved worthy and needy. This new Charity Clearing House in New York is a business enterprise in the right place and for a noble purpose.

SUTTER and BATTE counties have both attached trains of cars for delinquent taxes. Bonds were give in each case, causing a delay of an hour in Butte and three hours in Sutter.

AUBURN May let the liquor licenses in Sunshine are to go to $50 a month in place of $10 as now.

A Yankee After Facts.

There is a persistency in the Yankee character which yields to no difficulties in accomplishing an object. Mixed with this indomitable perseverance is a love of adventure, which has sent the Yankee to the uttermost parts of the earth, and the only wonder is that he has not long since added the Stars and Stripes to the North Pole. Yesterday we gave a short sketch of the manner in which a Boston boy of the name of FRANK CUSHING, now among the Pueblo Indians, avoided taking to himself a wife from among the Pueblo damsels. As many of the readers of THE TRIBUNE are not familiar with the subject of that sketch, and desire to know more of the Yankee boy, we will give a short sketch of what he is doing. FRANK H. CUSHING was sent to New Mexico by the Smithsonian Institute, some two years ago, to gather information concerning the Aztecs. He was convinced that most of the accounts previously given by the Indians as to their history, religion and customs were purposely false, and therefore resolved to live among the people themselves in order to get at the truth. He joined the Zunis, an isolated tribe, learned their language, and intends to remain with them several years longer. A correspondent of the Boston *Herald* kindly found Mr. CUSHING dressed in the full costume of the native, with his long hair confined by an Indian head band, and looking quite an interesting savage. He has become a Zuni Chief, second only to one man in authority, a participant in all their religious rites, and succeeds in making valuable additions to gain information. He has learned, he says, that the worship and traditions of Montezuma, so long sought in the Aztec history, have no foddation in fact; but the real beliefs and superstitions are quite as wonderful. He has been initiated into twelve orders, which have their priests, mnumeries, and carefully guarded secrets of history. Spiritualism is a cardinal belief among these Indians, and their seances surpass in mystery those of civilized life. They have a dead language which is known only to the priests, and in it are many songs of antiquity. It is in these old rhymes that he chiefly learns Aztec history, though he has made some progress in ciphering the numerous cliff descriptions of that region. It is by this means that in the near future he expects to produce a historical work of the greatest interest concerning the Aztec race, and perhaps his discoveries may reveal the origin of that wonderful people. Anything relating to the Aztec people will be received with marked interest by historiographers and the reading public.

REVIEWING the passage of the Anti-Chinese Bill, the *Bulletin* said:

FAGE's exposition of the measure in the House and his masterly management of it are above all praise.

Speaking upon the same subject, the *Post* said:

We cannot conclude this article without bestowing testimony to the able and skillful management of Congressman FAGE during the passage of the bill. He stood by it himself, and it is not too much to say that for his personal knowledge and exertions the bill would not have passed by so large a majority. Without doubt it is to him probably more than to any other citizen in time to come, for his gallant fight on behalf.

The Alameda *Argus* says:

Congressman FAGE certainly deserves the thanks of the people of this coast for his efforts to secure the passage of the Anti-Chinese bill. His championship of the measure was most energetic, and was worth the cause of the very handsome final majorities by which the bill was passed. The *Argus*, which always desires to accord praise where it is due, feels this called upon to commend the services of our Congressman from this district, whose efforts will result in immediate and lasting good to the people of this coast.

The Placer *Argus* says:

Mr. FAGE is manifestly entitled to great credit for his indefatigable zeal in behalf of his constituents. All honor to FAGE and MAHONEY. We feel also like giving due credit to those Democrats who voted for the bill; they and their party papers have are disposed to claim more than their share of the glory.

THE desperadoes of the whole country seem to be concentrating in Arizona, and along the lines of the railroads in New Mexico and Texas, where we have seen a gang of those candidates for hanging removed a rail from the track of the Gulf, Colorado and Santa Fe Railroad on a high bank, down which the wrecks are expected the train to plunge, but the wheels fortunately, with straight line course and caught the track again, so that the passengers escaped with a severe jolting. Extermination is the only way to deal with these villains, and vigilance committees are the surest courts to bring them to justice

THE trial of the smugglers, now going on in San Francisco, has brought out the existence of a powerful company, with large capital, who have been doing a very profitable business in smuggling, probably for some time past. The United States authorities seem confident of getting the $20,000 worth of opium seized, and either convicting several of the ring or securing the bail money. In the meantime the Treasury Department will have a hearing before United States Commissioner Edward Cadwalader. Officer Mahony exhibited great detective ability in the speedy capture of the robbers, and in succeeding in getting such positive evidence of their guilt against them that they are sure to be convicted in the United States Court. Both of the prisoners are men of family, and hitherto have borne good reputations.

Reception to Sargent.

Mr. and Mrs. Leland Stanford will give a three part reception to the press on next evening in honor of Minister A. A. Sargent, at their elegant residence, on the corner of Powell and Sutter streets. Most of the Minister's most intimate friends have been invited to the dinner, after which a number of others will participate in the festivities of the evening. The reception will be given to Minister Sargent at the Palace Hotel, next Thursday, will undoubtedly be a most successful affair. The most prominent citizens, irrespective of party, are vieing to do do honor to the honored Californian.

Another Inter-state Road.

The San Joaquin and Sierra Nevada Railroad Company has filed articles of incorporation with the Secretary of State, setting forth that the design of the Company is to construct and operate a narrow gauge railway from a point in San Joaquin county, near where Hog Slough emptied into the Mokelumne River, to Big Trees Grove in Calaveras county, a distance of forty miles. The capital stock is $1,000,000, divided into 10,000 shares of $100 each. The Directors are Jacob Brack, R. P. Langford, H. Bentley, S. Washburn, C. Birdsall, F. Birdsall, Thos. McCormick.

State Prison Jute Mill.

Invitations have been issued by Warden Ames, under direction of the Board of State Prison Directors, to attend the opening of the State Jute Works at San Quentin, on Monday, April 3d. The factory will start at 12 o'clock noon.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

CASEY—A. H. Wensley and L. Parker, conductor and brakeman on branch railroad between Elmiira and Madison, Sacramento County, arrested for robbing the mail.——League of Freedom procures 80 complaints against 80 butchers, bakers, candlestickmakers and railroad men of San Jose to offset the action of San Jose officers on Sunday; temperance people angry because the complaints were sworn out in Milpitas, and they threaten to bring action against members of the League of Freedom of San Jose, in Gilroy.——Nine saloonkeepers arrested in Los Angeles for violating the Sunday law.—Sheriff Paul says the Earps will surrender at Tucson.——Frank Martin, Portland, dead, gun accident.——Rich strike reported from Centerville, Shasta county; $1,500 to the pan.——D. Gorman and R. Beach exchanges seven shots at Dry Creek, near Healdsburg, and Beach wounded near heart; old feud.——Rogers and wife on trial for arson at San Jose discharged.

EASTERN.—Reports from the overflowed districts along the Mississippi very discouraging.——Two men killed by falling buildings in a gale at Evansburg, Pa., and two others killed in the same manner at Pittsburgh.——Hide-n river steamer, *Thomas Cornell*, wrecked near Newan island; hides, loss, $200,000.——Two men burned to death at West Anconia, Connecticut, in a boarding-house.——Death of Master, of Council Bluffs, while drunk, cuts an artery in his arm and dies, leaving a wife and 16 children.——Small-pox still raging in Chicago.

FOREIGN.—Parnell, Dillon and O'Kelly want to be present at the division of the House of Commons.——Land Leaguers cut off a man's nose because he canvassed against one of their candidates.——Irishmen stray between the rubber cities, emergency men at Cloghan, Kings county, Ireland.——Attempt to blow up a house belonging to Mahon, agent of the Irish Clonbrock's estate.——Shall thrown into a house near Letterkenny, county Donegal; two rooms destroyed.——Coronation of the Czar postponed until after the Moscow fair as the vast concourse called together during this event would give the Nihilists a better opportunity for their dynamite work in.——Americans in London sing every effort to save Dr. Lamson on the American plea of insanity.——Pope creates seven new Cardinals.——Several hundred families rendered homeless and destitute by fire at Pesth, Hungary.

A Few Probabilities.

The delightfully ardent weather prevailed yesterday caused the pavements to blossom as the rose in brilliant hued parasols, sun-flower millinery effects and a general upheaval of light, summer costumes. The vision of murmuring waters, Alameda baths and oak shaded picnic grounds assumed pleasant proportions, and the reality of iced lemonades, cherry cobblers and mint julips rendered the probability of seeing dog-days more endurable than it might otherwise have been. And yet the weather prophet does his rubber sliver, points emphatically at the barometer, dips back into the past, and, finding that two years ago over eight inches of rain fell in April precipitated his little storm with all the confidence of an oracle at Delphi, or a test medium before ex-Governor Pease, Yesterday morning the wind played a deliciously mystifying prank by shifting to the southeast and blowing energetically from that direction until the prophet was on the point of exclaiming, "I told you so!" and then veering back to the northeast which is not by any means a rain quarter. It carried with it, however, some very suspicious clouds and the prediction of the signal service had there would be light rains in the northern portion of the State, to-day, to-night or to-morrow. There is, at present, no actual necessity for rain in this county, except on the light, sandy soils immediately surrounding Oakland. But this morning the prevailing impression is that we are likely to get rain. There are a few Scottish that would rather see sunflower millinery, and the merry-hoed costumes have retired until it be settled one way or the other, or realities.

A Police Court Incident.

This morning, in the Police Court, to accord praise where it is due, feels thus called upon to commend the services of a policeman from this district, whose efforts will result in immediate and lasting good to the people of this coast.

The Placer *Argus* says:

Mr. PAGE is manifestly entitled to great credit for his indefatigable zeal in behalf of his constituents. All honor to PAGE and MAHONEY. We feel also like giving due credit to those Democrats who voted for the bill; they and their party papers have are disposed to claim more than their share of the glory.

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THE IDEAL ESTHETE.

Arrival of Oscar Wilde at the Terminal Depot.

How he Crossed the Bay—His Receptions Along the Line—His Appearance, and how he Traveled Across the Country—Observations and Incidents—His Lecture and Reception this Evening at the Cavalry Armory.

Under the regular head, the record of the overland train for Sunday morning would naturally be, "Arrived—Oscar Wilde and ninety-one emigrants." Somehow or other quite a crowd gathered on the Oakland pier, in which were noticed several county officers and a sprinkling of the fourth estate. San Francisco was over delegations, prominent among whom were two distinguished representatives of the Young Men's Hebrew Association, the whole numbering about sixty esthetic souls, each of which was a fair glimpse at the æsthetic of beauty. As the train rolled in, and the station in fair dashed the guard timbers at the end of the track, the crowd broke into two solid lines, and in a few minutes

OSCAR APPEARED

walking patiently under the mosquito-like buzz of a San Francisco reporter, and looking very tired and sleepy, and can hardly be considered evenly balanced. His style of dress was not unfamiliar to the average Oaklander, as it has been seen once before. He wore his Buffalo Bill hat with wide brim, but of a soft and shade inferior to theirs. His coat was a dark velvet cut-away, with vest of the same material, and a pair of light pants, not regardless of the latest styles. He had a large gold watch chain, a big button hole, and a pair of brass cuff buttons, and twisted a light frivolous cane. His hair, a mair of soft, sunny ringlets, fell down his back; his face was boyish and looked as if it had never felt a razor's accost, for an Irishman, was, to say the least, a well-groomed enterprise, and his style pleasantly nonchalant and imposing.

HIS RECEPTION

Must have been very flattering to his vanity, as he was closely followed into the waiting-room and instantly gazed upon by scores of interested spectators. As the crowd pressed close upon the entrance to the boat, one enthusiastic maiden, not over sweet-scented, nor neat and pressed, broke thru upon the soft velvet of his coat, after which she looked up with a perfectly self-satisfied smile. On the boat he was posed at the front and center of the cabin deck, where he could take in the beauty and grandeur of the approach to the city of the sand hills.

HIS INTENSE ATTENTION

Was directed to Goat Island, and he was told that the classical and botanical name was Yerba Buena. He was charmed with the sweet Spanish name, and his reportorial informant, not asked if there was any legend connected with the island. His curiosity was immediately gratified by having his attention called to the light-keeper's house, where the informant located the old Bowman ranch, with the addition of losing the emigrant's child over the bluff, and the erection of a lonely cross over the nameless grave, and Oscar thought it was truly touching. As the steamer neared the wharf, the distinguished guest was wafted with the mist of the ocean spray to with his attendants, where the mail truck usually reposes, and the bow of the boat, in front of the checking rope, where his reportorial informant, and his style pleasantly nonchalant and imposing.

TOOK THE CITY.

It was a calm and serene scene. San Francisco resting in Sunday repose, unconscious of the approach of the wonder of the age, and that great god of green just crushing the metropolis of the Pacific with its sandy weight. It was a picture for a painter, but the tin-foil artist was out at the Cliff House with the San Francisco Cadets. The charm was broken, however, when Large Irish woman, with a strong sand-lot accent, shouted, "That's the way the Presbyterians favored in this country. Here is a long-haired foreigner, who says no tailor is a barnacle himself, permitted to ride in the favored place on the boat, and on the deck, too, who pay full fare, are huddled here like sheep in a pen, with a rope across at the back of