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BAPTIST CHURCH.—Rev. S. P. Davis, pastor. Morning service 10:30; Sabbath school 12:30; evening service 7:30 o'clock. Regular prayer meeting Wednesday evening. Monthly covenant meeting Saturday before first Sunday in each month at 10 o'clock P. M. A cordial invitation extended to all.

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FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.—Rev. G. A. B. Wood, pastor. Services at 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday school after morning service. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7:30 o'clock. Prayer meeting of Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor every Sunday evening at 6:30 p.m. All are cordially invited to these meetings. Seats free.

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SOCIETY NOTICES.

Oregon Lodge, I. O. O. F. No. 3.
Meets every Thursday evening at 7:30 o'clock in the Odd Fellows' Hall, Main street. Members of the order are invited to attend. By order of N. G.

Multnomah Lodge, No. 1, A. F. & A. M.
Holds its regular communications on the first and third Saturdays in each month, at 7 o'clock from the 24th of September to the 24th of March; and at 7:30 o'clock from the 10th of March to the 24th of September. Brethren in good standing are invited to attend. By order of W. M.

Meade Post No. 2, G. A. R., Department of Oregon.
Meets first Wednesday of every month, at 7:30 P. M., at Odd Fellows' Hall, Oregon City. CO-MANDER.

Falls City Lodge No. 59, A. O. U. W.
Meets every second and fourth Monday evening in Odd Fellows' building. Also joining brethren cordially invited to attend. F. H. CHARMAN, M. W.

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Office in Bank Building, Oregon City, Oregon.

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THE QUESTION ANSWERED.

Brightly was the moon inclining
O'er her honeycombed dome,
Sweet was night—in silver shining
Yet she yearned for something more.

Perfumes were her senses stealing
In a faint yet subtle tide;
Fragrant breath of roses sleeping
Lied her still untried.

Mid the lilacs, soft lamenting,
Grieved the plaintive nightingale;
Yet she coldly, half resisting,
Listened listless to his tale.

Though a night, such peace possessing
Should all captiousness disarm,
Yet she found herself confessing
Nature somehow failed to charm.

Did the moon smile down too brightly?
Lose her weary with his tripe?
Roses cause the air too slightly?
What—oh! what—was lacking still?

As she pondered this in sadness,
Stole her Lover from the door,
Gleamed her to his lips in gladness,
Then her night bedded nothing more!
—Temple Bar.

TOLEDO BLADES.

Their Ancient History and Mode of Manufacture.

"You are going to do Spain! Would you mind buying me a real Toledo blade?"

This from a young bachelor friend, whose apartments in New York are so full of *bric-a-brac* that I dread visiting him lest an unguarded moment should cost me a fabulous sum to replace a broken trinket.

I undertook the commission, wondering, as I did so, where the "trusty steel" would find a resting-place. The ceiling seemed to be the only available spot, but a sword of Damocles over one's head! Ugh!

Sunny Spain! Land of Don Quixote and Dulcinea del Toboso; of Mantillas and Murillo's dark-eyed senoritas and haughty hidalgos; of old churches and Moorish mosques; of bull fights and boleros; of fans and cigarettes; of bonitas and brigantes; of garlic and *gracias*; of mountain and *siempreviva*—Spain, the sun-kissed! There are but two classes of travelers to be met with in Spain—those who go for climate and those who go for pleasure; the magnificent climate of the south and east coasts tempting the one, the *bañeros* scenes of faded splendor and Old World indolence tempting the other. Every body grumbles at Spanish discomfort; but every body leaves Spain with regret and bearing souvenirs never to be forgotten, impressions never to be erased, glories never to be divided.

The most quaint, the most tumble-down, the most haughty, the most interesting, the most charming, the most seductive, the most Old-World city in sunny Spain is Toledo. There are few cities which can boast so ancient an origin, or the history of which have been made the groundwork of so many beloved traditions. Some writers pretend that the Jews settled here from the captivity of Babylon; others attribute its foundation to Hercules, to Jubal, grandson of Cain, who established himself on its site one hundred and forty-three years after the Deluge.

That which is most accurately known concerning the antiquity of Toledo is, that it existed two hundred years before Christ, the Pro-consul, Marcus Atilius, having besieged it in the year 190 B. C., taken it, and placed it under Roman jurisdiction.

Since then the city has had a varied history. Captured by the barbarians of the North, a residence of the Kings of the Visigoths, the "Royal City" of Spain, then taken by the Moors, it reached the summit of greatness in the sixteenth century, when it was polished and educated a city as Seville or Salamanca.

Since the thirteenth century, Toledo boasts the reputation of speaking the purest Castilian—a reputation which she still maintains. But, although Toledo has fallen into the *ser* and yellow leaf, she is still sufficiently rich in memories, and in monuments of the past, to console her for having lost her position in the front rank. There is not a city in the world that responds so accurately to a city of the Middle Ages. She is the picturesque and romantic city *par excellence*; and she is proud, among her other titles to nobility, of being, like the Eternal City, built upon seven hills.

But we have to buy a Toledo blade, and must proceed to the grimy factory by the side of the yellow, brawling Tagus. The swords and poinards of Spain have been renowned in antiquity. Numerous historians might be quoted who have testified their faith in them, even as long ago as the time of Cicero, who makes honorable mention of the little Spanish sword.

It is probable that the manufacture of swords continued at Toledo till the epoch of the Goth kings, and it is certain that it was in full vigor in the ninth century. These swords served, without doubt, as a pattern for the weapons used by the Moors in Spain in the Middle Ages, which are seen represented in the pictures at the Alhambra. The manufacture of swords was not formerly confined to a single establishment as to-day. The *espaderos*, or sword-makers, worked at their own homes, alone, or with a certain number of apprentices. Like all commercial crafts, they were bound together in a *gremio*, or guild.

Many of the kings of Castile accorded to the finest sword-makers of Toledo certain privileges—such as exemption from diverse imposts and duties appertaining to the sale of swords, the purchase of iron and steel, and other primary material. These privileges extended to certain craftsmen attached to the manufacture of blades, such as the *acardadores*, or furbishers, and *cañeros*, or fitters. The iron and blades of Spain were renowned in France in the Middle Ages.

Ancient records make mention of the "*for d'Espagne*," and Froissart speaks of a short Spanish blade. Media relates that Francis III., returning to Madrid, beheld young unboarded youths, who carried swords by their sides, upon which the king said: "O three happy Spain! wherein are born children and men ready armed." The Toledo blades are highly esteemed in England, as seen by several passages in Ben Jonson, Butler and Shakespeare. It is scarcely necessary to say that the *espadas Toledanas* were at loss prized in Spain.

The author of the "*Vida de Lazarillo de Tormes*," who wrote in 1525, thus causes a Toledan *espada*, who served his hero, to speak of a sword: "O, if thou only knewest, boy, what a weapon I have here! Not for all the yellow gold in the world would I sell it; for in all the blades that Antonio, bath wrought, none equaleth this one."

The steel used by the *espaderos* of Madrid was obtained in an iron mine, situated about three miles from Mandragon, in the Basque provinces. "Victorious sword! Thy blade is of Mandragon, and thou wast tempered at Toledo."

According to Palomares, a Toledan sword-maker of the last century, it is an error to suppose that the Toledans preserved particular secrets for the tempering of their arms. They were compelled to use the water of the Tagus, as well as the fine white sand that the river contains in its bed. The sand, to which they termed *refrescar la colda*, to cool the heat; for when the metal became red, and commenced to throw off sparks, the *refrescar* was sprinkled with this sand. The blade formed, they proceeded to temper it in the following manner: Part of the middle of the fire was hollowed out, and in the hollow was placed the blade, so that four-fifths of it only was exposed to the fire, the tongue and hilt being outside.

The blade having become cherry red, they plunged the point into a wooden reservoir, full of the water of the Tagus; and having once cooled it, they straightened it as much as was desirable. They then subjected such of the blade as had not hitherto been exposed to the fire; and when it commenced to redden, they took it by the tongue with red-hot pliers, and plunged it into soap suds until it cooled, an operation which imparted temper to it.

The most ancient Toledan *espadero*, or sword-maker, of whom mention is made, is Julian, surnamed el Moro, or the Moor, on account of his coming from Granada, where he worked toward the end of the fifteenth century for King Boabdil. He also surnamed him Julian del Rey, because upon his conversion to Christianity, had for a godfather no less illustrious a personage than Ferdinand, the Catholic.

Having hired a conveyance drawn by a pair of gayly caparisoned mules, the driver wearing a pork-pie hat and a blood-red sash, I was driven out to the *Fabrica de Armas*, which is situated on the right bank of the Tagus, about a mile and a half outside of the city walls. This is a very unpretentious building of rectangular form, completed, as the inscription over the entrance informed me, in 1783. Charles III., who made so many efforts to encourage Spanish manufactures, resolved upon revivifying the ancient craft of the *espaderos*, and constructed the factory. So low had the reputation of the Toledan *espaderos* fallen, that the king was compelled to send to Valencia for a maker of swords, Luis Calisto, whom he appointed director of the works.

A very polite, nuttish-chop whiskered official escorted me over the works—for this manufactory is to-day used in the fabrication of arms for the army—and explained the process for sword-making in use at present. The ancient mode of manufacture has been abandoned, both as regards forging and tempering, whilst the iron now employed comes from Germany. The sand of the Tagus is no longer used, and the sheep steel is replaced by soap. However, the arms still turned out are of excellent quality, and in the *sala de pruebas*, or proof-room, I had the satisfaction of testing blades that rolled themselves several times upon themselves like serpents, and that sprang into straightness in a flash.

But that which has been lost is the form and elegance. I invested in a blade, as in duty bound, paying, therefore, about twenty-three dollars, but it is no longer in Toledo that the good blades are found; they are snatched up by museums and by collectors, the *perilla* fetching up to two hundred and fifty dollars. My bachelor friend is enchanted with his blade. He has suspended it from the ceiling, and I carefully avoid that portion of the room over which, like the sword of Damocles, it so threateningly hangs.—*Nagel Robinson, in Youth's Companion.*

—Gold leaf is cut by placing it on a flat clean leather pad, pressing it very gently and saving with a perfectly straight-edged clean knife or split cano. The best Dutch metal may replace the gold leaf perfectly smooth. The Dutch metal may be cut between paper by close-shearing scissors with such long blades that each cut is made with one motion.

—John Harrigan and his rope have become famous in San Francisco. With the same piece of rope John has pulled twenty-eight people out of the water in the last three years. His best day's work in this line was done about a year ago, when he fished three children and a tramp out of the water.

—All modern high explosives are now almost universally exploded by the agency of electricity.

WITTY LABOUCHERE.

Two Anecdotes Regarding the Diplomatic Career of the Famous Editor.

Henry Labouchere, M. P., editor of *London Truth*, was for many years after the war, secretary of the English legation in Washington. He is remembered here as a very wild young man. He knew everybody and figured in society of all grades.

His astounding humor frequently developed into practical jokes.

One day a rather green member of Congress called at the legation and asked if he could see the Minister.

"You can see me, I am his secretary," said Labouchere.

"But I want to see the Minister," said the Congressman.

"The Minister is not in."

"All right, I'll wait for him."

"Certainly, sir; have a seat."

The Congressman took a chair and a newspaper, lighted a cigar and settled down for a comfortable time of it. He turned to Labouchere, who sat reading a novel and asked:

"Do you know when he will be back?"

"I do not," was the curt reply. The Congressman lighted another cigar and strolled about the office until another hour was gone.

"Do you think he will be back this evening?"

"Hardly."

"To-morrow?"

"I guess not."

"Well, when will he probably be here?"

"Really, sir, I can not tell you. The Minister sailed for England yesterday and did not indicate when he intended to return," replied Labouchere, without lifting his eyes from his book.

Labouchere was promoted from the secretaryship of the legation in Washington to a similar position with the English legation at Vienna. There he was known as the liveliest Briton at the court, and many are the tales that are told of his reckless escapades. Once, on his way to London on leave of absence, he stopped at Monaco and lost his last penny at roulette. He did not blow his brains out as the victims of that famous establishment so often do, but retired to his elegant room and entertained like a lord until he could get a remittance from some friends in England. As soon as he came he threw it down on the gaming table, doubled five or six times, paid his bills and set out for home.—*Tele. Blade.*

THE FRANCES TIRES.

Hands of Guerrillas Who Frightened the Franco-German War.

Between Leon and Rheims, I passed through Chalus and Epernay, at which places I saw, for the first time, the Frances Tires, or free-shooters, a corps to which I must devote a few lines by way of description. The corps was, in the most comprehensible possible meaning of the word, irregular. The men who composed it were not only irregular in every thing they did, but appeared to glory in their irregularity. They seemed to have very few officers, and the few they were seldom, if ever, to be seen on duty with the men. The latter had evidently soured about obedience, for they did very much what they liked, and in the manner they liked. They evidently hated the regular army, and the latter returned the compliment with interest. When at Epernay I witnessed a skirmish between a battalion of regular infantry and a small party of German Uhlans, who were evidently feeling their way, and trying to find out what was the strength of the French troops there. The officer commanding the French outpost behaved with great judgment, trying by retiring his men to draw on the Uhlans, and find out their numbers. He had almost succeeded in enticing the enemy to advance, and had managed to hide the strength of his detachment, when all at once a body of Frances Tires came on, and without waiting, or even asking for orders, they began at once to blaze away at the Germans, causing the latter to retreat. The officer commanding was very angry, and sent orders to the irregulars that they were to cease firing forthwith; but they took no notice of what was said, many of them declaring in a loud voice that the regulars were playing the game of the enemy, and did not want any of the latter to be defeated or killed. When an attempt was made to find out who was in command of the Frances Tires no such person could be found, and on an order being given that the commanding officer would cause an official inquiry to be made into the conduct of the irregulars the whole corps, not less than five hundred strong, vanished and dispersed, so that they could no more be found.—*All the Year Round.*

Microcosm of a Lunatic.

Some inmates seem to live in a world of their own. An old lady once astonished and amused us by exclaiming, without any warning or provocation, "Two cats and the bird of paradise are waiting to convey you to your heavenly home, and you are to sit for nine days between the cats and the bird of paradise." Then she stopped and forgot that she had said any thing. It was like an alarm-clock suddenly going off, startling every one going on, and ceasing just as quietly and unobtrusively. A patient lived in the bath-room and made friends with the rats, for whom she had a great affection. They would actually do what she was told. Some one else thought she was the wife of President Buchanan, and had the hallucination that her husband frequently ran a locomotive through Washington avenue, Philadelphia, with a big bonnet in front of it, to remind her of the annoying fact that in her young days she had been a milliner.—*North American Review*

WAR UNDER WATER.

The Use to Which Submarine Boats May Be Put in Future Struggles.

Even when at anchor a vessel will be likely to be protected by a crotaline and encircled by small floating mines with which the submarine boat might come in contact, says E. L. Zalinski, writing of submarine vessels. Should the boat trust for its means of aggression to locomotive torpedoes, such as the Whitehead, the protecting crotaline might still partially ward off the blow.

Recent experiments abroad have shown that wire netting affords considerable protection against attacks of this kind, unless the charges are much larger than are carried in such self-propelling torpedoes as are now in use, or the first torpedo is closely followed by a second.

The last may then be able to make its way through the rent made in the netting by the first. Besides protection by a crotaline and outlying mines against surface and submarine torpedo boats, a vessel may be equipped with rapid-firing pneumatic guns, whose shells carrying from ten to twenty pounds of dynamite or other high explosive, can be fired so as to penetrate the water any desired number of feet before exploding. In this way, if perceived, the submarine boat may not have fully its own way in the attack.

The Nordenfolt experiments have shown that, unless the boat is very deeply submerged, it is likely to be detected from the mastheads, when it has approached sufficiently near to make an attack with such appliances as the Whitehead torpedo.

On the other hand, if the submarine boat is armed with pneumatic guns capable of throwing large torpedo shells through the air much greater distances than would be possible through the denser resisting medium, water, its chances of approaching within striking distance unobserved are very much increased. It has also a far wider range of choice of position from whence to make an attack. In fact, its chances are increased very much more than the square of the distance from which it attacks. For not alone is the area in which it can choose its point of approach increased directly as the square of the distance or effective range of its armament, but its chances of escape from the counter operations of the enemy are also fully equal to that ratio.

As submarine boats become more generally used, men-of-war will doubtless be provided with small ones for submarine picket duty, and for removing the submarine mining defenses of a harbor about to be attacked. It does not require the imagination of Jules Verne to see, in the future, submarine conflicts between the boats of antagonists who are also fighting on the surface. Ordinary surface-going torpedo boats must approach to within three or four hundred yards to enable them to launch their self-propelling torpedoes with any chance of success. In coming within striking distance they will be subject to a very severe fire from the large number of machine and rapid-firing shell guns with which modern war vessels are equipped. Their chances of running the gauntlet of such fire with success are comparatively small. It would seem, therefore, to be certain that submarine boats will be used for this purpose. They will also be employed by an attacking force to remove the mines of the defense, and by the defense in replacing mines which have been exploded in the course of an action or removed by the enemy.

—*Forum.*

A SILENT TELEPHONE.

The Wonderfully Ingenious Invention of a Pittsburgh Genius.

A few favored gentlemen who were gathered in the private office of Mr. George Westinghouse the other afternoon witnessed a test of a new telephonic appliance which is far more wonderful than the telephone now in use. It was being exhibited by Mr. Lovth, the inventor. One of those who were present gave a description of it without going into technicalities.

It is a very simple contrivance and may not inappropriately be termed a dumb telephone, as it has no transmitter, properly speaking, the conversation being carried on by means of a receiver alone. Attached to the receiving tube, which is shaped somewhat different from those now in use, is a single wire to the end of which is a sensitive little appliance which presses against the larynx and glands of the neck, and as the jaws are moved in conversation the motion sends the words spoken along the wire as distinctly as the telephone now in use, and it is claimed even more distinctly.

There is no necessity for yelling at the man at the other end of the line, and no use for it, as there is no receiver to shout into, and as will be seen by the above description of the contrivance, the sound and words are conveyed by the gentlest motion of the jaws.

The operation of the new telephone is wonderful in the extreme, and all who saw it express their astonishment. To one of these the inventor turned and said that it was far less wonderful than the mode of conversation he had witnessed in a New England town several years since. This conversation, he stated, had given him the idea which led to the invention, and it took place between a man who was deaf, dumb and blind and one of his relatives. These two conversed, he said, by placing the tips of their fingers on each other's neck in the precise locality where the little instrument in use on his telephone touches, and by this means the two would converse as intelligibly, so far as they were concerned, as persons in ordinary conversation.—*Pittsburgh Commercial-Gazette.*

METROPOLITAN POLICE.

The Strength and Organization of the New York Police Force.

New Yorkers religiously believe that they have the best police system and the finest police force in existence. As represented by the board of aldermen—August 11, 1886—they hold that "the police department has reached a standard of efficiency hitherto unattained, and superior to that of any force in the world." This opinion, expressed after the funeral of ex-President Grant, may only be that of a majority; but, nevertheless, exceptions prove the rule.

What is the number of the metropolitan police force? what are its duties? how is it organized? and in what manner are its duties performed? are questions whose answers determine the soundness or unsoundness of the popular faith.

The number of the police force, of all ranks and grades, on the last day of A. D. 1885, was 2,933, including 35 privates. The Legislature of the State of New York, on May 12, 1886, unanimously authorized the addition of 500, in deference to the general conviction that it was numerically too small to cope with the possible emergencies of the times. The city of New York, estimating its population at 1,550,000, then had, exclusive of the Central Park force, one police officer to every 362 of the inhabitants. This, in view of the heterogeneous character of the people, and the peculiar relation of the city to the continent, was really an insufficient supply. In 1883 Philadelphia had one policeman to every 636 of its citizens; Baltimore, one to 525; Boston, one to 487; the metropolitan district of London, one to 342; and the ancient city of London, one to every 100.

The Police Department of New York, established and organized under the law of 1870, consists of the Board of Police—which is composed of four Commissioners, appointed by the Mayor—of the police force, and of officials appointed by the Commissioners.

The bulk of the police force, corresponding to the privates or enlisted men of the regular army, consisted on the 1st of January, 1886, of 2,396 patrolmen. On the 13th of June, according to the return of Deputy Clerk Clerk Delamater, the native nationality of the 2,936 men of all ranks and grades then constituting the police force was as follows: United States, 1,745; Ireland, 974; Germany, 136; Austria, 4; Italy, 3; Switzerland, 1; Canada, 13; England, 30; Finland, 1; Scotland, 14; France, 6; Bavaria, 1; Nova Scotia, 2; Denmark, 1; Sweden, 2; West Indies, 1. Thus the United States have contributed 59.46, Ireland 33.17, and all other countries 7.37 per cent. of the whole. The Hibernian element, including those born in this country, is decidedly predominant. Naturally enough, those in whose constitution habits of subordination to authority have been ingrained by generations of servitude are most watchful and resolute when the enforcement of law is intrusted to their hands. Whatever their ancestral antecedents, the New York police have invariably illustrated the virtues