

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

—There is a tale of great antiquity, to the effect that when a certain man was asked why he called his dog Watch, he replied that he did so because Watch was the dog's name. The answer may not have been entirely satisfactory to the questioner, but it met his inquiry, fairly and adequately, and is to be commended, not only on that account, but because it will serve to introduce a brief disquisition on the announced purpose of GEN. DI CESNOLA to substitute "Morgan Collection" for "Garland Collection" as the official and formal title for certain porcelains in the Metropolitan Museum. Now, it can be stated as an indubitable truth that the Garland Collection has hitherto been so-called because that was its name—because that is exactly what it is. The precious objects forming it were collected by MR. GARLAND, and collecting, though it involves purchasing—in modern times, at least, and when there is no war on with China—is so much more than purchasing as to be a very different thing. Therefore we fail to see how GEN. DI CESNOLA, even if he gets the permission he expects to get, is going to effect the change he thinks he has in mind. He can print the words "Morgan Collection" on labels and in catalogues as often as he pleases, but so long as the objects in the Garland Collection remain collected they will be the Garland Collection, and will be so-called, because, as we said before, that is their name—that is what they are. We fully realize that the debt of the museum to him who gave it the porcelains is greater than the one—not small—which it owes to him who collected them, and we have not the slightest desire to prevent cordial and permanent recognition of the greater obligation, but facts remain facts, and, though the Garland Collection may be called, with the circumstances as they are, the Morgan Purchase or the Morgan Gift, it cannot be called the Morgan Collection—cannot be, that is, by those who call things by their names, because they are their names. To which class, we like to believe, most people belong.

—An article entitled "The Negro: Another View," which is published in the current number of The Atlantic, seems to have stirred up a lot of resentful excitement in Covington, Ga., where the author, Prof. ANDREW SLEDD, occupies a prominent position in the Faculty of Emory College. The professor, while holding that the negro is unquestionably inferior to the white man, and blaming the North for its long failure to recognize that fact, with great severity criticised the South for carrying its own conviction of the negro's inequality to the point of treating him, habitually and without regard for his individual character, as not a human being at all, but a mere beast of burden at his best and at his worst, or even his less than best as a dangerous wild animal to be slaughtered without compunction. This "view" the professor supported by argument and illustration, and—his townsmen do not like it. One of them is quoted as characterizing the article as not only false but malicious, another as saying that no true Southerner can send his son to Emory College while a man expressing such opinions is connected with it. Prof. SLEDD, when interviewed on the subject, emphatically reaffirmed the statements in his article. "I in nowise desire social equality," he declared, "but I do believe I state a general fact when I say that the negro is dehumanized and treated lower than a brute in the South. I believe that if the white man can go to the negro's church the negro should go to the white man's church. If the white man can have one thing in any of the public utilities, the negro should have the same. If the negro tips his hat to me or any white man, I or any other person should do the same to him, and I believe that the average white man of the South would sooner kill a negro than a forty-dollar mule." Prof. SLEDD is a Virginian by birth and says he bases his accusations on observations made while residing for longer or shorter periods in six Southern States. He acquired part of his education at Harvard, a fact which may or may not account for his "view" of the negro and the treatment of the negro in the South.

—After enjoying, as he could, his liberty, such as it was, for three days less than two months, the remarkable and therefore interesting HARRY TRACY is dead—by his own hand, it is said by the men who had cornered him at last and were industriously engaged in shooting in his direction. So dramatic and picturesque have been the incidents of his long evasion of justice and its representatives that it is difficult to keep in mind the true character

of the man and the number of lives he has ruthlessly taken. To say nothing of two murders committed before his last imprisonment, TRACY killed four men while making his escape, later he assassinated the companion of his flight, and he has since shot dead three pursuers and wounded several others. But if he had the ferocity of a tiger, he had much more than the tiger's courage, and all through his hopeless fight for life he has maintained, or seemed to maintain, a grim facetiousness that ought to increase our horror of him, but somehow doesn't. Just what his emotions were while he roamed for weeks in waste places, with every man's hand against him, and not a few men seeking his blood, will never be known, though perhaps it could be imagined by some great romancer. In all his perils and hardships, possibly enough, he had a sort of self-satisfaction, for he was proving his energy and his ability in ways that had in them an element of the admirable—admirable not only for ruffians of his own type, but for men much better than he was. TRACY could be hated and hunted to death without the slightest compunction, but he could not be despised, and deep down in the hearts of most of us is a feeling of pity for him—a feeling that he had fine qualities that would have been useful to others as well as to himself if circumstances had been different. The responsibility for all his crimes and for his wretched fate can hardly be placed upon himself alone. It may be that his greatest mistake was in being born too late. There have been centuries, and they are not very remote centuries, when fame instead of notoriety would have been within his reach.

—With the purpose, as stated by himself, of "getting thoroughly in touch with the laboring classes," the Rev. Dr. TOOMAY, a Congregational clergyman of Carthage, Mo., has started in to work six weeks as a railway section hand. The experiment is more interesting than original, and it is possible to doubt whether it is either particularly virtuous or particularly wise. Dr. TOOMAY will surely learn several things. He will learn, for instance, how it feels to do hard work of an unaccustomed kind, but that will teach him nothing about the feelings of his companions in toil. He will learn something—not much—about the opinions held by those companions in regard to clergymen who play at being day laborers, but that will shed little light on the economic and industrial problems of the day. The other laborers will talk to him—as to a clergyman, since his scheme has been well advertised, with a view to the magazines, possibly; they will not talk to him as to one of themselves, and the information he will acquire will hardly repay him for the aches in his back and the blisters on his hands. All the circumstances and the probabilities considered, we incline to the belief that Dr. TOOMAY's experiment, and all others like it, are not to be commended, and we venture to assert that one of our reporters, without using any tool heavier than a pencil, could get more real "labor news" in two days than the doctor will get in six weeks. If he, like all his many predecessors, doesn't have vastly more to say about himself, his emotions, his hopes, and his fears at the end of his experience than about laboring men, their emotions, their hopes and fears, then we shall be vastly surprised.