

NEW YORK HERALD

BROADWAY AND ANN STREET.

JAMES GORDON BENNETT, PROPRIETOR.

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AMUSEMENTS THIS EVENING.

- THEATRE COMIQUE, 214 Broadway—Africa on Lexington and Stanley.
BOOTH'S THEATRE, Twenty-third street, corner Sixth Avenue—The Lily of France.
OLYMPIC THEATRE, Broadway, between Houston and Beleecker Sts.—La Belle Helene.
GERMANIA THEATRE, Fourteenth street, near Third St.—Das Stueppchen.
BOWERY THEATRE, Bowery—Three Fast Men—Duck Turpie.
WOODS MUSEUM, Broadway, corner Thirtieth at—Bears in the Wood. Afternoon and Evening.
GRAND OPERA HOUSE, Twenty-third street and Eighth Ave.—Roged the Cloak.
NIBLO'S GARDEN, Broadway, between Prince and Houston streets—Leo and Loton.
UNION SQUARE THEATRE, Broadway, between Thirtieth and Fourteenth streets—Agnes.
FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE, Twenty-fourth street—Married Life.
WALLACK'S THEATRE, Broadway and Thirtieth Street—The Merry.
MRS. F. B. CONWAY'S BROOKLYN THEATRE, 212 The Duke's Motto.
BRYANT'S OPERA HOUSE, Twenty-third st., corner 5th St.—Negro Minstrelsy, Kochenrich, &c.
ATHENEUM, No. 533 Broadway—Splendid Variety of Novelties.
CANTREURY VARIETY THEATRE, Broadway, between Beleecker and Houston—Variety Entertainment.
TONY PASTOR'S OPERA HOUSE, No. 201 Bowery—Grand Variety Entertainment, &c.
SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS, corner 23d st. and Broadway—The American Minstrelsy, &c.
BARONUM'S MUSEUM, MENAGERIE AND CIRCUS, Fourteenth street, near Broadway—Day and Evening.
STEINWAY HALL, Fourteenth street—Some of the New York.
NEW YORK MUSEUM OF ANATOMY, 613 Broadway—SCIENCE AND ART.

TRIPLE SHEET.

New York, Thursday, Dec. 19, 1872.

THE NEWS OF YESTERDAY.

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THE SPANISH CORTES—A CHEERING ANNOUNCEMENT BY PRIMER MINISTER ZORRILLA.—From a cable despatch, which we print this morning, it will be learned that the general situation in Spain is greatly improved. On Tuesday, in the lower House of the Cortes, Señor Zorrilla, the President of the Cabinet Council, declared that it was the purpose of the government to introduce reforms in the municipal law of Porto Rico providing for the abolition of slavery on that island. He also announced that the Carlist insurrection had dwindled down to an affair of but little importance, that the disloyal demonstrations of the federalists had ended, and that order was now assured throughout the country. The news was cheering to the members of the Cortes, and the vote of the House must have been in favor of the government, for a resolution was adopted by 182 against 6, expressing satisfaction with the declaration of the Minister. We are glad to know that Spain is doing so well, but what about municipal reform and the abolition of slavery in Cuba?

The London Telegraph observes:—"Seldom can the President of the United States communicate to the Senate a message so full of peace, so free from any tone of apprehension, so devoid of any phrase from which calumny itself could draw a menace." It forebodes, however, that our halcyon calm cannot long last, and sees danger from our large Irish vote, the disposition of our Irish-American citizens to foment a quarrel with England and avenge upon her all the wrongs of Ireland from Strongbow's days down to Peel's. After advising President Grant to reform the civil service and put an end to tariff protection the article closes by saying that, after all, his hands are tied. If we have any improvement it must come from the people themselves, but if we would throw into the work of administrative reform a fraction of the energy we displayed in the civil war our government would be almost without a rival in purity and vigor."

Success of Our Commissioner's Tour in Cuba—The Revolution—A Terrible War that Should Be Ended.

The gratifying news that the mission of Mr. Henderson to the Island of Cuba has been successful is given full confirmation in the pages of this day's HERALD. The story of his exciting adventures and triumphs in accomplishing his perilous task is told at length from his departure to his return. The difficulties which beset him and the manner in which he met and vanquished them are best learned from his own narrative. The Spanish authorities, although casting him into prison at first, when once convinced of the bona fide character of his mission, extended to him every facility for accomplishing his purpose, and we thank them for this later marked courtesy to our representative. When once within the Cuban lines he found that the name of the independent American journal he represented caused complete confidence to be placed in him, and induced the rebels to conduct him before the master spirit of the revolution, President Carlos Manuel Cespedes. He was thus enabled to reach all classes on both sides, from the Spanish Captain General to the lowest camp follower, and from the Cuban Commander-in-Chief to the full-blooded negro soldier who fought in the ranks under his command. This much accomplished, and treated with the high impartiality of an honorable neutral, is what we lay before our readers as the latest instance of our endeavors for universal light. When the HERALD, some three weeks since, received a brief despatch from Mr. Henderson, dated at Cape Hayti, announcing his departure from Cuba, under, apparently, the threats of the Spanish volunteers, we naturally concluded that he had abandoned his post through fear of his life. We could not, from the information then in our hands, be aware of any other reason. Mr. Henderson, however, now states that as his despatches, even that from Cape Hayti, passed through Havana, and hence through Spanish hands, he did not deem it prudent to state the full measure of his success before his return. This he hastened as much as the slow mode of communication in the West India islands would permit. The HERALD, therefore, now takes the opportunity of applauding its successful envoy as warmly as it felt itself compelled to animadvert upon what it deemed three weeks ago a dereliction on his part. In doing so the HERALD does simple justice; but the action marks a phase in independent journalism which might, unexplained, escape the attention it deserves. An independent newspaper, which owns no controlling ties outside of its legitimate business, like an independent nation that acknowledges no exterior power as its master, is as free to select its agents as the latter is its public servants. The policy of each and its application belong to itself. As failure to perform a deputed duty or malfeasance in office is treated by the nation, so in the perfect newspaper, with its far-reaching requirements, must similar lapses or transgressions be visited upon those guilty of either. What the free government owes to the people the independent newspaper owes to the public—a wider term still. There should be no official whitewashing in the one or the other. On the other hand, the acknowledgment of meritorious services and its adequate reward are incumbent on both. The extreme delicacy of the undertaking, in view of all the facts, cannot be over-estimated. The war which has raged for over four years in Cuba finds those engaged in it to-day struggling ineffectually for an end in all the force of inflamed passions. Suspicion, jealousy, blood-thirstiness, mercilessness and hate seemed all bound writhing together in the destiny of Cuba, like a monstrous Laocoon, by the serpents of selfishness and desperation. The faint evidence of it may be felt at this distance in the impotent rage of one side or the other at utterances which a free press may make to a free people; but if it needs a stronger instance scarce a month old, let the reader follow our commissioner in his description of the horrors of the battlefield of Viomones. It was not a large battle, such as arrests the attention of history, with its great casualties and consequences, like Marathon, Cannae, Sadova or Appomattox Court House. It was at best a skirmish, an outpost fight, a volley, a retreat, a pursuit comparatively a handful on either side; but it shows a greater intensity of ferocity and refinement of savagery than either of those great battles we have mentioned, with all their roll of dead. The task of passing between two such lines of foes and calmly weighing the qualities, the endurance and the means of each will be easily understood.

The mist of doubt which hung over this struggle "at our doors" will in great measure be dissipated by the results of our commissioner's tour of inspection. The battlefield proper may be said to lie in the Central and Oriental Departments. In the work of quelling the rebellion Spain has engaged a number of soldiers of all arms, varying between forty and fifty thousand men. After careful computation and personal observation our commissioner places the Cuban forces at twelve thousand active armed insurgents. Some idea of the difficulty in gauging this force on hearsay alone will be formed when various opinions are collated. Captain General Ceballos placed them at twenty-five hundred, General Fajardo at six thousand, General Riguelme at eight to twelve thousand, and President Cespedes at twelve thousand. The mournful features of this prolonged struggle will be gathered in the significant words, "No prisoners taken on either side." It is *Vae victis* worked out in the nineteenth century. It means the massacre of sick and wounded prisoners, with affrighting barbarities at which Brennus, if he lived to-day, would blush. But there is another side to this sanguinary war which claims attention. The most untoward being can find a reason for the Spaniards in their conduct of it, namely, the tenacity with which a haughty people cling to their conquest—at once a source of vanity and wealth. What, it will then be asked, is it that sustains these twelve thousand men in the agony of the situation they have voluntarily chosen for themselves? They have lost all, relinquished all but life, honor and a gallant forlorn hope in what they call the cause of "Cuba Libre." They may be ragged, city-less, purseless; but even the contempt of their enemies, if they sneer at their poverty and ridicule their courage, cannot doubt their tenacity. Is it not heroism and patriotism? Defiled as their fair name may be by the exigencies of a

war to the knife, is not their stand heroic? The hope of ultimate success may be faint in spite of the cheery heart that brings it to the lips, but it is always plain that this hope is balanced by the dismal prospect of annihilation, no matter how long delayed. Englishmen and Frenchmen alike revere the stern heroism of Cambrome at Waterloo, who scorned surrender when the doomed Empire was being whirled away in the smoke of the great fray already lost. Is Cespedes, in his lair among the Cuban wilds, scornful of offer of surrender from the Spaniards, less noble a figure? The Spaniards will greet the query with jeers, but the question is not for their decision.

The truth, according to our present light, appears to be that the Cubans cannot, unaided, triumph in their battle for independence. It is much more certain that Spain, with its present forces and means, cannot name any definite period within a score of years at which the rebellion will be finally and completely crushed and the beautiful island restored throughout its length and breadth to peace and industry. It, in fine, presents the horrible picture of a brutalized conflict without prospect of cessation. Humanity—we shall not speak of right or justice—demands that some means should be taken to stop it. It is not the question of slavery, of Monro's doctrine or any other abstraction, but that human life and a people's industry are being frittered and butchered away in a ceaseless and bloody warfare. The United States, government and people, have trifled with the question too long. There may have been some excuse, heretofore, of want of light. It is not now a battle altogether behind a cloud. The HERALD has done something toward bringing its features vividly before the world. Now we say to the government and people, Coquet no longer with the atrocity, for such it is. Friendly utterances to the Cubans in a President's Message that draw forth ire at Havana and Madrid, but which are hollow as a whisper in a dead man's ear when sifted to find what practical help they mean for Cuba, do nothing but mischief. The bubble sympathy which American citizens shout for "free Cuba" is just as meaningless. If the pro-Spanish, the merely neutral or the pro-Cuban policy is to prevail, let it, whichever it may be, be carried out grimly and consistently. A fair, disfigured land and thousands of valuable lives are the price which the policy of insincerity exacts. If Cuba is unworthy of freedom, aid Spain to stamp the rebels out; if Spain is unworthy of assistance and Cuba deserve it not, let no tongue hold out a promise to the ear only the more cruelly to break it to the hope. Spain in either case would soon, we believe, make an effort to settle the question. If, on the contrary, Cuba deserves her freedom, let that fact be proclaimed by the United States authoritatively, and Spain must let her go. It is a grave question, and one only to be met in the face.

Washington Affairs.

In the Senate yesterday Mr. Pomeroy, of Kansas, Chairman on Public Lands, reported back the bill for the relief of settlers on the Cherokee lands, with amendments, and the subject was discussed till the expiration of the morning hour. There is doubtless a rich plume for the lobby covered up in this bill; but it will, perhaps, be brought to the light before the close of the discussion. The formal announcement of the death of the late Senator Garrett Davis, of Kentucky, was then made, and after eulogies from a number of Senators upon the life, character and public services of the deceased, the Senate adjourned. Mr. Cox, of New York, in the House of Representatives, presented a petition from the New York and West Indies Steamship Company for a yearly subsidy of \$100,000, for a line to Hayti, for carrying the mails, you understand, at the rate, say, of ten dollars per letter, regardless of size, color or previous condition. And why not? If we subsidize one steamship line, or two, or three, or half a dozen, shall we stop there? Fair play says you must keep it going. Has not one company just as good a claim for a subsidy as another? Yes; of course. Then the line from New York to the island and Republic of Hayti is all right in asking for its subsidy, and so would be the line to Staten Island, Coney Island or any other island. Let them all come in. The House passed a bill for an examination into the condition of the savings banks of the District of Columbia. Reports have been in circulation that the Freedman's Savings Bank of Washington is sporting too many California diamonds, and the indignant President asks this investigation. There was in Washington, many years ago, an honest African whose place of business bore this modest inscription, "Moses Black, White and Yellow Washer;" but we hope that his services will not be required to make a clean exhibit of this Freedman's Savings Bank, for we want no white or yellow washing of this institution, whatever may be done with the Credit Mobilier.

Rumor has it that in the matter of a new appointment for the Chicago Post Office the President, in order to oblige General Logan, has departed from the civil service rules of his Philadelphia appointment. We hope not, and that it will appear in the sequel that if General Logan's favorite has secured the prize it is because of his superior qualifications. It will never do to snub General Cameron one day, in carrying out this civil service reform, and, in the next case, to snub the examining board of schoolmasters in order to oblige Benson, or Logan.

THE LOUISIANA MUDDLE.—The fusionists have not yet given up the fight. The citizens' delegation arrived in Washington last night with their memorial to Congress; we also publish elsewhere a special despatch from New Orleans, giving a card of the fusionists, addressed to the public, refuting the assertions of Attorney General Williams.

THE LONDON TIMES expects to find in President Grant's communications to Congress since his second election, and after the thorough education he has acquired by years of experience in military and civic command, "a confidence of authority, a placidity of assured success, a disregard of minor motives which would not be found in the utterances of a man still striving for office and calculating how his words would affect the thousand wire-pullers of the country." It finds these characteristics in the President's recent Message and congratulates the Republic thereon.

The Credit Mobilier and the Congressional Investigation.

"Where there is much smoke there is certain to be some fire" is an old proverb, and its truthfulness is generally substantiated by the results. The flutter among Congressmen over the Credit Mobilier investigation would scarcely have been so great if no such thing as "placing" stock had ever been heard of in the House of Representatives, and if every member who has persistently voted in favor of the Union Pacific Railroad schemes had done so in entire ignorance of Oakes Ames, Alley, McComb and the other worthies of the lobby. The investigation itself could never be expected to amount to much; its secret sessions and its tenderness towards witnesses might have been relied upon to bring forth a very modest and harmless report; yet we find Representatives fuming and foaming, denying and denouncing, and doing all manner of unnecessary things to prove their indignation at the charges brought against their honorable body in connection with this profitable job. These members are probably injured innocents, as spotless as the driven snow and as pure as a vestal virgin; but we would suggest to them that they damage their case by exhibitions of feeling, and that it would be wise to leave the investigating committee to drag its slow length along under the grave perplexity of its venerable chairman, and through the weary legal tediousness of Messrs. Black and Cushing. We regard it as especially impolitic to abuse the patient and note-taking McComb, whose little pencilings have led to the existing slander. No sensible man would expect to find a saint in the person of a lobbyist mixed up with attempts to bribe the national Legislature; but when we are told on the floor of Congress that McComb is an adept at corruption; that he has had "fraudulent transactions" with the War Department and with different railroad companies; that he once "bought the whole Legislature of Louisiana for eighty thousand dollars"—a high price for such a body, by the way—the thought occurs to us that he is just the man who would be likely to purchase Congressmen, and we are led to wonder how our Representatives at Washington could have had any intimacy with such a character. The tribulations of the investigating committee are not less than those of the suspected members of the House. They are confused, bewildered, badgered by the lawyers. With Judge Black on one side, with his inquisitorial tongue, and Caleb Cushing on the other, with his head-splitting legal points, Judge Poland and his associates are fairly distraught. If they were permitted to ask questions in their own way and to accept the answers of witnesses at their own estimation of their worth, it would be all plain sailing and smooth water. But the lawyers bring storm and tempest into the committee room, and the sea of investigation is lashed into fury. Judge Poland can discover no hope of reaching a safe port unless he can cast the legal Jonahs overboard. The attempt has been made to cut the claws—or the tongues—of Messrs. Black and Cushing, and it may succeed; but we incline to the opinion expressed by the chairman of the committee, that between them they may extend the investigation to the length of a Senatorial term. The perseverance of the Washington correspondents is another source of trouble to the committee. The sessions are secret; yet the HERALD publishes day after day a full and graphic account of the proceedings inside the "closed doors," and the kindly efforts of the committee to suffer nothing but their carefully prepared report to reach the public eye are cruelly defeated. The examination of witnesses, the squabbles of counsel, the perplexity of the committeemen, are all set forth, and it seems probable that all the facts that may be developed, however damaging they may be, will be given to the people by the press despite the injunction of secrecy imposed upon every person connected with the investigation. Under the circumstances we believe the committee would save themselves much unnecessary annoyance, and the House of Representatives much probably unfounded suspicion, if they would open their sessions to the public. The people are the parties really interested in the honesty and integrity of their Congressmen, and there is no good reason why they should not be allowed to hear the whole evidence, instead of being put off with the final conclusions of a Congressional committee.

Secretary Boutwell and Jay Cooke before the Committee of Ways and Means. What a happy accord there is between Secretary Boutwell and Mr. Jay Cooke on financial matters and on the debt-funding question! They agree exactly. Both have been before the Committee of Ways and Means to give their views on the funding loan scheme. Mr. Boutwell spoke in admiration of his syndicate plan of fudging the debt or making a loan for that purpose, and of the successful negotiation last year to place the two hundred millions of the debt. He considered the plan the best that could be devised. Mr. Cooke was of the same opinion, and while he said he had little to add to the Secretary's statement he was satisfied the conversion of the debt into the new bonds, according to Mr. Boutwell's scheme, could be effected without the slightest monetary or commercial disturbances. This mutual admiration and endorsement came very naturally from gentlemen who are deeply interested in the funding scheme. No doubt Mr. McCulloch would have given precisely the same opinion or evidence to the Committee of Ways and Means. The ground we have taken all along is that the large commissions and surrendering three months' interest on the bonds to the Syndicate were unnecessary. The Treasury Department could have done all the business directly or indirectly through its own agents without paying three months' interest on the bonds. It was simply a stupendous job for the benefit of the Treasury Ring. The effort to put the best face on this job, and to make it appear that the government has been the gainer by the one per cent interest saved in the conversion of two hundred millions of sixes into fives, without stating what the total cost was, is only special pleading in order to induce Congress to employ the Syndicate again. But the question recurs, Could not the government directly or through its own agents have made the loan, as it is called, and funded the two hundred millions just as well without the Syndicate?

Could it not have saved nearly two millions which the Syndicate pocketed? We think it could. We are opposed, therefore, to perpetuating and enlarging this job. Suppose a thousand millions of the debt be given to the Syndicate for conversion, and three months' interest be allowed on that amount, as in the case of the conversion by the Syndicate of that portion of the debt already placed, the profit would be fifteen millions, exclusive of commissions. If one per cent commission should be allowed there would be a profit of ten millions more, or if a half per cent only be allowed the commission would amount to five millions. It must be remembered that the Syndicate furnishes no capital. It is simply an agency, and these enormous profits are only for services, which, as was said before, the Treasury Department could perform itself. We hope Congress will not give its sanction to this stupendous raid upon the Treasury which the Ring is so intent upon making.

How Can We Get a Good City Government?

There is a great amount of humbug about political reform. Individuals who want office, organs that live upon the success of their party supporters, parties out of power and anxious to be in power, are, one and all, at all times, on all occasions, prepared to denounce the corruptions of their political opponents and to avow their own devotion to the cause of honest government. Occasionally their efforts are productive of good, as opposition generally is, by exposing misconduct and by bringing about a change of rulers and a breaking up of old combinations. But their object is a selfish one, and their professions seldom hold good after their accession to power. General Dix, the Governor-elect of the State of New York, is not a reformer of this type. As a politician he is independent of all parties, and he accepted a nomination for the honorable position to which he has been elected with a sincere desire to benefit the State by his services. When he declares that he considers the verdict given by the people in his favor to have been a verdict "against the corrupt and selfish management of political cliques, a condemnation of extravagance, fraud, malfeasance in office and public plunder, and a declaration in favor of retrenchment in expenditure, a strict accountability in executive departments, and a purification of the halls of legislation, the prolific sources of abuse," we may be assured that he will do all in his power to enforce the judgment of the Court. But the aspiring politicians who interpret the words of Governor Dix to mean that he will favor the stupid policy of a non-partisan government—a fraudulent pretence, which means simply a government composed of the strongest partisans of both political organizations in equal doses—will find their hopes deceptive. General Dix, both as a soldier and a statesman, knows the importance of harmony and hearty co-operation in an army and in an administration, and will not be likely to fall into the error of mixed commissions, squabbling officials and divided responsibility. Because the people care nothing for a man's political opinions so long as he makes a capable, honest and efficient public officer, the impression has prevailed that a municipal government, to be satisfactory to the citizens, must be constructed of alternate layers of republicans, liberals and democrats. The idea is simply absurd. The people demand the appointment of good and faithful officers, and are indifferent whether they are all republicans, all democrats, or divided in their political opinions. If greater harmony, more efficiency and closer responsibility can be secured in the New York city government by placing the several departments in the hands of republicans in political accord with the federal, State and municipal heads, provided the appointees are capable and unexceptionable men, the people will be quite contented to see this "partisan" policy, as it is mis-called, thoroughly carried out. Of course an Executive or a Legislature desirous of faithfully discharging a trust would not be guided by political considerations alone in selecting municipal officers or in framing municipal laws; but it would be the reverse of "independence of politics" if either should be required to keep their political ledgers nicely balanced, and to make the opposition columns foot up exactly the same. At the present moment the city affairs are in a confused and unsatisfactory state, by reason of a want of harmony among the heads of departments. Some of our officials appear more anxious to find fault with other officers than to attend to the proper discharge of their own duties. The daily papers are constantly troubled with long official controversies in which the people have no interest. The Finance Department is occupied in writing newspaper articles about some half dozen laborers in the Public Works Department, who are said to have drawn a few dollars on a pay roll under false names, and forgets that the banks have been using the city deposits for their own benefit, and that the city has been defrauded out of two hundred and twenty thousand dollars by the transaction. The squabbles and jealousies between the departments have proved seriously detrimental to the progress and prosperity of the city, and have led to unnecessary litigation at the expense of the taxpayers and to the enrichment of favored lawyers. This condition of affairs must cease before we can hope to have an efficient government in the metropolis; and if the instalment of capable and honest republicans in every office under the municipality can effect a reform, the sooner the change is made the better. General Dix understands this, and while he is certain to appoint none but competent and faithful men to office, and to favor no policy that will be likely to hand over the city to any corrupt political clique, he will not be influenced by the absurd pretence that a "non-partisan" government is one composed wholly of partisans, served up like a dish of sandwiches.

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.—In a long and able editorial on the death of Mr. Greeley, that usually well-informed paper, the London Telegraph, of the 2d inst., remarks that "on Wednesday next, had Mr. Greeley been elected, he would have been formally installed President by the vote of Congress at Washington." A glance at the constitution of the United States, which probably has a place in the library of the Telegraph, might have prevented the inaccuracy of placing our Presidential inauguration on the 4th of December instead of three months later.

"Thou Shalt Not Kill."

Cities in flames, hotels burned, with frightful loss of life; lastly, murders, foul and most unnatural! We boast of civilization, we prate of justice, we build gorgeous churches in which to worship the Creator one day in seven, and demonstrate our sincerity by breaking His decalogue the remaining six! We have our physical epidemics of cholera, of smallpox, of typhoid fever; why not our moral epidemics of violating all the Commandments, in order to discover which sin has the most flavor, and is, consequently, the most enjoyable? On the whole, we conclude that murder—pre-eminently cold-blooded murder—is that for which we most hanker, for which we are gifted by nature, the sin which our laws are especially designed to cover with the mantle of charitable forgiveness. Having fastened our affections on the pet Commandment we desire to defy, we display our ingenuity by inventing various sauces piquant with which to flavor this defiance. There are fashions in the cutting of clothes; why not fashions in the cutting of throats? De Quincy should be alive to-day to paint the beauties of "murder considered as one of the fine arts;" should have stood on Monday night within the shadow of Liberty street and witnessed how little lower than the angels is man! It is a charming spectacle, ye law-abiding citizens of America's greatest city! Will ye gaze as we turn on the calcium light which alone was needed to make the bloody deed as dramatic a sensation as ever the modern playwright dared to dream? Two men meet by accident, men who had formerly been partners in the disreputable business of lottery dealing and had quarrelled themselves into dissolution, each taking with him his ill-gotten gains, each living on the fat and the folly of the land. They meet, indulge in language befitting their honorable calling, and finally the man Simmons calls the man Duryea "a thief."

"Don't you call me a thief," mutters Duryea, swearing. "I will call you a thief," says Simmons, with an obscene oath. Duryea strikes Simmons. They clinch and roll into the gutter. Simmons, the more powerful man, seems to have the advantage, and Duryea tries in vain to free himself from the grasp of his adversary. "G—d— you!" he exclaims, "let me up!" "You'll die first," replies Simmons, giving him a tremendous blow. The blood gushes from Duryea's eyes and nose and trickles down his cheeks. "For mercy's sake, let me up!" he cries. "Go to h—!" Simmons answers, with another blow. The blood covers Duryea's face and streams over his collar and his shirt as he again cries, "For mercy's sake, don't kill me!" "Kill you!" Simmons exclaims, in a fearful paroxysm of rage, "I'd kill you a dozen times if I could." Duryea succeeds in raising himself a little. He seizes Simmons by the throat and attempts to choke him. Simmons gasps for breath. His face is livid, and it seems as if Duryea were to have the best of it after all. He tries to free his neck, but cannot. "G—d— you!" he gasped, "I'll kill you!" Putting his hand into his pocket he draws forth a knife. It flashes in the air, and in the next moment is buried in Duryea's neck. "Oh! oh!" Duryea cries as his head sinks back, bathed in blood. Again the knife flashes in the air; again it descends; the arteries behind the ear have been cut; another stab, and the writhing Duryea is dead. "By J—, he's dead!" Simmons remarks, coolly, as he draws the reeking knife out of the dead man's neck, and looking at it complacently, mutters, "By G—, I thought I'd do it once, and I'm glad I've done it now!" When all is over to the satisfaction of the bystanders, who have given their moral support to the performance by never raising a hand in defence of the murdered, and when Duryea is quite dead, a policeman appears and demands the knife. "All right!" answers the hero of the fray, "you can have it now. I don't want it any more." The hero injures his ankle; but what of that? Are there not curbs with which to convey his brave person to the police station, and are there not cigars—the very best—for him to smoke after he gets there? Does he not know that murder is made easy and justice is "played out?" He coolly sends for a surgeon, desiring him to "pull away." He turns round to survey the corpse as it passes by, without a tremor in his face. Why should there be? Does not Simmons know that courts and juries are on his side? What matters it if journals protest and women shudder for the lives of husbands pursuing the very dangerous occupation of minding their own business, in the region of a street well named Liberty? Ay, our hero can even afford to lose his temper at the delay in furnishing him with an ambulance in which to pursue his triumphant way to the hospital. "When is that ambulance going to come? It's very cruel keeping me here. My foot is very bad." Surely the man who hacks his fellow to pieces has a right to protest against neglect of a lame foot, has a right to be surrounded by confidential friends to whom he communicates in whispers with a view probably of buying up whatever of law is remaining in this land of the free. We leave our hero comfortably housed, with all the delicacies of the season about his romantic bedside, with, now that blood has been shed, a police officer on guard night and day. Suppose a police officer had been on guard in Liberty street, what then? Why, then, murder might not have been possible, and we could not have sat down to Tuesday's breakfast with a fitting relief. So we are content, and we ask public opinion to agree with us in thinking that never have we had more reason to be proud of humanity, whether in the shape of murderer, murdered, spectators or absent policeman; that never have we been so entertained as by this most playful encounter; that never were the streets, by day and night, so suggestive of romantic adventure; that never did the sight of glittering steel so thrill us with pleasing thoughts of our approaching doom. We are cheerfully making our wills, and, as just compensation for benefits conferred, leave everything to the chivalric souls burning to help us on the road to heaven, knowing that they will gladly pay for us one debt—that of nature. Let us