

NEW YORK HERALD

BROADWAY AND ANN STREET.

JAMES GORDON BENNETT, PROPRIETOR.

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AMUSEMENTS TO-MORROW EVENING.

- GRAND OPERA HOUSE, Twenty-third st. and Eighth av.—Round the Clock.
NIBLO'S GARDEN, Broadway, between Prince and Houston streets.—Leo and Lotie.
UNION SQUARE THEATRE, Broadway, between Thirteenth and Fourteenth streets.—Athena.
WALLACK'S THEATRE, Broadway and Thirteenth street.—Brother Sam.
BOOTH'S THEATRE, Twenty-third street, corner Sixth avenue.—Richard III.
THEATRE COMIQUE, 514 Broadway.—Ding Dong Bell.
OLYMPIC THEATRE, Broadway, between Houston and Bleeker streets.—Les Brigades.
BOVARY THEATRE, Bowery.—Two Sports.—Germ.
GERMANIA THEATRE, Fourteenth street, near Third av.—Die Meistersinger.
ATHENEUM, No. 55 Broadway.—Ten Three Hundred.
MRS. F. R. CONWAY'S BROOKLYN THEATRE.—Divorce.
STEINWAY HALL, Fourteenth street.—Lecture.—Joseph, Its Gains and Gains.
ASSOCIATION HALL, 23rd street and 4th av.—Lecture.—The Method of Learning French.
BRYANT'S OPERA HOUSE, Twenty-third st., corner 6th av.—Nigro Minstrelsy, Eccentricity, &c.
TONY PASTOR'S OPERA HOUSE, No. 20 Bowery.—A Menka's Life.
SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS, corner 28th st. and Broadway.—Ethiopian Minstrelsy, &c.
NEW YORK MUSEUM OF ANATOMY, 618 Broadway.—Science and Art.

TRIPLE SHEET.

New York, Sunday, Jan. 5, 1873.

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THE WEEK IN WALL STREET was dull and uneventful. The intervention of the New Year's holiday checked operations at the Stock Exchange, but prices remained firm until the close yesterday, when there was what was facetiously termed "a January thaw." As the bank statement was a good one and money relaxed to very easy rates, the fact suggested suspicions of "a scoop," as the brokers termed a raid to break prices down. Gold left off at 111 1/2, with a firmer feeling following the heavier line of imports for the week, which ran up to \$6,286,904.

THE LOUISIANA TROUBLES appear to have been slightly exaggerated, at least with reference to the contemplated programme of the fusionists to-morrow. The determination of the latter to instal the Legislature claimed to have been elected and inaugurate their Governor does not necessarily imply bloodshed, riot and the thousand evils pictured by sensational paragraphs in the local press. In an interview with Governor Warmoth and Colonel McEnery, the Governor elect, our correspondent, whose despatch is published elsewhere, learned that resistance to the United States troops was neither contemplated nor apprehended; that probably the colored militia, if too meddlesome, might meet with some little resistance, but that the movement had for its aim the fulfilment of a certain legal form necessary to insure an impartial investigation by Congress of the whole cause of the difficulties. Acting Governor Pinchback yesterday issued a proclamation threatening interference in case the fusion Assembly should meet, and some preliminary action was taken in the Legislature; but neither Pinchback, Kellogg nor any other authority would risk a physical conflict under such insignificant circumstances.

The City Finances—Are the People to Lose the Interest on Deposits?

We take credit to the HERALD for having been remarkably successful and useful in its rôle as a discoverer. The spirited leader of the HERALD Livingstone expedition succeeded in unearthing the distinguished African explorer after he had been lost for two or three years and given up by the greater part of the civilized world for dead, and thus benefited the cause of science and advanced the cause of civilization, both of which might have otherwise lost forever the advantages secured to them by Livingstone's long years of devotion and perseverance. Our Swamp Angel commissioner penetrated the mysteries of the Lowery gang, by whom the authorities of a State had been for months set at defiance, and laid the groundwork for the final dispersal of the outlaws. Our Cuban commissioner found Cespedes, for whom the Spanish troops and the vigilant volunteers have been vainly searching for four or five years, and gave to the world a truthful account of the condition of the patriots who are struggling so bravely for their freedom. The sharp eyes of the HERALD discovered and dragged up from the depths of official circumlocution the fact that the city had lost nearly or quite a quarter of a million dollars interest on the city and county deposits through Comptroller Green's neglect, incompetency or personal jealousies. The charge we made several days ago, that no interest had been paid into the city treasury since Chamberlain Bradley's retirement from office, has been fully established. The people have discovered that they are the losers by some two hundred and twenty thousand dollars, and that the loss has been occasioned through the singular hostility of Comptroller Green to an arrangement beneficial to the city, simply because it seemed to reflect credit upon those to whom he was unwilling credit should be awarded.

When our disclosures were first made Comptroller Green strove to plead ignorance of the fact that the interest on the deposits had not been collected. Failing to make good this plea, he has since attempted to shift the responsibility for the omission on Chamberlain Palmer. Some of our contemporaries, probably in good faith, are unable to understand how the Chamberlain, who is also, as President of the Broadway Bank, the holder of the deposits, can evade the responsibility for the loss of the interest, or how he can get over the proposition that the interest always follows the principal, and must be drawn in the same manner as the principal. They fail, however, to acquaint themselves with the facts. The law regulating the official powers and duties of the Chamberlain was passed during Chamberlain Devlin's term of office. It provides that the Chamberlain shall have the full control of his subordinates, appointing and dismissing them at his will, and that the banks holding the city and county deposits shall, in consideration thereof, pay the expenses of the Chamberlain's office. The exacting of this consideration actually foregoes the payment of any interest, so far as the city is concerned, and was intended so to do. Its object was to give the Chamberlain the legal power to put the interest into his own pocket. Chamberlain Devlin exacted four per cent from the banks, on a private arrangement of his own, received some millions of interest during the heavy war deposits, kept the money for his own use, and justified the act by the law. Attempts were repeatedly made to pass a new law requiring interest to be paid to the city; but the large fund secured by the Chamberlain was always sufficient to defeat such a measure at Albany, and from our knowledge of Legislatures we may feel certain that had the practice prevailing in Mr. Devlin's time been suffered to continue there would not have been any possibility of changing the law, at least up to the present moment. Chamberlain Sweeney might have easily realized over a million dollars interest during his official term by keeping the balances up to the usual standard, and with this fund in hand it would have been an easy matter to have controlled the Legislature and held the law unchanged. He gave up the interest to the city voluntarily, and has been engaged ever since in explaining away this action. Chamberlain Palmer was willing to do the same. He urged the Comptroller to allow him to do so, but Mr. Green obstinately refused. These are the plain facts, and no amount of sophistry can alter them.

Why did Mr. Green decline to allow Mr. Palmer to pay over the interest as it had been paid over by his two immediate predecessors? Was the money any less valuable to the taxpayers because it was drawn out of the banks as interest by the Chamberlain at the close of each month and paid over as a separate fund, which, in fact, it was, to the credit of the general fund? Oh, but, says Mr. Green, the Comptroller's warrant is the only authority for drawing money, and so the interest shall be credited by the banks to the several funds to which it belongs, and shall be drawn only by the Comptroller in the proper form. This would be all very well if the money belonged to the city—if the law had not, in fact, given up all claim on the part of the city to interest and designated the consideration the banks should pay for the deposits. If the banks had not been required to pay the expenses of the Chamberlain's office the city would have been compelled to do so, and hence this was the city's recompense for the use of its money. We say nothing in justification of this law. It may have been very proper that the city should have received interest on its deposits and very improper that the Chamberlain should ever have been allowed to put the interest into his own pocket. Nevertheless, the law was and is as we have stated, and Mr. Green, when he stopped Mr. Palmer from paying interest as it had been paid by Chamberlain Sweeney and Bradley, knew that it would be paid in no other way; that he never could enforce its collection by legal proceedings; that it was never credited and could never be credited in the manner he chose to dictate, and that while he gratified a petty personal spite he sacrificed nearly a quarter of a million dollars, which, but for him, would have been paid into the treasury by Chamberlain Palmer during the last twelve months.

Chamberlain Palmer's refusal to accede to the Comptroller the right to make all the appointments in the Chamberlain's office we regard as legal and proper. The theory of the government is to hold the two offices entirely independent of each other. To this end the

original law gives the Chamberlain the direct authority over his subordinates, and the present charter specially deprives the Comptroller of the power to remove or suspend the Chamberlain, although the latter is the head of a bureau in the Finance Department. It is obvious that the design of the law is to prevent the Comptroller, who gives bonds in twenty-five thousand dollars only, from obtaining any direct power over the office of the Chamberlain, who gives bonds to the amount of over two millions. If the Comptroller could appoint the Deputy Chamberlain the clerk of the Comptroller would become Chamberlain in the event of the death or incapacity of his chief, and the plain intent of the law would be defeated. We regard it as eminently proper that the two offices should be separate and independent of each other. It would be deemed a very unsound principle to unite the offices of State Comptroller and State Treasurer, or to give the former the power over all the subordinates of the latter. Indeed, Mr. Green's monomania for intermeddling with other public officers and for the concentration of arbitrary power in his own hands needs explanation. Last year he sought to make himself a municipal dictator by means of a blind clause cunningly inserted in an apparently essential law. Failing in this, he has been assuming powers foreign to his office ever since, and has occupied his time more with lawsuits and newspaper controversies than with the large duties of his position. Pay-rolls have been left neglected; assessments to the amount of millions have been culpably suffered to remain uncollected; public improvements have been brought to a standstill and the interest on deposits has been lost, while the time of the whole Finance Department has been occupied in scrutinizing the monthly bills of Patrick O'Reilly and Jane Smith, and the genius of his chief has been wasted on petty slurs at the old Park Commission, on snappish letters to the heads of other departments, and on lawsuits that benefit none but the legal gentleman who has been fortunate enough to secure the personal favor of the Comptroller. It is time these follies should cease. So far as the interest on the city moneys is concerned, we understand Chamberlain Palmer to be ready to pay the same into the treasury if the Comptroller will withdraw his absurd opposition and accept it as it has been hitherto received. If Mr. Green offers further technical and spiteful opposition to this settlement he will be held doubly responsible for the loss of the money, and will convince even his most partial friends that he is unfit for the office he at present holds.

The Sandwich Islands—No Joint Protectorate.

From the tone of the remarks of the British press on the Sandwich Islands, and the state of things there in consequence of the monarchy being vacant by the death of King Kamehameha, and from the transfer of British war vessels to these islands, there seems to be a movement for something like a joint protectorate of England and the United States over that interesting portion of the Pacific world. England could not expect either to take possession of the islands or to exercise a controlling influence over their destiny at this particular crisis in their history, as the foreign population is largely American and as the people of the United States have the greatest interest in their future; but, true to her national policy, she wants to take a part when she cannot get the whole. British interests in these islands, either now or prospective, are inconsiderable compared with those of the United States, and, therefore, our government should have most to say in establishing a government. The London Times admits "that the Americans will eventually people the Sandwich Islands, which will become a valuable colony between San Francisco and China and Australia;" but it questions "the right or propriety of any nation taking possession of them by filibustering annexation." A good deal is implied in this term "filibustering annexation." It means, we presume, that England wants to have a hand in disposing of the destiny of the Sandwich Islands. Now, we object to any joint protectorate, or other Powers with regard to this or any other foreign territory. Whatever action may be deemed prudent or necessary for our government to take should be taken independently. Complications and difficulties would be almost certain to grow out of a joint protectorate or other joint action. The proper course to pursue is for our government, in connection with the large body of American residents, other foreign residents and the leading natives of the islands to secure a fair expression of opinion as to the nature and form of government desired. We are inclined to believe this would lead to the establishment of a republican form of government, and would consequently put an end to the anomaly of a large white civilized population being ruled through the force of a native colored and semi-civilized monarch. Monarchy there has been merely an absurd and counterfeit imitation of the article in Europe. We do not want annexation, but we do want to see a government in the Sandwich Islands that would not be farcical, that would insure progress and development in civilization, production and commerce, and that would make the islands, with a similar government to our own, a valuable and friendly neighbor to the United States.

STRANGE STRIKES have occurred in England before now, but the latest is still the oddest. Richmond's four curates adopted the popular argument of refusal to perform their duties against their vicar. As they formed the entire force of that class of laborers in the town the curates "went out" on Sunday morning, confident of a decisive victory. They did not, however, place a proper estimate upon the vicarious resources of capital and of modern invention which has made lightning an errand messenger. Their energetic superior ordered reinforcements of curates by telegraph, and in spite of the defection of his reapers in the harvest field of souls was able to get through ten services in two churches in the course of the day. Those striking curates were themselves struck, and learned too late that the attempt to deprive the people of spiritual light, like the plot of the gas-stokers to leave London in the dark, was futile, while themselves were the persons most injured by their contumacy.

The Verdict of Murder Against Stokes.

On the last day of the year which has rolled by since Fisk fell mortally wounded on the stairs of the Grand Central Hotel we are called upon to announce that the law has adjudged Edward S. Stokes guilty of the murder charged upon him. Yesterday the able defence said its last word, the prosecution uttered its last appeal, the impartial Judge charged with clearness, and the jury retired. Those who have felt the solemnity of the moments that follow at such times; who have traced upon the prisoner's face the torturing alternation of hope and fear that lifts by turns its bright-browed spirit or its affrighting ghost, will need no picture here of the three hours that preceded the whisper running round the court room of the jury having agreed. The heart-broken sobs of a sister, stabbed with the bitterest grief that the world can bring, would alone have told last night that the verdict of the jury doomed the guilty one to a degrading, infamous death. Society that shrinks from murder, that cries aloud for justice or for vengeance before the victim's blood has dried, softens its heart in pity before such sorrow. The crowd disperses; the patient jury scatter; even the sad grief of the hapless sister must flow in the sacred privacy of home. All that remains before us is the doomed man sitting alone in his iron-gated cell, with his crime and its consequences swimming before his eyes. A pitiful, moving sight! Retribution, with cold eye and immovable face, will show you the further horrors that she demands before she can be satisfied. Mercy will plead to be spared the sight, but Time will move on, and only reveal as he goes which spirit will prevail. Viewing the matter thus, we go no further now. Twelve men have indelibly fixed upon Stokes the awful crime of murder; the law and its executives will determine the rest.

We are not surprised at the verdict. A year ago all but a day Fisk, bold, reckless intriguer as he was, died by the hand of Stokes, a man with whom he had long been engaged in a bitter quarrel. It would be fruitless just now to enter into the details of that quarrel, which covered all within its range with such a leprosy of vice. The shameless face of fallen womanhood, that blasts with its pernicious beauty so many hearts and homes, worked its share of the sin which culminated in the murder of one man and now cries for the blood of another. When once the mind falls from its self-respect in one particular, who can tell to what depth of moral depravity the descending steps will lead? The twelve patient jurors of yesterday have fearfully answered that question in the case of Stokes. Another voice of the law will still more tearfully tell to-morrow at what cost.

Though we have said above that Fisk was a bold and reckless intriguer, we do not wish it for a moment to be understood that these traits of character were at all to be considered as arguments for or against the conviction of his murderer. Counsel for the prosecution thought it necessary to call to the minds of the jury the fact that crime in New York needed to be met sternly just now, and counsel for the defence hinted that there were bad men who, once dead, no honest man would care to call to life again. Both these propositions may be true, but strict justice should regard neither one nor the other in a trial. The lives of men of questionable character are just as sacred in the eye of the law as those of the apparently best and purest, for none but the Almighty Judge can draw the line which separates the good from the bad. When it was known that Fisk died for his share of the sinning people forgot his failings awhile in the tragedy that ended so strange a career. Now, when the shadow of the gibbet falls over the few steps of his slayer, the people will not raise so hungry a chorus for his blood. Time, which soothes the sternest sorrow, effaces also in some measure the deepest hate. It is only Justice in this case which is proved to be eternal.

From all these grave thoughts we are certain that when the world learns this Sabbath morning of the conviction of a murderer among the ranks of the rich there will be little triumphant feeling even among the ranks of the poor. We would earnestly wish instead that the grim lessons of the story stained with man's blood and woman's tears could sink deeply into the hearts of all. The young, the giddy and the vain who were led by the life of Fisk into a vicious love for display and a disregard of the means by which it might be attained should have learned a sharp lesson in the circumstance of his death. From the gloomy recesses of the doomed man's heart in the Tombs to-day let them learn a more terrible chapter of that lesson still. The pride, the jealousy, the lapse of moral ties, the growth of evil passions till they lay beyond control, that made these men similar in spite of their dissimilarities, and ending for both so tragically, are burning warnings, like lights upon a rock-bound coast, telling men and women not to trust themselves too near the points where "bad begins and worse remains behind." Men under the influence of evil passions will murder other men in spite of all examples while humanity remains as it is; yet, if those who learn the denouement of this story—study it backwards to its beginning—many an evil course will be turned to better ways. It is the story of a year, having within it a hasty murder, two long wearying trials and a wretched being awaiting the death sentence in a felon's cell.

MORE HEAVY STORMS are reported in England. It has, in truth, so far been a terrible Winter for the fast-anchored island.

OUR VITAL STATISTICS.—The official report for the week is for the city—deaths, 583, exclusive of 46 stillbirths; living births, 939; marriages, 179. This report, in reference to the unusual excess of deaths over the births, and touching the comparatively small number of marriages, is doubtless due to our late fearful Wintry weather and to the disturbing causes of our Christmas and New Year holidays. Next week we hope to record a diminution in our weekly death report.

MAINE DISASTERS NEAR BOSTON.—The thick fog which was simply an annoyance to New Yorkers on Friday caused serious loss near Boston. Two British steamers, in attempting to reach the harbor through the bewildering haze, ran ashore and will probably suffer severe damage before they are got off. Fortunately, so far as is reported, no lives were lost in the wrecks.

The Commotion Among the City Politicians.

THE HERALD as an independent journal cares nothing for factions or politicians, and as a newspaper is bound to lay before its readers the fullest and most reliable information on all subjects, from politics to religion, no matter what party or what creed may be affected by the disclosures. As a consequence it frequently occurs that the developments made in our columns have all the effect of the explosion of a bombshell in the camps of the rival political armies, and men are seen running hither and thither, seeking this or that shelter to escape the damaging effect of the flying splinters. We have given, as a part of the political movements of the hour, a programme of the policy by which the leaders of the reformed and purified democracy hope to rebuild their shattered fortunes and carry the old party again to victory. The information appears to have dealt some of the republican leaders a staggering blow, and they seem to discover now, for the first time, what ought to have been plain to every sharp observer of events long since.

Judging by the old adage, "To the victors belong the spoils," one might well suppose that the regenerated democracy had already been triumphant at the polls. The list of prominent public officers would certainly justify such a belief. Governor of the State of New York, General John A. Dix, democrat; Lieutenant Governor, General Robinson, formerly democrat; Congressman at Large, Lyman Tremain, democrat; Mayor of New York city, William F. Havemeyer, democrat; Comptroller of the city, Andrew H. Green, democrat; Park Commissioner, Henry G. Stebbins, democrat. Besides these we have Comptroller Green's principal appointees—General McMahon, democrat, Collector of Taxes, and Morris Miller, democrat (a nephew of Governor Horatio Seymour), Collector of Arrears and Personal Taxes, one of the richest appointments in the Finance Department. This certainly makes a good display of power for the reformed democracy, and may well have induced the ambitious hope of Mr. Tilden that upon this substantial foundation of office, with the co-operation of the solid old democrat now at the head of the city government, the light of the time-honored party was not likely to be long hidden under a bush.

The interview of a HERALD reporter with Mayor Havemeyer, published to-day, will give new vigor to this democratic revival. Mr. Havemeyer certainly displays no disposition to yield any of his underlying democratic principles while championing the cause of reform, and it is clear that he will prove a determined opponent of the republican programme of municipal commissions. In this he may, possibly, be committing a mistake. The republicans have won a very decisive victory, and they cannot evade the responsibility for the future government of the State and of the city. A "decided policy" is expected of them and is approved by Governor Dix. It is not likely that they will accept the responsibility and decline the power; that they will consent to be held accountable for the efficiency, honesty and economy of the government, and yet tie their own hands by appointing their political opponents to office. There is scarcely sufficient disinterestedness in politicians to induce the republican Legislature to nullify the political influence of the city government for the purpose of building up again the overthrown temple of democracy.

The Ex-Emperor Napoleon III. at Chiselhurst.

From the cable despatches which we print this morning it will be learned that the ex-Emperor Napoleon has been prostrated at Chiselhurst by a somewhat dangerous disease. The disease is not necessarily fatal, but as a cure can only be effected by a series of painful surgical operations, grave apprehensions are entertained as to whether the strength of the patient will enable him to pass successfully through the trying ordeal. One operation has been performed, and it is gratifying to know that it was so far a success, and that the condition of the imperial patient is encouraging, his physicians having no apprehensions of a serious result. The ex-Emperor is now in his sixty-fifth year, and although it is well known that he has a sound and vigorous constitution it is impossible to refuse to admit that his advanced age and his accumulated misfortunes of recent years diminish his chances of ultimate recovery to perfect health.

In this the hour of his sore trial the ex-Emperor will not be without numerous warm and sympathizing friends. It is known that he has not given up the hope of returning in triumph to France at an early day, and there are thousands of Frenchmen whose fortunes are linked with his and who share the Emperor's hope. His death at this crisis would most unmistakably be felt to be a serious blow to the imperial cause. The ex-Emperor would no doubt continue to be the centre of attraction to the devotees of the Empire, and the fond hopes which are entertained of his youthful son and heir would sustain and cheer them. In spite of the many misfortunes which the house of Bonaparte has brought upon the French people that house has a firm hold on the national heart; for the French will never forget that the Bonapartes, both under the first and under the second Empire, gave them greatness and glory. The star of Austerlitz is only under a cloud; it is not yet extinguished. Immediately, however, the death of the Emperor would be a great loss to all those who look forward to the early restoration of the Empire. He is the one man whose influence President Thiers dreads; and it is the Empire, not the monarchy, which is the bugbear of the republicans. His death could hardly fail to be a gain to the republican cause; for, although it might stimulate the monarchists to increased activity, their cause must be regarded as hopeless so long as their camp is divided by the conflicting claims of the Count of Paris and the Count of Chambord.

Leaving political questions altogether aside, we join with those who sympathize with the fallen Emperor in his present fresh affliction, and we shall rejoice to learn that the means now being used to restore and re-establish his health have been attended with complete success.

SOMETHING LIKE A FAILURE.—That of John F. Pawson & Co., of London, dealers in Manchester goods, whose liabilities are reported at fifteen million dollars.

Beautiful Slush.

If in his description of the heavenly Jerusalem the devout writer had added "there is no snow there, neither is there any slush," he would at least have stood the chance of being more widely appreciated by the New Yorker of to-day. Seas of glass, gates of pearl and streets of gold are doubtless very well in their way; but it would have been pleasant to be informed on unimpeachable authority that the white robes of the sainted never could be flocked with slush or the music of their golden harps distracted with a spray of mud. A youthful wit is said to have embroidered upon the scriptural fact that man is created out of the dust of the earth the fancy that humanity is only mud with the water squeezed out. This may be; but humanity don't like to have its origin continually thrown in its face. The slush-swaddled New Yorker intuitively looks forward to a future where snow broth is unknown, and where the public highway loses its oleaginous character. The sybarite sighs after a crossing as dry as his own Sillery. Say what you will about a New York thaw—such a one, for instance, as we had on Friday and began to recover from yesterday—it requires unlimited optimism to accept it with equanimity. To thank Providence for a slushy day is like feeling gratitude for disease. Let us at least be honest grumblers rather than hypocritical gratitude mongers. If the shepherd of Salisbury Plain was equally thankful for all meteorological changes, depend upon it he was a canter at heart. All the woe upon his entire flock wouldn't succeed in blinding our eyes to this deduction. The kind of men who affect to survey with placidity the Broadway of yesterday and Friday are the kind who crowd stages and cars to the detriment of women and children, and monopolize the ladies' cabins on the ferryboats. Not but that a cheerful equanimity in the midst of immeasurable mud is a beautiful and wholesome spectacle—one of the few amenities which redeem the world from the contempt that so much sewerage is apt to bring it into. But genuine equanimity of this description is so seldom exhibited that when it is its possessor dilates into a hero. No doubt there were to be found among Noah's relatives in the Ark parties who smiled with imbecility at the Deluge after it was over. Possibly Lot's wife may have simpered over Sodom. There are good creatures whose constant refrain is that everything is for the best, and who are especially gifted at detecting blessings in disguise. If the recent slush is one of this class of benefits we are quite willing to admit that the disguise is perfect, and that no other plan could have better succeeded in baffling average human discernment.

Still, if any one can say a witty or a pleasant thing about slush, in the name of toleration let him have his little fling. It is not for us to set the limits of human badinage. If the seats in cars and stages during the last two days have been as hotly contested as though they were seats in Congress, let us hope that somewhere or other graceful kindnesses lurked as genuine as the blush on a negro's cheek, though scarcely more visible. When Chicago and Boston were burned more than one clergyman tried to prove that the horror of those conflagrations was compensated by the generosity and self-sacrifice they evoked. Happy is the temperament which can find consolation in such shallow reflections. Let those who will apply them to the plague of slush. Possibly Pharaoh's heart would not have hardened with such extreme facility had the climate of Egypt permitted slush to make one of the series of calamities with which he and his people were afflicted. A few months ago a writer in an English magazine maintained that the earth was diseased. This theory would go a little way toward supporting the fancy that our metropolis is stiff in its joints and needed the cold embrocation which Friday's thaw so lavishly supplied. Any theory will answer that supplies genuine comfort. Was it not Joshua Reynolds who advised the neophyte in art to study a stone wall till it became beautiful to him? And shall not we, tyros that we are in the probabilities, muse over crossing and gutter until they fairly gleam with pulchritude? And, in a spirit of noble generalization, we fancy we discover "music in mud, mire in our very mirth, dactyls in dirt and slush in everything."

The Press, Pulpits and the New Year.

The religious papers come to us this week with full announcements that we have entered upon a new year. As will be seen below, several of our exchanges speak also of the recent fires in this city, though no new light is thrown upon the subject by the wisdom of our religious brothers. Sectarian bitterness, except in a few instances, seems to be so far forgotten, perhaps in the lingering fulness of holiday good will.

The Independent appears in a new and improved shape, and with a green cover, announcing "a happy New Year." It is now the same size as Harper's Weekly. Its leading editorial subject is "Monasticism," which it undertakes to show has affected a portion of Protestantism. It ascribes to mental infirmity the restriction of legitimate social pleasure, and asks if the Creator was so ignorant when making man as to leave reconstruction for these sapient societies.

Mental deformity is, indeed, a much more common thing than bodily deformity, and it is a lamentable fact that much of it is due to perverted notions of the religious life. When, therefore, a man protests that he cares nothing for laughter or recreation he only indicates that he has succeeded in impairing his own manhood. He may be a very devout and excellent man, but he is not a complete man, and his experience is no law for other people.

Among other articles in the week's issue are, "What Do the People Expect?" by the Hon. Henry Wilson, and "Thoughts for the New Year," by the Hon. Schuyler Colfax.

The Christian Union, in speaking of the new year, impugns the accuracy of the tradition, which preachers so delight in dwelling upon—that the Saviour was born in the Winter season. New Year's Day with us is only second to Christmas, and to the most solid it is an epoch—a new departure.—

If we would, we could not escape the influence of New Year's Day. The most morally thriftless of us will take some meagre account of the spiritual stock then and there. The account may be carried over the page, and the best of us, meaning to be better, cannot quite let up to the high level of his ambition that there is a deep sense of irremediable knowledge that all the world is about the same errand—the making of a better character for the morrow. At the same time, and with this sense deepened by the equal knowledge that all these charts will fall a little off. The wise man said, "It is better that should not be put up to the man that has a shovelful and not pay." But, looking at humanity together, it seems clear that the very act of aspiration and resolve is ennobling, and that, falling back from it to lower performance, the performance is less low by reason of the high resolve.

The Golden Age begins a new volume with