

AMUSEMENTS THIS EVENING.

THEATRE COMIQUE, 314 Broadway.—UN BALLO IN MASCHERA. OLYMPIC THEATRE, Broadway, between Houston and Beeker streets.—ALHAMBRA. BOWERY THEATRE, Bowery.—SLASHES AND CRASHES.—THE TWELVE TEMPTATIONS. WOODS MUSEUM, Broadway, corner Thirtieth and ZANES ST.—LECTURE AND EVENING. GRAND OPERA HOUSE, Twenty-third st. and Eighth st.—SCENE OF THE GLOBE. ATHENIUM, No. 565 Broadway.—THE DEVI AMONG THE FAIRIES. NIBLO'S GARDEN, Broadway, between Prince and Houston streets.—LEO AND LOTOR. UNION SQUARE THEATRE, Broadway, between Thirtieth and Fourteenth streets.—ATHLETIC COURT. WALLACK'S THEATRE, Broadway and Thirtieth street.—BROTHER SAM. BOOTH'S THEATRE, Twenty-third street, corner Sixth avenue.—RICHARD III. MRS. F. R. CONWAY'S BROOKLYN THEATRE.—THE END OF THE HORN. BRYANT'S OPERA HOUSE, Twenty-third st. corner 6th av.—NABO MISTRELLA, ECCE TERRITUS, &c. TONY PASTOR'S OPERA HOUSE, No. 31 Bowery.—AROUND THE BLOCK. SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS, corner 29th st. and Broadway.—ETIOPICAN MINSTRELS, &c. STEINWAY HALL, Fourteenth street.—RUBENSTEIN MATINEE AT 2. NEW YORK MUSEUM OF ANATOMY, 615 Broadway.—SCIENCE AND ART.

TRIPLE SHEET.

New York, Monday, Jan. 13, 1873.

THE NEWS OF YESTERDAY.

To-Day's Contents of the Herald.

MURDER AND HANGING: EXAMPLES WANTED! STRANGLE ALL OUR MURDERERS TOGETHER! LEADER—SIXTH PAGE. LYDIA SHERMAN CONFESSES! AN AWFUL CALENDAR OF DEATH! THREE FAMILIES EXPIRATED WITH ARSENIC! THE COLD-BLOODED MURDERER AT LENGTH "GIVES HERSELF UP TO CHRIST"—THIRD PAGE. LATEST FROM CHISELHURST! NAPOLEON'S REMAINS CLOTHED FOR INTERMENT: THE DEORATIONS: CONDOLING WITH THE EMPRESS: NAPOLEON THE FOURTH—SEVENTH PAGE. ATTEMPTED SUICIDE OF A CONNECTICUT MURDERER—MARITIME NEWS—OBITUARY—TENTH PAGE. SPANISH EDITORIAL CRITICISMS ON THE HERALD'S CUBAN EXPEDITIONS: YELLING THE TRUTH! A SENSATION IN THE CUBAN CAPITAL: HOW THE WAR IS GOING—FIFTH PAGE. MORE ABOUT THE CREDIT MOBILIER VILLAGNY! DR. DURANT FURNISHES ADDITIONAL FACTS: BUYING UNION PACIFIC BONDS FOR CASH: A \$3,000,000 GOBBLE NIPPED IN THE BUD BY DURANT—FOURTH PAGE. EUROPE BY CABLE: AN EMANCIPATION PROCESSION IN MADRID: THE CZAR SEEKING A HUSBAND FOR HIS ONLY DAUGHTER: THE POPE AND THE KAISER—SEVENTH PAGE. CUBA—PERSONAL NOTES—LATE TELEGRAPHIC NEWS—SEVENTH PAGE. JERRY INJUSTICE: BALEFUL POWER OF THE WRIT OF NE EXEAT: THE SORROWS OF NOEL, A KINSMAN OF BYRON: HIS ROMANTIC HISTORY—FIFTH PAGE. NEWS FROM WASHINGTON: MR. DAWES "ACKNOWLEDGES THE CORN" IN THE CREDIT MOBILIER PLACINGS: THE JEWS IN ROMANIA—TENTH PAGE. THE REBEL ROSTER: WHAT HAS BECOME OF THE FORMER OFFICERS OF THE "SO-CALLED" CONFEDERATE STATES: THEIR HARD LOT: FINANCES OF THE SOUTH—EIGHTH PAGE. BLOWING THE REFORM BUGLE! THE COMPTROLLER'S FINANCIAL EXHIBIT: POSSIBLE REDUCTION OF APPROPRIATIONS: \$2,000,000 LESS FOR YEARLY EXPENSES: THE INCREASED PUBLIC DEBT—FOURTH PAGE. A FLATTERING OUTLOOK IN THE WALL STREET MARKETS! THE MONETARY STATUS AT HOME AND ABROAD: GOLD AND THE FOREIGN TRADE—REAL ESTATE—NINTH PAGE. HARVESTING JOE ALONG THE HUDSON! IMMENSE QUANTITIES COLLECTED: THE STOREHOUSES: LOW SUMMER RATES—BROOKLYN NEWS—EIGHTH PAGE. THE PREACHERS EPITOMIZED! THE NOTEWORTHY POINTS IN YESTERDAY'S SERMONS—OUTDOOR ENJOYMENTS OF SUNDAY—LAURA PAIR LABELLED—THE MODDOCS—ELEVENTH PAGE. A MEXICAN NEWS LETTER: THE POLICY OF THE NEW PRESIDENT: PUBLIC FETES IN HIS HONOR: CLAIMS COMMISSION RULES—GAS LEGISLATION—EIGHTH PAGE. BOOKS FOR POPULAR PERUSAL—ART—MUSICAL AND THEATRICAL JOTTINGS—BROOKLYN'S NEW CHARACTER—NAPOLEON AND THE INTERNATIONALS—FOURTH PAGE.

DEMONSTRATION IN MADRID FOR THE RIGHTS OF MAN.—The Spanish people have made a significant effort in behalf of the cause of political reform and the rights of man, without distinction of class or color. A monster procession paraded in the streets of Madrid on the 10th instant. There were twenty banners and three bands of music in the line. The members of the Society for the Abolition of Slavery mustered in force. The popular demand was for political reform and the abolition of slavery. Radicals and republicans filled the ranks. A very considerable number of negroes turned out on the occasion, and footed it manfully with their friends in the path of progress.

OUR WISE MEN ON THE WEATHER WARD US OF the probabilities of more snow or rain very soon. More snow! What shall we do with it? That is the question.

SEVEN DESEMBERS FROM THE SENATE OF THE Pinchback-Kellogg Legislature to the Warmoth-McEnery opposition establishment give us the latest fact of importance in the Louisiana imbroglio. There is something, then, in a name—Pinchback, for instance.

THE CITY'S MORTALITY during the past week amounted to 508 deaths and 41 stillborn. The births were 484 and the marriages 211, an encouraging improvement upon the report of the week preceding in every particular. The fearful weather of our Christmas and New Year holidays this season doubtless carried off many enfeebled children and adults, and particularly impoverished old people, who otherwise might have still been living.

Murder and Hanging—Examples Wanted—Strangle All Our Murderers Together.

The philosophy of dispensing punishment to criminals as an example and a warning to others does not fit altogether beside the law of the Bible which, in its iron maxim, demanded an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, a life for a life. It is, in that sublime book of wisdom, the delegation of a portion of the revenge which God reserves otherwise to Himself. "Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord," is the revenge for all wrong which the Almighty in sombre majesty takes unto Himself; a life for a life is what He delegates to man—to society. Whether States be founded in their organization upon Paganism or Christianity, the "deep damnation" of homicide is recognized as being most fitly compensated by the death of the murderer. Wherever this has been departed from society has met with an increase of the crime. The finer distinctions of advancing civilization have resulted in a gradation of the offence which ends suddenly a fellow being's existence. In America we have refined on these distinctions overmuch, and increase of homicides has been the consequence. We look back over a year in this city and are horrified at the increase. What is to be done? We shall say further on. Before touching the remedy so far as New York is concerned, let us look outside New York.

In July last, after a patient trial and overwhelming evidence, a woman on trial at New Haven, Conn., for poisoning her husband was found guilty of murder in the second degree. It may be futile now to ask, when the evidence was so clear, when the man's blood was, as it were, red upon the woman's hands, how a jury could be found to bate her doom one jot. It was, perhaps, a mistake in spirit of feeble humanity which led them to do it; but we venture to say that when these jurymen read in the HERALD of to-day the litany of horrors that Lydia Sherman coolly confesses to they will shudder to their finger-tips that the iron of the Hebrew law was not in their souls when they agreed upon a verdict. We have used the word woman in her regard; but it would degrade the name of the vilest beast or reptile, whose noisomecess has made it an enemy to be killed at sight, by comparing her to it. The one figure that Milton, in his broad imagination, built into a master devil is too massive and almost too kindly for the comparison. The picture which he gives of Sin at the gate of Hell as being "woman to the waist and fair, but ended foul in many a snaky fold," with all her foul progeny baring round her loins, is scarcely enough to picture the intolerable wickedness that went to make that murderess. The verdict assured her that her neck could not be broken on the gallows, as it should be, had she a thousand spinal columns within it. Hence she makes her confession. Meek-faced, pious to the last, she excuses this confession on the ground that Christ called her to sorrow for her sins. She flung herself on her knees at night, and in the morning she says, "I felt the burden was gone and I was forgiven."

Words of cynicism more bitter were never hurled in the teeth of deluded mercy than these. The mask under which she murdered was the mask under which she would confess. If she had cast it aside and told baffled Justice that she heralded her crimes since she could safely glory in them, and in order that she might take the highest place in the niche of infamy, she would have told the truth. We can now look for a moment at the triumphant murderess. She was not a woman who bore the devil on her face that lurked within her heart. She was a Methodist, a church member, a good woman, whom doctors and good people delighted to tend to the sick as a nurse. What a nurse will be seen in a brief resumé of the crimes which she confesses to. Her first husband was a policeman, and after eighteen years of wedded life she poisoned him with arsenic, because he was demaged. Next came her youngest child but one, a girl aged six, whom she poisoned because "she could not support her." A boy aged four, followed to the grave of the murdered for the same cold-blooded reason. "He was a beautiful boy," she says with stanic complacency. Her boy of fourteen is taken sick with painters' colic, and she poisons him lest she should have to support him in sickness. A younger girl is the next—"the happiest child I ever saw"—and the crime has the same pitiless excuse, "I was discouraged." Two other of her children die, but she prefers to say they died natural deaths. She goes to Connecticut and marries again. Her second husband dies of poison too. She marries a third time, and confesses to poisoning her stepson and stepdaughter, and, finally, the man she married. It sums up a total of eight successive cold-blooded, pitiless murders, which she admits. Two more of the deaths of those near her were in all human probability her work. She was a nurse for the sick, and how high her crimes in their cold calculation may have mounted up in this profession, it would be impossible to say. She was tried only for the murder of her last victim. The point, however, which we insist in calling attention to is that, with all this blood upon her head, she will be permitted to live, contaminating God's air as long as prison diet will support her life. Is there no reversal to this, we ask? If Connecticut can try her for the other murders she has committed within its borders it should be done. If New York can still try her and hang her for the murders she confesses to on Manhattan Island it should be done. Not a murderer within the Tombs; not a wretch outside it with murder in his heart, but will feel the devil leap within him as he learns that half a score of human lives can be taken on the chance, and that a slim one, of being imprisoned for life, total escape from punishment occupying the heaviest side of the probabilities.

This woman's record is the most horrible that has ever been the light. In Russia it is told that a woman with three children once started in a sledge over the snow upon a journey to her father's house. Night comes on and a pack of howling wolves pursue the sledge. The woman lashes the horses, and still the wolves are gaining. She flings a child to them and gains upon them. Again they close upon the sledge, and she hurls them another. The baying of the devouring wolves and the jingle of the bells drown his cries. She is nearing her father's house, but they

are upon her once more. What might have seemed humanity now is seen in all its love of self. She casts the last child to them and stands at last alone at her father's door. "Where are the children?" "The wolves!" "That is enough; an axe is buried in her brains; the murderer receives her reward. This rough, wild woman of half-barbarous Russia is a saint beside Lydia Sherman; but the law says that no outraged humanity shall satiate itself in her blood. Clearly we must return to the older law—to something. A change must be made.

We have Stokes condemned to be hanged, and we have Foster condemned to be hanged and half a dozen more. We have awaiting trial Sharkey, who slew Dunne; Soanell, who blew out the brains of Donohue; King, who shot O'Neill dead; Simmons, who slashed his victim Duryea into allivers almost with a knife. Are we to wait years and years to see the sentence carried out on those convicted? Are we to wait in shame and grief at the law's delay a twelvemonth for the trial and conviction of the others if they are guilty? We want speedy trials. The new District Attorney is pledged against pigeon-holing cases, whether of murder or theft, whether the criminals be rich or poor, whether they be "influential," as the word has been understood, or whether they are as naked of "influence" as Jack Reynolda. We call on him to do his duty and speedily. If crime will have its carnival, let justice in New York, so long defied, have its carnival, too. Give us, then, at an early day, a broad scaffold, with the throats of all our murderers in stout ropes beneath it. Let them all swing together. And then let us see afterwards whether terror is a better curative than encouragement. With murderers we say leave mercy to the other world, on which nine out of ten of them in their last moments are ready to rely.

THE PREPARATIONS FOR THE FUNERAL OF THE EMPEROR OF FRANCE are progressing rapidly, but with subdued quiet, at Chiselhurst. The body has been made ready for the grave and placed in the coffin. It is clothed in the uniform of a Marshal of France. The features express sternness, care and the endurance of great pain at the latest moments of life. The Cordon of the Legion of Honor and a small silver cross of exquisite workmanship lie upon the breast. The hands are ungloved, and on one of the fingers sparkle several diamonds set in a ring, the last gift of Eugénie. The Empress is almost inconsolable, and the Prince Imperial, her immediate support, remains stricken with grief. The public are not permitted to view the remains, and great care is being taken to prevent crowding at the funeral, which will take place next Wednesday. Friends of the mourning family continue to arrive at Chiselhurst in numbers from all parts of the Continent, and it is quite likely that the French democracy will be largely represented in England at the moment of the interment of the remains. Some of the imperialists have expressed their grief for the widow. Democracy and French royalist reactionism appear to have already come on friendly opposition in the chamber of mourning, for while many of the French visitors regret the man who "crowned the edifice" in Paris, on the Malakoff and at Magenta, many others of their countrymen have, it is alleged, already addressed young Louis as, "Sire, Your Majesty, Napoleon IV."

A Financial Statement from Comptroller Green.

Comptroller Green has furnished Mayor Havemeyer with a statement of the financial condition of the city and county of New York, which appears in the HERALD to-day. According to this exhibit it appears that the people have not yet realized the substantial advantage from reform which they were led to expect. By some intricate system of calculation we are shown that, by taking the valuation of 1871 as a basis and by deducting certain items, which the people, nevertheless, have to pay, we have a paper reduction of expenditure in 1872, as compared with the preceding year, amounting to over eight millions seven hundred thousand dollars. Nevertheless, the plain Gradgrind figures show that the taxation in New York city in 1872 was nearly four millions and a half dollars greater than in 1871, and that the total debt of the city and county was increased in 1872 over 1871 by a sum of nearly seven millions and a quarter. The Comptroller sets forth the appropriations already made for 1873, but states his opinion that they are in many instances excessive and ought to be reduced, and he asks for prompt legislation authorizing a reapportionment and reduction. As Comptroller Green has assumed the principal responsibility for fixing the appropriations of 1873, we are unwilling to believe that he has allowed them to be "excessive," and hence we are inclined to regard the suggestion for their further curtailment as designed rather for effect than for actual use. No doubt the Legislature will make all necessary arrangements in regard to appropriations if any change should be rendered necessary by the general revision to which the existing charter is to be subjected.

Romance in Real Life.

We publish in to-day's HERALD the story of Dr. John Vavasour Noel, who is at present confined in the jail at Camden, N. J., under circumstances which appear to be peculiarly unfortunate. Dr. Noel is a Canadian, who married a young lady residing in New Jersey. Circumstances compelled him to return to Canada for a year, and when he left his wife there was no dissension or misunderstanding between them. During his absence, however, some influences turned Mrs. Noel so bitterly against her husband that she refused to see him, and commenced proceedings for a divorce. Dr. Noel returned to Camden in the hope of effecting a reconciliation with his wife, but was arrested as a foreigner, under an old statute still in force in New Jersey, and thrown into jail. Being destitute of money he has remained a prisoner for some time, and now certain philanthropic citizens are interesting themselves to procure his release. It is bad enough to lose a rich and handsome wife without just cause, but, in addition to this, to be deprived of liberty without having been guilty of any offence against the laws is certainly a very hard fortune. When Dr. Noel gets out of jail he will probably have less objection to get rid of the bonds of matrimony.

The Sandwich Islands—A Tempting Bait, but No More Annexations the True American Policy.

By the death of His Kanaka Majesty Kamehameha V. without a successor, appointed or proclaimed, the throne of the little kingdom of the Sandwich Islands has become vacant. Several parties have appeared as candidates for the crown, the first in the field being William C. Lunallilo, son of Kekauluohi, the daughter of Kamehameha I., with a pronouncement, in which he says that, "notwithstanding that according to the law of inheritance I am the rightful heir to the throne, in order to preserve peace, harmony and good order, I desire to submit the decision of my claim to be freely and fairly expressed by the constitution, he gives notice, December 16, five days after the death of the late King, that a poll will be opened on Wednesday, the 1st day of January, 1873, at which all male subjects of the kingdom may by their vote peaceably and orderly express their free choice for a king." The election officers are to make return of the vote to the Legislative Assembly summoned to meet on the 8th of January, and where the officers refuse to act the people may choose others in their place to conduct the election.

Lunallilo, son of Kekauluohi, thus boldly presents his claims and his appeal to the people. A HERALD correspondent at Honolulu, in speaking of this proclamation, says that it "fell like a bomb in the ranks of the adherents of other candidates;" that "there was a hurrying to and fro, anxious consultations, and every effort made to counteract the influence that was spreading through the land in favor of Lunallilo;" that the late Minister of Foreign Affairs, C. C. Harris, who is supporting the pretensions of a rival candidate, "called upon the authorities and asked that steps be taken to stop such incendiary proceedings, but was only assured that there was no incendiarism in said proclamation." Prince Lunallilo is admitted to be ahead in the race, and the natives are reported as heartily in his favor by a large majority. On the other hand, the Ministry, F. W. Hutchison, of the Interior; S. H. Phillips, Attorney General; and R. Stirling, Minister of Finance (two Americans, we understand, and one an Englishman), have issued an edict to all officers throughout the kingdom, reminding them of the impropriety of any official interference in determining the question of succession to the throne; that it is "the Legislative Assembly to whom, by the constitution, the right of choosing a successor belongs;" and that "no executive officer has any official right or duty in the matter, least of all in an official capacity, to hold or preside at any election for which the sanction of official authority is claimed." This appears to flank Lunallilo, the son of Kekauluohi, and his plebiscium has probably been a success.

Meantime another descendant of the Kamehamehas, a Kanaka belle, married to a Connecticut carpet-bagger of the name of Bishop, has put in her claim for the crown. Her prince consort is said to be a man of considerable influence among the Sandwichers, "a 'cute Yankee' and an ambitious speculator. And here we strike the annexation question. The Sandwich Islands, nominally independent, are practically under the control of Americans. The bulk of the trade of those islands, some two millions in imports and in exports, is with the United States. Twenty years ago, of the two hundred and eleven ships from foreign ports arriving at Honolulu one hundred and thirty-seven were from the United States and only five from Great Britain. Our great trade by steamers and sailing vessels, which has grown up within the last ten years between San Francisco and the Sandwich Islands, has greatly strengthened the influence of Americans over their government. The population of these islands, which, in the time of Captain Cook—less than a hundred years ago—was two hundred thousand, does not now exceed seventy thousand, such have been the deadly effects of English and Anglo-American civilization upon those poor natives. The foreign population of the islands is about three thousand, mostly Americans, and the lion's share of the trade of the kingdom is theirs. Our government, therefore, has only to give the hint to secure the annexation of these islands to the United States by the will of their people.

The opportunity is favorable and the bait is very tempting. The port of Honolulu is the half-way house of all our transpacific trade and of all our whalers in those northern seas. There our Pacific traders find their principal depot of supplies of all kinds, and, in short, if those islands were sunk in the sea by some volcanic convulsion the loss to us would be incalculable. And yet, we fear, the sinking of those islands in the sea would be better for us than their annexation to the United States. But what is the object of the presence at Honolulu of the Admiral and the General recently sent out by our government to that port? We are told that these officers are there only to look to the protection of American interests pending this conflict for the succession to the throne; that Mr. Fish is not an annexationist; that General Grant dreads the fire, having burned his fingers in St. Domingo, and that if we keep a sharp lookout when the sky falls we shall catch the larks. In other words, the administration has not the remotest idea of trying the St. Domingo experiment in the Sandwich Islands, although the London Times appears to regard it as manifest destiny, from the facilities which invite us and the advantages offered with this annexation.

We are glad to believe, however, that the St. Domingo failure marks the turning over of a leaf on this subject—that the policy of annexation has had its day, and that our god Terminus, South, North, East or West, will be advanced no further. No doubt the absorption of the pretty Sandwich group of Pacific islands would be a splendid speculation, for instance, to a transpacific steamship company in copartnership with a Tammany Ring at Honolulu; but in the first quarrel with a great maritime Power this pretty property in the Pacific Ocean might give us a sanguinary war and another debt of two or three thousand millions. Of course, we could fortify the islands; but the hundreds of millions of money which would be required for this work would be better expended in constructing ship canals across the Rocky Mountains. And, then, if the Sandwich group are necessary for our Pacific trade, the West Indies are needed for the full development

of our traffic in the Gulf of Mexico; and Java or Sumatra is a necessity for our traders in the Indian Ocean, and we shall just as much need a commercial depot or two of our own among the islands of China and Japan.

Our true policy as the arbiter of the American Continent and of its islands and of the Sandwich Islands is the policy of non-intervention in the domestic concerns of our neighbors, save as the champion of their rights and of our interests against European domination or intervention. We have territory enough to occupy our energies and enterprise for a thousand years, and beyond that period our posterity may be wisely left to their own discretion. We want no more Mexican wars or civil wars or San Juan disputes or Alabama claims or Geneva conferences from this old varlike and barbarian policy of annexation. Let us stop where we are; let us develop the limitless resources we have; let us encourage our neighbors to do likewise; let us be content to stand guard over American local interests against European aggressions, and "let us have peace." We have all that we want from the Sandwich Islands as they are. We do not want their white elephant.

Hoax Aims.

It is the story of an aged man of kind and fatherly aspect, who treasured in his heart of hearts most of the deluding ways of which Satan has been supposed hitherto to have a monopoly. His aims were hoaxes and his hoaxes were aims. Hoax Aims had to deal with guileless people in whose mouths butter would not melt under ordinary circumstances. The ice of morality which made this melting difficult was hard to be gotten over. Hoax Aims first commenced business by joining the kind of Sunday school these ice-chested individuals patronized. It was called Congress, and Hoax Aims went to Congress. We cannot describe the conversation which this old man had with his Master at this period, but the Master fore-said took him to his subterranean mansion and showed him a red-hot furnace. On it the Master engraved two shifty words with the point of his tail. They were, "Credit Mobilier." He then, by an occult process, put the red-hot furnace under the vest of Hoax Aims, and told him to button his coat. Hoax Aims then tipped the Master a wink, which all the artists in the world or out of it, from Doré to Apelles, would labor at forever without being able to transcribe in its sentimentally diabolic cunning. The Master tried a wink in return, but it was a failure compared to the wink of Hoax Aims. Chagrined at the awful success of his pupil, the Master, with a whisk of his terrible tail, landed Hoax Aims in the big Sunday school, with the remark, "Hoax Aims, you can get along without me henceforward."

In Congress once more he chuckled, but chuckled inwardly in the place where the heart had been—where the furnace now was. The big Sunday school was too small to hold Hoax Aims, so he went out and stood on the second step going down from the portico. He met a friend whose name was John, and he made him his ally. The friend stood at the bottom of the steps. When school was out Hoax Aims "laid for" all the guileless people we have referred to heretofore. Hoax Aims looked four times more kindly and fatherly than ever. He had by him a nice little box full of pats of butter. Each one was marked as a share, and was made of the poison called fraud. The butter was watered, too. All the guileless people, before going out, had each laid inside a fresh chunk of moral ice. Confident of the power of this they approached Hoax Aims. The man who had outwinked his Master now prepared to hoodwink the guileless school children. "Open your mouth and shut your eyes, and see what Heaven will send you," said he, coaxingly. Relying on the moral ice as a bank clerk would on a counterfeit detector, they did as they were asked. Hoax Aims first operated on the good boy Wilson. He put a share in his mouth. Then he let on the draught of his furnace and blew a gentle breath on the stock. It melted immediately, and went sizzling down the good boy's esophagus. The good little boy suspected no harm, so the wily Hoax Aims sent twenty shares in all sizzling down the poor little boy's gullet. Then came the turn of the sweet-tempered boy, Colfax. This good little boy kept on smiling, even when his mouth was wide open, and so relished the butter that it never appears to have disagreed with him badly. When the crowd of guileless people became very great Hoax Aims would send those farthest away from him to his ally, John, at the foot of the steps, and then they came back more hungry than ever for the butter. It should have been told that when the first two little boys had their butter it was necessary for each to come down to the level of Hoax Aims. The Master, perched on the pediment, on each occasion gave a jocular "twirl to his tail and said, "Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte." The explanation of the master using the Gallic tongue is, that the whole scheme was like so many of our doubtful dramas—taken "from the French." There were lots of the good little Sunday school boys thus taken in, and it soon came to pass that, through Congress, the whole nation was made to pay millions for the poisonous butter of Hoax Aims.

The Climatic Influence of Our Snow Mantle.

The heavy snowfall of the present winter, if we may trust our scientific teachers, will have an important bearing on the whole year's climatology. Before the cold season had fairly begun, or the earth had parted with its Summer and Indian Summer sun-dried stores of heat, the storms of December spread the snow mantle over the vast country stretching from Montana to Maine and thence southward to the Gulf parallels of the United States. Where the sun or the rain shower has since worn threadbare the crystal covering additional snowfalls, especially in the West and Northwest—where continental radiation is greatest—have patched over such districts, and the larger portion of the territory is still snow-clad.

It is said that the Highland shepherds of Scotland, when exposed to great cold, dip their plaids in the brook and allow them to become ice-coated, knowing that such mail affords the best protection. Nature, in furnishing the example for this practice, evidently has an important end to accomplish in spreading her fleecy protection over the earth when its breast is most exposed. Year before last a distinguished member of the Imperial Russian Geographical Society instituted an investigation to determine the climatic influence of snow, and the result has proved that where the snow mantle appears regularly the crops are always sure. In the steppes of Southern and Eastern Russia, where, in Winter, there is scarcely any snowfall and the little is blown away by high winds, Winter crops are seldom attempted. On the snowless northern coast of the Black Sea Summer wheat and Indian corn flourish; but it has been found that Winter wheat is most precarious and uncertain, while farther to the north, in the forest-girt and snowy regions of Fodolia, it is quite otherwise. The same process of reasoning explains the remarkable existence of the great "wheat-growing belt" in our far Northwest, extending from Lake Superior to the Athabasca River. There can be no doubt that the snow covering, by entangling within its crystalline interstices particles of air, becomes a bad conductor of heat, arrests the earth's radiation, and also sets a limit to the depth at which the soil is frozen, thus preserving the roots of vegetation from destruction. Mr. Glaisher, the English meteorologist, has found, by numerous nocturnal experiments, that a thermometer placed on long grass during cold weather will read as much as thirty-four degrees lower than one placed on the snow, showing that the effect of the snow was to keep the grass warmer by thirty-four degrees, and therefore the vegetation generally warmer

The Administration and the Cuban Question.

The publication of the text of the correspondence between Secretary Fish and our Minister at Madrid, as given in the HERALD yesterday, relative to Cuba, and particularly concerning slavery in that island, is suggestive of several pertinent and important questions. First, then, why was the correspondence given to the public just now? The first press despatch, giving in brief the substance of the most important part of the correspondence—that is, of the letter of the Secretary of State of October 29 to our Minister at Madrid—created a little sensation in Washington. It was reported, indeed, that Mr. Fish denied the existence of such a communication, and Admiral Polo, the Spanish Minister, pretended to treat it lightly and as a thing of the past—as something which later circumstances and communications had superseded or thrown in the shade. The October letter of Mr. Fish is, in fact, so strong and decided in terms that both the administration and Spanish Minister seemed to be a little startled when the substance of it became known to the public. But there could hardly have been any real cause for surprise on the part of the administration, unless the information had been obtained at first without the consent of the State Department. Supposing it was so obtained the Secretary might have thought it necessary to publish the whole correspondence in order to prevent misapprehension as to its contents or misrepresentation. But was not the first information given to the press as a prelude to the publication of the full text of the correspondence? In that case the question rears, why was the correspondence published just now?

While we admit that the question at issue and the conduct of the Spanish authorities at home and in Cuba justified the decided and strong language of Mr. Fish's October letter, it seems to us that the Secretary touched the verge of amicable diplomatic intercourse. We are not blaming him, and think that even stronger language would have been justifiable, but we do not think he could have said to the British government or some other powerful governments, without serious consequences, "that the trial to our impartiality by the want of success in suppressing the revolt (the Cuban insurrection) is necessarily so severe that unless she (Spain) shall soon be more successful it will force upon this government the consideration of the question whether duty to itself and to the commercial interests of its citizens may not demand some change in the line of action it has thus far pursued." Great Britain would have demanded, no doubt, what this meant. Why was such language used to Spain? We must understand the Secretary as being seriously in earnest. It cannot be a mere wordy demonstration without meaning and a determined purpose. But what is meant by "a change in the line of action thus far pursued?" We suppose it means neither more nor less than that our government might be constrained to recognize the state of war that exists in Cuba and the belligerent character of the Cubans. In this there would be no cause of war between Spain and the United States. In fact, it ought not to be considered a cause of suspension of diplomatic relations. President Grant has asserted the right of the United States, when it deems proper, to take such action. All nations do that when policy and humanity dictate, and where a war like that in Cuba is prolonged for years without any prospect of the revolt being suppressed. Firm and decided as the October despatch of Secretary Fish is, there is no cause for alarm. Firmness alone on the part of our government in the course therein indicated can solve the problem of Cuban difficulties.

The Climatic Influence of Our Snow Mantle.

The heavy snowfall of the present winter, if we may trust our scientific teachers, will have an important bearing on the whole year's climatology. Before the cold season had fairly begun, or the earth had parted with its Summer and Indian Summer sun-dried stores of heat, the storms of December spread the snow mantle over the vast country stretching from Montana to Maine and thence southward to the Gulf parallels of the United States. Where the sun or the rain shower has since worn threadbare the crystal covering additional snowfalls, especially in the West and Northwest—where continental radiation is greatest—have patched over such districts, and the larger portion of the territory is still snow-clad.