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AMUSEMENTS THIS EVENING.

BOWERY THEATRE. BOWERY.—BROKEN SWORD.—NICK OF THE WOODS.—SNOW BIRD. WOOD'S MUSEUM. Broadway, corner Third and N.Y. THE ARKANSAS TRAVELLER. Aftersoon and Evening. NEW FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE. 728 and 730 Broadway.—ALEX. GRAND OPERA HOUSE. Twenty-third st. and Eighth Ave.—GATEWAY OF THE GANGES. ATHENEUM. No. 55 Broadway.—GRAND VARIETY ENTERTAINMENT. NIBLO'S GARDEN. Broadway, between Prince and Houston streets.—LAD AND LOTION. UNION SQUARE THEATRE. Broadway, between Thirteenth and Fourteenth streets.—ATHLETIC COURT. WALLACK'S THEATRE. Broadway and Thirteenth street.—BROTHERS SAW. ROBERTS' THEATRE. Twenty-third street, corner Sixth Avenue.—BROTHERS, ON THE FALL OF TARGUIES. THEATRE COMIQUE. No. 514 Broadway.—LALLA ROQUE. OLYMPIA THEATRE. Broadway, between Houston and Bleecker streets.—ALHAMBRA. MRS. F. R. CONWAY'S BROOKLYN THEATRE.—THE IRON MASS. RYAN'S OPERA HOUSE. Twenty-third st. corner 5th Ave.—NABIGO MINSTRELS, ERECTHIAN, &c. TONY PATTON'S OPERA HOUSE. No. 20 Bowery.—NABIGO ENTERTAINMENT. SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS. corner 35th st. and Broadway.—ERECTHIAN MINSTRELS, &c. COOPER UNION HALL.—LEONOR, "OUR PRESENT KNOWLEDGE OF THE SUN." NEW YORK MUSEUM OF ANATOMY. 518 Broadway.—PHICHER AND ART.

TRIPLE SHEET.

New York, Monday, Jan. 27, 1873.

THE NEWS OF YESTERDAY.

To-Day's Contents of the Herald.

"THE REPUBLICAN PARTY IN FRANCE: M. GAMBETTA AND HIS POSITION"—LEADING EDITORIAL THEME—SIXTH PAGE. A CONVERSATION WITH THE EX-DICTATOR OF FRANCE: M. GAMBETTA FURNISHES A HERALD COMMISSIONER WITH HIS VIEWS ON SUMNER, GRANT AND GREENE, THE FRENCH REPUBLICAN, PARTIES AND PARTY LEADERS: THE REPUBLICAN AGAINST BONAPARTISM.—THIRD PAGE. RUSSIA MOVING: CAPTURE OF A PORT IN CABOOL: THE GOVERNOR SENT A PRISONER TO RUSSIA! SHERABAT SUCCESSFULLY STORMED! ENGLAND SENDING CABINET DESPATCHES TO RUSSIA.—SEVENTH PAGE. AN INSOLENT SPANISH ORGAN! THE VOZ DE CUBA AND THE MODOVO WAR! "MR. GRANT" TO RECEIVE COUNSEL FROM "HIS MOST CATHOLIC MAJESTY" AMARBUS.—SEVENTH PAGE. STERILE SARCOPHAGI! AN IMPARTIAL STATEMENT OF THE WRONGS TO WHICH TRANSATLANTIC PASSENGERS ARE SUBJECTED, BY THE ONE WHO MADE THE PASSAGE! THE ABOMINABLE, INHUMAN, INDIGNANT AND DISEASE-BREEDING "ACCOMMODATIONS"—ELEVENTH PAGE. EUROPEAN CABLE NEWS—LATE TELEGRAMS.—THE WEATHER REPORTS—SEVENTH PAGE. THE CAUSE OF THE DEATH OF NAPOLEON: THIRD OPINIONS OF MEDICAL EXPERTS: THE EFFECT IN PARIS AND THROUGHOUT EUROPE.—TENTH PAGE. LABORATORS CUBANOS AND THE HERALD.—LARGE FIRE—A BOY'S ADVENTURES.—THIRD PAGE. WASHINGTON NEWS! THE ASSASSINATION CANARD! THE MOBILIZED CONGRESSMEN! AMES' HONESTY VS. EXPULSION—MARINE INTELLIGENCE—TENTH PAGE. SEARCHING ANALYSIS OF SOCIETY AT THE FEDERAL CAPITAL! WHAT A NEW YORK GENTLEMAN THINKS OF IT! HUMBLED EXPOSED.—FIFTH PAGE. ROMANCE OF HUMAN MISERY! SUFFERINGS OF A FAMILY ABANDONED BY A MONSTER! THEIR REUNION AFTER HIS DEATH! AN INSANE MOTHER AND A FORTUNE.—FIFTH PAGE. CABINET POLICY OF THE MEXICAN PRESIDENT! REVOLUTIONS AND THE HORRORS OF THE ROAD! HONORING THE MEMORY OF MURSE—THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.—ELEVENTH PAGE. SUNDAY LESSONS BY THE PROMULGATORS OF THE GOSPEL! THE DISCOURSES LISTENED TO BY CROWDED CONGREGATIONS YESTERDAY.—FOURTH PAGE. GEORGE LE BARRE, THE OLDEST MAN IN AMERICA! SHAKING HANDS WITH THE "FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY"! FIFTEEN YEARS MORE THAN A CENTURY OF LIFE.—FIFTH PAGE. WEEKLY RESUME OF THE WALL STREET MARKETS! A DRAIN OF THE PRECIOUS METALS TO EUROPE! GOLD AND STOCKS ACTIVE—COURTS—ARTILLERY TO BREAK ICE GORGES.—NINTH PAGE. UTILIZING THE SEWERS! CITY WASTE AS A FERTILIZER! FIVE TO EIGHT MILLIONS OF DOLLARS FOR HIM WHO SHALL WORK THE MINE! THE ENGLISH SYSTEM! HEALTH PROMOTED AND EPIDEMICS AVOIDED.—EIGHTH PAGE. BOOKS RECENTLY PUBLISHED—JERSEY OFFICE HUNTERS.—FIFTH PAGE. DISCOVERY OF A BRILLIANT WIT.—Senator Harlan, of Iowa, has won for himself a reputation for wit that any man, even Sumner or Lord Dundreary, might envy. It is doubtful if Brinsley Sheridan, or George Selwyn, or Douglas Jerrold, in their happiest moments over an inspiring bottle of Burgundy, ever achieved anything so brilliant on the spur of the moment as did the Iowa Senator in the smoking room of the White House when he said, apropos of the bogus rumor about President Grant's assassination, "If one were really dead it would be embarrassing not to know it." A gem like this deserves the honor of being embalmed.

The Republican Party in France.—M. Gambetta and His Position.

Mr. Carlyle, in one of his essays, makes this quaint, "moral reflection"—"That neither thou nor I, good reader, had any hand in the making of this Mirabeau; else who knows but we had objected in our wisdom. But it was the upper powers that made him, without once consulting us. They and not we, so and not otherwise." If there be any conservative readers who object to the reappearance of M. Gambetta in the columns of the HERALD as a radical, an agitator or destroyer of society, or in any way representing these elements of chaos and disorder, which so often unsettle the policy of France, then we say it was the "upper powers" that made M. Gambetta, without once consulting us—that he is among living Frenchmen one of the most considerable, and his opinions are apt to direct the opinions and actions of many millions of his countrymen. Nor can we well understand the interesting problems now solving in that strange country without noting carefully what M. Gambetta and men like him have to say. M. Gambetta might, without injustice, be called a boy in politics. He is now about thirty-five years of age, and two years ago he was master of France, or, at least, as much of France as Prussia did not occupy. Public men do not, as a general thing, reach their growth at thirty-five, and in Europe especially, where the three most conspicuous living rulers are each verging on eighty. Young men have risen to eminence in history—men like Napoleon, Lord Clive, Hoche, Alexander Hamilton—but their success was in a measure a political phenomenon. Revolutions are like earthquakes, and men unknown and young are thrown up conspicuously and capriciously as in a night. The French Revolution was the work of young men, and there is a painful interest in recalling the leaders of that extraordinary movement and seeing that they were nearly all under forty. Is it that a youth welcomes change, opportunity, new ideas, conflict, and grows impatient with conservatism and form? Or is it, as may be reasonably argued, that the men who really belong to a generation know its temper and responsibilities instinctively and are better leaders—better as reformers and teachers than those who have gone before? Gambetta showed that he possessed this instinct when, in the glory of the Empire, he struck the first blow at Napoleonism. That incident—occurring in 1868—recalled Mirabeau's famous oath in the tennis court. From that day, whether for good or evil, Gambetta became a power in France. The men of the Revolution, between whom and Gambetta we see a resemblance, were, like him, uncertain and erratic. The world admires but does not follow them. They preach the gospel of destruction—a thing well enough in its way, but which must in time give way to the gospel of reconstruction. But their characters have often irregularity and ruggedness. A man can only live so many events and opportunities, whether his years be thirty-nine or ninety-three. Napoleon was a young man when he became ruler of France; yet what centuries rolled into his single life! Napoleon paid the penalty which young men who come suddenly to greatness too often pay. They challenge the envy of mankind, and envy in time will do its work. Napoleon lived long enough to make his followers great; he was left to fade away and die in exile, while they welcomed the new comer who permitted them to enjoy in impunity what their benefactor gave them. Lord Clive died young, having offended England with his wealth and his glory, and died, too, with his own hand. Many Frenchmen believe that Hoche was murdered by those who envied him his fame. We sometimes question whether Alexander Hamilton could have carried to old age the power and glory that rested upon him when he fell before the pistol of Burr. The young men of the Revolution in France were in nothing so sincere as in their efforts to destroy each other. Young men like Vergniaud and his party were destroyed by still younger men like Danton, who, in their turn, were overwhelmed by a party—one leader Robespierre, aged thirty-four, and the other St. Just, aged twenty-five. So that even this law in history, like other strange laws, has its compensations; and, while glory and power sometimes come to youth, youth must in return encounter all that is precious and desired in man's early days. M. Gambetta is learning this lesson. At thirty-two he was master of France. At thirty-four France regards him as an emblem of inquietude and disorder. The nation applauds his vivacity and courage, but gives its money and its votes to the venerable Thiers. It is difficult not to see, also, in the character of Gambetta, especially as shown in the interview with our correspondent, an empirical quality. For instance, he gives us his platform for a form of government in France, and sketches his plan for a constitution. This is the first publication of his views on this subject, and will have a deep interest in France as well as America. But it is disappointing, and does not show an original mind. He wants a President. This President, however, must have as much power as an Emperor; for France, he thinks, cannot move along without a strong government. Well, as the ruler of France was more despotic and absolute than the young Gambetta himself in his day, this means that he wants a machine to suit his own ideas when he assumes the Presidency. After this his plan is only a reflex of the American system, with the exception that he would have a stronger Assembly than our House and a weaker Senate. We cannot understand, for instance, his second Senate chamber. It is to be as large as our Senate. One-half of the members are to be appointed by the President, the other half by the Assembly. Like our Senate, it will have a voice in executive appointments and the direction of foreign affairs, as in the confirmation of treaties. But it does not seem that there can be honor or even dignity in a Chamber which has no representative character, which certainly does not represent France. Give any chief magistrate power to nominate one-half of his Senate, and it becomes a kind of additional staff or legislative body guard. In other words, the head of the State on one side and the representatives of the people of the other, being afraid of certain latent infirmities of character that rulers and assemblies alike possess, agree to separate themselves by a barrier. We have seen this principle in science and engineering. Two trains of cars avoid collision by having a side switch for emergencies. This is to be the function of M. Gambetta's Sen-

ate. It strikes us as being a worse contrivance than the old Council of Ancients, with their gray beards and Roman cloaks, which young Bonaparte, Murat and attendant grenadiers sent scampering out of the windows one frosty 18th of Brumaire. When we come to Gambetta in his character as a politician we like him better than in his character as a statesman. And certainly he has shown, beyond any man now visible in France, the best qualities of the politician—coolness and tact in his relations with Thiers; wonderful patience and skill; the quality of waiting, which one so rarely sees in Frenchmen, and which may come to Gambetta with the Italian blood which makes him a descendant of Machiavelli. His sketch of the present condition of the republican party in France is brilliant, vivid, and, as we think, for all information, perfectly true. Gambetta leads a party greater than himself. France sees no peace but under a republic. "We have but one throne," says Thiers, "and three princes fighting on its steps." There is no royal party in France. Royalists fight, not for the idea of divine right, but for some descendant Bourbon, Orleans or Bonaparte. As for Napoleonism, we do not see how any one can make it possible as a system except a Napoleon. We do not mean a Napoleon like the one who died the other day, but one like the founder of the house, whose genius dazzled mankind and whose brain comprehended the world. Nor does it seem probable that France, which exiled Napoleon III. with all his eminent qualities, will submit to be ruled by a lad not half through his studies at Woolwich. No, it required Napoleon I. to found an empire and France will never consent to surrender her destinies to Napoleon IV. Nor does it seem to us that France will throw herself into the hands of Gambetta. It is evident that the under thought in the mind of this able and daring young man is that there can be no republicanism without a strong executive and that no executive would be as strong as Gambetta. Republicanism can be a name, as the world has well seen, and Gambetta, under the flag of freedom and the Republic, has shown that he can be as severe and absolute as Caesar. What we see in France is a growth of that healthy, honest, self-respecting public opinion which makes any political system impossible but France governing France. M. Thiers, with his many good qualities, has marred his administration by faults of absolutism as marked as those shown by Napoleon. We desire a government in France which will be afraid of no Frenchman, be he prince, priest or social dreamer. Napoleon banished the radicals. The Bourbons banished Napoleon. The Republic banished all its followers. But the happy thought is that this spirit, though not dead, is dying. M. Gambetta will be worthy of leadership when he learns tolerance. He does not, on the whole, impress us as one of those wonderful men who come with an age and stamp upon it their individuality, but an eager, studious, shrewd, cool-minded young leader, who will learn discretion and charity as years grow upon him; who served France faithfully in her time of agony and deep despair, and who may again, under some well-grounded republic, serve it again and show the sincerity of his avowal that he is at heart a conservative, and that he sees no questions in France but questions of government and politics. Mexico.—An Attempt Upon the Life of President Lerdo de Tejada. The completion of the railway from Vera Cruz to the city of Mexico was, on New Year's Day, officially proclaimed on the inauguration of the line, but the festivities attending the joyful event lasted a whole week. The President, the Cabinet, members of Congress and other officials and principal citizens and strangers participated in the celebration; business was suspended, and, indeed, the affair was a national jubilee. The delighted Mexicans, no doubt, in seeing the iron horse from Vera Cruz snorting over the lofty table lands of Anahuac and down into that glorious valley of the "Halls of the Montezumas," Tenochtitlan, shouted in exultation:— But it will wear my heart upon my sleeve For Dawes to peek at. The iteration of "put money in thy purse" becomes painfully fitting until Kelley so resolves. Then, as the victim walks away, how the face wrinkles into smiles as Hoax hisses after him— This do I ever make my fool my purse. Of Rodrigo more anon. We can feel the plot advancing under the pressure of that one relentless hand, behind which is the face, serious, impassioned or seductive, of Iago Hoax. We need not worry through the acts. We can come to the thrilling time when the pitiless snarer of innocence (!) is about to begin the slaughter. Cassio Colfax has been denounced, and he mourns his good name. Does not this consolation fit the lips of Hoax? Reputation is an idle and most false imposition; Just without merit off 't without deservings. You have lost reputation at all, unless you ride yourself such a loss! O honest, honest Iago! how well thou bearest out thy maxim, for does not thy ghost even now claim to be the honest in Congress? If Judge Poland had been Othello would not what followed sound as if Colfax had truly been Cassio? Othello—Is he not honest? Iago—Honest, my Lord? Othello—My Lord, for aught I know. Iago—What most thou think? Othello—Think, my Lord? This would do for the first examination of Hoax Ames; but as the desperate moment comes to decide who shall be sacrificed see how well this reads with the character:— Mr. COLFAX inquired of Mr. Ames why he did not cross-examine him about that check when he gave his testimony. I did not want to bring it out; I wanted to let you off as easy as I could; I was in hopes it would not come out. Mr. AMES—I ask you if I did not give you a statement showing a credit derived from the sale of these bonds? Mr. COLFAX—I deny it. Mr. AMES—Liar, sorry to hear you. Mr. COLFAX—You told me some dividends had been withheld, but were unadjusted. Mr. AMES—If he denies it, and says he did not, I don't want to ask him any more questions. That is enough for me. Mr. COLFAX read from the former testimony of Mr. Ames, and asked him what he meant when he said, "I do not know whether he or I own the stock?" Mr. AMES—I understood you owned it and wanted me to own it. O honest, honest Iago! We said above we should revert to Rodrigo Kelley. Hereupon we must note that Hoax Ames out-Iago's Iago. The wily plotter in the play has extracted gold and jewels from Rodrigo for a bad pur-

pose, and stabs him when he is already wounded for a quittance. In the Mobillier tragedy Iago, when asked in thunder tones for the stock, gives it back and then stabs home. A hint to revisers of Shakspeare will be found below. Q. How soon can you deliver my ten shares of Crédit Mobilier stock and dividends? Mr. AMES, producing his certificate of Credit Mobilier stock from his pocket—I can deliver them now, sir, and the dividends you can have soon. Mr. KELLEY—Hand them to the Chairman, with the list of dividends, for my use. Mr. AMES (handing the certificates to Judge Poland)—If you say you don't own them I don't see how you are entitled to the dividends. Mr. KELLEY—But you see I do own them, and I intend to make use of them. Mr. AMES—Certainly, sir; that is what I agree to perfectly. Iago himself could nothing to damnation add greater than that. Perhaps in all this strange history nothing will dwell more in the public mind than the so-called efforts of Hoax Ames to "refresh his memory." There is a quaintness in the popular idea of this old man rummaging his recollections as if he was not sure what he would find. But the oddity is removed on observation that he always manages to produce just what is wanted for his purpose. Look from Hoax Ames to Iago, and take a hint on that refreshment business. Iago, fired with his plot, becomes dazed for a moment over the details. He slaps his forehead and says:— 'Tis here, but yet confused; Knavery's plain face is never seen till used. Iago we now take, as the destruction done, he rises to a demonic stature. All has been told, and the consummate villain denounced in every superlative. He bites his lip, sets his teeth and says:—"Demand me nothing. What you know you know." Here, again, Hoax Ames beats Iago, for in the teeth of everything he tells and tells, and as the curtain falls upon a stageful of slaughtered reputations, though dying fast himself, he still is "seen killing." "At every word a reputation dies." We think we have made out our case. Whether the victims were guileless as Cassio or guilty as Rodrigo we do not care to examine. Our business is with the colossal figure of honest, honest Iago. We place him on his pedestal, and call the world to look upon him with what feelings it may. Ours would be to Put in every honest hand a whip To lash the rascal naked through the world. But are there honest, cleanly hands enough to set about it? or must we look with feelings only of wonder on "honest, honest Iago?" The Augustan Age of Murder.—A Voice from the Tombs. We convict the metropolitan authorities of murder in the second degree of every man and woman detained in the Tombs beyond the period of six months. We convict these same authorities of malignant designs upon the health of all persons incarcerated within the Tombs for even the short space of an hour. The world is full of misnomers, but the Tombs is not one of them. We were called upon to illustrate the eternal fitness of things, we should triumphantly point to this prison, which is at once our safety and our pride, and, throwing down the gauntlet of argument with the fervor of Mrs. Micawber, "bid society to pick it up." If society knew anything society would let that gauntlet alone. It does not, however; therefore we propose to enlighten its apathetic mind. Were not Edward S. Stokes a prisoner we might refrain from giving gratuitous information; but as Mr. Stokes is supposed to be related to society, and as, now that the epidemic of murder has set in, no one can tell what highly influential member of its lofty circle may feel inclined to playfully shoot or deftly hack to pieces his life-long friend, it is the duty of society to realize that its most cherished ornaments may be slowly murdered, though the hemp of the gallows should never know them for its own. Learn then, Society, that the Tombs is built not only upon a swamp, but upon what was originally a lake seventy feet deep, so com-mo-dious as to float vessels that passed through a canal connecting it with the river. Seventy feet of water! How thoughtful of the great intellects that first decided to provide a watery grave for every human being brought within the clutches of the law! We marvel that they did not write an essay, entitled "Death Made Easy," to show what a blessing it would be to society were every prison and penitentiary—particularly the latter—so humbly situated as to guarantee certain, though not too immediate, dissolution. That this was not done is an oversight; but we see wonderful acumen in the long delays so frequent between the examination and trial of prisoners, and juries may be saved the bother of sitting upon cases if sufficient time be given for damp walls to settle upon weak lungs and crush the life out of miserable sinners. It is well enough for the pryer book to ask the Lord of Heaven to have mercy on them, but why should the lords of earth? Days, weeks, months pass by before prisoners in the Tombs are brought to trial. This is an admirable arrangement for those guilty of murder, for the greater the delay the greater the certainty of cheating the gallows. But how is it with such as are innocent of crime and only require the decision of an impartial jury to be restored to their suffering families? "Look at these walls," said a prisoner the other day, drawing his hand over the white-washed wall and holding up to gaze fingers as heavily coated as though they had been dipped in fresh paint. "This is what we have to endure. We are always cold. The hydrant leaks. Sometimes there is a foot of water on the floor. Our feet are never dry. Look at the carpet." The carpet was as wet as thought. "I'm sure of being acquitted. All Broadway, if I stay here much longer do you think I can work at my trade? I'm getting used to it fast. It's enough to kill a horse." Ay, it is, indeed, and we congratulate New York upon her living cemetery. It is well to be original, and certainly no other city can boast so novel a possession. Long may it cast a damper upon the spirits of the innocent! Of course it is an axiom as immutable as any in Euclid that poor prisoners have no rights to decency that authorities are bound to respect, and in the demonstration of this axiom the Tombs seems to be as successful as in the taking of unoffending life. Society is accustomed to regular and frequent supplies of clean sheets and pillow-cases; therefore society will be shocked to hear that there are prisoners in the Tombs to whom a change of these articles is as rare as angels' visits. "I've been here

since the first of January," said the man in the dripping cell, "and we've had one clean sheet and one pillow-case in three weeks. Do you consider this decent? And, what's worse, there's vermin in the bed. Tell that in the Herald, please." And we do tell it; not with the expectation of producing any effect upon the powers that rule the Tombs, but to give society a slight idea of what to expect should its gentility ever be so reduced as not to be able to bribe attendants. There are many texts hanging upon the walls of the corridor, but we fail to discover that "cleanliness is next to godliness." Will not an immaculate society supply the deficiency? And now that murdering and giving in murder is the chief end of man will not society bring New York to trial for a wilful and prolonged attempt upon the lives of thousands of human beings, many of whom are guiltless of crime, and all of whom desire to be housed as decently as one would house dogs? Important News from Central Asia. The telegrams from Bombay and London which appear in the Herald to-day leave no room for doubt concerning the fact that the Central Asiatic territory which borders the British dominion in Afghanistan is very seriously disturbed by the war movements of several native contending chiefs. It appears equally plain, judging from the same sources of intelligence, that the warring Powers look towards Russia as a great armed arbitrator, if they are not, indeed, moved to hostilities at her instigation with the view of affording an excuse for a direct interference by the officers of the Czar. Fort Hissar, a dependency of Cabool, has been captured by one of the chiefs. The Governor of the place was made prisoner. He has been handed over to the Russians, for safe-keeping, we presume, so that a sort of informal commission as high constable of the district has been already accorded to the Muscovite Emperor. This example was repeated in a second case of executive capture. Fort Hissar constitutes an excellent central point of advance for Russia should she decide to march on Afghan-Turkistan, and that she may do so is not at all unlikely, if merely in the role of a grand imperial pacificator. The British government entertains, it may be, the same opinion. Special Cabinet despatches of an important character, addressed to the English Ambassador in St. Petersburg, were forwarded from London to the Russian capital yesterday, so that it is quite probable that we shall learn, within a few days, something definite as to the exact state of the relations which exist between Russia and Great Britain on the Asiatic question. Our Great Atlantic Steamship Lines.—The Miseries of the Steerage Passenger. In another place in the Herald of this morning will be found a long and able letter from a correspondent, reflecting gravely on the management of one of the largest and most respectable of our great Atlantic steamship companies. We print the letter with some regret because we feel satisfied that it must give pain to the managers of the National line. We are satisfied, however, after proper inquiry, that our correspondent is a man of honor and integrity, and that he writes in the interests of the public, whom it is our business and our duty to serve. We shall be glad to learn that the evils complained of are really not so bad as represented. In the meantime, however, we have no choice but to give our correspondent's letter to the public; and if the managers of the National line feel aggrieved we beg to assure them that our columns will be as open to them for explanation and defence as they are now to Mr. McDonnell for the statement of his complaint. It requires to be stated at the outset that the charges made in Mr. McDonnell's letter are of a special character; they relate only to what happened on one voyage of the Erin; and it is quite possible that the grievances complained of were due to exceptional causes, the statement of which may go far to vindicate and justify the general management of the National line. According to our correspondent the steamship Erin, of the National line, on which he had taken passage, was to sail from the Victoria Docks, London, on the 30th of November. On that day, when the passengers came on board, they were made aware that the vessel would not sail until Monday, the 2d of December. The sailing was again deferred until Tuesday, and finally until Wednesday, the vessel, however, not leaving the dock till four o'clock on Thursday morning. It is but just to the company to add that for each day they were detained every adult person received at the rate of eighteen pence a day. We are willing to be as just to the management as possible; but, all things considered, we cannot in the first place justify the detention, nor can we in the second instance commend them for the grandeur of their liberality. Any one who knows London and is familiar with the Victoria Docks can conceive the misery which these poor people, some of them women and children, must have endured during those four days of the gloomiest season which London knows. At Havre, where the vessel called, some eight hundred additional passengers were taken on board, and for these, it appears, the most wretched accommodation was provided. To this portion of our correspondent's letter we specially call the attention of our readers. We cannot in this place reproduce all the disgusting details; but if the one-half of what he states is true it is high time that the horrors of the steerage passage should be proclaimed to the world and that an indignant public on both sides of the Atlantic should unite for the purpose of making an end of an iniquity which recalls all the worst features of the slave trade, when human beings, without regard to age or sex, were huddled together like so many cattle, and, in circumstances of impurity disgusting to think of, were transported across the seas. We have done much to make an end of the one iniquity; the other cannot be tolerated. It is in the last degree necessary that on board passenger ships there should be a sufficient number of stewards and satisfactory medical attendance. In both these particulars the Erin on her last voyage to these shores seems to have been at fault. When the vessel left Havre there were only three regular steerage stewards, and of them the most obliging and intelligent was shortly afterwards removed to the sailors' quarters. Some of the