NEW YORK HERALD, SUNDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1873.-QUADRUPLE SHEET.



Mob Demonstration Against Deliverv of the Virginius.

JOVELLAR ADDRESSES THE MOB.

Excitement Increasing---Fight Between the Cubans and Spaniards.

FIRST BLOOD SPILLED.

Disgust of the Fleet with the Patched-Up Peace.

Surrender of the Virginius Confirmed.

Graphic Description of Scenes in the Casinos.

TELEGRAMS TO THE NEW YORK HERALD. HAVANA, Dec. 13, 1873.

Last night a party of men numbering several hundred assembled in Campo de Marte Square, and proceeded in a body to the Plaza de Armas, giving vent during their progress to their dissatisfaction at the departure of the Virginius by loud shouts and other disorderly demonstrations. DEMONSTRATIONS BEFORE THE PALACE.

On reaching the Plaza de Armas they gathered in front of the palace o' the Captain General, where they renewed their shouting, at the same time expressing their disapprobation of the course of a number of prominent persons who have favored the delivery of the Virginius.

VOLUNTEERS BURNING POWDER. During these demonstrations several harmless shots were fired. It is believed they were accidental.

PEACEMAKERS ATTACKED.

Two Spaniards, who endeavored to pacify the mob, were severely hustled. JOVELLAR ALLAYS THE EXCITEMENT.

The crowd lingered in front of the palace until midnight, when Captain General Jovellar appeared and addressed them, and succeeded in prevailing on them to disperse.

The Virginius Off to Bahia Honda.

HAVANA, VIA KEY WEST, Dec. 13, 1873. The steamer Virginius was taken by the Spanish man-of-war Isabella la Católica to Bahia Honda. west of Havana, there to be delivered to United States war vessels.

AN INCIPIENT RIOT IN HAVANA-GREAT EXCITE-MENT-TWO MEN KILLED.

There was a conflict here last night between the Spaniards and the Cubans. Two men were killed. The excitement is very great.

Dissatisfaction of Our Navy.

KEY WEST, Dec. 13, 1873. The news of the result of pending negotiations with Spain causes intense disgust among the fleet. ORDERS FOR HAVANA AND SANTIAGO.

Despatches arrived here this evening by steamer from Pensacola, with orders for Havana and Santiago. The Pinto left immediately with the officers having charge of the communications, THE SHIP THAT WILL RECEIVE THE VIRGINIUS UN-

KNOWN. It cannot be known to night what ship will be a telegraphic despatch from Madrid had just been received by the Captain General ordering the surrender of the Virginius and her crew, or such as are alive, and the rest of the differences with America to be left to arbitration. This was a tremendous bombshell. In the morning America, insolent America, had backed down, and all was congratulation. In the evening America, irrepressible America, flung out her insolent demand as defiantly as ever, and Spain endorsed it and all was misery and wrath most impotent,

A singular change came all at once over the cheerful groups of gin-suckers and coffee-drinkers. The tables were deserted, and the high, open door ways and the long exterior colonnades became thronged with little crowds, each vociferating, "No. señor, nunca lo entregaremos!" ("We will never give her up !") Hands shook in the air like a forest of fans stirred by a hurricane. The babel was more confused and deafening than an opera chorus shaking with the chills and struck with lunacy. One man jumped on a chair, and though he said nothing he was applauded to the echo but he waved his right arm as if he was forging imaginary horseshoes, and he banged his hat down so on the back of his head as if he dared the whole American army to come and capture it. Two men, by an unfortunate coincidence, jumped at the same moment for a stand on the seat of a chair, but came in collision and fell over into a maelstrom of waiters. Yankees were sent to several grades of perdition, and nothing in imagination was leit of the Great Republic but the North Pole and a lew

tail leathers of the bird of freedom. On an upper floor of the Casino is a vast billiard room, where from morning till night the crack of the balls are heard, like the reports of a dozen pistol galleries. The shuffling of dice and checkers makes another intermediate rattle, and few places, indeed, have a more lively air than the upper story of this remarkable ciub house. When the news that spoiled the coffee and weakened the gin down stairs travelled up amid the players the sounds, so quick and exhilarating before, died off as the musketry roll of battle drops to a desultory picket fi ing. The games were cast aside in all directions, and the new turn in affairs was the universal topic of fume and iustian. One man struck the cue, not the billiard lance, to the sentiment of the hour, when he cried, "We'll burn her before we surrender her!" He was a fine looking sellow, and had he hit the mark so exactly with an Americrowd a universal shout of "bully can boy" would have rewarded him. Imagination on the rampage plays the devil with everything in this favored land. One dozen of these gallant Spaniards, with their retrospective eyes fixed on the deeds at Cordova several centuries ago, and armed with billiard cues alone, felt in that supreme moment of exaltation that they were a match for the entire puissant Seventh regiment of New York. "Burn the Virginius," tnat's the sent.ment as I write; burn her before she shall again fall into the hands of the Yankees. What they may do to-morrow the Lord only knows. A rumor was current at the Hotel Inglaterra that an actual attempt was made last night to burn the Virginius. A company of regulars were sent on board this morning to frustrate any further efforts in that direction. The great excitement last night was not unattended by a

scrimmage. One man who ventured to defend Castelar was KNOCKED DOWN WITH & CHAIR.

At the palace a meeting of a very stormy character was held. It lasted for ten hours. It was attented by the principal Spaniards and army officers, and the telegram announcing the decision of the Spanish Cabinet was discussed at great length. One of the members, who came out during the sitting, reports that when he left, a storm of indignant abuse was being levelled at Castelar. It was said his cowardly concessions were so dishonorable and unaccept that it was altogether out of the able question for the Spanlards in Cuba to comply with them. One of the speakers expressed himself to the effect that Castelar ought to have been hanged by the populace of Madrid; that here in Cuba all were ready to stake everything and fight to the last, adding that the Virginius would be burned rather than delivered.

There is a change this morning. The Captain General comes out with a proclamation, imploring Spaniards to keep cool. He says he has received certain orders from Madrid, and he trusts that a sense of patriotism would induce them to regard the situation with calm dignity. You will find the proclamation elsewhere and also extracts from the journals of Havana, which are all well worth reading, and especially the Voz de Cuba, which contains a most significant article. The papers, you

Consular office. You have already heard of the flerce threat flung after the NEW YORK HEBALD resident correspondent, that, in case of trouble, he would be the first to get his quietns. The HERALD correspondent never had any fears from the start, nor has he any now, troublous and uncertain as the times are.

As this despatch is being sent away there is enough gathered of the tone of the entire radical press to state that they have all swung round to the support of the Captain General. "Let us have peace.

THE SPANISH IRON-CLAD ARAPILES.

The Coal Barge Blockade-Interview of a Herald Reporter with an Officer of the Vessel-The Feeling of the Commander and the Officers-It Is Considered the Result of Design-The Statement of an Eye Witness-The Dilatory Course of the Authorities.

This vessel still remains in the dry dock at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, and, from present appear ances, is likely to do so for an indefinite period, as there is no apparent effort being made to raise and remove the coal barge which was sunk in front of the entrance to the dock, now some eight days since. As the report has been generally circulated that the sinking of the barge was regarded by the commander and officers of the Arapiles as the result of design, intended to delay the sailing of their ship until after a conclusion of the negotia tions arising out of the Virg nius affair, and which, it was supposed at the time, would result in hostilities, a HERALD reporter was yesterdar in hostilities, a HERALD reporter was yesterday directed to visit the vessel and ascertain what the ideas of the commander and officers, in reference to the supposed accident, are. He stepped upon the deck amid a heavy rain storm, which gave a gloomy and desolate air to the surroundings, the more so that the vessel still retains the dismantled aspect resulting from her recent repairs. Sentine's clad in oldoth, and with the decks were otherwise deserted. A non-commissioner olheer at once appeared, who proceeded, after a courteous gesture, to call the officer of the deck. To him the character and jurpose of the visitor was made known, and he at once expressed his regret that the inless of the commandant Senor Moetenegro, would prevent his receiving him. The officer would, however, give all the information required. "We all believe," he said, "that the sinking of the barge was through design, and with a view of cetaaning us here for a time with the least trouble." "No. Certainly not to Admiral kowan or the Commander of the yard; but the barge was such there purposely. I was in charge of the dock at the time and saw the whole proceeding. It was about half-past one or two o'clock in the morning. My attention was called by the guard to the large number of lights at the sizer of the ship, hear the barge at first the dock, and I at once proceeded to that off and almost immediately suns. The Swatara had been removed directly in front, when it began to fill and almost immediately suns. The Swatara had been removed directly in the tharge with the server diver the advect of the dock, and I at once proceeded to the arge word would the rules of a yard permit a barge of fill and almost immediately suns. The swatara had been removed directly in front, when it began to fill and almost immediately suns. The swatar had been removed an incredue store that point and remained the advect set of the dock and intervery contemption and at such an hour. Many Americans we word would the rules of a yard permit a barge loaded with coult directed to visit the vessel and ascertain what the ideas of the commander and officers, in refer-

A reference to the Virginius question resulted in

a relation of the orbit of the probabilities of con-tinued peace between the two nations; and the reporter, having expressed his obligations for the courtesy extended him, withdrew.

STRUGGLES OF A SAVINGS BANK.

The Hoboken Bank Case in the United States Court-A Final Decision To Be Rendered This Week.

In the United States District Court, at Trenton yesterday, the Hoboken Savings Bank case was again brought up atter having been adjourned from day to day throughout the week. Three weeks ago a petition was filed by Mr. Abbett, counsel for a few of the depositors, to have the, institution adjudged bankrupt, but a delay of two weeks was then granted. The injunction issued by the Court at that time, restraining the trustees from using any of the lunds, was modified since by allowing them to invest safely the interest accruing on bonds and mortgages.

Yesterday morning Mr. Keasby moved to dis-

CHECKS AND BATONS. Underground History of the Gam-

bling House Raids.

A NIGHT IN THE CELLS.

Gobbling a Herald Reporter, Who Now

Plays the Trump Card.

The Prison Pen at the

Police Court.

A genuinely good thing and that is sure to meet the hearty approval of every good citizen is the recent raid on gambling houses. It is true there is a lurking suspicion, judging from past sparodic efforts in the same direction, that this is only a virtuous spism destined to speedy culmination into a comatose condition-in other words, that it will prove a dead fature as far as accomplishing the real end so much desired. The worst and most painful feature of all is the possible likelihood that, instead of being inaugurated from a just and earnest desire to strike at the root of this great evil, to stay the tide o its baneful and broadening influence; That instead of doing this under the pure stimulu of a high and conscientions enlightenment, and with the simple salutary purpose of advancing morality and lessening crime; that there is at the bottom of it only political claptrap; that this seem ing air of outraged morality is only the airing of a high police functionary's petty, vengeful spite against a political opponent. But the effort to delve this undercurrent is not the object of the present story. These surmises, after all, may be a mistake. It is to be hoped they may prove so. The mode of conducting the war and the abuses growing out of it, made familiar from painful personal experience, are topics now proposed to be discussed. These facts are of a character that do not come under the public observation. But they are facts that should be stated, and then let the public judge of them.

A HERALD REPORTER ON THE SPOT.

As the younger Pliny left to posterity the record of his own observations of the submerging of Pompeli and Herculaneum in the mingling sea of lava and storm of ashes belched from the crater of Mount Vesuvius, it so happened that a HERALD reporter was "on the spot" at the raid on Thursday evening. What we saw and suffered in ou reportorial experiences, written necessarily somewhat in the et quoram pars magna fui style of Virgil, makes up a chapter-although far more briefly told than it might have been-that will fully corroborate the assertions set forth in our prefatory observations as to the mode of conducting this gambling war. Still painfully smarting under a keen sense of the gross injustice of which, through vain and arrogant stupidity, we have been the victim, we shall keep our still pent up and buining ire under subjection, set down nought in malice, and make our parrative, Othello like, "a plain, unvarnished tale."

HOW THE OPEN SESAME WAS OBTAINED. Meeting a country friend at the Metropolitan

Hotel, pursuant to appointm nt, he proposed, as a pleasant way of whiling away the evening, a visit to what he chose to designate in polite phrase as the club house opposite. "Is your club house a gambling house?" I asked "A regular one, and of the first class," he anwered; "but you know that to us countrymen, who are not so used to these things as you city folks, the word gambling has a harshly grating sound."

I asked him if he could get in the place. He said "Certainly."

"It would not be at all surprising," I suggested, "it there should be a raid there; and having instructions from the office to look particularly after this thing it would be capital sport to larly after this thing it would be capital sport to be on the spot and describe the scene." "On your account I would not object to a raid, but on my own, excuse me," said my irlend, and away we went. He proved to have the "open sesame," as the colored Cerberns at the door, aiter a pre-atory peep through an opening, admitted us inside. We were now in the club house, alias gambing house. No. 573 Broadway, kept by one Mr. Janree. I had been in club houses, alias gambing houses be-lore; in Morrissey's, at Saratoga, and in John Chamberin's, at Long Branch, and amid their luxurious environments of arc's most expensive luxurious environments of art's most expensive adornments, had seen men of the very hignest

Row." While undergoing examination and report-ing themselves as honest devotees to useful em-ployment, many were toid their true character, and which, thonga wincing at the imputations, they did not attempt to refute. INTERVIEWING THE CAPTAIN. After a while Captain Williams came in and hur-riedly passed into the back room. Following after inn, I undertook the most difficult and delicate of report oriat tasks—interviewing him. "Captain Williams, I presume ?" I began, in a tone intended to be a maxhusin specimen of politie and concinitory address. "My name, sir," he blurted out, wrusquely. "An among the victims of to-night's rambing raid," I continued, to'lowing him; "I had gone to the place or professional business." "Professional business: That's good. So you are one of the professions?" turning his look on me for the first time. "No sir, I am no gambler; I am a reporter of the

outside asunted

"Professional basiness! That's good. So you are one of the profession?" turning his look on me for the first time. "No sir, I am no gambler; I am a reporter of the NEW York HERALD. I was there to report a raid, if there was one. Of course, as you now know this fact, you will not treat me longer as a pris-oner, but give me all the information in your power to assist me in writing my report." "A reporter of the HERALD Well, that's the best yet," and he turned and looked squarely at me; "that's a fine story, but it won't go down," and the would-be withering look of contempt that fol-lowed would-would-well, it would make the for-tune of any man on the stage. "Will you not look at my letters in proof of my statement," I insisted, and took from my pocket a bundle of litters bearing my name and reporto-rial address to hand to hm. "Thi look at nothing," he savagely replied, and turned on his sublime heel and then took his seat by the Sergeant behind the desk. Remembering the somewhat antiquated advice, given to one Mr. Brown, that it would not do to give it up so, i went up in front of the desk and persisted in his hearing me. I told him if he would send an officer with me to police headquarters I could itentify myself at once. "Take him down, take him down!" was the re-mess, he pointed, giving to his arm and extended toreflager a truly imperial curve, to the starway leading below. Not satisfied with this, he called out, sarcasically:--'If is you members of the press that made all this trouble, and now you can take your place among the press gang." It was simply that Shakespearian passage twilded-"Nobert Shallow, Eq., saith he is rig t," with ad-ditional intensity given to that other passage-And lies, and lies.--

And I spit upon him whilst I say he lies, And lies, and lies ----

The jeers that followed from the crowd pleased

The jeers that followed from the crowd pleased him, no doubt, wonderiully. I saw I was in for it. There was no reasoning with a man so utterly un-reasonable. I was taken down-metaphorically and literally-oni of what followed, anon. THOSE WHO WERE LET OFP While this extreme of harshness was visited upon many, some were let go. The dealer at No. 573, a man wnose corporal dimensions would hardly admit of his escaping observation, was allowed to depart in peace, and so was one of the alleged proprietors. There may be a mystery in all this which is beyond the capacity of the ordinary human mind to solve. Who knows but that in the ear of certain ones there may have been whispered I am bound for

I am bound for Persia and want gliders for my voyage : Therefore make present satisfaction, Or l'il -----

And many of smaller fry were let go. I simply mention the fact as a curious one.

And many of share a curious one. IN A CELL. The cells in the Eighth precinct station house are in the basement of the building. In a dark and dankish vault. They are ranged in two rows, with a narrow pas-sage way between. Opportuality to count them was not given me, but, from the length of the pas-sage way, there must be 25 or 30. I was thrust was not given me, but, from the length of the pas-sage way, there must be 25 or 30. I was thrust into cel No. 15, and soon six others were placed in the same cell. This cell was some ten feet in length by eight feet wide and not over seven feet in height. There was no window, no means of ventilation, no opening except through the closely barged door. A coat of whitewash somewhat releved the coarseness of the rough waits. On one side was a board platform raised about a loot irom the bottom and in one corner a water closet arrangement, minus all the redning accessories in the way of modern improvereaning accessories in the way of modern improve-ments. To put seven prisoners into suca a Calcutta hole,

Fragrant with all The uncleanly savours of a slaughter house,

is simply an outrage, but yet it was done on this night, and, no doubt, often done on other nights. The adment cells were equally packed. How shall I describe that night? It is like the night pletured by thomastic magnetic by Hubert in Macoeth-

Black, fearless, comfortless and horrible. Black, learness conformers and normal. The foul arr is letid with tobacco smoke; jeers, curses, the vilest utterances and rivald songs mingle in the wildest contusion. Men and women, iurious with drink, are at intervals brought in, and, with their added shrieks and yells, give a wilder flerceness to the pandemonium scene.

The sounds that tell what hour it is Are clamorous groans that strike upon the heart, Which is the bell. So sighs and tears and groans Show minutes, times and hours.

But there were some jolly songs. There was a glow of inspiring com ort in hearing the gusto with which hearly every one apparently joined in the chorus :--

chorus:--Up in a balloon, boys; Up in a balloon, boys; Up in a balloon, boys; Cp in a balloon; All among the little stars, Salling round the moon. Among the livelfest of the songs was the "Song of the Gay Gamboller," with which all seemed to be familhar. Seeing what the night was to be, I attempted to get the night watchman to have a note conveyed for me outside; but no pecuniary inducement even could move him. He was as doggedly obstinate as his captain. Others impor-tuned him to get cigars for them; but he had a soul above human sympathy-the eoldly callous soul of the turnkey. It appears, as I sub-soon after I had been consigned to my cell two

Police is in power. In conversation with a reporter of the HERALD last night Commissioner Charlick said :-

of the HEBALD last night Commissioner Charllex and --"Yes, sir, faro is dead and so is banco and keno, never to be resuscitated as long as I am here, and, from present appearances and Heaven willing, that is likely to be some time. Some of the people dating Tammany Hall in this thing; 'out I am bot, and batting against a greater power, a more firm spring the vitals out of the community. Be would constenance the continuance of this vice any more than I am inclined to; but that is an out-side question. The Board has taken this matter in hand and they mean to keep it in hand. I don't care for the opinion or good of bad teeling of political cliques, i shall carry out if the protection of the proble, this Board. If they suit the people I am satisfied. They are built of the frostile, and if they answer that pur-pose my end is gained. I never took a irce pass to hand i never shall; and you may be certain I are they they mee to the HEBALD, for I know the meant for the protection of the gublic, the inviola-bilit of the firstle, and if they answer that pur-pose my end is gained. I never took a irce pass to have they they mee to the HEBALD, for I know the meant for the protection of the gublic, the inviola-bilit of the firstle, and if they answer that pur-pose my end is gained. I never took a irce pass to have any of the sin in danger. Thave given free and i never gave one to the HEBALD, for I know the mean syn yhle is in danger. Thave given free and the gamblers would kill me; but that has not first and continue to do so. When I go out i shall go and locations of Xew York. I have heard some of the aptains have been interested with thesig and bia continue to do so. When I go out i shall go and he other fellows will follow suit." THE MIDNEED ST 10111S COACHMAN

THE MURDERED ST. LOUIS COACHMAN.

The Inquest Divulges the Fact That He Was a Gent'eman in Disguise and Had Not Ruined His Affanced.

The St. Louis papers of the 11th inst. contain full

reports of the evidence given before the Coroner regarding the murder of Boetticher, the coachman, by Benjamin F. Cronenbold, a brother of his flance, details of which appeared in the HERALD of yesterday. The evidence shows that deceased was the son of a wealthy Prassian merchant, who accepted a position as coachman in the family, which he left some time ago to enter into the liquor business; that the murderer and his victim were on good terms until the day of the wedding and first attempt upon Boetticher's life, when young Cronenbold received the following anonymous letter that

bold received the following anonymous letter that led to the rash deed:--Mr. Basianis Guozinoi. Girri--You know the circumstances of your sister Cora, and also the relation in which she has Come, through the in-nuence of your ignorant moliter, with that worthless, crazy adventurer, who used to attend as a servant in your mother's house during your absence in Eu-rope. It devolves now upon you, as a brave young man, to protect your sister's hour, and the only way open for so doing would be to rell said subject to avoid your house and the house of your sister forever, and in case he does not mind, shoot him down by his first appearance at her and your house. This much all your friends expect from you. If you wish ever to be respected by them as young man worthy the fame you bear. of which there are a great many in number provided you do your duy.

A point of some interest brought out in the evisence was that the ceremony so abruptly postponed on Thursday evening was to have been performed on the afternoon of Tuesday, the day of the murder, at the Lutheran church, Ninth and Soulard streets, and the trip to town the partymother, daughter and Boetticher-were about to make, when young Cronenbold commenced firing his pistol, was for that purpose.

The following is the only important part of the testimony of the young lady :-

testimony of the young lady:--The Corener-Did Mr. Boetticher ever treat you or your mother with disrespect or in any manner unbecoming a gentlemau ? Witness-No, sir. A Juror-Do you know of any letters that were sent him ? A. Yes: on Thursday morning he re-ceived a letter and he gave it to me to read. The Coroner-Did you read it? Witness-I read it; it said that he should tell Mr. Boetlicher as soon as he came into the house to leave us, and, if he did not mind, would shoot him down; the letter was without a name. The letter given above was placed in the hands of the witness, and she identified it as the same that she had seen.

detailed for the service of receiving the Virginius. THE COLORADO ON THE WAY.

The United States steamer Colorado is hourly ex-

pected here.

News of the Knuckle Down in Havana Exultation of the Volunteers-The Surrender of the Virginius Fails Like a Thunderbolt-Scenes in Casinos and Public Resorts Graphically Described-Threats Against the Life of Our Correspondent. HAVANA, Dec. 13, 1873.

At the marble topped tables that cover- the vast door of the Casino 1.000 volunteers, in and out of uniform, sat drinking early last evening. They talked with far less of the fierce animation that appeared to possess their souls the night before Here and there among them were groups occupied in the warmest style of fratnerization, shaking hands as if they were heart bound friends, met after recovering from an earthquake. They laughed as if some long dried up fountains of joy had burst within them in all their perennial freshness. To the benevolent eye they were a pleasant sight to see, and even a contounded Yankee might have for the moment wished no eclipse of such soul pouring transports. These men had been at the meeting on Saturday morning before dawn, when the prospect looked as dim and gloomy as the uniliumined sky. They had heard and they themselves had spoken brave. high sounding words while fear pulled at their They would not listen to the calm heart strings. counsels of the Captain General, whose province it was to say that Spain and America would reach a compromise; that the Virginius should be delivered up and war at all hazards be avoided. No. no! They would have war first; war to the knife before the Virginius should be surrendered and the flag of Spain lowered. And wherefore now this joy? Sunday passed over us in great doubt and gloom. Angry scowls from Spanish faces greeted the sounds of the English tongue wherever heard along the streets or in the casinos A thousand wild rumors filled the air-the Yankee army landing at Cardenas loomed up as a terrible fancy to the volunteer mind. Still they spoke brave words and the cry of "No surreader" rose higher with the gleam of desperate hope that Spain had passed into the power of a party that would speedily succor Cuba and defy America. But under the furious warlike exterior the belligerent volunteers did feel a consciousness that their case at best was desperate; that no delirium of passion could quite lose sight of the wretched disproportion of the means within their power to the pur pose in their minds. Monday morning came, and the news that did not appear in the papers was heard on many men's tongues-that the difficulty was settled and the honor of Spain saved. America decimed to press her demand for the Virginius, and war was relegated to the indefinite future. dreds of the warlike volunteers read this news written on a slip of paper and posted within the vestibule of the Albusi Theatre. Their spirits, previonsly down low, now rose and passed out of their months in the manner I have described at the tables of the Casino Español. This, recollect, was early in the evening, and the atmosphere was light and joyons for awhile, though there were many present who knew America had not backed and were silent and serious enough in consequence. As the evening wore on the Tacon Theatre, across the plaza, sent its crowds for news and terreshment to the Casino, an unmistakably veracious statement, published in the sittle evening bolsting, got generally circulated, and then

came A SUDDEN GUST OF PASSION

will notice, are full of the most DOLEFUL JEREMIADS.

and the Captain General exhibits the little control he has over the volunteers by the deprecating tone of his address. He implores where he is entitled to command. The Voz de Cuba, which is the su preme organ of the volunteers, feels more comfortable this morning because it has discovered the stipulations of America do not include the abolition of slavery. The pockets of the Spaniards are easier in consequence.

The day the false news was given out that Ame ica had backed down from her demand for the Virginius, a Spaniard whom I knew met, and shook me warmly by the hand, his face beaming with de light. Last night I met him among the pillars of the Casino, sad and silent. "Don't smile," said he in low, reproachful accents. not rejoice at our terrible humiliation. This is a bitter cup, indeed." and he turned away, the picture of the most abject dejection. Words are inadequate to express the feeling prevailing this morning all over Havana. At every corner I meet faces altered to the one expression of dismal disappointment. All the brave high words have ceased. The Casino is silent, and the few groups at the marble tables are like funeral mutes. Even a Yankee must commiserate the misery of these men. Where all was valorous hope and promise two nights ago there is now the most profound dejection. Silence and sadness go hand in hand. The Virginius will be delivered up. There may be an attempt to burn her a few desperate men, but even that is now doubtful. Impotent despair has taken the place of desperation. It will be the gloomiest day the Spaniards of Havana ever saw should the American fleet from Key West come into the harbor to receive the famous captive crait from the hands of the General of Marine. I should not be surprised to see the stores closed and hung with mourning while the bells of the churches

TOLLED & DIRGE.

The flect, should it come, will have to pass down the entire length of the harbor to where the Virginius is now lying. In her main cabin last Sunday there was a grand dinner given and attended by many Spanish officials and the editors of the radical journals Isle de Marina, Voz de Cuba, &c. It was a dinner at which numerous speeches were made, the prowess and glory of spain being exalted to the skies. Congratulations on the work done at Santiago passed around, and the company separated in high glee with "Vivas & España," and expressions of boundless confidence in the power of the Cuban volunteers to hold their own against the world. The contrast is touching. In a lew days the Virginius, which was being prepared for the Spanish service, will be handed over to a hated enemy. It is the thought of this that has killed the appetite of Havana, and there is more misery of mind at this moment and more bitter resentment against Americans than it would be easy to descripe.

"Ab " said a Spaniard to em. "it is not the sur render of the Virginius that hurts us, it is the assumption that we have no right to capture and shoot or hang the bloody minded pirates and freebooters who come to invade us. What would these wretches shot at Santiago have done if they had landed and got the opportunity? Why, they would have killed every Spaniard they could lay their hands on. They were a gang of intending murderers and nothing more."

There will be no war. The warlike volunteers will consent to everything. In 24 hours they have passed through all the moods and tenses of hope, joy and despair. So strong was the feeling last night, that the Captain General became alarmed for the safety of the American that swept all the serene feeling of a few hours Consulate and a guard of soldiers were quickly before completely away. The statement was that provided with quarters within the gates of the

miss the petition for the following reasons :--1. That this is not a corporation such as comes within the scope of the bankrupt law, 2. That the petition does not disclose any act of bankruptcy. He then narrated the circumstances in which the bank stood from the time the first irregularities were discovered in April last, and reviewed the points urged by the petitioner in support of his application. He said that the petitioner was a depositor for less than \$400, and he was sure a depositor on less that quot, and ne was sure that not one per cent of all the depositors favored those proceedings. Counsel made several quota-tions from the act bearing on such institutions in support of his arguments. The Chancellor of the State had authority to examine the affairs of the bank and this Court had not. On application of three depositors the Chancellor may order a strict investigation and ascertain the salety of the investments and prodence of the management. Such an institution as this is was not a moneyed corporation under the act. Its chief and primary object was not to trans-act business for gain to the trustees. All the profits belonged to the depositors. Tae managers were forbidden to receive a dollar for their ser-vices. It was simply a fluctary corpora-tion. If it lost by fire, robbery or Irand, it was a common misfortune. The provisions banks or corporations not deriving prolit to them-nesives. The trustees will pay all their indebted-ness if they are allowed to proceed with their au-ties and the deficiency made good by subset p-tions. They ask that this Court shall declare them a fluctary institution and that they are not hable to be thrown into bankrupter, since they have never committed any fact of bank-rupter. An agreement had been signed between W. W. Shippen and others on the part of the bank, with Fisk & Hatch, whereby the latter would pay the sum of \$73,000, one-hair in jour months and the other hall in six months, to the trustees, and that the central Pacific Railrond Company guaranteed the payment of the balance-\$21,000-in substan-tal securities. Therefore, not a dollar can be lost of the \$41,000 in the hands of Fisk & Harch. Mr. Abbet them proceeded to argue in support of hold the matter within its control. Wy don't the trustees act in a practical manner, by having things actually done instead of promising ? The bank had made one rule of law for one set of de-positors. And another for another set. The law should work uniformly in all cases. The to beatiness indet that not one per cent of all the depositors favored those proceedings. Counsel made several quotaions from the act bearing on such institutions in

more expeditions to reach the substantial ends of justice. At the conclusion of Mr. Abbett's argument the Court then said that, as there was an important principle involved in the case, ample time should be taken to examine the papers; therefore a de-cision would not be rendered till next Tuesday. Many of the most energetic advocates in bank-ruptcy in Hoboken have now become its strenuous opponents. A few crippled and voracious point-clans wissied to profit by the bankruptcy proceed-ings; but they are likely to be disapointed. One good result of bankruptcy, however, would be to detect culpable negligence, if any existed, and thus make the property of the managers hable for the deficit.

social and political rank "coquetting with fickle forume" in the various games of chance being played-laro, toulette, rouge et noir and so on. This gambling house is on the second foor, and though, of course, failing far short in its appoint-ments of the spiendor of the watering place club houses referred to, was capacious, occupying three rooms deep and tastily though not gaudily jur-nished. My friend, who has a perchant for jaro almost as deeply seared as that of a once noted sport whom he quotes as saying that the two greatest pleasures in this life are winning at faro and losing at laro, bought some checks and began playing. social and political rank "coquetting with fickle playing. FIGHTING THE TIGER IN HIS LAIR.

Pigning. Fighting the tigen in His Lain. There were only three other platers, two of whom subsequently turned out to be also rural gentle-men, who, in their visits to the city, it would mani-lestly appear, embrace the tiger in their programme of "seeing the elephant." There was a roulette table and one for rouge et noir, but none of these found any votaries. Altogether there were only a dozen persons in the room, two of whom were play-ing cribbage and two others indulating in a little old siedge. My itend played sharpit, and luckiy won. After a time he went to his note! to deposit his winnings so as not to risk losing them, and left a two checks in my care. I had been simply a "looker-on in Venice." DESCENT PT_TILE POLICE.

a rew checks in mic, care, i had been simply a "iooker-on in Venne," DESCENT BY THE POLICE. Suddenly a sergecant of the Eighth precinct po-lice in civilian atthe made his appearance. He had been admitted as a supposed habitud of the place, though it seems strange that such a mistake should have been made; but he immeniately whisked in sight his shield, and there followed quickly in his wake several burly policemen trass buttons, and each carrying toose unmistaka-ble badges of brite authority—a policeman's bai on. There was a very sudden getting up and getting from that table. The dealsr tirust his siver deal box into his pocket, some one with lighting. There was a very sudden getting up and getting from that table. The dealsr thrust his silver deal box into his pocket, some one with lightning-like rapidity gobbled the money from the money drawer, and in the scramble the coecida mingling of the "red, white and blue" that but for its wildness would have deeply stirred the heart of a patriot. I did not stir from my seat, but was congratulating mysel on my good uck at being there. It was the professional "ruling pas-sion strong." With characteristic artistic ardor I was taking in the points. This was a but worth oracking-a beat in special description on all the other papers. "Let no one escape," exclaimed the Sergeant in a tone as majestically and heroically commanding

a tone as majestically and heroically commanding as that of the gallant leader of the bold 600 in the famous charge at Balakhava. "Is Mr. Janree here!" he then asked in a more quiet and subdued

"That is my name," answered Mr. Janree, walk

"You are my prisoner," replied the Sergeant, "You are my prisoner," replied the Sergeant, with a Napoleon-like brevity, and then, with the nir of one "leading squadrons in the field." he as-signed the various prisoners to the various policemen.

Come with me," said a policeman, taking me

unrestrained, loose companies, Even such, they say, as stand in various lan And beat our watch and rob our passengers

A glance showed that they were made up mainly of pickpockets, thieves, burglars and entimonia-the rakings and scrapings, in fact, of "Murderers"

soon after I had been consigned to my cell two other HERALD reporters visited the station house. soon after 1 had been consigned to my cell two other HERALD reporters visited the station house, and that both the Captain and the sergeant avoided-and studiously, as it must have been-any reference to my case. It barbarity could be crystalized this is an instance. Of course there was no sleep. Let one be sick there andH eaven help him. The turnkey only comes in once in two or three hours and no amount of groans or importunities would oring him at any other time. From those dark and letin cells, irom that foul air, from that Bedlan of contu-sion piercing the brain like red hot steel, more than one precious human soul has gone to its last account; and the verdict has been, "Died of drunkenness." It is a stain upon civilization to treat human beings in this way. I am making my story too long; but, as I recain the horrors of that night, Ifeet that no language is strong enough to describe them, no words of imprecation forcible enough to incite to the needed reform. Was ever such refinement of crueity? Refining to mear all explanations, refusing all possibility of

enorgh to incite to the needed reform. Was ever such refinement of crucity? Erefusing to near all explanations, refusing all possibility of identification of ones real character and mission, reinsing to send a communication to parties out-side who would have accomplished my release. These were not the worst leatures in the case. These were not the worst leatures in the case. The acme of crucity was being debarred from sending any message to my family, apprixing them of my whereabouts. Not alone upon myself was the penalty visited. The blow left alike upon absent wite and children, the lormer suffering a long night of inexpressible agony and apprehension, and the latter distracted with grief and the most painful forebodings of evil. There is not a hus-band or father or wile or child in this great city but wil characterize such conduct and crucity on the part of a police captain as something more than inhuman-as an exem, alification of "man's inhumanity to man"—that should speak trumpet-tongue to the higher officials confiering place and power on men so utterly soulless and dead, not alone to the plainest dictates of justice, but to the commonest emotions of kindly and generous sym-patay. patny.

commonest emotions of kindly and generous sym-patay. IN THE PRISON PEN. At a quarter-past six of clock in the morning the prisoners were taken to the jefferson Market Police Court. The officer who kindly acted as my escort was not kind enough to allow me to get anything to cat, and I presume the others were treated in the same way. Well, all were put in the "prison pen," as it is called. A pig pen would be about as fitting a name. All the bummers, thieves, prostitutes and ragamufins arrested in this police district during the night were thrust into this pen. And such a group I For an approximate description of them I must again summon Shake-speare to my aid. Full of unpleasant blots and sightless stains.

this pen. And such a group 1 for an approximate description of them 1 must again summon Snake-speare to my aid. Full of unpleasant blots and sightless stains, Lame, looks, twoked, swart proligies. Patch'd with fool moles and eye oftend 1 marks. To make the torture of such company and such surroundings more exquisite we were kept there till ten o'clock waiting, it was said, the arrival in the first place of the Police Magistrate, and then o' the returns from Police Headquarters. Taken into COURT. The victims of the gambling raid were all brought into court together. Judge Sherwood occupied the bence, and he certainly deported himself with the coomess and dignify of a veteran judge. A few had consel, but the most had not. The results of the Herath, and need not be recapitulated. "This man claims to be a HERALD reporter," ex-claimed Captain Williams, sarcastically, to the judge when my case was called. "And I know the claim to be well founded," promptify answered Mr. Rockwell, the Clerk." The look of surprise that came over the Captain upon this announcement was something starting ; something most agreeably, not to say intensely, re-treating. A like look of bewilderment gleamed also from the duil opties of the sergeant. When the Judge heard my explanation he prompty ordered my discharge with a reference to the dog Tray-a reference I am bound to say that was hardly necessary, as I was already thor-oughty inmilar with both the prose and poetic his-tor of the clutches of fools clothed with a little brief authority it would have been pertinent, and i would have taken it kindly. COMMISSIONER CHARLICK AND FABO.

COMMISSIONER CHARLICK AND FARO.

Last night and the night before all the fare banks and other gamoling dens in the city were closed. Those places known as "day games" were also shut up, the proprietors not daring even to lift a curtain. According to present indications the animal is dead. More than that, he is buried and the grave closed over him, for he is never again to be allowed to show his figure in New York-that is as long as the present Board of

The letter given above was placed in the hands of the wirness, and she identified it as the same that she had seen. A Juror--What effect did the letter have upon him? Witness-As soon as he got it be asked for a pis-tol; our own pistol-my lather's; this pistol (the one used by Cronenboid and shown to the witness) is not my father's; my mother had taken it away long ago because he intended to shoot several other folks who came to the nouse; so I told him I did not know where it was; on Sunday or Monday he must have bought this pistol; he said so to an-other gentleman; the letter carrier brought the letter links spone of. A Juror--Do you think your brother's anger was excited by that letter? Witness--Yes, sir. The Coroner--Did he show anger previous to this? Witness--No, sir, not against Mr. Boetticher; he showed anger a few weeks ago several times, but it was on account of some one else. The Coroner--Against whom? Witness--It was a gentleman who came to the house and wanted my brother to write nis name on something. The Coroner--Will you state to the jurg again whether you are positive that Mr. Boetticher has always treated your mother and yourself as a gentleman and as an honorable man should? Witness-Yes, sir. The Coroner--Against whon? The Coroner--As one always should? Witness-Yes, sir. The Coroner--You are sure in your case? Witness-Yes, sir. The Coroner--You are sure in your case? Witness-Yes, sir. The Coroner-You are sure in your case? Witness-Yes, sir. The young lady, after hearing her testimony read, signed it in a nervous manner and was ex-cused. MES AUGUSTINA CRONENBOLD, dressed in deep mourning and heavily yelled, was

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PUNISHMENT FOR UNLAWFULLY SELLING BAILROAD TICKETS.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Dec. 13, 1873.

The parties convicted some time ago of unlaw-fully selling railroad tickets without being authorized agents were called up in the Court of Quarter Sessions this morning and sentenced to pay the costs of the prosecution and a fine of \$400. Judge Sterrett announced that he had taken into consid-eration the fact that the constitutionality of the act had been in question and that some doubt existed as to the law, but that hereafter he would impose severe penaities and imprisonment in addition to a i fine in such cases.