

NEW YORK HERALD

BROADWAY AND ANN STREET.

JAMES GORDON BENNETT, PROPRIETOR.

Volume XXXVIII.....No. 46

AMUSEMENTS THIS AFTERNOON AND EVENING.

- UNION SQUARE THEATRE, Union square, between Broadway and Fourth st.—One hundred years Old.
WALLACK'S THEATRE, Broadway and Thirteenth street.—DAYS GARRICK.
BOOTH'S THEATRE, Twenty-third street, corner Sixth avenue.—TICKET OFFICE.
THEATRE COMIQUE, No. 84 Broadway.—THE PARADE OF CHICAGO.
BOWERY THEATRE, Bowery.—DUTCHMAN'S THEATRE.—PARR O'LEPPERS, &c.
GERMANIA THEATRE, Fourteenth street, near Third st.—FERNANDEZ.
GRAND OPERA HOUSE, Twenty-third st. and Eighth av.—CANTARINI OF THE GANGES.
NEW FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE, 72 and 73 Broadway.—ALICE.
WOODS MUSEUM, Broadway, corner Thirtieth st.—SAS. Afternoon and Evening.
ATHENEUM, No. 125 Broadway.—GRAND VARIETY ENTERTAINMENT.
NIBLO'S GARDEN, Broadway, between Prince and Houston streets.—LAD AND LOVER.
STADT THEATRE, No. 45 and 47 Bowery.—DER BALL.
THEATRE (Robinson Hall), 45 East Sixteenth street.—FRENCH COMEDY.
MR. F. B. CONWAY'S BROOKLYN THEATRE.—DAYS; OR, LOVE'S MARTIN.
BRYANT'S OPERA HOUSE, Twenty-third st. corner 6th av.—NUGO MINSTRELS, ECCELESITICITY, &c.
TORY PASTOR'S OPERA HOUSE, No. 201 Bowery.—VARIETY ENTERTAINMENT.
SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS, corner 25th st. and EIGHTH AV.—SINGING MINSTRELS, &c.
ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Fourteenth street.—PHILAS BOSSO CONCERT.
STEINWAY HALL, Fourteenth street.—BELLER'S OPERA. Afternoon at 2.—GRAND CONCERT.
NEW YORK MUSEUM OF ANATOMY, 615 Broadway.—LECTURE AND ART.

TRIPLE SHEET.

New York, Saturday, Feb. 15, 1873.

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THE SPANISH REPUBLIC.—The Spanish Republic is getting fairly under way. The National Assembly adopted yesterday the reply to the abdication address of the ex-king, and, indulging in a sort of jocular sarcasm, inform Amadeus that when the "conspiracies and obstacles" of which he complained have been overcome, while they will not be able to offer him a throne, they will tender him a higher honor—the citizenship of a free and independent country.

GOING CHEAP.—The government steamer Vanderbilt was offered for sale at Mare's Island Navy Yard (San Francisco) a few days ago, and the highest bid for her (dismantled of her machinery) was fifty-six thousand dollars. The vessel cost Commodore Vanderbilt just before the war some three million dollars, and when she was presented as a free offering to the government at a critical period the act was considered one of great munificence, as it undoubtedly was, on the part of the donor. As a specimen of naval architecture she was a wonder; but for commercial purposes, or as a

The War in Cuba—The Herald Correspondent Among the Spanish Troops.

We publish in to-day's HERALD a letter from our special correspondent in Cuba, giving a graphic and interesting account of his travels and adventures from the time of his arrival in Santiago de Cuba to the eve of his departure from that city to seek the rebel lines "at his own risk." From this communication we learn that Mr. O'Kelly was received by the Spaniards with much show of courtesy, and that there appeared at first to be every disposition to extend to him such information and facilities as might aid him in the accomplishment of his mission. Upon his introduction to General Morales, who commands in the Eastern Department, Mr. O'Kelly was readily promised an opportunity to advance toward the insurgent lines with a column that was about to take up its march. The General had already been advised of the character in which our correspondent visited his command, hence we conclude that his ready compliance with Mr. O'Kelly's wishes was in harmony with the views of the Captain General. As the column was to leave on the following morning our correspondent was introduced without delay to its commanding officer, Colonel Sostrada, and the promptness with which the necessary arrangements were made tempt the belief that the expedition, if not so designed, was willingly used as a happy method of inspiring Mr. O'Kelly with a favorable idea of the discipline, bearing and gallantry of the Spanish army in Cuba. The battalion, it appears, was the oldest in the war, having been in the field for over four years, and the soldiers, who were in fighting trim, were found by our correspondent to be fair specimens of regular troops, although many appeared worn with service, and there was some sickness among them. The expedition proved less important than was at first anticipated, for although preparations had been made for a ten days' march, the column was halted on the evening of the first day, and on the following day our correspondent was told that it would then proceed no further. Thereupon he parted with the officers and returned to Santiago de Cuba, and his letter takes us to the point at which he had resolved to proceed alone on his search for the insurgent camp. We have since heard by telegraphic despatches how he started on his journey; how he was detained at Ramon; how he reached Palma Soriano; how when there he received the first intimation from General Morales that if he entered the Cuban lines and should subsequently return or be captured by the Spaniards he would be shot as a spy; how he returned to Santiago de Cuba to learn the full meaning of the threat and its cause; how it was confirmed by the General himself, and how he had notified the authorities of his intention to persevere in his mission, in spite of the threatened danger.

The fair and impartial tone of our correspondent's letter will convince the Spanish authorities that they have been in error if they have supposed that he would misrepresent or even distort facts on one side or the other. They will now discover that he is as ready to do full justice to the Spaniards as to the Cubans; that he is prepared to set the truth before the world, whether it shall help or harm the Cuban cause; that, even if compelled to condemn the war waged by the Spanish authorities against the people of the island, he will give the Spaniards credit for their acts wherever credit is their due, as willingly as he will blame where censure is merited. These were, indeed, the instructions upon which his mission was commenced, and they will be carried out in good faith until it shall have ended. From this Captain General Ceballos and General Morales will probably see the inexpediency of the policy which denied Mr. O'Kelly free access to the insurgent lines and a free and safe return when he had fulfilled the object of his journey. If the insurrection is, indeed, nothing more than the Spanish accounts represent it to be; if the Cuban revolutionists are, in truth, only a few scattered bands of negro depredaters, hiding in the woods, then Mr. O'Kelly's visit would have made the fact known to the world through the columns of the HERALD, and all civilized communities would have applauded the most vigorous efforts that could be made by the Spanish arms to put a stop to the miserable warfare. The sudden and unexpected stoppage of our correspondent by Spanish obstructions and the change observable in the tone of the authorities, whose former courtesy toward him has given place to threats, will be generally interpreted as indicating an unwillingness on their part that he should ascertain the true state of the rebellion by personal observation, and hence will arise the suspicion that the Spanish stories are unreliable. Should this impression do injustice to the Spanish cause the authorities have only themselves to blame for the evil.

There are some points in our correspondent's letter which are extremely significant. The Spanish soldiers complain that the Cubans refuse to meet them in the field and confine their fighting to ambushes and to the woods. This is admittedly true, and its cause is known to the Spanish officers. The Cubans have but scant ammunition. Could they have been completely penned in, without any outside help whatsoever, they would have been compelled to abandon fighting for the want of a single cartridge. The occasional supplies of ammunition they have received have enabled them to fight as they have fought for over four years. As a Spanish column advances, the Cubans fire on them from the bushes and escape through their superior knowledge of the country. On one occasion three Cubans came across a straggling Spanish soldier, and, presenting their rifles, called on him to surrender. The brave fellow resolved to sell his life, and so refused the summons, when he discovered that the threat to fire was an idle one, for not a rifle was loaded. Timely aid arriving, the soldier escaped with only a slight wound from the hand-to-hand encounter. When our correspondent casually mentioned to the Spanish officers the landing of the Edgar Stuart's cargo among the insurgents, the intelligence occasioned much concern, for the importance of supplies of ammunition to their enemies is acknowledged by the Spaniards. These facts certainly throw doubt upon the Spanish stories of the smallness of the rebel force, and corroborate the statement of our former correspondent, that there are

enough men in the ranks of the insurgents to drive the Spaniards from the island if only they had arms and ammunition to enable them to take the field. They show further the humanity of extending belligerent rights to the revolutionists, so that under the influence of their recognition they could obtain a sufficiency of the supplies of war. The dribbles of help they have heretofore received are in reality a cruelty to them, for they only serve to protract an inhuman war and make it apparently endless. In the words of a Spanish officer, they may make the rebellion extend over twenty-five years, as it has already extended over nearly five. It would be far more humane to give the Cubans all the arms and ammunition they could use, so that the war might be brought to a speedy conclusion, if it must be fought out to the bitter end, by enabling the contending armies to meet each other fairly in the field.

But we have better hope for Cuba now that the Spanish Republic is an accomplished fact. We have faith that such patriots as Martos, Figueras and Castelar will be true to republican principles and will respect the rights and liberties of the people on every inch of Spanish soil. Our Cuban correspondent has been treating with the officers of the Spanish monarchy, and we are writing of events which transpired when Amadeus was on the throne of Spain and when the representatives of his power caught by inspiration the instinct of despotism. With a republican government at hand, Ceballos and Morales will be better disposed to suffer the correspondent of an independent journal to pursue a legitimate and humane mission without threatening to shoot him as a spy. The Republic of Spain should be as eager as the Republic of the United States to put a stop to the cruel war in Cuba, and to do justice to the people who have been for five years struggling against the power of a foreign monarchy. Indeed, the Spanish authorities should now be glad to send Mr. O'Kelly as a neutral through their lines to the camp of the insurgents, to convey to the Cubans the happy news of the establishment of a republic in Spain, and to ask them, as the champions of republican government, to receive proposals of peace and amnesty from those who are now their brethren. The mission of our correspondent may thus be made useful to both the Spaniards and the Cubans, although in a manner not contemplated when it was undertaken. As Stanley rescued Livingstone from threatening dangers in Africa and brought him back, through his letters and his words, to the civilized world, so O'Kelly may carry relief to the suffering Cubans in the welcome tidings he would bear, and bring them back to peace and happiness and home. For ourselves we should rejoice at such a happy termination of our Cuban expedition. Although some of our contemporaries have bostowed upon us a free-eating character, the HERALD is for peace at home and abroad. Its large interests are identified with peace; its voice has always been against war. When our correspondent was threatened with assassination—for the shooting of Mr. O'Kelly as a spy would be simply assassination—we spoke our honest sentiments when we warned the Spanish authorities that retribution would follow such an act. We should have done the same had the life of an attaché of any other American journal been threatened under similar circumstances. The mission of our correspondent is one of humanity—one in which not the United States alone, but the whole civilized world is interested. We would defend him against injury as we would defend our own life, and in this we are confident we would command the sympathy and aid of the whole American press. But if the danger ever existed it is now over. We claim for Mr. O'Kelly, from the representatives of the Spanish Republic, all the courtesy and cooperation to which he is entitled, and we commend him to Captain General Ceballos—if that is still his title—as a fit and proper person for the important mission we have pointed out.

The President's Message on Utah.

Yesterday President Grant sent a message to Congress urging early legislation by that body in relation to the regulation of the judiciary in the Mormon Territory. The reasons he advances for this change of the law as it at present exists are strong and doubtless justify the immediate consideration of our national legislators. That the Mormon hierarchy, through their Territorial Legislature, should endeavor to impede the course of justice when it trench upon the institutions they have labored to consolidate is not merely a consequence to be expected, but one actually experienced. Owing to the conflict of laws between the United States and the Territory, it has been found hitherto impossible to punish a Mormon for any offence which he may have committed in what the authorities deemed the interest of their Church. The grasp of a man like Brigham Young upon the fanaticisms of his followers is enough to consecrate such an offender. The crime of murder, even, was dressed in a fanatic's phrase which veiled its criminality in a garb of heroism. When a man proved obnoxious he was made to fit himself for Heaven by "blood atonement"—that is, by being assassinated—and then he was said to have "perished in the flesh." The legal difficulties lie, first, in the fact that the jurors are appointed under Territorial law, and hence the Mormons can pack any jury to save a friend. They have the matter so much in their hands that they can cause a man to be acquitted, no matter what the evidence or the crime. The other is an assumption by the Territorial Probate Court of the right to grant writs of habeas corpus for the release of prisoners held under the laws of the United States. If remedying these things, as the President suggests, would clearly open the way to the abolition of polygamy it would be indeed a good thing; but it must be remembered that these legal enactments will only make the conviction of criminals possible, and not touch directly such an abuse as polygamy. Congress should, however, do something. We cannot afford to allow anything approaching to a Mormon war to break forth. Such a war could only have one ending—namely, the utter desolation of Utah and the destruction of much valuable life—even Mormon life. In pity to the poor fanatics who might shoulder a musket at the call of Brigham Young, we would save them from such a fate, and Congress in treating the matter, while making law inviolable in Utah, should avoid any necessity of an appeal to arms.

Unrelenting Justice—The Fate of Gaffney and the Approaching Fate of Stokes.

The columns of the HERALD to-day present two terrible warnings to those whose lives are given up to the dissipation, license and ruffianism which have recently run riot in this and other cities—the execution of the murderer Gaffney in Buffalo and the denial of a new trial to Stokes in New York. The two criminals have occupied exactly opposite positions in life—the one brought up among the dregs of society; poor, brutalized, a "rough" by instinct, and rising through his qualifications as a rowdy to the proprietorship of a low drinking saloon in a questionable locality—the other of respectable family, well educated, moving in good society, and at one time with brilliant prospects before him. But both were the victims of lawless and unbridled passions; both preferred the path of sin to a career of rectitude and honor; both indulged in excesses and what to them for the moment seemed enjoyment without regard to their own characters or to the peace and happiness of others, and thus the two men, so opposite before them, are, by the community of crime, united in a shameful death upon the gallows. We say united, for we regard the fate of Stokes as sealed. The hanging of the rowdy murderer makes the escape of the polished assassin impossible. Gaffney, "crazy drunk" as he declares, sat down in a saloon to play cards, lost all his money, got into a quarrel with his victim and, after the latter had left the place, followed him to the sidewalk and murdered him. Stokes, sober and cool of purpose, trapped his enemy in a narrow passage from which there was no escape, and shot him down. In the one case there was the madness of liquor—the frenzy of passion to hurry the drunken ruffian to crime; in the other there was deliberation and deadly hate to direct the aim and nerve the arm of the gentlemanly assassin. As the gallows has claimed the one, it must assuredly not be denied the other.

What a lesson do the two stories read to the criminal classes of all conditions of life! "None are all evil," and in the heart of the Buffalo murderer lived a tender love for his children. He feigned insanity to avert death; not that he feared to die, for he went bravely to his fate, but because he clung to life for one object—that he might only occasionally hear from his children. He was contented to remain all his days in prison, so that the one bright ray might sometimes penetrate the darkness of his cell—to hear from his children! That would have been his consolation and have recompensed him for the loss of liberty. It was the link that bound him to this world. He did not think of those he loved when he raised his hand against the life of a fellow creature. He did not think how many hearts he might strike with anguish when he laid Fahey a corpse at his feet. But when the hour of punishment drew near he hungered for life, because his children lived and because he might sometimes gain tidings of them—perhaps sometimes see their faces. What would he have given, when his last hope was destroyed, if the fatal act for which he suffered had never been committed, so that he could once again have heard the voices of his children—have felt their clinging arms about his neck and their warm kisses on his cheek!

And Stokes, who has relied so confidently on escape through the too wide meshes of the law—who shall say what his feelings must have been when he heard of Judge Boardman's decision; when he found that the new trial, upon which he had forced himself to rely so confidently, was denied him, and that he must prepare for the fate he has drawn upon himself? The representatives of the press were denied access to him—very properly, we think—and the members of his family alone visited him; hence it can only be conjectured how he received the intelligence. But we can readily imagine that his confidence must have given way and have been succeeded by a fearful depth of despair. His father was there, and his faithful brother who has stood by him so constantly through his imprisonment and trial. What would Stokes have given yesterday afternoon, when he read the calm, judicial decision of Judge Boardman, if the terrible events of the past could have suddenly proved to be a dream; if his victim could have been restored to life; if the walls of his noisome cell could have suddenly disappeared and given place to the scenes of his happier and more innocent days; if he could have walked forth a free and an innocent man, to seek the wife he once loved and the child that bears his name? Yet he did not think of wife or child, of father or brother when he committed the murder for which he must atone and which has drawn such grief and misery upon his innocent family.

The decision of Judge Boardman must, we think, be regarded as a final disposition of the Stokes case. Its reasons are too clear and convincing to admit of any review by a single Judge, and it sets forth the only remaining chances for the prisoner—the one an appeal to the full Supreme Court by way of review of the decision or as an independent question, the other a test of the constitutionality of the Jury law of 1872. We presume both of these points will be tried by the faithful counsel of the prisoner, and it is possible that a delay in the execution of the sentence may be necessary to enable the decisions to be reached. But we do not believe there is the faintest probability of the success of either, and it is time that the false excitement which has hitherto fed and sustained the prisoner should be suffered to pass away. He will do better to prepare himself for his fate than to cling to the hope of saving a life which is demanded by the outraged law.

Street Cleaning and Illegal Dumping.

Among the many startling charges brought by our correspondent in yesterday's issue of the HERALD against the Street Cleaning Board that which accuses them and their Superintendent of dumping the refuse of the streets into New York harbor is well worth investigation. The following communication from Pilot Commissioner Blunt shows a curious state of affairs:—

How Commissioners and their employes for this great outrage upon the public rights that the law will permit.

February 14, 1873. If the donal put forward by Captain Thorne be of the character imputed to it by Mr. Blunt the matter takes a very grave form. Our correspondent's observations on the matter are a distinct accusation which must put the Street Cleaning Board on the defensive. Mr. Blunt assumes that Captain Thorne's denial of the dumping in the harbor is untrue. If it should prove so the Board have rendered themselves liable to prosecution under a law of this State, which expressly says:—

SECTION 2.—It shall not be lawful for any person to throw any ballast, rubbish, ashes or cinders from any vessel or lighter, or from any pier or bulkhead, into the waters of the docks, slips or harbor of the port of New York.

A Many-Titled Don Quixote Declares War on Fish.

There are two extraordinary potentates in the United States, and they have become involved in a terrible quarrel. The first is Don José Ferrer de Couto, Knight of the Order of Santiago, Commander of the Royal American Order of Isabel la Católica, Knight of the Order of Charles III, Honorary Member of the Mexican Geographical and Statistical Society, Fellow of the Commission of the History of Spanish Infantry, of the Royal Academy of Archeology of Madrid and High Coackalorum of Spanish chivalry generally. The second is Mr. Fish.

The first is a Quixote of the quill, of sombered magnificence, who flourishes in this city; the second is only our Secretary of State. The hidalgo has the advantage over the American in length of name, and he has declared war upon him because of something. He wrote a letter to Mr. Fish, which we published at the time, and which explained all about it. Some paper in Washington has had the temerity to present itself to the mind of the Spaniard as the hand organ on which Mr. Fish gets off his scales. This was the first unpardonable offence tendered to the Spaniard. This being so, it is easy to grasp what followed. The paper began to play what sounded to Spanish ears like the music of Cuba libre. The Cuban cause was making gigantic headway, it said, and the passive policy no longer holds good. As if a tarantula had bitten him behind the ear, fury seized the son of Spain. Slapped he then the hilt of his office ruler, buckled on his devil's satchel, dabbed on his war paint with his gum brush, sharpened the point of his longest quill and declared that a mortal wrong had been done to Don José Ferrer de Couto, Knight of the Order of Santiago, Commander of the Royal American Order of Isabel la Católica, Knight of the Order of Charles III, Honorary Member of the Mexican Geographical and Statistical Society, Fellow of the Commission of the History of Spanish Infantry, of the Royal Academy of Archeology of Madrid and High Coackalorum of Spanish chivalry generally. So much insulted dignity it would be almost otherwise impossible to get together in one suit of clothes. The cup of his anger was not yet full, for he had taken note that the offending newspaper hopes, in the name of Mr. Fish, for a favorable reply to his communication to our Minister at Madrid, under date of 29th October last. "Caramba!" yells the Spaniard. "Think you that a respectable government would receive such a note, or would fail to boot the bearer of such a missive, so that he would gyrate through the air in parabolic curves from one end of the Strada del Popolo to the other?" If Mr. Fish has not enjoined our Minister to deliver the note, he had better hesitate before doing so. Amadeus has resigned his precious crown; Zorrilla is taking a plunge into privacy; the Carlists are carrying the flag of retrogression, with fire and sword, and whipping other Spaniards out of their zapatos; Castelar and his republicans are for the present in power, but anything or nothing may turn up. Our Minister would be placed in a very delicate position, as in all hidalgodom there might not be an individual, Spanish or Italian, to whom he could address himself as the government. Then, again, there might be half a dozen faction leaders, to which of whom the Minister would be in doubt to apply for his problematical kicking. There is a contingency which the irate Spaniard should not overlook. The Spaniards are fond of titles as babies of rattles, and if they searched from San Sebastiano to Cadix and from Finisterre to Barcelona, where could they find one to equal Don José Ferrer de Couto, Knight of the Order of Santiago, Commander of the Royal American Order of Isabel la Católica, Knight of the Order of Charles III, Honorary Member of the Mexican Geographical and Statistical Society, Fellow of the Commission of the History of Spanish Infantry, of the Royal Academy of Archeology of Madrid and High Coackalorum of Spanish chivalry generally? Where, indeed? This contingency looks to the possibility of Don José, &c., being called upon to be the government of Spain. His letter shows how he can with his present limited opportunities exterminate rebels—on paper—and we can imagine, if only he were the government, the gusto with which he would shoot himself as formidably as the Cid and practise kicking in competition with a Spanish mule, so as to prepare for the visit of our Minister. Then, indeed, would it be the duty of Mr. Fish to send an iron suit of clothes, inexpressibles particularly, along with his instructions. But it has not come to this yet. It is, therefore, possible that the High Coackalorum of Spanish chivalry generally may imagine the Knight of the Order of Santiago to be deeply injured, the Commander of the Royal American Order of Isabel la Católica to be outraged, the Knight of the Order of Charles III. to be insulted, the Honorary Member of the Mexican Geographical and Statistical Society to be blackballed, the Fellow of the Commission of the History of Spanish Infantry to be drummed out, the Fellow of the Royal Academy of Archeology of Madrid to be called a madman, and that Don José Ferrer de Couto therefore considers himself bound to visit upon Mr. Fish the vengeance due. We hope not. If it should be so, let the Secretary of State keep three or four lengths of stopping loaded

with boiled turnips and mounted on monstrous pumpkins ready to mow down the terrible man. It is true that the Spaniard concludes for the present with kissing the hands of Secretary Fish; but we should not be deceived by this, for what deed of horror is too great for His Majesty that may be, Don José Ferrer de Couto, Knight of the Order of Santiago, Commander of the Royal American Order of Isabel la Católica, Knight of the Order of Charles III, Honorary Member of the Mexican Geographical and Statistical Society, Fellow of the Commission of the History of Spanish Infantry, of the Royal Academy of Archeology of Madrid and High Coackalorum of Spanish chivalry generally? What, indeed?

Pope Pius IX. as an American Citizen.

Pope Pius IX., in his interview with the officers of the American Navy who waited on him a few days ago in the Vatican, asked how he would be received in America should he decide on making the great Republic his home. The answer of the officers was polite and natural. If His Holiness should decide on coming here, they said, the people would regard his taking up his residence among them as a great honor. More or less would be indelicate toward gentlemen in their position. As the highest earthly representative of the oldest form of Christianity, his presence would no doubt flatter our pride, because we could show the world that the bugbear of so many European governments, despotic or communistic, might drop into our midst and slay there as long as he pleased without causing us a single spasm of papaphobia. He might take up his "residence" here, but whatever respect he would inspire in a religious sense from a large section of our population, his rights and privileges would be no more than those of the poorest Italian landing on our shores. In the controlling power of a nation like ours, in which the separation between Church and State is so marked on account of a union never having existed, the Pope, while being free to be as religious as he pleased, would find his sway end there. His spiritual power could find the fullest exercise here in the hearts of all who believe in the doctrines of his Church. He would leave the last vestige of his temporal power, as he understood it, behind him in Europe. He would have the entire Continent to roam over at his pleasure, and would have no plea of martyrdom to advance as the prisoner of a prince or potentate. The spectacle which would meet his eyes in this country of rival sects living in peace and brotherhood, and finding out that the Gospel did not bring any sword but that of opposition to sin, could not fail to impress him favorably. The fulminations of a Bismarck or a Mazzini could not harm him. His naturalization papers would be a safer and better guard to him than the uncertain bayonets of a Napoleon or the uniforms of a pious regiment or two of Papal Zouaves. He could not be a king, but he would not be the subject of any king. He would be a sovereign who shared his sovereignty with forty millions of freemen, and in this capacity he would find himself more free to encourage his spiritual children than while locked up in the Vatican or seated on a little throne with every hungry Power around him taking a slice off his territory. He would be convinced that the Republic, while it recognizes no religion, does not mean irreligion. This might be useful to him, for the utter irreligiosity which sundry noisy leaders of what is called republicanism, in Europe proclaim as inseparable from the Republic has agitated the nervous system of His Holiness for many a day. He would no longer be the belle noise of the French or German socialists or the Scarlet Lady of Exeter Hall. With his mind at ease on these things, and a snug mansion in New York and a villa at St. Augustine, he might pass peacefully through life and honored through the gates of death when his time came. When the American officers spoke, as they are reported, on behalf of their nation, they were not only polite and delicate but truthful.

RAILWAY INTERESTS IN GERMANY.—A royal German message, addressed to the Prussian Chamber of Deputies yesterday, intimates pretty plainly the existence of a railway concession ring somewhere in the neighborhood of the imperial palace. Emperor William wants to know all about it. His Majesty has ordered an inquiry as to matters of fact. This makes it certain that if anything is wrong the ring will be soon in as demoralized a condition as would be a barrel of lager without hoops under a fiery-hot sunshine.

THE VIENNA INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION PALACE is completed, and goods are being received in the building. France, Egypt and Turkey appear to have gone ahead with great energy, and they now make a very promising commencement. The section which has been set apart for the United States is not yet in shape, but it will no doubt come out all right in the end.

PERSONAL INTELLIGENCE.

- Recherfort's wife is convalescing.
Charles K. Tuckerman, our late Minister to Athens, is in London.
Yakob is the name of the Khan of Kashgar. Probably a descendant of one of the "lost tribes of Israel."
Eugénie has sent a rather frigid reply to the letter of condolence from Marshal and Madame MacMahon.
Dr. Guthrie has so far recovered that he lately went from Edinburgh to London and is to proceed to St. Leonard's-on-Sea.
Out of the 22,701,000 population of England and Wales more than 800,000 are on the parish registers as subjects of poor law relief.
The Lord Mayor of London will, on the 26th of March, entertain the Mayors of all England and Wales at the Mansion House.
M. Thiers assumes the entire responsibility of the expulsion of Prince Napoleon from France and says he may have to care for these persons and journals that dub the ex-Prince Imperial Napoleon IV.
Captain Sheldon Sturgeon, Sixth United States cavalry, is under surgical treatment at the Prosegerian Hospital, corner of Madison avenue and Seventieth street.
Five hundred and thirty women in the United States are doctors, twenty-four are dentists, five lawyers and sixes-eight preachers. Which would a man in his senses run fastest from?
"John B. Randolph," of Cedar street, is wanted by General Butler, the Chairman of the credit Mutier Investigating Committee, Washington. He is supposed to be one of the Randolphs of Roanoke.
The Count de Paris is now reported to think the Count de Chambord only a pretender, and to say that the monarchy can only be restored by popular election, and then must be constitutional, not absolute.
Admiral Popoff, of the Russian Navy, is inspecting