

NEW YORK HERALD

BROADWAY AND ANN STREET.

JAMES GORDON BENNETT, PROPRIETOR.

Volume XXXVIII.....No. 60

AMUSEMENTS THIS AFTERNOON AND EVENING.

NIPLO'S GARDEN, Broadway, between Prince and Houston streets—Lido and Loton. Matinee at 1 1/2.

OLYMPIC THEATRE, Broadway, between Houston and Fletcher streets—HURRY DUARRY. Matinee at 2.

UNION SQUARE THEATRE, Union square, between Broadway and Fourth av.—ONE HUNDRED YEARS OLD.

WALLACK'S THEATRE, Broadway and Thirtieth street—DAVID GARRECK. Matinee at 2.

ROOTH'S THEATRE, Twenty-third street, corner Sixth avenue—TICKET OF LEAVE MAN. Matinee at 2.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Fourteenth street—ITALIAN OPERA—Afternoon at 1—Don Giovanni.

THEATRE COMIQUE, No. 84 Broadway—PERRY DICK TURK. Matinee at 2 1/2.

BOWERY THEATRE, Bowery—A NIGHT ON A STRAIN BOAT—WILL OF THE WISP. Matinee at 2.

GRAND SQUARE THEATRE, Twenty-third and Eighth av.—ROSE FORTION. Matinee at 1 1/2.

GERMANIA THEATRE, Fourteenth street, near Third av.—JOHN FORTION. Matinee at 1 1/2.

NEW FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE, 728 and 730 Broadway—ALICE. Matinee at 1 1/2.

WOODS MUSEUM, Broadway, corner Thirtieth st.—ACROSS THE CONTINENT. Afternoon and Evening.

ATHENEUM, No. 225 Broadway—GRAND VARIETY ENTERTAINMENT. Matinee at 2.

MRS. F. B. CONWAY'S BROOKLYN THEATRE—ALICE.

FRY'S OPERA HOUSE, Twenty-third st., corner 8th av.—MRS. MINNIE STRATTON, &c.

TONY PASTOR'S OPERA HOUSE, No. 201 Bowery—VARIETY ENTERTAINMENT. Matinee at 2 1/2.

SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS, corner 26th st. and Broadway—ETHELIA MINNIE STRATTON, &c.

STEINWAY HALL, Fourteenth street—GRAND VOCA AND INSTRUMENTAL CONCERT.

ASSOCIATION HALL, 22d street and 4th av.—Afternoon at 3—MRS. G. YANDERBILT'S READING.

NEW YORK MUSEUM OF ANATOMY, 62 Broadway—SCIENCE AND ART.

TRIPLE SHEET.

New York, Saturday, March 1, 1873.

THE NEWS OF YESTERDAY.

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SPAIN.—It is a matter of common report in Europe that the great Powers have unitedly resolved not to recognize, for the present, the existing Spanish government. What does this mean? We know that the great Powers are monarchial and that they care not for the success of the Republic. Is this resolution the result of a feeling against the Republic and its chances, or is it the fruit of a certain knowledge that the Republic cannot last? After all it must be admitted that Spain is not the best country to make a republican experiment. It is deeply troubled just now by Carlist, military desertion and citizen strife.

A New Transatlantic Cable.—A cable dispatch of this morning informs us that the Great Eastern has now on board two thousand five hundred and sixty-seven miles of cable. The telegraph fleet is to consist of the Great Eastern, Elberina, Edinburgh and La Plata. The fleet will sail the last week in May. It is expected that the new cable will be in working order before the first day of July. We cannot have too many transatlantic cables. The more the merrier, and the more the better for mankind.

America in Paris—What One of Our Lost Tribes Is Doing—French Criticism on America.

Burns has a quaint conceit that if men and women could see themselves as they are seen by others they would escape many blunders and foolish notions. It is not a grateful function, this acting as a moral mirror to our friends and acquaintances and showing them their little faults and embarrassments. There is an old frontier story of two sinners who, having experienced a change of heart, resolved upon a change of lives. Not being in the range of Gospel ministrations, they resolved to confess their sins and amend their ways. "Now, Tom," said Joe, "you know you have been wicked." "I know," replied Tom. "You know you were drunk recently." "Alas! many times," said Tom. "You know you tell lies." Whereupon Thomas grew violently angry, committing assault and battery upon his confessor and postponing—indeed, indefinitely, we fear—the day of regeneration and religious self-denial. There is another story of the same character that comes to mind. "Do you know," said the village gossip, "that Smith, the village sinner, has got religion." "Has he?" said the deacon. "Yes; he does not go around on Sunday with his axe over his shoulder to cut down trees. He waits until church is out and carries his axe under his coat-tail." All "America in Paris" is in an excitement of a similar nature over the new play of Sardou. Our American friends are about to be shown their weaknesses—their sins of commission—and France will be told that if now, in our days of reform, we do not carry the axe on the shoulder we carry it under our coats. Now, it is notorious that no people claim to welcome criticism more earnestly than Americans. Mr. Sardou has taken them at their word, and they reply, we fear, in the spirit of our frontier friend, who terminated his confession of sins by an assault upon his monitor. We sympathize with the emotion of our exiled brethren and fellow countrymen. We trust we love and honor our dearly beloved compatriots; but if there is one section more cherished than another it is that absent colony of free and independent citizens that we call "America in Paris." We are afraid our sober stay-at-home people—who see no spire higher than Trinity, and find in the new Court House the sum and glory of architecture, and believe Central Park the only breathing ground worthy of the name—know very little about their exiled brethren, and forget, if they ever really knew, that we have a colony in Paris who exercise a large influence upon France and the French people. In that catholic spirit which animates the Herald our readers will see that we have not forgotten this precious remnant of the American race. Our commissioner, emulous of the fame of the discoverers of the Swamp Angels, the Cuban patriot army and Dr. Livingstone, boldly set out in search of the colony and found it. He says nothing of the dangers he encountered, but leaves them to our imagination. To be sure, they are not like those confronting the commanders of other expeditions, but still they are not to be underrated. There are perils in Paris far exceeding, we fear, perils on land and sea, from land rats and water rats and pirates on the main. There is the Latin Quarter—fatal to so many noble spirits from the time of Abelard to that of young Duval, who shot himself for Com. Pearl. There are the boulevards, where heedless travellers find traps and pitfalls; the Palais Royal, where any one who enters with a full purse must leave all hope behind. There are legends of Mabille and the gardens of the Luxembourg and the chestnut trees at Sceaux. But our commissioner braved them all in the performance of his work, and his report is now before the world. It will be seen, as a general thing, that our colony is in a flourishing condition. The picture of the home-sick patriot sitting alone in the courtyard of the Grand Hotel, musing over his fifth bottle of pale ale and hoping for some friendly face to come and partake of his hospitality, is sad enough. When a thoroughbred American is lonely and away from home he is the loneliest of human beings. The Englishman has his beer and the Times, the German his pipe, the Frenchman his red wine and his picture of Napoleon, to remind him of his nation's glory; but the American needs society. He craves sympathy. Our countryman abroad is usually seized with a desire to give his views on politics and society. He becomes talkative, would instruct mankind upon the reasons which lead to the decadence of France, and, indeed, of all European nations, as well as upon the facility with which England could be invaded. As a general thing, he likes Bismarck and will tell you what Bismarck is about to do. He believes in Russia; but, somehow, never goes there on account of the wolves, which are known to make travel dangerous. His special antipathy is the French people, especially if he cannot speak the language. He admires the Bonapartes and thinks the French peculiarly unfit for republicanism. He resents the universal impression that all Americans abroad are in the sewing machine business, and delights to buy imitation jewelry and present it to the servants. He becomes a critical reader of the New York Herald, beginning with the marriages and deaths. The days when no mail comes are dark indeed, and he lingers with astonishment and grief over the amazing French journals, with their perplexing news despatches—which contain no news—and their coy, sly jokes which no dictionary will explain. If he can gain admission to the Washington Club he finds a great comfort in looking at home faces and talking politics, differing with his fellow countrymen on all themes but one—the utter worthlessness of the French people. Sometimes, in despair, he will find consolation in losing ten or twenty thousand francs at French games of chance. We are afraid all is not harmony in the colony. Our compatriots abroad, one would think, would find peace and rest in each other's society. But it is painful to be informed that the general business of every American abroad is to discuss every other American. A few have ribbons of honor from the French and German Courts, and these are severely assailed. They are unpatriotic, say our brethren, who, we fear, would give up every comfort in life but Cavendish plug tobacco and the Herald to have the same red ribbon and the tiny, dangling cross. There are new comers and old residents. The new comers sound most of his time in looking for

American oysters—a taste despised by old residents, who like the mineral copper flavor of the Ostend or Armorian. Now and then there are charming little dinners, when the old resident astonishes the new comers by having on exhibition a real count with an appetite. Our commissioner darkly hints that some of our enterprising countrymen really keep a count in reserve for dinner purposes; but this we hesitate to accept. In Summer the colony has accessions, when the old residents with the reserved count come out bravely in the dinner way. These Summer begiras are sometimes curious. A few years ago we sent delegates from our highest petroleum and shoddy circles, who amazed the waiters at Bignon's and Vefour's by the quaintness of their customs. Then came the Tammany emigration, when the American Club heroes swarmed on the boulevards with glaring cravats and diamond pins, and gave the waiters good pieces for fees. This was, however, in our sunny Tammany days. There has been a Tammany begira since then, but mainly to other countries, where, happily, there remains no treaty of surrender or extradition. This Summer we do not know who will go, unless it be our Committee of Seventy or the well-satisfied followers of Boss Tom Murphy's new ring, or the bulls and bears of Wall street, headed by Henry Smith, Jay Gould and Daniel Drew. The Committee of Seventy would make a fine impression in Paris, for Paris has seen before in its history patriots whose virtue culminated in a place, reformers who grew rich on their professions of reform, and hypocrites who served their country only as they served themselves. We trust our beloved and exiled brethren will not quarrel with M. Sardou, in the play which is to tell the world what a French writer thinks of our own dear native. "Marquis," says a young lady in Fifth avenue—the lady and the Marquis are discussing an honorable proposition of matrimony—"Marquis, how much are you worth?" "Pardon, Mademoiselle, I do not understand?" "I mean, are you very rich?" "Oh, yes, very rich; eighty thousand francs a year." "Well invested?" "In shares, lands and vineyards." "Bordeaux vineyards?" None of our Catawba!" "Yes, but my dear Sarah—" "Do you receive your rents regularly?" &c., &c. This is an extract from the play that excites "America in Paris," and is supposed to be the way a damsel in Fifth avenue would consider an offer of marriage from a French nobleman. We really see no harm in this—no reason why M. Sardou should not write plays all his life filled with similar "hits at American society." If he says nothing more we shall be content; nay, we should be more than contented if we did not feel that there were true phases of American society more vexatious than this which M. Sardou or any satirist would do well to put upon the stage. It is not long since a character rivaling the Count of Monte Christo flashed over our New York society—since we had a quack driving six-in-hand to salute the President—since the chief of Tammany dispensed his wealth like an Oriental magnate in the buying and selling of Legislatures—since some of the first men of the nation were shown to be merely purchased hirelings of a vast railway corporation who gave their votes for money. Men and brethren, whether here at home, or far off exiled in dear, seducing, romantic Paris, while these things are so—and we all know them to be true—let us not grow angry because a French dramatic Bohemian puts Uncle Sam into a comedy and plays him on the Parisian stage.

The Louisiana Difficulty—Let Us Have Peace.

There is reason to fear from the character of the debate in the Senate on the Louisiana difficulty, and from the few hours that remain to this Congress, that the whole matter will be left to the Executive to settle. In that case we are informed in advance by the President what the settlement will be. He will recognize the usurping Kellogg government. Perhaps this is what Congress, or the Senate, at least, desires. As in the Credit Mobilier case, Congress has not, it seems, the moral courage to grapple with a great evil when the republican party must suffer by such action. The wrong has been done by that party and by the administration which it has made and is its representative; but neither Congress nor the President has the moral courage to admit that by throwing out the usurping Kellogg faction. But let us have peace at any rate. Let civil war be averted and the dangerous state of things existing now in Louisiana be promptly cured. If Congress and the President will not recognize the proper State government of McEnery, and the people will not submit to the usurping one of Kellogg, let us have immediately a new election. Anything to avoid civil war or the pretext for a military despotism. Only let not the election be put off. Let it be held at once. This, we are sorry to say, seems to be the only solution of the difficulty.

The Alabama Claims Award at Geneva.

Mr. Julian Goldsmit, a member of the British House of Commons, has intimated to the Parliament, in an indirect manner but strictly legislative form, that he is convinced that there was some sharp, if not positively dishonest, practice on the part of the United States with regard to the make-up of the bill of claims for compensation in the Alabama case presented at Geneva, and that the award of the arbitrators in favor of the Americans is faulty and erroneous in our favor by being based on this bill. Mr. Goldsmit will ask Queen Victoria's Ministers, on the 3d instant, "whether it is true that the actual losses of the United States were two million five hundred thousand dollars less than the award made at Geneva, and whether the American government will remit the amount?" The reading of the question moved the House to cheers, whether of approval or the reverse is not stated. The notice involves many serious issues. Coming from a man of Mr. Goldsmit's reputation, the heir presumptive, if not already so in fact, to the position and wealth of the eminent financier, Sir Isaac Lyon Goldsmit, one of the principal founders of University College, London, through inheritance from his son, Sir Francis Henry Goldsmit, the legislative intimation will attract more than usual interest and attention. It is to be hoped that it will be met promptly and removed in a satisfactory manner.

How the Farce Was Planned, Played and Ended.

Now that the curtain is well down, the lights out, the benches empty and the universal verdict of "damnation" accorded by the critics is endorsed by the entire people, we may take a final glance at the Credit Mobilier farce itself. We cannot well shrink from the task; but it is a very disagreeable one. Of all the horrid, hideous sounds of woe—More dire than screech-owl on the midnight blast—Is that portentous sound, "I told you so." Uttered by friends—those prophecies of the past. And we did tell the public so; and if anybody doubted what we said he is rightly served. "I am the honestest man in Congress; they will not dare to expel me," said old Hoax a couple of weeks ago. The shovelmaker, it must be admitted, in saying this, showed that he had not much to brag about on the honesty question. What is more, he has no idea of what honesty is, and so that part of his declaration will have little weight with the public. The secret history, however, of the connection between that honesty cry and the subsequent refusal to expel him is well worth writing inch-deep on the tablets of history. Hoax, when he uttered this memorable prophecy, was fresh from a rehearsal of the farce that has since been played to such studiously barren conclusions. It was after dark under the gaslight in the committee room of St. Poland. The dramatic persona were selected by Butler, for the simple reason that he had the "cast" already in his eye. St. Poland was told to shine up his brass buttons and paint in the V wrinkles of a terrible stage frown between his eyebrows, for he was to play the resounding part of "Indignant Justice." There was no necessity to tell Brooks to whiten his face; it looked pale enough. All he had to do was to rub some *Mano de perle* over his soiled hands, and get his son-in-law to exhibit him with a requisite amount of dirt upon them. He was to play "Injured Innocence," and at every opportunity was to hold up his whitened hands and emit a whine. Hoax himself was to play "Old Honesty," and for this purpose Dawes lent him some of the "properties" he used when he played the part a long time ago. Among these was a flowered waistcoat, which on the stage is the badge of rural simplicity. He was also to wear a shawl hat. To Bingham was assigned the part of "Shameless Sinner." He was to be dressed in a yellow jaundiced suit and glory in his stock of Credit Mobilier and wash impertinence. Dawes was to play the part of "Howling Simplicity," with a spoonful of baked beans in his mouth. Banks was to play "Buttered Thunder," with a quart of sweet oil trickling between his bolts of denunciation. Kelley was to play "Pig-iron Virtue" and to talk from the bottom of a Pennsylvania mine, so as to give his utterances a ghostly hollowness as well as a delusive depth. Butler reserved the leading rôle of "Ben the Buffoon" for himself. It was a wise selection. He looked the part thoroughly and had no necessity to "make up" for it. His speech upon "Honest Hoax Ames," with his indescribable grimaces, convulsed the actors so at rehearsal that, although they were sworn to secrecy until the day of the performance, Hoax could not help blabbing out in a chuckle his prophecy, with its remarkable comment on his honesty the next day. On Tuesday the performance began to a crowded house, and people not in the secret never dreamed that they were acting. St. Poland talked his lines with all the sententiousness of a man really seeking what he was praying for. The V wrinkles looked inflexible justice itself. "Ben the Buffoon" spring into the ring and kicked up the sawdust with a resolution to hand "Old Honesty" over to his pantomime policeman. This was flouted according to arrangement by the old man with the brass buttons and V wrinkles in his forehead. Then Hoax himself stood up and got the "call boy" of the House to read his lines. During the recital he drew forth a huge "check" pocket handkerchief and wept bucketsful into it. The audience were swindled into weeping, also, along with the old man artifical. This ended the first act. On Wednesday "Ben the Buffoon" came forward for his trick scene. Hoax and Brooks were beguiled of their sorrows in listening to his daring deviltry. The appearance of the Buffoon alone gave point to his insults to decency. Hoax looked so astonished at hearing himself called an honest man in public, and by such a being, that he almost forgot the diabolical irony of the Buffoon. He almost believed it was real, and oh! how Brooks wished it was. Brooks all the time whined to order and flung up his whitened hands and cried like the maidens at the Bowersy—"Oh, I am innocent! Spare me! spare me!" The Buffoon reached the climax of his part when he declared he was made by God and not by the press. Well might every reporter in the gallery throw up his hands and say thank Heaven that the Buffoon took his paternity off their hands. Much as they might believe the Buffoon to have made a mistake in the exact supernatural being to whom he ascribed his origin, they rejoiced to hear him disown the press as parent to such a monstrosity. The "Shameless Sinner," as played by Bingham, was also a remarkable success. That in this character he assumed the press to take as the highest compliment in his power. Oddly enough, Ames shuddered rather at the compliments Bingham paid him, and for which Hoax knew he had paid so handsomely in Mobilier favors beforehand. He would not have shuddered any more than one of his own shovels if he was not aware that the audience knew the exact price. But when he had welcomed landations from the Buffoon it was no wonder he accepted them even from Bingham. Why, he would have taken them from Colfax or Patterson. Then Banks came in as "Buttered Thunder," and such unctuous rumbung was never heard as rolled over the mosquito piping of Bingham. This ended the second act. The third act was short. Dawes, as "Howling Simplicity," and Kelley, as "Pig-iron Virtue," met with moderate success. The votes were counted and the farce was over. But when we turn away, saddened and disgusted from the deplorable exhibition, with the triumph of corruption ringing in our ears, and ponder what must be the effect thereof on public morals, we are startled at the prospect. A sweeping majority of Congress is found indifferent to honor and honesty, and the sneers of an unscrupulous Buffoon at public opinion, at justice, at morality and at itself are hailed by Congress

with applause. Men convicted of bartering their public trust for the shakels of a shovelmaker are allowed to sit in the places which should be sacred to unswerving character. It is worse for the Republic than as many rebellions as there are tainted Congressmen who have been whitewashed. With such an example in Congress every village in the land will furnish its secret rebels, who will take their cue for conspiracy against the national life through the mazes of corruption from it. Worse a thousand times than flat rebellion will be this insidious cancer, eating to the heart of our free institutions. It is melancholy to think that but two or three men like Shellabarger, of Ohio, rose to the height of the occasion, who could say that public opinion demanded something, and that the cause of good government was on trial as well as these dishonored Congressmen. Good government has received a deadly stab in the shameful result.

Congress—The Unfinished Business—Prospect of an Extra Session.

From noon to-day to the hour of noon on the 4th of March there are three days remaining to the present Congress, including the intervening Sunday; but, as Daniel Webster remarked on a similar occasion of a heavy pressure of urgent business on a very short remnant of the session, "there are no Sabbaths in revolutionary times." Doubtless, therefore, the two houses, day and night, Sunday included, will work like Chironomus on a wager to accomplish the heavy task before them within the three days still remaining to this Congress. If they fail to pass the regular appropriations necessary to carry on the government, or certain other measures declared by the President to be urgently demanded in behalf of peace, law and order—such as a bill setting off or providing for the settlement of the Louisiana entanglement, and the bill reconstructing the Territorial government of Utah—an extra session of the new or Forty-third Congress will, we apprehend, be the next thing in order. The Senate, after an exhausting session (which, with a brief recess or two, lasted from Thursday morning, through the day and the night, to Friday morning), threw all its labor away in the rejection of the Louisiana bill it had been considering and in proceeding then to other business. Meantime the Utah bill, passed by the Senate in deference to the President's earnest representations and suggestions on the subject, hangs fire in the House, while that body is working away upon a budget of miscellaneous subjects which could just as well be postponed to the first Monday in December next. With the covering up and hiding away of the Credit Mobilier scandal by the House we had supposed that nothing in the line of official high crimes and misdemeanors could be produced deemed worthy of impeachment by that dignified body; but it appears that, on motion of Mr. Butler, of the Judiciary Committee, yesterday, Mark H. Delahay, a United States Judge for the District of Kansas, is to be arraigned before the Senate on articles of impeachment from the House, based upon charges of habitual intoxication and his connection with the mysterious disappearance of some thirty-two thousand dollars of the public money, for which he is held responsible to the government. General Butler, however, could not forego the opportunity for the encouraging observation that the House, having purified itself, ought to purify the judiciary a bit. It would appear, nevertheless, that the Judiciary Committee is not satisfied that the Credit Mobilier purification of the House is all the purification required in this business; for, on motion of Mr. Wilson, of said committee, an amendment was admitted to the Legislative Appropriation bill, providing for a general judicial overhauling and rectification of the affairs of the Union Pacific Railroad Company—an amendment which Mr. Dickey, of Pennsylvania, warned the mover, if admitted, "Your appropriation bill is gone where the woodbine twine." This appears to us a warning that this Pacific Company and the Credit Mobilier are still a power in the House. Next, on the amendment raising the compensation of the President and Vice President, United States judges and members of Congress there was too much of superfluous twaddle and of mock heroics for buncombe. It struck Mr. Farnsworth, for example, that the spectacle of this Congress voting an increase of salaries, commencing with the President and ending with itself, was a more shameful spectacle than any that had been exhibited before. But it did not appear to strike Mr. Farnsworth that Congress, and Congress only, is invested with the power and the duty of regulating these official salaries, as in the judgment of the two houses may be deemed proper and expedient from time to time. We think, however, that even Mr. Farnsworth will admit that the pitiful compensation of the members of Congress has had much to do with all these corrupting outside Congressional affiliations, as in the Credit Mobilier and other schemes and jobs of bribery and corruption. Give the member of Congress at least a compensation that will enable him to make both ends meet in Washington without borrowing, begging, gambling, lobby scheming or stockjobbing and there will soon be less of Congressional bribery and corruption than we have had at any time since the demoralizing war of our late rebellion. However, the amendment having been defeated by a decisive vote of the House, the subject may as well be dropped, for this session at least. The details of yesterday's proceedings in both houses, as given in our Congressional reports, show that, while the House and the Senate at the eleventh hour are working desperately to save their distance and avoid an extra session, the probabilities of the unequal struggle appear to be so heavily against them as to render an extra session almost inevitable. FRANCE.—THE COMMITTEE OF THIRTY.—The Committee of Thirty has at last made its report to the Assembly. The presumption is that the report of the committee will be adopted. M. Dufaure, speaking for the government, said that the government unreservedly accepted the committee's recommendations. It does not seem, however, as if the recommendations of the committee would settle anything. The Marquis de Castellane urged the Assembly to proclaim a constitutional monarchy at once. In his judgment delay in this matter meant ruin to France, for it would make the country the

hot-bed of demagogues. A prominent Bonapartist at the same time demanded a plebiscite on the three questions, whether France should be a republic, a monarchy or an empire. All this seems to imply that in France, as in Spain, nothing is settled.

"AFTER THE DELUGE."—"Ridiculus mus nascitur"—a little mouse creeps out of the laboring mountain," is the conclusion a classical evening contemporary arrives at in regard to the action of the House on the explosion matter. "A most lame and impotent conclusion" will be the verdict of the American people upon the same subject, is the opinion of the Evening Mail. "Just as we predicted," says our amusing friend of the Commercial. "The Credit Mobilier have escaped. The imposing proceedings in Congress have come to a lame and impotent conclusion," affirms the Philadelphia Age. "Credit Mobilier is so odious in the sight of the people," says the Albany Argus, "that in Rochester the republicans have substantially abandoned the contest on the city ticket on Tuesday." The Credit Mobilier boisterous has so long enlisted public attention that it will be a relief to have the subject disposed of at last. If "nobody has been hurt" it was more by good luck than by good management on the part of the accused. "After the Deluge" let the ark rest.

PERSONAL INTELLIGENCE.

Two birds killed with one stone—Pomeroy and Ames wept. What made Oakes Ames weep? Judge P. Dunleavy, of Chicago, is at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. It was the Morrill Committee that struck Billy Patterson, after all. General John Croton, now Minister to Bolivia, is at the Metropolitan Hotel. Dr. E. P. Vollum, of the United States Army, is at the Metropolitan Hotel. Count Bernstorff, of the German Legation, sailed in the Clambra on Thursday. Colonel E. R. Backwell, of Philadelphia, is staying at the Grand Central Hotel. Ex-Congressman Homer Ramsdell, of Newburg, is stopping at the Hoffman House. Congressman C. D. Macdougall, of Auburn, N. Y., has arrived at the St. Nicholas Hotel. E. C. Bannold, Solicitor of the United States Treasury, is at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. One of the Japanese Ambassadors is about to marry the daughter of a Paris financier. Prince Arthur Patrick will preside at a St. Patrick's Society dinner on the 17th instant. Simon Brown is dead. He was Lieutenant Governor of Massachusetts in Know Nothing times. Lieutenant Governor Morris Tyler, of Connecticut, is among the late arrivals at the Metropolitan Hotel. Lieutenant Commander James Butterworth, of the United States Navy, is registered at the West-Minister Hotel. C. C. Gilman, of Iowa, President of the Central Railroad of Iowa, yesterday arrived at the St. Nicholas Hotel. The Pope, conscious of the needs of prelates attached to the Vatican, has decided to pay them a full month's salary. Governor Hendricks, of Indiana, fell, when leaving his house in Indianapolis yesterday morning, and severely injured himself. Wipe away your tears, poor innocent Ames. You can let your lachrymose pumps go as dry as a tinder box for a generation to come. Madame Napoleon Bonaparte, the wife of Prince Pierre Bonaparte, who killed Victor Neir, is engaged in dressmaking in Bond Street, London. Several French bishops are urging the Pope to protest against the actions of the Italian government, and then, seeking asylum elsewhere, to "leave Rome to its fate." The new Senator from Missouri, Colonel Boggs, proposes to deal with his constituents in the frankest manner. He promises to frank to them all the Congressional pub. docs. Captain Novosilsky and Engineer Alexandrovsky, of the Russian Navy, are at the Hoffman House, having arrived on Thursday from Europe, on the steamer Atlantic. Governor Washburn's chances as successor of Senator Wilson in the United States Senate from Massachusetts are said to be improving, while Boutwell's are diminishing. Mr. Ramon Cespedes, cousin of the President of Cuba and resident in this city as diplomatic agent of free Cuba, received the sad tidings yesterday that his son had met a patriot's death while fighting in the Cuban liberating army. Sir Charles Bright, of London, who planned and superintended the laying of the West India telegraph cable, arrived at the Brevoort House from the South, late on Wednesday night. Professor William Bingham, of North Carolina, a distinguished scholar and "educator," and author of several text books on the classics, died lately in Florida, whither he had gone for his health. Elery A. Hibbard has accepted the liberal republican nomination for Congress from the New Hampshire first district. He is a democratic member of the present Congress. Election March 11. Lord Dunraven and Dr. Kingsley, of England, who have been travelling in this country and the sands since last Fall, have arrived at the Brevoort House from Washington. They sail for home on Wednesday. Old toppers in England feel themselves to be patriots and bear a becoming port since the Earl of Derby has said, speaking about the tax on liquors, "We have drunk ourselves out of the Alabama difficulty during the past year." The Delaware peach growers honestly admit that the prospect for a good crop this year is as favorable as last year, when an immense crop was harvested. The "eyes of the world are on little Delaware;" so far as early peaches go, at any rate.

THE HERALD COMMISSIONER TO CUBA.

(From the Austin (Texas) State Journal, Feb. 26.) The Cuban special correspondent to the New York Herald, Mr. James J. O'Kelly, applied through the American Consul to General Morales, commander of the Spanish forces in the Eastern Department, for permission to pass the lines, so as to investigate the situation of affairs, to learn the truth and make public all the information he could obtain, in answer to which he received the following cool reply:— General Morales tells me that you can leave Palma and go where you like, on the understanding that if the Spanish troops find you among the insurgents, or if you afterwards appear within the Spanish lines, you will be treated as a spy. In view of the inhuman manner in which both the Cuban and Spanish troops have conducted the war, it is needless to say that O'Kelly is threatened with death. So serious does the case appear that the Herald gives General Morales the following plain talk:— Do any injury to the Herald Commissioner while he obeys the laws of your country, and your nation will pay the penalty. The stupidity of Morales is contemptible. He little comprehends the power of the American press commiserate over the American nation, for it is the direct representative of the people, and is greater than the government itself. If Morales is eager to cross sabres with Uncle Sam he has only to execute his threats against O'Kelly, and the storm of indignation that will sweep over this land, like a prairie fire, will startle monarchs on their thrones and shake Cuba from centre to circumference. Such a spectacle as a combined press has never been known since the discovery of the art of printing; but such an occasion as the threat of Morales contemplates would unite all parties, sects, creeds and shades, and, although distinct as the waves, they would be one as the sea in thundering the voice of a nation roared to revenge. O'Kelly need not lose an hour's sleep; he is backed by a power greater than all the troops on earth.