

NEW YORK HERALD

BROADWAY AND ANN STREET.

JAMES GORDON BENNETT, PROPRIETOR.

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AMUSEMENTS THIS EVENING.

THEATRE COMIQUE, No. 514 Broadway.—Drama, Bouffonerie and Olio.

NEW FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE, 728 and 730 Broadway.—New Year's Eve.

WOODS MUSEUM, Broadway, corner Third st.—Held, afternoon and evening.

AMBIENUM, No. 128 Broadway.—Grand Variety Entertainment.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Fourteenth street.—Italian Opera.—Mantua.

GERMANIA THEATRE, Fourteenth street, near Third st.—Des Midwinters.

NIBLO'S GARDEN, Broadway, between Prince and Houston streets.—Leo and Loto.

OLYMPIC THEATRE, Broadway, between Houston and Bleeker streets.—HARRY DUMBY.

UNION SQUARE THEATRE, Union square, between Broadway and Fourth st.—Cousin Jack.

WALLACK'S THEATRE, Broadway and Thirtieth street.—DAVID GARBER.

BOOTH'S THEATRE, Twenty-third street, corner Sixth st.—DADDY O'DOWN.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE, Twenty-third st. and Eighth st.—Uncle Sam.

BOWERY THEATRE, Bowery.—Jack Harkaway.—Lovers in the Corner.

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

RYAN'S OPERA HOUSE, Twenty-third st. corner 6th st.—Nego Minstrelsy &c.

TONY FACTOR'S OPERA HOUSE, No. 201 Bowery.—Variety Entertainment. Matinee at 2 1/2.

COOPER INSTITUTE, Third avenue and Fourth st.—Lauding Gas Exhibition.

NEW YORK MUSEUM OF ANATOMY, 618 Broadway.—Science and Art.

QUADRUPLE SHEET.

New York, Tuesday, March 25, 1873.

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NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.

Owing to the unprecedented quantity of our advertisements advertisers seeking our columns are requested to send in their advertisements early in the day. This course will secure their proper classification and allow us to make timely arrangements for our news. Advertisements intended for our Sunday issue may be sent in on Thursday or Friday and not later than nine P. M. on Saturday, either at this office or our only uptown bureau, 1,265 Broadway. Let advertisers remember that the earlier their advertisements are in the Herald office the better for themselves and for us.

A Spanish View of the Cuban Question—America Arranged for Her Perfidious and Covetousness.

A curious phase of the republican movement in Spain will be seen in a letter from one of our Madrid correspondents, printed this morning. This letter is mainly a condensation of certain speeches in the Cortes on the bill for the emancipation of the slaves in Porto Rico, which was carried triumphantly by the liberal administration on Saturday. Debates in the Spanish Congress, like debates elsewhere, have a wide range, and so we have an attack upon our government and its policy towards Spain. We in America have felt that the Cuban policy of General Grant was the weakest and most reprehensible feature of his administration. Since the death of Rawlins no sincere effort has been made to insure the peace or the independence of the island. Severe critics have intimated that the Secretary of State was in the pay of the Spanish government, and every now and then we have been threatened with an outbreak in Congress against the President for his timidity and want of sympathy for suffering Cuba.

Now we have from Madrid the other side of the picture. While we are restive under the apathy and coldness of the administration the reactionary party in Spain is frantic under the aggressions and perfidies of the United States. Our correspondent sends us the whole arraignment, and very amusing it is. General Grant is not alone to blame, according to these angry hidalgos. The policy of our government since the time of John Quincy Adams has been to rob Spain of her Cuba. Mr. Adams tried it, but he was rebuked in the manner becoming a Spanish gentleman and a king. Then Mr. Buchanan made a resolute effort, when he was Secretary of State to President Polk; but he was also informed that Spanish honor disdained the temptation. Then came the manoeuvres of President Pierce, through Mr. Soule, when Minister at Madrid, and the offer of a vast sum for the island; but Mr. Soule found that he could neither bribe, buy nor bully Spain. Our civil war seems to have given the Spaniards a little peace. But with the close of the war and the accession of Grant to the Presidency the old policy found new life. General Grant being, as we all know, an unscrupulous and reckless military adventurer, found in General Sickles a congenial and willing instrument. So General Sickles was sent to Madrid, in pursuance of a conspiracy between the President, Mr. Fish and himself for the purpose of compelling the Spaniards to surrender the precious Gem of the Antilles. This discovery will be new to our people. We had thought that the present Minister was sent to Madrid as other ministers—for political services—to get them out of the way, or for any of the twenty reasons which lead to diplomatic appointments, and that especially in the formation of new administration and Custom House rings it would be as well to have as many New York politicians out of the country as possible. But no! Our Minister is in Madrid on a knavish errand, and at last he stands exposed.

In pursuance of this conspiracy we discover other startling facts. We have complained upon the information of the American Minister as well as that of the Herald Cuban Commissioners, who, by the way, are better authorities on the subject—having visited the island—that the war is a cruel war. To this we are answered that the war is the work of the rebels, they are to blame for its cruelty, and when they cease there will be peace. We have left from accurate testimony that the effect of the war was to desolate and ravage the fair fields of this noble island. But on the contrary we are now informed that the crops are larger than before the outbreak. We have had occasion to reprehend in the interest of humanity the loss of life and the severities of the war. This is not denied, we are sorry to say. But we are asked, How many men did we lose in our conflict, how many lives did we take, how much cruelty did we inflict upon those who resisted our arms? Furthermore, we are assured that the tone of Mr. Fish's diplomacy is such that the blood rushes to the face of every Spanish gentleman when he thinks of it, and we are told that under Philip II. or Charles V. such language would not have been heard for a moment. But now, so low has Spain fallen, that the insolence of Mr. Fish is heard without a murmur. As to giving liberal institutions to the West Indies, history forbids the idea, and shows that of all the ungrateful countries in the world there are none to compare with the Spanish colonies on this Continent. In every instance where liberty has been granted revolt came swiftly after. And now there are Cubans who want to become a part of the United States. Vain, foolish, heedless men! Do they know what fills their court—what a horrible fate awaits them? If not, let them take counsel of this Spanish prophet. They will be enslaved and oppressed by Yankee rule, become the victims of the abject tyranny of this domination, and in time be as wretched as "Texas, Florida, Louisiana and California!" In Texas, for instance, an American army of twenty thousand men stamped out every hope of freedom. We are not aware of all the wretchedness that has fallen upon California, nor do we presume to say how far she has become degraded since she was wrested from the happy rule of a Spanish people. But certain it is, unhappy and miserable as California is, a similar fate will reach Cuba if she falls into the insatiate Yankee maw.

There are people who believe this gasconade, or there would not be orators so swift to speak it. The tone of this speech gives us a clear light upon the policy of Spain in the West Indies. It is because leaders like Suarez Inclan have held power in Spain that Spain has lost her power elsewhere, and especially in America. So far as his arguments refer to the United States they are beneath contempt. It is amusing to find even a Spaniard who does not regard the policy of this administration towards Cuba as cowardly in the last degree. And we have the reward cowardice always gains. Suarez Inclan and his friends think that we are afraid of Spain, and that but for this dread we should have crossed the Gulf and taken Cuba forty years ago. As to a comparison between our war in the South and this Cuban rebellion, there can be none. All war is cruel, and ours was terrible enough; but we never shot prisoners in cold blood, we never sent men to the scaffold for rebellion. We certainly did not gaze at a

group of thoughtless student lads for an act of bad taste. God knows we are far from preaching military virtues that we do not possess, and we would gladly forget thousands of things that occurred in our war—nay, more, blot every memory of it from history. But the war in Cuba is not war. It is massacre, pillage, wholesale slaughter in cold blood. Not only that, but there are scoundrels in administration recalling and surpassing the atrocities of Pizarro and Cortes or the worst features of English rule in India and Ireland. Is it necessary that we should refer to these things in detail? Spain has dealt with her colonies not like a mother, but like a vampire. Cuba, fairest of all lands, rich, washed by grateful seas, shone upon by a generous, life-inviting sun, with the elements of an empire in itself, truly a gem, as it is fondly called—this Cuba, which might be a blessing and a support to Spain, is her weakness, and may be her ruin. Cuba-to-day is the victim of every feature of misgovernment ever devised by the devilry and subtlety of tyrants. This is a wide and grave assertion, we know. But we cannot form another conclusion. And, knowing this, we have felt, and we feel now, that our country, and especially the administration of General Grant, deserves to be held to a strict accountability for our failure to compel a reform in the government of the island.

What we have ceased to expect from the selfishness and timidity of our own government, let us hope from Spain. When we censure what has been done in Cuba we speak of the Spain of the past. The new men come into power covered over with pledges of reform, and more particularly reform in the colonies. Will they redeem them? Can they, redeem them? Already they have the slave power arrayed against the new Republic. With this power there can be no compromise. We tried expedient after expedient in our dealings with it, and every occasion was followed by new aggressions. In the end it required the whole strength of the Republic and four years of war to overthrow it. We see a disposition among some of the liberals to compromise with the slave power in Madrid, to postpone emancipation in Cuba, to make it gradual, partial or covered in some way by restrictions. Nothing could be more fatal. There is but one way to deal with slavery—destroy it. Enact its complete extinction in Cuba as in Porto Rico. There are many more things to be done in these Antilles, but this is the most important. It is the first step. When that is taken we shall hope for good results in the future, but not till then.

The Brooklyn Murder Mystery.

The sight which met the eyes of the brother of the murdered man, Charles Goodrich, when he stepped into the room where the remains lay on Friday morning, has had its effect of horror upon the whole community. A crime had been committed around which a veil of mystery hung, and the public, looking in the papers of Saturday morning, from the stories detailing how two murderers met their end to the column setting forth the latest bloodstain upon our civilization, asked, What is to be done? The announcement that the police were on the track did not cheer people much who remember the Rogers and Nathan murders, resting in darkness yet, and who recall that in the Rosenzweig case the important link of the marked handkerchief was discovered by a newspaper reporter. In spite of the fact that the body was found to have three bullets through the brain and an abrasion on the forehead from which the blood had been washed, detectives were found who shook their heads and said "Suicide." It has, however, been sufficiently developed that the deceased could not have inflicted the wounds, and, in default of proof that they were the work of robbers who did not hesitate to murder, strong suspicion has fixed upon a woman who has disappeared and is alleged to have been the mistress of the deceased. Four days have now elapsed and the detectives have so far failed to lay their hands upon this woman. She must have been known to many others beside the dead man. Her relations with him have doubtless been a matter of knowledge to at least a few. Some time before the murder she wrote a letter to one of her friends in which not only the criminal relation, but the result—a child—is alluded to. The woman found that he was about to discard her and was growing desperate. It is highly probable, then, that she made other confidences and verbal ones on the matter. It is believed that hers was the woman's voice heard calling for assistance on a night in February last. These shadowy things are not by any means conclusive proof that she killed him; but they are enough to make her production a necessity. Circumstances point to her as being the only person who can throw light on the deed. Depending upon her arrest appears to lie the final proof of who murdered Charles Goodrich. We do not ask the detectives to give up any of their grand theories; that would be too much for detectives as they are at present constituted. We demand, however, that the best intelligence the detective force can command be brought to bear in hunting down this woman without delay. Her description should be widely published, together with her name and such pieces of her history as have been brought to light. Every day allowed to transpire with this woman unarrested tends, in a degree that experience leads us to dread, to place the whole story among the failures of the police and the triumphs of crime.

THE PRESIDENT IMPROVED AND WEARY.—Our Washington despatches inform us that General Grant is indisposed, that besides having a cold he has lost that "toughness characteristic of him during the war." The cold is an accident arising from the changeable weather, and he will, no doubt, soon recover from that; but we are not surprised that he is losing his toughness or vigor, for the labor of hearing the host of office-holders, examining their claims and deciding upon their cases at the commencement of a new term, is enough to break down the strongest man. However, we learn he has pretty well cleared his appointment docket, and waits for the adjournment of the Senate before making some unimportant changes in the diplomatic or consular service. Then he will have more time for repose and can take a journey to the West, and, perhaps, to the South, to recruit his strength.

THE CHICAGO TRIBUNE says there has been "a feeble utterance somewhere of Mr. Colfax's name in connection with the next Presidency." It must have been a groan from some yawning chasm.

Henry Ward Beecher on the Gallows.

Mr. Beecher, the apostle of Plymouth Church in the godly city of Brooklyn, can always be depended upon for delivering an interesting discourse whenever any event of moment occurs either in political, criminal or social life. He did not disappoint public expectation on Sunday in his essay on the execution of Foster—a theme which it was readily foreseen would be seized upon by him with avidity to feed that passion for sensational display which appears to be the most marked feature of his congregation. In his treatment of the subject there is at once much to invite criticism and much to merit favorable consideration. We can fortunately review Mr. Beecher's pulpit speeches—"sermons" we believe they are called—as freely as we could comment upon the lectures of a Fourierite or the personations of a popular actor, and hence we can speak our mind in regard to his positions as frankly as we could if his place of performance were the stage or the rostrum instead of the sacred desk.

The point which Mr. Beecher desires to make the most prominent in his discourse is opposition to the execution of the death penalty in cases of murder, in refined and elevated societies. When communities are in a semi-barbarous condition, he says, then punishment for crime can be of a barbarous character, but "in the higher grades" we must regard the murderer of a hundred men not as a beast, but still as a "child of God," who may be deprived of his liberty but not of his life. Hanging, in Mr. Beecher's opinion, does not deter, but rather incites crime, and a man who has to spend forty years of his life in prison, in the reverend gentleman's opinion, a better example to society than a man who is hanged and forgotten. We are unable to endorse this doctrine. Mr. Beecher admits that the main object of the punishment of criminals is to prevent crime, and hence the more terrible the penalty exacted the greater must be the advantage of the example. Experience teaches us that death on the gallows is after all the most dreaded, and consequently the most beneficial punishment that can be inflicted on the murderer. The desperate struggle for life on the part of every condemned man who has friends to interest themselves in his fate shows that imprisonment for life has no such terrors as execution. There is not a ruffian in New York or Brooklyn who would not have felt that the commutation of Foster's sentence was a victory for his class, and who would not have been emboldened in crime by such a result.

But, says Mr. Beecher, "human society has no right of punishment for the sake of revenge," and the "reformation of the culprit" goes hand in hand with protection of society by the prevention of crime. They are, indeed, inseparable objects, for society never protects itself so well as when it reforms the criminal. To properly carry out this theory we must abolish all stated periods of imprisonment for the murderer and let him loose upon the community as soon as his penitence for the past is supposed to be sincere and his reformation insured. What use of confining a murderer for forty years, which appears to be Mr. Beecher's limit, if he can be made a good and useful member of society in less time? If a man twenty-five years of age takes the life of a human being, and suffers Mr. Beecher's term for reformatory purposes, he would emerge from prison in his sixty-fifth year, and society would then reap but little benefit from his life, however pious he might have become. What society needs for its protection is the stern execution from every murder of a penalty that carries terror to the mind of the evil doer, and the story of Foster's later days, as well as the history of every other criminal who has been sentenced to death, proves that the most dreaded penalty of the law is the gallows.

On one point we agree with Mr. Beecher. Certainty and celerity in punishment for crime, whatever that punishment may be, are needed for the protection of the community. The delay that too often occurs between the arrest, the trial and the execution of the penalty, is calculated to divert public attention from the guilty act and to excite an undue sympathy in its perpetrator. We should have an amendment of our criminal laws, by which such appeals as are permitted in capital cases should be at once heard and decided, so that the result should be reached as speedily as possible. The popular idea of the superior honesty and integrity of appointed judges, in which Mr. Beecher shares, is plausible enough in theory, but the experience of European countries has shown that judges so chosen for life can be as subservient tools of a government as elective judges have ever been of the people to whom they owe their positions. We are not surprised to find Mr. Beecher condemning the press for devoting space to the stories of crimes that from time to time startle the community, and to the history and actions of such criminals as Foster. The newspapers, in their duty of laying news before the public, and of holding up as an example the fate of criminals, in all its horrors, encroach on the province of sensational pulpits orators. Mr. Beecher would have had a more striking and attractive discourse to deliver last Sunday if the papers of Saturday had not forestalled him in their descriptions of Foster's last hours and final execution. But he seems to forget that he himself did in the pulpit of Plymouth church what he condemns the public journals for doing in the plain pursuit of their everyday duty. However, Mr. Beecher's last piece of oratory, no doubt, gratified and amused his audience, and we give him all the credit he deserves for the success he achieved.

THE "SONS OF HUSBANDRY," represented by the farmers of Bureau, Lee, Rock Island, Henry and Putnam counties, Illinois, are taking active measures to make themselves heard and felt in regard to their opposition to the railroad monopolies that control the transit traffic in the State. A candidate of their own is to be nominated for the Supreme Court, which has just decided adversely to their interests, to fill the place of a Judge whose term shortly expires. The "Sons of Husbandry" seem to be at work in earnest.

WILL HE RESIGN?—Why does not Mr. Tweed resign his seat in the Senate? He has not been sworn in; he never intends to act with the present body. Let him resign, and then he will be at liberty to take such course as he may deem proper to repay the Senators for the annoyance their investigations have occasioned him.

End of the Opera Season—The Going and the Coming Singers.

To-night the short and second season of Italian Opera here will end with a benefit to Miss Kellogg, Madame Lucca's benefit and farewell performance having taken place last night. After that we may expect no more Italian Opera till next Fall or the beginning of Winter, when the Strakoske company, including Miss Nilsson (Mme. Rouzeaud), will have the Academy of Music. For the promotion of art and in justice to the artists it is a proper occasion to take a brief retrospective and prospective view of this fashionable and most delightful of entertainments. Public interest is centred principally in the two stars, Lucca and Nilsson, the former now leaving us and the latter, so well known and highly appreciated, who is about to return. While the American people are not satisfied with an incomplete or indifferent combination of artists, and demand a better one than has been furnished the last two or three years, yet the star system has proved successful in a financial point of view. Miss Nilsson made a great deal of money the two years she was in this country, as well as her manager, and Lucca has made about eighty thousand dollars since last October. Americans love music, admire genius and liberally encourage the highest order of talent. This is seen in other cities as well as in New York. Lucca, for example, realized over twelve thousand dollars in a fortnight in Chicago and was as successful, relatively, in Boston. But, while this generous support is given to artists of the first class, the improved critical taste of our people requires a better ensemble of talent in opera. There is, it is true, a scarcity of the precious article in the world. There are but four or five prime donne of the highest class, scarcely a tenor, and hardly any baritone or bassos. If we are not entirely satisfied with Vizzani and some others in Mareček's company it is but fair to say that there are not many superior to them, particularly to Janet, the basso, and that Vizzani and Sparapani especially have improved by time and experience.

But as the success of Italian Opera has depended, and still depends, chiefly upon the prime donne, let us look at the one who is going and the other who is coming. First, however, it is with pleasure we say that our own countrywoman, Miss Kellogg, who has always a sweet, reliable and pleasing voice, though not powerful, has improved upon her defective acting of late, and seems to be ambitious of attaining a higher position in her profession. Lucca is a woman of genius—almost a child of genius in freshness, naïveté and impulsiveness—and has a surprising versatility for faithfully representing different characters. She can become heroic, pathetic or sentimental with as much facility as she can be comical, humorous or coquettish. Her action is always fine and sometimes thrillingly dramatic. But the wonderful charm in her is the eloquent expression she gives to the various passions or sentiments through the peculiar manner in which she uses her voice, as well as in her action. Her notes are clear and resonant, and roll over her tongue at times with a velvety softness in the middle register that charm as no other singer can charm us. As a consequence she fascinates the public and grows in its admiration the oftener and longer she is heard and seen. With all the disadvantages of not the best management, of an unfortunate combination that provoked jealousy and attacks, and that did not entirely satisfy the public, she forces admiration and has attained the first position as an artist in America. She leaves New York now, and we may not hear her again. Christine Nilsson takes her place, as was said, at the Academy of Music next Fall. She is well known to the American public. She possesses a pure soprano voice of rare quality, and excels Lucca in the sweetness of the higher notes. She has a fine stage presence and dresses unexceptionally. She studiously cultivates society to make herself popular, and has the tact not to admit of rivalry in the company that might cause jealousy and damaging criticism. She can hardly fail to be successful, though she does not return with the freshness of her first visit, she comes back surrounded by the halo of a new triumph at St. Petersburg, where she successfully contended with Madame Patti. Lucca's splendid genius, delightful voice and wonderful versatility have won the hearts of the American people, and nothing can destroy the effect. We shall welcome Christine Nilsson back as a charming artist, while we deeply regret the departure of Pauline Lucca.

THE PUBLIC SITUATION IN SPAIN.—The latest telegrams from Madrid report news which is of a very interesting and rather exciting import. The Republic has attained a very serious crisis in its governmental history. The Assembly has been dissolved by a unanimous vote of the legislative body, so that the country will have to endure the citizen ordeal of a general election. The motion for dissolution was adopted by the Parliament immediately after the Porto Rico emancipation rule was recorded. The Spanish population will be moved by various and very opposite and contending influences during the period which will precede the election and to the very moment of the casting of the vote. The army, the navy, the Church, the Bourbonists of every stripe, the democracy pure and simple, the radical propagandists and the Communists and revolutionist reactionists will all be at work, and each and every one of them find friends. Americans will watch with friendly interest the progress of the simple, law-abiding democrats. The army and the Carlists both continue to give trouble at some few of the provincial centres.

THE MODOC STANDELLS seem in a fair way soon to resolve itself into a fight or a settlement without a fight. The troops under General Canby are posted close to the famous lava beds, and if they are called on to attack once more will not do so under the complete ignorance of the locality which characterized the first *fiasco*. During a reconnaissance on Friday last Captain Jack was again induced to "have a talk," but wants either to be left where he is or sent to a reservation on Lost River. There are signs, it would appear, that this latter request will meet with favor from the Interior Department. Captain Jack's silence in regard to not coming out of his stronghold, as at first agreed on, was very diplomatic. He

evidently has not that childlike confidence in the good intentions of the white man so often attributed to the gentle savage. The truth is, he and his band have fixed their ideas on returning to Lost River, and it will, perhaps, cost millions to the United States in a deplorable fight unless this is accorded them. It might be well to think of this.

Musical in the Public Schools.

The Board of Education has, for some time past, been agitating the question of making the study of music a regular branch of education in our public schools. Heretofore music has been treated merely as an accomplishment or an agreeable method of pushing forward pupils whom Nature had endowed with good voices, and nothing more. Inferior teachers have attained positions of grave responsibility through the medium of music, as their ability to sing a pretty song commendably was considered an equivalent to a complete knowledge of the necessary branches of education. Consequently in many schools, especially where ambitious young ladies were in charge, visitors to the annual exhibitions were favored with selections from operas and sentimental ballads sung by pupils who did not know the difference between do and mi. The question now in agitation is whether such a state of things shall continue, or whether music shall become a regular study, to be dispensed by competent teachers and to enable us in this city to have materials on which we can build up good vocal societies. At present there is not a vocal society in New York capable of undertaking oratorio music, and the best works of the great masters are closed against us. When oratorio music becomes as well known in this city and as thoroughly appreciated as it is in England the chances for musical humbug in other branches of the divine art will be considerably lessened. Then the effect of music in the social circle should be a sufficient inducement for the Board of Education to make it a feature in our schools. That intense love of home, *familias liebe*, as we might call it, which distinguishes the Germans, is traceable, to no small degree, to the attention which the divine art receives in Fatherland. When music is enshrined among the household deities peace and harmony are generally to be expected as necessary consequences. The divine art, when cultivated in the proper spirit, cannot fail to exercise a wholesome influence, either in public or at home; but when it is made only a medium for the useless display of superficial gifts it is calculated to do more injury than good. We want in our schools a system of teaching music analogous to that of Hallam in England, by which a sheet of music will become as intelligible to a pupil as a page of grammar. This can only be accomplished by the appointment of a thorough, well-informed musician as superintendent of this branch of education in the public schools. Aught else will tend to bring music into disrepute and destroy the very object aimed at by the Board. The voice of the community is in favor of prompt and efficient action by the proper authorities in favor of this, the most beautiful study to which the human mind can be applied.

The British Budget—A Comparison.

The English Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Lowe, will show in his annual budget in April an income of three hundred and eighty million dollars and an expenditure of three hundred and fifty-five million dollars. This will be a gratifying exhibit, as the English government is in the habit of making the income and expenditures nearly balance, leaving only a comparatively small margin for a sinking fund for the national debt. A surplus of twenty-five millions of dollars is, therefore, a considerable amount. The current expenditures must be, consequently, about two hundred and thirty million dollars, calculating the interest on the debt at one hundred and twenty-five million dollars. These figures are only approximate, but are nearly correct. Now, the expenditures of our government, taking the list of appropriations made the last session of Congress, are over one hundred and ninety-five million dollars, exclusive of the interest on the national debt. That is to say, the current expenses of the United States, apart from the debt interest, are only thirty-five millions less than those of Great Britain. Yet the army, navy and civil service of England are much more costly than ours. In fact, our army and navy are insignificant compared with those of England, and we have no expensive royal government to support. How is it, then, that under our simple republican institutions we are spending so much money? All the talk about retrenchment and economy amounts to nothing in the face of such facts.

Bold Burglaries—How They May Be Stopped.

During the few days past our news columns have given particulars of a number of burglaries which, by their audacity and success, show them to be the work of men thoroughly trained in the business, who have complete organization and are willing to take what at first thoughts seem startling risks. A store under the lecture hall at Twenty-third street and Fourth avenue has been robbed of its stock of valuable goods while the street in front was lined with carriages, the gas burning brightly in the store as the culprit selected the goods, which they carried away in a wagon. Neither the throng outside nor the yelping of dogs within the store intimidated the thieves or secured the owner from loss. Not the vigilance of the city police or the more particular guardianship of the private watchman protected the property or secured the burglars. Other cases equally bold and skillful indicate the work of the same gang, probably recently imported English crackmen, who have served a long and severe training in this dishonest calling. One house was entered by the front parlor window, the owner and his wife seized in bed by two men and held with violence and murderous threats, while a third, lantern in hand, searched the house and secured its booty. It is evident these professional housebreakers either arrange with the police or so carefully study their habits that the official guardians are no real obstacle to their designs, and are not feared by them. How, then, shall citizens protect their property? Clearly by undertaking to punish summarily all burglarious intruders. A man has as much right to shoot a burglar as to kill a venomous snake. There should be short argument with housebreakers. All citizens should arm as well as occupy their