EUROPE.

The English Parliamentary Session—Party, Finance and Fenianism.

Dress Fashions in Rome and the Teams and "Turnouts" of the American Prelates.

THE LATEST MURDER IN PARIS.

ENGLAND.

The Session of Parliament—Its Probable Results—Ministers on the Stump—The Financial Minister—Falsehoods of English Journalism—The Papal Edict Against Fenianism.

LONDON, Feb. 1, 1870.

If there is any truth in the old saying that "coming events cast their shadows before," neither the Ministers of the crown nor those who oppose them in Parliament are likely to have what in your country would be called "a good time of it" for the next six months. There is one thing—one subject, I should rather say—upon which politicians of all classes are of one mind, and that is, the great number of questions upon which legislation is earnestly needed. These of course include the Irish land laws, the poor laws, our educational system, our military administration, various colonial difficulties, vote by ballot, the permissive sale of liquors, besides several minor topics. The business of those who have to legislate for the empire will be to make an end of most of these questions and settle them finally. But how is it to be done when there are but six months for work, while in those six months there are nearly five weeks of holidays (two weeks at Easter and three at Whitsuntide), besides one full holiday (Saturday) and one half holiday (Wednesday) every week? The fact is that the British Parliament, like a man who regulates his time badly, almost invariably attempts to do too much, and therefore as invariably does too little. The legislative machine is not equal to getting over more than one good piece of legislation in the session. Last year it accomplished the Irish Church bill, but it really did nothing else—nothing, at least, that was worthy of the name of legislation for a great empire.

Since the close of last session England has been legislating by discussion, so to speak. The people have been writing up and writing down their respective ideas of what is good and what bad for the country. The result is not very plain to those who don't look beyond the surface; but still there is a result; of that there can be no doubt. And many believe the result is not favorable towards Mr. Gladstone's Ministry. The French have a proverb which says, the man who excuses himself accuses himself. Now for the last six or seven weeks every Minister and other official who has spoken at any public assembly or meeting has had very much the same thing to say. The keynote of every speech made by Ministers on the stump has been to make excuses for what they are about to do as well as for what they have done. This, if it shows nothing else, evinces a conviction, or something very like it, that Mr. Gladstone's party and politics are not so strong nor so popular by a very large measure as they used to be. In plain language, it seems that the Gladstone Ministry was raised to the summit of popularity when it passed the Irish Church bill, and that since then it has been decreasing in that popularity very greatly. A better, more able or more thoroughly honest Minister than Mr. Gladstone has never been at the head of affairs in England. But of his following no one can say as much. Mr. Lowe is about as fit to be Chancellor of the Exchequer as he is to be an archbishop, while the only qualifications Mr. Bruce, the Home Secretary, Mr. Cardwell, the War Secretary, and Mr. Childers, of the Admiralty, have for their respective offices is that they know so very little about them that their minds are like blank paper, and that if they have learned nothing good they have not put away any previously conceived false ideas. The only really great man among the Ministers, always excepting the Premier, is Mr. Bright. That gentleman's speeches during the recess show how thoroughly convinced he is that the English Parliament can only get over one really great measure at a time, and that if a Ministry are in earnest about reconstructing the half destroyed political machinery of a nation they must take time and not hurry men's ideas too fast.

But I cannot say the same—and this is the almost universal opinion throughout the great mass of middle class Englishmen—I cannot say the same of other Ministers. They seem, one and all, to have taken each to himself the credit of the great success of last year. The triumph of the Irish Church bill was certainly a great one; but it was due entirely to the merits of the case. Public opinion had long ago been very decided that the Irish Church was an anomaly and an injustice, a source of perpetual irritation and national quarrelling that must be swept away. Even among the most bigoted of tories and the most ultra of Anglicans the arguments used against Mr. Gladstone's bill for disestablishment and disendowment were mere pleadings *ad misere cordiam*. It is true that great credit is due to the Prime Minister for the elasticity with which he avoided every home blow aimed at his pet measure; and almost as much do Lord Granville and his able coadjutor, Lord Kimberly, deserve praise for the way they manipulated the House of Lords. But still the passing of the bill was chiefly due to its own merits and to the deeply rooted and loudly expressed opinion that the public had formed concerning it.

But it is not so now. Every measure that will come before Parliament during the session that commences on the 8th of February has its many supporters and its many opponents. You know what John Bull is. He must and he will ventilate his own peculiar opinions, and will listen to no one else. Even in the liberal camp—even at the Reform Club, which is the headquarters of the liberal army—it is almost impossible to get two men to utter the same opinions upon any one of the leading measures that are to be brought before Parliament during the next few months. Mention the Irish land question, and it would take more than your ten fingers to reckon up the opinions totally at variance with one another that are broached upon the question, and not only broached but stoutly argued. Remember, I am only speaking of liberals. On the next important measure, the National Education bill, there are, it is true, only two different ways of thinking, but the two parties—the secularists and the denominationalists—are as violently opposed the one to the other as the religious opinions of Henry Ward Beecher are to those of Pope Pius the Ninth. It is the same with the ballot, the various colonial questions, and the poor laws. In a word, there is not one split but there are many splits in the liberal camp, and I fear the result will be, when the day of battle comes, not one upon which the army can congratulate itself.

This state of affairs is not surprising. If ever there was a public man who has made a mess of what he had to do that man is Robert Lowe, the Chancellor of the Exchequer. The liberal party are angry with Mr. Gladstone for having not only put into that most important post a person utterly unfit to hold it, but also for not dismissing him now that his incapacity has been proved. Moreover, they are annoyed at the amount of humbug with which some of the other Ministers attempt to bolster up the acts of this gentleman. Last week Mr. W. E. Forster, Vice President of the Privy Council, met his constituents at Bradford and gave, in a kind of optimist manner, an account of his stewardship. As a matter of course he praised all and everything the administration had done, and among other acts the remission of what he was pleased to call the only remaining tax upon corn, namely, the one shilling per quarter duty. Now the plain, unvarnished truth about this tax is as follows:—The shilling of which he speaks was not so much a tax upon corn as a kind of fee for registration of the imports of grain into the United Kingdom. Mr. Forster spoke of it as a great movement in the cheapening of bread. Now a quarter of wheat is calculated on the average to produce ninety-six ordinary loaves of bread. The shilling that has been reduced in the duty, or rather the registration, is composed of twelve pence or forty-eight farthings. It does not need one to be well read in political economy to be able to demonstrate that after the corn has passed from the merchant to the flour dealer, from the latter to the baker, and from the baker to the consumer the general public can derive very little—so little that it would take a strong magnifying glass to see it—benefit from a deduction in price which amounts to something less than half a farthing per average loaf of bread. And yet to hear or to read Mr. Forster's speech the other day any one would imagine that the workingman had made at least a couple of pence gain upon this vaunted financial measure of Mr. Robert Lowe's budget.

Another—a more general but not a less certain—reason makes many persons think that the days of the present Ministry, as now constituted, will not be very long in the land. One of the national failings—the national peculiarities, perhaps, would be the better word—is that in politics, as in other matters, the English people lean first very much to the one side and then quite as much to the other. There is no more certain sign that the pendulum will shortly swing to the right than when we see it at the extreme limit on the left. Now, there have been a couple or so of very prosperous administrations under the liberals, and, as a whole, opinions and manners have been altogether and thoroughly liberal; therefore, according to my theory, it is about time for the pendulum to swing towards conservatism. Even the liberal papers say that the time for the destruction has passed away, and that it is now desirable to reconstruct where there has been knocking down. But, as they say, reconstruction, it can never be carried out with profit to this country except by a liberal Ministry. This, as a matter of course, the conservative party deny, and say that it is their mission, and only theirs, to bind up the new wounds that our changed position requires. And they have this advantage over the liberal party—they are united very firmly together. If there is a change in the Ministry and if Mr. Gladstone has to suffer a defeat in Parliament the fault will lay in the variety of opinions and the impossibility of working together among his followers.

British journalism has lately had a very severe snub, and that, too, upon a question which it has hitherto boasted as being one of its most invulnerable points. There is no subject upon which your English editor is more given "to improve the occasion than when he finds even the smallest of pegs on which he can hang a lecture respecting the American press. For many weeks past the Londoners have been greatly edified by the special correspondents of the different newspapers, writing from Rome respecting the Ecumenical Council. Some very astounding stories have from time to time appeared respecting the sayings and doings of the fathers of the Council, many of which we have been utterly unable to credit, but had no means of contradicting. Latterly, however, the *Pall Mall Gazette* (one of the loudest of the English papers on the abuse of American journalism) published an account of what had taken place inside the the Council hall of the Vatican, which outdid anything that had yet appeared. In due course the paper went to Rome, and at Rome was read by the Earl of Denbigh, a well known and universally esteemed nobleman, a man to whom it would be next to impossible to say the thing that is not. His Lordship took the trouble to investigate the matter, and here is the result of his inquiries, in a letter which he very properly wrote from Rome to the editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. The pill which the latter had to swallow must have been a very bitter one:—

The *Pall Mall Gazette* lately contained a graphic and startling account of a scene which your correspondent at Rome declared to have taken place in the Council Chamber. Bishop Strossmayer is therein depicted as uttering "burning words" against the Jesuits, and "stigmatizing both their system and their doctrines;" poisoning them out, moreover, as "the source of all the misfortunes of the Church," &c. A description is then given of the astonishment of the assembled Fathers, the calmness of the general of the Jesuits, and words of his are then quoted in which he "deplores the excesses of the *Civiltà*" (a periodical edited by Fathers of the Society of Jesus), and confesses that he has no power to moderate its language, &c. Now, the absurdities of this relation were very evident to any one who was at all well informed; but, in order to put it to the test, I read the article over to several bishops who had been present, and to the father general himself, with whom I am acquainted. They one and all expressed their amazement at such a statement and declared it as an unqualified untruth from beginning to end. Not only did the bishop never speak against the Jesuits, but neither he nor any other speaker has so much as mentioned them. This I was assured by all. The bishop was not called to order for any excess of language, but because he was thought to be wandering from the immediate question before them. To conclude, the father general gave me authority to declare that he had never used any such expressions as those imputed to him. I think it right to warn the English public, through you, that little or nothing beyond the names of the speakers is allowed to transpire beyond the walls of the Council Chamber, and there are many inventive geniuses at work to hoax those who seek for further information. The correspondents of the English Protestant press have been remarkable for their infelicity of invention and their inaccuracies, and some of the English bishops declared to me that they did not think that the London *Times* had, so far, narrated one true story connected with the Council. I have ventured to write thus at length in the interest of truth, believing that your desire would be to correct any misstatements that may have appeared in your columns. I remain, sir, your obedient servant, DENBIGH.

So much for the romances and inventions of the British special correspondent.

Talking of Rome reminds me that the following announcement appeared in the *Weekly Register* of this morning, and must prove a settler to some of our Fenian friends. The *Weekly Register* is a Roman Catholic paper, of liberal, but not Fenian, politics, published in London, and of great authority among both Irishmen and Catholics. It reads:—

CONDEMNATION OF FENIANISM.—We are enabled to state that within a week the Holy Father has taken means to make known to all the Christian world that the Fenians, whether in the United States or in Ireland, are expressly included in the anathema of the Church against all secret societies organized against the Church and constituted governments. This puts an end to the sophistry by which certain clerical abettors of Fenianism have hitherto endeavored to justify their own conduct in openly siding with the Fenians. Henceforth any priest who does so will come directly and immediately under the condemnation of the Holy See, and must, therefore, we presume, cease to perform sacerdotal functions; and all practical Catholics must cease to read or encourage the Fenian publications.

FASHION IN EUROPE.

Grand Sacerdotal Dress Display in Rome—How the Council Prelates "Show Off" in Costume—The American Bishops, Their Teams and Turnouts—The Lambs of the Vatican and Lambs on the Corso.

ROME, Jan. 31, 1870.

All Rome, by which is meant fashionable Rome and the hosts of foreigners sojourning in the Eternal City, have thronged the Via Nomentana—Porta Pia—bound for the pretty basilica of St. Agnese *fuori le Mure* and the Catacombs, a short distance from the church, from an early hour this morning—this being the feast of St. Agnes—until sunset. Fashion did not go out at that hour to see the pretty ceremony of dressing the two lambs, whose wool is reserved for making the pallium for metropolitans or archbishops of Mother Church, but whose flesh is consumed by the nuns who take care of them while raising wool for the dignitaries of the Church.

At two o'clock P. M. Fashion had her carriage ordered, just as the fathers had finished their lunch after their session in the Vatican this forenoon, which lasted four hours and a half.

The splendid Via was thronged with all kinds of vehicles and costumes. The American bishops were out in force. Archbishop Kendrick and chaplain occupied a small brougham. The Archbishop of Cincinnati was in a closed carriage, with Bishops Elder, Lamy and Apostolic Vicar Gibbons. Bishop Wood sat next to Bishop Bagley, and had for *vis-à-vis* Bishops Conroy and Shanahan. The Archbishop of New York and Father McNierney were all alone in a fine open carriage; both looked remarkably well; the latter is increasing in flesh, and will be a subject of great pleasure to his old friends in New York when he returns. The Right Rev. Bishop of Hartford wore no insignia of his high office—was arrayed in heavy overcoat and had on a stovepipe hat, and occupied a corner in a small, two-horse carriage. Bishop H. Lunt was on foot, and wore an overcoat and a low crowned Kossuth hat; no one would take him to be a bishop; his most intimate friends wouldn't know him; but I knew him too well to fail to recognize him; he walked the whole way out and seemed to enjoy the great pedestrian feat. Bishops Quinlan and St. Palais had on their uniforms and were in a small coach. The Bishop of Brooklyn and the Bishop of Burlington were in civilian's costume. The day was charming, and all seemed to enjoy the drive along the road not far from where—according to Livy—Hannibal made his celebrated reconnoissance and threw a spear over the walls of the proud capital of the world.

High Life in Paris—The Tuileries Ball—Its Show and Incidents—Scene in the Supper Room—What Napoleon Wore—Eugenie's Dress—The Music—Silks and Court Trains Against Revolution—Juvenile Military Guests—The Demi-Monde in Opposition.

PARIS, Jan. 31, 1870.

Wednesday the first ball at the Tuileries came off with great *eclat*. Five thousand invitations had been issued, as you have been specially informed.

At midnight the Salle des Maréchaux was crowded. Supper was then served in the Galerie de Diane.

The Emperor wore the uniform of a general of division; he has forsaken the short *culotte*.

For the sake of the fair sex I must give you the dress worn by the Empress, which is also an innovation—long green skirt, covered with a shorter skirt of white mousseline, with gold sprigs, the border of which was trimmed with brown fur.

M. Henri Chevreau, in the dress of a Senator, was a centre of attraction. The new Préfet of the Seine will soon chase all regret from the minds of M. Haussmann's former admirers.

Strauss is no longer monarch of the orchestra. Waldteuffel directed in the Salle des Maréchaux and Desgranges in the Galerie de la Paix the army of musicians. Some imagined that the resignation of Strauss would cause irreparable loss, but in everything in this world there are always persons ready to supply a vacancy. Parisians are either the most courageous or the most frivolous people in the world. Here we are, all sitting on a case of radical gunpowder strong enough to blow the empire into the "middle of next week." I met a man yesterday on the Boulevard des Capucines, who implored of me to tell him when there would be the *coup d'état*. What *coup d'état?* The *coup d'état*, which must come; "the Irreconcilables are undermining the country." When he said so his face became ghastly. His opinion, pleasingly varied with that of socialism and revolution, is shared by nearly all Parisians, except those who feel that the country is in a fair way to obtain the most liberal measures. Yet there have never been so many bails as at present, and the expenditure for toilets exceeds in extravagance that of former seasons.

At the Tuileries everything was of the most sumptuous kind. The skirt of the dress worn by the Princess de Metternich, which was of white tulle, with real camelias and lace, cost 1,500f. That of the Marquise de Gallifet was equally costly. As for the ladies of the burgeoisie, they tried to outdo one another in extravagance. With regard to the gentlemen who, at the Court ball, were obliged to appear in Court suits, it is a statistical fact that upwards of two hundred were hired.

The courtyard of the palace presented the appearance of a bivouac. Large fires were lighted to keep warm the thousands of domestics shivering in the cold without doors, while their masters were enjoying themselves in the brilliantly lighted *salons*. At one o'clock in the morning refreshments and punch were served out, and the occupants of the yard "smiled around."

Twelve pupils of the College of St. Cyr were invited to the ball. They came up in charge of an officer. Sleeping accommodation was provided for them in the palace, and after a substantial breakfast in the morning, they returned to college. The ball passed off with more than usual success.

Those more partial to good dinners than to dancing may be interested to know the the dinners given by the Comte Daru, Minister of Foreign Affairs, are the best in Paris—the *crème de la crème*. The race between the Parisian *noblesse* and the American aristocracy is carried to such an extent that the budgets of both will have a terrible hole before the end of the season. As for the old legitimists' party and the Orleanists they jog along quietly.

There is another curious fact connected with Parisian society. The *demi-monde* has entered the lists. The ladies of that delightful world, who, of course, are possessed of personal charms of the highest order, not only monopolize for their evening receptions, which are given with a total disregard of cost—the youth of the day, but actually those of maturer age. Grave Senators and others, supposed to be serious, crowd the *salons* of the *demi-mondes* and vie with their younger lords of the creation to obtain a patronizing glance from those who, before the world became fast through the introduction of steam and electricity, would have been considered of most questionable reputation.

I dropped in last night to the Théâtre du Chatelet. The "Paris Revue" is drawing crowded houses. It is splendidly put on the stage. The arrival of the railway train at the station de l'Ouest is the itself. The scene is the most natural I ever witnessed on any stage. The apotheosis is magnificent. I doubt if anything was ever produced of a more brilliant kind at Drury Lane—that realm of pantomime, fairy transformation scenes. The ballet is also remarkably good; and as for the legs, they would, as the Irishman said, "wheedle the birds down from the bushes." The Egyptian *fête* and the Suez Canal were of course hailed with imminent applause. A lady with a dark complexion, who is announced in the bills with a name utterly beyond my powers of orthography, and who sang a French song without foreign accent, is credibly supposed to be an Egyptian, imported expressly for the season. A Frenchman at my elbow told a party of his friends that he knew for a fact that it was the case. If my memory serves me correctly, I fancy I have heard the same lady, announced as Cnrettano, warble months since at the Alcazar, or some other *café chantant*. Mr. and Miss Magilton, the grotesque dancers, drew down rapturous applause. I am not sure whether they hail from America or England, but the Parisians shout "*Ah, Voilà les Anglais.*" Wherever they come from, they are first rate. Montrouge, Ambroise, and other theatrical notorieties well sustain their former reputation. As for the ladies, it is impossible to make any selection. There is an *embarras* of beauty and talent. Celine Montaland, acknowledged to be the prettiest woman in Paris, is as handsome as ever. I went into the theatre with some remnants of a heart; I left it without a shred. So, in deference to the feelings of a man without a heart, I trust you will excuse my writing more on this subject.

FRANCE.

The Murder in the Faubourg St. Honoré—Francis Lathauvers, His Knife and Victim.

Galignani's Messenger and other Paris journals contain details of the murder committed in Paris on Friday, January 28. It appears that M. Lombart, formerly Consul General for France in India, resided with his wife at No. 83 Faubourg St. Honoré. They had a Belgian footman, named Francis Lathauvers. On the afternoon of Friday, about half-past five o'clock, he went into the kitchen, and, addressing the cook, said, "Are you satisfied with me? Do you believe that I am a drunkard?" The cook replied that she was not his mistress, and that she had no right to express any opinion about him. As he went away he said, "I shall now go and ask my mistress if she is satisfied with my services." What happened immediately after it is difficult to ascertain, but all the available reports state that Lathauvers rushed into the room where Madame Lombart and her husband, who is paralyzed, were sitting, and cut his mistress' throat with a knife so desperately that he nearly severed the head from the body. M. Lombard was unable, on account of his infirmity, to give his wife any assistance, but he alarmed the household by his cries. The lady's maid endeavored to arrest the murderer, and her he also wounded dangerously. He then rushed into the room where the cook was and attempted to murder her, but she resisted him so strongly that she escaped with some severe wounds about the arms and hands. The cries of the women aroused the cook of the Viscountess de Fitzjames, who, with another domestic, rushed into the place where the footman was attacking the cook. He then fell on the Viscountess' servant, but, after a fierce struggle, he was disarmed. The alarm was then widely spread, and Lathauvers was arrested. He suddenly became quite calm, and followed the *sergent de ville* without having made the slightest resistance. Up to this moment Madame Lombart's assassination was not known to any one, not even to her husband, who had become insensible; and it was only when M. Ludet, the Commissary of Police, proceeded to make an examination that the corpse was found in the middle of the room lying in a pool of blood. It would appear that Madame Lombart, in spite of her age—fifty-five years—struggled violently with her assailant, for it was proved that she bit both his forefingers. A large mirror was broken to pieces, several buttons from the murderer's dress strewed the floor and his hands had been severely bitten. The throat of his victim had been cut through and the head remained attached to the body only by the cervical vertebræ.

The prisoner, on being examined, related the most minute details of the crime. He was so calm and collected that when he arrived at the station in the Rue d'Anjou he asked for water to wash his hands. When he was pressed to explain the motive of the act, he said that his mistress had said he had stolen a bottle, that he would not allow her to say such a thing, and that he therefore cut her throat. He had also, he said, heard Felicie (the cook) say that he was a thief, and she, too, deserved to die. He stated that as he was taking a lamp into the bedroom he took up the carving knife from the table, which was laid ready for dinner. Madame Lombart was seated by the fire doing some wool work. He put down the lamp on the mantelpiece, and asked his mistress whether she still thought he drank her wine. Madame Lombart replied, "Now, Francis, go to bed quietly; you know you are not fit to be up." Thereupon he rushed upon her with the knife, and in a few moments she was stretched lifeless on the floor. He then ran to the kitchen, where the scene above described took place.

The knife with which the murder was committed was made by a Sheffield firm, the name of which is engraved on its blade.

THE GUILLOTINE.

Does Sensation Remain After Decapitation?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LONDON TELEGRAPH:—

Having had fifty-five years of medical experience, and having during that long period witnessed the agony of death under a great variety of circumstances, I feel naturally very much interested in the instructive discussions on the subject of "Sensation after decapitation" which have appeared in your columns. In a conversation which I held forty years ago with the late Sir Astley Cooper on this subject, that great surgeon related to me that while a student in Paris during "The Reign of Terror" he had witnessed the execution of a young woman. Immediately the head fell it was seized by the hair by the executioner, who held it up and exclaimed, "Behold the head of a malignant!" and at this moment Sir Astley said he distinctly perceived a blush diffused over the entire face of the victim. He felt convinced that there was a momentary consciousness, but only for a moment, for the next instant the ashy pallor of death succeeded. I agreed with him in opinion; for the intense excitement of feeling produced by the incumbent expectation of death would gorge the brain with blood, and an exceptional nervous tension of the grey substance would be induced sufficient to maintain thought for a few seconds, but no longer; for without the stimulus of blood the condition of the brain is that of a discharged Leyden phial, detached from the electric conductor.

About the period of this conversation with Sir Astley I performed a number of experiments with a view to facilitate the slaughter of animals for food. A quart of air injected by means of a blowpipe into the heart of a calf instantly stopped the circulation of the blood, and the animal fell to the ground senseless as if shot in the heart or brain. The butcher was convinced of the superior efficacy and humanity of this kind of death, but objected to the thereby diminished whiteness of the veal. Without a constant supply of the vital fluid the brain faints and is unconscious. Even before the celebrated physiological investigations on the functions of the nervous system, conducted by Sir Charles Bell, Magendie, Marshall Hall, Brown Sequard, and others, surgical pathology supplied numerous facts to show that pressure on the spinal cord above the origin of the phrenic nerve paralyzed the diaphragm, arrested respiration, and, consequently, circulation, and caused sudden and perfect death. While in Spain, fifty years ago, I have frequently seen the tormented bull, in full career, instantly killed by the matador, who penetrated with the point of his sword the spinal marrow between the first vertebra and the occiput, and the raging animal instantly turned over on his back senseless. Reasoning from these facts I come to the same conclusion as those of your correspondents who consider the guillotine as an eligible mode of inflicting the penalty of death, and that all the speculations as to subsequent torture arise from a morbid desire to pander to an absurd sensationalism. I am, sir, with much esteem, your obedient servant, D. O. E.

NICE, Alpes Maritimes, Jan 25, 1870.

FOREIGN MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

The city of Rotterdam is to have a bridge over the river Meuse 1,500 feet in length.

The council of war that has existed at Wilna since the Polish insurrection has been dissolved by order of the Czar.

The Russian police has discovered another political conspiracy, the principal agents of which are in France, Austria and Switzerland.

An anonymous pamphlet has appeared in Madrid entitled "Spain in 1870," in which General Prim is praised far above Monck and Washington.

On the demand of the Turkish government several Bulgarian chiefs have been arrested at Bucharest, charged with fomenting fresh troubles in Bulgaria.

The strike among the miners at Waldenberg has finished by 7,000 of the workmen leaving that part of the country. Most of them have gone to the mines in Westphalia.

Seven Poles were recently arrested at Montpellier on the charge of counterfeiting, and it is reported that they form part of a gang that has ramifications throughout Europe and America.

The Paris *Siècle* regrets that the sensational journals of that city have adopted the practice of devoting their first columns to immoral incidents, such as murders, &c., and hopes that practice will be discontinued, as it tends to demoralize the public mind.

A HOTBED OF CRIME.

"BROADWAY FOUR-CORNERS."

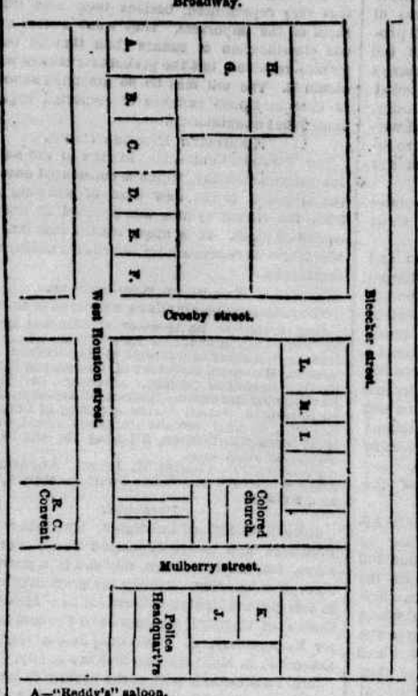
The "Plug Uglies" Paradise in the Heart of the City.

Seven Chapters on an Ex-Showman as Temperance Orator, Real Estate Operator and Landlord.

"Reminiscences" Not "Written by Himself."

Chapter First.

MURDERERS' BLOCK.



A—"Reddy's" saloon.
B—Shops.
C—Revere stables.
D—Where Lazarus was killed.
E—Friery's residence, recently a panel house, now tenement.
F—Pigeon's saloon.
G—Museum of Anatomy.
H—Olympic theatre.
I—Allen's panel house.
J—St. Barnabas Home.
K—St. Barnabas chapel.
L—Mansion House.
M—Decker's warerooms.

Chapter Second.

Only the old trouble.—*Old Play.*

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD:—

Another article in your paper regarding the murders and outrages being perpetrated in New York should call the attention of citizens to some plan to remedy, or, at any rate, to try to remedy this growing evil. As numbers of murders have been committed in East and West Houston street, the question arises, where do these murderers, &c., live, and who owns the property? The whole upper side of East Houston street, between Broadway and Crosby street, where Friery lived, where Reddy kept house, where Logan No. 2 kept his mistress, and where notorious panel houses are at the present time, is owned by Mr. P. T. Barnum. He has it in his power to cleanse that block at any rate, or the public will naturally suppose that money, no matter how obtained, is all powerful with him, and that murder, &c., may run riot and the city be disgraced—no matter, so long as he gets his rent and personally is not annoyed. KNICKERBOCKER.

When a man has drained the measure of his ambition by a life which he publishes to the world as a ceaseless round of exploded "humbugs;" when by maxim, by quotation, by voluminous chapters and wordy sermons he sets up his career as a beacon light, as a grand example for the American youth; when he itinerates over the Union, speaking in the cause of temperance; when in his retirement he makes an investment in human misery; when he gives lease to crime, encouragement to murder, and derives revenue from iniquity, such a wonderful salmagundi deserves a few chapters in narrative, written by other than his own pen. Then to the duty, with the above letter for the text; and it is a prolific text. It opens with a recitation of the first great crime which Biblical history records; it locates the hell of this metropolis, mentions its minor spirits and points out by name its presiding genius. It then makes a few allusions to the itching propensity of the modern son of Iscariotes.

Chapter Third.

The scene to which the reader is invited is one happily in the heart of the city. It is the Bloody Block. By this the bloody block upon which were severed so many heads and which now remains as a relic in the Tower of London is not indicated. Though the latter culminated some of the cruellest events in English history, its successor on this island has a darker record. It is where virtue is and has been mangled—where peace has been destroyed, and where law and order have been defied. It is rank, revolting rottenness. Notice its boundaries—Houston street on the north side, Broadway, Bleecker and Crosby streets. Thus it is the isolated block, the Block Island of crime in this city. There is a tradition that Captain Kidd and numerous other bandits, outlaws and pirates used to rendezvous at Block Island, at the eastern end of Long Island; but it is no tradition regarding the locality described. It is a lamentable fact that for years the bloody block has stood alone as a comparative island, receiving the foul deposits washed up the streams of blackleg and criminals that infest the community. About its shores purity has been blockaded and even decency has been swept away by the violent tornadoes of crime.

Romance writers have been fond of finding for their wearied and worn heroes some quiet island in the sea, where such worthy people might enjoy the repose of their after lives. But one romance writer rises above the rest. He is original. He has made himself the hero of his own fiction; has given his early struggles, industry, "woolly horses" and all that; but, strange to say, nowhere does he indicate his purpose to buy the necessary island. Yet he did buy it, and with only this difference from ordinary heroes—he has neglected to become its inhabitant. But of course P. T. Barnum is not like other men; he has a striking personality of his own. He conceived the idea of having a distinct territory of his subjects, of presiding over a dominion himself. Of course he desired a congenial population on his domain, and being an advocate of temperance it became perfectly natural to give leaseholds to gin mills; as he had formerly kept a show for credulous countrymen, it was also within his purview to provide them with attractions of panel houses; as he had formerly kept twenty-five cent stores, refreshment saloons and a lecture room, whence he derived a princely income, he could hardly do otherwise than establish fitting successors in Houston street; and as he had represented bogus tragedy so long, in his dignified retirement he spurned the spurious, and instead of presenting the pasteboard body of an Egyptian mummy or the chalked and gashed mask of a Bowery tragedian, the real victims were found in the cold corpses of Lazarus and Mark McGuire. This has been Barnum's transformation. It may take the public by surprise; yet with any one the essential feature of whose life has been deception there is scarcely any incongruity in stepping from one department of the same branch to another. If a man can with equal facility bring out a Joyce Heth and get the people's money, or write a sketch of his own impositions for public sale and profit, or seize upon a popularism and identify his Yankee avarice with its dollars, or collect rents from low, rotten and reeking dens, of the existence of which it is impossible for him to be ignorant, the distinction is small which, in any case, would change the degree of his salvation. Barnum's museum, therefore, became the Bloody Block; and he has had the serene satisfaction of reposing in his elegant mansion on Fifth avenue and knowing that his old customers could pass the night among the mysteries of a panel house, could suffer a broken head, a mutilated countenance and all the other little entertainments which existed by his sufferance, if not support. The Commissioners of Charities and Correction should have put up a signboard similar to the one which formerly plastered the corner of Broadway and Ann street, and let the Bloody Block have been labelled "Barnum's Museum." The temperance (?) lecturer and ex-showman hardly practised the same amount of ostentatious advertising as was his former wont, whether from the character of his exhibitions or from the fact that they were sufficiently remunerative; but however this may be it is a subject of which the HERALD is now able to give him a first class notice, gratis.

Chapter Fourth.

The last chapter was closed with a few reflections upon Barnum's wonderful genius for making money and regarding his protean ability to impersonate the most difficult characters in the financial drama of a showman's life. The story reaches so advanced a point in the worldly progress of our hero that it is meet to indulge in a few gems of history—for what adds greater dignity to a man's fame than to make him historical? Barnum, after having been licked and caressed by the flames which paid so affectionate attention to his several mundane microcosms, as if each and severally his museums were but theatrical exhibitions in miniature of what the world is coming to when it finally expires in fire and brimstone, took it into its inventive tissues to get into a row about insurance—in fine, about money, the sugar, the cream, and all the sweetness of his life. In all his real estate transactions our hero has exhibited this same penchant. Now, when Barnum lost the residence of his giantess, his donkeys and his stuffed animals, he again agitated his brain about finding a spot from which he could elevate another temple of his liking. His eye lighted on the Bloody Block. He thought it first class ground. It was so central. It was so beautifully and appropriately located that he could draw his old patrons from Mercer, Crosby, Houston and Greene streets. But he had a squabble about this property with one Oatman, his agent, some kind of relative or other—no matter how, where or when—and Barnum stood begging at the courts. It appears that Oatman had given a lease of the corner of Crosby and Houston streets to Mr. Christopher Pidgeon, to be used as a liquor store (Barnum's temperance!) It was provided in this covenant that Pidgeon should occupy the premises at a low rental for seven years, if the property were not sold; but if sold it was stipulated that Pidgeon should vacate and retire. The only obstacle in Barnum's way then to building his museum was Pidgeon, and particularly Pidgeon's cunning little lease. Barnum saw this and knew that Pidgeon had him where the hair was short. Barnum therefore undertook to play some sharp points, to practice a bit of Yankee strategy. Now Barnum's Pidgeon roosted nigh, and the ex-showman couldn't bring him down—not an inch. Barnum was mad, of course, because he had doubtless laughed at the prospect of soon being able to sell the public anew—had probably frequently woke up out of a sound sleep and convulsed himself with greedy chuckles. But Barnum must have looked really funny when he came down to Pidgeon one fine day, remarking:—

"Well, Pidgeon, I have sold the property and the lease is null and void."

Pidgeon, however, wasn't everybody's fool; though Barnum's smartness didn't prove infectious—as it is good for the well-being of society its contagion hasn't reached Sing Sing. Yet Pidgeon had heard of Barnum often—Barnum the showman, real estate operator and temperance (?) orator. Pidgeon therefore stood by the ancient blunderbuss of his wits; and it wasn't long before he grabbed the nigger right out of the fence. He suspected Barnum had planned a bogus sale. Barnum was again a vagrant at the courts. He got down on his suffering knees and cried in the bitter anguish of his soul, "Justice, justice!" This too must have been amusing. Barnum obtained justice, and after the years that have elapsed Pidgeon still sells his stimulants at his old hive. By order of the court he pays his money to receivers—never to Barnum. Barnum says, somewhere in his printed confessions, that he likes a joke. It is wondered how he liked this joke. It was a good one—first class. It shows that Barnum must avoid Pidgeons, especially when they get on the wing or ear; for then Barnum handles an animal he never had in his happy family, and never will. It would be better than the best farce on the boards to-day to know what Barnum thinks of that species of game.

Chapter Fifth.

Barnum's little intimacy with his feathery adversary leads us now to a more serious matter. Up to that time he had always been a customer of the law—have we not shown indirectly of the bar? But his opponents were principally individuals. It now comes to Barnum as against society. Houston street, between Crosby street and Broadway, on the north side, west of Pidgeon's place, has been one of the vilest sinks of human depravity since the original sin, and this is Barnum's domain. For the past several years crime has been located in any longitude and latitude of its sphere, and has been ploughing away under easy canvas. Barnum held the course; he could command "drop anchor!" he could blow up adverse winds, turn destructive currents, or sink the flourishing fleet; but the captains paid the tariff and what cared Barnum? Money! ah, money! covers a multitude of sins. So the pirates swept those seas; they had their ports; who will forget their names. One rejoiced in this appellation given to the breeze of Houston street in large gilt,

10-10 LOAN.

This was the haven of the notorious Rocky Moore—superlatively bad. His crib received pickpockets, burglars, thieves, highwaymen, garroters, where they met after a little cruise. Bounty jumping in its worst phases was carried on there; and here is national bounty the merchandise of the vile vagabonds. There was another precious port upon this sin-washed shore; it was the gin shop of the murdered Harry Lazarus, thus blazoned forth to the passer by:—

X—10—U—8.

Lazarus was the victim of Friery's knife. It will be remembered by the reader how this horror fell upon the community; how Friery, in a moment of brutal frenzy, killed a harmless and kindly man, who, though engaged as a prize fighter among the sports of the day was above his calling in intellect and far beyond his companions in everything peaceable and friendly. The cause of this tragedy was the jealousy which came from rival saloons, Lazarus occupying No. 12 and Friery No. 14. Friery wound up his career on the gallows, and thus two of the tenants of Barnum's property died violent deaths.

Over the Museum of Anatomy, one of the worst resorts in the city formerly existed, but has now been cleaned out. Pedestrians along Broadway can also remember the almost nightly disturbances that broke the public peace on the Broadway front of this block, and how crowds would collect at the frantic shrieks and cries of bawds and other common characters. The effect of this nest of criminal outlaws in this locality was to disseminate the seeds of plug-uglyism. The regular crowds that visited Rocky Moore's and Lazarus' places began to swell, and new dens were opened on the other blocks on the south side of Houston street, west of Broadway. Logan No. 2 was recently killed on the steps of the House of Commons, a well known man committed suicide near by and Reddy the Blacksmith was driven to death's door, but grasped the reins in his own hands and managed to preserve his valuable life. Then there is the notorious saloon which it would be unpardonable tautology to name. Whatever its proprietors may be it is the resort of the most dangerous men of the metropolis. But other places are equally bad. Indeed the whole territory is covered with low dens, faro banks and houses of prostitution.

Chapter Sixth.

And now to the present condition of this block, and especially to a consideration of the saintly character of its fresh inhabitant, Reddy the Blacksmith. He has been on the corner of Broadway and Houston street (northeast) for two months. It is asserted by the powers who have always been the heavy and light weights of these "Broadway Four Corners" that Reddy domiciled himself there to control the politics of the neighborhood, just as he presided over the political destinies of the Fourth and Sixth wards. He was a going to be the autocrat, the dispenser of place and prerogative. The old salts determined that they wouldn't give up the ship, and when Reddy ventured to sail into Florence's saloon one evening he found glass shells whizzing about his ears and the flights of strange missiles tearing the atmosphere. They made Reddy's face look like a joint of mutton fresh from the butcher's block—as in fact he did come from the Bloody Block. Reddy then went out to Bellevue for a few days of horizontal ease. When he resumed an upright position he returned to Houston street, to his bottles and barrels. The reporter dropped in on Reddy a couple of days since *incog.* Reddy drew a glass of ale which the reporter attempted to consume while making a survey of Reddy and Reddy's surroundings. All the drinks stood on the board as in an ordinary gin shop. Reddy had his hand tied