

NEW YORK HERALD

BROADWAY AND ANN STREET. JAMES GORDON BENNETT, PROPRIETOR.

Volume XXXVII. AMUSEMENTS TO-MORROW EVENING. FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE, Twenty-fourth street.—THE NEW DRAMA OF DIVORCE. WALLACK'S THEATRE, Broadway and 13th street.—JOHN GAULT. NIELSON'S GARDEN, Broadway, between Prince and Houston streets.—BLACK CROOK.

BOWERY THEATRE, Bowery.—HOUSE DOG.—THE WAITS OF NEW YORK. OLYMPIC THEATRE, Broadway.—THE BALLET FANTASME OF HEATRE DUMPEY. BOOTH'S THEATRE, Twenty-third st., corner Sixth av.—JULIUS CÆSAR. GRAND OPERA HOUSE, corner of 4th av. and 23d st.—NO THOROUGHPART.

TRIPLE SHEET.

New York, Sunday, January 7, 1872.

CONTENTS OF TO-DAY'S HERALD.

- 1-Advertisements. 2-Advertisements. 3-Fisk's Fatality: The Colonel Shot by Edward Stokes; Fatal Termination to a Sully Trial; Fisk Shot Twice; The War Between Assassins; The Colonel's Dying Statement; Excitement Throughout the City and Country; How Mrs. Mansfield Says About the Assassination. 4-Australia: Christian Conflicts with the New Zealanders and Murders of White Men by the Natives; American Whalers and a Good "Catch"; Affairs in Utah; Mr. Wharton; The Case Adjudged to Tomorrow; President Grant; The Republican Party at the Quarter City; Secretary Boutwell Addressing the Merchants on the Financial Condition of the Country; Present and Prospective—Horrible Murder in Baltimore—The Russian Prince Great Embassy; St. Louis; The Public Reception; The Thuman's Primaries—Weather Report—A Big Fire in Newark—Sailing by Steamer—Railroad Passenger Panic—The Orphan Hall—Corrupt Chicago Aldermen—Literary Chat—Banking Intercourse. 5-Pigeon Shooting; Don Quixote Takes Another Ride at the Windmill; the Great Monomaniac Goes Back on his Words—Proceedings in the Courts—Mrs. Hunt vs. Mrs. Cliff—Boddy the blacksmith's Tenant—The Tackler's Arson Case—City Hall Changes; Resignation of Mr. Broome; The President of the War; In Memoriam—Flight of Ex-comptroller Conolly—New York Printing Company; Another Legal Suit on the "King" Property—Obituary—Paris Fashion—The Modes in the French Capital at the Close of the Year—A Sneak Trial Arrested—Closing Out Niggers—Snow-block on the Western Railroads—Naval Intelligence. 6-Editorials: Leading Article, "The Herald as the Representative Newspaper—Journalism Past and Future"—Announcement. 7-Editorials (Continued from Sixth Page)—Dr. Livingstone: England's Opinion of the Herald's Expedition to Africa—France: Napoleon's Opinion of Thiers' Position and the Prospects of Impoverishment of the War in Mexico—The War Cloud: Great Activity in the Navy Department—The Troubles in New Orleans—Miscellaneous Cable Despatches and Domestic Telegrams—Business Notices. 8-Religious Intelligence: The Religious Programme for To-day; The Week of Prayer; The Prophets—The Russian Churches—Another Station House Mystery—A Remarkable Race—Government Buildings for Trenton—Smashing a Bank Run—Sinking Steamers—Army Officers and the Honors of War. 9-The Custom House Committee: Mr. Stewart's Opinion of the General Order Business; More Comments; The Theory and Practice of Constructive Half Storage—Brooklyn Affairs—Brooklyn Reform—A Williamsburg Mystery—The Smallock in Hoboken—Financial and Commercial Reports—Marriages, Births and Deaths—Advertisements. 10-Fisk's Assassination (Continued from Third Page)—The Fisk Mansfield Libel Suit at the Yorkville Police Court—Advertisements. 11-Advertisements. 12-Advertisements.

IMPORTANT IF TRUE.—The rumor that "Slippery Dick" has slipped off to South America. But how about the "Boss"? Will he go up the river or down?

A COUNTRY LIKE SPAIN, that is obliged to borrow a King from another country, is not fit to govern provinces and dependencies on the American side of the Atlantic.

NAPOLEON LEASE TO THIRDS.—A six months' tenure of office, so as to arrange for the accession of Gambetta. So said the ex-emperor in Chislehurst at New Year, as we are specially told in a HERALD telegram.

THE ENGLISH POLICY IN IRELAND.—The Marquis of Harrington, speaking, no doubt, officially, assured his constituents at Radnor, yesterday, that the government will be firm in "repressing rebellion" in Ireland, and should "set its face against leaving education in the hands of the priesthood." Just so. Free schools, a free church, and the exercise of industry. Professional revolutionists will be apt to steer clear of the Marquis.

GOLD AND THE SPANISH QUESTION.—The Gold Room, which has been so sceptical of trouble with Spain all along, became uneasy yesterday, particularly after the nomination of the Spanish Admiral Barnabé to succeed Señor Roberts as Minister to the United States, the agitation being further excited by the report that the Brooklyn Navy Yard had orders to fit out all its vessels for sea forthwith. The price, which fell off to 108 1/2 on the Rothschilds' offer to take \$600,000,000 of the new loan, advanced to 109.

LABOR AND CAPITAL AND INDUSTRY AND IDLENESS IN BELGIUM.—Belgium is agitated again. This time it is by a renewal of the strife between labor and capital. The men demand more pay and shorter hours of work. The government authorities look out for the preservation of the peace by despatching troops to the different centres of discontent. Turbulence and disorder prevail. The little kingdom must lose in its industrial profits heavily. The request for more wages appears to apply equally to all workmen—the skilled with the ignorant, the moral with the vicious and the "loafers" with the man who desires to earn fair wages. It is the "one grand opportunity" of the incubi who hang so persistently around the outer edges of the busy circles of material production.

The Herald as the Representative Newspaper—Journalism Past and Future.

The astonishment shown by the newspaper press of the country over the success of the HERALD in its expedition in search of Dr. Livingstone suggests some reflections upon journalism as a living, present, growing power, and its probable future as connected with the future of America. Before entering upon this one word may be spared to the Cheap Jacks of the press, who have been decrying this enterprise to the rabble around their cars that they call "customers" or "readers," intermitting their abuse of one another by disparagement of the HERALD. We do not quarrel with them for their rhetoric. The Cheap Jack is a good, honest creature in his way. And, although his English has the Cockney dialect so often heard among the "reads" and costermongers at Chelsea and Bethnal Green, he is a poor devil, who only kept out of the Almshouse in his own country by accepting public charity in the form of a storage ticket and throwing himself upon the hospitality of the country, and deserves encouragement. We do not interfere with his calling. One has his Collector of the Port and his Custom House victims, which, with a fine Dublin frenzy, he calls "vampires." Another has his vouchers, which are really an old stock of attractions and have lost their novelty. And while not calling their wares, these Jacks call each other liars and villains and decry the HERALD in a sort of supplementary chorus.

If the people will not crowd around their cars we are not to blame. When the Punch and Judy people have had times in London, and Toby's receipts are only a handful of halfpennies, the showmen drown themselves in beer and "organize" against the monarchy. Of this fashion is the Cheap Jack fuss about the HERALD. But the people know that the HERALD is the HERALD, just as they know that the throne is the throne. It is an institution of the country. It has grown with its growth and strengthened with its strength. Every acre of land reclaimed from the wilderness, every bushel of wheat brought to the seaboard, every ship that goes from our ports or brings to us the products of other lands, every road or boulevard that adds to the attractions of the city, every mile of telegraph wire that encircles the earth, like the nerves in the human body, instinct with life and strength; every building that lifts its stone and iron front on Broadway, every foot of land that is enclosed for public uses with bronzes and marble and greenery, every railroad that unites State to State and town to town, is only so much advantage to the HERALD. With these material improvements there are moral and mental advantages. Every schoolhouse with its swarm of eager and studious children, every published book that adds to our sum of knowledge, every church that lifts its spire to the honor and glory of God, every academy of art and science and literature, is only a contribution to the rush and influence of the HERALD. We are in sympathy with these phases of a nation's thought and progress. What are kings and emperors and presidents and parties and administrations in comparison? The HERALD sees them, writes their life, their death, their epitaph. Like the magical mirror looking out upon many-lowered Camelot—before which the Lady of Shalott sat from day to day, weaving into her tapestry the visions of life that it reflected—the abbot on his ambulant pad; the troop of damsels; the lovers creeping to their tryst; the gallant knights riding two by two; the bold Sir Launcelot—so the HERALD reflects the world from day to day, and when one vision passes another comes, and we feel something of the meaning of that eternal movement of the spheres with the daily rising and setting of the sun.

Administrations, for instance. Look out on the politics, and harken to the voice of hysterical politicians, and one would believe that the nation's peace rested with the success or failure of the administration. Why should the HERALD descend from its throne and join in the mad outcry? Twelve administrations have passed in review before this throne, and a hundred more are coming like the line of phantom kings that Macbeth saw in the vision. What is Grant to the HERALD? It has seen Jackson, Van Buren, Harrison, Tyler, Polk, Taylor, Fillmore, Pierce, Buchanan, Lincoln, Johnson, each with the crowd of hungry troopers and champions. What are these "great statesmen" now in wordy conflict at Washington, that the HERALD should descend from its throne and carry their pennons? Why, it has seen a hundred statesmen, all "saviours of their country," "leaders of their party," the Adams, Websters, Clays, Calhouns, Wrights—giants in their day, idols now in the mouldy niches of party temples, all gone into silence and dust. The HERALD did its duty by them in a royal, just, candid manner, and when they passed away it administered reward and censure to those who came, as it will to all who may come in the future.

The future! Well, it would be curious to consider what it will bring to the press. In our time we have seen the press grow from nothing. Go into the dusty libraries and look at the newspapers of the past. In the beginning there was the small, clumsy letter-sheet, which came with the weekly post-boy, and told of the court and the fashions and the news from the American plantations, "by packet, in forty days." Then came the essayists, like Addison and Steele and Johnson, with their graceful comments on literature, art and manners. Then came the pamphlets, when "Brutus" and "Publicola" vented their wrath upon a ministry. Then came "Junius," with his mystery and his fierce, implacable rhetoric, and magistrates sitting editors in the pillory or locking them in jail for daring to mock His Royal Highness George, Prince of Wales. Then came *The Times*, quietly creeping into life and growing into lusty vigor to become the NEW YORK HERALD of Great Britain. So, to come to our own country, we had the Revolutionary newspapers, which were dismal, stupid and false. Then came Freneau, with his libels on Washington, and Duane, with his mournful dirges over our finances, and the feeble, malignant presses in New York which libelled each other in the interest of Burr and Hamilton. Then came Father Ritchie and his Richmond newspaper and his idolatry of Jefferson, and Blair with his *Globe*, which defended Jackson

and assailed his enemies, while Duff Green and the Calhoun pamphleteers covered him with abuse. Then we had Leggett with his pamphlets—a great man as greatness went, but gone into oblivion with all that he did. Where are those "able editors" and "powerful writers" and "moulders of public opinion?" And what do we think of their work as we read it in the yellow, dusty volumes of the old libraries. All passed away—their rhetoric—their screams—their denunciations—their fears for the party—their hopes for the country—their dreams and agonies. All gone, with scarcely a survivor. A few years ago Gales and Seaton went from the stage carrying their immortal *National Intelligencer* with them over the Lethean waters. The other day Prentice followed them. Far off in Alabama we see A. H. Stephens trying to revive the past. Here we have Weed, now reduced to stories and fustian chat, and Bryant, with his Greek and English ballads, and Greeley, with his tariff recollections of fifty years ago, trying to build a party out of the bones of Henry Clay. So have we read of gray and blind old minstrels, with their creaking harps, sitting under the damp arches of baronial castles, chanting of the wars and loves of another country to knights and maidens who never hearkened to the strain, but sent the servants out to give them largess, and meat and wine.

The HERALD came in its time. It was a revelation, and floated over the skies like the cloud that was no larger than a man's hand. Or, to use an apter illustration, was it as the grain of mustard seed that was cast into the earth. What was the HERALD? Simply an idea, and as ideas have ruled the world ever since Moses climbed up shining Sinai and wrote ten of them on his tablets of stone, so the HERALD has come to be a ruler in the world. What was this idea? To print a newspaper that told the truth. To fear no man and no party. To pay cash and receive cash. To destroy the devil credit. To treat politicians as they were, mere hucksters in the market place eager to sell their eggs and butter. To be one with the wishes, hopes and fears of this city and this nation. To aid in their advancement, rejoice in their triumphs and mourn over their sorrows. To grow with them and go with them, hand in hand, ally, champion, counsellor and friend. To war upon sham, cant, corruption and false pretence—in politics, religion, government and society. To use every agency of science and nature in scouring the world for news—to make the HERALD of to-day the perfect history of the world of yesterday—and, above all things, to worship Truth and serve it with courage and independence—as the one thing altogether lovely in the eyes of God and precious to mankind. The history of this work is written in the history of the republic. It is the history of the republic. The mustard seed which was despised in its day by the surrounding gourd and weeds and rank newspaper growths has grown to be a mighty tree, and the birds of heaven cluster in its branches, and the people gather under them, and wherever the flag of our country floats, upon land or sea, the citizen of America sits under it and finds in the NEW YORK HERALD the latest chapter of the history of the world.

Looking back upon this growth, we find in the HERALD the full fruition of the centuries. Here the old party continues his newsletter chronicle of gossip, town news and court news and the small chat of the coffee houses. Here writers as graceful as Addison and Steele and Johnson contribute essays on literature and art as brilliant as were ever read in the pages of the *Rambler* or the *Spectator*. Here "Brutus" or "Publicola" comes with his complaint or his criticism, and we give him a hearing. Here essayists as brilliant and terrible as "Junius" make war upon political corruption, protected by that mighty arm of the HERALD, which no pillory and no prison has ever stricken down. Presidents no longer hire their Blair's and Ritchie's, like literary footpads, to lie in wait and assail their foes. They do their duty like Grant, and the HERALD stands in front and defends them. When they fall as Pierce or Johnson did, the HERALD turns and reads them as altogether unworthy. All this while honor and courtesy and good-breeding and kindness attend it. When combat is necessary it remembers the old knightly maxims, and makes chivalric war. The Cheap Jacks may cry from their carts that all who buy from another cart are liars and villains and slaves. The HERALD, conscious of its strength and integrity, shows courtesy to all—kindness, good humor and friendliness. This must be a law to our modern journalists. Nothing comes from defamation and scandal. Why should men who write for the press assail each other? The world is large enough for all, and the same ethics should be established that we observe among other professions.

The HERALD of the future would be an interesting speculation. The law of its life is progress. When we stand still we die. Now steam and lightning do its bidding, and its ministers go over the world with the devotion, fearlessness and zeal that are recorded of the followers of the Society of Jesus. Is it any marvel that the HERALD should penetrate Africa, and at the head of an expedition that cost money enough alone to keep all the Cheap Jacks in tobacco and bread and beer for years, seek to read the mystery of that dark, forbidden, unknown land? Is it any marvel that it should astonish the civilized world by doing what great nations have failed to do? This is simply a law of its being, a duty of to-day, forerunning a similar duty to-morrow. The HERALD did this as it followed our own war at an expense of more than half a million dollars; as it sent over the cable the first real despatch of news, at a cost of seven thousand dollars in gold; as it campaigned with the great armies of France and Germany in their late wars; as it now watches the revolution in Cuba, the pronouncement in Mexico, the famine in Persia, the opening of Japan to civilization, the investigation of the resources of St. Domingo, the great social and political movements now stirring the waters in Europe, and soon to burst into a storm as great as that which floated the Ark to Arrat. While brave men do these deeds gifted men comment upon them; so that the enterprise of the news-seeker is illuminated and explained in the spirit of prophecy. So it will continue. The great newspaper will become to America what the old Oxford University is to England. Grave men have studied in

its cloisters for a thousand years and filled the world with the fame of their learning. Wise men sit in the councils of the HERALD and write their thoughts in its columns; and this they will do from generation to generation. The progress of intellectual thought will be seen in the press. The literature of the next century will be newspapers and text-books—the newspaper absorbing the wisdom and genius of all who feel called upon to instruct mankind. Be it our proud mission to do in the future what we have done with so much honor in the past—to make our journal keep step with the enterprise and genius of the age, so that the HERALD of 1872 will be as much in advance of our paper to-day as it is in advance of the Cheap Jack prints all about us and the newsletter sheets carried in postbags from London a hundred years ago.

Our Religious Press Table.

The Observer (Presbyterian) has an elaborate article upon the "New and Old School Romanism in the German Parliament," the gist of which may be gathered from the following concluding paragraph:—

We may object from our American standpoint to any interference of the State in Church matters. So did also many conservative Protestants in the German Diet, who would not allow the government to restrict the absolute freedom of the press, and voted, therefore, with the Ultramontanes. It can, however, hardly be denied that it has become very desirable that the State should, as a more religious institution an international organization like the Church of Rome, which strives by ecclesiastical means for political ends, and openly claims supremacy over the State.

The Independent (Congregationalist) has opened an "educational bureau"—a bureau which some of its contributors may find profit in visiting occasionally. It also dashes at "Mr. Samner and the one-term principle," and in an article upon that topic remarks:—

There is no prospect that Congress will, by a two-thirds majority, vote to submit this proposition to the States. Saying nothing about its merits, it is simply to be regarded as a failure. The prevailing sentiment of the present party is in favor of his renomination, as it was in 1868 in favor of renominating Abraham Lincoln; and, surely, a republican Congress, with such a sentiment, would not so readily itself as to endorse a principle which would virtually say to the next National Republican Convention that General Grant ought not to be renominated.

The Evangelist is more especially devoted this week to its "Map of the Presbyterian Church" than to any other else. But it is glad to understand that its Church enterprise in Salt Lake City is beginning to receive donations from such as feel an especial interest in the rescue of Mormon women and children from the sad tolls of error.

The Golden Age publishes a very agreeable article upon the text of the "True Spirit of Public Discussion." The following reference to one of the purest of American matrons is well worthy of reproduction:—

A few days ago we spent some hours of reminiscence in the home of a reverend woman who now sits like a queen at the head of her box in this country—the most venerable and beloved of all the public women of our land. We mean Lucretia Mott. She died a few years since, but she is still as able, sagacious and eloquent as when she was in her more prime of life. In giving her views upon the position of the Church and the State, and the great world of thought that lies outside both State and Church, the sweet and charitable spirit with which her faculties seemed to be surcharged, and the wisdom and earnestness which she made upon us an impression never to be forgotten.

The Protestant Churchman is out in a new and more elegant attire, typographically. It discusses the "Philosophy of Protestantism," and defines the term "Protestant" in this wise:—

The necessity of negative terms in describing any particular church results from the fact that the Church of Christ, as visible in the world, is imperfect and liable to corruption. It is therefore necessary to protest and contend against the errors into which the visible body has fallen; and those who do this, while they are at the same time members of the Holy Catholic Church, are associated together in a Church both Protestant and militant. There have, therefore, been Protestants in all ages, in the Church, from the time of its apostolic origin, when the heretics of the faith, men who have trodden the thorny and bloody path of confessors or worn the dory crown of martyrs, and the glorious succession will not cease until the visible Church be free from all error, and the protest and the truth of God shall everywhere prevail. When that time shall come the Church will cease to be Protestant, and will cease to be militant, and be beneficent triumphant forever. The term Protestant, however, as applied to our Church, has a more special significance. It indicates the position as protesting, not only against all the perversions of truth which spring up in the bosom of the visible Church, but especially against the spiritual domination of the Church of Rome.

The Methodist refers to a "Pan-Presbyterian Council" and says:—"The Presbyterians have robbed us of our pet idea. We have, it continues, advocated these several years the assembling of an Ecumenical Council of Methodists, and have found no second, and now the English-speaking Presbyterians are calling for just such a gathering of the members of their faith. Singularly enough, the proposition comes from the other side of the water, and from no less a personage than Professor Blaikie, of Edinburgh.

The Christian at Work is doing good service among the masses, and should be encouraged in its labors. The Freeman's Journal (Roman Catholic) does not seem to like the idea of a "Protestant judge trying to settle Catholic law," and animadverts rather tartly upon the decision of Judge Gamble, of Lyncoming county, Pennsylvania, continuing the injunction against the Bishop of Scranton.

The country religious press furnish nothing new this week. Why do they not arouse themselves and bring their readers to a realization of what they should do toward spreading the truths of the Gospel?

The Attempted Assassination of James Fisk.

It is probable that since the news of the assassination of President Lincoln reached this city the community has not been so much exercised as on last evening, when the fact spread like wildfire that Fisk had been shot in the Grand Central Hotel. It appears that Fisk had just come down from the Grand Opera House, and must have been followed to the Grand Central by Stokes, for the latter arrived in a coupé about the same moment as Fisk. Stokes, it appears, gained the head of the ladies' staircase, at the first landing, before Fisk could, and when the latter was two or three steps from the foot of the stairs fired twice at him, striking him first in the right of the abdomen and then on the left arm, each shot taking effect. An examination in the Fisk-Mansfield libel case at Yorkville Police Court had terminated about two hours previously, and it will be read with much wonder that Stokes there declared he never had any intention of doing Fisk any physical injury. People who read all these spiced details of the loves of a loose woman and the contentions of her admirers laughed at them as if there was no devilry in all the page, no real passions behind all the cold, calculating move and counter-move of the wily counsel on either side that sued out injunctions or moved to quash them. The story of the "fair but frail" in this relation we do not choose to touch. Rumor, that draws its conclusions in haste, says bitter things, and a woman's anguish, if she has any heart, would be condemnation as deep as tongue can utter had she any part in feeding the fire of anger that promises to have culminated in murder.

The cowardliness of the act which struck down Mr. Fisk has reaped its first fruits in the public mind by awakening for him a wide-spread sympathy. He was not dead at the hour of writing, and we are happy to be able to state that there are many chances of his wounds not proving fatal. *De mortuis nil nisi bonum* is a sweet motto, and to Fisk, stricken suddenly down, this charity of good words was extended by thousands and thousands who had never, perhaps, thought well of the man in the busy prime of his eventful life. They remembered that he had once been a poor, toiling lad, who had wrought his success out of hard, earnest effort; that his steps upward, while decked with a gaudy, semi-barbaric show, were marked by strong traces of liberality and generosity of spirit that threw for the time the faults of his nature in the shade. Error is human, and there is a potent agency in life which seldom allows evil to go unpunished; but who is there so rash and blasphemous as to say that the assassin, impelled by his coarse or blinded motives, in the chosen instrument of Heaven to avenge the sins of a man? The public instinct reasons quickly; but when it judges in matters of this kind it is seldom wrong. The very men who have clamored against the victim of yesterday evening's savage work were among the first to denounce the act. The right or wrong of the Erie Railroad management was forgotten, and people remembered rather that Fisk drove a four-in-hand around the streets of New York to collect help for the suffering thousands camped in the prairies after the Chicago fire. They recalled not whether he ran the Erie Railroad in the interest of the shareholders or his own, but that he ran the relief train to Chicago at lightning speed. The cynicism of Marc Antony, that the "evil men do lives after them; the good is oft interred with their bones," may have some truth in it at long distance of time from the demise of a man, but the reverse is the truth in case of a sudden "taking off," whether that man be a Cæsar or a Fisk. Those, too, who recollected how he joked and gibed over Colonel Fisk's part in the terrible affair of last July; who mocked at his wound and doubted his courage, were prone to forget all that, and honestly pity the sufferer so nearly ushered to his grand reckoning with the Omnipotent at such short notice and in so cowardly a way.

On the part of him whom Colonel Fisk has identified as being the man who fired the shots we ask for no motive. The fact that he was engaged in this law suit or that intrigue against the man who fell beneath his fire will bring no palliation to the public mind for the crime which he will have to answer for in a Court of justice. The day of private revenge is past between man and man in civilized communities. There are, nevertheless, cases in which juries have disagreed and have even gone dead against the facts in a case to acquit the maddened husband who avenged the dishonor to his hearth. There are, doubtless, times when a common sentiment may cause all men to revolt from hanging a man really guilty of murder; but no element of that kind can enter into this case. There was no sacred right invaded which society can take cognizance of, and no justification which a jury could consider valid.

Those who have marked the career of Fisk will have regarded it from different points of approval or otherwise. There have not been wanting men who stigmatized him as a great public evil. Others have denounced him as a deteriorator of public morals. In his theatrical and social connections a still larger class have looked on him as a "bad example" to youth. We enumerate these things to point a moral. Granted for an instant that this man was all that his enemies could paint him, we affirm that to no private individual belongs the judicial right to punish which is vested in our courts of justice. We do not for a moment imagine that Stokes believed himself a public avenger in striking down Fisk, but we wish to cut away the fallacy that an assassin is any the less guilty of murder because his victim was a man of bad reputation. Fisk is, as we have said, reported not very dangerously wounded. Yet in abdominal wounds there lies often very grave danger, which may not exhibit itself at first. Stokes will, of course, be held to await the result of Fisk's injuries, and it is out of place here to say for what particular grade of offence he will be indicted. If Fisk dies there is nothing in the case to distinguish it from murder, for which a death on the gallows is the penalty of the law. The lawless spirit that appeals to

an unexpected deadly attack is something that must be banished from our midst. Because a man may be under a ban of society is no excuse to murder him; otherwise men must prepare for a relapse to that barbarism where life is held on that tenure which depends on a ready hand and a loaded pistol.

News from Australasia.

By steamship at San Francisco and thence overland by special HERALD telegram we have a news report from Australasia dated at Sydney the 25th of November, and in Auckland, New Zealand, the 2d of December. The intelligence is of a varied character, and in interesting detail of the despatches which we published yesterday. The antipodal colonies appear to be progressing steadily and quietly under the influence of local legislation, directed to a very great extent, but not controlled, from England. The Victoria Legislature passed a law protecting property in press news telegrams by copyright for a space of twenty-four hours. Measures of postal intercommunication were being matured. The wheat crop was seriously injured by rust in some districts, but generally flourishing. Railway extension and the colonization of the "back lands" by actual holders of cheap small farms were attended to diligently. The mercantile marine of several foreign countries were in active employment on the coast. American whalers reported a good "take." A plan of an expedition westward from South Australia was under consideration. Tasmania had a new Cabinet. Fresh discoveries of copper and tin had been made, and the sugar cultivation interest was in a favorable aspect. The natives in the interior of New Zealand were, speaking generally, quiet. Sorrow was expressed for the murder of Bishop Patterson. The aboriginal measure of repentance was not of a very enduring character, however, as will be seen by our advices from Fiji. A number of white men had been murdered by the New Zealanders. The terrible punishments were inflicted in retaliation for attempts which have been made to take away natives under the guise of apprenticed laborers, but really, as the chiefs allege, to sell them into slavery. Be this as it may, it is quite apparent that very many years must elapse before Macaulay's idea is realized, in the light of the educated New Zealander sketching the ruins of St. Paul's, London. It is said that a Tibborne family ring has been recovered from the hands of a band of gypsies wandering in the colony. The Legislatures were actively at work, when in parliamentary session, the members giving proof of zeal, diligence and ability. Heavy purchases of coal were made on American account. Judging from the facts which are supplied by the HERALD news reporters we have no doubt that the Australian Continent will be completely "civilized" within a very short space of time by the efforts of the same great power which announced a few years since to the world that Her Majesty's ship *Rhadamanthus* was taking in shot and shell at Portsmouth, preparatory to setting out to convey the Lord Bishop of Jerusalem to the East, on his way to the scene of his episcopal labors.

LET THE STATE LEGISLATURES SPEAK.—Is it not about time the State Legislatures now in session took some action in regard to our relations with Spain? Let the Legislatures speak. Let the voice of the nation be heard. Congress must then respond.

Significant Naval and Military Movements.

According to our despatches from Washington which we publish to-day the preparations in the two great defensive departments of the State now being made have, to say the least of the matter, a decidedly strong precautionary, if not a warlike appearance. The Secretary of the Navy has given orders for the reorganizing and equipping of several ships-of-war, besides the monitors previously ordered, and in the navy yards, wherever there are vessels to be repaired or stores provided, the men are working almost night and day. Yet Secretary Robeson says this is in the ordinary course of routine business. In addition to this General Humphreys, Chief of the Corps of Engineers, has called his assistants together, and, after consultation in the capital, despatched them to inspect all the coast and harbor defences and report immediately their condition, and what will be necessary to put them in a state of defence. General Abbot, commanding the battalion of engineers for the construction of torpedoes at Willet's Point, has also been summoned to Washington; and matters have even gone so far as for an expression to be made public that the administration and the officers prefer the torpedo plan devised and carried out by the Austrian government.

CONGRESSMAN BANKS, Chairman of the House Committee on Foreign Relations, must wake up on the Spanish question. The people do not want any Red River collapse now this vexed Cuban matter is again bruited.

THE SNOW BLOKKADE on the Pacific Railroad continues to hold up the railway trains at various points between Omaha and Sacramento valley, although it appears from yesterday's despatches on the subject that the road is at length opened from end to end, but liable in many places to be drifted over again at any time by a high wind. But for all this these heavy snows will be worth millions of money to our new States and Territories, in reference to their crops and their mining operations of the coming summer and autumn.

THE NEW ORLEANS LEGISLATIVE SQUABBLE is a disgraceful affair to all concerned, and the worst of it is that both the republican factions involved seem to rely upon the support of General Grant. His shortest way out of this mess is to leave the fighting factions to settle it among themselves.

JANUARY THUNDER STORMS IN ENGLAND are something out of the usual order of things in "the light little island;" but they have had two or three such storms there within the last week, the latest being the terrific thunder-storm "which passed over Portsmouth on Friday night, during which 'hail fell to the depth of two inches,' and by which 'all the windows in the city exposed to the storm were destroyed.' They have had heavy snows and a rough winter, so far, in the Netherlands, France and Germany; and from the Pacific to