

Take thou my blessing, my son, and go with God.

The Adjutant then again fell on his knees, and kissed the Bishop's hand, making a very wry face during the ceremony. He ran down the ladder as if Satan, instead of a fat Bishop, had been after him. On Friday the Colonels of the volunteer battalions held a meeting at the Palace on the advisability of allowing the Bishop to land, but all were against it, knowing that it would produce a riot. The Bishop leaves again in the *Missouri*, and it is reported that he will remain at Nassau, although it is more likely that he will proceed to New-York.

CUBAN MAIL NEWS.

ARRIVAL OF THE HAVANA STEAM-SHIP MISSOURI.

The steam-ship *Missouri*, which left Havana on April 15, reached this port yesterday. By the courtesy of the purser, our special correspondence was promptly at hand. We print from this letter the facts in the case of the ex-Bishop of Havana, already referred to briefly by the telegraph. "Quasimodo" says: The week just closing has been one of unusual animation. It appeared as if we would have a repetition of the lively times of two years ago, when everybody made his will in the morning, because it was uncertain whether a Cuban dagger or a Spanish bullet would not deprive him of the privilege of preparing such an important document at night. But this time it was not a political affair, and was not confined to the Spaniards or Cubans only. Both united in resisting strenuously and under threats of riot the landing of the notorious Catholic Bishop of Havana, FRAY JACINTO MARTINER, alias the Padre Sopimpa, a convicted assassin, robber, perjurer, thief, and a man accused even of rape, if one-fourth of the stories told about him by the people and clergy is true. Much of this is undoubtedly exaggerated, but the following assurances are trustworthy: He appropriated to his own use \$70,000, which he held in keeping for the building of a seminary, this amount having been collected by voluntary contributions; he also took other funds which were intrusted to his care; he frequented low places, where he was in the habit of dancing an obscene and vulgar dance with colored women, called the *Sopinpa* dance; from this he derives his cognomen; he insulted and maltreated the parish priest of Guanabacoa in such a manner that the priest became deranged and committed suicide. In fine, his general behavior has been such as to turn everybody against him, and your correspondent has never yet heard anybody speak of him except in the most contemptuous manner. The Bishop's career was so shamelessly bad that Gen. LERSUNDI was compelled to send him out of the island. While he was only a priest he was banished first from Venezuela in company with two others; later he was banished as parish priest of Matanzas, and then went to Rome, whence he returned as Bishop of this diocese. His first act on his return was to prosecute the parish priest of Monserrate Church out of revenge because the latter person was one of the examiners who had voted against conferring on him the degree of Doctor of Theology, because he was so ignorant of the laws and canons of the Church, that another priest, now dead, remarked: "Young man, tell the priest, your master, that we are too busy to examine his cook." Telegrams arrived last week announcing the Bishop's arrival at New-York, and his intention to come here. The Captain-General ordered the Spanish Consul in New-York not to give him a passport, but the Bishop nevertheless embarked, and, as a matter of course, was not allowed to land, the fact of his coming without a passport being taken as a pretext, in order to avoid the riot, which his landing would have produced. On the morning of his arrival placards were found posted about the streets of which I translate only one:

SPANIARDS OF HAVANA: The Padre Sopimpa, that thief, murderer and perjurer, who calls himself the Bishop of Havana, will arrive this morning. If one spark of honor and the slightest respect for your wives and daughters remains in your breasts, you will not allow this outcast of humanity to land. *Aterta!*

MANY SPANIARDS.

The others were of a similar tenor. When the *Missouri* entered the port, the Adjutant of Carbo, the acting Captain-General, went on board with orders from VALMASEDA. Your correspondent was already on board when the Adjutant arrived. When the Adjutant saw the Bishop he knelt down like a dutiful son of the Church, and kissed the Bishop's hand, after which the following conversation took place:

ADJUTANT—Excellent and illustrious Señor, I am the Adjutant of the Captain-General, and have come to bring you these orders in writing.

BISHOP—Do you know what they contain?

ADJUTANT—Yes, most excellent and illustrious Señor; that you will not be allowed to land, and that, if you wish it, I am to take you on board of the iron-clad *Zaragossa* in the Admiral's barge, where you will be treated with all the considerations due to your high and illustrious rank.

BISHOP—If I am not allowed to land I prefer to remain on board here, but I cannot understand why I should be prevented from landing. I came directly from Rome with orders from my only master and Government, His Holiness the Pope, and I do not know where else to go. My house and home is in Havana; I have a right to occupy it, and, besides, the Pope commands it. I cannot travel about, as I have no money; I am poor, and live altogether on charity.

ADJUTANT—Very illustrious Señor: I know nothing of this, and can only report to the General what you have said. Do you wish to put it in writing?

BISHOP—No; a verbal message is sufficient.