

NEW YORK HERALD

BROADWAY AND ANN STREET.

JAMES GORDON BENNETT, PROPRIETOR.

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Volume XXXVIII, No. 255

AMUSEMENTS THIS EVENING.

- WOODS MUSEUM, Broadway, corner Thirtieth and Little Theatre. Afternoon and evening. WALLACK'S THEATRE, Broadway and Thirtieth street. COLLIER'S BARN. BROADWAY THEATRE, 728 and 730 Broadway. OPERA HOUSE, LA FILLE DE MADAME ANTOINE. OLYMPIC THEATRE, Broadway, between Houston and Bleeker streets. SHERIDAN THEATRE. THEATRE COMIQUE, No. 614 Broadway. VARIETY THEATRE. UNION SQUARE THEATRE, Union square, near Broadway. THE BELLES OF THE KINGDOM. NIBLO'S GARDEN, Broadway, between Prince and Houston streets. THE BLACK CLOTH. GRAND OPERA HOUSE, Eighth av. and Twenty-third st. WASHINGTON JEW. BOOTH'S THEATRE, Sixth av. and Twenty-third st. THE VAN WINKLES. NEW LYCUM THEATRE, 14th street and 6th av. NOTER DANCE. METROPOLITAN THEATRE, 558 Broadway. VARIETY THEATRE. BOWERY THEATRE, Bowery. THE SHEEP STEALER. MARKED FOR LIFE. MRS. F. B. CONWAY'S BROOKLYN THEATRE. OTHELLO. ROBINSON HALL, Sixteenth street. THE ROYAL MARIONETTES. MADAME ALEX. BRYANT'S OPERA HOUSE, Twenty-third st. corner 6th av. NEGRO THEATRE. HOOLEY'S OPERA HOUSE, Court street, Brooklyn. SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS. RAIN HALL, Great Jones street, between Broadway and Bowery. THE PHOENIX. CENTRAL PARK GARDEN. SWANER NIGHTS' CONCERTS. TERRACE GARDEN THEATRE, 58th st. between Lexington and 3d av. DAN FREEDMANT. CAPTIVINE GROUNDS, Brooklyn. THE GRAPHIC BALLOON. NEW YORK MUSEUM OF ANATOMY, No. 618 Broadway. SCIENCE AND ART. DR. KAHN'S MUSEUM, No. 68 Broadway. SCIENCE AND ART.

TRIPLE SHEET.

New York, Friday, Sept. 12, 1873.

THE NEWS OF YESTERDAY.

To-Day's Contents of the Herald.

- CEASARISM AND THE ADMINISTRATION! WHEN GRANT SURRENDERED! WILL THE THANE OF GLAMIS BECOME THANE OF CAWDOOR?—LEADER—SIXTH PAGE. THE POLARIS DISASTER! THE JUNIATA AT ST. JOHN'S! POPULAR FEARS FOR BUDDINGTON'S PARTY! BOTH THE TIGRESS AND JUNIATA TO GO IN SEARCH OF THE LOST! DR. HAYES' OPINIONS! SOME SECRETS OF THE SEARCH—SEVENTH PAGE. SALMERON, IN HIS INAUGURAL TO THE SPANISH CORTES, URGES UNITED SUPPORT OF CASTELAR—RAILWAY DISASTERS IN ENGLAND—SEVENTH PAGE. INTENSE EXCITEMENT IN IRELAND! THE O'DONOGHUE PROCESSION IN TRALEE ASSAILED—SEVENTH PAGE. CHOLERA ON THE INCREASE IN EUROPE! BRITISH CONSULAR REPORT FROM FRANCE, RUSSIA, ITALY AND GERMANY—SEVENTH PAGE. A RIOT IN MADRAS, INDIA! THE MILITARY SUPPRESS IT AFTER KILLING EIGHT RIOTERS—SEVENTH PAGE. THE MOVEMENT TO SECURE CHEAP TRANSPORTATION FOR FREIGHT! RAILROAD MEN BEFORE THE SENATE TRANSPORTATION COMMITTEE! IMPORTANT FACTS—FOURTH PAGE. THE SARATOGA BOATING CARNIVAL! BRILLIANT SCENES! COURTEY VICTORIOUS IN THE SINGLE SCULL RACE! THE TORONTO ARGONAUTS WIN IN THE PAIROARED STRUGGLE! MAP OF THE COURSE—THIRD PAGE. EXCITING TURF SPORT AT THE PROSPECT FAIR GROUNDS! THE THREE PRIZES WON BY BINGAMAN, VILLAGE BLACKSMITH, AND WHEATLEY! FOUR DEAD HEATS—THE RACES AT LEXINGTON, KY.—SALE OF TROTTERS—FIFTH PAGE. GOLDSMITH MAID, STAR AND CROWN PRINCE CARRY OFF THE HONORS AT POINT BREEZE—TROTTING IN WESTCHESTER—THIRD PAGE. LOOKING INTO THE NEW DOMINION'S CREDIT MOBILIER FRAUDS! THE USUAL POOR MEMORY IN THE WITNESS BOX! CURIOUS TESTIMONY—TENTH PAGE. HARD HITTING IN THE SUPERVISORIAL RING! THE SPONGE THROWN UP ONLY AFTER WARM WORK! UNEQUAL TAXATION AND THE POLICE JUSTICESHIPS—FIFTH PAGE. IRVING, THE CONFESSOR IN THE NATHAN MURDER MYSTERY, INDICTED AND EXTRADITED! THE GRAND JURY DETERMINED TO GET AT THE FACTS—FIFTH PAGE. HUNTINGTON'S HORROR! PRIME HELD TO AWAIT GRAND JURY ACTION FOR HIS CONNECTION WITH THE KELSEY OUTRAGE—FOURTH PAGE. THE YELLOW FEVER, it appears, is raging at Shreveport, La., to such an extent that communications with it from the neighboring towns and cities are generally suspended. The fever, in short, at Shreveport, has assumed the form of a violent epidemic; but, from the remoteness of the town from our great lines of trade and travel and from the lateness of the season, we are, at least, encouraged to believe that the disease will soon be exhausted on the Red River and that it will spread no further.

The Apollo Hall Democracy have taken the warpath, and are in hot pursuit of the Tammany braves, whose sculps they declare they mean to have in the coming election. They certainly exhibited more dash and enthusiasm at their meeting on Wednesday night than was to have been expected. The policy of exclusiveness adopted by the Tammany leaders is not only calculated to keep that party "conveniently small," but also to create an opposition of much strength, and infused with a spirit of bitterness that may render compromise hereafter impracticable. The Apolloneans made a strong point in their resolutions in regard to the Comptroller. Property-holders of all shades of politics will sustain them in their opposition to the "penny wise and pound foolish" policy of that official. Meanwhile Tammany is silent on the subject. This is ominous of evil for the old Wigwag.

Cesarism and the Administration—When Grant Surrendered—Will the Thane of Glamis Become Thane of Cawdor?

Some of our contemporaries treat the course of the Herald in regard to the spirit of Cesarism as a desire to make war upon the administration of General Grant. We have expressly disclaimed this purpose. We like General Grant better than any conspicuous man in the republican party. By this we mean that we have seen in Grant more honesty, sincerity and directness of character, more unassuming and self-denying patriotism, than in most of the leaders of the republican organization. In many respects his character is a beautiful one, or at least those phases of it which became manifest during the war. His speeches; his letters to General Sherman, Mr. Washburne and his father; his declarations of policy; his magnanimity to Lee; his appreciation of Sheridan and McPherson and other young soldiers of genius; his silent resistance to the encroachments of Mr. Johnson; his general modesty of thought and behavior, were so much in contrast with the selfish and dishonest characters of men like Colfax, who were civil leaders, that we welcomed him as one whose achievements in civil life would equal his achievements in war.

If General Grant has failed to meet our expectations we must not censure him until we see how much he was influenced by the circumstances surrounding his office. We cannot reform our politics by turning out Grant simply to elect Hancock or Sherman; by making a dishonest political canvass like the last, based upon misrepresentation and slander. We accept all that is good in Grant and his administration; and it is painful to think how events have diminished the glory of one and weakened the influence of the other. Our fond hope that Grant would be superior to his time has vanished. When he elbowed Mr. Hoar out of his Cabinet to make room for a sixpenny, ranting lawyer from the Dismal Swamp, and dismissed Mr. Cox for offending General Cameron, his administration began to ebb. He might have elevated his Cabinet to the level of Mr. Hoar and Mr. Cox. We believe it was his desire to do so. But he gave way to the sullen and greedy majority of his party, who yearned for men of the measure of Delano and Akerman, and, after forcing Mr. Hoar from the Cabinet, rejected his nomination for the Supreme Bench; rejected one of the first thinkers and lawyers of the land; put a slight upon a man conspicuous for his purity and acquirements, as an act of revenge—of revenge because he had been a gentleman and not a politician. That was the surrender of Grant. Since then he has been a captured President, governed by an oligarchy of able and unscrupulous men, like Morton, Carpenter, Stewart and Chandler, who make a virtue of their contempt for dignity and tone in political life. Before the era marked by the withdrawal of Mr. Hoar the administration was animated by high purposes. It was not what the politicians called a popular administration. The muscular statesmen who chewed tobacco and voted railway subsidies and craved back pay cursed it silently and waited for revenge. Those who knew Washington three years ago will remember the undertone of comment in high circles—the sneers at Grant, the littleness felt towards him for his ignorance of party discipline and requirements. They will remember the anger of the politicians when the virtuous and pure-minded McClure, of Pennsylvania—whose position as a reformer suggests the Fagin of Dickens at the head of a Young Men's Christian Association—was told by Grant that he could not appoint Governor Curtin to the Cabinet because he meant to please the country and not the party. It was evident to those who looked closely at the administration that a war would now ensue between Grant and the muscular statesmen, and Christian paragons like Mr. Colfax and Mr. Wilson decorated themselves in temperance and prayers and quietly went into training for a nomination.

In that contest Grant would have won. He had the better sense of the country with him. He could have put aside the renomination, bade defiance to the muscular statesmen, and, relying upon that honest sentiment which is sometimes sluggish in action but always sincere and hearty in support, made an administration to compare with that of Washington. Many things he did in spite of his party were commendable. His resolution to have peace with England; his Indian policy; his appointments to the Supreme Bench; many of his minor appointments; his payment of the debt; his enforcement of the laws against defalcations and malfeasance in office; his desire to propitiate the South as in appointments like Longstreet; his wish to have St. Domingo, were all acts of statesmanship, and will be remembered to the honor of his administration. But the tide has been sinking. The dream of a renomination came to the President even as the dream of a throne came to Macbeth, when the weird sisters met him on the heath with prophetic greetings. The incense of the lofty station was too much even for the soldier who had ridden through the smoke and flame of a hundred battles with an undimmed reason. The weird sisters—who in this case were the muscular statesmen—like Carpenter, Chandler and Morton—told him the crown would come again if he would obey their bidding. To that truth he has been firm. They have asked nothing that he has refused. He made a desperate effort to establish civil service reform, and gave the work to one of our purest and most gifted public men. He desired this reform. But the weird sisters frowned and frowned, and one day it became necessary, for the gratification of Mr. Conkling, to transfer a gallant soldier and effective politician to the Surveyorship of the port. It was done. Civil service was stabbed to the heart. In the eyes of the honest people it became a pretence. Mr. Curtis threw up his hands in despair and abandoned the work. For the satisfaction of Mr. Conkling, and to increase the income of General Sharpe, the President unaided in an hour the fairest and bravest work of his administration.

Why is this? The sisters who proclaimed Macbeth Thane of Cawdor also proclaimed him King. What prophecy have Conkling and Carpenter and Chandler and Morton made to Grant that he should seek them and fail to satisfy the country? Is it a renomination? We have no doubt of it. We believe the renomination of Grant has a second place

in the thoughts of each of these men, and of many others. We say second place, because their first thoughts are for their own nomination. The whole drift of political discussion is in this direction. To begin with, these statesmen have a scorn for conventionalities. Mr. Carpenter, the chief, is the only man of eminence who, seeing in the Crédit Mobilier contract a sound business operation, and believing back pay an honest satisfaction of the desires of Congressmen, has dared to make an elaborate speech in their defence. Mr. Carpenter is precisely the man to lead a movement for a renomination. Mr. Conkling may enter into a period of hibernation under the soft, silken, enervating folds of the Chief Justiceship, waiting for the spring of some future nomination, and we may lack his leadership. But wherever his hand may be, in the Senate or in the Court, his heart will be true. So we might go down the list. In one of Whittier's burning lyrics, which came upon the deadened sense of the nation like Luther's grand old Reformation hymn in earlier days, he exclaims that, when our land to ruin's brink is verging, silence is crime! The danger which then threatened the land was slavery, and the predecessors of Carpenter and Chandler and Morton—the Douglas, the Marcy, the Cass of that day—were timid, compliant and acquiescent in presence of the curse and shame of the age. They had no word to say against slavery, because the slaveholders were all-powerful. They were silent as the republican leaders are silent in presence of a danger which we deem even greater than slavery—the danger of Cesarism as expressed in the movement for General Grant's renomination to the Presidency, and as shown in a hundred ways—in the falsehood and corruption of social and political life. And sustaining these men, favoring this sentiment and encouraging a silence which is no less a crime now than when Whittier sang, we have a class in office who mean to hold office, and who worship any Cesar who sends a paymaster—a class of suddenly rich and vain people who crave the complaisances and gratifications of a more splendid life—who have money, and, caring only for vanity and decoration, seek them in Washington and Long Beach.

The country is rich and powerful. We have good harvests. The sun shines and corn grows. We make money with ease and spend it with readiness. Our fathers were old fogies who lived on corn bread and sweet potatoes and never tasted ices or patés. Our mothers knit and darned stockings and were content with gowns that did not come from Paris. But now we have gained wealth in petroleum, in army contracts, in railway bonds, in lands, in sugar and cotton, in dividends of eight hundred per cent from the Crédit Mobilier, in selling unremunerative mining stocks to English widows and clergymen, in speculations out of the whiskey tax, in defrauding the revenue—we have made so much money that we are dying to spend it. We have lanes from Belgium and silks from Paris, costly stuffs and precious stones; and what remains but a court or a social circle in Washington which will give us some of the comforts of a court? And so we drift and are drifting into social and political conditions which naturally enough desire the renomination of Grant and the establishment of a system in Washington which may not be a dynasty in name, but will be dynamic in fact, and be the beginning of the end of the liberties of the United States.

Are we alarmists? Perhaps so. But the signs we note may be read of all men. If we do not read them truly let those who have more skill give us a better explanation. When the clouds are in the sky it is well to think of stormy weather. And when, for the first time in our history, we find the dominant members of a dominant party silent in presence of a danger that threatens the foundation of our liberties—we mean the danger of a third nomination to the Presidency—it is fair to presume that our whole political system is corrupt and diseased, and can only be reformed by slow, radical and painful remedies.

General Butler—What Next?

General Butler, at Worcester, was mercifully bastinadoed in the house of his friends. The President of the Convention whacked him vigorously; the Convention itself treated him as a heretic and an unwelcome interloper, whose absence was more to be desired than his company. As the meek and submissive General himself stated the case, as made up against him, it was "heads I win, tails you lose." He knew that the Puritans supporting Washburn had to a great extent declared themselves as resolved upon a bolt in the event of Butler's nomination, and, singling out one of these anti-Butler delegates, the gentleman from Essex raised the question against him that any member who had thus made up his mind not to abide by the action of the Convention, in the event of Butler's nomination, had no right to a place in the Convention. The point was well taken; but after much shuffling it was boldly met by Mr. Freeman Clarke with the answer that the action of the Convention could not take away the liberty of any individual member. Upon this hint Butler's motion for the expulsion of the offending member was turned over to a smothering committee and smothered, a proceeding which was equivalent to a broad hint to Butler that the Convention, on any terms, would be glad to get rid of him.

A more impulsive individual than Butler, under all these taunts and provocations, engaged beyond further endurance, would have thrown off his party shackles, and, appealing to his friends to follow him, would have retired with a declaration of war. But Butler, like President Johnson when he first entered the field against an anti-Johnson Congress, preferring to fight his adversaries inside the lines of their party, reaffirms, under the party lash, his allegiance to the Convention, and all his followers join him in the general hurrah for Washburn. There is, we fear, in this touching example of Christian resignation something more or less than Christian magnanimity on the part of the rejected Butler. The Puritans may fancy that they have finally disposed of him; but we fear that in this pleasing idea they are very much mistaken; that they will surely hear from him again, and that, like the prudent Dutchman, he has "only got down from his horse to get on better." He has a heavy bill of damages against his accusers, and he will not forget them.

The Great Arctic Drama—How Will It End?

We publish to-day an interesting interview with Dr. Hayes on the subject of the loss of the Polaris and the probable fate of the Buddington party. The opinions of this experienced Arctic explorer are of peculiar interest at a time when all the world is eager to learn the fate of the remainder of the crew of the unfortunate vessel, not alone from the dictates of humanity, but because the mystery that encircles the disastrous expedition can never be fully cleared up until their story shall have been told. It will be seen that Dr. Hayes has great confidence in the safety and the eventual return of the fourteen souls who were left on the Polaris when Captain Tyson and his associates were separated from the vessel. The grounds for this hope appear not only plausible, but substantial. The spot where the Polaris was lost and where Buddington and his party wintered is six miles from the winter quarters occupied by Dr. Kane, Dr. Hayes and their companions previous to the abandonment of the Advance, in May, 1855, and whence the Kane party started in boats on their voyage along the Greenland coast to Upernavik. In this expedition, which occupied eighty days, no serious difficulties were encountered, and the personal experience of Dr. Hayes convinces him that the Buddington party will take the same course, and that great hope may be entertained of their safety even if they should not be heard from this winter. Food is abundant both on the land and in the sea, for that memorable eighty days' boating along the coast Dr. Hayes obtained no less than two hundred and fifty reindeer. When Captain Greer left on his search Dr. Hayes told him where, in his opinion, the Polaris would be found; and the event has justified the prediction. The same practical knowledge which enabled Dr. Hayes to form this correct judgment dictates to him that it is an error to search for the missing men along the Labrador coast, since they would not be likely to abandon the Greenland coast for a route that would give them three hundred miles further travel and compel them to cross a stormy sea. It has been thought that if Buddington had taken the Greenland coast for Upernavik, as Dr. Kane and Dr. Hayes did in 1855, he would have been met by the Tigress, which followed the same course, or would have already been heard from. But, as to time, if he left his winter quarters in the middle of June, as our St. Johns despatch published to-day intimates, and consumed no greater number of days in the journey than did Dr. Kane and Dr. Hayes, he would only now be due at Upernavik. As to the failure of the Tigress to fall in with the party, it is a singular and striking coincidence that Lieutenant Hartstone, who was sent to the rescue of Kane and took the same route, passed and repassed the party in their boats, both going up and returning, and was once within a few miles of them without either being aware of the vicinity of the other. Hartstone returned from his search unsuccessful as the Tigress has returned, and the Kane and Hayes party saved themselves, as it is to be hoped will be the case with Buddington and his companions. The fogs on the coast are, indeed, sometimes so heavy that the boats might pass unseen and unseeing within a few hundred yards of the ship.

The Herald's special despatch from St. Johns states that there grave doubts are entertained of the safety of the castaways, and it is regarded as exceedingly singular that they should have left no record of their movements or plans behind them. A paper was, however, found containing a memorandum that Chester, the mate, had made good oars out of the bulwarks of the Polaris. This seems to confirm the report that they had departed in boats. Our special despatch further informs us that the Tigress has been ordered to prosecute the search for the men to the westward and northward, and that the Juniata had also been ordered to join in the effort to discover the missing crew. Dr. Hayes regards these efforts as useless at this season of the year. If the Buddington party are already at Upernavik they will find a passage on some Danish vessel, and we shall first hear of them by way of Denmark. If they have not reached Upernavik before the dark season commences they can winter with safety at almost any spot along the two hundred and fifty miles of coast. There the vessels could not discover them until next summer, for they could not get beyond Upernavik after the darkness of winter has closed over the Arctic region.

The brightness of hope which shines from this view of the singular history certainly comes from a genuine source. The explorer who has gone through the very trials to which the Polaris crew are now subjected is entitled to be regarded as an authority as to what plans they would be most likely to adopt and as to the probabilities of their safe return. Yet it may be that the very experience which gives knowledge may also impart over-confidence and make light of threatening dangers. It seems impossible that the lives of men who trust themselves to the safe keeping of frail boats in an Arctic sea, in a season when the monster icebergs are in motion ready to crush large, strong ships into splinters, can be worth an hour's purchase. We cannot dissociate from danger the idea of a winter of perpetual darkness spent on an almost uninhabited coast. There is even something suspicious in the singular fact that the Esquimaux appeared at first before the eyes of the Tigress crew in parts of the uniform of United States sailors; that they quickly resumed their native garments; that the winter quarters occupied by the men of the Polaris were found in great confusion, papers torn and instruments broken, and that no record left by the Buddington party could be discovered. If we did not recognize the peaceable and friendly character of the Esquimaux we might fear that some foul play—some deed that would cast additional gloom and horror over this already painful mystery—had been enacted on that fatal coast. But we are disposed to hope for the best—to trust that the last sad news of the ill-fated expedition has been received. There is at least one gratifying feature in the present news. From the evidence now before us we are satisfied that the Polaris was so far disabled in her leaky condition that it was impossible to move her to the relief of Captain Tyson when he last saw the ill-fated vessel. We infer that she finally went down at or near the place where last seen by Tyson

and his party, and that the desperate resort of building boats from the materials of the ship for an escape from the wreck probably followed soon after the disappearance of the company on the ice. So far, then, Captain Buddington is vindicated against any misgivings of negligence or indifference as to the fate of Captain Tyson and company. The complete story of the Polaris, however, will probably not be known short of the recovery of Captain Buddington and his company from the lost ship, and, next to the considerations of humanity, which keep alive the general hope of their ultimate rescue, is the desire for their recovery in order that the complete story of the Polaris may be known.

Typhoid-Infected Milk.

There has recently broken out in the west end of London quite an alarming epidemic of typhoid fever, which some of the physicians ascribe to the milk supply. An English scientific paper endeavors to connect the outbreak of the disease in London with its appearance in some of the rural environs which supply the metropolis with milk and butter; and its reasoning is very conclusive. The source of most of our epidemics lies in the unwholesome food or polluted water consumed in towns and villages; and especially can many of the most fatal diseases be traced directly to the sparkling, but sewage-poisoned water of shallow wells.

Typhoid fever is well known to have its habitat in the fecal matters which frequently leak from the best sewers and percolate the soil, defiling the subterranean waters. Scientific investigation has not yet been able to determine how small and minute a quantity of this infection will suffice to poison a whole neighborhood, whether liberated in the most sumptuous and elegant quarters of London (where the interior of the houses is connected with the sewer-pipes) or in the vicinity of the undrained and unsewered villages.

The present epidemic of typhoid fever in London commenced in July, in houses where every precaution of cleanliness had been taken. It was noticed by a physician that most of the persons attacked obtained their milk from a particular dairy; and upon further examination he became convinced that the milk was somehow or other contaminated with typhoid poison, and was spreading the disease. Inquiry proved that in June the owner of the dairy farm had died of typhoid fever; that this enteric malady had prevailed in his family with other fatal effects, and had also been rife in the villages near his farm and in daily communication with it. The fact was also disclosed that the well, from which water was drawn to wash the dairy utensils, was itself the real drain of the dwelling and farm yard premises, which fully accounts for the infection disseminated in the milk.

The Herald has before suggested the sanitary dangers of using the subterranean springs and wells in every locality near human habitations. We have no doubt that the polluted underground water of the small towns and rural settlements in all parts of the country, and especially in the limestone regions of the West, is chargeable with the rapid and fearful ravages of such epidemics as cholera, typhoid, and other diseases. Many suggestions have been made to put these natural water supplies and all wells under legal sanitary provisions; but, while this may be done in cities and towns, in suburban districts the only reliance is in the good sense and public spirit of the residents.

More Trouble for the Spaniards in Cuba.

The news from Havana shows that apart from the progress of the revolutionists and inability of the Spaniards to suppress the insurrection, there are serious troubles fomenting among the Spanish loyalists themselves. Havana, socially, politically and financially, rests on a volcano which may burst forth at any time. The republicans, now that Spain is a republic, have raised their heads and claim the right of meeting and discussing political questions. The slave-holding and royalist party are opposed to this, and have in a factious and an intolerant manner attempted to break up the republican meetings. In one case these slaveholders, monarchists and Carlists actually caused the police to break up a republican meeting and to march those who were holding it to the jail. Of course such connivance of the authorities with these violent reactionists and slave-holders in their outrage upon the republicans must create a revulsion and bitter antagonism. As our correspondent says, it needed but a spark to inflame the whole mass of people into a blaze of riot and bloodshed. We fear there will be terrible scenes yet in Havana and other cities of Cuba. All that, however, would help the cause of Cuba Libre. The troubles of Spain and among Spaniards in Cuba afford the patriots a good opportunity to free their country.

THE WORCESTER PLATFORM.—The Worcester platform is a model in its way. It condemns and denounces in no measured terms the iniquities of back-pay, Crédit Mobilier legislation, and all the evils of Congressional corruption, yet declares the republican party, which has held control of Congress for thirteen or fourteen years, a model of virtue, honesty and humanity. It censures the administration for daring to interfere through the army of office-holders with the political concerns of Massachusetts; yet this same Massachusetts has looked on approvingly and found no fault, while federal officials were interfering very materially with the political concerns of Louisiana and other States. Verily, it makes a vast difference whether a tight boot pinches one's own corns or the corns of his neighbor.

PERSONAL INTELLIGENCE.

Archbishop Manning, of Westminster, is suffering from a slight attack of illness. The trial of Marshal Bazaine is definitely to be held at Trionon. He will be detained in a wing of the palace. Mr. Bernkeine, one of the most celebrated physicians of Russia, died in Paris on August 28, at the age of fifty-five years. President MacMahon intends to spend a week or ten days on one of his estates near Montargis (Loiret) during the shooting season. Count Gustave de Montebello, first Secretary of the French Legation at Washington, was married to Mlle. Guémin on August 29, at Passy, near Paris. The Lord Chancellor of England will preside at a banquet to be held at Oxford on October 22, in commemoration of the anniversary of the Oxford Union Society. The Brahmins of Ahmedabad had excommunicated one of their number who was found drunk in the streets. It is evident that a moral revival has set in in India. General Babcock, Private Secretary to President Grant, and his wife Mrs. Babcock, will sail for Europe on the Anchor line steamship Victoria tomorrow, Saturday, 13th inst. Lord Lisgar, late Governor General of the Dominion of Canada, will preside over an English commission appointed to inquire into the administrative departments of the courts of justice in Great Britain. Cardinal Archbishop Rauscher, of Vienna, celebrated, about three weeks ago, the fiftieth anniversary of his entrance into holy orders. He received on that occasion the congratulations of the Pope and the Emperor of Austria. The arrest of M. Ferrand, ex-contractor for the French armies of Gambetta, owner of the chateau of Lesevaur, has caused some excitement in Paris, and disapprobably surprised the radicals. The prisoner is the famous pistol-shot whom all Paris has seen at the Gastine-Renette gallery, and who is supposed to be the best shot in Europe. Edward Tullett, a coal owner in the employ of the Midland (of England) Railway, was called as a witness for the defence in the Tiberborne trial. He gave his testimony, on cross-examination, in a very natural manner, for an Englishman, thus:—Mr. Hawkins—Is not the defendant a little like Arthur, eh? What are you thinking about now? Witness—That I should like something to eat (roars of laughter) when I get out of this. The Lord Chief Justice—I think, Mr. Hawkins, you are bound to provide it. His Honor—Are you hungry? Witness—I am getting rather that way. (Laughter).

WEATHER REPORT.

WAR DEPARTMENT, OFFICE OF THE CHIEF SIGNAL OFFICER, WASHINGTON, D. C., SEPT. 12—1 A. M. Synopsis for the Next Twenty-Four Hours. Fresh easterly to northerly winds, partly cloudy weather and occasional light rain have prevailed on the Middle and South Atlantic coasts, but is now followed by generally clear weather. An area of low barometer has advanced from Dakota to Western Minnesota, preceded by fresh and brisk southerly winds and high temperature from the Lower Mississippi Valley to the upper lakes, and followed by brisk and high northerly winds, falling temperature and cloudy and threatening weather over Minnesota and Western Dakota. Probabilities. For New England and the Middle States falling barometer, rising temperature, gentle and fresh southeast to southwest winds, and clear or partly cloudy weather will prevail. For the South Atlantic and Gulf States east of the Mississippi rising temperature, clear or partly cloudy weather and gentle to fresh winds, mostly from the northeast and southeast. For Tennessee and the Ohio Valley fresh and brisk southerly to westerly winds, high temperature and increasing cloudiness, with possibly light rain in the latter during the evening. For the lower lake region, fresh and brisk southerly to westerly winds and generally cloudy weather, with light rain during the evening. From Missouri to Indiana and Michigan fresh and brisk south to west winds, generally cloudy weather and occasional light rain, the winds veering to westerly and northerly, with falling temperature and clearing weather during the day and evening, and probably with frost at night. For Iowa, Minnesota and Western Wisconsin fresh and brisk northwesterly winds, low temperature and partly cloudy weather, with frost during the night.

The Weather in This City Yesterday.

The following record will show the change in the temperature for the past twenty-four hours in comparison with the corresponding day of last year, as indicated by the thermometer at Hudson's Pharmacy, Herald Building:—

Table with 4 columns: Time (3 A.M., 6 A.M., 9 A.M., 12 M.), 1872, 1873, 1872, 1873. Values range from 62 to 76.

MARGARET HAMILL MURDERED.

Verdict of the Coroner's Jury—Mrs. Merrigan Held as the Murderess and Her Husband Discharged. Coroner Whitehill last evening resumed the inquest in the case of Margaret Hamill. Before the court room was opened a crowd had gathered round the door, and through the examination the room was filled to its full capacity. The two prisoners were in their places and presented their usually unconcerned appearance. The testimony was tedious, and, in the main, of the same tenor as on the previous nights, except that the witnesses showed James Merrigan to have been regularly at work all the week, and himself testified that he had no knowledge of Miss Hamill's death.

At eleven o'clock the Coroner gave the case to the jury, who retired to their verdict. THE VERDICT. At half-past twelve they returned, and Mr. Thomas, the foreman, read the verdict, which was that Margaret Hamill came to her death by strangulation on the 24 day of September, at No. 109 Ninth street, Williamsburg, at the hands of Sarah Merrigan, one of the parties named in the indictment. The Coroner then discharged James Merrigan from custody.

A FOLISH VIRGIN.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 11, 1873. As Officer Myers was walking on his beat this morning a stranger approached him and asked whether he knew where a minister could be found who would perform a marriage ceremony. The officer, immediately suspecting something, accompanied him to the Lapierre House, where he found a girl but fifteen years old. Upon being questioned the girl, who gave her proper name as Miss Soule Lynch, confessed that she was simply a scold; that she had run away from home twice before to marry this man, whose name has been found to be Ira Scott, and that they had already applied in vain to two clergymen to be united. She said that her father was a prominent man in the Water Department at Washington, D. C., and resided at No. 11 Eighth street. A telegram was at once forwarded to her parents stating the circumstances. To-night, however, news was received from the Chief of Police in Washington ordering the officers here to hold the parties in custody until to-morrow, when the friends of the runaway girl will arrive to carry her back home.

SATANIA AND BIG TREE.

The Red Devils at Fort Sill—Preparations for the Pow-Wow. St. Louis, Sept. 11, 1873. The Times has a letter from Fort Sill, Indian Territory, dated the 5th inst., which states that the Kiowa chiefs, Satania and Big Tree, arrived there on the 4th in charge of Lieutenant Gordon and one company of cavalry. They were placed in the post guardhouse and comfortably quartered. The members of their party were permitted to visit them, and the scene of their meeting was quite affecting. Governor Davis will arrive there in the latter part of this month. Together with Big Tree and Satania, who was a council will be held, and on certain conditions being complied with, Satania and Big Tree will be released, and taken over to the Cheyennes and Arapahoes will also be present at the council.

MILITARY INTELLIGENCE.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 11, 1873. The Superintendent General of the Recruiting Service has been ordered to send 150 recruits to Omaha, Neb., for assignment to the Fourth Infantry. YACHTING NOTES. Yacht Idler, N.Y.C., Mr. Colgate, New York for Oyster Bay. Yacht Sals, S.Y.C., Messrs. Foulk & Zerega, from New York for Nantuxet.