

NEW YORK HERALD

BROADWAY AND ANN STREET.

JAMES GORDON BENNETT, PROPRIETOR.

Volume XXXVIII.....No. 334

AMUSEMENTS THIS EVENING.

NIBLO'S GARDEN, Broadway, between Prince and Houston sts.—THE BLACK COOGE.

WALLACK'S THEATRE, Broadway and Thirtieth street.—OURS.

UNION SQUARE THEATRE, Union square, near Broadway.—THE WICKED WORLD.

W.O.'S MUSEUM, Broadway, corner Thirtieth st.—VICTIMS—SOLON SINGLES, Afternoon and evening.

BROADWAY THEATRE, 728 and 730 Broadway.—THE NEW MAIDEN.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE, Eighth av. and Twenty-third st.—A FLASH OF LIGHTNING.

BOOTH'S THEATRE, Sixth av. and Twenty-third st.—DUSTY, OR, THE FACE OF TARGUI.

METROPOLITAN THEATRE, 265 Broadway.—VARIETY ENTERTAINMENT.

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

THEATRE COMIQUE, No. 214 Broadway.—VARIETY ENTERTAINMENT. Matinee at 2 1/2.

OLYMPIC THEATRE, Broadway, between Houston and Bleeker sts.—RIP VAN WINKLE.

BROOKLYN ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Montague st.—GRAND OPERATIC CONCERT.

GERMANIA THEATRE, 14th street and 3d avenue.—DAS STUFTBUCHER.

TONY PASTOR'S OPERA HOUSE, No. 201 Bowery.—VARIETY ENTERTAINMENT.

BRYANT'S OPERA HOUSE, Twenty-third st., corner Sixth av.—NEGRO MISTRESS, &c.

STEINWAY HALL, Fourteenth street.—GRAND CONCERT BY THE HARTON SINGERS.

COOPER INSTITUTE.—LAUGHING GAS AND MAGICAL ENTERTAINMENT.

TRIPLE SHEET.

New York, Thursday, Nov. 20, 1873.

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THE CHIEF JUSTICESHIP.—It is reported from Washington that Mr. Conkling declines the office of Chief Justice, and this upon mature deliberation, the proffer of the place having been made to him not recently. Should this prove true we shall rejoice that the President has at least one friend who has some discretion and tact enough not to accept an office for which he is thoroughly unfit, and his occupancy of which would be a national scandal. If the President has offered Mr. Conkling the place of Secretary of State, and the mission at London, and Mr. Conkling has declined those positions also, he is either resolute in his refusal to take office or very doubtful whether a republican Senator can be elected in his place.

THE SPOON VIEW.—It is the opinion of some of our Cockney critics that the President would really be guilty of Caesarism if he should take any energetic steps in the assertion of the honor and dignity of the nation. In the view taken by the noble army of snobs the President of the United States may assume that his great office is a little piece of personal property, to be administered on private account only; he may debauch the national sense of decency by retaining thieves in office because he likes them, thus putting his personal inclinations above public morality and honesty; he may, as in the case of Louisiana, assume powers more dangerous and extravagant than any charged against Johnson in the Bill of Impeachment; and all this would be quite reasonable and proper. In all this the snob intellect can see no harm at all, and most assuredly no Caesarism. But only let him speak a little plainly "to some regular government, you know," let him assert the rights of the nation against Spain, and that will be dreadfully reprehensible, quite shocking—even Caesarism, if you like.

A VOICE FROM NEW HAMPSHIRE.—That of the Manchester Mirror—"Thanks God that President Grant is a man of war." Several of that class of warriors have lately departed for the Cuban waters.

A Javelin of Justice—The Criminal Conviction of William M. Tweed.

In vindicating the law by the conviction of Tweed the jury that tried the criminal case have done great service to the cause of public morality. Their verdict nails a criminal to the shame and ignominy which his crime demands—a criminal for whom his friends claimed an immunity from punishment, no matter what his guilt. He was stout and hale and hearty; he had literally fattened on public plunder in person as well as purse. Three years ago he was such a model of a prosperous rogue that men shook their heads in doubt and said, with their eyes upon him, that bold, unblushing dishonesty was the best policy in this world, at least. It was told in corner groceries that he had been a poor chairmaker once; that, since he had given up earning his bread honestly millions had rolled in upon him. What young man in our city, fired with this starting example to the hasty pursuit of wealth, could settle down contentedly to his daily round of poorly paid toil? Wherever he went Tweed's name, wealth, and, alas! his popularity, met him and spurred him to overleap the bounds of honesty and morality when they barred his way to sudden money-making. Like the three witches in "Macbeth," they whispered feverish words into his ear, instilling hopes and desires that, no matter how brilliant the end aimed at, had rascality and dishonor at every step upon their road. The verdict of yesterday is a blow that in the case of Tweed, and in all others like him, shatters the picture of deified dishonesty which the hot hands of deluded youth were busy painting three short years ago. He should have a marble palace for his honors; his diamonds vied with those of Jim Fisk alone; he put a Legislature in his pocket and had plenty of money there to quiet them. He robbed and shared, like the highwaymen of a hundred years ago, until the poor, fantastic "Prince of Erie" beside him seemed a gilded butterfly hovering around a gorgeous cockatoo. So high had he enthroned himself in the affections of the hungered upon sudden wealth that his statue in imperial bronze at one time seemed about to dispute the open spaces of the city with Washington himself. Thousands of dollars were subscribed by his henchmen and admirers, and it seems like a horrid dream now that a glimmer of distrust in Tweed himself alone saved the city from the bitter irony of seeing his bronze effigy in a public square. With what shame should we explain to-day to the hard-handed emigrant from Europe that the original was "serving his time" with other robbers in the Penitentiary in a striped suit instead of a Roman toga, that this was the sort of man America loved to honor, if Tweed had been a vain fool as well as a rogue! He had clubs and public places named after him, and the first title to the aristocracy of public plunder was a diamond-set gold and enamel badge of his club, that held high festival at Greenwich, Conn., and collected at the Academy of Music ball enough diamonds to start a new Gollum. In Fisk young men saw glitter, fanfare, parade, and disregard of decorum in manners and of scruple in business. He appealed to the volatile class; he stimulated recklessness in the pursuit of money and prodigality in spending it. But Tweed was far more dangerous, as he was the greater of the two ideals of the age of plunder. When Fisk tricked himself out in his admiral's suit, rode down Broadway at the head of his regiment or moved about from box to parquet at the theatres, he never lost the attributes of the spangled harlequin. With Tweed it was somewhat different. His followers and sinecurists called him "solid." Bold as Macbeth, he was imposing as a London alderman of the old turtle-soup time. His was no traffic in railway bonds, but a systematic diving of the hand into the public purse, bringing out small bills for those who connived at his villany, and purchasing what seemed invincible security with a fraction of the large remainder, which was banked to his own account. Dishonored, convicted, he stood in court yesterday amid the dismayed remnants of his once victorious band. "A javelin of law has pierced him," said his counsel piteously. It was a javelin of justice and a stout one, driven with mighty force, which went whizzing through the armor of stolen money he had on, and struck to earth so great and yet so vulgar a leader in the golden age of fraud. Well may we congratulate the twelve "good men and true" who drove that javelin home.

It would seem that there are some yet left who, if they do not love Tweed for the sake of old fellowship in plunder, have a lingering belief in the power of money to stay the hands of justice. For this purpose they believe that stolen money is as good as any other. Perhaps it is. The evidence of late criminal trials does not go to strengthening the belief that it is as well to have no money as to have a great deal when one is at the bar. The belief that money will make some difference is grasped at by those who do not wish to see Tweed punished as he deserves. Now the question becomes a serious one whether these men are in the right. We have seen in this case how potent money is to delay justice by the quirks and quibbles it can find to throw in the way. It is a very different question, however, whether anything can prevent the execution of the sentence which is due upon the verdict. We are informed that Tweed was not taken to the Tombs when committed to the Sheriff's care. We do not cry for anything inhuman when we want to know why this man, convicted on two hundred and four counts of misdemeanor, should be made an exception to the rule. Has this convicted "Ring" chieftain so much of the king-hedging divinity about him that the officers of justice fear to wound his feelings by taking him to prison at first, or has this Marius of the Seventh ward got the glance of the Roman in his eyes that it palsies the Sheriff and his deputies in doing their unpleasant duty? We point to this because, with such a criminal, looseness of this kind is not only servility paid to once-prosperous fraud, but a positive danger to justice should Tweed be bent on escaping bodily. If this servility is found in the Sheriff's office how will the officials on Blackwell's Island ever offer him a convict's suit to swathe his portly form withal? The indictment on which the verdict of yesterday was reached covered two hundred and twenty counts. On sixteen alone of those the verdict was not guilty. On the remaining

two hundred and four he was declared guilty of criminal neglect and corruption in his capacity as one of the Board of Audit. These counts cover all those arising out of the Davidson, Garvey and Keyser fraudulent accounts. These counts embrace fifty-one claims, which cover one hundred and two offences. It was stated as the intention of the prosecution to move for judgment on each offence separately. The maximum penalty which this would entail is one hundred and two years in the Penitentiary and twenty-five thousand five hundred dollars fine. Arguments of counsel on both sides will be heard on this interesting point to-morrow, when the question will be decided and sentence passed. It would be tantamount, of course, to imprisonment for life, if the prosecution succeeds, and will be fought on the other side while money is of avail.

While the friends of the prisoner are looking forward to the chances of a new trial being granted there are to be heard, in some quarters, the usual captious reflections upon the Judge who presided at the trial. We are not astonished at this. No convicted knave ever believed his Judge his best friend. It is the Judge's duty to charge strongly where the evidence warrants it, and if the weight of evidence makes leniency unjust, the chatter about personal hostility, of henchmen who have lost their leader, is very idle. In looking over this case we cannot forget one point, which served as a hint to the jury. When they were in the box before the trial the eighth juror of the Stokes case was sentenced to thirty days' imprisonment. The jury box, like the ballot-box, cannot be too well guarded. It is a triumph for republican institutions when justice is preserved from taint, and, we say, let the javelin of justice strike free to every man who hungers after what made Tweed famous three years ago and infamous to-day.

The Detectives Are Looking After Sharkey and Sharkey is Looking After Himself.

Justice is like Lazarus; she may not be dead, but she sleepeth, and sometimes the sleep is so profound that she lets the wicked go free while she prolongs her snooze. Yesterday afternoon, at about half-past one o'clock, William J. Sharkey, the condemned murderer of Bob Dunn, escaped from the Tombs. In this age, when a wreath of romance is woven for the brow of almost every crime, it is affecting to discover that picture-resistance is not wanting to the environment of a felon awaiting death upon the gallows. Involuntarily we recur to the novels of Ainsworth, and find ourselves again getting under the spell of Jack Sheppard and his mistresses. Long before this the friends and admirers of Sharkey are congratulating each other upon a deed which deserves to be placed within the category of Jack Sheppardism, and which proves that our felons are stronger than the prisons built for their accommodation. It is saying nothing to claim that such an escape should be an impossibility in a properly managed jail. It could only be the result of long concoction. The details will be found elsewhere. The substance is that yesterday morning, at ten, a girl, named Maggie Jourdan, called to see Sharkey and was admitted, going out again at one. At half-past twelve a woman, calling herself the wife of Wes Allen, was admitted for the same purpose, and on attempting to come out, two hours after, was detained because she claimed to have lost the pass which it would have been necessary for her to give up before stepping outside. Meanwhile, at half-past one-half an hour after Maggie Jourdan had left, and half an hour before the other woman attempted to do so—a person, dressed in the guise of a woman and wearing a green veil, passed through the four doors and the long corridor which intervened between Sharkey's cell and liberty, and, making rapid progress toward Elm street, entered a car belonging to the Bleeker street line. This individual was William J. Sharkey. The four doors through which he had to pass were locked, and at the hour when the escape was made the long corridor was traversed by many people. Mrs. Allen's attempt to go out without a pass was the occasion (so runs the tale) of suspicion being awakened and of search being made. It was then that Sharkey's cell was found vacant, and his mustache, freshly shaved off, lying with the lather on it on a shelf. The fact that the door of the cell in which Sharkey was confined was always kept locked, except when temporarily opened to allow of the passage of food, and that all communication between him and his visitors took place through the moveless bars, only heightens the suspicion of collusion.

There are times when the most belligerent of those of us who wage war against villany grow tired of expressing contempt and disgust. The escape of Sharkey is almost a sufficient occasion for a reaction of this nature. It is enough to excite the bitter jesting of the wisest and strongest of us, that so sanguinary and brutal a criminal should find it possible to get free by means so hackneyed. The story would, of course, be incomplete unless it were added that the "detectives are looking after him." But Sharkey, we fear, will look after himself much better than our detectives can. Where was the genius of detection in the Tombs, that such an escape was possible? Let the Warden, and the keeper on the second tier, where Sharkey's cell was located, answer that.

THE MERCANTILE BANK—THE DUTY OF DIRECTORS.—In the course of conversation with one of our reporters a most important statement was made by one of the directors of the Mercantile Bank. According to this director the temporary difficulties in which the bank found itself involved were due to the "over-confidence which the president had in the transactions of the Domestic Sewing Machine Company. Too much money had been lent them altogether and upon insufficient security." When such statements are so freely made one naturally asks himself the question, What is the use of bank directors? Is it not their duty to look after the general interests of the bank, and, among other things, to see that neither cashier nor president abuses the confidence reposed in him? We have had many examples of late of the remissness of bank directors. They have been too much in the habit of leaving all to be done by the president; the president again leaves everything to the cashier, and so in

many instances the people's money has been squandered. Directors must be made to feel their responsibility. When trouble comes to a bank through their neglect of duty they must be made to share the blame with president and cashier.

The Hesitations of Diplomacy—Are We to Vindicate the National Honor?

It is the duty of the people to stand by an administration when the national honor is assailed, so long as an administration stands by the country and firmly maintains the national rights. It is no time to carp and criticize at a moment when we are hovering between peace and war, and when our government is called upon to resent an insult offered to the Republic even at the risk of an appeal to the sword. We should present to the world at such a time a united front, and every man should be prepared to yield a generous confidence and support to the authorities without regard to his individual views. He must be a traitor at heart who would embarrass the government by factious complaints or opposition when it is engaged in a struggle with a public enemy. But the government on its part has duties to perform at such a moment which it is treasonable to neglect. It must firmly and fearlessly vindicate the national honor; it must act promptly and decisively in the enforcement of national rights; it must protect the lives and property of its citizens at all hazards; it must resent insult to the nation when it is offered and right public wrongs when and where the injury is inflicted. There must be no shrinking from responsibility, no disgraceful compromises even for the sake of peace, no hoodwinking and deceiving the public by diplomatic jugglery while the honor of the nation is betrayed.

The American people will learn with pain the position taken by the authorities at Washington in regard to the Virginian outrage. We are told that the official account of the capture of the vessel and the savage slaughter of her passengers and crew will not be made public until the meeting of Congress, lest it should increase the popular indignation, already too great to render "diplomacy" easy of success. The administration fears that, unless the excitement into which the country has been thrown by the outrage on our flag and the murder of those who relied on it for protection shall be suffered to die out, "Congress will be forced to declare for war and the administration will be powerless to prevent it." So the details of the massacre are to be thrust away in the pigeon holes of the State Department, and the mysteries of diplomatic negotiation are to be hidden from sight until the people, amidst the cares and business of active life, shall have partially forgotten the insult that has been offered and the blood that has been shed. When this is accomplished we may be in a position to accept the "reparation" which Spain, no doubt, will offer, although some little trouble may even then arise "from the possible inability of the Madrid government to compel the recognition of its authority by the Cuban volunteers."

If this is to be the policy of our government, we do not hesitate to say that it will meet the stern condemnation of the American people. The outrage committed by the Spanish butchers at Santiago de Cuba admits of no explanation and calls for no diplomatic negotiations. It should be met by an immediate occupation of Cuba, by the landing there within ten days of a force strong enough to compel reparation; to protect the island from the lawless ruffians who at present rule it in defiance of all authority, and to guard against any further acts of piracy and murder. When our troops hold Havana and Santiago de Cuba we may listen to what Spain has to say, and may take counsel with England as to our future action. But the great question now forced upon us is not the disposition of the Madrid government, but the future political condition of Cuba—a question American in all its bearings, and which has already been too long delayed. A long list of outrages upon our national rights; a long list of insults to our national honor; a long list of cruelties that disgrace civilization; a long list of lawless acts committed in defiance of the government which pretends to hold Cuba under its authority—all these have preceded the last outrage committed on an American vessel on the high seas and the murder of over a hundred men who were under the protection of the American flag. We know now as well as we can know six months hence that Madrid has no power to enforce her will in Cuba; that the Spanish government is, in fact, deposed by the slave drivers of the Casino Español and the Catalan volunteers; that Cuba is given over to lawlessness and license, and we are called upon by right of our position, for the safety of our people and in the cause of humanity, to occupy the island and hold it by our arms, as we would seize and bind a murderer caught with the blood of his victim still wet upon his hands.

We are told that the occupation of Cuba would be an act of war against Spain, because it would be an invasion of her territory. But Spain wields no authority in Cuba, for her orders to stop the butchery of the crew and passengers of an American vessel were defied. If Spain is to be held as having authority in Cuba then she is responsible for all the acts committed by the Tornado and at Santiago, and her invasion of the deck of an American vessel on the high seas was an invasion of American territory and a declaration of war against the United States. But the argument is that Spain repudiates the acts of the Cuban authorities, protests that she did all in her power to stop the executions and is ready to make reparation for the past. The very statement shows that, however good her will may be, she has not the power to guarantee the main demand we must make—namely, an entire revolution in the political condition of Cuba. Spain is admittedly without authority on the island, and hence powerless to yield what it is our duty to demand. The sympathy claimed for Castelar and the young Republic he has taken under his wings is praiseworthy enough. On the part of the administration it would, probably, have more force if the same friendly spirit had not been displayed towards every other government that has held control in Madrid for the past five years. The American people, no doubt, entertain friendly feelings towards the Spanish Republic and wish it success, but only as a republic which will de-

nounce and disown such outrages as those which have been committed by the Spanish butchers in Cuba; only as a republic which will applaud us for vindicating our national honor against the lawless acts of men who defy the authority of Spain, and for punishing crimes against civilization and humanity. If Castelar's young Republic should desire to continue in Cuba the savage rule which existed there under the monarchy; should justify the acts of barbarity which have for years been committed on the island in the name of Spain, and object to the complete overthrow of the cruel and lawless men who exercise a terrorism over the Spanish government itself, then the American people will regard it as undeserving of sympathy; as calculated to bring republican institutions into contempt; as a reproach to the name of free government. Under any circumstances we cannot suffer any sentimentality about the Spanish Republic to deter us from vindicating our own national honor, which we can only do effectually by prompt and decisive action, by occupying Cuba and teaching her piratical rulers their responsibility to the rest of the world. If the administration hesitates or shrinks from its plain duty the people will look to Congress for the remedy; but, unless the government is too spiritless or too indifferent, our troops will be in Cuba before Congress assembles.

Our Powder and Our Torpedoes.

In presenting the synopsis of the report of the Chief of Naval Ordnance, which will be found in another column, we remark that although some points concerning the armaments of our ships of very great interest at the present time were not touched upon in that document, yet there are others deserving of attention. Of these the one relating to the development of the powder question is of much importance. The facts stated by Commodore Jeffers are brief and concise. The processes by which the results of his experiments were reached are not given; but these, after all, have only a technical value. It is sufficient to note that by these results the destructive powers of our heavy ordnance have been more than doubled, while their safety from premature rupture is correspondingly increased. And as the efficiency of a ship is measured by the power of her guns, the value of our monitors, armed with 15-inch guns, can be justly appreciated in a comparison with Spanish or other iron-clads. While using charges of 35 and 50 pounds of ordinary cannon powder the effect of the 15-inch guns was reduced perhaps to the minimum. Now, with charges of 100 and 120 pounds of a larger and better powder, giving a uniform velocity of from 1,650 to 1,800 feet to the solid shot, it may be said that their effort is brought up to the maximum, and that maximum means, at the close range in which our monitors always engage, the absolute smashing and driving in of the armor of any of the Spanish iron-clads now around Cuba. Thus, also, with the guns composing the batteries of the Canandaigua, Juniata, Powhatan, Worcester, Ossipee, and other vessels which it is understood the prompt action of the Navy Department has called into requisition for service in Cuban waters. All our other naval guns, principally 9-inch and 11-inch bores, are proportionally affected in power of penetration and in range, according to calibre. The 11-inch gun, particularly, will be found an ugly customer under any circumstances.

It has hitherto been the fashion to decry the ordnance of our navy as being altogether of smoothbores made from cast iron. Whether future results in actual battle will sustain this adverse opinion or not, we can only say that the authorities who are responsible appear to have done the very best they could do under existing circumstances. It is no easy matter to abandon one entire system and, pass to another of such magnitude, without the most careful examination and practical test of each detail. Other nations, especially England, have spent many years and millions of treasure in the endeavor to establish a perfect system of rifled ordnance for men-of-war. Today there are no two ships of the English Navy armed alike, and we know that they are still engaged in ceaseless experiments to produce a gun upon which they can rely. Curiously enough the piece which to-day has succeeded in piercing the heaviest shield is sent to-morrow to hospital for repairs. It should be borne in mind, also, that one of these cannon costs something like sixty thousand dollars, and to commence their manufacture would involve an expenditure of quite a million of dollars. At present, therefore, we must continue to rely upon our smoothbores, one of which, when tried in England shortly after our war, although it did not pierce the heavy shield with its round shot, nevertheless indented it badly, loosened its fastenings, and moved it bodily backwards at one end several inches.

Another point in the report of grave interest is that which relates to torpedo service. Obviously no specific details can be made public concerning the experiments and the results obtained at the station in Newport harbor. We know, however, that each one of our ships is well prepared for offensive operations with this terrible agent, and that the equipments are in every respect as perfect as possible. Successful trials were made recently in the harbor of Newport with the ordinary spar torpedo and the towing torpedo of Captain Harvey, R. N.; and letters from our squadron in Europe speak of the firing of improvised torpedoes as a feature of the customary exercise at general quarters in preparing for battle. The terrible effect produced by the explosion of even a single torpedo of say seventy-five or one hundred pounds under the hull of a large vessel is frightful to contemplate. At the same time it is comforting to know that we have such an agent with which to defend ourselves and punish our enemies.

THE INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION SCHEME has received its coup de grace at the hands of the Aldermen, both Boards refusing the desired loan of two millions and a half dollars. This is an unpropitious time for making a raid upon the city treasury. Our finances are not in the most flourishing condition, and past experience has taught the City Fathers to look with suspicion upon all speculative transactions which tend towards depleting the treasury for the purpose of furthering private ends. The improvement of city property is desirable under all circumstances, as long as the benefit accrues to the city; but real estate

speculation has been carried to an unwarrantable extent, and the decision of the Aldermen is a rebuke to all "jobs" of this kind. Notwithstanding its glittering prospectus and the boundless promises made by its engineers, the Exhibition job is happily disposed of without injury to the municipal exchequer.

PERSONAL INTELLIGENCE.

Lady Franklin is 68 years old. Congressman T. C. Platt, of Owego, N. Y., is at the St. Nicholas Hotel. General Cayetano Rodriguez, of Mexico, is staying at Barnum's Hotel. Colonel H. S. McComb, of Delaware, is again at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. Paymaster George P. Irie, United States Army, is at the Coleman House. Ex-Governor J. Gregory Smith, of Vermont, is staying at the Windsor Hotel. General J. N. Knapp, of Governor Dix's staff, is quartered at the Windsor Hotel. Jefferson Davis returned to Memphis yesterday after a long illness in Louisville. State Senator Frank Abbott, of Port Jervis, N. Y., is registered at the Hoffman House. General B. F. Bruce, of Madison county, New York, is registered at the Metropolitan Hotel. Lieutenant Commander R. H. Thompson, United States Navy, has arrived at the Hoffman House. State Senator elect John H. Selkreg, of Ithaca, is among the late arrivals at the Grand Central Hotel. Ex-United States Senator H. W. Corbett, of Oregon, yesterday arrived at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. Colonel J. D. Cameron, son of the Pennsylvania Senator, arrived last evening at the Brevoort House. Mr. Rufus H. King will entertain Governor Dix and many prominent citizens of the State at his residence in Albany this evening. Lady Dunraven, who has been travelling with her husband in the far West, arrived at the Brevoort House yesterday, on her way to England. The noble lord is on a shooting expedition in Nebraska. Mr. Kerr, the correspondent of the London Telegraph, who saw that "irreclaimable old savage" seated so often in the Crimea and on the edge of the Turkish desert, has returned to England. He was treated pretty roughly by the Russians for his highly imaginative stories. Mr. Ashbury, the English yachtman, is likely to be chosen to Parliament at the next election in Brighton. Professor Fawcett, the present member of Parliament, is poor, and would not if he were wealthy pay more than the ordinary election expenses. Mr. Ashbury, it is announced, will push more, and so capture the legislative prize. A Mr. Leader, an Irishman, who holds a commission in the Carlist army in Spain, lately lectured in Dublin, Ireland, to show the merits of the cause of Don Carlos. When he referred to Castelar and other Spanish republicans as communists about 200 nationalists in the gallery rotten-egged the lecturer and cheered for the Spaniards whom he had denounced.

FRANCE.

TELEGRAM TO THE NEW YORK HERALD. A Night Session with Tumult in the Assembly—Paris Excited Over the Result of the Voting. PARIS, Nov. 19.—midnight. The Assembly held a tumultuous session to-night. M. Depeyre, a member of the Right, moved an amendment to the report of the Committee on Prolongation, providing that President MacMahon's powers be prolonged seven years, independently of the adoption of the constitutional bill. MM. Laboulaye, Grevy and others opposed the amendment, but it was adopted by a majority of 66. A motion was then made on the part of the Right that a committee of 30 be appointed to report on the Constitutional Bill. The motion was adopted by a majority of 65 votes. There is much excitement in Paris over the result.

INDIA.

TELEGRAM TO THE NEW YORK HERALD. Fear of Famine—Looking to America for Food. CALCUTTA, Nov. 19, 1873. The fears of famine in Bengal are revived. The press advise the importation of food from America.

THE ALLEN-HOGAN FIGHT.

OMAHA, Nov. 19, 1873. Jim Egan, the stakeholder in the Hogan-Allen prize fight, was arrested last night on a charge of embezzlement. Bail was refused, and he was sent to jail. He was searched for the stake money, and only \$600 were found on him. The arrest was made at the instigation of Hogan and his friends, on account of Egan and Looney's decision, made in the evening, that Allen should have the prize money. He was obstinate at first, but this morning he weakened, and is now willing to pay over \$1,000 to each, and the charge will be dismissed as soon as sufficient guarantees are given for a division of the money. The extension money has been equally divided between the two parties. Allen's whereabouts is unknown. There is very much ill feeling against him. It is said he issued a card to-day, stating his determination never to fight again; that he was much disgusted with Hogan's challenge, and only consented to fight him on account of outside pressure, considering him contemptible, &c.

A MAIL ROBBER CONVICTED.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Nov. 19, 1873. In the case of Julius Felker, charged with robbing the mails at Lancaster, Pa., the jury to-day rendered a verdict of guilty, with a recommendation to mercy. VERDICT AGAINST A RAILROAD. PORTSMOUTH, N. H., Nov. 19, 1873. In the Supreme Court here, this afternoon, the jury brought in a verdict of guilty against the Eastern Railroad for killing Captain Norton in the Seabrook smash-up. Judge Foster has not yet announced the amount of damages he will award.

SENTENCE OF A BANK FORGER.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Nov. 19, 1873. J. H. Horton, the bank forger, has been convicted at Lancaster, Pa., and sentenced to two years' imprisonment. He has restored \$19,000 of the money obtained by his forgeries. A BARGE AND CARGO BURNED. VICKSBURG, Miss., Nov. 19, 1873. Yesterday, while opposite Delta, the barge Belle of Alton, in tow of the steamer Henry Ames, was discovered to be on fire. In consequence of the high winds it was impossible to extinguish the flames, and the barge was turned adrift. The barge and cargo are a total loss. She had on board 1,200 bales of cotton and 4,000 packages, consisting of rice, flour, corn, oats and sundries.

RAILROAD ACCIDENT.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., Nov. 19, 1873. Margaret Dogg, of Dublin, an emigrant girl, fell between the cars of the emigrant train as it was passing Sing Sing last night, and was so badly injured that she died soon after. She was going to Valley Branch, Wis.

SUDDEN DEATH OF AN ITALIAN.

ALBANY, N. Y., Nov. 19, 1873. Antonio Orghino, of No. 29 Baxter street, New York, drowned dead in this city to-day.