THE POISON MYSTERY

The Act Cor, mitted in the Family of an Old and Respected Citizen.

Seren Servants Given Arsenic in the House of Judge Blatchford's Father.

The Poisoner Still Unknown-The Story of the Butler-He is a Victim and Not the Culprit-Two Lives Despaired of-Why Was the Crime Kept a Secret !-Interviews with some of the Parties Concerned.

The real circumstances of the mysterious wholesale poisoning case, an account of which was given exclusively in the Herald yesterday, were more fully developed yesterday. It now appears that the facts are fully as bad as, and even worse, than at first reported. It is certain that six persons were poisoned, as Mrs. Moffit, of Twenty-eighth street, contessed on Saturday evening to the HERALD reporter, while the public owes a debt of gratitude to Mr. Jameson, of Twenty-ninth street, in exposing the affair, about which so much secrecy has been maintained. It also appears most proba ble that two of the six persons will die of the pol-

The HERALD reporter searched the upper part o the city yesterday for a long time for informs tion about the occurrence, but with very poor results. At the police station in Thirlieth street, near Sixth avenue, the sergeant at the desk said that the police had heard nothing of the case except what was published in the HERALD of the morning. He said the police could not take cognizance of the poisoning unless somebody made a complaint against the perpethat as long as a mother, such as Mrs. Monit, would not make a complaint against the poisoner of her own child, not much was to be looked for in any

A CLEW AT LAST. The reporter at length learned from a doctor in the upper part of the city that he had seen the story in the HERALD about the poisoning, and that he when reading it had been struck with the similarity which existed between it and a poisoning case he had heard of as having happened in the family of Judge Blatchford, of the United States District Court in this city. He had been struck with the fact when he was reading the HERALD account. On this clew the reporter went to the house of Judge Blatchford, 12 West Twenty-second street. The door bell was answered by an oldish man, who said the Judge was not in. When the reporter mentioned the word poison the old man said, very "Oh, it's not here; it's in old Mr. Blatchford's

family at No. 6 East Fourteenth street." "Then a poisoning case has happened there?"

queried the reporter, almost astonished at the light nich was at last breaking on so much darkness. "Yes, yes, I believe something of the kind has happened there," answered the old man, who cemed too frightened to say much; "but you had better see the Judge."

After some dexterous questioning the old man gradually mollifled and had a pretty succinct story. He said he had been down at the house of Judge Blatchford's father in the morning and had learned some additional particulars about the poisoning Only the servants were poisoned, and he did not know how many, but there were several of them. The cook was so badly poisoned that she was pronounced past recovery and would no doubt die. but it was not so sure. He was a delicate boy The cook was a rather old woman. He said that the cook had left the house and was somewhere the cook had left the house and was somewhere in Twelfth street with her own people. The poison, as he understood the case, was given in meat and not in tea as Mrs. Moffit had reported. None of the family were affected by the poisoning. How it was that this curious distinction existed he did not know; but the servants were under the influence of a terror which they could not conceal. The eld man added, "I am saying too much, and you had better see the people in Fourteenth street."

FOLLOWING IT UP.

The reporter thereupon went to Fourteenth street, and rang the door bell. A young lady, with fair hair, opened the door, and to the question if Mr. Blatchford was in said:—

"No, he's not. What do you want to see him about!"

"My mission is to learn some of the facts of the poisoning of the servants in this house," said the reporter to the young lady, who, it appears, was Miss Riatchford. Miss Blatchford.
"What do want to know for? What business is it of yours?" said she.
"I came from the HERALD, and it seems to be logical that the poisoning of six persons should be a matter of some importance to the public," said the resorter.

the reporter.

"I don't see how it concerns you in the least," said Miss Blatchford. "If you come some other time you may see Mr. Blatchford."

"Could I not ascertain if the facts, as published in the Herald, were mainly correct?"

"I don't want to say anything about it," answered the young lady. "I don't consider it is anybody's business but ours."

business but ours."

AN UNEXPECTED REINFORCEMENT.

The reporter left discomfited and walked down the broad stone steps cogitating on the mystery which continued to surround this strange case. At the moment he espied in the distance the red shawls of the two old women who had come out of the basement of No. 8 East Fourteenth street. They were beckoning to him to come to them, and he went up to them.

"You want to know about the poisoning," said one of them, "don't you!"

one of them, "don't you ?"
"I confess that's what I want," said the reporter.

one of them, "don't you?"

"I confess that's what I want," said the reporter.

"Well," said one of them, "you see we don't belong to the house, but we just called in to see a
friend of ours. It was the first we had heard of
the poisoning. It's a terrible case. Who did you
see when you went in?"

"I saw a young lady with light hair."

"Well, that's Miss Blatchiord, but she won't say
anything," said the old woman who first spoke.

"They are making a great mystery about it. The
way of it was this. The girls were eating dinner
last Tuesday, and began to feel ill on Wednesday.
When the doctor came in he said they were poisoned. Then there was a great time about it, and
the cook she left and is dying away from the place.
The little way is very weak too; he always was.
There is no doubt of it, they all got the arsenic in
the meat. The doctor has got what meat there is
left, and he's going to examine it to-morrow and
see what is the matter with it. There are two
girls in the house now who are in bed, and they
may not live. You see they have been in bed now
for five days and they're no better. Sr. Harris attends them and gives them hope, but he don't believe what he says, I think."

No one suspected.

"Has suspicion been directed to any particular
person?"

"O Lord! I don't know: I woulding say that

person?"

"O Lord! I don't know; I would'nt say that anybody did it, but they don't seem to think it's the butler, because he goes on working just the same and has charge of the food. If they suspected him of course they wouldn't allow him to do that. It's an awful thing, and the house seems to be cursed."

The old lady seemed to have told all she knew.

do that. It's an awful thing, and the house seems to be cursed."

The old lady seemed to have told all she knew. The reporter left her and went in search of Dr. Harris, of Thirty-fourth street. He was not in, and, it appears, was also looking for the reporter. Later in the evening he again went to the house in Fourteenth street, and a young rather good-hooking Frenchman came to the door. He said Mr. Blatchford was at a dinner party with his wife and daughter. He said the Herald had done him great injustice in the morning; that he was the butler referred to, and that had no not been an old and tried servant of the lamily it might have gone hard with him; that he had no more idea of poisoning anybody than of flying. The reporter explained to nim that what was said in the article on Sanday came from Mrs. Mofit.

The butler said he had always been friendly to Mrs. Moffit's Little Boy.

He then proceeded to tell the history of this mysterious poisoning more fully than it has thus far been told. He said that on Sunday last the family went out to dinner, as they were in the habit of doing on that day, and the servants dined alone. There were four women, himself, the boy Mofit and his own brotker at the table. The next morning he felt cramps in his stomach and was very sick. On gofing down stairs he met the cook, who was also very sick, and the three girls and the boy were lying in the front basement and all suffering severely from cramps. They vomited freely, all the atternoon he saw his brother, who was working in Mr. Blatchford's brother's house, and he was also suffering. All, however, grew better on Tuesday. At dinner corned beef was given to the servants, while the family had ysomething different altogether, which was not usn'd. Shortly after eating the cerned beef all the servants again got ill, himself included, and suffered ag, the wine man sent for, who promounced the case, after some examination, to be arsenical poisoning. He gave emetics, which did some good in some acases. Two of the girls were

still confined to their beds, and he could not tell how dangerously ill they were.

THE COOK WAS DANGEROUSLY ILL, as was the boy also. He himself was still suffering intensely, as was one of the girls, who was up. Nobody had formed any idea of how the poisoning occurred. Of course there was criminality somewhere. The Lutcher had not been arrested. Nobody had been arrested. An examination of everything but the meat—dour, bread, sugar, salt, etc.—had been made, but no arsenic was discovered. The meat had been given by the doctor to an analytical chemist, who was to examine it on Monday, and no doubt arsenic would be found. He did not know of any investigation being made. He would not give the names of the servants who were poisoned; he was a raid to do so. He did not want even to give his own name, and should prefer its not appearing. He supposed the lamily did not want the matter made public because of the

TROUBLE AND DISGRACE.

Dr. Harris had been asked not to say anything about it. The family were in a terrible state about it.

Later the reporter again tried to see Mr. Blatch ford, but did not succeed. The mystery is cleared up to s me extent. Only one thing remains to be learned—who committed the act. A Coroner's in-quest will probably reveal this.

MARIE TAGLIONI

How Queens of the Ballet May Be Good and Grow Old-From the Footlights to the Dancing School-A Back Glance of

sense." "Well, well; so they go. Who next?"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD;-A telegraphic flash and we were told (falsely) of Marie Taglioni's death. "Is it possible?" "I thought she died long ago." "A very great dan-

Such were the brief comments over the dinner table, and quickly the last bribery at Albany effaces all thought of, probably, the most exquisite dan-seuse that ever fived. I did not marvel at this insense that ever lived.

To but a name in America.

No veteran theatre-goer enthus astically recalls the divine grace that made her dancing the very poetry of motion, yet it was an indiderence that grated harshly upon one who knows her to be the best of women and who is proud to call her friend. And if I isy a pansy at her rhythmic feet it is to inspire in others respect for a great artist, who is an honor to womanhood. "Do you know! have heard that Taglieni is in London?" said a woman of society early in the Winter of 1871. "She used to be very intimate with Lady Morgan, at whose house I met her frequently. She was charming, and I shall renew the acquaintance." So to Bond street my friend went forthwich, and from Mitchell, the Queen's bookseller, who is au courant of every-thing, from the last novel read by Victoria to the e last artist, she obtained the necessary A few evenings later I was invited to by at this friend's house. On entering froom I recognized all but one of the a dinner guests. On a low chair sat a refined-looking woman of sixty-five, dressed in black velvet and lace, trusiveness, and who, in consequence, would at all times and in all places be unobserved unless by the rare few in search of ladies. "My dear," whispered the hostess, "that is the great Tagiloni. Come, you must be presented;" and, leading me to the woman of whom I had read so much, I then and there made her acquaintance. I was in a dazed frame of mind; for to associate age and gray hairs with a danseuse is so utterly incongruous as to appear impossible. Perpetual youth seems to be the prerogative of the heroines of the ballet. In the mind of an imaginative public to trip the light fantastic toe means to be always under thirty, always lithe, always standing with one foot in the air, always wearing a seraphic smile upon a yet more seraphic countenance. The eternal fitness of things forbids danseuses to be ever fat and forty. You and the imaginative public induige in the delusion that they do not die after the prosaic manner of mortals who walk on their heels, but before age lays his tyrant hand upon them they perform their favorite pas in the most seductive nanner, and then, with a farewell wave of inviting arms, vanish "into thin air." Fancy a danseuse with a headache, or a corn, or gout, or olive branches! Yet there I sat, talking with the greatest celebrity of the ballet, aged sixty-five and a grandmother! It was a shock to my nervous sys. tem for at least ten minutes. It was another shock to see her in a long dress and an arm chair, instead of beholding her through an opera glass, arrayed in tulle and revolving around the idiotic man in tights, whose highest aspiration in life is to spin on one leg like a tectotum. At last I regained my or dinary composure, and, putting aside Terpsichorean dreams, was able to look at Madame Taglioni rationally. Winning in manner, with the courtly air of a lady of the old school-a school that we should do our best to revive-she at once excited respect and regard; respect because of her graceful womanliness, regard because of sympathetic temperament. Of medium height, slight in figure, she gave the impression of a healthy, well-preserved fifteen or twenty years. I felt persuaded that La Taglioni could never have been bea either in face or figure; but I been beautiful equally persuaded of the fascination and genius of her art. We all know that beauty has never been the strongest magnet in attracting either individuals or the public. It is an incomprehensible magnetism that holds no willing slaves at the feet of friends or genius, without which Venus would lure but for a day, and Apollo sing to empty benches after one short season. La Taglioni's face is round rather than oval, there are few wrinkles in the corners of her pleasant, placid grav eyes, none at all on her side, and covered with black lace at the back of the head, is dark iron gray; her teeth are good,

about which the operatic world will never cease to "You-air-very-goot," replied La Taglioni, with the sweetest of smiles and French accent. I-havenot-speak -Anglish-since-twenty-five -yearven-I-was-here-be-fore. Ah! mon Dieu, que dommage que vous ne parlez pas Français. Ma chère, dites ce monsieur que je suis désesperée."

Monsieur was much more desperate than

denoted benevolence and amiability. Her voice i

seft and low, and there was something pretty in

her attempts to speak English with a gentleman

who was enthusiastic in telling her how he adored

her thirty years ago, when he was a boy, and how

wild he became over that famous pas de quatre-

Taglioni, Cerito, Carlotta Grisi and Lucille Grahn-

Madame at the impossibility of living over again those paimy days of the ballet in the presence of his mature goddess, and retired to a corner where, in the ear of a youthful countryman, he relieved

his pent up feelings in superlative English.
"You think that man mad, perhaps," said an elderly aristocrat, who never was known to praise anything. "I assure you that the art of dancing has lived and died with Taglioni. You can have no conception of the wonderful can have no conception of the wonderful poetry that woman put into every motion of her body, of the intellect visible in her feet. A ballet with Tagiloni in it was the subtlest of verse. There were meaning and feeling in everything she did. Never was there anything like it before her day, never has there been anything like it since. I believe the world will never see her like again." "You are right," chimed in a dowager. "Dancing to-day is a lost art. French saltation is a nuisance. Where is the beauty of tours de force? Dancing without sentiment is nothing more than gymnastics."

Sance. Where is the beauty of tours de force?
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"True, true," echoed a venerable connoisseur, an is the midst of that genuine hymn of praise La Taglioni sat quietly conversing in French with a distinguished English actress who also could remember that night in 1847 when she danced for the last time in London.

And why had La Taglioni returned as an old woman to the scene of her former conquests? Ah! it was a sad story. Years before she had retired to a villa on the Lake of Como. There she had lived peacefully; there lived her only daughter, to whom, on her marriage with a Russian prince, the mother gave half her hardly-earned fortune. There she would have remained but for the Franco-Prussian war, which deprived her of the greater part of her income, and very nearly caused the death of her only son, a French officer. Severely wounded and sent to Germany, he was followed by his devoted mother, and nursed back to life. "And after what was I to do?" said La Taglioni, when our acquaintance ripened into frieudship: "I still had money enough to live upon; and had i been alone I should have gone back to my villa. But there was my son. An officer in the army, you know, is without fortune. His salary is small; he must live like a gentleman. I had given my daughter a dowry; it is right that my son should be equally well provided for, and so I have come here to teach dancing and repair the losses of the war." Such was La Taglioni's unseitish, natre story. At an age when gost mothers are tenderly cared for by

grateful, loving children, she had come to a thoroughly antipathetic climate, among a people whose

grateful, loving children, she had come to a thoroughly antipathetic climate, among a people whose language she could neither speak nor understand. "It is not the same London, of course," she continued." 'It is sad, you know, to realize the change. Then I was great; now I am forgotten. My friends have passed away. I have issued cards; but the press, once so lavish of praise, has said nothing of my arrival. I do not know how to make people acquainted with my purpose." La Taglioni not heralded by the London press? No friend to light her battles? It seemed incredible, yet it was true; and to one American, who told this story to an editor, the great danseuse owed the laudatory articles published soon after, and owing to which grande dames sought her for their receptions and their children.

"How charming to take lessons of Mmc. Taglionis" I thought, and straightway went to ber house in Upper Brook street. I found her in the drawing room on the second story, conversing with her plants, a French woman. Kissing me, she said.

"Eh bien, ma chère, tell me the news." "The news is," I answered, "that I want to take daucing lessons of you. I want La Taglioni to teach me how to curtisey. One of these days I smill be proud to say that I studied with you." "Que vous étes bien aimable," replied the old lady, tapping me gently with the fan she always carried. "And moreover," I added, "I want to see your feet. I want to see how you use them." A second tap of the Ian and a quiet laugh were her reply to my impertinences, and in a lew minutes later I stood before the teacher watching her pretty little feet going through the simple movements of that rurest of all things—a graceful courtesy, "Ah," said she, when we sat down to rest. "I don't know what is the matter with people, but now.a-days they have no manners. See how they satute one another. Novedy bows; everyhody nods. Children show no respect for age. I think there should be a bow of deterence to mature years, but now, a-days they have no manners. See how they satute one anoth

ideas pleases me. But ladies and gentlemen of polish are rare. These are drawing-room manners," and La Taglioni went through the saintations and tait prevalent in society so inimitably as to make the planist and myself laugh heartily.

Those were interesting mornings that I passed with La Taglioni. If it be something to say that she taught me the gavotte, in which she was my martner, and never lost her temper at my many mistakes; that many a time we have waltzed together, she as agile at sixty-five as most women are at thirty-five, I can say it, and am glad to say it, for I know lew more satisfactory pleasures than association with the great when they are good. I never tired of observing La Taglioni's use of her arms. They are long, but no one knows it. The clever danseuse never allowed them to fall. They were always so beautifully curved in some appropriate action as to excite constant admiration. Out of this defect grew great renown. Thus can intellect dely physique; and one day when she went turough a lan-dance, composed by herself and set to the well known air of Louis XIII.—a dance that consisted of nothing but walking, bowing and fanning—I understood why nothing was apparent but consumate grace and refinement.

Sitting one evening with La Taglioni in a box at the St. James' theatre witnessing a French per-

of nothing but walking, bowing and fanning—I understood why nothing was apparent but consummate grace and refinement.

Sitting one evening with La Taglioni in a box at the St. James' theatre witnessing a French performance of Sardou's "Rabagaa," the danseuse exclaimed, with a sigh, "Ah, how sad it makes me to see the French ridiculing themselves, and how sad it makes me to think of the dancer's brief life. At forty she is passeée. At forty she must retire. Is it not heartrending, when at ferty a woman is in ner intellectual prime and can then do what she never before dreamed of? How different the late of the actress! Why had I been an actress instead of a dancer I might now be on the stage, for I could play old women and, ma chère, I would play them well. It is a grief to me that my ballets cannot be perpetuated, that the things I did cannot be done by others; but who can hand down shades, muances, poses that depend upon inspiration? Well, it has all gone, and I am an old woman. I am ready to go when the good God calls me. Until then—I shall teach un, deux, trois, quatre, un, deux, trois, quatre, and if all my pupils are as intelligent and sympathetic as — I shall have reason to rejoice."

The day of farewell came at last, and, putting her arms around me, La Taglioni said, "Ma chère, I am fond of your countrywomen, and if a wee

The day of farewell came at last, and, putting her arms around me. La Taglioni said, "Ma chere, I am fond of your countrywomen, and if I were younger I would go with you to America. But it cannot be. I have passed the age when travelling agrees with the human constitution. I shall go to Italy, and, returning here next Winter, reap the harvest of the seed planted this season. Think of me as a friend, not as a teacher, for I am more of the former than the latter. Do not forget me, and write to me."

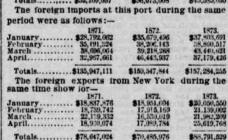
1 have not forgotten La Taglioni; I have thought of her as a friend; I have not written until now, and now it is no letter addressed to her, but to a public unknown to her—by whom she is unknown. Let those who speak lightly of this dear lady's profession think of her gentle, sweet example, and ask if the dansense may not be as true a woman as the best? The world would be the poorer for the loss of a good daughter, an uncomplaining wife, a self-sacrificing mother, a true I riend, and a great artist. La Taglioni nobly wears her laurels and her crown of thorns. To-day she is reaping a golden harvest in London's most appreciative society.

FEDERAL OFFICE AFFAIRS.

Tables of Receipts-Imports and Exports for Four Months in 1871, 1872 and 1873-Interesting Statistics.

At the Custom House during the past week the outlook has been very slim, the business being extremely dull. Although at this time of the year it avnocted that the withdrawale are light comparatively speaking, the commerce of New York, even considering the stagnancy of trade, is steadily on the increase. The receipts for customs for the

ending April 30 were as follows:-\$56.073.008 \$45,585 000 \$52,109,057 The foreign imports at t s port during the sam



In New York about two-thirds of the imports are anded, while forty-six per cent of the exports are shipped hence from this port, exclusive of the specie. One hundred and fifteen million dollars worth of dry goods were imported during the past ten months, out of \$350,000,000 total imports. These are startling figures for those who provide for the

An act of Congress, approved March, 1873, to establish the Custom House value of the sovereign or pound sterling of Great Britain and to fix the par of exchange, provides that from on and after January 1, 1874, a pound sterling or sovereign shall be equal to four dollars and eighty-six cents and six and a half mills, by which merchandise must be appraised, and abolishing the existing standard—fifty-four pence to the dollar and \$4.49.00 to the sovereign. The authorities of the New York Custom House construed the law on its proper intent, to take effect next New Year's Day. The Collector at Baltimore, Md., however, put his own construction thereon, and compelled the importers to appraise values at the increased rate. Yesterday a circular letter from Secretary Richardson, received by Collector Arthur, settled the matter in the proper manner, and according to the true intention of Congress, by ordering the law to go into effect as provided. The amount of money overpaid by the merchants of Baltimore will, as a matter of course, have to be refunded unless the government is desirous to go into litigation.

Mr. James continues his good work in despatching the mail matter as rapidly as possible. The new system of delivering the bags for stations A, C and E on the west side, via the New York Elevated Ealiway, is working with eminent satisfaction. The limited facilities for transporting the postal cards from the place of manufacture has delayed their more rapid sale. Orders for nearly one million of these tmy pasteboards are on file at the Post Office, which are expected to be filled this week. The contemplated repairs on the "old church" are progressing, and new and much needed improvements will be made by Mr. W. G. Steinmetz, the government architect in charge.

A CONFLAGRATION IN ILLINOIS. or pound sterling of Great Britain and to fix th

A CONFLAGRATION IN ILLINOIS.

AURORA, May 18, 1873. A fire broke out in the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad car shops, in this city, about halfpast one P. M. to-day, originating in the paint shop Eight wooden buildings belonging to the railroad company, together with two dwellings on North Broadway, were destroyed. Most of the tools in Broadway, were destroyed. Most of the tools in the various shops were saved. Three Puliman cars, several passenger coaches and some unfinished work, logether with a large quantity of lumber were destroyed. There were between three hundred and fifty and lour hundred freight cars, mostly loaded, standing in the yard, all of which were saved except eight cars loaded with lumber. The total loss is estimated at \$250,000 and is fully covered by insurance. The origin of the fire is not definitely known.

THE HERALD AND ITS ENTERPRISE.

(From the Lynn (Mass.) Reporter.) THE NEW YORK HERALD.

The enterprise and energy exhibited by the proprietor of this journal is truly wonderful. News from every part of the globe is presented daily to its legions of readers with a promptness which seems almost impossible. The most trifling occurrence is not overlooked, and the details of the most important events that take place in every nation are given with so much exactness that one may sit at home and become perfectly conversant with all that transpires in the outside world. In its business department it is equally progressive. It has recently published several enormous quintuple sheets, one of which contained 120 columns. eighty-three being devoted to advertisements, eaving thirty-seven for news and editorials. In order to place before its readers daily accounts of what is occurring at the Vienna Exposition the proprietors have engaged the services of lour correspondents-Edmund Vates, the English novelist; J. Russell Young, the well-known American journalist; Mr. Auerbach and Mrs. Mulbach, the two celebrated German writers. The full par-ticulars of the opening of the Exhibition were given by those celebrities the next day after they took place, filling several columns of the HERALD, two of which were printed in the German language. The immense amount of labor and expense involved in procuring the material for such a journal with the celerity thus demonstrated can scarcely be comprehended; but that it pays is apparent from the great circulation attained. For example, two hundred thousand copies of the edition containing the account above referred to were sold. If any one is inclined to doubt the pluck, energy and perseverance of American journalists, let him take the HERALD one week, and he will be convinced that there is at least one paper in the United States that cannot be sur-

[From the Portland (Oregon) Bulletin, May 3.] THE "BIG NEW YORK HERALD" AGAIN.

Last evening's mail brought the NEW YORK HER-ALD of April 20-another Sunday quintuple sheet of 120 columns, of which eighty-three are filled with advertisements, set solid and close, as compositors technically say. And this, too, when the cry is "Hard times!" It proves two things very clearlythat the New York advertisers, business men of all degrees, are the keenest and cleverest of any in the land, and that they estimate the HERALD as the best advertising medium in that great and wealthy city. So it is. In the Old World the London Times has long been called "The Thunderer." So might we call the HERALD "Lightning." It itluminates, and its flashes are irresistible. And when Macaulay's New Zealander shall sit on Londo Bridge and view the rnins of the mighty London of te-day, as Marius sat amid the ruins of Carthage, it is an even thing that a New York HERALD re porter will there interview him, and the earliest morning edition of that unrivalled newspaper will give the report of the interview in full to its millions of patrons and ten times that number of readers the very next day. If ever the HERALD

(From the Dubueue (Iowa) National Demokrat.] THE VIENNA EXPOSITION AND THE HERALD. The NEW YORK HERALD has already for a long time enjoyed a world-wide reputation for the ra pidity, fullness and correctness of the reports which it procures, regardless of expense, from the most talented correspondents in all parts of the inhabited world. No journal in the world can even approach it, and everybody has already long formed the opinion that in the field of journalism the victories of the NEW YORK HERALD can never be sur passed. And this opinion is also in as far a correct one that no other journal can even undertake to follow it; but the HERALD always advances and the HERALD of to-day always surpasses that of yesterday, or, in other words, one HERALD can only be surpassed by another. At the Vienna Exposition it has engaged as correspondents four of the most eminent writers of the day-Edmund Yates, an Englishman: John Russell Young, an American, and Berthold Aperbach and Louise Mühlbach, who sent their reports by cable at a stupendous expense; the former in English and both of the latter in the German lanruage. The HERALD of May 2 contained, besides the English reports from Vienna and the plan of the Exposition structure, not less than nine columns of reports, written and printed in German, from the pens of Auerbach, Muhlbach and others sent from Vienna the day before, in which the opening festivities were described in an attractive fascinating style. And to this stupendous enter prise owe it our readers that they, here in the Far West, over four thousand miles distant from Vienna, can read more of the Vienna Expositants of Germany at the same time. When we more than twenty years ago occupied the humble position of compositor in the printing rooms of the New York Herald, we then already thought that that paper had reached the climax of journalistic glory; but the gigantic progress made since has filled us with astonishment and admiration. Truly,

In another part we print the address of Louis Muhlbach to the ladies of America and her general description of the opening festivities in Vienna, and think we have the approbation of our reader in devoting a large space to this fresh and attrac-

From the Halifax Morning Chronicle, May 15.1 THE NEW YORK HERALD AND THE VIENNA EXHIBI

However prepossessed many people may be against the great newspaper of the States, it is impossible not to admire the wonderful enterprise of its proprietor. Its greatest feat hitherto has been the Stanley-Livingstone expedition, which took the world by storm and exemplified the real greatness and power of the modern press; for what the British government did not do a newspaper correspendent, acting under instructions from his chie did, and did well, proving, spite of flerce attacks and denials, that he had in very deed seen and talked with the African explorer. Had the HERALI sone nothing more in the way of novel extension of press enterprise it must ever have had the honor of being the most advanced paper or the age, but it did not stop there. After sending special expedition right across the Atlantic into the very heart of an unknown continent, where difficulties innumerable and obstacles many opposed the march of its representative, it turned its eves to Cuba, where the long revolutionary fight against Spanish rule had been going on for years, and determined that, at any price, the real state of matters in that beautiful but blood-stained island should be ascertained and published to the world. Accordingly, it sent Boyd Henderson, but he did not answer the expectations of him entertained by his employer, and it became necessary to select a man well qualified for a task which had proved both delicate and dangerous. O'Kelly started for Cuba, pen-etrated the lines of the insurgents and telegraphed the result of his mission as he went. Unfortu-nately for him—though not so unluckily for his paper-he was arrested by the Spanish authorities, and is at this moment a close prisoner with no mild doom hanging over him. Being a British subject, although in the employ of an American jour nal, the Imperial authorities have interiered and the Captain of the "Plover" has demanded his release, promising to take him to Jamaica and guar antering that he shall not again enter Cuba. A latest advices this action had been fruitless, and O'Kelly is still in the hands of the Dons, who, of course, bear no favor to the New York HERALD not unnaturally, seeing that leader after leader has appeared in that paper condemnatory of the

policy of Spain towards Cuba.

Having thus gained two great triumphs of jour nalism, it was resolved to achieve a third, and this was done so successfully as to win the applause of many who had refused their admiration to the Livingstone and Cuban expeditions. The Vienna Exhibition attracted much attention, being the most splendid and perfect of all the World's Fairs. An immense German population is spread not throughout New York alone, but throughout the States of the Union, and it was captivated by the brilliant genius of the HERALD, which appeared the other morning with pages of special despatches printed in the dear Deutsche Sprache. In this the HERALD has far surpassed every newspaper. It red German corresp but has selected them from among the chiefest stars of the German literati. The names of Auerbach and Louisa Muhlbach are as well known in Germany and wherever German is spoken as the names of George Eliot and Thackeray are to Angio-Saxons. And thus we see a daily newspaper with two of the leading writers of a great country on its staff. No wonder that the enthusiasm of the Teutons was boundless, and that praises more numerous than ever were showered by the lager lovers on the energetic journal; no wonder that the sale of the paper was close on two hundred thousand copies, and yet failed to satisfy the demand. Carrying out in full its idea, the HERALD has not only presented its English-speaking readers with a translation of Auerbach's and Mulhbach's accounts, but has obtained, per cable, extracts from the various German papers that have spoken of the Exhibition, thus illustrating the feel-

ing in Europe on this subject. But while thus remembering and providing for the interests of the German element of the popula-tion, the proprietor has not forgotten the other classes of the community, and, through the celebrated novelist, Edmund Yates, gives an account of the show from an English point of view, while through John Russell Young it offers an American estimate of the Exhibition. Be it understood, too that in order to give the utmost freshness to these long reports they are, every one of them, telegraphed from the Austrian capital to New York. Assuredly one is justified in admiring such genuine energy, such undoubted enterprise, and it is only fair to award the meed of praise when it has been so well won. The NEW YORK HERALD, so far as promptitude and action are concerned, has placed itself far ahead of all its ellows, and in this Exhibition correspondence maintains the distinction it acquired by its celebrated Stanley expedition.

It would be interesting to enter on a study of figures in connection with those enterprises, but it is doubtful whether some of the amounts would be credited by many who are accustomed to the old plan of doing things "on the cheap." The HERALD disbelleves in this system and lavishes its funds lib-

A GYPSY'S DEATH.

Cold Spring Excited Over the Death and Hasty Burial of a Gypsy Girl-An Exhumation and Post-Mortem Examination Discloses the Fact that She Had Been Brutally Violated. POUGHKEEPSIE, May 18, 1873.

There is a painful mystery surrounding the death

and burial of a gypsy girl near Cold Spring. Putnam county, and the investigation which is progressing, should act as a warning to the members of these rov ing bands not to disregard all law and decency in the matter of caring for the members of their tribe when misfortune overtakes them. On the day in question two wagons, containing three young men, one old woman, one young girl and two children, all supposed to be gipsies arrived in the little country place known as McKeel's Corners, not far from Cold Spring. As soon as the wagons stopped one of the young men hastened to Dr. Griffin's residence and pressed him to come quickly to one of the wagons. The Doctor dia so, and there found the young girl in a dying condition. She was beautiful in appearance, bu her attire was of the most scanty kind. She had nothing on but a chemise and an old dress. Near her was a box of pills. Dr. Griffin thought she acted as though she had been drugged, when he demanded to know of the other occupants of the wagon what they had been giving her. One of them replied that Dr. Schlosson, of Bedford, West-chester county, had prescribed the pills for the girl; that she had been complaining for several days, but that she had not been very sick till the day previous. Dr. Griffin asked the poor girl if she would like to have some water, but she made no audible reply : he then, in order to test her strength. her head, but she could not. He then raised her head and poured a little water in her mouth, but she did not swallow any. The Doctor then hurried into a house near by to get other aid, but when he came back the young girl was dead.

At five o'clock in the afternoon of the same day her body was handed over to the Overseer of the Poor and she was at once buried in an old burial ground near by, without prayer or priest or any service whatever, and within the sound of the

took their departure immediately after, unquestioned and seemingly uncared for.

Not a soul knew who the unfortunate girl was nor where she came from, nor the names of any of her inhuman companions. As soon as the above facts became noised abroad the better class of people in the vicinity feit that a great wrong had been perpetrated; that a mystery surrounded the whole affair which it was their duty, if possible to dispel in order that justice might ensue, it had been given out, too, that Dr. Griffin upon seeing the girl expressed the opinion that she had been drugged, and that increased the desire for a thorough investigation.

All the reports coming to the notice of Coroner Buliock, of Cold Spring, that official took hold of the case at once and ordered the body to be exhumed, and the order was carried into effect. Dr. Murdock, of Cold Spring, was then instructed by the Coroner to make a post mortem examination of the remains, which he did ninety-six hours after death. A coroner's jury was next empanuelled and the inquest was commenced at the Cold Spring Hotel on Saurday: The inst witness to testify was Dr. Griffin. His evidence was in the main corroborative of the above, and then Dr. Murdock was called. He testified to having made the postmortem examination the day previous. He testified that the body was only signtly discolored, and that there was a red firsh over a part of it, mainly upon the sides and arms, and some discoloration over the back, and there was one bruise upon the back near the lower end of the spinal column, which was probably produced after death. There were marks of violence upon the genital organs and the external lablae were very much swollen. There were marks of violence which the doctor detailed, showing that the person of the young girl had been violated. The body otherwise was in good condition, fresh firm, no empaciation, no appearance of previous sickness, stomach healthy, externally and internally. There was a slight clot near the heart, but the doctor did not think thavoid have

THE EIGHTH WARD TRAGEDY. Jackson, the Suspected Murderer, Still

At Large.

The bloody tragedy in the Eighth ward, which came to light on Saturday morning, was yesterday the all-absorbing topic of conversation in the district in which it occurred. The colored citizens of the ward are greatly excited over the supposed murder, and the opinion is pretty freely expressed among them that Jackson is the man who is accountable for the death of the unfortunate woman. Jackson has for some years been a noted character in the ward, and is well known to the police. He is a man of more than six feet high, of very dark complexion, with very thick lips, and his whole appearance is so remarkable that he cannot hope to escape the vigorous search which has been instituted for him. It is scarcely probable that Jackson is still in the city, as he was last seen in Thirty-first street early on Saturday morning, and as it was supposed that he drew some money which he had deposited in the Dime Savings Bank that he had sikely got away. The police are upon his track, and have discovered where his relatives live and what his real name is, as "Jackson" is an alias, but they wish to keep those points secret until they have secured their man. murder, and the opinion is pretty freely expressed

STABBED ON SHIPROARD.

PROVIDENCE, R. L. May 18, 1873. Thomas Congdon, of this State, first mate of the ship Isle of Wight, was fatally stabbed by the steward on March 31, while the ship was lying in the harbor of Rangoon.

THE EXODUS TO EUROPE.

An Unusually Large Number of Tourists Leaving Yesterday-The Noted Persons Who Left-Reasons for the Increasing Travel to Europe.

The Summer exodus to Europe has fairly set in, and from present appearances it promises to be the largest one in many years. Every outgoing steamer carries away its full quota of cabin passengers, and the choice berths on all the leading lines have been engaged far into the season. There are many reasons why wealthy Americans should prefer to spend their money on the grand tour this season; and not throw it away at the so-called fashionable watering places. The absurdly ex-travagant prices which hotel keepers choose to charge at the Summer resorts are beginning to be looked upon as nothing short of extortion, and the fathers of families are discovering that it is much cheaper to take their wives and daughters to Europe than spend three or four months at Long Branch, Saratoga or Newport. Another reason for the growing inclination of Americans to spend portions of the year abroad is found in the fact that there is a rapidly increasing affection being displayed for rank and title. The wealthy merchant, who amasses a fortune in New York or Boston, in all probability has ambitious and marriageable daughters, who think that their father's wealth should purchase for them a noble marriage and a position in European society, and with this end in view they look down upon their own countrymen and bestow their hands and fortunes upon some beggarly German baron or Polish count, who may frequently have not the second shirt in their possession or money enough to buy a

There is another class who help to swell the tide of emigration. These are the students of art and science and medicine, who in the cities of the Old World find paintings, monuments and colleges, of which this country, rich as it is in natural gifts, can furnish no equals. These are the persons who reflect most credit upon their country. As a general rule they are unlike the typical American upon his travels, who talks loudly, drinks deeply and gamlatter persons are, however, rapidly disappearing. They are beginning to find that swagger will not They are beginning to find that swager will not pass for importance, or bluster for breeding, and in a few years the class which supplied M. Sardon for his exaggerated portraits in Uncle Sam will have completely passed away. To persons of moderate means who go to Europe, bent upon instruction and enjoyment, no trip can be more delighful. For \$1,000 they can make the tour of England, visit London, the mighty mart of commerce and wealth; do Paris, which, though shorn of the beauties of the meridian splendor to which it attained in the days of the Empire, is still dear to every American heart; cross the Alps into Italy, muse upon the glories of Venice, inspect the living beauties of Venice, and stand in Rome, that wonderful city, which, teeming with historical associations, grand old relies of antiquity, is, take it all in all, the most sacred spot in Christendom.

take it all in all, the most sacred spot in Christendom.

THEY CAN RETURN THROUGH GERMANY
by way of the castled Rhine, visit its renowned seats of learning and its tamous battle grounds, and return to their own country in less than three months with minds enlarged and expanded by travel, with a more appreciative consideration for the merits of other countries which they formerly despised, and if their affection for their own land is increased by absence, they will still perceive that there is much in the olden countries to admire and a few things to be ashamed of.

The great attraction this year is, of course, the Vienna Exposition. Notwithstanding the disgrace-ful occurrences in connection with the American Commissioners, when the exhibits are got into proper shape the United states will not make the least creditable show among the nations. There are many departments of industry in which American exhibitors are sure to carry off the highest prizes, and the list of exhibitors and their irrends who propose to visit the Exhibition will be very large. As the next World's Fair will be held in are many departments of industry in which and can exhibitors are sure to carry off the highest prizes, and the list of exhibitors and their friends who propose to visit the Exhibition will be very large. As the next World's Fair will be held in Phila lelphia, many are going to take lessons at Vienna, with the determination that, no matter how great is the display, the Centennial Anniversary of American Independence, and the events attending it, will mark with becoming splendor the grandest epoch in the history of the modern world. The scene ground the wharves from which the European steamships took their departure on Saturday was very animated. Most of the steamships leit at an early hour in the day, and the stir and bustle to get everything in readiness as the hour of starting came was very great. The White Star line sent out no vessel, not having one in port to send, and in consequence there was a great rush to the Washington, of the French line, and the City of Brooklyn, et the Inman line, both of which had almost every cabin taken. The Weser, of the Bremen line, was also crowded, among its passengers being Miss Anna Mehlig, the celebrated singer, and Dr. G. Gottlieb, the newly elected German Rabbi of the Temple Emmanuel, who is returning to Manchester, England, to make final arrangements preparatory to taking up his permanent residence in this country. Around THE BREMEN DOCKS IN HORKEN.

The picture on the departure of a steamer is always a peculiarly lively one. The Germans are very affectionate on parting with friends, and always make it a point to be present to see them off, Last Saturday was no exception to the rue. The docks were alive with ladies in bright colors. The ship was gaily decorated with flags and buntling. Lager flowed in barrels, bands played, and when the neble vessel steamed slowly away from her moorings handkerchiefs waved and tears

Lager flowed in barreis, bands played, and when the neble vessel steamed slowly away from her moorings handkerchieß waved and tears flowed, many people returning to New York with sad hearts at the indefinite absence of loved ones. The Weser, in addition to the unusually large number of cabin passengers which it teok away, carried about one hundred ami sixty steerage passengers. The Anchor line sent out two steamers, the Anglia and the Assyria. Both the vessels had their full quota of passengers. The Canada, of the National line, carried away from our shores the Lauri family, whose contortions delighted the audiences at the Olympic Theatre in the early portion of the year, and Mme. Patteri, whose legs and dancing were among the greatest attractions of Leo and Lotos, The Canada had a goodly number of steerage passengers on board, the line being much favored by people who usually travel in this way. The City of Brooklyn had about one hundred and fifty steerage passengers. In consequence of the White Star vessel not sailing, the Canada carried the Irish mail.

A CHURCH SCANDAL

Chicago Reporter Ordered to Leave a Church by the Pastor-A Strange Dialogue from the Pulpit-The Minister's Victory Over the Man of Current Literature. CHICAGO, Ill., May 18, 1873.

A most exciting and highly dramatic scene oc-curred at Trinity Episcopal church in this city today. The Sunday Times published one of its series "Walks Among the Churches," in which it criticised Rev. Edward Sullivan, pastor, and exposed several members of his congregation. A Times reporter went to the morning service to report the sermon of Mr. Sullivan. Before he began to preach the following dialogue occurred, both pastor and reporter speaking in tones audible to

the entire congregation:—

RECTOR—Before I begin to preach I desire to ask if the gentleman who sits before me taking notes

represents the Times?
REPORTER—I do, sir.
RECTOR—Then I request you to desist from reporting my sermon.
REPORTER—I cannot conscientiously comply with your request; I have a duty to perform and must attend to it.

your request; I have a duty to perform and must attend to it.

The rector then stated to the congregation that he had not read the article, but from the scurriflox nature of the series of its kind which preceded it he presumed it was an indecent attack on the congregation, and, therefore, he took this course. He then began his sermon.

Again the reporter commenced taking notes. The rector again ceased preaching, and, addressing the reporter, said, "I meant for you to desist." Reporter—I cannot do so. While I am here I shall continue to perform my duty, and I will only leave here when I am compelled to do so.

RECORTER—I you insist upon it I must leave. And so the reporter took his things and left. The clergyman, however, assured the reporter that he had no individual feeling against him, but only spoke to him in his official capacity as representative of the Times.

The affair creates much excitement, and the

tive of the *Times*.

The affair creates much excitement, and the clergyman's lack of dignity is severely commented

LAYING THE CORNER STONE OF A CONVENT. HARTFORD, Conn., May 18, 1873.

The corner stone of the Convent of St. Joseph and the chapel which is to be the Procathedral or the Catholics of this diocese, was laid with impos-ing ceremonies, by Bishop McFarland, this afternoon. The various Catholic societies of the city marched in procession to the grounds, with ban-ners and music. About ten thousand people wit-

nessed the ceremonies— The inture grand cathedral of the diocese is to be built on grounds adjoining the convent and chapel, a very desirable situation on Farmington