The Sun.

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THE MYSTERIES OF FISH.

JUSTICE, PUBLIC AND PRIVATE, FOR DON HAMILTON.

The Cat-Fish Complication—The Secretary on his Respectability—His Wonderful Laziness—Why He didn't go to Europe—Lopez Roberts, the Spanish Minister, and Bancroft Davis, the Bribe-Taker, Running the State Department—Catacazy and Donn Piatt.

Correspondence of The Sun.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 20.—I believe that you are somewhat in error in your estimate of the Hon. Hamilton Fish's character, and of the situation, so far as he is concerned, of affairs in Washington. Mr. Fish is a gentleman not only from instinct but long training, and is possessed not only of wealth, which he naturally regards as one of the most important elements of social and political greatness, but he is proud of his own past, considering it an illustrious and dignified career. Never a man of much energy, luxurious habits have taken from him even the little he possessed, and he now moves along as quietly as possible, and dreads nothing so much as a disturbance that will give him trouble.

The position to which he was so unexpectedly called, and which he hastened to accept, became from the start intolerably irksome to him. In the first place, he found that his predecessor, Washburne, had used the State Department just long enough to exhaust its patronage. Mr. Fish proposed to have the offices, especially the foreign missions, filled by respectable people, that is, such as our codfish aristocracy—I mean no pun as regards respectable—otherwise wealthy people who use their money in such a way as to enhance their social position. He found in these offices, however, a lot of low politicians who owed their promotion more to fawning women than even to legitimate political influence. The first case of aggravation was that of the famous, or rather infamous, Montgomery Gibbs; and the city of Washington was filled with scandalous stories, in which divers females as well as Washburne and Senator Morton were sadly mixed.

Added to these annoyances was the ugly fact that the President himself was, as Sir Edward Thornton said at an early day, no gentleman, but one who surrounded his executive eminence with men possessing neither intellectual nor social culture. You can imagine a staid, dignified old duffer who resembles a retired English butler, with the choice wines of a past generation concentrated in his diplomatic countenance, under depressing circumstances of this sort. It is difficult to see and acknowledge how entirely the old fellow is given up to social enjoyments to the utter exclusion of every thing else. As an example, we are told that when a distinguished gentleman who had spent many years in China, called at the Secretary's own request to give him valuable information concerning the curious people of the Celestial Empire, the entire hour was taken up in a discussion of Chinese habits in connection with earth-closets.

This story getting out raised quite a laugh in political and diplomatic circles, for the fact had been already laughed at that informed the world of the Secretary's anxiety on that subject. When selecting a house in Washington, his inquiries seemed concentrated on this topic to the utter exclusion of all others. And again, when it was proposed to retire the old fellow at his own request from the State Department to the English mission, he sent one of his highest subordinates to New York with instructions to inspect the ocean steamers in this department, and report. The report proving unfavorable, the dainty old gentleman declined the mission.

These stories may lack confirmation, but their circulation will give a pretty correct idea of the estimation in which our Secretary of State is held in Washington city.

This estimate is a correct one, and therefore I believe you are in error when you hold this aged diplomatic butler of good society responsible for the foul way in which his department has been managed. Bancroft Davis, the bribe-taker, and Señor Roberts, the Spanish Minister, run the concern during the cruel butchery of the republicans in Cuba; and Bancroft Davis and Sir Edward Thornton were the masters of the situation in the late sale of national effects to Great Britain. Of this sort of work let me give you an illustration that is not a funny story in circulation about our city, but an actual fact, got from one of the coarse soldier's own cabinet ministers. It is as follows: When the San Domingo job was on hand the affair was entirely removed from the State Department to the President's kitchen cabinet. Hamilton Fish submitted to the interference with indifference so long as the forms of decent official intercourse were observed. One day, however, he was slow to respond to some demands made by Horace Porter, and the last-named had the impudence to address the Secretary of State, complaining of the delay, and asserting that the President was annoyed at the open disregard of his wishes. This aroused Hamilton F. He at once asserted his neglected privileges and manhood and dictated a sharp note to Horace, calling his attention to the fact that he, Fish, was yet Secretary of State, and wanting to know upon what authority he ventured to interfere with the affairs of his office. The same messenger carried to the President a cold, polite request from Hamilton to be relieved.

The President clings to Fish as the one great representative in his Administration of what he openly worships, and that is, wealthy respectability. He feels uncomfortable in Fish's presence, but he knows well enough, and the knowledge in neither deep nor puzzling that Fish is what he, the President, is struggling to be, and so he clings to him. But Porter & Co. knew that if the Secretary of State threw up his office just at that critical moment on such ground it would be fatal to the San Domingo job, and so his Excellency granted out a plea for the offended Hidalgo to remain, and the Kitchen Cabinet bowed in humility before the offended official butler.

THE CAT-FISH STEW.

The *Daily Republican* of this village, a newspaper regarded as the mouth-piece of the Administration—rather a dirty one—which toots its rickly cracked bassoon as the powers dictate, gave a column and a half to the defence of Hamilton F. and an attack on THE SUN that was evidently prepared at the State Department, and, to change the simile, was State gas run through the Republican meter. The same paper charges that Donn Piatt is your correspondent. Poor Donn has his hands full with his *Capital* that his ambition meant to be a great national political organ, and is only a social reporter saved from utter failure by the fun which Donn puts into it making it readable and a remove above *Our Society* and other prints devoted to shoddy, millinery and barber shops.

To say that the defence is lame would be complimentary. Its impotence is painfully aggravating. And it only confirms what I had previously asserted; and that is that the war on Catacazy did not originate in a special question, but in a grave political dispute over the so-called Alabama treaty. As I told you Catacazy and Gerolt undertook to defeat the ratification of that diplomatic sale, and so brought upon themselves all the dirty dogs of the Administration that did not hesitate to drag down and tear in the most pitiless manner a poor inoffensive lady whom their masters had already received on an equal social footing. Poor devils, they would, male and female, lacerate their best garments to gain a presentation to a Prince's kept mistress if such leman were countenanced by royalty.

Poor old Gerolt, gentleman as he is, soon went down before the assault. But old Cat, as he is called here, is made up of different stuff. His hide and hair are as heavy and thick as those of the Russian bear that he represents, and he has shown his teeth and claws in the gamiest manner. Large odds are offered here on the old Cat, with no takers. He had the advantage of knowing how a treaty could be bought through by that Alaska business, and so could track the British gold without difficulty. He possessed himself of certain ugly facts, and it is charged that he attempted to promulgate the same through the press of the United States. He is more brave than discreet, and made a false move in showing his hand to the people of the *New York World*. This late organ of Tammany long since sold out to Señor Lopez Roberts, the Spanish Minister; and inspired by Sidney Webster, was full of eulogies of the proposed British treaty long before any details of that miserable fiasco were known to the country. The Russian Minister gave his facts to the agent of the *World* here, and finding that he had made a misstep, attempted, so it is said, to hedge by offering a written protest to the State Department.

I do not know how true this is, but I have a bit of the secret history that I can vouch for. I heard on Newspaper row, that buzzards' den where all sorts of incantations and devilment go up and all sorts of foul vapors are in circulation, that among other sins charged against the Russian Minister was that he had employed Donn Piatt, then of the Cincinnati *Commercial*, and now of the *Capital*, to publish certain attacks upon the President and the treaty. Possessed of this clue, I lost no time in hunting up that correspondent. We had a little dinner together at the St. Mark's, and over some choice old wine and the best Havanas, I interviewed the famous journalist. I did not approach the delicate subject until near the close of our feast, when I said cavalierly:

"Well, Colonel, you who know all about everything in Washington, ought to be booked up in the Catacazy row."

"I rather flatter," he responded, throwing out curls of delicate smoke from his fragrant cigar, "I rather flatter myself, my Christian friend, that I am."

"Well, tell me something."

"I would if I were at liberty, but old Cat warned me that I was not to use my information until he gave consent. I don't care for that; but a lovely, accomplished female, pertaining to diplomatic life, put me under bonds that I respect. Diplomacy, my dear fellow, means secrecy. Every move is accompanied by the ceremony of getting into a corner and swearing to tell nobody—which oath each respects by telling a wide circle of immediate friends, so that diplomacy means lying also."

"Well, I have no wish to force myself upon your confidence, as you are a diplomat."

"There you mistake. If I were a diplomat, in payment for your excellent dinner and good company, I would give you my secret. But I am a journalist, and journalistic honor is such that if I were caught stealing—even in company with a Senator—before I would peach I'd suffer imprisonment in one of the handsomest rooms of the Capitol, and be fed for days on the choicest delicacies of the season."

"No, now, it is not possible! But I hear as a public report that Catacazy not only employed divers and sundry people to print his charges against the President and the treaty, but had you."

"Is that reported? Well, all that I can say at present is, that it is not true in any particular. I was sent for by old Cat some six weeks since, to meet him at the Imperial Barber's Pole on I street, and then the old diplomatic duck told me of the charge. He said that on the 25th of May last he was requested to call at the State Department to confer with Secretary Fish. He complied with the invitation, and found the Secretary as cold and formal as a master of ceremonies in the presence of a disgraced favorite. After the usual few words of salutation, the Secretary took from a drawer a printed slip and charged him with being its author. He took and examined it. 'Why, Mr. Secretary,' he said, 'this is signed D. P.; my name is not D. P.' 'Very true,' Mr. Fish replied, 'but the statements made therein, the President is satisfied, must have originated with you, and he is very properly offended.' Cat assured him of his error, but they parted without producing any change in Fish's belief. 'Now,' continued the Russian Minister to me, 'you know whether there is any truth in that allegation.' I answered most heartily there was not. He asked me then if I'd have any objection to putting my denial in writing. I responded, certainly I had not; and so he put four questions to me, and I responded in writing."

"Have you a copy of that note, Colonel?" I asked.

"No, I have not, but it ran as follows":

MR. CATACAZY—*Sir:* You ask me four questions, as follows:

1. Did you ever to my knowledge procure the publication of any article in an American newspaper?
2. Did you ever know me to give diplomatic information for publication?
3. Did you ever know me or know of my attempting to influence the press of this country in any way?
4. Did you and I ever have the happiness of meeting before now?

To the first I answer No; to the second, No; to the third, No; and, strange as it may sound after four years' residence in Washington, to the fourth and last I have the honor to say most emphatically, No, sir!

I am, Monsieur le Ministre, your most obedient,
DONN PIATT.

"And so," continued the Colonel, "if war comes of this diplomatic complication, it will not be over the fair and fascinating Catacazy, but your humble servant. And the fun comes in on the fact that my able and original articles against the treaty were inspired by an officer of the Government." TIMON.

A Young Wife Accused of Attempting to Poison an Old Husband.

Yesterday Justice Brown of Morrisania ordered the arrest of Mrs. Mary Donil, of Eighth street and Railroad avenue, who is accused by her husband, Patrick Donil, of attempting to poison him. Patrick is 65, and worth $30,000. Mary is 25, and a beautiful woman. Mary married the old man about four years ago, and it was supposed that he would live only a few months. But Pat says he has held out so long that she is getting discouraged, and accordingly put strychnine into his coffee yesterday morning instead of sugar. When arraigned before the Justice she said that the old man was crazy, and ought to be sent to an asylum for the insane. The old man said if she would take back that he would forgive her; but she said she would stick to it, she said she would go to White Plains willingly, but that she would have to go to the asylum first. The Justice, not feeling competent to decide on Pat's sanity, designated Dr. Horton to make an examination. Meantime, the case stands over.

The Unmanageable Policemen.

The Third and Fifth Assembly District (Grant) Republican Associations last night amended their constitution declaring ineligible to membership policemen and firemen. A member said he knew of policemen who voted one way at the primaries and another at the general election.

MLLE. NILSSON IN MIGNON.

AMBROISE THOMAS'S NEW OPERA IN THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

Something for which the Musical World may be Grateful.

Ambroise Thomas is a composer almost new to Americans, and his opera, "Mignon," was heard last evening with unwonted interest. A really new opera is a rare concession to the public, and when it possesses not only the merit of freshness, but also that of genuine excellence, as does this one, it is a thing to be grateful for. In a number of the prefatory notices of this opera that have appeared in the daily press, it has been asserted that this is the first work of this composer which has been brought out on this side the water. But such is not the fact. In New Orleans they are familiar with his compositions, and his opera "Le Caïd" was brought out there not less than thirteen years ago, and was received with great favor. It is somewhat singular that a writer who has been before the public more than thirty years, who is a member of the Institute, who has produced no less than ten operas, some of which have achieved the highest popularity, whose merits have been such as to win him the Cross of the Legion of Honor, and the foremost place in the Conservatoire at Paris, should have remained so long without a hearing in this city. In France he takes rank with Auber, Boieldieu, and Halevy; and his varied talents have been displayed not only in lyric composition, but in the more precise forms of composition for stringed instruments. From the time of the production of his "Caïd" and "Midsummer Night's Dream," twenty years ago, up to the present day, he has been held in his own country and in Germany in high esteem.

"Mignon" is one of his later productions, and is, both in its plot and its music, a very picturesque opera. The story is from the pens of those two inseparables—the Damon and Pythias of libretto writing—Messrs. Barbier and Carré. They obtained it from Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister." But libretto writers are a free folk, and take almost any liberties they please with the authors from whom they condescend to borrow. If the musician is more felicitous in making wedding music than in composing plaintive strains, they do not hesitate for a moment to change the *denouement* from a funeral to a marriage. Therefore the reader of "Wilhelm Meister" need not expect to find Messieurs Barbier and Carré's "Mignon" very much like Goethe's "Mignon," any more than the operatic *Marguerite* is like the *Gretchen* of the great author. Something has to be sacrificed to the exigencies of the operatic stage, and that sometning is quite likely to be the soul of the play. However, the twin authors have constructed an entertaining plot, and it runs somewhat as follows: *Mignon*, (Mlle. Nilsson) the daughter of the Count (M. Jamet), in early childhood is stolen from her home by roving gypsies, and made to contribute to their support by dancing. Her father becomes nearly crazed at his daughter's loss, and under the name of *Lothario* in the guise of an old and destitute harper, wanders about the world searching for her. A young travelling student, *Guglielmo*, (Capoul), touched by the ill treatment the girl is receiving at the hands of the gypsies, buys her freedom from them. In the very act of doing it he wins two hearts, that of course of *Mignon* herself, and that of *Filina* (Mlle. Duval), a young and handsome actress who from a balcony witnesses the scene.

The superior beauty of the proud and vain *Filina* carries the day, and the gentle *Mignon* is not thought of, she follows her preserver, however, as a page, and loves him firmly, but silently. This brings us to the end of the first act. In the second all the characters are gathered at the castle of the *Baron Rosenberg*, where a great dramatic entertainment, consisting of Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream," is to be given in honor of a certain prince. *Filina* enacts the part of *Titania*. Poor *Mignon* has the double misery of witnessing her rival's triumph and of hearing *Guglielmo* declare to that rival his passionate love. Maddened by jealousy, she expresses to *Lothario* the wish that the hated castle—the scene of her rival's success—was destroyed. *Lothario's* crazed mind is filled with the idea, and he secretly sets the castle on fire. *Guglielmo* rescues *Mignon* from the burning pile at the risk of his own life, and the curtain falls upon the second act.

In the third act we find a complete change in the relations of the characters. *Guglielmo's* affections are naturally drawn strongly toward the girl whom he has twice rescued—once from misery, and once from death. This interest is intensified by the circumstance that *Mignon's* peril had brought on a fever, and that in her delirium she had revealed to *Guglielmo* the fact, till then unknown to him, that she above all else loved him. Both *Lothario* and *Guglielmo* watch over *Mignon* during her illness, and carry her to a warmer climate. In their journey they come to the castle that *Lothario* had deserted fifteen years before, when he set out in search of his child. The familiar scenes restore to him his memory and his reason. *Mignon* herself recalls the castle as the place of her nativity, and father and daughter at length recognize each other with mutual joy. The union of the lovers of course ensues, and upon this happy conclusion of all their troubles the curtain falls.

The work is technically called an *opera comique*, but it has more of the elements of sadness than of mirth, though it was written for the stage of the *Comique* at Paris.

The first act opens with a chorus for male voices very carefully constructed, and very bright and felicitous. This is succeeded by a trio for soprano, tenor and bass. And that in turn by the song that Mlle. Nilsson made so familiar at her concerts last season, "Knowst thou the Land" (*Kennst du das Land.*) Ambroise Thomas followed in illustrious footsteps when he set these famous words to music, for many a master had done it before him, among them the greatest of all, Beethoven. His inspiration, however, did not fail him, for he made a lovely song. How well Mlle. Nilsson sings it need not here be repeated. She had the accessories of scene and costume, and the aria was in its proper and fitting place, and had a meaning that it never possessed in the concert room. Of course it gained greatly by these surroundings.

In this act also occurs the beautiful "Duet des Hirondelles," one of the most charming pieces in the entire opera. It was delightfully sung by Mlle. Nilsson and Mons. Jamet, and received, as it well merited, an *encore*.

All the music of this act is full of life, the situations are novel, and the *mise en scène* excellent. The gypsies with their bright dresses, the ballet, the cart with Mlle. Nilsson sleeping on its load, the dancing dogs and the parrots made a picture replete with bustle and picturesque movement.

The costume of Mlle. Nilsson, both in this act and in other parts of the opera, is the one that Ary Scheffer has immortalized in his well-known picture of Mignon.

In the second act there is a sparkling and difficult polonnaise for *Filina*, which Mlle. Duval sang with admirable *brouvura* and facile vocalization. *Mignon* also has an admirable scene in dance measure, which she sang gracefully and charmingly. *Guglielmo* has an excellent aria in this act. (*Addio Mignon.*)

This act is made famous by Mlle. Nilsson's capital acting. Her costume is changed three times. First she appears as a page, and carries off the manly attire with a jaunty dash that many a young man might long to possess. Indeed, our stage ladies are getting to be quite at their ease in the bifurcated garments of the other sex. Her next costume is a bright pink silk—one of *Filina's* dresses that she borrows without leave and tears off on being discovered and laughed at—and lastly her own ragged gipsy dress and bare feet.

In the last act is a very beautiful prayer (O Virgin Maria!) and a final trio of great power.

It was noticeable how admirably the music of this opera suited the singers. Neither of the four whom we have named have, Mlle. Nilsson perhaps excepted, ever appeared to better advantage. And the reason is obvious. The opera was written for the French stage by a Frenchman, and for the Opera Comique. All of the principal singers have had a French training, and are, if we mistake not, also all graduates of the Opera Comique. Capoul and Jamet were thoroughly at home, and both sang like the true artists that they are. Equally was Mlle. Duval suited with the florid music of her *rôle*. Thomas has given his two sopranos almost equally good parts, and yet he has managed to contrast them one against the other, so that the sad music gives to *Mignon* sets off and heightens the effect of *Felina's* brilliant measures.

Those who are unaccustomed to the music of the school in which Thomas writes will probably miss the elaborate arias that they are used to hear in Italian opera, and will find the long recitatives accompanied only by sustaining chords, and written in the *parlante* style, a trifle wearisome. But this cannot be otherwise, the principles of construction being so different. Thomas's music has in parts often the character of an improvisation. His forms are not strictly or logically preserved, his purpose being rather to paint the situation musically than to elaborate an aria that shall show off his prima donna or primo tenore. Occasionally there is more than a resemblance to Gounod, especially when he approaches the romantic side of his theme. This is perceptible in the overture, and in the love scene in the second act. The cadences particularly are like those of Gounod.

Mlle. Nilsson's *rôle* lies for the most part in the middle register of her voice, being written for *mezzo soprano*. Some of her critics have thought her weak in these tones, but her singing of this music will demonstrate the contrary. No such persuasive and gracious singing has been heard on the stage of the Academy within our remembrance. Although so highly finished, it has the quality of being effortless.

Those who prefer clamor to beauty and smoothness of voice will never find satisfaction in Mlle. Nilsson. She demonstrated last evening the great compass of her beautiful voice by taking *Re in alt* as one of her concluding notes, to the great delight of those who look upon the *Do di petto* as the crowning grace of the opera. "Mignon" is to be repeated on Friday evening and at the Saturday matinée, and we believe that it is an opera that will commend itself to the liking of our opera goers. It has real dramatic fire, movement, and intensity, and the music is melodious and never trivial or unworthy of attention.

DR. LAROUE'S COURTSHIP.

A Hostile Meeting in Secaucus—A Brother Challenging his Sister's Suitor—The Doctor Wounded, but not Seriously.

Young Dr. Larouc, of Bergen, has been paying his addresses to a Miss Harpell, against the wishes of the Harpell family, and despite their interference he has managed to meet the girl once or twice a week at a trysting place in Jersey City. One day last week Miss Harpell's brother, Lorenzo, discovered their place of meeting, and learned that on the following day they were to ride out and visit Staten Island. Young Harpell stationed himself near the spot where they were to meet the carriage, at Grove and Pavonia avenues, Jersey City, and just as the doctor and his sister were entering the vehicle, he jumped forward, seized his sister and tried to drag her away.

A blow from the doctor felled young Harpell, and the coach drove off leaving him bleeding on the sidewalk.

Harpell determined to have satisfaction, and on Tuesday night waylaid the doctor as he was visiting a patient in New Durham. Words passed, and Harpell challenged the doctor to meet him on the following morning and settle the difficulty. Yesterday morning they met just south of Maj. Ralph Ormstead's residence in Secaucus, and there they went at it at a furious rate, in Yankee Sullivan style. After exchanging a few blows, Young Harpell drew a knife and plunged it into the doctor's back. A Deputy Sheriff, who was one of the spectators, seized Harpell and took the knife from him. The doctor went to Lafayette Hall, near the railroad depot, where he lived and was dressed. Harpell, on his return to the depot, sent the doctor another challenge to meet him with any kind of weapon he might deem proper. Lafayette Hall was agreed upon as the place of meeting. Harpell swears that he will kill the doctor.

A New York Seizure Eliminating in Boston

BOSTON, Nov. 22.—The action of the United States authorities against William Weld & Co. originated from the seizure in New York some two months ago of the books and papers of Rufus Story & Co., on complaint of Special Agent N. W. Bingham. From these books evidence of false importations was obtained against the Boston firm. Previous to this a criminal suit had been instituted, in which the jury stood seven for the Government and five for the defendant. It is claimed by Weld & Co. that the proceedings are instituted with a view to obtain evidence to aid the Government in the prosecution of the suit pending against them in New York. Hence they have resisted the opening of their safes, on the ground that it is a malicious persecution, and not because they have any fraudulent custom or revenue evidence to sustain any charges against them for fraudulent importations at this port.

The New Deal in the Custom House.

Ex-Private Secretary John J. O'Brien was engaged yesterday with the assistance of Bob Haw and Pop Gillette in selecting the book men who are to work under him when he gets his new position of United States weigher. The gang of applicants blocked up the corridor of the Custom House in front of where room No. 9 used to be. By the way, O'Brien's warrant has not been returned from Washington yet, although the other warrants which were sent on at the same time as his was have all been returned. This has given foundation to a rumor that now that Murphy's usefulness has gone Grant intends to go back upon his friend whom the Collector was so careful to provide for before he resigned.

The Condition of the Public Schools.

The Department of Public Instruction yesterday expressed regret at the resignation of Commissioner Bell. John T. Townley was appointed Vice-Principal of Grammar School No. 12, and Mary Sherwood Vice-Principal of Primary School No. 11. *City Superintendent Kiddle's report showed that* there were on the registers of the several schools last month 99,808 pupils, with an average daily attendance of 85,779. There was an increase this year of 3,458 pupils. Favorable report was made of the industrial school on Hart's Island, the schools of the House of Refuge and the school-ship Mercury. Mr. Kiddle called attention to the insufficient accommodations of Primary School No. 1, in the Twenty-second Ward. The rooms are dark and unwholesome, the seats too high for the children, and a steam engine in the adjoining building keeps the school in an uproar.

The Perils of the Street Cars.

Marcus L. Decker, conductor of car 108, Grand street cross-town line, and John White, licensed vender, were before Justice Scott yesterday to answer for the death of Thomas Dermorley, aged 12, of 698 Water street. It was shown that the boy was stealing a ride on the platform of the car, while the conductor was inside collecting fares. As the conductor approached Dermorley leaped off, and was knocked down by White's wagon. Decker was discharged, and White was held.

The Great Walking Match.

John C. Heenan, Tony Miller, Chris. Connor, Jimmy Donahue, and Jimmy Bowe start on their great walking match from New York to Bayside, L. I. this morning, leaving the Sinclair House, Broadway and Eighth street, at 9 o'clock sharp.

The pool is $500 and a suit of clothes, to go to the pedestrian first reaching the door of Joe Crocheron's hotel. The distance to be walked is about fifteen miles.

A Houston Street Tragedy.

On Tuesday Edward Weiser and Richard Muller, half-brothers, quarreled in a saloon at 193 East Houston street, and Muller beat Weiser on the head with a small sword, wounding him, it is supposed fatally. Muller has not yet been arrested.

Worse than Tammany.

OMAHA, Nov. 22.—The report of the Legislative Committee of Wyoming Territory on the condition of the treasury accounts for the past two years shows a worse state of affairs than exists in New York.

The Georgia Governor Election Bill Passed.

ATLANTA, Nov. 22.—The Legislature passed the Elect on bill for Governor over the acting Governor's veto by more than two-thirds majority.

STATEN ISLAND.

One who witnessed the burning of the Snow-Drift Company's truck on Staten Island, says that the firemen were promptly on the ground and did all they could to save their property. They are raising funds to buy another truck.

FLASHES FROM THE OCEAN CABLES.

Tamberlik and an opera troupe have arrived in Havana.

The championship of the Tyne was gained yesterday by the Taylor crew, who beat the Renforth three lengths.

Shocks of earthquake were felt on the 30th ult., on Dominica, St. Vincent, St. Lucia, and other West India islands.

LIFE IN THE METROPOLIS.

DASHES HERE AND THERE BY THE SUN'S REPORTERS.

The Drakes of New Jersey Looking for $100,000,000 in England.

A meeting of the heirs of Sir Francis Drake was held in Taylor's Hotel, Jersey City, yesterday afternoon. Over 200 persons claiming to have descended from the brother of the great navigator attended. They were almost exclusively from New Jersey. The estate to which these persons lay claim is situated in the county of Devon, England, and is said to be worth $100,000,000. The meeting was held with closed doors. Mr. Jas. S. Drake presided, and Mr. Beckwith was appointed Secretary. An association was organized under the title of "The Society of the Heirs of Sir Francis Drake," and it was resolved that any person claiming heirship should be admitted on payment of $10 entrance fee. Over 150 persons paid in their fees. Committees were appointed to obtain and disburse money in the enforcement of the claims of the joint heirs. After much handshaking the heirs went home with golden visions and lightened pocketbooks.

The Whole Board of Coroners in the County Court House.

The Comptroller's office had a funereal aspect yesterday. Coroners Young, Schirmer, and Hermann, called on Mr. Green to ascertain when they might draw a part of the money that the county owes them. Coroner Young facetiously told the Comptroller that they had come to hold an inquest over the body of ex-Comptroller Connolly. The Coroners learned that of the appropriation for the year, $67,000, $53,000 went to pay the arrears of the previous year, leaving only $14,000 for 1871. Mr. Green said that the money in hand was required to pay interest on bonds, and that the Coroners must wait until the meeting of the Legislature.

The Poisoned Herrings Again—Narrow Escape of a Physician.

Dr. W. Guthrie Winder, a highly respectable physician residing at 888 Quincey street, Brooklyn, called at the SUN office yesterday, and said that he had narrowly escaped death from eating two herrings which his wife had purchased at a [illegible] grocery. The Doctor suffered [illegible] neighbor the night, and says that the symptoms [illegible] intensely during were those produced by arsenical poisoning. He is confident that he was poisoned.

Josh Crary's Two Wives.

Josh Crary is an engineer for one of the Sound steamers. He was married about sixteen years ago in New Brunswick, N. J., to Jane Maria Jackson, Latterly Mrs. Crary has been in delicate health, and Josh deserted her. In September last he married Eliza Usher, a buxom widow, a native of Dublin. Eliza receives an annuity of sixty pounds from her late husband's estate in Ireland. She has also about $2,000 in a bank in this city. Soon after the honeymoon Josh demanded the bank book, and because Eliza refused to give it to him, she says Josh gave her a good licking. To make matters worse she afterward gave him the book, and Josa hurried to the bank, but the cashier refused to hand over the money, as it was invested in Mrs. Crary's name. Josh then tried to coax Eliza to draw the money out. This she would not do, and her refusal led to further unhappiness. Soon she heard that Josh had another wife living, and in high dudgeon she packed up and quit him, and instituted a suit in the Superior Court against her betrayer. By some means Josh has coaxed her to return to him, and yesterday Mr. J. G. Boyd, the lawyer for Eliza, obtained a stay of proceedings. Josh paid the legal fees and returned to his Eliza, promising to let her keep her money.

A Policeman who Knew his Business.

Yesterday morning Officer Latham saw three men in front of John P. Bauer's cigar store, in Canal street, closely watching his movements. The officer seemingly paid no attention to the men, but passed on a dozen doors or more. Then he suddenly turned and approached the trio. Two of the fellows, in the most indifferent manner, walked away whistling "Put me in my little bed." Latham seized the third, and asked him what he was doing. "Oh, nothing much," replied the fellow; "I came down to get a bill and a few stamps, and I found the door open."

On examination the officer found a panel forced from the lower sash, and the door unlocked. The burglar gave his name as Edward O'Malley, and was held by Justice Scott. O'Malley had a file, four newspapers, a quantity of twine, and some matches in his pockets.

The Greatest of the Wooden Steamships.

The new steamship Egypt has just arrived in New York, after a splendid run of 9 days and 14 hours. She is the twelfth vessel of the deservedly popular National Line, and is altogether a magnificent vessel, being the largest in the world with the sole exception of the Great Eastern, which she very nearly approaches in size, and greatly surpasses in many respects. She is 450 feet 6 inches in length, 44 feet in breadth of beam, and 36 feet in depth of hold. Her engines work up to 3,000 horse power, and her registered tonnage is 5,150 tons. She has two funnels and four masts, and is a complete four-decker. Her sails are hoisted, her pumps worked, and her cargo taken in by means of steam winches. Her spar deck is flush fore and aft, and the space underneath accommodates her first-class passengers, the crew, &c., while the whole space between her main and lower decks is reserved for steerage passengers.

Yesterday's Accident at Vanderbilt's Depot.

In a collision yesterday morning on Vanderbilt's Grand Trunk Railroad at Fourth avenue and Fifty-seventh street, between the Boston mail train due here at 6:30 and the Harlem milk train, three freight cars were smashed, the locomotive of the mail train was disabled, and travel was suspended for two hours. The mail train was behind time. The milk train started off on time, and the two trains met at the switch which transfers the incoming trains to the outgoing train's track. The cause of the accident was a blunder in giving signals.

The National Rifle Association.

The incorporators of the National Rifle Association met in the Twenty-second Regiment armory on Tuesday evening. Major-Gen. Shaler presided. The certificate of incorporation was accepted, and the by-laws adopted. An adjourned meeting of the incorporators is to be held in the office of Capt. George W. Wingate, 192 Broadway, on Friday afternoon. The main object of the Association is to establish an extensive rifle range in the vicinity of this city for the use of the militia and citizens generally.

Fashionable Marriage at White Plains.

Yesterday afternoon the fashionable residents of White Plains assembled in Stonehurst Church to witness the marriage of Mr. Charles E. Horton, son of Charles Horton of the firm of Barnum & Co., New York, to Miss Catharine S. Pray, youngest daughter of Mr. Edward H. Pray, the retired Bull's Head cattle dealer, one of the wealthiest men in Westchester county. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Dr. Van Cleck.

The Crippled Savings Banks.

The excitement at the Guardian and Bowling Green Savings Banks has subsided. Yesterday a policeman was stationed at the door of each. The clerks are arranging the accounts, and will report as soon as possible.

How the Excise Law is not Enforced.

At a quarter past one yesterday morning James Nash, part owner of a liquor store at 51 West street, was stabbed in the neck by Daniel Seving in a drunken quarrel.

Resignation of Gen. Wm. M. Tweed, Jr.

Gen. Wm. M. Tweed, Jr., has tendered his resignation as Assistant District Attorney, to go into effect on Jan. 1.

A Hero's Widow Remembered.

The Twenty-second Regiment yesterday gave the widow of Sergeant Samuel Wyatt a check for $635.25. Sergeant Wyatt belonged to the Ninth Regiment, and fell on the 12th of July in vindication of American principles.

OBITUARY.

John Russell, for many years the leading publisher and bookseller of Charleston, S. C., died yesterday.

LOSSES BY FIRE.

J. H. Hagerty's lumber yard, Philipsburgh, N. J. Loss $10,000.

W. G. Case's machine shop and foundry, Philadelphia. Loss $35,000; insurance $10,000.

At 10 o'clock last night fire was discovered in the counting-room of the *Evening Mail* office, Park row and Beekman street. Engines were promptly at hand, and the flames were soon extinguished. The fire originated among a pile of papers beneath a table.

Yesterday forenoon some rags took fire in a shoddy machine on the third floor of 202 West Houston street, and the place was badly damaged. Losses: Herman Kemp, $1,000; insurance, $2,000; Gottlieb Strauo, $1,000; insured; Kahn & Hummell, $1,000; insurance, $2,000; Seltzer & Co., $2,000; insurance, $3,000. The building, which is owned by McCann & Brooks, may be repaired for $1,000.

TAMMANY CRIMINALS INDICTED.

Baulch and Hagerty Said to have Squealed—Detective Sampson after A. J. Garvey—The Politicians Greatly Excited.

The Hon. Charles O'Conor visited the District Attorney's office yesterday morning, and was closeted with Judge Garvin two hours. The result of their deliberations is unknown. After Mr. O'Conor's departure, a report was current among the politicians that Hagerty and Baulch, the voucher thieves, had squealed. It was said that they implicated prominent officials in the destruction of the vouchers. Baulch and Hagerty are said to be satisfied that their backers cannot save them, and they do not intend to be sent to prison if they can help it.

It was also stated that District Attorney Garvin, acting on the suggestions of Judge Bedford, had sent for Mr. O'Conor, and that criminal proceedings against prominent members of the Ring would be begun without delay. It was thought better to begin these proceedings under Democratic auspices before Gen. Barlow assumed the office of Attorney-General.

It is positively known that Andrew J. Garvey has been indicted for forgery by the Grand Jury, and that Detective Sampson is now on his trail with a requisition. Detective Sampson sailed for Europe on Saturday.

It is positively asserted that Mr. Wm. M. Tweed will also be indicted, either for obtaining money under false pretences or for grand larceny. One of the features of the reorganization of Tammany Hall is the determination of the new Democratic leaders zealously to prosecute the Ring thieves, so as to come before the people at the next election with clean hands.

A SUN reporter called on District Attorney Garvin last night. Judge Garvin said that he knew nothing of the reported confession of Baulch and Hagerty. As to the other matters he courteously declined to give the reporter any information.

Mr. Tweed before the Supreme Court.

A SUN reporter was informed yesterday by one of Mr. O'Conor's associate attorneys that Mr. Tweed would have to justify at 11 o'clock today in the Supreme Court, Chambers.

ELECTION ANOMALIES.

Votes in Excess of the Voters—Figures that Evidently Lie—Errors and Frauds in Every Direction—Inspectors Wanted.

The County Canvassers had an industrious fit yesterday. They reassembled at a quarter past 12 in the afternoon, and continued in session without intermission until nearly half-past 8 in the evening, completing the canvass of the Eighth, Ninth, Tenth, Eleventh, Twelfth, Thirteenth, Fourteenth, Fifteenth, and Sixteenth Wards. All through the day and in the evening until the Board took a recess the space outside the railing was filled by the incoming Aldermen and their friends. In many districts the votes returned exceeded by some hundreds the number of voters in the districts. Whenever this occurred the supervisors were first virtuously indignant, and then overjoyed, and the particular Supervisor who was canvassing the district asked, with an injured air, that the Inspectors of Election be sent for to correct the return.

On the other hand it was noticed that when, in certain Republican districts, a large number of votes were credited to the Tammany candidates, the legal gentlemen representing the Reform and Republican candidates were usually seized with a violent fit of coughing. Subjoined will be found a list of the districts in the wards canvassed yesterday, where the vote was either incorrect or entirely missing:

No vote for Assistant Alderman in First District of Eighth Ward. Inspectors of Election sent for.

Inspectors of Election of the Ninth District, Eighth Ward, sent for to correct the returns for the Aldermanic ticket. Dolger's vote supposed to be wrong.

No vote for Assistant Alderman in Twenty-second District of Eighth Ward.

Inspectors of Election of the Seventh, Sixteenth, Fifteenth, and Eighteenth Districts of Ninth Ward to correct the returns.

In First District, Ninth Ward, the vote returned was 955, while the vote registered in the district is only 585. Inspectors sent for.

In Second District, Tenth Ward, vote polled, 412; vote returned, 560. Inspectors sent for.

In the Fourth District, Tenth Ward, Inspectors of Election sent for to correct the returns.

In the Fifth District of the Tenth Ward 432 voters managed, according to the returns, to cast 800 ballots. Inspectors of Election sent for.

In the Sixth District, Tenth Ward, more votes cast than voters in the district. Inspectors sent for.

In the Seventh District, Tenth Ward, the vote on the general ticket was 862, and on the Aldermanic 622. Inspectors of Election sent for.

In the Eighth District, Tenth Ward, the vote of the entire district is 400, while the returns show 631.

In the Third District, Eleventh Ward, Inspectors of Election sent for to correct the returns.

In the Sixth District, Twelfth Ward, Inspectors of Election sent for to correct returns.

In Twelfth District, Twelfth Ward, no vote for Assistant Aldermen. Inspectors sent for to correct returns.

In Second District, Thirteenth Ward, Inspectors of Election sent for.

In Third District, Thirteenth Ward, the return more than total vote. Inspectors sent for.

In Tenth District, Thirteenth Ward, return more than total vote of district. Inspectors sent for.

In Twelfth District, Thirteenth Ward, return more than total vote. Inspectors sent for.

In Seventh District, Fourteenth Ward, returns incorrect. Inspectors sent for.

In Eighth District, Fourteenth Ward, returns incorrect. Inspectors s