The Sun.

THIRTY-NINTH YEAR. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1872. PRICE TWO CENTS.

POLITICS IN CONNECTICUT.

THE SUN'S RAYS STIRRING UP A NEST OF HORNETS.

Buzzing and Confusion among Grant's Cohorts—Gov. Jewell's Faith in the Credulity of the People—Affirming that Grant is Earnestly Promoting Civil Service Reform—The Contest between the Capitals.

Correspondence of The Sun.

HARTFORD, Feb. 23.—The Irishman who fired a charge of shot into a hornet's nest when one of the venomous insects stung him, with the remark, "You have business of your own to attend to now," expressed the true mode of conducting a contest, political or otherwise. Firing into the nest is generally good practice. I have tried it effectually in opening the engagement with the cohorts of Grant here, including Gov. Jewell and Gen. Hawley of the *Courant*. The buzzing and confusion are amusing to witness. Put your adversary on the defensive and keep him there, and the battle is half won. The Grant papers are almost beside themselves. Here and in New Haven their flounderings and contortions show how near they are to desperation.

THE EFFECT OF SUNLIGHT.

THE SUN, which they gratuitously assume to be the organ of Mr. Hubbard, is always in mischief. It is fomenting local prejudices, stirring up the people of Hartford against New Haven, and arousing a feeling of rivalry and jealousy that threatens all sorts of evil consequences. The wicked SUN is working irreparable injury to the Democratic cause, and Mr. Hubbard is advised to disclaim all responsibility for its incendiary suggestions. Gov. Jewell is far above the reach of its poisonous shafts, and they will come back like a boomerang to perplex and wound his assailants.

WHAT GOV. JEWELL SAYS.

Jewell says all averments and insinuations that the Grant party is not earnestly and sincerely promoting civil service reform are slanderous inventions of the enemy. The plan of making appointments under the recommendations of Curtis and his associates is working wonders, and the assertion that the system is suspended, officially made by Secretary Boutwell, has no foundation in fact. The best men are selected for office everywhere, and the delay in filling vacancies in New Haven, Philadelphia, and Troy is unavoidable, because in the multiplicity of meritorious applicants it is difficult to make a decision.

DEPENDING ON THE GULLIBILITY OF THE PEOPLE.

This line of argument is founded upon the theory that the assertions and fabrications of the party leaders will be accepted as gospel by the people, without question or doubt, they lacking the intelligence to distinguish between truth and falsehood. For the fact is just as notorious as Grant's egotism, selfishness, and capacity that appointments of every grade have been and will be made solely on party grounds, without the slightest reference to the public interest or the fitness of the candidates. The peculiar and trusted partisans of the Administration ridicule the attempts at reform in the civil service, and denounce them as the device of Democrats and disappointed Republicans, intended to distract and distress the friends of Grant. They have no hesitation in asserting that it is idle to expect the Administration to consent to any abridgement of its power to control the elections, and they point to the removal of Secretary Cox for resisting the wish of the politicians in this regard as conclusive evidence of the futility of expecting any change in the policy of the party in power. All this is well understood by Jewell and his friends, and it is nothing but insincerity and hypocrisy for them to pretend the contrary.

THE JEALOUSY OF THE CAPITAL CITIES.

As to the clamor of the Hartford and New Haven papers that what has appeared in THE SUN touching the jealousy of the contending cities is without foundation, a fabrication of malicious and mischievous purposes, it is absurd and foolish to the last degree. Why, these two municipalities have been in a contest about the capital from time immemorial. The question is brought before the Legislature at every session. Money is spent, in small sums, to be sure, but without scruple or pretense of concealment. And every application for a railroad or a bridge across the Connecticut river is advocated and resisted, not on its merits, but with reference to its supposed influence upon the business prosperity of Hartford or New Haven. It is trifling and nonsense to pretend that what I tell about Republicans in Hartford supporting Mr. Hubbard because he could be relied upon to sustain the interests of the city and its vicinity against the aggressions of New Haven, that I therefore implied something reproachful to the character as a man of fairness and integrity. This imputation is a clumsy electioneering trick, never resorted to by gentlemen conscious that they have a cause that requires no unworthy support.

THE BATTLE ALREADY WON.

Our friends here are beginning to inquire whether we are not getting under too much headway. There is a time for great speed, and a time for a more moderate pace. Under certain circumstances, to make haste slowly is the part of wisdom and prudence. There is often danger of overrunning the hounds when the hunt is up. It would be a bad job if Democratic victories in Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont should drive Grant out of the field. We are sure of beating him any way; and while he is determined to run, and has the officeholding corps at his back and call, it is no certain thing that the more discreet and sensible Republicans, admonished by the startling events which will withdraw the great present-taker, and rally around a more eligible candidate. Might it not be advisable to

LET UP ON GRANT

for a while? The storm is gathering and blackening around the Administration like a tempest. Venality, corruption, and general mismanagement are getting developed so rapidly that unless we call a halt soon the whole concern will fall to pieces from its internal rottenness. Grant has never been vindicated from the charge of complicity with Gould and Fisk in the great gold swindle. The petulant and passionate ejaculations, mixed up with the imputations of unworthy motives, with which Morton, Conkling, and their congress undertake to stifle investigation, are but the allegations of official irregularity and connivance in the sale of arms to France, warrant suspicions of the most damaging kind respecting Grant and the Military Ring. The whole power of the Administration and its obsequious and unhesitating supporters is exerted

IN COVERING UP OFFICIAL INIQUITY

in high places, and in baffling the honest men who are striving to lay bare the fraud and corruption which are bringing reproach upon our fair name as a nation. The theory of Grant, Conkling, and Morton is that it is treason to the Administration to detect and expose Republican rascalities. They condone the most flagrant offences against morality and purity, and hug the knaves who are caught in the act.

All the scoundrelism perpetrated under radical rule to be ultimately brought to light and punished, but retributive justice requires that the greatest offenders should be first visited with popular vengeance, preparatory to being covered with everlasting ignominy.

In view of these considerations is it not advisable to hold up a little and let the corruptionists get committed to Grant by his formal nomination at Philadelphia before we open upon him along the entire line?

More Spanish Lies from Cuba.

HAVANA, Feb. 23.—The insurgent Gen. Manuel Agramonte, who has surrendered to the Spanish authorities, has issued a document to his late companions in arms which deprecates the continuance of the war, and asks them to surrender to the Spaniards, and allow the Spanish arms to circulate among the Cubans in the insurgentary districts. Agramonte offers to receive all Cubans who are desirous of surrendering, and for that purpose he will accompany a Spanish column of troops. He adds that should they refuse to surrender, he intends to organize the Cubans who surrendered with him, and march against the persisting revolutionists. The last letter concludes by saying that there is no longer any reason why the revolution should continue.

Cuban Refugees in Jamaica.

KINGSTON, Feb. 9.—The Cuban patriots held a special service at St. Andrew's Church, in Kingston on the 8th January, in memory of the eight students who were executed by the volunteers at Havana. Special prayers were offered by the Rev. Mr. Montsalvage for Christ's mission of Divine mercy, and remedying the evil and stemming the wrongs under which Cuba now groans.

The refugees have been active since their settlement in this country. They have planted over 200,000 tobacco plants, and are bringing the cultivation of tobacco to a degree of excellence.

A New York Politician in Albany.

ALBANY, Feb. 23.—A burglar was captured last night, who gave the name of James Wilson. It has been ascertained to-day that he is a notorious burglar and counterfeiter, Jim Brady, alias John J. Hubbell, who has been convicted in New York, Washington, Connecticut, and New Jersey. He is one of the worst criminals in the United States.

Interesting Social Intelligence.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 23.—Gen. Rufus Ingalls and Mr. Squires, the arms purchasing agent of Remington & Co., arrived here together on Wednesday night and took lodgings at the Arlington. Gen. Belknap, Secretary of War, and Gen. Dyer, Chief of Ordnance, had a protracted interview with them yesterday morning.

THE GRAND TRUCK BLOCKADE.

How the Rigors of the Winter on the Plains are Felt in New York City—Bonfires and Cartmen in Canal Street.

Canal street, from Hudson street to the wharf on the North River, is still blockaded. Fully 150 trucks, each heavily loaded, were in line early this morning, waiting a chance to discharge. For some reason not given, only about 20 trucks were unloaded yesterday. As a consequence the line advanced but a little over a block. The fine weather of yesterday had inspired the men with hope that another night of watching and shivering would be spared them. They were doomed to disappointment, and the lurid light from their camp fires as it flashed up and down the street, and was reflected in the windows on either side, told how complete that disappointment was.

RATHER ROUGH.

The men are, as a general thing, cheerful under their tribulation, and try to make the best of it. A SUN reporter last night visited them in what he had heard was great distress, and was surprised to observe so much hope and cheerfulness. James Smith, a truckman from Brooklyn, had been patiently waiting since early Wednesday morning. He thought it kind of rough, but would try and see his way through.

Clementina Freeman, of 56 Tompson street, thought it was decidedly rough to stay in one place three days and night. He had dry goods for Garnet & Co.

John Watson, 97 Bayard street, did not care so much about the staying in one place as he did the uncertainty of ever getting out. He had stood by since Tuesday morning, at 10 o'clock.

Patrick Sullivan, 62 Monroe street, had valuable goods, and felt it to be his duty to watch them. He had waited since Wednesday.

RATHER DRY FUN.

David McKalvay, 94 Mercer street. Since Wednesday.

In front of 482 Canal street was a huge bonfire and cartmen sitting around it, smoking and telling stories.

John Thompson when spoken to said, "I like it first rate," but did not neglect to accompany the remark with an explanatory aside. He resides at 26 Washington street, and had been on hand since Tuesday.

Theodore Jinks, of Sullivan street, thought it was "rather dry fun." He could not be hired to try it again. Once was enough for him.

Richard Coburn of 432 West Thirty-fifth street, could stand as much cold as any body, but did not thinker after so large a dose. He regretted to add that he had wasted his time in the street since early Wednesday morning.

SHAY'S LOSSES.

D. S. Shay, the man with the big moustache, pays the biggest wages to teamsters in the city. His term of waiting reached back to Tuesday. He has several men in his employ, and loses by the operation.

Alexander Roberts, of 85 Vandam street, in shivering accents and with chattering teeth said it was good enough; he had tried it since Tuesday, and knew how it was himself.

John Smith, of Greenwich street, would make but one objection, and that was, the loneliness of one in such a situation as he had been in since Tuesday morning.

John Leary had tarried since Monday with dry goods. He wanted to "go home" to his place in Houston street.

Edward Finton. "The Hurler," would never be again caught in such a scrape if he once got out. Did not see immediate prospect of that.

GETTING NEAR THE END.

Isaac Brown, of Norfolk street, had waited since Wednesday morning with a great load of hats. When asked "How do you like it so far as you have got?" he replied "I like it very well, because I'm getting near the end."

Down on the wharf John C. Farlow was seen enveloped in a huge blanket, and pacing up and down. In reply to the reporter's question, he said he had not been in bed since Monday night, but, having a valuable load, had stood by and watched it from the beginning. It was rather hard to lose so much time in such a way, and yet he felt it to be a duty to stand by those merchants who had furnished him so long with means of lucrative labor, and although he lost by it a few days, he would repay their kind consideration of the state of things to make it all right with him.

The wharf presented the same disordered appearance as on the previous day. The Rising Star is reported to be nearly filled with goods, and the company are negotiating for the steamer Blenville to follow her departure.

A COLORED BIGAMIST.

The Matrimonial Trials of Nathan T. Wilson—His First Wife worse than the Horrors of Slavery—His Second Lands him in Jail.

Yesterday a young colored woman walked into the Jefferson Market Police Court, and producing a certificate of marriage dated February 15, 1872, asked Justice Ledwith for a warrant for the arrest of her husband. She accused him of bigamy, and as she expressed it, "I se jes done gwine to git dat feller arrested, kase mister judge he's gwine to run away afore to-morrow mornin'."

"Go to Detective McConnell, at the Thirty-seventh street station, with my compliments. Tell him your story, and he will arrest your husband for you," said the Justice.

The woman left, and went to the station house in great haste. To her surprise, on her arrival she learned that her husband had been arrested on the complaint of his first wife while she was at the Court. The too-much married man said that his name was Nathan T. Wilson. When asked by Capt. Caffry why he had married the second time while his first wife was living, he said:

"Well, sah, dis yeah ooman done got tired of dis chile, an she don't like him no mo'; so I tink Ise gwine to git a cullud gal what lub me. No harm in dat, is dar massa?"

Wilson is a true type of the Southern negro. He is a native of Memphis, Tenn. Before the war he was a slave, and belonged to Alexander Bausman, a wealthy merchant of Memphis, for whom Nathan was a coachman. When Memphis was captured by the Union troops Nathan escaped from his master and joined the Union army. He fought bravely until the close of the war, at which time he made his way to this city in 1865. Finding it difficult to obtain employment he shipped as steward on a clipper ship plying between this port and Liverpool. In the early part of 1869 he became acquainted with Agnes Norman, a colored woman living in Leonard street. Agnes was much the senior of Nathan and the mother of two children. After a brief courtship they were married by a colored minister, the Rev. Lycurgus Rallsback, on August 14, 1869. To use Nathan's language—"I tell you, sah, it was unpossible for anybod to lib wid dat nigger, he done got so jealous ob dis chile, dat she was perfect unbearable. She fight wid me ebery blessed night ob her life, an' I tole you fur trufe dat I radder be back wid my ole massa dan lib wid dat wench. No, sah, I can't stand 'em no longa, fur sure and sartin."

About one month ago Nathan deserted his wife and went to living at 163 West Twenty-ninth street. He went to board with a colored family named Fields, residing at 136 West Thirtieth street. Mr. Fields had a daughter Georgianna. Georgianna was nineteen years old, and a comely lass. She captured the affections of the ardent Nathan. A proposal of marriage followed, and she, not knowing that Nathan was already married, accepted, and the two were made one on the 15th of this month. A colored man who had sought the hand of the fair Georgianna, and who had received the mitten in favor of Nathan, discovered the secret of Nathan's former marriage, and denounced him. Hence his arrest.

The two wives met at the Thirty-seventh street station yesterday afternoon. A lively scene was the consequence. Criminations and recriminations flew thick and fast, and it required the utmost exertions of Capt. Caffry and Sergt. James, assisted by old Charley the doorman, to keep the bellicose women from tearing each other to pieces.

Polygamy Must Go.

SALT LAKE CITY, Feb. 23.—There was great excitement in the convention to-day on the passage of section five of the ordinance, which agrees that the terms prescribed by Congress as a condition precedent to the admission, if ratified by a majority vote at the time and under the regulations prescribed by this convention, shall thereupon constitute a part of this ordinance. Many of the delegates strongly opposed the passage of this section of the ordinance. The Mormons are generally indignant at being forced to sacrifice their favorite doctrine of polygamy. The resolution was finally passed, mainly by the efforts of Prophet Fitch and Elder Cannon, who are accused by the Mormons of being influenced by the most mercenary motives.

A Revolution Impending in Hayti.

PORT-AU-PRINCE, Feb. 3.—There is a rumor current here that disaffection grows and is becoming threatening. The National Palace at the capital was burned a very short time ago under very suspicious circumstances, and it is not unlikely that the Republic is now on the eve of another revolution. The treasury is empty, and the Germans demand indemnity for outrages committed on German citizens during the last struggle, while the French Government, on the other hand, is insisting upon taking the customs collections in the different ports, in payment of the debt due France for Haytian independence.

THE LESSON FOR THE TIMES.

INTERESTING PROCEEDINGS BEFORE JUSTICE SHANDLEY.

The Great Assault and Battery Case—The Foreshadowing of a Startling Conspiracy on the Part of the Editors of the Times.

At 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon Justice Shandley called the great assault and battery case of the New York *Times* against Amos J. Cummings, managing editor of THE SUN.

On Friday, the 16th, a *Times* editor entered the SUN office, accompanied by two friends, and grossly insulted Mr. Cummings. The result was that the *Times* editor left the SUN office with a sore head. The Hon. Wm. F. Howe, Mr. Cummings's counsel, appeared early. He wore a seal-skin cap, a seal-skin overcoat, a blue neck tie, and yellow kid gloves. His opponent was Judge Goodlet, a distinguished practitioner from the bar of Ohio. It is said that Thomas Corwin, Judge Brinckerhoff, and the Hon. Hocking H. Hunter were boys in Judge Goodlet's office. The room was filled with distinguished gentlemen, who listened to the proceedings with breathless interest.

The first witness called was Dr. John B. Wood.

"Not guilty, James R." asked Mr. Howe, amid some laughter, as Dr. Wood was giving his name. After taking a chew of tobacco, Dr. Wood testified as follows:

TESTIMONY OF JOHN B. WOOD.

I am night editor of THE SUN, and was in the SUN office on the afternoon of Friday, the 16th. While sitting at my desk, opposite Mr. Cummings, my attention was attracted by the word "lie." I looked up, and saw Mr. Cummings warding a man who stood at his side, and who subsequently left the office. Mr. Cummings said if the person again called him a liar he would knock him down. Something else was said, which I did not clearly hear, and the word "lie" was repeated in the terms, "It is a lie." Mr. Cummings arose and struck the man. I do not identify the complainant, but the person who used this language was a man who had been in the office and began talking with Mr. Cummings. I know Mr. Cook. He was present. I also know the Rev. Dr. Beckwith. He was not present. (Complainant swore that he was.) I heard Mr. Cummings, previous to the striking, and previous to the repetition of the word "lie," tell the person to go away from him. It was not until the "lie" had been given a second time by the complainant that Mr. Cummings struck him. Did not interfere, nor did I see any other person interfere between Mr. Cummings and the complainant. I did not note how many persons entered the room with the person who called Mr. Cummings a liar. I was employed by the *Times* about six years ago, when Henry J. Raymond was editor. The circulation of the *Times*, as I understood, was 26,000 copies daily, and the *Times* then employed several stenographers.

Counsellor Howe—That is a striking statement. The complainant swore day before yesterday that he was the only phonographer on the paper. If they had 26,000 circulation when they had several stenographers, their circulation must have fallen very low when they reduce their force to one stenographer.

WHY THE TIMES EDITOR WAS IN THE SUN OFFICE.

By Judge Goodlett—I had no reason to suppose last Friday afternoon, that any one from the *Times* office would visit the office of THE SUN. In the course of the conversation I noticed were "It's a lie," addressed by the person to Mr. Cummings. My impression was that the person had requested a correction, but had not properly worded his request.

By Mr. Howe—My desk and the desk of Mr. Cummings are joined in the centre. It is clear in my recollection that the word "lie" was given twice in succession, and that after the repetition of the word "lie" Mr. Cummings struck the intruder. Mr. Cummings warned him before striking.

THE TIMES EDITOR FAIRLY WARNED.

Justice Shandley—Did Mr. Cummings order him to leave the office before he struck him, and before the second lie was given? A.—He did. He warned him, saying, "Go away from me," and after the repetition of the word "lie" Mr. Cummings struck.

By Judge Goodlett—Mr. Cummings was undoubtedly excited when he struck. He had previously warned the person.

Counsel Howe—Did you say he warmed the complainant? [Laughter.] A.—No, he warned him.

TESTIMONY OF SAMUEL H. ROMAN.

Samuel H. Roman, a reporter, testified that, on the afternoon of the Friday previous, he occupied the usual chair of the Rev. Dr. Beckwith, who is one of the editors of THE SUN. The reverend gentleman was not in the room. [Complainant swore that he was.]

The desk is near Mr. Cummings's desk, and I was reading SUN copy to Dr. Beckwith. I heard Mr. Cummings say to the complainant: "That article is true. I wrote the article myself, and I know it is true." I did not hear the reply. I looked up from my book, and saw the complainant rise up. I got up to put my book into the book-case. The complainant threw the slip down, and said: "It is a lie. It is a lie." I saw Mr. Cummings rise from his chair. The *Times* editor backed toward me, and Mr. Cummings came at the *Times* editor. The *Times* editor threw up both arms, and received Mr. Cummings's blow on his arms. I heard Mr. Cummings say, "I warn'd that article, and if you say it's a lie, I'll knock you down." To this the *Times* editor replied: "It is a lie! It is a lie!" There was a heavy stranger with the *Times* editor.

Judge Goodlett—Did the complainant say "the article is a story?" A.—No, sir. He said, "it's a lie."

Mr. Roman testified further that he saw them in the hall during the afternoon, an hour or two before the alleged assault. Noticed Flan and one other person. Did not know their business, nor did I speak to them.

Counsellor Howe—Did you hear Mr. Cummings say "If you call me a liar again I'll knock you down?" A.—I did. I cannot say that I heard any profanity.

TESTIMONY OF COUNSELLOR CHARLES A. LANE.

Counsellor Lane testified:

I am a counsellor-at-law. I was sitting next to Mr. Cummings's desk on the Friday afternoon in question. The *Times* editor came to Mr. Williams, and he said, "There is Mr. Cummings." The *Times* editor laid a slip down, and said, "That's a lie." Mr. Cummings said, "Don't you call me a liar. Clear out of here." The *Times* editor repeated, "It is a lie." Mr. Cummings said, "I wrote that, and if you call me a liar I'll knock you down." Complainant again called him a "liar." Mr. Cummings got up from his chair. The *Times* editor dodged, and received the blow on his shoulder or arms. He dodged to the outer door. The *Times* editor was staring and retreating at the same time. I thought his retreat was partly feigned.

Q.—Did you hear Mr. Cummings say, "If you call me a liar again, I will knock you down?" A.—I did. I know the Rev. Dr. Beckwith. He was not in the room at the time. [The complainant swore that he was.]

At this point Counsellor Howe said that his client had subpœnaed an important witness—no less than Mr. Joseph Howard, Jr., of the *Star*—who was absent on important business. It was not, however, on account of Mr. Howard's absence that his client asked an adjournment, but for more serious reasons. "Perhaps," turning to Mr. Cummings, "my client would himself explain his reasons to your Honor."

Mr. Cummings then modestly stepped forward and said:

A BASE CONSPIRACY.

If your Honor please, this case has now assumed an aspect of vital importance. I have first, last and all the time, sought to put the facts before your Honor's notice. It was a simple charge of assault and battery. Under the testimony elicited to-day, it would seem that a deep laid conspiracy rests at the bottom. The complainant has sworn that he was sent to THE SUN office from the *Times*; that he had visited THE SUN office more than once on that eventful Friday, and that he was accompanied by two other boys Englishmen. The testimony of Mr. Roman, your Honor, evidently shows that three burly Englishmen were lurking in the hall of the SUN building during the afternoon. The testimony of the defendant appeared at his desk. The signs of a conspiracy seem to be very plain. The *Times* newspaper, your Honor, is edited by Englishmen who, I am sorry to say, have the habit of calling respectable men liars and thieves; who roll the words thief and liar under their tongues as though they were choice morsels, but who, when brought before a Grand Jury, dare not say they have evidence to sustain their assertions.

Counsel for defence (waving his hand like a windmill)—If your Honor please, we object; we really must protest.

Judge Shandley (with great dignity)—Mr. Cummings, you have a right to give your reasons for asking an adjournment; but I think, perhaps, you will confine yourself to the question of an adjournment.

Mr. Cummings—The evidence, your Honor, apparently clearly indicates a conspiracy at the bottom of this case. The complainant has sworn that he was sent to the office, and if you say it's a lie, I'll knock you down." To this the *Times* editor replied: "It is a lie! It is a lie!" There was a heavy stranger with the *Times* editor.

Judge Goodlett—Did the complainant say "the article is a story?" A.—No, sir. He said, "it's a lie."

Mr. Roman testified further that he "saw them in the hall during the afternoon, an hour or two before the alleged assault. Noticed Flan and one other person. Did not know their business, nor did I speak to them."