THE FORDHAM RACES.

SECOND DAY OF THE AUTUMN MEETING.

Photographs from the Standpoint of the Club House.

THE COMPETITORS IN THE FIELD.

Metairie Wins the Mile Heats, Sanford's Filly the Nursery Stakes and Local the Two-Mile Heats.

The Jerome Park of yesterday and the Jerome Park of Tuesday were one and the same thing—in the words of a transcendental philosopher, were an identity of two individualities. So little was the variation in the grouping of spectators or of vehicles that it would be difficult to point out a single idiosyncrasy in the general *mise en scene* of yesterday which might not have been as well specified of the day before, and still more difficult to enter into any detailed description of the former without repeating what has been already said or written of the latter—unless, indeed, the painter of paragraphic pictures has been infected with the very prevalent passion of some newspaper men for slinging adjectives, and slinging them regardless of fact, logic or metaphysics. Had notes been counted it would have been found that about the same number of the curious or the interested were present to participate in the day's sport; and had vehicles been counted the variation in number between yesterday and the day preceding would have been voted too small to be written down, as Dogberry expresses the phrase, as a point of difference. Fewer ladies there might have been (and probably were) yesterday than on Tuesday, but even here the variation from the usual quota was little, and allusion to it need scarcely be made; and on the whole there was the same fast driving of reckless phaetons on the road and the same throng of hacknes, victorias, buggies, phaetons and dogcarts along the route from half-past ten in the morning until one o'clock in the afternoon, when the races began. By way of the Harlem Railroad went the old familiar faces, packing a couple of extra trains as politicians sometimes pack a convention, and speculating as to results, or, perhaps, arranging a quiet wager to be won or forfeited within an hour thereafter. A jaunt of half an hour, during which the labored breathing or shrill neigh of the steam horse, in connection with the rattle of wheels and the nervous rythmical shudder of cars, precludes all conversation except in treble, and, having paid a premium of twenty-five per cent on the regular tariff, rather for lack of accommodations than anything else, the emigrant is released, glad enough to get out, and huddled pell-mell with a thousand or more of other emigrants upon a narrow platform, egrees from which is made by a narrow gateway into a low, marshy spot of ground used during the icy season as a skating pond. All this may be well enough with a crystal surface over which to trip on shoes of steel and with the thermometer ten below zero; but to be shuffled along a gangway of loose planks, not even frozen in their places, to say nothing of being nailed there as planks—to pick one's way along an improvisation of a walk, the separate planks of which have all the seeming of having been put out of joint for the occasion, in imminent danger of a tip-up at every step, has no tendency to impart gracefulness to the walk of a gentleman or to soothe the ruffled nerves of a sensitive lady.

Past the little Italian structure which answers the double purpose, during the skating season, of a depot, at which to land passengers, and a restaurant in general, where edibles can be obtained at more than metropolitan prices, and lager without fear of sudden edicts or Excise law.

Having passed this miniature bayou, with its low roofed club house, the emigrant emerges into a narrow, winding woodland pathway or highway—neither exactly the one nor exactly the other—and is permitted to take breath before climbing the hill within his way to the race ground, which to the wearied, jolted and bedusted and becindered passengers seems endless as was the Hill of Science in the fabulous story of Dr. Johnson. A whiff of woodland air and a glance at the quiet beauty of the landscape revive him, however, both mentally and physicialy; and, while he is engaged in the laudable business of collecting his energies for the ascent, he is suddenly relieved of the necessity of footing his way up the hill and through the woods by the shrill cry of hackney drivers, who bargain to land him safely in front of the public entrance for the trifling fee of half a dollar, and down the hill whirls vehicle after vehicle, the owner of every separate one indulging in an angry scowl at the expense of every pedestrian who prefers walking, and obviously considering himself particularly wronged by the passenger's determination to walk over the course and save his half dollar. Clouds of dust uproll in russet volumes as hackneys whirl past regardless of the pedestrian's right of way, based upon the fact that walking was invented before riding, and apparently gloating with delight over the opportunity thus afforded of throwing dust in his eyes. To walk, however, is on the whole preferable—unless the emigrant is desirous of being somewhat reduced in dimension by a still closer packing than that which prevailed on board the improvisation of a train. The ordinary rules of hackneyman have no application to state occasions; and, whereas the owner of a carriage and span would, on any ordinary day, be delighted with the opportunity of carrying a single passenger the coveted half mile, the passenger being in transitu sole proprietor of the turnout, it happens, on the other hand, on this occasion, he laughs at any offer of that sort, packs a dozen passengers at fifty cents a head into the vehicle, permits two or three more to ride outside at the same price, and thus turns honest pennies enough in a day to last through a whole year of want of patronage. And the peculiarity of the case here, as with a street car at four o'clock in the afternoon, is that, however dense may be the quid or twist of humanity within, there is always room for at least one passenger somewhere in the black shell of hackney and always room in the driver's pocket for the one more half dollar thereby accumulated. To plead that one is being suffocated is quite in vain. The bargain is to take the passenger to the Jerome Park, and not to prevent his being suffocated on the road. Against the latter contingency one is expected to provide himself, if necessary, with breathing tubes of india rubber, one end of which may be passed out of the window and the other inserted in the sufferer's mouth, in the same manner as wiseacres and transcendentalists therein insert their thumbs, looking wise and philosophical and thereby gaining a popular reputation for exceeding astuteness and wisdom. Even were this done, however, another difficulty stares the unfortunate passenger in the face and threatens him with instant dissolution. Granting that by means of tubes the necessary whiff of fresh air be obtainable, he tries in vain to breathe and cannot. To inhale oxygen is to expand the lungs, and, in so close a twist, to use a metaphor drawn from the tobacco manufacture, is the humanity within packed and twisted that expansion of the lungs is quite impossible, and they must perforce stand still in spite of tube or other invention until the goal is attained, though should the whole dozen make an attempt to breathe together and simultaneously a bursting of the shell in which they are incarcerated might be occasioned, and, unlike Sterne's starling, without wishing to get out, they might suddenly find themselves *sub cœlo*.

Though to ride thither upon the commercial principles which obtain among gentlemen of the ribbons on occasions like that of yesterday be torture, there is, on the other hand, nothing pleasanter than the walk from the depot to the racecourse. The hill, after one has taken breath, lessens to a hillock of which the ascent is easy; the hackneys having taken up their burdens, disappear with a whirling of wheels; the dust settles among its fellow atoms, and rural beauty and quietude resume their position as ruling elements of the scene. The scenery, in fact, is just of that sort to subdue the irritation of one's nerves shaken by the ceaseless tremble and thrill of a railway train; and the voice of the grasshopper or the twitter of an occasional bird, nestled like embedied music among the russet leaves, is a pleasant relief after one's ears have been split with the cry of "Cream Candy," "Peanuts freshly baked, only ten cents a half pint," "Apples, two for ten cents," or "Cigars, only fifteen cents apiece"—cigars which, should a metropolitan dealer offer them as a gift, would ruin his reputation and cause his customers to advise him to take a booth along City Hall square. From all this, which has its humorous features, the woodland walk is a felicitous transaction, a pleasant elysium to the galled nerves and faded spirits of the pilgrim who makes his pilgrimage to the Mecca of horsemen by this route, or even by way of the street cars—a tedious, dust-haunted jaunt, out of which it would be quite impossible to extract even the material for a caricature.

Fifteen minutes of easy walking brings one in sight of the green and white flag which waves above the tower on the right of the clubhouse, and seems to stand like a giant sentinel, spear in hand, to guard the way and bar strangers from entrance to the lane which leads to the stables, a row of neat Italian buildings, better ventilated by far, and far more cleanly and comfortable, than the common rank of New York tenement houses; for, be it remembered, no steeds of uncourtly blood are permitted to settle within this village of horses with eminent pedigrees; and, be it remembered furthermore, that from an aristocratic point of view a horse with a pedigree is better than a man without one.

"*Il est moutons*," as Rabelais would say, being about to breakfast—the shepherd must take care of his own sheep—and herewith return is effected to the original topic. Fifteen minutes of easy walking and the traveller suddenly finds himself on the brow of the hill and in full sight of the Mecca, to the shrine of which he is for the day pilgrim. Venders of root beer have been passed; itinerant pedlers of lager at fifteen cents per glass—for lager has suddenly risen two hundred per cent., and plenty of customers at that—who have erected their stands at the corner of the wall, and carry their whole stock on a handbarrow, have receded in the distance, having laid everybody under contribution who happened to have the least taste for Teutonic beverages; and the grand entrance to the race course burns upon the horizon like a miniature rainbow. The pilgrimage is ended, and the pilgrim pays his one dollar and sees the races. It is already half-past twelve o'clock and the sports of the day will commence punctually at one. Steeds whose pedigrees would cover a dozen folios of foolscap are about to be marshalled, and yet within the half hour which intervenes the greater number of the arrivals of the day will take place. In fact, the club house balcony is empty of spectators. No constellations of beauty shine beneath its painted canopy and few carriages have taken their positions for the day upon the knoll which lifts its rocky head a few rods northwest of the edifice.

Thus a half hour of leisure for taking notes was afforded yesterday before the tournament began, and a little leisure was, furthermore, afforded for the selling of the "pools," so called because many people are drawn into them, few coming out as sound (in pocket) as they went in.

A band with fantastic red caps had been added to the attractions of the day by the Jockey Club, and the first sound that greeted the ear, having entered the grounds, was the bray of noisy brass from the balcony, which grew more and more dulcet in proportion one's distance from it was extended—the fact being that in exact ratio as the sounds grew faint and seemed to melt into and diffuse themselves into the October atmosphere, in that exact ratio they grew musical. All day, however, and at every cessation of the races a tune blew the band, and the October air shook and trembled in unison therewith. From the main stand the melody was soft and exhilerating—to be too near a band is to have all sense of music suffocated in din; but heard upon the balcony itself it was rather shattering than soothing to the tympanum. The arrivals from half-past twelve until one o'clock P. M., and even an hour after that, were continuous. Splendid spans, whose hoofs spurned the earth, so lightly did they tread, pranced along the broad avenue to the main entrance and along the narrow way to the more rural gateway intended exclusively for members of the club, and during the brief half hour between the above points of time included the popping of corks and the fizzing of the amber not yet frozen—to draw a metaphor from ancient fable—indicated that if any came thither without the proper enthusiasm already excited, that enthusiasm might be obtained at the club house, having been duly bottled, labelled and laid away for the grand occasion. The *salon a manger* received, therefore, as may be judged from the above hint, a liberal patronage. Wine flowed freely as water, serving as olive oil to the magnificent salad of viands, laden with which white-aproned waiters hurried to and fro; and beauty saw its own face reflected from many a liquid mirror of ruby-red or deep claret or amber, soft and sheeny in its scintillance as the opalescent masses of shining hair which turbaned the queenly head of Shirin, the Pearl of the Orient. Perhaps beauty blushed at its own loveliness; perhaps the wine blushed with the consciousness of the loveliness it reflected—there was no time for notes of that. The bugle had been blown and all hurried to the balcony. The band wreaked itself upon a last dying note and subsided into silence. The fête of speed was about to begin. In the five or ten minutes that intervene between the first and second winding of the bugle time may be taken to finish one's random jottings of the general scene.

AT THE CLUB HOUSE.

In all ages and in all times man's effort has been apparently to combine beauty, luxury and fleetness. These feelings exercise happy and intuitive influences over the impulses of the heart. In this mood came the jewelled throng of ladies and their exquisitely attired cavaliers to the park at Fordham yesterday. With the limpid freshness of the rising morn, as it blended with the rich rays of meridian splendor, they came in twos and threes, in squads, in divisions, in regiments, until brigades of sparkling constellations of fashionables had clustered around and in the elevated precincts of the club house. Radiant faces, reflecting on their surface the fair imagery of heaven almost, that had looked with eyes beaming pleasure and scintillating the greatest self-contentment during the first of the grand days of this autumn meeting, their fair forms clad in flowing robes as variegated as the leaves of an autumnal forest, were early at this sequestered and picturesque abode. The news of the sport—the animated sport—of the mettled courseers, had not only flashed with electric rapidity to the stay-aways, but the easily flowing and fervent imagination, aided and abetted by the rapturous feeling of the self-same punctual ladies had impressed in their sweet manner upon these racing unfortunates, the treat of beauty, of fleetness and spirited contests they had missed, and thus, penalively regretting their misfortune, hurried to atone by their presence yesterday for their remissness of the day before. The club house looked sweeter, more beautiful and radiant, piled broad and high on the summit of the curving knoll, based on a band of golden covered hills, than it did on Tuesday. It required but a little dreaming to weave in imagination that this bright, yet subdued, tinted retreat was a golden bastion with gigantic towers, built by nature's architect and planted on the rock of ages. You could fancy it was a "giant emerald set in sapphire"—was a cardine stone in the wreath of a vestal, and with a caprice of imagination still further, you could hold it up as the distant illumination of a sea of glory, or as the bright abode of a world of cherubim. But this false fancy was dissipated when as the ear was smitten by the piercing tooting of the bearded bugler that called the coursers to the track, as they lifted their silken textured raiments and dainttily wended their way, flanked and surrounded with obsequious attendants, each armed with glasses, to scan from the scene of observation the marked points of the equine battles—down the narrow path, but a hand's breadth in space, through the guarded gates, across the course, rolled as even as a kitchen floor, and again through the narrow entrance to the *point d'appui*.

ON THE CLUB STAND.

If the tier upon tier of Italian balconies that stretched their variegated lengths from the curving, sinuous winding of the home quarter of the course down to the attractive spot where the weaving crowd of betters cluster and gather by the judges' lookout, resting seemingly so quietly in the shadow of the emerald covered knolls, a fitting background for the less pretentious field stand, were sparkling with the fairest of nature's creations on the day of inception at this meeting, yesterday's radiant throngs surpassed in brilliancy and animation the delighted concourse. Belles and beaux, stately heads of families and innocent childhood, robed with fine linen that cast over the groups the gleam of purity, shone, each and all in their individuality, resplendantly. They chatted with a pleasantness remarkable upon the bewildering scenes around them, upon the venturesome crowds that darkened one end of the attractive and brilliant stand, and upon the snake-like, meandering promenaders of the lawn below, that move to and fro, each within the circles of other groups, until friends were undistinguishable, and seemed lost in the general beauty and uniqueness of the *tout ensemble*. This charming serenity of mind, with pleasant smiles irradiating their countenances, continued until the coursers were brought to the "straton," when their premature bolting and trooping, in vain trying to be held by the picturesquely clad riders, revolutionized their thoughts, and exclamations of delight and excitement burst forth simultaneously with the suppressed huzzas and clappings of perfumed kids from the gentlemen.

The nervousness of the sleeky competitors giving way to quietness commendable in a racing steed, brought about by the dusky groom's regularly patting each animal's neck and side, coupled with coaxing and entreaty in the genuine vernacular of the horse, and being aligned for the tap of the drum ere they bolted away for honor and profit, sent a new thrill of interest and animation along the gathering, and each turned to the other—fair neighbor to fair neighbor—and lisped, "Isn't this or that a beauty?" and backed up their pleasantly expressed interrogatories with offers to wager articles of *vertu* and usefulness. Many accept; and gentlemen catch the inspiration, and bet that their favorites will "gain the day" in tokens of more tangible nature. Eyes strain and a hushed silence for a moment invades the charming quarter, only broken by an involuntary exclamation of delight when some dashing brush is made and one competitor passes another as shadows flit by shadows, until rushing impetuously down to the goal that will add still bigger plumes to the victor, when the pent-up applause oozes out and ripples over hill and valley with a sprightliness that is irresistable. And then the victor is commented upon, and words of praise are used as to size, in form and speed, as they would lavish fondness upon household pets. Some who spoke in the vernacular of the turf could not have used tenderer epithets had they spoken of their friends and sweethearts.

MINUTES OF THE LAWN.

Where beauty, in the livery of fashion, shone on the grand stand and from the balcony of the club house, the actions of many aristocratic families, too intent upon grasping the chances offered upon their favorites, that depleted pockets might be filled on the one hand and heavy, mysterious looking books receive still more of the lucre that caused the construction and ornamentation of the Oriental enclosure that gave them the display and panorama of the occasion, gathered around the tempting booth of the pool seller, and ever and anon with the nod of the head or uplifted hands give hundreds, aye, even thousands, for the "choice," while they do not disdain to accept the "small fry" bets of the motley groups that will throng together on such an occasion, and are of the regular fraternity of stubborn betters. Some of these individuals are living examples of those that were found in the regiment of Sir John Falstaff, of right merry and facetious memory. They made their bets with liberality, and when the word was given—for words are as sacred as bonds with this coterie—to bind the bargains, white books are brought forth and opened, presenting a silver sheen, like unto big flakes of snow, about the betting circle, and then the entries of gain and loss are duly made. From this scene of boisterous jollification and venture, these gentlemen now and then flit to the beauty on the club stand, and then to the track, anxiously awaiting the approaching racers, audibly wishing that no "breaks" will be made, and no jockey inattentive to his duties. This gathering and the other groups, many with but little purpose in their movement, with the hills beyond covered with a boundless interested party, was part of the fete of yesterday, and as the hour of sunset gathered its golden fragments and shot through the crimsoned vapors and rested on the emerald green of the earth and the surrounding pantomime of nature, the happy operations of the day of Hecatonian sports culminated and closed.

The Races.

A lovely day, a good track and fast horses are all that a turfite can wish for at a race meeting, and these were before him at the Jerome Park yesterday, making it a day of great enjoyment. Three races were on the programme, all of which were run, one in remarkably quick time. We allude especially to the mile heat race, which was won by Dr. Underwood's colt Metairie in two straight heats, beating the noted Western three year old Fanny Cheatem, De Coursey, Morrissey and Sleety. Fanny was a great favorite on account of her previous performances. She did not, however, come up to the expectations of her backers, probably on account of the extra weight of twenty pounds above what she had been accustomed to carry. Still her running in the second heat was a most creditable performance, inasmuch she was only beaten a couple of lengths, in 1:46½. Metairie, the winner, sold low in the pools, his running last spring not telling very strongly in his favor. It may be well to state, however, that he was then out of condition, and in no fix for a bruising race, as he had just made the journey all the way from New Orleans by rail. He has since recuperated, and his performance yesterday justly entitles him to the consideration of being a first class race horse in his speciality. The second race was for the Nursery Stakes, a dash of a mile, for two year olds, for which there were four entries—Mr. Sanford's brown filly, Mr. Morris' Cleopatra, Leonard W. Jerome's St. Paul, and Thomas G. Bacon's brown filly. This race was won by Mr. Sanford's filly in the easiest manner possible, in capital time for a two year old. She is a very finely formed filly, and evinced high racing qualities. The third and last race was an affair at two mile heats between Local and Julius, the former winning in two straight heats. The race was a spirited affair throughout, but not very fast. Julius had run in the hurdle race of the previous day, and was probably somewhat stale and incapable of making quite as sharp running as he otherwise would have done. Between the races, as one of the features of the day, we noticed Commodore Vanderbilt's trotting horse Mountain Boy, who put in an appearance on the track and trotted a short distance up and down a few times. It was announced to the crowd during the afternoon that Kentucky would, should the weather prove propitious, start in his trial race against time to day, to run four miles in seven minutes and twenty seconds, with one hundred and twenty pounds on his back. Pools were sold on the result, time bringing $550, Kentucky $400, showing that the odds are slightly in favor of the old scythe-bearer.

THE FIRST RACE.

The Champion Stakes for three year olds, mile heats, $200 entrance, half forfeit, $1,500 added by the club; the second horse to receive $300 out of the stakes. Closed with thirteen nominations, five of which came to the post.

R. Underwood entered ch. c. Metairie, by Star Davis, dam Katona, by Voucher	1	1
T. G. Moore entered b. f. Fanny Cheatem, by Lexington, dam Laura, by Leviathan	3	2
D. McDaniel entered b. c. Morrissey, by Breckinridge, dam by Bonnie Scotland	4	3
P. S. Forbes entered ch. c. DeCoursey, by Trovatore, dam Rhoda, by Glencoe	2	4
Thomas G. Bacon entered b. f. Sleety, by Rogers, dam Angeline, by imp. Albion	4	5

Time, 1:49½—1:46½.

The betting was very brisk on the above race, Fanny Cheatem being a decided favorite, as the following pool sales will show:—

Fanny Cheatem	$500	700	500	725	900
Metairie	110	140	100	155	200
De Coursey	95	140	110	135	150
Sleety	65	65	50	65	85
Morrissey	35	70	50	70	80

First Heat.—Two false starts occurred before the tap of the drum announced their departure for the stakes, in which Fanny Cheatem ran each time nearly a quarter of a mile and appeared very rank and anxious to run. When they finally got away Metairie took the lead and cut out the work on the turn, leading one length to the quarter-mile pole, Fanny Cheatem second, a length in front of De Coursey, who was half a length in advance of Sleety, the latter being one length ahead of Morrissey. Coming around the bluff and swinging away to the right again they got further apart, and at the half-mile pole the horses were respectively two lengths apart. They ran around the lower turn without change of position, except that Morrissey passed Sleety, but soon fell back into his former position of fifth place. Metairie kept the lead, notwithstanding that Fanny made a run at him when nearing the three-quarter pole, which she continued for a good distance up the homestretch, when her rider took her in hand. Seeing that Fanny had given up the contest DeCoursey's jockey then made a dash and challenged for the heat, but he began too late, as Metairie came in a winner of the heat by two lengths, De Coursey second, three lengths in front of Fanny Cheatem, who was two lengths in advance of Sleety, with Morrissey at her flanks. Time, 1:49½.

Second Heat—Fanny Cheatem was still the favorite, selling in the pools at $800, while Metairie brought $400, De Coursey $205, Sleety $105 and Morrissey $85. The latter made sharp running from the start and went around the turn on the lead, Fanny second, Metairie third, Sleety fourth and De Coursey fifth. Metairie by a great burst of speed passed Fanny and then Morrissey before reaching the quarter, and came flying around the bluff like a true race horse, Morrissey second, Fanny third, De Cousery fourth, and Sleety fifth. They ran in this way past the half-mile pole, but entering the lower turn the pace became too severe for Morrissey and he gave way to Fanny, who made gallant running to overtake Metairie. She got within a length of him on the lower turn, but the gap was opened again before getting to the three-quarter pole, and Metairie came on the homestretch two lengths ahead of the filly, and she one length ahead of Morrissey, the latter struggling on gamely three lengths in front of De Coursey, who was four lengths in front of Sleety, who appeared completely pumped out. Fanny made a desperate effort up the homestretch, but Metairie proved too much for her and came in a winner by two lengths, Fanny Cheatem second, three lengths ahead of Morrissey, who was two lengths in front of De Coursey, the latter being six or eight in advance of Sleety. Time, 1:46½.

THE SECOND RACE.

The Nursery Stakes for two-year-olds, one mile, $50 entrance, play or pay, $1,500 added by the club, the second horse to receive $300 out of the stakes, closed with seventeen nominations, four of which came to the post.

M. H. Sanford entered b. f. by Lexington, dam Dance	1
F. Morris entered ch. f. Cleopatra, by Eclipse, dam Ella Rogers, by Hermes	2
Leonard W. Jerome entered ch. c. St. Paul, by Lapidist, dam Rhoda, by Glencoe	3
Thomas G. Bacon entered b. f. by Revenue, dam Sea Breeze, by Albion	4

Time, 1:50¾.

Betting on the above race was very spirited and heavy pools were sold. One of the last will give the relative value in which the youngsters were held by their respective backers:—Mr. Sanford's brought $1,025, Mr. Bacon's $800, Mr. Morris' $450 and Mr. Jerome's $100. They had a capital start, Mr. Sanford's filly cutting out the work on the turn, Cleopatra second, Bacon's filly third and Mr. Jerome's colt fourth. At the quarter pole they were all together, but in making the turns around the bluff Mr. Sanford's filly took a commanding lead, which she never relinquished. On the lower turn she led four lengths, Cleopatra second, Jerome's colt third, Bacon's filly fourth. Mr. Sanford's filly came up the homestretch well in hand, pricking her ears, half a dozen lengths ahead of Cleopatra, who was ten lengths in front of St. Paul, Mr. Bacon's filly a bad fourth. Time, 1:50¾.

THIRD RACE.

Premium $1,000, for all ages, two mile heats; entrance money to second horse.

	First mile.	Second mile.	Total.
J. W. Weldon entered ch. h. Local, by Lightning, dam Maroon, by Glencoe, 4 years old	1	1	
D. McDaniel entered b. h. Julius, by Lexington, dam Julia, by Glencoe	2	2	
First heat	1:57½	1:48½	3:46
Second heat	1:52	1:52	3:44

Julius was the favorite at 2 to 1 in some of the pools before the start. He took the lead in each heat, and was suffered to keep it for a mile and three-quarters, when Local went up, passed him and won both heats handsomely. The struggle in the last quarter of a mile in each heat was the only exciting feature of the race.

MURDER AT TYBURN, PA.

A Colored Man Stabbed to Death by Another Colored Man Named Brown—The Coroner's Jury Return a Verdict of Wilful Murder Against Brown—The Perpetrator at Large.

The small village of Tyburn, Pa., between three and four miles from Trenton, has been aroused from its wonted stillness by a most cold-blooded and determined murder. Benjamin Hogan, a colored farmer, residing in the above named village, was stabbed to death on Tuesday night, and Abraham Brown, also colored, has been pronounced by the Coroner's jury as being the perpetrator of the bloody deed. An inquest was held yesterday, and the only witness that disclosed the character of the fatal fray, John Hill, testified to the following effect:—About seven o'clock on Tuesday evening Hogan came from Trenton, and asked witness had he seen Brown with his wagon; witness answered "no;" the deceased then told Hill that on that day he was driving in his team to the market with corn, and, meeting Brown on the road, accommodated him with a ride; the deceased, having other business to transact in the city, left Brown in charge of the team till his return; during the absence of the deceased Brown sold the corn and disappeared with the money and wagon; the owner of the corn searched in vain for Brown, and, thinking he might have gone home, followed him in that direction; when the deceased found Brown had not arrived he asked Hill to accompany him back again to Trenton to look after him; they had not gone far when they met Brown driving the team towards home; the deceased censured Brown for treating him so dishonestly, and demanded the price of his corn; Brown, instead of giving the money, retorted in smart words and struck the deceased with a whip; Hill quelled the dispute, and, thinking peace had been restored, left the disputants; but he had not proceeded twenty paces when Hogan roared out "He stabbed me! he stabbed me!" Hill hastened back, found the deceased stretched on the ground in a senseless condition, and saw Brown decamping, but not striking the fatal blow; Hogan died almost immediately. A post mortem examination was held and the doctors found that a sharp instrument (most probably a knife) had entered between the first and second ribs, penetrating the heart about one inch. An inquest was held yesterday and a verdict of wilful murder in the first degree was returned against Abraham Brown. The deceased had a very comfortable home, and leaves a wife and helpless family to mourn his loss. The assassin is still at large, and it is said a man answering to his description was observed getting on the cars at Mohar station, on the Belvidere railroad, about nine o'clock yesterday morning. Great excitement prevails in the hitherto peaceful hamlet of Tyburn, and the inhabitants are loud in their desires for the capture of the dastardly murderer.

STATEN ISLAND INTELLIGENCE.

ACCIDENT.—A little boy named John Halloran, while waiting for work in the *Leader* office, Stapleton, got his hand caught in the press and severely injured. One of his fingers was cut off and fears are entertained that another must be amputated.

A LUNATIC AT LARGE.—A man was picked up by the police to-day who is evidently a lunatic lately from some asylum. He can give no intelligible account of himself. He states that his name is Edward Harris, and that a Mr. Wilkins brought him to Richmond county. From his statements it is to be inferred that he was lately an inmate of the State Asylum, Utica. This custom of taking unfortunate lunatics from one county to another and turning them at large, in order to get rid of their support, cannot be too severely reprehended. The man was sent to the County House.

CITY POLITICS.

The Mayoral Contest—Fresh Combinations—The Tammany Lunch Club Ring and the Evening Telegraph Association Alliance—The Broadway Bank as a Political Machine—Rich and Interesting Developments—The Various Political States.

As the day approaches which is to decide the fate of the several political parties, rings and factions into which the city is at present divided, there appears to be increasing dissensions and divisions in the camp of the Grand Sachem and his braves. The plan of the campaign is being altered and rearranged, laid down *de novo* on the slates, to be only again blotted out and so often changed that the leaders have got things in such a muddle that they can see nothing clearly. The question of the Mayoralty is the one that gives all the trouble. Hoffman so yearns for re-election that no slate or programme will be accepted by him that does not read "John T. Hoffman for Mayor." This is the chief end and aim of all the combinations that are being formed to strengthen the Tammany party, now torn asunder by its own contentions. The Hoffman-Sweeny ring know full well that Tammany, as a political organization, is dead, and they are therefore casting about them for fresh alliances and combinations to prop up their waning power. The only reliance of the party is in intrigue and the influence of money, of which there is no stint of expenditure. Hoffman sees that the coming election must be fatal to him; that if even the candidates of the party for the county offices should be successful in November, he, as the leader and standard bearer of the party, must, notwithstanding, inevitably be defeated in December. Sweeny, his chief backer, is in the position of the fellow who had the wolf by the ears—he can't let go of him; he must stick to him at all hazards. The ring, not imbued with Hoffman's inordinate vanity, see that if he goes before the people in December next on his own merits, or upon the legitimate strength of the party, he must be badly whipped. Therefore a deep political game is being played, which it was hoped might not be discovered till after the election. But, alas for the hopes and calculations of Hoffman & Co. and all others most concerned in the new programme, the ubiquitous reporters of the HERALD, taking notes for the information of all, for the exposure and suppression of political frauds upon the citizens, have discovered the Ariadne clue that leads to the delectable retreat wherein the ring have met and conspired with their new allies. The prime mover, chief wirepuller and the heaviest draftsman upon the spoils to be secured by this new combination is the wily City Chamberlain, Peter B. Sweeny. Peter is not only a rock, literally, but a rock, politically; the pity being that so long as he remains Peter B. in the literal sense he will remain a rock; while in the political, after making all the rocks which such an astute financier and City Chamberlain could hope to make in one term, he will cease to be the rock upon which Hoffman or any one else can hope to build a chance for Mayor. But Peter doesn't see it in that light yet, though, when the inevitable "friend" calls his attention to a certain article in the HERALD, he will, no doubt, "see the point." The new combination, or rather new unholy alliance, is the result of Sweeny's diplomacy. He has been, of late, taxing his ingenuity—the only thing of his own he ever did tax—to devise a scheme which would secure Hoffman and the ring from that defeat which the dissensions of their own party and the disgust with which the great democratic party of the city, German and Irish alike, have viewed the imbecile administration of our municipal government under Hoffman, rendered inevitable. And the plot which we are about to expose is the coinage of the Sweeny brain—the only one of the ring that has any brains to draw upon. Of course the principal object to be attained was the re-election of Hoffman. But to make this possible other coinage than Sweeny's brain was necessary, and the more current and potent coin of the Broadway Bank was called into requisition. Through this medium some prominent leaders of the republican party were brought over to Sweeny's plot. It is pretty well known that the City Chamberlain was appointed by the influence of the Broadway Bank. But be this as it may, Sweeny is now City Chamberlain, and since his appointment the said friendly bank has become the depository of all the funds drawn from the city year after year, averaging annually two millions and a half, without the payment of a single cent of interest being charged thereon; while by the per contra account it appears the said city pays to the said bank at the rate of six and seven per cent interest, when the City Chamberlain has to borrow on the credit of the citizens. Now Mr. Sweeny, immediately after his appointment, was made a director of this bank. These are facts which our readers will please take a note of, for reference to the sequel of the democratic republican plot and for guidance when Hoffman and his ring, either individually or collectively, have the effrontery to offer themselves again for office. The Broadway Bank, it will therefore be seen, has a great interest in maintaining the Hoffman-Sweeny clique in office, so that it may retain the use of the public deposits, as at present. To this interest in their behalf Sweeny has added a new influence and a new strength. This is no less than an alliance formed through his diplomacy between the Lunch Club ring, representing also the Broadway Bank and the *Evening Telegraph* Association, represented by Dana and Conkling, having their headquarters in the Old Wigwam. It is now pretty well known that Sweeny did not part with all his interest in the Old Wigwam, but retains a hold yet upon it which brings him into communion with the would-be radical leaders, Conkling and Dana. To explain further how such an alliance or fusion came to be formed between elements so diametrically opposed it is only necessary to state that one of the principal contributors to the *Evening Telegraph* Association and the Treasurer of it is the President of the Broadway Bank, Mr. F. A. Palmer, a leading republican, who contributed $20,000 to the undertaking. The following are the names of the other contributors:—

The stockholders in the partnership concern hatched in the Old Wigwam, with the amount of their several interests therein, are:—F. A. Palmer, President of the Broadway Bank, $20,000; Edwin D. Morgan, ex-Governor, $10,000; Fred'k A. Conkling, ex-Congressman, and the proposed godmother of the coming bantling, $10,000; George Opdyke, ex-Mayor and promised godfather to ditto, $10,000; Marshal O. Roberts, $20,000; William M. Evarts, $10,000; W. H. Webb, $10,000; Isaac Sherman, $10,000; William T. Blodgett, $10,000; A. B. Cornell, $10,000; S. B. Chittenden, $10,000; Amos R. Eno, $10,000; William Murphy, $10,000; Theron R. Butler, $10,000; Marshal B. Blake, $10,000; Elliott C. Cowdin and Peter McMartin. Whether these parties, interested each in the new association to the tune of the sums set severally after their names, are in the secret of the alliance entered into by Dana and Conkling with the Broadway Bank and Lunch Club management, has not yet been discovered. One part of the programme accepted by them is that to get Palmer nominated by the republican party. Whether they go farther than that, whether they sanction the coalition of the so-called association and the organ thereof with the Tammany ring, or whether they are in the other plot concocted by Hoffman, Sweeny and Thurlow Weed, to stuff the Legislature at Albany with men completely in their interest, is also yet to come to light. A big railroad job is to be put through at Albany this winter, and the City Hall ring are exercising all their ingenuity in the making of the senatorial slate to secure the success of their plots and intrigues for fresh jobs and inroads on the public treasury.

Now, the Sweeny-Hoffman scheme is to have Mr. Palmer—the mutual friend of the golden dustman Sweeny, and the principals of the new radical organ, Conkling and Dana—in full accord upon the main point to be evolved from all this delicate strategic network of diplomacy. This is the re-election of Hoffman and the continuance of the reign of the ring that now controls all the funds and all the offices that are within the gift of the people, but which are wrested from their hands and from their disposal in any way by this ring of scheming and unscrupulous politicians. Palmer, according to the programme, will be the *quasi* candidate of the republican party for Mayor; but at a given time before the election he is to issue an address to his party, withdrawing himself from the canvass. In this he will recommend that as the contest must lie principally between Hoffman and Wood, and that, as the former is more acceptable to the republican party than Wood, his republican friends will all rally as one man for Hoffman. But this is not by any means the last card of the ingenious and indefatigable political schemer, Peter B. He has by his emissaries entered into the councils of the Citizens' Association and Chamber of Commerce parties, and by secret wirepulling and pipelaying has managed to have the irrepressible General Walbridge invited to be the candidate of this wing of the republican party for Mayor. This is intended to ensure division in the republican vote and to aid the Hoffman, Sweeny, Broadway Bank and *Evening Telegraph* combination, when the nominee of the latter, Mr. Palmer, shall issue his card withdrawing from the contest. These plots and schemes of the principals as against the free will and unbiassed action of the people, against which they have conspired, needs only this exposure to overthrow and defeat them. Fernando Wood is in the field for Mayor, and Hoffman and his party fear his popularity with the German and Irish voters of the city. They know that Hoffman has been during his incumbency a respectable nonentity; that he has permitted, without an effort on his part to repel them, the many encroachments which have despoiled a numerous and highly influential portion of the people of some of their most cherished and valued rights as citizens. And they know also that most damaging comparisons have been drawn between the lax and weak administration of the present incumbent and candidate and the force and energy that marked the administration of affairs in past years under Mr. Wood. It will also be remembered by all classes of citizens that our taxes have run up enormously during the last couple of years, and that no small amount of the funds thus drawn from the people is squandered away in the support of a host of worthless and incompetent officeholders, whose only business is to draw their salaries and vote for the cliques and rings that keep them at the public crib. The Hoffman, Sweeny and Tweed ring know all this; but they hope that by such political chicanery as we have here exposed, by getting a number of candidates to run, that they will distract the people and prevent the outside organizations, at least until it is too late, from combining on one man. The fight would then be between Hoffman and Wood, when they think that the "respectable dodge" on which they are running their man would tell with the republican party as against any claim Mr. Wood may put forward in that line. To checkmate the combination of moves and to defeat the whole rings and factions it is only necessary for the citizens who do not want either Mr. Hoffman or Mr. Wood to call upon Mr. John Anderson to come to the front, to accept their nomination and to go with them to the polls in December next. In case this is not done at once the fight lies between Hoffman and Wood, and it needs no prophetic ken to see that Mr. Wood will be triumphant, and that the Grand Sachem and his braves will have to retire into obscurity, the Broadway Bank and *Evening Telegraph* Association to the contrary notwithstanding.

THE NOMINEE CONTEST—THE COUNTY OFFICES.

Since our last article there has been increased activity in matters political. Various organizations have held their nominating conventions for county offices, Senators and Assemblymen. In Tammany the contest over the county offices has assumed a new phase. Fox has withdrawn as candidate for the nomination of his party for Sheriff, leaving the fight between Alderman O'Brien and Alderman Shannon. Fox, it appears, has thrown his weight on the scale with Shannon for a consideration, which will depend upon success. Mr. O'Brien is, notwithstanding this unexpected coalition, sanguine of the nomination, and bets are freely taken on him. Alderman Charles Loew is safe for the County Clerk nomination, his German connection securing him this beyond all peradventure. The anti-Tammany organizations are presenting a more compact front. The subordinate leaders are all good organizers and earnest workers. The nominations thus far made by them are all good, and give assurance that they are anxious to go before the people in November next with men of unexceptionable antecedents. M