PERILS OF THE PRESS.

Adventures of a Herald Correspondent in France.

HE IS TAKEN FOR A PRUSSIAN SPY.

Presence of Mind and Profuse Profanity.

SALVATION THROUGH A GENDARME.

LE MANS, Dec. 16, 1870.

During the skirmishing the other day a Prussian battery was shelling the French lines pretty actively. The report of the guns, the dull hum of the flying shells, and their explosions at the end of their respective *trajets*—were sounds that followed one another in regular order and rapid succession, and now and then broke in a little bit the fusilade of the skirmishers. Not knowing what it might amount to, and thinking it might presently amount to a battle, I sought for a point from which I might get a commanding view of the scene, and with that end in view directed my steps to a little village toward the French left, and quite behind the line.

SEEKING A POSITION.

As I wished to locate the conflict by the map I asked the name of the village of the first man I met in the streets. He was an old man, with that face all craft, suspicion and meanness which is the commonest face you see in French villages from the Mayor down. My tongue betrayed that I was not a Frenchman, and the old man stopped short and scanned me keenly from head to foot. I perceived at once that I was unfortunate in the person to whom I had applied for information.

"Ha! You wish to know the name of the village?"

"If you please, sir."

"That seems to me very extraordinary—very extraordinary; a foreigner here and wanting to know the name of the village. Ha! what for?—what do you want to know the name of the village for?"

It may readily be conceived that I could not tell this old fellow that I wanted to know the name of the village with a view to fix the place of the fighting on my map; for to have announced that I had a map would only have opened a new accusation. Before, however, I could frame an answer to his last question he had reached another stage of excitement, and other questions came.

"Perhaps you are a Prussian," he said. "What countryman are you?"

"I am an American—a citizen of the United States."

"A citizen of the United States? I don't know that. How do I know that? Are you very sure of it? Besides, they say a great many Germans are citizens of the United States. Are you one of those?"

There was much more to this effect; but, finally, assuming a very positive tone with the old fellow, I mollified him and put him down, or seemed to have put him down, in his suspicions. He gave me the name of the village, and I passed on into it, thinking it would be much better to go the other way; but, knowing that it would not do to seem afraid and beat a retreat, since the danger that menaced me was much easier to fight at close quarters than at long range—gun-shot range, for instance.

I was not wrong in my anticipation of what the old fellow would do. He had the sly character of the cat family in his operations. An Arab once said to a traveller, if you should see a lion in the desert and he should disappear without harming you, do not congratulate yourself that you have not been seen, but turn on your heel and go in the direction exactly contrary to that in which you were going when you saw the lion. He has only gone to anticipate you at some point on your way. So my sly old enemy who had given way when we were face to face had immediately prepared a tumult further on.

TAKEN FOR A PRUSSIAN.

As I was about half way down the main street of the village I heard a shout behind me, but I did not turn. A man who was chopping wood by the wayside with an ugly little one-handed axe looked up and said, with a very pleasant face, "Some one is calling you, sir." I looked back and saw several old beldames, the very sisters of Macbeth's witches, coming furiously down the street. I said, "it is not for me," and was going on; but at the same moment they shouted, "He is a Prussian."

Thereupon my friend with the axe rushed forward and seized me—his face in the instant having undergone a marvellous change. In the instant also, as if the thing had been by some mysterious sympathy telegraphed into every secret burrow of the place, men and women swarmed out of every hole and corner—and there I was, the centre of a group of furious, irrational, ignorant, brutal wretches; creatures in such a temper that he who should give me the first blow would be looked upon by the rest as the first of heroes. It is not very pleasant to be the centre of such a circle. One man rushed around a little hut and reappeared with a gun, and stood at the outer edge of the circle, just in front of me, examining very curiously if the caps were all right. It was a double-barrelled gun. One tall fellow, a butcher, and just from the slaughter house, came up, breathless with haste, and whipped out from its leather case in his girdle a long, keen knife, that had been ground away in the width of the blade till it looked as though it might enter the flesh like a steel skewer. Another butcher joined him, and they looked quite as ready to operate on me as on the carcass they had just left. Pitchforks were as plentiful in the circle as they must have been in the fabulous times when it rained that sort of hardware, and every old woman had a billet of wood. Never was I so vividly able to realize the mobs of the French Revolution, and I could recall in a second fifty histories of how, in the presence of such a company, the mere possession of a clean shirt was a sufficient death warrant.

PRESENCE OF MIND.

If I had suffered these fellows to see how much I was frightened I should have been killed in a minute; for it would have been, in their eyes, an admission that I was the spy they thought me. But I put a bold face on the matter, and poured upon them all the execrations I could command for idiots and thieves—the latter especially—as their hands were very busy with my pockets, searching for arms. I constantly demanded to be led before the Mayor; but there was no Mayor, and one of the mob was constituted an authority to examine my papers. I insulted him from the start with the rudest, coarsest, most outrageous things I could say. I felt instinctively that there was a certain safety in this—that I was in the presence of a wild beast, which I controlled to a degree by assuming the aggressive. I knew that these fellows would be tamer under my insults than under the influence of the thought that I was a spy. I insulted their chosen man finally as much as I knew how by expressing a doubt whether he could read, which subdued him from the fury of murder to the mildness of repartee, and he said he could not read my papers "if they were in Prussian." With this fellow I saw that words had a certain value, and I handed him my American passport. Let nobody trust his safety to such a document. It did not convince any one of my character, and had, in short, no effect whatever.

RESCUED.

Just then the tardy gendarme, the sole authority of the village, came in sight. Like authorities everywhere else, he was the last to hear of the row. Before this representative of the government I produced a special pass from the Minister of War, requesting all persons charged with authority to give me aid and protection, and the gendarme immediately assured the crowd that I was a person of distinction, who had the confidence of the Ministry. How the aspect of the crowd changed! How the double-barrelled gun disappeared behind a cart and the butcher knives under the blouses, and the pitchforks and billets of wood into unimagined secret corners!

But I refused to accept the civility of their countenances, and addressed the mixed multitude in indignant broken French to this effect:—

"O generation of contemptible creatures, how brave you are—thirty or forty of you against one unarmed man! But if you were only half as brave before the enemy the Prussians could not stay in France an hour."

TAKING LEAVE.

By this time the Prussian battery was heard no more, and I turned my steps toward the city of Blois, defiant in aspect, but inwardly resolved to avoid such mischances in the future, so far as it may be possible. For the next time there might be a mistake, and the fellow with the double-barrelled gun might give me a shot before the arrival of the gendarme. It is no exaggeration to say that the history I have given, literally exact in every detail, is a common story in the neighborhood of the army, and scarcely any one but has his experience of an adventure more or less like it. The people are insane on the subject of spies. The other day a friend of mine in the army, an officer of the telegraphic service and wearing his full uniform, was arrested in the same way. He is a man of florid complexion, with blue eyes and light hair. This was enough for the villagers. They seized him as a spy. They accounted for his uniform by the supposition that he had stolen it from some French officer, whom he had probably killed. He was kept several hours a prisoner and was at last only relieved by the general sending others to see why the duty upon which this officer was sent had not been performed.

William A. Harrison died at Clarksburg, West Va., on the 31st ult., in the seventy-sixth year of his age. He was three times a member of the Virginia Legislature, and United States District Attorney from 1853 was elected a Judge of the Supreme Court of West Virginia, resigning his seat in 1867 on account of ill health.

NEW YORK CITY.

The following record will show the changes in the temperature for the past twenty-four hours in comparison with the corresponding day of last year, as indicated by the thermometer at Hudnut's Pharmacy, HERALD Building, corner of Ann street:—

	1870.	1871.		1870.	1871.
3 A. M.	20	20	3 P. M.	25	25
6 A. M.	19	18	6 P. M.	24	21
9 A. M.	19	17	9 P. M.	20	18
12 M.	22	17	12 P. M.	27	15

Average temperature yesterday 18⅞
Average temperature for corresponding date last year 22⅝

Miss Anna Dickinson lectures this evening on "Men's Rights," at Steinway Hall, before the Mercantile Library Association.

Dr. Lord delivered the second lecture of his course—on Savonarola—yesterday morning at Association Hall. The lecture was well attended and was quite well received.

Professor C. E. Deghent, of the University of New York, will deliver this evening the first of a course of four lectures at the lecture hall of the University, Washington square. Subject, "The New Map of the World."

Coroner Schirmer yesterday held an inquest at 415 West Thirty-eighth street on the body of Cora Hicks, an infant fourteen months old, whose death was the result of burns received about two weeks ago by falling on a hot stove at the residence of her parents.

The trustees of the New York Orthopædic Dispensary held their fourth annual meeting yesterday afternoon in the armory of the Seventy-first regiment, and it was made the occasion of bringing together the patients of both sexes who are now or have been under its treatment for diseases and deformities of the spine and hip joint.

Harriet Currier, a colored woman, seventy years of age, yesterday died in the Centre street hospital. On Saturday she entered the premises No. 8 Church street to do some scrubbing, and being under the influence of liquor Harriet fell through the hatchway from the second story to the ground floor, thus receiving fatal injuries. Coroner Young has the case in charge. Deceased lived at 113 Cedar street.

Captain Williamson, of the Fifth precinct, arrested the "Biter Bit" wagon yesterday afternoon, by order of the city Marshal, who fined the driver for violating an old city ordinance. The wagon was first taken to Police Headquarters and was then sent to the City Marshal's office, where the driver was fined four dollars. The wagon was then liberated. It is said that the owners of the vehicle were told not to cover the number of their license with their transparency, by which the ordinance was violated.

The Central Park Meteorological Department reports for the week ending January 7, 1871, the following atmospherical conditions:—Barometer—Mean, 29.937 inches; maximum, at 9 P. M., January 4, 30.264; minimum, at 2 P. M., January 6, 29.712; range, .552. Thermometer—Mean, 33.5 degrees; maximum, at 3 A. M., January 6, 47.7; minimum, at 7 A. M., January 4, 19.5; range, 28.2. January 6, rain from 9:30 A. M. to 2 P. M. to the depth of .11 inch, which was total amount of water for week. Distance travelled by the wind during the week 1,512 miles.

Coroner Young yesterday held an inquest, at his office, in the City Hall, in the case of Alfred C. Shears, a lad nearly nine years of age, who, on the 30th ultimo, had both legs crushed beneath the wheels of car 133, of the Third Avenue Railroad Company, at Fifty-ninth street. Deceased, who lived at No. 335 East Ninth street, was going to skate with some of his associates, and, in his eager haste, jumped off the car before it had stopped. Even then the lad would have escaped but for the fact that he retained his grasp of the iron handle of the car, was thrown down and dragged under the wheel. In their verdict the jury "censured the Third Avenue Railroad Company for not instructing their drivers and conductors to exercise greater care in letting passengers on and off the cars."

Letitia Hamilton, of 64 West Twenty-sixth street, made a complaint before Justice Shandley at Jefferson Market yesterday morning that she had been robbed of a certain amount of hair described as "switches of human hair," "sets of curls" and "long curls." The switches and curls, long and short, were valued at $150. Officer John Dunn, of the Sixteenth precinct, produced the suspected delinquent, in the shape of a ragged youngster, James Barry, residing at 246 West Twenty-eighth street, whose own hair was of such a matted, tangled appearance that envy alone must have incited the deed. The officer found the boy at the corner of Twenty-seventh street, shortly after the robbery, examining and admiring the "blond locks," and handed over both the boy and the "human hair" to the tender care of the warden at Jefferson Market. After a short interview with the justice Master Barry again retired to his friends below.

PAVING SOUTH FIFTH AVENUE.

Mayor Hall has put a quietus on the proposed paving of South Fifth avenue, or Laurens street, with the Burnett pavement, as will be seen from the following communication, which the Mayor forwarded to the Board of Aldermen at their meeting yesterday afternoon:—

MAYOR'S OFFICE, NEW YORK, Dec. 31, 1870.

TO THE BOARD OF ALDERMEN:—

The Mayor returns, without approval, a resolution originating in your Board to authorize the Commissioner of Public Works to advertise for bids and make contracts for paving South Fifth avenue (known as Laurens street). The Mayor objects that the resolution contravenes section fourteen of chapter eighty-three of the laws of 1870, in so far as the resolution embraces South Fifth avenue between Canal and Amity streets, which has been once paved and the assessments duly paid. The intention and spirit of that portion of the section which is applicable to the measure before us contemplated saving property owners upon the line of a street already paved from any second assessment for replacing old pavement with a special pavement—that is, a pavement for laying which there could not arise competition, because it was controlled by a patent. Now, it is true that a section along the westerly line of South Fifth avenue is now unpaved, by reason of its having been widened, under its old name of Laurens street; yet the property holders upon this side of the street have been once assessed for the pavement now upon that (and the greatest part of the street which remains, on the easterly side, unaffected by the widening on the westerly side. It is obvious to the Mayor that, unless a majority of the property holders between Amity and Canal streets petition for the passage of your resolution, it is illegal for your honorable body to pass, and for him to approve, the resolution in question, as at present framed. And, as the resolution is drawn, the entire block between Amity and Fourth streets cannot be separated from the legal consequences of the resolution, as it affects the other blocks, even if the Mayor should sanction the paving of such one block. This, therefore, is a resolution which the Mayor's non-concurrence must render legally and absolutely inoperative, and allows your honorable body no discretion of reconsideration or reaffirmance.

The Mayor begs to add that he has been furnished with a petition for a stone block pavement, and signed by a majority of the property holders on the line of the street in question.

A. OAKEY HALL, Mayor.

THE RAPID TRANSIT QUESTION.

A delegation of citizens of Harlem and Yorkville, consisting of John Foley, R. W. Townsend, General J. G. Wilson, Robert Hubert, Wm. A. Whitbeck and others, yesterday called at the City Hall to confer with the Mayor and Comptroller as to the best means of securing rapid transit between the upper and lower ends of the island. The delegation met in the Council Chamber and appointed R. W. Townsend, General Wilson, P. Q. Hubert, Robert Ward and Mr. Turner, of Harlem, as a committee to wait upon Messrs. Hall and Comptroller Connolly and request their presence. The committee retired, and after being absent some time returned, when Mr. Townsend announced that the Mayor and Comptroller were so busily employed that they could not give the delegation an audience. They had, however, suggested that the citizens interested in rapid transit call a meeting some Saturday evening at the upper end of the island, and they would attend and confer with them, or they would be happy to meet the delegation at the City Hall on a future occasion. The delegation resolved to hold a meeting, as suggested by these officials, on Saturday evening next. A committee was named to select a hall and issue a call through the HERALD of Saturday morning.

OBITUARY.

David R. F. Jones.

This well known and prominent citizen of New York died at an early hour yesterday morning at his residence in South Oyster Bay, Long Island. For many years past Mr. Jones had been influential in politics, and at one time held the position of Lieutenant Governor of the State. About three weeks ago he returned from an extensive tour of Europe, being then in bad health. The complaint which took him off was affection of the liver. Mr. Jones was a gentleman of fine abilities. His death will be deeply deplored by a large circle of friends and acquaintances.

FOOTPADS ON LONG ISLAND.

A Young Man Robbed and Thrown Into a Mill Pond.

On Sunday night, between the hours of nine and ten o'clock, as William H. Keeler, of Rockville Centre, was walking along the track of the South Side Railroad, on his way home from church, at Pearsall's, he was seized by three men, one of whom choked him while the other two relieved him of fifty dollars, a diamond ring and a gold watch. After thus divesting him of his property they dragged him to the old mill pond of Mordecai Smith and threw him into the water. His cries for help brought two young men to his assistance, by whom he was rescued with much difficulty.

THE WATER FAMINE IN JERSEY CITY.

A Visit to the Works at Belleville—Probably Correct Theory of the Accident—The Works Not to be in Full Operation Till Next Week.

No greater calamity, scarcely, could befall large communities, like those of Jersey City and Hoboken, than such an accident as occurred on the evening of the 31st of December, ten days ago, at the Belleville Water Works. The truth of this is abundantly demonstrated by the immense and scarcely conceivable amount of inconvenience, misery and absolute suffering which the good people of the communities cited have been are are now subjected to. The HERALD has already informed the public of the main features of the accident and its very serious concomitant results, but in order to get at "the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth" in the matter a HERALD reporter visited

THE SCENE OF THE DISASTER

yesterday afternoon. The works are located on the northern bank of the river Passaic, directly opposite the quiescent village of Belleville, noted as being once a halting place of General Washington during revolutionary times. They are, too, within a stone's throw of a place that not long since was the cynosure of the entire reading public—Hervey's laundry, where liveth and worketh, but reigneth not, Charlie Ming and his sixty odd fellow "heathen Chinee."

THE WORKS,

or rather the machinery, occupy a large, handsome brick building, fronting a lane running parallel with the river. Here are the three powerful perpendicular engines, each about 250 horse power. Entering the building the reporter found

THE CHIEF ENGINEER,

Mr. William Kearney, who was up to his eyes in steam and oil, and repairing tools in the engine room and superintending some repairs being made to the machinery. Glancing at the reporter's card handed him his eyes caught the talismanic word "HERALD," and he dropped everything and announced himself at the service of the newspaper scribe. A view of the broken standpipe was first taken. It lies in two huge fragments on the sward in front of the works, and when in position measured 168 feet 8 inches in height and about 6 feet in diameter. It stood on a solid square brick support, which in turn had a solid stone foundation. The support is forty-five feet high from the base. The pipe proper was constructed of about three-eighth inch sheet iron, had been in use ever since July, 1869, and is considered by some experts a rather poor quality of iron. It was through this the water was forced up from the Passaic to

THE RESERVOIR,

situated about 3,000 feet distant on elevated ground. From the engineer's books it appears that on the day of the accident the temperature was as follows:—At seven o'clock in the morning, twenty-three degrees; meridian, thirty-nine degrees; and at half past five o'clock in the evening, thirty-eight degrees. On the day previous at the same hours the thermometer stood nine, twenty and twenty-four degrees. This condition of the atmosphere, in the opinion of Mr. Kearney, was not sufficiently cold to freeze the water in the pipe sufficient to cause it, under ordinary circumstances, to give way. The

FIRST INDICATION

that anything was wrong was observed about noon on the 31st, when the engines worked heavily and after a time stopped altogether. After dark the pipe topped over with a terrific crash. There was ice in it about nine inches thick, clinging to the sides for about sixty-five feet down from the top. It is believed that this during the day fell away, and, crowding downwards in a mass swelled the mammoth tube, and when the reaction came with the milder weather the pipe snapped and fell as stated. Mr. Kearney claims that the accident is not in any way chargeable to the negligence of the employés, as had been alleged in some newspapers, but was clearly unavoidable.

Nothing could be accomplished with the

PUNY FIRE ENGINES,

so other engines have been procured. It is expected that the machinery of the works will be serviceable in a day or so.

THE NEW STANDING PIPE

is already on, but it will not be in position before the beginning of next week. It is the same weight as the other and pump three-eighths of an inch thick, warranted best iron. A large force of men are now busy erecting an immense derrick, with slide, to place it in position.

THE EXCITEMENT IN JERSEY CITY

and Hoboken, far from abating, is on the increase. In several wards of the lower section of Jersey City—as the First, Second, Seventh and parts of the Third, Fourth and Fifth—little or no water was to be had yesterday at the hour fixed for turning it on. Many persons sent to New York and had a supply conveyed in casks. A meeting of the Police Commissioners was held, and it was resolved to appoint an extra force of

SEVENTY SPECIAL POLICEMEN

to guard against incendiarism. Should a fire break out during this water famine the result must be very serious. The few pumps and wells available would be of very little service. It becomes necessary, then, to adopt

EXTRAORDINARY PRECAUTIONS

against fires. The directors of the State Insurance Company and several other insurance companies held meetings yesterday, and the Fire Commissioners may be said to be in perpetual session. Nothing whatever is heard from the Water Commissioners, who seem inclined to hide their heads from an indignant community. One wholesome result of this famine will be the consignment of every member of the Water Board to private life. The people have had ample experience of such politicians.

YUCATAN.

Resignation of the Governor—Ill-Feeling Between the Federal and State Governments—The Indians—The Crops—Report of Henequen for the Year.

MERIDA, Dec. 19, 1870.

The Governor of this State, Don Manual Cirevol, has again tendered his resignation. He did so some six months since, but was persuaded to continue for some time longer owing to the critical condition of affairs growing out of the corn famine, the threatened attack of the Indians, &c. The federal government is in no way well affected towards Yucatan, to whom it owes a considerable amount of money, which it either cannot or will not pay, and the Governor has made himself particularly obnoxious to it by pushing for payment and for the abrogation of certain federal decrees which bear hard on this State.

The Indians have been quiet since September last, but great vigilance is exercised in reference to them, and preparations have been made to give them a warm reception on their next visit. A scheme has been set on foot to establish a cordon of telegraph all along the frontier, but the means are not yet forthcoming. The administrator of customs at Sisal, a federal officer, has put difficulties in the way—probably under the influence of the general government.

The corn crop to be harvested in March next promises fairly, but in the interval there will be great scarcity and resultant distress among the working classes. Henequen is coming forward plentifully. According to estimates made some two years and a half ago, based upon carefully collected and reliable data, there ought to be produced in the coming year about 70,000 bales. Of this quantity there will be say 20,000 bales manufactured here into bags, rope, hammocks, twine, &c., for exportation to Cuba, Vera Cruz, coastwise, Belize and other places; exported to Great Britain, France and Germany 10,000 bales, leaving a net export to the United States of 40,000 bales of 400 pounds each, valued at $15,000,000.

An industrial exhibition is to be opened here on the 1st of April next, to be open to the public for three days, and prize medals are to be awarded to the successful in arts, mechanics, manufactures, &c.

GENERAL NEWS ITEMS.

The wife of ex-Governor Hempstead, of Iowa, died at Dubuque on the 3d inst. at the age of fifty-eight.

There is to be held at Oskaloosa, Iowa, on the 15th of this month, another Convention, having it in view to introduce the name of God in the constitution of the United States.

Since the holidays a great many negroes have left the vicinity of Murfreesboro, Tenn., for Arkansas, and more are preparing to go, owing to the high price offered in Arkansas for field hands.

The oft-disappointed Millerites of New England have set another day for "going up"—the 11th of February—and they have already commenced to get excited and enthusiastic over their contemplated journey.

Twelve boys taken to Newton, Iowa, by the agent of the Children's Aid Society in New York were given homes with farmers in Jasper county at Newton one day last week. The *Free Press* says there were applications sufficient to dispose of three times the number.

All the newspapers are indignantly denying that the Miss Logan who died in Hartford the other day, at the age of 110 was Olive.

The Cartersville (Ga.) *Express* says that during the late cold spell of weather the Etowah river was frozen over, and that the like has never been known before.

The Maine State Prison's receipts were $6,000 in excess of the expenditures last year.

The Savannah *Republican* is anxious for the repeal of the usury laws in Georgia.

Two colored men—Lieutenant Governor Dunn and Mr. Pinchbeck—are candidates for United States Senator in Louisiana.

Judge Cadwallader, of Philadelphia, on Saturday sentenced Michael McBride, for illegal voting, to an imprisonment of six months, and to pay a fine of fifty dollars.

Elizabeth Jackson, a colored woman, aged 101, died at Lexington, Ky., last week. Her memory dated back to the Revolutionary war.

The Monmouth (N. J.) *Democrat* estimates that at least 100,000 gallons of apple jack have been made in that county this fall, for which 60,000 bushels of apples were required.

The crop of buffalo skins this year is immense.

Kentucky is talking about holding a convention to revise its constitution.

IRELAND.

Religion and Party Politics in the North.

The Shutting of the Gates of Derry—One Hundred and Eighty-two Years in the History of Protestantism—Fervent Memories—Queen Victoria's Authority Against Local Strife and Riot—An Excellent Sermon.

LONDONDERRY, Dec. 18, 1870.

The one hundred and eighty-second anniversary of the shutting of the gates of Derry took place today. In whatever light it may be viewed it must be regarded as a miserable failure. Indeed, it could not be otherwise, for the troops drafted into the city outnumbered the "Apprentice Boys" by five to one. The latter did all that could be done under the circumstances, and that was simply nothing. They were allowed to march to and from church, but they did not carry, as on former occasions, party banners, nor wear party colors, nor play party tunes. They were merely allowed to go to church in a body, and that was all. They wore, it is true, sashes and ribbons of crimson—the city color—but no citizen of Derry could possibly take exception to this, for it is worn indiscriminately by all.

A HEROINE.

As the procession passed along, a young girl—evidently a Roman Catholic—tore a sash from the shoulder of one of the "Apprentice Boys" and waived it triumphantly in the air. This little incident created great amusement, and a crowd collected around her, which was at once dispersed by the authorities. Jealous, no doubt, of the notoriety which his fair friend achieved with impunity, a young man was tempted to renew the experiment, but he was immediately arrested by the police and marched forthwith to jail.

THE "TURN OUT."

The procession consisted of some four hundred persons, the majority of whom were under twenty years of age. It was asserted that the Governor of the "Apprentice Boys" headed the procession, in company with Lord Garvagh; but this was a mistake. His Lordship, though in town, took no part in this day's proceedings whatever. It would indeed be a strange sight to see the descendant of George Canning heading a procession of "Apprentice Boys"!

As soon as they appeared on the street they were received with a storm of hisses by the Roman Catholic party, and with cheers by their friends. The Roman Catholics thought they would be prevented from even marching to church, and, as they were not, many of them thinking that the troops had no intention of carrying out the proclamation, became highly incensed. Some of them I believe, began to revenge themselves by throwing stones at their enemies in different parts of the city.

IN THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. COLUMB-KILLE.

The venerable cathedral was filled to overflowing. It is the Church of St. Columb-Kille.

The services having been read by the most reverend bishop, the Rev. T. L. M. Scott ascended the pulpit and preached the anniversary sermon, taking for his text Luke xiv., 3:—"And Jesus answering, spake unto the Pharisees saying, Is it lawful to heal on the Sabbath day?"

THE SERMON.

I think, brethren, you and I can conceive and answer that question. We do know a monarch who did not sit down first and compare his own strength with that of the king who come against him; for if he had, he would never have entered upon the war which has uprooted his dynasty and devasted his country, filling her plains with blood and men. Then, I think, we can conceive its value. The beginning of strife is like the letting out of water—there is nothing at first but a little water oozing through the banks; then nothing but a few small cracks here and there, but by and by there comes a trembling and one long shiver, and the whole bank crumbles before the wave, which, dark and terrible, leaps up and down upon its career of desolation. In the first few days of the threatened war it is still possible to recall the hasty words, to atone for the wrong or the discourtesy; but when once the two enemies have rushed together the chance of peace is most generally gone. There must be victory on one side and defeat on the other. I think we can conceive also the difficulty of the problem that monarch has to solve. Who is there can foresee at the first outset, when the passions rise high and blood is hot, the long agony of war, the awful guilt of those who caused it; all the chances which may bring victory, and all the humiliation which must follow defeat? Do you suppose, for example, that those thirteen apprentices who shut the gates of the city on the 7th of December long ago—do you suppose, when they did that deed, there was actually present to their mind the whole suffering which it involved, the long conflicts with their treacherous and vacillating leaders, the bitter alternation of hopes and fears, and the deadly agony of their last long months before the boon was broken? Do you suppose that they had counted all the cost of that one first act? Not all the cost, not all the suffering; but the issue proves that there was something more—a deeper than the mere recklessness of youth. If there had been nothing else, it must have been crushed and utterly annihilated before the terrible reality. But was it crushed? No. Their hearts at times might quail, and hope leap up in one short moment, and then almost die away; but still, with desperate endurance, they held on against hope—they cherished hope, and God at last gave victory to their patience. I do not think, however, that they had counted all the cost; and, what is more, I think if men always realized at the outset the entire sacrifice and cost and suffering and privation which are to follow, we should have few great or noble or heroic actions to record in history. God, in mercy to our weakness, veils the future; the sorrows and trials of this life meet us singly, one by one, or our poor faith and courage would all fail beneath their accumulated weight. There was only one hero, only one man—the man Christ Jesus—who went forth to the deadliest struggle, knowing all things that were to come upon him. His setting down, therefore, to weigh the chances of the coming struggle is not in the expectation that we can calculate all the cost, but in the assurance that we may decide the vital question whether we shall surrender or resist. That question, whatever the thoughtless men may say, it is not idle and it is not base to investigate and weigh well, because there are circumstances under which the surrender would be most base and there are circumstances under which the the refusal to surrender would be a crime. Every one of us, I suppose, is agreed that, when right and might are both upon our side, to surrender would be base, with the most aggravated baseness; and, when might and right are both against us, then the refusal to surrender would be a crime. We can go further, and say that if might be with our foes, but right and justice both against us, then it would be heroic for us to yield. To hear the strong man apologize to the child, the master confess to the servant that he was wrong—such surrender would be noble; but for the poor to cringe before the rich man just because he has a few shillings to bestow, for the weak to yield their conscience to the strong just because the strong may crush him if he go forward, that is the baseness of the surrender which we despise. Once more: there are rights which we shall best preserve by their surrender, and these is no cowardice in surrendering. The thief is not a coward for restoring back the stolen goods, nor the wicked when he gives up his guilty life. When there has been nothing more than a mere sentiment of our own, or the temporal comforts or natural lives of ourselves and others entrusted to our care, then it is quite conceivable that there may be cases in which to surrender would be our duty. If, for example, the enemy were generous and trustworthy, and if our resistance were really hopeless, entailing only misery and death on the besieged, then it would be wise and honorable to surrender. For a general or a statesman to sacrifice his own personal fame and personal popularity in order to save the lives and interests of his fellow countrymen—I can conceive cases in which such surrender might rise to the very noblest height of heroism, and in which the sacrifice of life and property for his own fancied reputation might be the very baseness of utter selfishness. Then, on the other hand, there are eternal principles of right and wrong, more precious than men's lives—rights which are annihilated by their surrender. These the brave man must nor does surrender. Where it is, indeed, no mere comfort or sentiment, but deep, eternal principles of right and truth which are at stake, then no might and no bribe, no terror and no death, must drive us to surrender. The great majority of you, brethren, are worshiping today in this cathedral rather than in other churches because you commemorate this 18th of December the shutting of our city gates by the "Apprentice Boys" of Derry. If, therefore, this service were, as in other years, arranged specially and held for such commemoration, I should apply this lesson of surrender and no surrender to that resistance to those half disciplined troops who then required admittance, and also to the honorable submission to Lord Mountjoy a few months later. But I dare not forget that this is also the day of Jesus Christ, and that there are others here besides. I cannot forget that among those others there are young hearts who plan this week to surrender themselves to Jesus Christ, and to confirm their baptismal pledge to take up arms against Christ's enemies. I apply, therefore, the lesson of my text to that great warfare to which our Lord intended it to apply, and which concerns us all.

AFTER THE BENEDICTION.

On leaving the Cathedral the Apprentice Boys marched down Bishop street, and as they passed along they were loudly groaned and hissed, and before reaching the Corporation Hall stones were thrown at them. The mounted police, however, dispersed both the procession and the mob and quietness was restored. In the melée a mounted policeman was knocked down and severely injured. During the rest of the day, though party feeling ran high, there were few disturbances, and towards evening the city was perfectly quiet.

CALIFORNIA.

The Crittenden Murder Case—Desperate Attempt at Suicide—Troubles in the Branch Mint.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 28, 1870.

The Christmas holidays have come and gone, and in spite of the proximity of the new year there is a general dulness over the town; so much so that it taxes one's imagination sorely to remember that it is the holiday season. The weather has been unusually fine, much to the satisfaction of young California of both sexes, but greatly to the disgust of farmers and business men generally, who are growling loudly at the absence of rain. The rains that we were blessed with at the end of last month and commencement of this have barely sufficed for ploughing and seeding, and more rain is anxiously looked for in order to fulfil the anticipations of a plentiful and profitable wheat crop. Should old Pluvius play us a scurvy trick, and not visit us with a more bounteous supply of water than was received here last year, the golden expectations of the agricultural interests will be all knocked askew. And in view of the probable continuation of the European war, and the consequent high prices that wheat is likely to obtain in European markets, it will be rough on our sturdy yeomen if they cannot go in and get a share of the profits. It is to be hoped that the gods will be kind.

The absorbing interest that all parties took in the Crittenden tragedy enacted here some weeks ago, like all California excitements, is abating among the people generally, although with the legal fraternity it still presents all its points of interest in the same intensity as at first. The probabilities are that the prisoner, Mrs. Fair, will not be tried for some time to come. In the first place comes that disagreeable question of jurisdiction. Was the killing committed in San Francisco or in Alameda county? That is the knotty point. The District Attorney of this county insists that to him belongs the high moral duty of prosecuting, as the boundary lines of the county extend very nearly to the opposite shore, leaving the whole of the bay under San Francisco jurisdiction. On the other side, the Grand Jury of Alameda county have found a true bill of indictment against Laura Fair for murder. Her counsel, also, Elisha Cook, is rather in favor of having the trial come off in Oakland, probably for the reason that Crittenden's antecedents are not so well known in Oakland as here, though for my part I should think that the less that was known of his antecedents the better for Crittenden's posthumous reputation. In the meantime it is difficult to decide how this question of jurisdiction is to be settled. Can it be decided on a writ of habeas corpus? Some lawyers say no; that she will have to be tried for the crime, and that this question must come up incidentally. Then comes the question, if she be tried in Alameda county and it be found that that county has not the jurisdiction, may she be tried again in the county that the Supreme Court decides has? All these questions are puzzling, but seem to be much in favor of the culprit. The Grand Jury of this county does not convene until next month, and it will still further complicate matters if they also find a bill against her, which they probably will.

Probably one of the coolest cases of attempted suicide that has ever been recorded was witnessed in San Francisco on Saturday night last. A young man of about twenty-four years of age arrived here about three months ago from New York. His name is Stephen Massett. He came here with some money intending to go into business, but somehow or another he had managed to get to the bottom of his pile without opening an office or store, the probabilities being that the gambling fraternity got hold of him. However, on Saturday evening he entered one of the best class restaurants and, seating himself at one of the tables, ordered a sumptuous dinner. He ate his dinner with extreme satisfaction—his bill for food alone amounting to two dollars and a half. He then ordered the waiter to bring him a bottle of two dollar wine. This was brought and Massett drank about two-thirds of the contents of the bottle. He then coolly leaned back in his chair, drew a single-barrelled pistol from his pocket, placed the muzzle in his mouth and fired. The report startled the people in the restaurant, and on looking round they saw him reeling in his seat, with blood streaming from his mouth. Several people rushed to him, but one of the attendants supporting him he got on his feet. As soon as he could clear the blood from his throat and mouth he expressed his surprise that a leaden pistol bullet could be shot through a man's mouth without stunning him. He refused to give his name or assign any reason for the act. He was reminded by some one connected with the establishment that if he wanted to shoot himself he might have gone out on the sidewalk instead of disturbing the whole restaurant. This he freely admitted. He was then asked to pay his bill. He replied, "What the hell do you take me for? Do you suppose I should try to kill myself if I had any money about me?" He was then put into a hack and conveyed to a surgeon's office. Upon examination it was discovered that the bullet had grazed the roof of his mouth, cut the palate and then had descended into the stomach. From the doctor's office he was conveyed to the station house for safe keeping. There he conversed very cooly about the matter, expressing his utter astonishment that a pistol at such short range should fail of the fatal effect. He said he thought he had a "dead sure thing," and had he even dreamed of failure he would have used a blunderbus. He said he had experienced much trouble and thought that death was the best way to end his troubles, but he added that he felt ashamed to have it known that he had failed. When it was suggested to him that his palate was shot off or severed he replied, "I don't care about that, but this blood has spoiled my pants." He is said to be a relative of Stephen Massett, the alleged humorist. Young Massett evidently is a cool hand.

There is quite a diminutive civil war going on within the walls occupied by Uncle Sam as the United States Branch Mint. The Superintendent General (La Grange) is a pet of Grant's, and was put in by him; while the chief coiner owes his position to Senator Cole. These two men are not actuated by a friendly feeling towards each other; on the contrary, they have been working at cross purposes ever since they have been in together. Lately, La Grange, who is an aspiring politician, and is ambitious to get into Congress, has made several removals, and appointed, in place of those removed, men who could help him in his aspirations. Besides this he has made many and sundry promises which he has never kept, and altogether has acted in such a manner as to draw down upon him the disgust of most of those who come in contact with him. Even his appointees place no reliance upon him, for they are there to-day and gone to-morrow. The coiner, in the meantime, steadily refuses to give the new appointees any work to do, on the ground that there is none to be done. Each of the parties have had friends at work to get the other removed, and La Grange now proposes to go to Washington and fight it out there, insisting he will either have the coiner removed or he himself will resign. He is attempting all manner of shifts to bring the necessary influence to bear upon the Washington authorities. His most plausible one was, that having improved the ventilation of the adjusters' room—the adjusters being all ladies—he wanted them to get up a card thanking him for such improvement. One of the ladies suggested that it would look funny to get up a public testimonial for the Superintendent for having bored an extra hole in the roof of the building. The fact is that Mint matters might be managed better in this city if men were appointed who were not actuated by petty ambition.

There is not much improvement evident in business—the holidays probably being responsible therefor in a small degree. But the merchants are all clamoring about the dull times. Money is still in rather active demand, although the rate of interest holds its own. One loan of $100,000 was made last week at one per cent per month for four years. This rate of interest is too high, and business must necessarily lag until it is reduced.

The Bank of California and the Pacific Bank both declared and paid a dividend of one per cent on the 20th inst.

THE UNION HOME PRIZE RAFFLE.

Owing to untiring exertions of the committee having in charge the grand prize raffle in aid of the Union Home and School the sale of tickets has been gratifyingly brisk. The committee comprises Police Commissioner Henry Smith, Commissioner of Charities Owen W. Brennan, General Henry A. Barnum, John McB. Davidson, Thomas C. Fields and William R. Travers. They have already disposed of some 600 tickets, so that but 400 remain, and these, it is expected, will be sold so that the raffle may come off this week. The prizes offered consist of watches, diamonds and various kinds of jewelry, valued in the aggregate at $8,000. The drawing will take place as soon as the chances are all taken, at the store of the Treasurer, Mr. Davidson, 581 Broadway, where the prizes may be seen and the tickets procured.

A SHERIFF AND HIS SON SHOT IN MISSIS