THE STOKES JURY.

Waiting for the Verdict in the Great Criminal Case.

THE JURY AGREE TO DISAGREE.

Locked Up on Saturday and Sunday Nights.

The Foreman Says, "We Have Not Agreed and There Is No Probability of Us Agreeing."

Judge Ingraham Sends Them Back To Be Locked Up Until This Morning and Tells Them That He Cannot Discharge Them Yet.

Intense Excitement in the City Among All Classes of People.

HOW DO THEY STAND?

A Rumor That There Are Four Jurors for Acquittal, Two for Murder in the First Degree and Six for Manslaughter in the Third Degree, Late Last Night.

[illegible] and New Yorkers who do business downtown [illegible] who sleep above Union square are well acquainted with Chambers street and its vicinity. For six days of the week it is almost impassable from Centre street to Church street. Vehicles pass to and fro—drays, beer wagons, spring carts, express wagons, coupés, with eager lawyers snugly ensconced inside, and all manner of conveyances for merchandise and passenger traffic, and not excepting the big, lumbering stages that render Broadway, our finest street, a place of difficulty and danger for a swift, hurrying people.

But yesterday morning Chambers street had a different look. The wild eagerness of the people to know if the jury in the Stokes case had decided upon a verdict had provoked the gathering of an immense crowd.

The front of the new Court House is disfigured by scaffolding and loose planking, and on every coign of vantage hundreds of persons were perched at as early an hour as eight o'clock of the morning. The long descent of marble steps leading to the great entrance of this building, the greatest monument of the defunct Ring, was thickly packed with excited people of both sexes, standing, sitting down, and in argumentative groups of threes and fours and fives and sixes.

The crowds were like the jurors—they could not agree. The feeling has wonderfully changed during the last three or four days, however. Those who were anxious to see Stokes hanged a week ago were yesterday discussing the relative probabilities of manslaughter in the third degree or an absolute acquittal of the prisoner.

A line of police came early in the day to keep the crowd in order, and a number of angry disputes were settled by them in a summary manner, the disputants being told to moderate their feelings and go cool themselves with weiss beer. The crowds were in a bad predicament, however, as the places of drinking for man and beast were all closed.

Fronting the Court House for half a block either way a great swarm of people, 3,000 in number, were gathered. Every man and woman in the mass was looking upward to the windows, expecting to see Stokes come out and make a speech, as is the wont with all foolish assemblages in New York city. The gathering was something like what is seen on a Fourth of July night in one of our public parks when the fireworks are being touched off. Hundreds of individuals stood ready to cry "Oh!" or "Ah!" at the slightest sensation that might be produced by any untoward event.

A dog fight or the appearance of a drunken woman would have proved of great relief to these people. Nothing of the kind came to dissipate their monotony, and in default of other amusement four or five hundred people of the three thousand gathered there on the quiet Sunday, pitched into each other on the merits of the case.

It seemed as if the days of the civil war had come back. Our people will recollect how, during that terrible time, men went mad about rumored defeats or possible victories on the Sabbath days, devoted to rest and divine worship. Yesterday there was a renewal of these scenes, but with the difference that instead of the words "Rappahannock," "Fredericksburg," "Chancellorsville" or "Gettysburg," which at that time dropped from men's mouths like the smeltings from a furnace, there were heard such expressions as "Stokes ought to be hanged," "Fisk was a murderous villain," "There won't be any agreement of the jury," "Ingraham's charge was all on one side, like the handle of a pitcher," and "Did you see what the HERALD said to-day?"

The feeling was of the most intense kind. On the cars, on the ferry boats, in shops, where the barbers clamored that their victims, whose necks were swathed by towels, should purchase lavender and hair invigorator; in bar rooms and hotels; when churches were emptied of their congregations; in Fifth avenue and Tenth avenue; in the purlieus of the Points and in the perfumed air of Murray Hill, the names of Fisk and Stokes grated on the dull, close and oppressive atmosphere.

It was, indeed, a midsummer madness, and its effects made men of lucid minds imagine that after all New York was but little behind Paris for its civic impetuosity and excitability.

This was the state of the city yesterday generally. Such a trial was never before known in the metropolis [illegible] trial of Edward S. Stokes for the [illegible] Fisk. And how was it in the building on this Sabbath day, in which the jury were testing the evidence?

About five hundred persons of both sexes had been allowed to pass the triple line of policemen and the four ranks of doorkeepers. It is needless to say that the ladies, blonde and brunette, who have attended the trial for weeks, were in their usual places, reinforced by new accessions of their own sex. The Baron Probasco and My Lady the Duchess of Lord-knows-who were in their cane-bottomed chairs. These people were allowed to come in at half-past ten o'clock. A number of the Erie people, whom rumor credits with the receipt of $3 a day for steady attendance, were also permitted to come. Professor Nealis escorted the ladies to their seats with a graceful wave of the hand. Deputy Mulvihill held one door, and there was great demand for Mr. McInierney. The lobbies were crowded by lawyers and attaches of the Court, and the adjoining room was occupied by the prisoner Stokes and his friends, who seem more warmly attached to him as the case slowly draws to a close.

The ladies of the prisoner's family, unable any longer to bear the terrible ordeal of the trial, were absent, worn out and sick with anxiety at their hearts. Stokes, who has borne up bravely all through the trial, until the case went to the jury, seemed tired out and nervous. This man, who is naturally light-hearted and of an impulsive, go-ahead temperament that no shock or adversity could unsettle, has during the last two days suffered a tyrture that no human being may ever envy. Many men with his light hearted, harebrained nature would have become mad under such a tremendous pressure as that which has been brought to bear on him during the last forty-eight hours. He is unfit to withstand a long suspense, though any observer can see that he is not afraid of death. It is the stigma of the assassin's name which has been placed on him by the prosecution that he rebels against. To tell him or to argue with him or to state in Court even by the mouth of a lawyer hired by the people that he killed Fisk unfairly and with deliberate premeditation seems to him to be an act of ignorant or malicious injustice. He said to a HERALD reporter yesterday, in conversation, "My God, when I saw Fisk coming up that stairs as I was going down, it made me feel thunderstruck. I had been pursued and followed by him until I was made half crazy, and when he drew a pistol on me what could I do but defend myself? There is not a man out of five thousand but would try to save his own life, and if I had retreated I would have been shot in the back like a dog, going up stairs." Stokes was fearfully excited as he said this.

Before Judge Ingraham arrived Stokes had been walking up and down the room in a frenzied way, talking to his friends and sometimes walking by himself. During the last two days he must have walked at least fifteen miles in the ante-room of the Oyer and Terminer Court. He preserves his manhood and his self-respect, but no man under his circumstances can control a display of nervousness. If he is acquitted he will never be the same man again. A brute who could commit a murder out of pure animal volition would sit down stolidly and receive the consolations of religion, and talk with every one in a semi-conscious state; but this man, Edward S. Stokes, seems to have no alternative but to walk like a champion pedestrian while waiting for his verdict.

At five minutes before eleven o'clock Judge Ingraham came into court and took his seat. Mr. Valentine walked up to the judgment seat, and whispered a moment to His Honor, who whispered to him in return for a second or two. Then Mr. Valentine disappeared in the direction of the jury room. Then all the men and women rose, and stood looking at Stokes, who had taken his seat behind his counsel, Tremain—McKeon, Townsend and Daily.

It was a very exciting moment. Even the Erie people were still. There was a deathlike silence in Court as the jurors, one by one, filed in and took their seats in their accustomed places. Judge Ingraham keenly scanned each juryman's face. The rustle of a lady's silk dress, as she shifted uneasily in her seat, was heard throughout the Court so great was the silence. It was the moment of life and death. Stokes leaned over and looked with his piercing dark eyes in the face of every man in the jury box. Tremain turned his dead-blue eyes on one after another, and John McKeon set his lips firmly and gazed steadily at the foreman. The District Attorney, who seems to have a good-natured face, lifted his eyelashes, and Mr. Sparks, who seems the calmest of men, forgot his indifference for a moment. The ladies opened their mouths and closed their eyes.

The Judge slowly spoke, "I understand, gentlemen, that you have not agreed upon a verdict."

"No, Judge—Your Honor," said the honest-looking foreman, Mr. Meyer Hamburger, "and there is not any probability of an agreement. There is no chance of us agreeing."

Judge Ingraham—I do not think it is my duty to discharge you yet. The case has been very fully tried and argued. You have not been shut up very long, and I feel it would not be right to discharge you until you have had further opportunity for consultation.

The Foreman—We stand just as we were when we went in.

Judge Ingraham (rather impatiently and interrupting the foreman, who wanted to speak)—I do not care how you stand, and I don't want to know until you agree. I will arrange it so that you can send for me at any time that you may agree. I do not think it would be right to discharge you at present.

Mr. Lefferts and Mr. Tucker, two of the jurors on the upper bench, nodded their heads in an emphatic and assenting manner when the foreman endeavored to close his sentence to the effect that they stood then as they did when they went out. The prisoner looked very much relieved, and so did his counsel, when the decision of the jury was given. At present there is hardly a possibility of the jury agreeing on any verdict excepting manslaughter in the third degree, although it is said that four of the most stubborn jurors are stanch for acquittal.

Up to a late hour last night the jury were still locked up in mutual disagreement, and the Judge, who lives in Harlem, had not been sent for. The Court will meet at half-past ten o'clock this morning, and in all probability no agreement as to a verdict will be had. It is said that Stokes, in this event, if the majority of the jury are favorable, can obtain bail to stand a new trial, but as yet nothing is possible, and all things are left to the wildest conjecture.

A female interviewer, after the audience had dispersed, paid a visit to Stokes in the room adjoining the court. She is named Mrs. Beckner; was dressed in a black dress, had two long braids of hair hanging down from behind, and is quite good-looking and lady-like. This lady, who is editress of a Masonic paper called the *Corner Stone*, shook hands warmly with Stokes, who greeted her with his usual courtesy, and then the lady presented him with a copy of the journal which she edits. In this journal there is an article which warmly supports Stokes, and states that the Erie detectives have expended $13,000 in procuring bogus evidence against the prisoner. It also asserts that there were two pistols in the case; that James Fisk failed to kill Stokes, and that it was by a mere chance that the latter, who had been frenzied with Fisk's persecution, was not the victim instead of Fisk, who drew his pistol.

At two o'clock Stokes was driven to the Tombs, escorted by Deputy Sheriffs Shields and Judson Jarvis.

CRIME IN LONDON.

A Man Murders his Mistress, his Two Children and then Attempts Suicide.

One of the Most Revolting Crimes of the Day—Particulars of the Tragedy—A Tiger Man—The Demon of Drink—Terrible Series of Murders in the British Metropolis.

LONDON, July 2, 1872.

We have had a terribly realistic sensation this week—terribly realistic and at the same time terribly characteristic of English life. Two men, by name Taylor and Israel, carried on business as partners together; they were married to two sisters. Israel, having got into some trouble, had to leave the country. Taylor then deserted his own wife and took up with the wife Israel; while Israel, on his part, on his return, took up with the wife of Taylor. The result of this change appears in the following report, published in all the morning papers yesterday, and which, I think, surpasses in horror almost everything I ever read:—

HISTORY OF THE CRIME.

Yesterday one of the most dreadful tragedies that has for many years occurred in Bermondsey took place in that locality, and some excitement has been created throughout the district in consequence of the horrible manner in which the death injuries were inflicted. The perpetrator of the crime is a man named William Edward Taylor, a wholesale dealer in old metal. For several years he has carried on an extensive business in the Grange road, Bermondsey. He is thirty-nine years of age, and of great muscular power. He bears the character of being a drunken and violent man, and has been more than once in custody for serious assaults. He was married and had five children, but he and his wife never lived happily together; he frequently threatened to murder her, and during his imprisonment for seriously assaulting her she went to reside with her friends, taking with her one of the children, and has since refused to return to him. He, however, made the acquaintance of another woman, Susannah Hebden, whom he induced to live with him and pass as his wife, and five years ago she bore him a daughter, named Frances, the girl who was yesterday killed. They some short time ago removed to No. 12 Webb street, Bermondsey New Road, and let a part of the house to a man and his wife. Owing to the fact that they were both very deaf, they state that neither yesterday morning nor upon any other occasion did they hear Taylor and Hebden quarrelling; [illegible] that the rows in the house were of such a frightful character that they frequently could not sleep during the night. Last Thursday, after a dreadful quarrel, Taylor rushed out of the house into the street and said to a policeman,

"I HAVE KILLED MY WIFE;

I have stabbed her; I have murdered her." He was then under the influence of drink, and he had a large table knife in his hand. The policeman entered the house and found the woman lying on the floor of the first floor back room in an insensible condition, but she had not been stabbed. She had been rendered insensible by a blow on the head which Taylor had given her. Taylor was arrested, and the woman, having been attended by a doctor, recovered. The man was taken before the Southwark Police Court magistrate on Friday, and fined 5s. for being drunk and then discharged, and he returned to the house in Webb street. On that evening he was sober, and the woman induced him to remain at home with her and the five children while she read three chapters of the Bible to them. No row took place, and all the family retired to rest in quietude.

A SATURDAY NIGHT TRAGEDY.

On Saturday Taylor drank three half-pints of rum, and then he became furious. During the night the neighborhood became alarmed, and at one o'clock yesterday morning loud screams were heard issuing from the house, and a boy's voice was heard to cry out, "O don't, father, don't; you have nearly killed me already." The cry was followed by the sound of dull, heavy blows. In a few minutes all the cries ceased, and the street door opened, and Taylor ran up to a policeman and a costermonger who were standing near. His throat was cut in a frightful manner, and blood was flowing from it. He was unable to speak, but pointed towards the house, and the policeman referred to and another man entered it. On going into the back room on the first floor a horrible sight presented itself. On a bed upon the floor, in a corner of the room opposite the window, was the woman Hebden. She was partly undressed, and was covered with blood, with which the bed was saturated. The top of her skull and both sides of her forehead had been beaten in. She was not dead, but was quite insensible, and died in twenty minutes. At the foot of the same bed lay the dead body of the girl Frances. The whole of the top of her skull had been beaten in and her brains were lying about her face and on the bed. She was a pretty, fair-haired child, with blue eyes. In a corner of the room and close to the window lay James Taylor, a boy aged thirteen years. He was fearfully injured about the head, and his skull was fractured and part of his brains were protruding. The police instantly sent for Dr. Cuolahan, of the Grange road, and in a few minutes he arrived and ordered the removal of the lad to the infirmary of St. Olave's Workhouse, where it was yesterday reported that he was dying. The doctor and the police then carefully examined the room in order to discover

THE INSTRUMENT WITH WHICH THE TERRIBLE CRIMES HAD BEEN COMMITTED,

and they found two weapons—one a bar of iron ten inches in length and more than four pounds in weight and smeared with blood and brains, and a clasp knife stained with blood, with which, apparently, the man had cut his own throat. The doctor then examined the wound in the throat of Taylor, and found that he had cut the windpipe completely through and some of the small arteries in such a manner that he could not speak, and he is not expected to live. He was instantly conveyed to Guy's Hospital. Dr. Cuolahan then carefully examined the body of the dead girl, and gave it as his opinion that she must have received the injuries on the top of her skull while she was sitting up in bed. On the floor, near the bed and in a pool of blood, lay an open Bible. The table and chairs in the room had been upset, and the whole room presented an appearance as if a fearful struggle had taken place.

THE MURDERER.

It is stated that on being brought to the hospital he was unable to speak, though he made a great effort. He afterwards made signs for writing materials, and on being supplied with slate and pencil, wrote his name, "William Taylor," and other rather unconnected sentences, among which were, "Another man," "A military man," "Kill me."

The prisoner then had his wounds dressed and was put to bed. About this time his brother called to see him, but, the man being in a dying state the surgeon did not deem it wise to permit the interview for fear of accelerating the death.

A BROTHER'S STATEMENT.

The brother made the following strange statement:—"He was a very quiet man at times, but he frequently became violent. I have to caution you that he is a man of great strength, and that he has told me that he would kill a man whom he has named. If he gets the slightest chance he will, I believe, kill more people. I wish that he should be carefully watched. It will be better for him to die than to be executed. On last Monday he was very quiet, and he took Mrs. Taylor and the children to Rosherville Gardens, where they spent the day. He had latterly believed that people wanted to kill him, and he has carried the iron bar with which he killed Mrs. Taylor about with him for the purpose of protecting himself. He always carried the iron bar in his cart when he was driving through the street. He also had the bedstead removed from his room for fear anybody might hide underneath it. He ordered the boy Samuel and the little girl to lie on the floor by night across the doorway, so that, if murderers attempted to enter the room while he was asleep, the cries of the children might wake him up.

THE WARNING

of the brother of Taylor was afterwards shown to have been very necessary. Although he was closely watched [illegible] he managed to make

A SUDDEN SPRING OUT OF BED,

and, making a bolt, darted right through the window, which was, fortunately, only one story high. Here he ran along one of the corridors, and took off the weights of the clocks, threatening by attitude to do for any one who came near him. He then ran into one of the women's wards, and seizing hold of the tongs flourished them in such a fearful manner that for some time every one was afraid to go near him. During the whole of this time he was trying to speak, but the gurgling from the wound prevented him. The blood was now again streaming from his throat, and he then smeared his fingers with it and wrote on the wall with his blood, "Poison me. Kill me. Put me out of my misery." Several of the attendants who endeavored to grapple with him armed themselves with broomsticks to ward off the blows he made with the tongs, and in the scuffle a fearful scene took place, the unfortunate man striking the sticks with violence so great as to shiver them to pieces. He was eventually secured and again placed in bed and strapped down, and now lies in a very precarious state.

ANOTHER MURDER IN BERMONDSEY.

But a few days previous to this murder, and in the same district of Bermondsey, a barber had murdered his wife and then attempted to cut his own throat. In fact, we are told by an English paper—the *Standard*—that

"ANOTHER SEASON OF MURDERS

appears to have set in. Last week it was our painful duty to report five, and this week has commenced terribly. We mentioned yesterday the shocking murder of a woman and child in Bermondsey, and to-day news reaches us of another murder on Sunday, which took place at Chatham. An unlucky drummer lad in the Marines, aged seventeen, was reading in the barrack newsroom, when James Tooth, aged forty-two, a private, came behind him, and with a razor cut his throat. There had been some slight previous difference between them. The murderer was taken before the magistrates yesterday and committed for trial."

PRESS COMMENTS ON THE TAYLOR TRAGEDY.

The *Times*, which very rarely comments upon murder cases, finds the circumstances of Taylor's crime so horrible that it is obliged to devote the following observations to the subject:—

This extraordinary scene indicates, no doubt, that Taylor was under a paroxysm of delirium tremens, and the crime seems the final issue of a career of drunkenness. The police have twice had him in custody for violent assaults, and he was once sentenced to imprisonment for beating his wife on the head with his fists. She refused afterwards to return to him, and he persuaded the unhappy woman he has now murdered to live with him. They have had constant quarrels, and only last Thursday he rushed out of the house drunk, exclaiming that he had stabbed his wife. The woman was found insensible from a blow on the head which Taylor had given her, but she was not stabbed. Taylor was then taken to the police court, where the magistrate fined him five shillings for being drunk, and discharged him. One cannot but wonder whether this magistrate acted on the principle lately laid down by a judge, that the law ought not to be too hard on men for beating their wives provided they abstain from the use of deadly weapons. At all events, if Taylor had been punished as he deserved for the brutality of Thursday he would not have been able to commit the crime of Sunday. On Friday he was sober, but on Saturday he is said to have drunk a pint and a half of rum. He then became furious, and the murders were probably committed in a paroxysm of rage. He must have beaten his wife and his two children to death with a bar of iron. The strangest circumstance is that his own skull is said to be fractured by a blow which must have been given with some weapon like an iron bar. In his rage he may have endeavored to kill himself by a blow before he resorted to the clasp-knife with which he cut his throat. Or, since the room presented the appearance of a struggle, it may be that the unhappy woman tried to defend herself. Taylor volunteered a statement in the hospital that he had had a struggle with a man named Coz; and it is possible this may be one of the delusions which are characteristic of delirium tremens. This, however, was the tragedy which was being perpetrated in Taylor's house while two policemen were standing outside listening to screams, and doubting whether they had any right to prevent a man from "chastising his own boy," and while neighbors could overhear piteous appeals for mercy. There were two deaf people up stairs in the very house where the crime was being committed, who heard nothing, and three of Taylor's children, "hearing the row," had run up stairs and locked themselves in another room. We would not condemn conduct which has not yet been explained, but, in any case, it is dreadful to think that a man may commit this wholesale and furious butchery within the very hearing of policemen and neighbors, and that no one should deem it a duty to interfere. Whatever the law on the subject may be such non-intervention is absurd. An Englishman's house is not his castle for purposes of violence and cruelty, and policemen ought to be empowered, if they are not already, to force an entrance where such sounds are audible as proceeded from Taylor's house.

No wild beast could exhibit more ferocity than Taylor. His death may save him from the judgment of the law; and, doubtless, should he survive, and even if the facts as they now appear be substantially proved, an attempt will be made to palliate his act on the ground of temporary insanity. No doubt, he was mad at the moment, but he had made himself mad, and was responsible for bringing himself into a state in which he was no longer master of his actions. He was possessed by what in such a case is not inaptly termed "the demon of drink," but he had nourished the demon till it was his master. The case is a hideous illustration of the destructive power of strong liquor, and it may exercise timely influence in stimulating the legislation now pending on the licensing laws. Yet Taylor seems to have been in a position which would not have been much affected by any restrictions likely to to be imposed on public houses. He is said to have carried on an extensive business as a wholesale dealer in old iron, and such a man could have found means to get his rum if all the public houses in the neighborhood had been shut. But, so far as we have heard, it is by no means clear that the existing law had been applied to Taylor's previous offences as effectually as it ought. If the present agitation does but induce magistrates to deal far more severely than is their wont with cases of violent drunkenness and wife-beating it will do good service. Such offences may end in murder any day and they should be treated as brutal and dangerous crimes. It is to be feared the cruelty and the ferocity displayed every day in some quarters of London would be appalling if brought to light. But it is deemed almost a matter of course, until, as we see in this instance, neighbors look on as if they had no right to prevent it.

RAILROAD ACCIDENT NEAR DOYLESTOWN, PA.

DOYLESTOWN, Pa., July 14.

The morning train on the North Pennsylvania Railroad, shortly after leaving this place this morning, ran over a cow, throwing the engine and two milk cars off the track, down an embankment nearly thirty feet deep. The fireman was seriously injured and the engineer, the milk agent, the baggage master and one or two other persons on the cars were somewhat injured.

CUBA.

The General Satisfaction at the Removal of Valmaseda.

MARSHAL CONCHA REPUDIATED.

Bloody Encounters Between Spanish Troops and Insurgents.

A Duel Between Havana Journalists.

HAVANA, July 6, 1872.

The following telegram, published in the bulletins Thursday evening, created much sensation in political circles here:—

NEW YORK, June 30, 1872.

A special telegram to the HERALD of this city says that General Valmaseda has resigned the command of the island of Cuba, and that General Ceballos will take command *ad interim*. His successor will probably be General Cordoba.

Another telegram dated at Madrid July 1, confirmed the foregoing. The anti-Valmasedists were jubilant over this long-expected result, and immediately circulated the rumor that the Count had that same morning delivered his command to General Ceballos the Segundo Cabo. I have been informed by the best authority that this has not taken place as yet, Valmaseda not having received any orders from the home government, nor having been notified of the acceptance of his resignation. But, acting upon the general information, he had sent a telegram to Madrid insisting in his desire to deliver over his command immediately, and asking for permission to leave the island in the Spanish mail steamer on the 15th proximo.

The contemplated removal of the doughty Count has long been predicted by your correspondent, and only his promises of a speedy suppression of the insurrection have maintained him in power up to the present. Very little is known here about General Cordoba, his probable successor, except that he is one of the leaders of the party at present in power in Spain. Whatever his qualities may be, his position when in command of this island will not be an enviable one. He will have to contend with men and circumstances foreboding no easy task, and, with the exception of enriching himself and his favorites, he is likely to make as inglorious an exit as his predecessors for the last four years. However, the majority of the Spaniards in this island and all the Cubans have been longing for the relief of Valmaseda, both parties anguring a change for the better in their respective political sympathies and ambitions; and whether a capable person or a pole-cat is sent out here to govern, it makes but a slight difference to either as long as the result is the removal of General Valmaseda.

MARSHAL CONCHA NOT WANTED.

Whatever intrigues there may have been formerly in favor of Marshal Concha, his return as Captain General of the island is no longer desired by any one. Even the party which once advocated his reappointment has thrown him overboard. The reason is obvious. His name is so intimately associated with the maintenance and propagation of slavery that even such men of pro-slavery tendencies as Zulueta, Calvo, Olano, Pla, Sotolongo, Pulido, Troncoso, Valdivielso and others repudiate him. These gentlemen do not want to have the slavery question at all agitated, and the advent of an avowed supporter of negro bondage like Marshal Concha would lead precisely to what they strive to avoid. They are well aware that his restoration to power would provoke angry remonstrances, perhaps open hostilities, on the part of the United States and Great Britain. For those two Powers could not construe such an appointment otherwise than as an act of bad faith and a violation of the repeated promises of the Spanish government to abate, not to aggravate, the evil of slavery. And they are equally well aware that the United States and Great Britain, however they may differ on other matters of policy, have but one opinion regarding the slavery question in the West Indies. The return of Concha, they argue, would give a just excuse for the interference of the United States in Cuba on the broad international ground of humanity, a step which would be the death blow to their cherished institution of slavery.

TIRADES OF THE HAVANA PRESS.

This recent case, and the former ones of the Virginius, Stewart, Hornet, &c., continue to serve as texts to the journalists of this city, who, continuing to envenom their pens in gall, expound as bitterly as ludicrously over the consequences which may yet accrue to Uncle Sam and his cousin for the neglect of their duties towards Spain as neutral and friendly Powers; in every instance ignorantly forgetting the fundamental principle and logical deduction that neutrals can hardly exist where belligerents are not recognized. The press prints daily the furthest fetched rules of international law, intimating future Spanish Alabama claims and pretensions of influencing the Geneva arbitration. According to their ideas of what the United States ought to do in the different instances of expeditions being fitted up and escaping from its ports, it would appear as if foreign governments should discharge the duties which generally devolve on consuls, act the part of police detectives, gag the press, except when it speaks of Spain's past and present glories; arrest everybody suspected of filibustering proclivities, and courteously hand them over to the Spanish authorities in this island to be garroted or shot at the Punta. However, the press of this city has found something to be jubilant over—the result of the Houard case, and ridicule the pretensions of Grant's Cabinet to the right of explanations from the Spanish government as to Dr. Houard's arrest, legal or illegal trial, conviction, violation of treaty rights, return of his confiscated property, and an indemnification, after waiving his American citizenship, to which, they deduce, he had no right or claim, otherwise the United States government would not have been so weak-spirited as to waive it.

THE STATUS OF THE INSURRECTION

has not changed materially during the past week, although the disastrous termination of the Fannie's expedition has tended to dishearten many of those inactive Cuban sympathizers whose utmost efforts in the cause have been to cross their arms and talk insurrection with those whom they know they can confide in. When Valmaseda leaves the island he will probably take to Spain with him many of his favorites, among them Colonel Aragon, commanding in the district of Moron, and having the chief supervision of the military cordon. This commander has been highly prized by the Count, as through his activity he has brought within the Spanish lines over seven thousand insurgents, and by his lenient policy and good tact kept them content within bounds and at work cultivating the land in that district. With General Valmaseda's departure a general change in department commanders may be expected, and a new commander, in place of Colonel Aragon, will probably not have the same influence over those people, and the majority of them will embrace the first opportunity and return to the insurrection. The inexperience of new commanders will contribute in reviving the struggle in those parts of the island where it has weakened.

REPORTED CUBAN VICTORY.

The Cubans claim a victory over the Spaniards, and assert that the particulars of this disaster to the Spaniards have been telegraphed from Holguin to the authorities; but, as in all similar cases withheld from the press, the report states that a small column was set upon and defeated by the insurgents at Sitio Chiquito, twenty-one miles from Holguin, on the road to Bayamo; that a large column, commanded by a colonel, was then sent forward to rescue the wounded, but was attacked by the insurgent General Modisto Diaz and badly defeated, with the loss of its colonel, seven officers, and over one hundred of the men killed. The foregoing has been partly confirmed from other sources, another report stating the loss suffered to have been the colonel, five officers and 140 men. The Spaniards have, in truth, suffered recently at the hands of the insurgents. A Spanish gentleman recently arrived from Gibara reports that the government troops in that district had also been defeated near Alcala.

Pepillo Gonzalez, following the example thus far of all Cuban renegades who have deserted their cause, has published a proclamation addressed to his late comrades, advising them to give up their cause and return to their allegiance to Spain. His words failing in their desired effect he has proceeded to deeds. On the 24th he and Juan Urquiza, another renegade, went out from Tuñas with sixty men of the Matanzas flying infantry, and meeting a party of rebels encamped on a farm attacked and killed two of them, but also suffered a loss of one killed and two wounded. Official telegrams from Puerto Principe report

AN ENCOUNTER

on the 29th between the joined bands of Villamil and Miguel Diaz, with Major Fernandez and 100 men, at a place between Santa Marta and Mercedes de Navarro. The insurgents are reported to have made an obstinate resistance, leaving seven of their dead behind them, for of course they were obliged at last to disperse, in the "official" report at least. On the 28th a company commanded by Captain Jimenez Castellanos surprised the band of Martin Castillo, about thirty strong, killing five and wounding others and capturing fifteen guns. Captain Godoy, of the Column of Order, found traces of the enemy, which he followed, and succeeded in killing two and capturing several firearms. The Commanding General at Santiago de Cuba also reports a number of engagements with the insurgents, devoid of interest, but favorable—as all Spanish reports—to their arms, summing up with the Marquis of Villaytre having killed four insurgents in the Magayales Mountains.

The operations of the flying company of the Matanzas battalion, which left Tuñas the 26th, are reported to have been the capture of Rafael Gonzalez, three women and four children. On the 28th, at Jiqui, they fought and dispersed (!) Pepillo Castellano's band, killing Fernando Carmenates and capturing Francisco and José Gonzalez and several others and nineteen persons of their families.

THE NEW SPANISH TACTICS.

The Spaniards seem to have adopted a new tactic to induce the insurgents to surrender. They permit the wives of many who have been surprised and caught to return into the insurgent camps and induce their husbands to desert. A number of them had already returned, accompanied by armed men, their husbands. The government publishes as the result of its operations against the insurgents during the latter half of June, 190 killed and 237 prisoners; 970 presentados surrendered; captured 112 firearms and a number of sidearms; and, as usual, owning up to a very small loss to themselves—three killed, twenty-two wounded and three bruised. These semi-monthly official statements are so ridiculously false that even the reasonable Spaniards blush at them. A large number of other unimportant skirmishes are reported, with the stereotyped result of "dispersed."

DUEL BETWEEN JOURNALISTS.

Some excitement has prevailed in editorial circles regarding a prospective duel between Don Juan Ariza, chief editor of the *Diario de la Marina*, and Don Adolfo Marquez Sterling, editor and director of *La España*. The former is also correspondent of *La Epoca*, a journal published at Madrid, and he has lately criticized severely the policy of Captain General Valmaseda. *La España*, a creation of Valmaseda's, and whose editor sustains and defends him in strong language, in late articles, made use of very scurrilous remarks about the editor of the *Diario* and correspondent of *La Epoca*, *sub rosa*. Señor Ariza sent some of his friends to the editor of *La España* with a challenge, which he consented to accept, with the approval of Count Valmaseda. Your correspondent has to-day seen a letter subscribed by a number of the wealthiest and most influential men of this city, such as Don Manuel Calvo, I. Torraya, F. A. Conte, director of *La Voz de Cuba*; Pedro Sotolongo, Pulido and others, members of the Casino Español of this city, in which, after complimenting Señor Ariza highly on the course he has pursued heretofore, they advise him not to make it a personal affair, as it is the cause of all he defends, at the same time disproving a duel. Señor Ariza has accepted the advice of his friends, and so the matter rests at present.

VARIOUS NEWS.

The Fourth of July was very quietly celebrated this year in Havana. The American Consulate was closed, and the shipping hoisted their bunting. At the barrooms where Americans most do congregate free lunch and American drinks were in demand, but there was no general meeting of any kind to celebrate the day.

The Crescent City, from New York, has brought $400,000 more in bank bills of $1 and $3 for the use of the Spanish Bank.

La España, Valmaseda's organ, will probably publish its last number the day the Captain General named makes his exit from this island, if not before. The publication is abhorred by both Spaniards and Cubans.

The following artists have been engaged by Mr. Tamberlik for the coming opera season in this city:—Dramatic prime donne, Madame Blume, Signora Bulli Paoli and Signora De Baillon (soprano leggiero); contraltos, Madame Fanny Natalie de Testa and Signora Vracciolini; tenors, Signor de Palormi and Signor Ronconi; baritones, Signor Perego and Signor Bartolini; bassos, Signor Rossigalli and Signor Ricciardi.

THE UXBRIDGE BANK.

Special History of the Robbery of the Institution by an Organized and Drilled Gang of Burglars.

Thirteen Thousand Dollars Taken from the Safe—Jack Sheppard's Operations Eclipsed—The Officers Bound Hand and Foot—A Cashier Led Out with a Rope Round his Neck—He is Forced to Tell the Lock Combination—At Church, but Not To Pray, and the Dawn of an Eventful Day.

UXBRIDGE, Mass., July 14, 1872.

One of the most remarkable bank robberies ever known took place in this quiet, out-of-the-way town just before daylight yesterday morning. The mere fact of the robbery has already been briefly mentioned in the HERALD'S despatches, but the peculiarly bold and thrilling incidents of the affair, how the masked villains entered the house of the cashier at the dead of night and handcuffed and gagged the whole family, and then dragged the teller of the bank and forced him to open the vaults of the establishment, form a story which causes the achievements of even the renowned Jack Sheppard to dwindle into comparative insignificance.

HISTORY OF THE CASE—INVASION AND OPERATIONS OF THE BURGLARS.

The robbers, it is believed, came into the town in two separate carriages, and arrived shortly after midnight. Hitching their teams under the shed of one of the village churches, they proceeded to the Post Office and took a ladder which lay alongside the building. After reducing its length to serve their purposes they carried it to the residence of Ebenezer W. Hayward, the cashier, some fifty yards distant, and, placing it in position, five of the masked gang quietly entered the house through an open window of the second story. Having thus obtained access to the dwelling the party silently entered the various sleeping apartments and stood ready for action by the side of the unconscious sleepers. Simultaneously the sleepers were awakened by feeling a hand grasping their throats and hearing a low voice ordering them to be quiet, and assuring them that they should not be hurt. Besides Mr. Hayward and Mr. Weston there were three other inmates of the house, Mr. Hayward's daughter, Miss Lucinda T. Hayward; his granddaughter, a little girl twelve years old, Mabel H. Toft, and a colored servant girl named Annie Ross, a recent arrival from North Carolina. Each of them was handcuffed, but the bracelets being too large for the little girl, her hands were tied with a piece of a sheet. They evidently expected to find a son of Mr. Hayward in the house, as they visited a room that he had been occupying, but he had gone only a day or two before, and consequently did not know of the affair till about six o'clock next morning.

Mr. Hayward, who is a gentleman of seventy-five years of age, and who has been cashier of the bank for fourteen years, says that he was startled out of a sound sleep by feeling a hand grasping his throat, and, opening his eyes, he saw two men, one holding a pistol in one hand and a candle in the other, while the other man said, "I arrest you for forgery." Mr. Haywood naturally replied, "it was the first time that he was ever charged with any crime," and before he could recover from his astonishment the men had handcuffed him.

A NEW AND STRANGE DUTY FOR A CASHIER.

They then helped him to put on his pantaloons, and told him he must accompany them to the bank and unlock the doors to the vaults. He told them he "could not do it." They had so excited him that he could not get down stairs, and his appearance evidently impressed them with the truth of his statement, for they immediately demanded to know where his clerk was. He replied that they "probably knew as well as he did." They then tied his feet together, and also tied his legs above the knees, and, after placing a knotted handkerchief in his mouth, tying it behind his head, they left the room, leaving him lying helpless on the bed.

A NEW STYLE OF ACCOUNT FOR A CLERK.

Mr. Weston, the clerk of the bank, who boarded with the cashier, says that he was awakened by hearing a slight noise in Mr. Hayward's room, and opening his eyes he found a man standing at his bedside with a revolver pointing at his head. At first Charlie thought he would "play 'possum" and manage in some way to get hold of his revolver, which was in a table drawer, but as the man stood between him and the table he gave up that idea. He was almost instantly handcuffed and informed that "he was arrested," but no cause was assigned. He was allowed to put on his pantaloons and one of them helped him to put on his stockings. Then a small cord was placed around his neck and grasped by a hand ready at the slightest attempt at outcry to choke off his breathing. He was then taken down stairs and out of the back door by four men, two of whom disappeared as soon as they got outdoors. The others walked on either side, and during the walk to the bank he was hit on one cheek with a pistol and on the other by a cold blade of an open knife, while a gentle admonition was given him to keep still.

AT CHURCH, BUT NOT FOR PRAYER.

The Unitarian church stands about midway between the cashier's house and the bank. On reaching it Charlie was taken into the doorway by one of the men, while the other went off into the darkness. After waiting ten or fifteen minutes a low whistle was heard in the direction of the bank and he was hurried along.

IN THE BANK AND A QUICK RECKONING.

The door of the bank was opened and the three men entered. A light is kept burning in the banking room all night, and as soon as they got into the room Charlie was forced to get down on his knees and all three crept silently across the room, and behind the counter. Reaching up to the outer iron door of the vault, it was gently unlocked, opened, and the men entered, closing it behind them. The combination lock on the inner door of the vault was the only thing that lay between the robbers and their anticipated booty. Charlie was the only one present who could unlock it, and, fearful lest he might forget the combinations, his companions told him "to keep calm and not get excited."

Reminded of his position by a gentle twist of the cord round his neck, Charlie soon unlocked the door, and, opening it, the robbers proceeded to hastily examine the result of their venture. They first emptied a small leather carpet bag containing papers, and threw into it what bank bills and scrip they found, amounting in the aggregate to a little over twelve thousand eight hundred dollars. They then burst open another trunk, the personal property of Mr. Hayward. In it they found $550 in bank bills, a gold watch, diamond ring, a seal ring bearing the letters "E. S. T.," and several other articles of jewelry delonging to the deceased father of "Little Mabel." A number of notes payable