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NOW OPENING PER THE STEAMER "EDITH EMILY."

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The Daily Tribune.

ST. JOHN, N. B., JULY 12, 1872.

The Cuban Contest.

Another filibustering expedition has come to grief on the blood-stained soil of Cuba. The "Fannie," a steamer chartered by the Cuban Junta of New York to convey recruits and munitions of war to the revolutionists, went ashore on the coast of Cuba. The crew and passengers landing in boats, set fire to their vessel and buried their stores, like the Bible of the lamented Kidd, in the sand, to prevent their falling into the hands of the Spanish troops. The latter dug them up again, and, probably because they found some ready-made graves on their hands, considerately killed and buried the owners of the confiscated goods, all save a few who escaped to the shores of Florida, including General Ryan and some of his Cuban allies. It is needless to say that none of the expeditionists were drowned. In the bright lexicon of the Cuban filibuster there is no such word as a watery grave. The *garrote* is the fate of the unsuccessful adventurer who braves the wrath of the Spaniard.

For nearly a quarter of a century, since the daring Lopez perished in Havana with his brave but misguided partisans, the island of Cuba has been the scene of barbarities such as are happily seldom witnessed. Reckless American adventurers have died by hundreds in the cause of Cuban liberty, without, as yet, achieving any more desirable result than that of harassing the vindictive conquerors. Lopez, Crittenden, Kinney, Walker, Henningsen; Goicouria, have all taken a hand in the bloody game, and nearly all have died without a shadow of success to crown their efforts. The latter, Goicouria, devoted a life time to the cause and at last died by the fatal garrote two years ago in Havana.

They did wrong, for they failed. Had they succeeded the world would have forgiven their lack of credentials and applauded their daring. What Houston did in Texas, and Cortez before him in Mexico, was contrary to inter-national law and justice; but the Lone Star State has obliterated the wrong doing of the one; and orators, who have borrowed many a simile from the historical burning ships, have long made the other a theme of glory and praise.

There is something pathetic in the fate of those unsung heroes who have filled forgotten graves in the cause of the rebellious land called in Fate's bitterest irony the Ever Faithful Isle. But their failure teaches the futility of irregular warfare against the organized legions and vast resources of a stubborn enemy. So long as the revolutionists meet with nothing but such ineffectual and contraband assistance from the outside world, and the American nation maintains its present judicious aversion to aggrandisement by conquest, so long the hopeless struggle shall continue; unless the Spanish Government should, as is very unlikely, discover that a possession held at such a cost of blood and treasure is but a poor and profitless source of pride. Meanwhile it seems a pity that earthquakes are almost unknown in that benignant mother country, or that some near and efficacious description of cholera could not be invented for the special behoof of the arrogant invader. Nothing less can reach the convictions of the average Spaniard.

SCENES AND INCIDENTS OF LIFE IN DIGBY.

(BY OUR OWN REPORTER.)

The day of the single scull race was the most unpromising of any day during the last three weeks. At half-past two in the morning the water was smooth as glass, but at seven quite a breeze had sprung up and it continued windy all day, so that even the four-oared race couldn't be rowed. All day the crowd was large, every steamer, schooner, fishing boat and wagon bringing visitors. They hadn't much to amuse themselves with, the only points of attraction being George Gordon Byron DeWolf, who would mount a platform every hour and get the names of notabilities in the crowd and give extemparaneous rhyme about them to the amusement of their friends and the disgust of themselves. A Bear River schooner Band (with C. H. Tucker, formerly School Teacher in Saint John, as fiddler) was engaged by Bob Bustin and a crowd of brokers, railroad officials, lawyers, reporters, and grocers from St. John, who marched up to Fulton's quarters and serenaded and cheered him. They then did the same for Brown. Bustin then got a two wheeled vehicle and got in with the band and was being drawn away to serenade some one else when a Reed's Point crowd charged on them and tumbled them out. The drum man tumbled into his drum head first, and burst in his instrument of torture, and the fifer and fiddler also sustained some scratches. This broke up that part of the amusement, and then the crowd dispersed along the shore till the "Empress" came in. A large number of Haligonians, convinced that no race would come off, left for home in the up-trip of the "Empress" to Annapolis. On his return, another large crowd left for St. John in her, a great part being those who arrived in the "Scud." The town though then full was empty compared with what had been therein the early part of the day.

At seven o'clock the wind blew a regular hurricane, and with a Halifax reporter we wended our way to the high hill back of the town. Here

A FINE VIEW

could be had of the whole country. In the harbor the wind was blowing fiercely: and obstinately lying right in the course where the race was to be rowed were thirteen schooners and the gunboat "Britomart." Dark masses of clouds were chasing one another through the air, threatening a heavy rain storm, while, as it neared dusk, a flash of lightning would at intervals flash, showing a gathering of the elements to precipitate a first-class tempest.

Down from the town which lies at the base of the hill, a distant roar came up from the throats of the combined roughs of St. John, Halifax and Digby, where they were gathered in front of the International Hotel singing "shanty" songs. Shortly after we took a walk down and found a select crowd from St. John engaged in a war dance around a miscellaneous looking chap with long dark hair and swarthy complexion, who looked like a cross between an Indian, Frenchman, and a sea lion. "Stop that music! Let me be," was the tune they chanted, and every few minutes they would rush up and shake him. Finally they took his coat, vest and shirt off, and danced around him again. After a while they put his shirt and coat on and his vest outside of his coat. Then they carried him on their shoulders a short distance and dropped him. At every corner could be seen the form of a human being stretched at full length on the grass, not dead but drunk. One chap in front of an hotel lying in that blissful state in the grass, had a sport bending over him planting

BUTTER CUPS, BULL'S EYES, AND DAISIES

in his mouth, nostrils and ears. After decking him out he left him. John Daly's, which had been open all day and all of Tuesday night, was closed up in anticipation of trouble. All the other bar rooms were closed, and the drug store was drunk out of soda water; and all the strawberries in the Episcopal bazaar were eaten up.

There being nothing else to do, Bob Bustin and John Goddard organized a concert on the platform of the Digby Hotel, Bob was "Gilmore" and Goddard "Strauss." They equipped themselves with laths for *batons*, and started with "God Save the Queen." "Hats off!" yelled the crowd, and off they went quickly, for if they hadn't, a lath would descend on the unwilling head. At its conclusion, they gave three cheers and a tiger for Fulton. "For we are jolly good fellows" was the next, and three more cheers and a tiger for Fulton. "God save the Queen," was given again, and three cheers for "Mr. Bustin." "We won't go home till morning," and three more cheers for "Mr. Bustin." The crowd now got impatient for

A CHANGE OF PROGRAMME,

and Gilmore addressed them: "Now, gentlemen, if youre going to act as blackguards, say so, and we'll conclude the performance. If you'll act decently, we'll go on." With this the concert was resumed; cheers were given for Sheriff Smith, and "Auld Lang Syne" was sung. The horse brays of the Reed's Point roughs then came up, and with fiendish yells the concert came to a conclusion.

Several hundred, who had no beds, ranged themselves under the lee of the shops in long dark rows, looking like crows on a fence, and yelled all night. Another crowd adjourned to the "Scud" and plundered the crowd who were sleeping on board of her. Watches, pocket books and steamer tickets were taken. At 10 o'clock the rain came pouring down and continued all night.

THURSDAY'S PROCEEDINGS.

Early in the morning a thick fog hung over the harbor but cleared off about six o'clock, and at seven o'clock in the morning the sun was shining brightly. A slight ripple stirred up the waters and it was considered too rough for the sculls, but it was determined to row the four oared race as the crews were getting impatient. A few minutes after ten o'clock, Brown went out in his boat and pulled away from the shore to the starting point; down he went in a direction from the "Gut" and was eagerly watched from the shore, and glasses were levelled at him, and his strokes counted. He kept up 32 strokes only, all the time; he pulled a very easy and handsome stroke, and his boat sat in the water like a duck. As he was coming back, Fulton launched his boat and rowed towards the Cove at the upper end of the gut, meeting Brown on the way and having a talk with him, both resting on their oars. After they both came in it was fixed that

THE FOUR OARED RACE

would take place immediately, and the boats were sent off to the stake boat. As each crew went off they were cheered. After some time spent in selecting the position the Halifax boat took the first choice, inside, near the shore, St. John next and Digby outside. At twenty minutes and thirty seconds past eleven they started, the St. John boat taking the lead, and Digby next, and Halifax third. As they came past the long wharf, the St. John boat was a length ahead of the Digby boat, and the Halifax boat about six lengths behind Digby. The two leading boats kept their respective positions till near the turning boat, a mile and a half from the starting point, and the Halifax boat constantly losing ground. Coming around the turn the St. John boat came in too close to the shore and had to shear out again to turn and while doing this the Digby boat went ahead coming around the stake boat first. They kept constantly leading, and coming up past the wharf the Digby boat was two and a half lengths ahead. Passing the wharf the St. John men gained a little and maintained the same position till as they were coming up to the stake boat and seeing the race lost they stopped. At this time the Halifax boat was more than a quarter of a mile behind the St. John boat, and the St. John crew were turning to row to the shore without crossing the line, when thinking about the bets they crossed the line, and the Halifax boat came up shortly afterwards. At the time the St. John crew stopped they were only about two and a half lengths behind the Digby crew. They were in good condition at the finish and the Digby crew put on a splendid spurt on crossing the line. There was a good deal of betting, Digby being the favorite crew as they were in better training. The winning boat crossed the line twelve minutes to twelve, making the distance according to the best autuority to be procured in nineteen minutes and thirty seconds – distance, three miles.

THE BOAT RACE.

BROWN WINS BY FOUR LENGTHS IN FOUR MILES!

The Scull Race was run between seven and eight o'clock this morning in the presence of a gathering that had been greatly thinned by the delays necessary to carrying out the articles of agreement. "Smooth water" was patiently waited for, Halifax since it has taken to racing in light shell boats, being as anxious for the "mill pond calmness" which it ridiculed last year, as St. John could possibly be. The result is what many in St. John feared, though all hoped for victory.

In warning our people to use caution in betting on this Race, we pointed to the reputation of Brown in this special branch of rowing, and to the fact that it had been newly taken up by Fulton, whose fame has been won under very different conditions. Attention has also been directed to the fact that while Brown's boats were the best that money could produce, Fulton's, through a series of mishaps, were unsuitable and totally unsatisfactory to himself, the boat in which he intended to row having been broken in transit from New York, and the substitute which he was obliged to use having been built for rowing in other waters by a different class of oarsmen. In St. John, therefore, there has been little confidence in a victory being achieved at Digby, whatever the betting men may have said or thought in Digby under the influence of a temporary enthusiasm. That there has been much money actually put up we beg leave to doubt. In fact, we feel confident that on the return of the boys from Digby this evening it will be discovered that scarcely any of them have lost anything by the Boat Race.

One feature of this latest contest between St. John and Halifax is very satisfactory. The jealousies and rancorous feeling which boat racing and the attendant gambling are calculated to arouse and which were exhibited in all their intensity in Halifax and St. John last year, were fortunately absent on this occasion,—at least, they were not displayed in any offensive manner. It was to have been expected that the Halifax friends of Brown would be jubilant and the backers and friends of Fulton somewhat crestfallen over the result; but the animosities, the extreme charges, the epithets which filled the air last year, are remembered, no more, or it still borne in mind it is only as matter for regret.

When Fulton lands in our City,—which, we presume, will be this evening,—he ought to meet with a hearty reception, quite as good a one, in fact, as if he had returned radiant with victory. He has won many triumphs, and given St. John reason to feel proud of his prowess. The defeat of his crew at Lachine did not reduce their popularity; indeed, their return from that ill fated place was the occasion of a demonstration on the part of our citizens not second to that accorded to the Prince of Wales. The Digby race, however, has not taken a very strong hold on the masses; nevertheless, Fulton will find a warm welcome home from all who know him or are cognizant of his spotless reputation as an oarsman and a citizen. We say, then, give him a good reception without reference to the result of the Digby contest. When he next sallies forth to do battle with the Halifax Champion, may he have a different tale to tell.

The following Special Telegrams in reference to

THE RACE

have been received at THE TRIBUNE OFFICE:

DIGBY, July 12.

Brown won by between three and four lengths.

Brown passed the stake boat at 7.50; Fulton about four lengths behind.

About two miles above the stake, Brown, inside, kept straight; Fulton outside considerably.

At this time Brown was rowing 30 strokes to the minute; Fulton rowing into Brown and rowing about 34, a much quicker stroke, and coming up to Brown, as if to get into his proper course.

Water all along perfectly smooth.

Brown's Boat went along splendidly, while Fulton, rowing steadily, kept up well.

As they neared the stake boat Brown increased the distance between him and Fulton, and passed the stake ten minutes to eight.

Fulton's Boat appeared to drag heavily in the water, while Brown's glided along like a feather.

SECOND DESPATCH.

DIGBY, 10 A. M., July 12.

The great race has terminated after many days of waiting and the disappointment of the St. John men is not inconsiderable, though with the pluck that has excited the envy and admiration of the Haligonians they are very quiet.

BEFORE THE RACE

the blue colors predominated to some extent, but since the race they are very numerous and exultant. Last night the wind went down, and the wind shone out brilliantly, giving promise of a fine day, and crowds of excited men filled the streets, and at Daly's, the St. John general headquarters, there was

A REGULAR SATURNALIA.

Money in any quantity, from a thousand to ten thousand dollars; was offered on Fulton, with no takers; and finding no one to bet with, the St. John men went in for "a high old time," and Fulton's backers went through the streets towards the quarters of the two men after twelve, singing, "Landlord, fill up the flowing Bowl." A crowd of drunken Halifax "bloods" caused

A TERRIBLE NOISE

around the quarters of the two men at the head of the wharf all night, so that Fulton and Brown both got very little sleep. At five o'clock the crowd, which was very small compared with Wednesday's and Thursday's, got out and lined the banks of the bay. Travis and Barton, Umpires, got out early and at six a. m. left for the starting place. Pryor, Referee, went up a few minutes after six, and at 20 minutes past six

BROWN

walked down to the shore near the wharf, got into a boat and was rowed up to the starting place. He had on a dark blue jacket and light hat and looked perfectly easy. His boat was carried up at the same time on the shoulders of four men. Five minutes later

FULTON

came down and with his dark blue cap on started off with his boat, walking alongside, and walked to the starting point. There was one bet of six hundred and twenty dollars made before the start and a few small bets. With another St. John man we hired a wagon and drove down to the boat moored near the Gut, where the men would come in. About 20 minutes past seven we heard cheers as they started. Brown was stripped to the buff and knee breeches, while Fulton had a pink shirt. They

BOTH LOOKED WELL,

Brown sitting easy in his boat which floated like a duck, while Fulton appeared to be too heavy for his boat. All being ready the referee made the warning inquiry, "Are you ready?" followed immediately by the word,

"GO,"

and off went the delicate shell cleaving the water with lightning-like swiftness in obedience to the energetic efforts of their occupants who seemed bent on securing the advantage at the start and threw all of the force of which they were capable into the sweep of their blades, averaging for a short distance forty strokes to the minute, Fulton pulling the steadier. Brown, however, gained rapidly, and before half a mile crossed over and took Fulton's position amid the exultant shouts of his friends who now rightly considered he had the race in hand; but even then the Halifax men didn't offer to bet on their man. The friends of the Champion of New Brunswick had seen enough—the race was a foregone conclusion, as Brown half a mile below the steamboat wharf was fully ten lengths ahead. Both men were now

PEGGING AWAY.

Brown's strokes numbered 30 to the minute, and Fulton 34. The few parties who drove down and those in the stake boat now saw Fulton, who was away out from the shore, pulling diagonally towards Brown, and pulling powerfully and magnificently, making a game struggle, while the St. John men impatiently exclaimed,

"THAT INFERNAL BOAT!"

Fulton put on a spurt and came within four lengths of Brown within a quarter of a mile of the home stretch, and Brown put on a little extra force, but having an easy thing of it, and pulled past the Judge's boat at ten minutes to eight. Fulton came in four lengths behind him. Fulton pulled one of the pluckiest stern races we ever witnessed, and is worthy of all praise for the determined effort he made to avoid defeat. The time taken ranges from 24 to 30 minutes, but neither Judges, referees, nor any one else has the same time. It is not known what the exact length of the course is, whether three miles and three quarters or four miles and a half, and no official time was taken.

Fulton rowed in the "A. C. Smith" and Brown in the "John Coney." Brown's boat is 39 feet, 4 inches long and 11 inches wide. He

HAD HIS FEET STRAPPED

on to two blocks in the shape of thick boot soles, and a sliding seat.

Fulton's boat was 29 feet feet 6 inches long.

After the race both men rowed up to their quarters looking fresh.

Brown has since been made a perfect hero of by his townsmen, and not a few look upon him not only as a wonder but as the future champion sculler of America. Time will tell.

Fulton's friends, with a bravado which astonishes the Halifax men, are talking about another race and will back Fulton as they attribute the defeat of their man to other causes than superiority on the part of his opponent.

As far as betting is concerned it is another repetition of Lachine. The St. John bluffed and showed money so lavishly that the Halifax men were buffetted on all sides.

A despatch arrived after the race, from a young man in St. John, to bet $100 on Fulton for him.

All is quiet now.

Pryor has packed up Brown's boats, and all parties are preparing to leave.

The Digby people have shown great kindness to their visitors, and the best families threw open their houses all the past week.

THE FISK MURDER TRIAL.

Stokes's Counsel Proving that Col. Fisk Killed Stokes.

THE PRISONER'S STORY OF THE MURDER—HE SAYS HE MEANT TO SHOOT FISK, BUT DID NOT INTEND TO KILL HIM—MISS MANSFIELD SWEARS THAT FISK HAD THREATENED TO SHOOT STOKES.

Yesterday, the fifteenth day of the trial of Edward S. Stokes for the killing of Col. James Fisk, Jr., was a day long to be remembered in the history of criminal law in New York city. To say that the court room was crowded does not express the jamming endured by the spectators from an early hour in the morning until late yesterday afternoon. Long before the doors were opened it required a section of police to keep back the crowd from the entrance to the court room. Afterward a platoon of police was almost inadequate to the task.

MRS. LAWLOR MANSFIELD.

Among the first to enter were the notorious Josephine Mansfield alias Lawlor, her mother and Mrs. Marietta A. Williams, a cousin of Mrs. Lawlor's. They were the observed of all observers. Mrs. Lawlor-Mansfield wore a black underskirt with a white and lavender striped tunic, with six folds of the same material in rows. These were fluted diagonally, and resembled flounces. Her bodice was of white cambric, tight fitting, with large bell sleeves, a broad black silk belt surrounded her fat waist, a handsome and rich black lace shawl hung gracefully over her shoulders, delicate-tinted lavender kid gloves encased her hands, and her Paris bonnet was a perfect gem. Large and massive gold earrings, blue enamelled, were in her ears, elegant gold bracelets adorned her wrists, and on her neck was a gold cable chain from which hung pendant a large gold cross set in diamonds. In one hand she carried a small embroidered handkerchief, and in the other a rich French fan, with gold handle, the body of it being trimmed with black lace. Altogether, Mrs. Mansfield-Lawlor's appearance was elegant. It denoted labor and wealth, but not refinement.

MRS. LAWLOR'S COUSIN.

Miss Marietta A. Williams, who is a handsome blonde, sat alongside of her cousin. She wore a snuff colored silk dress trimmed with green silk and giving the appearance of having two flounces on the underskirt, though in reality not having any; hat and gloves to match, a rich black lace shawl, a fan somewhat like Mrs. Lawlor-Mansfield's the body being richly spangled, and very handsome jewelry and ornaments. Mrs. Mansfield Lawlor was dressed in a heavy corded black silk dress, wore a black lace shawl, and was a fit chaperone to her daughter and niece.

STOKES

The prisoner Stokes entered the court room with Deputy Sheriff Shields at precisely 10.30. He wore a pair of light linen pants with black stripes, grey coat and vest, a black necktie with white spots and the ends of his moustache were waxed. He looked more killing than usual. On looking round the room his eye caught that of Mrs. Lawlor-Mansfield, and a nod and sweet smile of recognition passed between them. As he seated himself, Mrs. Mansfield-Lawlor caught Miss Williams's hand nervously, and exclaimed in a hurried and hushed voice: "My God, how Ned is changed!"

AN IMPRESSIVE SCENE.

The counsel entered in Indian file, followed in quick succession by Mr. and Mrs. Stokes and the two younger brothers of the prisoner. A few minutes later, when Judge Ingraham took his seat on the bench, he quietly and gravely surveyed the scene. It was an impressive one. The dropping of a pin could have been distinctly heard, although there must have been eight hundred people in the court room. The orderly character of the audience was due to the precautions taken by Deputy Sheriff Shields to insure quiet. Among the audience were the Hon. Robert C. Hutchings, Col. Chas. S. Spencer, Col. Hopper, Gen. Frank Spinola, Drs. R. Ogden Doremus, A. L. Vandewater, and Thomas H. Tripler, the Hon. James P. Wilson, Detective Fields, John McGowan, the Count Joannes, Jno. H. Comer, Mr. Morgan, several U. S. Navy officers, in uniform, and many of the old employees of the Erie Railway Company.

STOKES ON THE STAND.

At twenty minutes to eleven o'clock the prisoner was sworn and took his seat in the witness box. His appearance was the occasion of considerable excitement. Stokes himself was very nervous. His voice was low, his expression anxious. He apparently felt his position keenly and with a great effort sustained himself. He called for two glasses of ice water and a fan in quick succession. As will be seen by the evidence, after a few questions had been put to him, he was asked to state the relations between Col. Fisk and himself. This was objected to by the District Attorney, which called forth a long speech by Mr. Tremain.

MR. BEACH'S FIRST SPEECH.

Then for the first time during the trial Mr. Beach arose and replied. It was a cool, logical, and impassioned display of oratory which repelled with telling effect the aspersions of the counsel for the defence and their calumnies uttered against the dead Col. Fisk. He said he was not accustomed to hear men who had known him for thirty years call him a blood hound, and showing his white hand, said, in a voice which thundered in the ears of the opposing counsel, that they were not stained with blood money. At the conclusion of the speech, Mr. Tremain replied, when Mr. Beach and Mr. McKeon both rose to their feet to speak. The Judge rapped his gavel, refusing to hear them, and for a moment it seemed that a scene of disorder was about to ensue, but the dignity of the Judge triumphed and the examination was at length resumed.

STOKES'S STORY OF THE ASSASSINATION.

At 1 o'clock a recess was taken for half an hour. Mrs. Mansfield's lever, with McKeon and Tremain, lunched in one portion of the building, while Mansfield, with her mother and cousin, lunched in another room. After recess Stokes again took the stand. He was examined and cross-examined for one hour and ten minutes. He was asked by the District Attorney if he fired the shots in quick succession. "No," said he, "like this," bringing his hands together and making a sound like the explosion of a fire cracker, "and then," allowing about three seconds to elapse, "like this," again bringing his hands together and making a similar noise. The coolness with which he described the assassination sent a thrill of horror through the spectators. At the close of his testimony Stokes was apparently as cool as an iceberg.

MRS. LAWLOR ON THE STAND.

Then Mrs. Mansfield-Lawlor was called and took the stand. At that time the excitement was intense. The crowd in the court room was, if possible, greater than during the morning. The corridors were packed full. During the thirty-five minutes that she stood the trying ordeal, nearly a thousand pairs of eyes were centered on her. Yet she brazened it out. At first, but only for a moment, a little nervous trepidation was visible: then her manner became subdued, her voice strong, her language forcible, and her whole aim apparently to save Stokes at the expense of her own shame. She acknowledged that while receiving the caresses and money of Fisk she told Stokes the secrets Fisk imparted to her. While she was giving her evidence every one crowded nearer to catch every word which fell from her lips. The scene then was one fit for the pencil of a Hogarth.

AN EAVESDROPPER'S TESTIMONY.

Mrs. Mansfield-Lawlor was followed by her cousin, Miss Marietta A. Williams, whose evidence was unimportant, except developing the fact that on several occasions she sat in a dark room adjoining that occupied by Fisk and Mansfield, at the suggestion of the latter, to be an invisible witness against Fisk whenever the cupidity of the woman prompted her to try and blackmail the man she pretended to love. Both witnesses identified a letter said to have been sent by Col. Fisk to Josie Mansfield, Dec. 15, 1871, but which the Judge would not allow read to the Jury, although it was afterwards put in evidence. It was written on a slip of paper about four inches long by two wide, in lead pencil, and was as follows:—

Can you arrange to see me either early or late to-night. If so name time and place. J.

Col. Fisk's friends declare the letter to be a forgery. After the examination of two unimportant witnesses the Court adjourned.

WAITING FOR THE MANSFIELD CROWD.

As the immense audience slowly filed from the room, Mr. Townsend motioned the Lawlor-Mansfield crowd to remain seated. As long as they remained in the room the crowd lingered there and gazed at them. Their stares were impertinent and menacing, seeing which Mr. Jacob Valentine and a *posse* of special deputy sheriffs took them in charge, and escorted them to a private room in another portion of the building.

The crowd then left the court room and gathered in the vestibules and on the steps of the Court House. There were nearly two thousand persons there who watched every possible means of exit for hours waiting for Mansfield. When Stokes and his escort entered their carriage to be driven to the Tombs the crowd paid little heed, so anxious were they to pay their respects to Mansfield. As one man expressed it to the *Sun* reporter:—

"See the airs she puts on with her jewelry and fine clothes bought with Fisk's money."

Had she appeared while the crowd remained, indignities would most certainly have been offered her. At about seven o'clock, after the crowd had dispersed, the three women were smuggled out of a private door, placed in a close carriage, and driven to their residence, 359 West Twenty third street. Thus ended the fifteenth day of the famous trial.

Farewell of the British Grenadier Guards Band.

Dan Godfrey and his merry men bade a long farewell to America on Sunday night at the Academy of Music. Their reception was even more of an ovation than that which they received at the Boston barn. The Academy was actually crammed to suffocation, not a vacant seat to be had and but little standing room. It reminded one of the old Wachtel and Parepa Rosa nights. No greater proof could be given of the wonderful fondness for music inherent in New Yorkers than the presence of such an audience on a hot July night. We have already, in our criticisms on the Boston Jubilee, spoken at length regarding the characteristics of the playing of this superb band, and these qualities were shown in their best light when displayed in a house worthy of them. The programme comprised the overtures of "Der Freischutz" and "Rob Roy," *potpourris* of the operas of Meyerbeer and Verdi, an admirable selection of Irish melodies and two of Godfrey's favorite waltzes, "The Mabel" and "The Bridesmaids." These selections were magnificently rendered, and the audience applauded to the echo. Never since the Academy was built was there such a scene of excitement as when the band played the "Spar Spangled Banner," and "God Save the Queen." Each seemed to think that on him alone depended the ratification of the Treaty of Washington, and a tornado of applause was the consequence. After the concert, Dan Godfrey, Lieutenant Colonel Fludyer, and the principal artists of the band were entertained at the Acadian Club, the leading band masters of the metropolis being present. The band leaves for England to day, by the Inman steamer "City of Limerick."—[N. Y. Herald.

Swallowing a Sword.

It looks like a hazardous exploit to push a steel blade from the mouth down into the stomach. It is one of those astounding feats which take well with the multitude.

In the first place, instead of a sword, a polished bar of steel with smooth edges is carefully measured, so that when the bar of the hilt rests on the front teeth, the distal extremity exactly reaches the lower level of the stomach. Throwing the head back so as to make a straight line, the instrument glides down about twenty-two inches without the slightest difficulty. Anybody who has moral courage enough to imitate professed sword-swallowers can do so with impunity.

Surgeons are constantly performing a vastly greater feat without exciting admiration, and sometimes without being thanked or paid. They direct a flexible tube into the stomach and actually pump out materials that would end life tragically if allowed to remain.

A stomach pump is of such importance in meeting with the coutingencies of humanity that both physicians and druggists should always have them in good working order, ready for any emergency. Many valuable lives have been lost just because a stomach pump could not be procured before some deleterious article, perhaps taken by mistake, was absorbed into the system.

LOCALS.

English Mail.

"The Austrian" arrived at Halifax last evening. The mails for this city were forwarded via Annapolis this morning, and will reach here this evening.

The Consequences.

Will the defeat of Fulton lead to Saint John abandoning Boat Racing? We doubt if it will. In fact, it may lead to a determination to "go further" even at the risk of "faring worse." St. John was defeated at Lachine; the Kennebeccasis race was not rowed out; our amateur crew has been beaten at Digby, and Fulton has been defeated by the Halifax Champion. Shall we rest here, or determine to win back the laurels that have been so sadly sullied? The confidence of the people in our aquatic champions is very great, and we shall not be surprised to hear that steps will be taken immediately to place St. John once more at the head of the list.

The Orangemen

went up river in the "David Weston" today. There was a large body of them, including many ladies. "Johnston" Lodge originated the affair, and the brethren all expected to have a right good time.

The Hardy—Gardyists

cling to this city with a love surpassing the love of women. The nice asphalt sidewalk is so pleasant for the feet of a listening crowd of admirers of this popular music, they never get tired. To-day Prince William Street has resounded with the sweet strains of the Italian exiles, and copper coin has been lavished upon the able bodied countrymen of Cavour, and Victor Emmanuel.

St. Peter's Hall, Portland,

was opened last evening and was crowded with Portlanders. Speeches were delivered by Bishop Sweeney and Mr. W. P. Henneberry. The Temperance Drama, "Ten Nights in a Bar room," was acted in tolerably good style. The Hall is said to be capable of seating a thousand persons and is an undertaking highly creditable to the promoters.

Strawberry Festivals

are becoming "*the* thing." That of the Germain St Baptist Church promises to be a success. Strange to relate, there are people in this City who go neither to the Opera House or the Academy. Let these now devote an hour to the Germain St. Strawberry Festival, nearly opposite the Academy, and find in choice music, in the delicacy of rich ice creams, in fresh, delicious strawberries, and the odor of beautiful boquets, a solace and a comfort that they will seek in vain in other quarters. Besides, there's the object. The entertainment of last night will be extended to to-night.

There was a similar strawberry entertainment in the Wesleyan S. S. Room, on Carmarthen street. The room was tastily decorated, the tables well filled, and the ladies all attention, and there was singing of the scholars.

The Race in the City.

There was an early attendance at Magee's corner, opposite the Telegraph office, of parties interested in learning the result of the Digby Scull Race. Promptly at seven a considerable number were on hand, to learn that the boats were "off" soon after 7 o'clock. By a quarter past 7 probably 150 persons had assembled, and when at half past seven it was announced on the blackboard suspended from a window in the second story of the Telegraph Office that two miles out "Brown was leading 20 lengths," the crowd commenced to disperse, feeling that the Halifax Champion had undoubtedly won the day. A portion of their number, however, lingered, until at 8 o'clock the black-board announced "Brown won; 20 seconds ahead;" or "words to that effect," and then people went off to their ordinary occupations, all regretting the result though few seemed to have fixed their mind on any other. There did not appear to be any betting men in the crowd, THE TRIBUNE'S warning having led to unusual caution in this respect.

Amusements.

There was a fair house to greet Miss LeClercq in "The Lady of Lyons" for the second time, but it will not compare with the audience that will crowd the Academy this evening, when she will take the part of Madame de Fontanges, in "Plot and Passion." This is said to be one of Miss LeClercq's most brilliant renditions, and as she will be supported by all the foremost members of Mr. Lanergan's Company, the patrons of the Academy may rally upon the enjoyment of a finished dramatic entertainment.

At the Opera House, Hogan & Mudge, Cohan, Lee, and the rest, were very funny. The "event" of the week at this popular place of amusement will be the benefit to Talbot to-night, when "The Grand Peace Jubilee" will be reproduced on British soil, in a manner to astonish the genuine Strauss, Gilmore and other notabilities. Madame Leutner will be there.

Talbot's Benefit this evening—Improvements in the Opera House.

Great preparations are being made for the benefit of the favorite this evening at the Opera House. The bill announced is the best of the season. In addition to the full strength of the company, a number of popular amateur singers of our city have volunteered their services. The "Jubilee" commences at 8.15 o'clock. Seats should be secured early, as they are being rapidly reserved.

Great improvements are being made in the stage arrangements by the Major. The proscenium has been widened three feet, and a handsome drop curtain is being put up; besides this, there are now four new drop scenes, representing a street, the interior of a cottage, a parlor and a wood It is to be hoped the Major will continue to be well patronized.

Exports for the quarter.

The following is a recapitulation of exports for the quarter ending 30th June 1872:—

Produce of the mine	$6,867
" " fisheries	30,970
" " forest	673,886
Animals and their produce	37,355
Agricultural products	3,430
Manufactures	66,866
Other miscellaneous articles	7,079
Total goods, produce of Canada	$826,453
Totol goods not the produce of Canada	165,469
Grand Total	$991,922

The Schr. "Howard Holder,"

Holder, from Providence, R. I., for this port, while coming up the Bay on Wednesday evening, the fog being thick and the night dark, mistook the whistle of the engine bringing in the evening train for the fog whistle, and ran the vessel ashore on Niggertown Point. She was got off and towed up the harbor yesterday evening. No serious damage was done.

The Police Court

presents a clean sheet this morning.

☞ Strawberries by the quart or pint. Strawberries and Cream. Prince Edward Island Oysters. Ice Cream, Pastry &c. &c., may be found at Geo. Sparrow's.