

THE DE YOUNG-SPRECKELS EM-BROGLIO IN SAN FRANCISCO.

By the S. S. *Australia* that arrived at this port early Tuesday morning, the news is received of the shooting of M. H. De Young, proprietor of the *Chronicle*, by Adolph B. Spreckels. The following account of the affair is taken from the *Alta* of the 19th Nov.

Last evening M. H. De Young, proprietor of the *Chronicle*, was shot by Adolph B. Spreckels. About 5 o'clock Mr. De Young entered the *Chronicle* business office through the public entrance on the corner of Bush and Kearney streets. Under his left arm Mr. De Young carried three children's books, intended for his little boy. He had passed through the swinging gate and had just got behind the counter, when he heard some one calling, "Mr. De Young, Mr. De Young." He turned and saw Adolph Spreckels advancing from the corner entrance. The two men had passed each other several times during the day, and De Young did not expect any murderous assault. Spreckels, however, quickly raised a revolver, level with his eye, and fired at De Young. The latter felt a jar on his left side, and ran around his desk, Spreckels following. Geo. W. Emerson, a clerk in the office, was working at another desk, and on hearing the first shot, quickly comprehending the nature of the occurrence, sprang to a drawer in the counter and drew from it a pistol. By this time De Young had passed around his desk, with Spreckels close to him. De Young, seeing that further attempt to escape would place him in more danger, turned to grapple Spreckels, but one of his feet slipped and he fell in a stooping posture. Spreckels then fired his pistol the second time, and almost at the same instant Emerson standing near by, fired at Spreckels, hitting his left arm above the elbow. De Young fell to the floor, and J. G. Chesley, another clerk, grappled Spreckels and caught his pistol with one hand over the hammer. J. B. Elliott, business manager, took hold of Spreckels, to prevent further shooting, and J. H. Reuck, a clerk, caught Spreckels by the collar. Officer Linville, who had been standing near the door, rushed in and completed the capture and placed Spreckels under arrest.

Officer Harry Hook also appeared, and arrested Emerson. Mr. De Young was taken into his private office, where he asked that a physician be called. Dr. Blach soon arrived, and the wounded man's upper garments were removed. It was found that the first bullet had pierced the books carried by Mr. De Young, and passed into the upper end of the left humerus, going forward towards the neck. It missed the sub-clavicle artery by scarcely a sixteenth of an inch, and just outside the clavicle bone. The second bullet struck the left shoulder, on a line with the clavicle. It was not learned whether the shoulder socket was injured or not. Dr. Blach probed for and removed the first bullet, the patient bearing the operation coolly and without complaint. The physician could not easily find the second bullet, and thought it best not to probe for it until to-day. Mr. De Young's garments were replaced, and he walked to the sidewalk, called a coupe, entered it, and with a friend was driven to his home on California street. Arrived there Mr. De Young walked into the house to allay the fears of his family, and was then placed in bed. Dr. Murphy, the family physician, was called in, and he agreed with Dr. Blach that the second bullet should not be probed for until to-day. The wounds were thought to be not necessarily fatal, although danger will be involved in finding and removing the second bullet. Mr. De Young is likely to be confined to his house for two or three weeks. Reuben Lloyd called and was admitted to De Young's room, but excepting him and the attendants, the doors were closed to all comers. Late last night it was stated that the second bullet had shattered De Young's shoulder-blade, several small pieces of which were removed. The bullet is thought to be lodged under either the shoulder-blade or the collar-bone.

After Linville had effected the capture of the shooters and their revolvers he pushed into the street, aided by Officer Hook, and hurried his prisoners to the City Prison. Emerson attempted to be facetious, and

tried to joke with young Spreckels, but his overtures were received with silence. On entering the prison Spreckels was at once taken to the hospital, where it was found that Emerson's bullet had gone through the left arm about five inches below the shoulder. His shirt was cut off and the wound dressed, Spreckels standing the probing and sewing up of his lacerated muscles without a groan. He chatted pleasantly while the operation was going on, and at the conclusion donned his coat and smoked until his bail was fixed by Judge Lawler. The Judge set the amount at \$5,000, and by 7 o'clock Mr. Spreckels left for home, surrounded by a host of friends who had called during his brief sojourn behind the bars. The charge put against him was assault to murder, and the sureties for his appearance are his father and elder brother. He declined to make any statement of the case, saying that the shooting was caused by a newspaper fight, and he did not care to start another one.

Emerson was also booked for assault to murder, and was released on a cash bail of \$1,000, deposited by the *Chronicle* cashier. The weapon he used on Spreckels was a miserable, small calibre affair, and would not have proved effective if the ball had lodged in a more vital spot.

De Young's escape from death was remarkably close. He is stated to have had no weapon on hand, and was without means of defense. Spreckels had the reputation of being a crack shot, it being said that he can snuff out a candle with a bullet five times out of six. He is taller than De Young, and it was his hasty firing that probably had something to do with his miscalculation in aiming. If he had shot a very little lower the balls probably would have entered vital parts. Emerson's unexpected interference was the most important factor in saving De Young's life. When he shot Spreckels the latter had De Young completely at his mercy, and a third shot at him undoubtedly would have taken fatal effect. Emerson states that he got the pistol to use only if necessary in self-defense, but when he saw Spreckels so close to him and shooting again at De Young he instantly fired and was ready to fire again if Spreckels had not been stopped. The noise of the shooting drew a crowd from the street, and the news spread quickly. While De Young was being attended to in the office it was necessary to close the doors and place policemen to guard them. Until a late hour, when there was nothing to see, and nothing new to be learned, there were still groups of idly curious men in front of the office, peering into it with morbid interest.

THE CAUSE OF THE SHOOTING.

As soon as the news of the shooting was learned, the cause was eagerly canvassed along the streets. For a long time the *Chronicle* has engaged in active newspaper opposition to the Hawaiian sugar interests as represented by J. D. Spreckels, the father of Adolph, and on Monday it printed another article of the series. This was thought to have been instrumental in causing the younger Spreckels to shoot, but soon some one started a story that Mr. De Young and his assailant had been quarrelling over a woman. This gained rapid circulation, but nothing tangible could be found to substantiate it. This morning the *Chronicle* will print a short editorial on the shooting. It will state simply that Mr. De Young was shot by Adolph Spreckels; that no words passed between them, and no reason was assigned for the shooting; that the *Chronicle* has been engaged in what it deemed honorable warfare against J. D. Spreckels and his Hawaiian sugar business, and that it also condemned the connection of J. D. Spreckels with the collapsed Hawaiian Commercial Company; that a newspaper, influenced by J. D. Spreckels, has abused Mr. De Young and his family, and that, on the other hand, the *Chronicle* has treated Mr. Spreckels as a public man, and has let his family alone. Mr. De Young's condition at a late hour is also represented as being alarming to his physicians, and further than this the *Chronicle* defers expression. Adolph Spreckels and his family decline to make any statement until the time comes to tell the story before a proper judicial inquiry. As far as public opinion is concerned, it seems to be

the general intention to withhold judgment until the exact cause of the shooting can be learned through judicial inquiry. Mr. Spreckels' bail was fixed at \$5000 cash or a bond for \$10,000, and he gave bonds, with J. D. Spreckels and Claus Spreckels as sureties in \$5000 each.

PRESS COMMENTS UPON THE AFFAIR.

The S. F. *Exchange* says: "He who lives by the sword shall die by the sword."

The *Exchange* rejoices over no man's downfall, or misfortune; it would like to see everybody happy, prosperous, and content, and brothers dwelling together in peace; but when a man, or a newspaper, starts out as an Ishmaelite, with his, or its, hand against every man, he, or it, challenges every man's hand to be against him, or it, and the inevitable result is, that somebody is going to get hurt.

The murmurs against the *Chronicle* for its prostitution of its news facilities during the week of election, that its proprietor might hedge his bets, has not been as loud as the report of a Krupp gun, but was as deep as the winze in the Mexican mine.

The *Exchange* does not justify assassination, nor attempt at assassination, which amount to the same as if the act were accomplished; but there is no reasoning man, who is not a hypocrite, who will not say in his heart that there are circumstances that, to an extent, condone a quick and vigorous revenge.

The *Chronicle* has no right to find fault with the policy of assassination; it has been one of its own tenets. When we remember how the two brothers laid in wait for Judge Lake; how they did the same thing for Naphthaly; how one of them sent the message to Kalloch that a lady was outside in a coupe and wanted to see him, and how the lady in the coupe greeted the parson with a shot from a pistol; how where assassination has been accomplished with the metaphorical knife, as well as attempted with the actual pistol, none can say that the De Youngs have not themselves invited, nay, even sought, their fate.

The course of the *Chronicle* in the past few weeks could inevitably lead to nothing but trouble. Its distortion of news for personal interest has enraged the community; its uncalculated and useless attacks on Senator Sargent created disgust, and its personal onslaughts on Claus Spreckels have resulted in the winking of its proprietor by a justly indignant son. The *Chronicle* says it has made no personal assault on the Spreckels family. Let its own files be the answer to that.

DE YOUNG'S CONDITION.

The *Evening Post* says: Mr. De Young's condition assumed a serious appearance yesterday (Nov. 22d) afternoon. A high surgical fever manifesting itself, the physicians concluded to hold a consultation, for that purpose assembling in the evening. It was decided to open the wounds as far as practicable. The patient was put under the influence of ether, and Dr. Murphy cut the wounds open, so as to expose the shoulder bones and to give the wounds drainage of the pus and allow a search for the bullet. All efforts to find the latter proved futile, not even its direction being ascertained. A drainage tube was inserted after the operation and the dressing of the wound. Before the operation the patient's temperature was 102½ and the pulse 110; afterward, 102 and the pulse 109. The shoulder joint was found to be only slightly injured, and the shoulder blade badly shattered. Nothing was ascertained as to injury to the subclavian artery. Until a late hour in the night the patient was yet under the influence of the anesthetic, and no new symptoms apparent.

A *Post* reporter accosted Dr. James Murphy at 1:30 o'clock this afternoon to learn the condition of Mr. De Young, from whom he had just come, and was informed that another consultation of the physicians had been had, but nothing more had been undertaken than to dress the wounds. There would be no further consultations, and the patient was found in easy circumstances. The shoulder-blade had been found, after the opening of the wounds last evening, to have been badly shattered. The pieces were allowed to remain, and the

shoulder-joint did not appear to have been very much injured.

"Have you determined as to the injury of the sub-clavian artery?" asked the reporter.

"That was exposed in the operation, and I think I may say now that it was not injured," was the cautious reply.

"How as to the ultimate result of the injuries?"

"The patient is a very sick man, but I have now some hopes of his recovery, although he is by no means out of immediate and great danger."

The report that Spreckels is suffering from blood poisoning, caused, it is said, by the grease on the bullet fired by Emerson, absorbing veridigris, is denied by his relatives.

THE deplorable affair, of which we have given the particulars as above, has excited a great deal of comment throughout the United States, and public opinion seems to be divided upon the question as to whether there was any intent on the part of Mr. Spreckels to shoot Mr. De Young before he entered the office.

In San Francisco it seems to be the belief that Adolph Spreckels did not go into the office with any such intention, but that when he called to Mr. De Young he saw him put his hand to his pistol pocket, and presuming that the *Chronicle* proprietor was ready to shoot, he drew his own pistol and fired. Private advices inform us that the provocation was very great, but we cannot, at this time of writing, go into the merits of the case.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

PARIS, November 6.

"A crust of bread and liberty," has always been the ideal of French workmen. In 1848 they nobly reminded the Assembly, "we have put up with three months of want to sustain the Republic." At present the *proletariat* is quite prepared to surrender the liberty, in order to secure the crust, and he is coming round to the opinion that the form of government which enables him to obtain work and food for his wife and family is, after all, the best. At Lyons the 25,000 unemployed artisans demand "bread or lead"—an uncomfortable cry, despite its rhythm. Here the bakers run the chance of being strung *a la lanterne*. Corn is evidently low-priced; the farmers swear by Ceres that they sell it 15 to 20 per cent. below cost price, like the wares of certain philanthropic tradesmen. The consumers naturally call on the bakers to give them the benefit of the cheap wheat; the latter reply with a kind of "Don't you wish you may get it?" The Minister of Agriculture threatens to fix the price of the loaf if the bakers do not lower their flag; "if you do," retort they, "we will strike, and leave citizens once more to stew in their own gravy." There is but one remedy for all this, and which will anticipate the "lead" solution, viz., for capitalists to invest cash in founding bakeries—in place of locking it up in Tonquin loans and Egyptian bonds—furnished with all modern and mechanical appliances. That would at once put down the bakers' monopoly, and obviate the Government's adopting, to sooth the seething of a famished crowd ripe for anything, the Dark Age's cure of fixed prices for quarter loaves, which must also lead to a standard for beef, wine, top-coats, boots, and butter.

The stagnation of the Lyons silk trade and its dependent industries is due to the absence of foreign purchasers of pure silk goods, and the indolence of manufacturers, to march with the times. In 1875 Lyons exported annually silks to the value of 376,000,000 francs; in 1882, only but 259,000,000. Fashion, in the mean time, had decreed mixed stuffs—that is to say, the part substitution of cotton. The spinners of Normandy secured their pockets by compelling the Government to tax the fine cotton threads from England and Switzerland 50 to 60 per cent. higher; and the Lyons fabricants themselves completed their ruin by refusing to put in new machinery to produce the mixed stuffs. Hence why the trade has fallen to the enterprising manufacturers of England, Switzerland, Germany, and Italy. And the same absence of not keeping abreast with the times, and taking the tide at the

flood, accounts for the decadence of other branches of French industry.

The local taxation of Lyons, as in every city or town in France, is exorbitant. Many intelligent foreigners who liked residing in France for its many attractions, have been compelled to emigrate to cheaper Belgium. The French themselves study the cutting down of expenses, hence a general tightness all around, and which tells first and most painfully on the working classes. To relieve the misery, there are cheap soup-kitchens, and district bread depots, where the needy obtain a slice from a loaf and a morsel of sugar. Good persons send contributions from their plethoric pantries—jam being above all solicited. Official high latitudes might lead the way more than they do to palliate the sharp prevailing misery. One does not demand of M. Grevy to imitate St. Liguori, who went bare-legged for a time, because he gave the only pair of pantaloons he possessed to a mendicant. But he might remember the practices of the right-divine monarchs. St. Louis never sat down to table without having at his side three old beggars or cripples, besides 120 more at a special table; and Charlemagne had quite a multitude of beggars who had their place daily at his repasts.

Coming events cast their shadows before. The influence of the general elections, to be held next year, is making itself felt. Deputies are clearly more occupied about their reelection than upholding the Cabinet, playing at colonies, or flirting with Bismarck. The quarrels and discussions in the Ministerial majority are due to its members hedging, and hence why Jules Ferry has neither programme nor compass to steer by. The voters will demand a severe account of their representatives, whom they accuse of "letting down the Republic." The state of the finances is lamentable, and more than serious. Since 1876 to 1884, Budget No. 1, or the "Ordinary," represents a total deficit of 830,000,000 francs, while the floating debt, or Budget No. 2, the "extraordinary," has, during the same period of eight years, by means of loans and six years accommodation Treasury bills, been run up to three milliards. The total "true" deficit on the current financial year alone is 317,000,000 francs—12,500,000 sterling, or 62½ millions dollars. No wonder the Government employs all kinds of sorcery to keep back a clear balance-sheet till after the general elections. The French peasant has a holy horror—is capable of a very sudden change of political opinion—of all administrations that run him into debt. And the worst of the matter is, no proof can be furnished of profits from the extravagance. He will not be told that millions have been lavished on unnecessary public works; on "protectorates" which exact armies to be protected; on bounties to consumptive industries; and to the crowding of the public offices with high-salaried political wire-pullers and electoral drummers.

The Tonquin Committee is still in committee, and until it makes its report, there will be no public examination of the blind alley in which France is placed towards China. It is gratifying to find M. Ferry has come down from his horse; his word is now, "no reasonable offer will be declined" for peace with China. Only the Celestials are proving very stiff-necked still about the indemnity, and feel sore, which is but natural, at the occupation of Formosa, and the memory of Foo Chow. Like West-erns, they act on the principle that the best way to secure peace is to be prepared for war; hence, they blockade the entrance to their rivers, and keep surrounding the French in Tonquin, as their "gauge," while occasionally indulging in attacks, to try the virtue of "judicious destructions."

American and English mediation having failed, nothing remains but to try Bismarck—any port in a storm. Good judges are not hopeful that confining operations to Tonquin will tell on Peking in the long run. Fabius won by delay, but in such a policy, the Orientals are our superiors by long chalks. The country is more than ever hostile to the policy of protectorates, and wishes, with all its heart and soul, to get honorably out of the maze. The sending of a war ship to Tangiers creates as much apprehension in France as at Madrid. Is it the Old Adam?

There is nothing new respecting